

# FUNERAL SERMON

ON THE OCCASION OF

## THE DEATH OF BISHOP DOANE.

PREACHED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BURLINGTON, N. J.,

On May 1st, 1859.

BY

CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.,

A MINISTER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

---

PHILADELPHIA:

J. M. WILSON, PUBLISHER,

111 SOUTH TENTH STREET.

1859.

PROVIDENCE often summons a person to the performance of duties, which would otherwise more naturally have devolved upon others. Living in Burlington by the side of BISHOP DOANE, I felt called upon to notice his death. My own stand-point varies from that of some others. I shall have no personal controversy with any who differ from me. God is the Judge of all.



C. V. R.

## DISCOURSE.

---

"Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great; but let me not fall into the hand of man."—2 SAM. 24 : 14.

IN the choice of evils, which God offered to David, the king wisely preferred years of pestilence or famine from the hand of the Lord, to months of adversity in the midst of his enemies.

Every man has his trials, and especially every great man; and the most severe are those which come from his fellow-creatures. To fall into man's hands is the worst of human calamities. It was so in David's day; it is so now.

I. Let us first consider some of the causes of man's bitterness against his fellow-man, or more specifically, *some of the reasons of THE FEARFUL HARSHNESS OF HUMAN JUDGMENTS*. In discussing this subject, it is by no means implied that all opinions, condemning the conduct of our fellow-men, are wrong or unjust; but simply that there is a strong tendency to severe judgments, even when evil may have been committed; and that this tendency may be explained in various ways.

1. *Human depravity* accounts, in the general, for every offence against God or our neighbours, in thought, or word, or deed; for all the wars and rumours of wars, whether on the scale of nations, or of families, or of individuals. It is sin, perverting the understanding and hardening the heart, that brings into society, enmity, and all uncharitableness. The monuments of man's ill will to his fellow-men are reared all along the highroad of his depravity.

2. *Self-righteousness* has much to do with our harsh judgments against others. We unconsciously gratify our love of self in condemning others for sins, of which we ourselves may not be guilty. Our testimony against others becomes a pleasant mode of vindicating our own innocence. Did you never see the self-righteous schoolboy magnify the infirmities of his companion, in the vanity of bringing into notice his own merit? Thus it is with self-righteous detractors, everywhere, and at all times.

3. *Personal prejudices* go far to embitter our views of the actions

and conduct of others. Some men are so constituted, with strong elements of character, as easily to make friends or enemies. Harsh opinions will, of course, be formed of them, by those whose prejudices have been aroused.

4. *Sectarian animosities* are another source of severe judgment. Powerfully, though often unconsciously, do these denominational alienations affect one church in its estimate of the great men of another; and this infirmity may prevail in one's own church as well as in other churches.

5. *Jealousy* of a higher position than our own, must not be omitted in the catalogue of erring causes. It is a prolific source of differences, both in public and private life.

6. *Injury to our temporal interests* often violently affects our opinion of our neighbour. The love of money is the root of all evil. A failure to return dollar for dollar engenders a distrust and enmity that may pursue its victim for life.

These are some of the causes that render it fearful to fall into the hands of man. Our characters, our motives, and our conduct find little charity among our fellows. I again distinctly admit that there is too often just ground of condemnation, and that wrong actions always deserve rebuke. These remarks are far from being intended to palliate crime, or to extenuate the guilt of human wickedness. Their object is to expose the tendency to exaggeration in evil reports, and to explain the reasons which often sway the mind in its too severe scrutiny of the conduct of others; and even when men have undeniably committed grievous sins, the words of David are only the more true: "Let us fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; but let me not fall into the hand of man!"

II. THE GREATNESS OF GOD'S MERCIES, are a ground of confidence, to all who rightly put their trust in them.

1. God's mercies are great in the *general manifestations of his Providence*. He preserves and blesses all. He causes his sun "to rise on the evil and the good, and sends his rain on the just and the unjust." "He has not left himself without a witness, in that he gives us fruitful seasons, and fills our hearts with food and gladness." Yea, men who violate the Sabbath, and take the name of God in vain, are permitted to reap abundant harvests. Mercy adorns Providence, as the buds and blossoms beautify our trees in spring. All mankind, however wicked, are invited to entertain thoughts of hope and God. In every individual's life, there are *multitudes* of mercies (so the text). Whilst this is no ground of presumption, it is of trust,—certainly of the preference of David: "Let me fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great."

2. *The plan of salvation* shows God's great mercy. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Jesus listens to the cry of the penitent, and invites the backslider's

return. He is the tender-hearted Friend of publicans and sinners. His precious blood can wash out guilt of deepest hue. He is more ready to forgive than the faint-hearted suppliant to ask. There is matchless love in the Person of the Son of man. Behold him pleading with the weary and heavy laden, forgiving sins, healing diseases, blessing the sorrowing, saving the lost. Oh, Saviour, we can come to thee! Thy birth, and life, and crucifixion, and resurrection, and ascension, declare the love, and condescension, and majesty of a God. Into thy hands we can commend our all, living or dying; but oh, "let us not fall into the hand of man!"

3. *The distribution of God's grace* displays his manifold mercy. He apportions his grace to all classes of men, in every continent and nation, barbarian, Scythian, Greek, or Jew; and to men of all classes, high or low, rich or poor, bond or free, moral or immoral. "The chief of sinners" finds his place; and "the least of all saints" receives his share. The Spirit also moves on mighty masses of men, who yet resist His call. God's grace is communicated on a vast scale, and it is of the highest spiritual quality.

In the presence of such manifestations of Divine mercy, in the kingdom of providence and grace, a poor sinner may put his trust in the Lord when no charity is offered from man. If really innocent, the judgment of the Omniscient acquits at His bar the person accused of criminal offences. If, on the contrary, the accused person is guilty, it is safer to fall into the hand of the Lord, whose mercies are great, than into the hand of man; not simply on the general grounds specified, but for reasons such as the following, in particular.

In the first place, *God sees all the extenuating circumstances* of the guilty action, whilst man magnifies every particular of infirmity and perverts every rumour with a thousand tongues. In the second place, *God distinguishes between acts, and character*. A Christian may backslide into conduct which brings reproach upon the Church, as David, and Solomon, and Peter did; and yet God can discern the true, predominant religious character of the offender during the interval of his temporary apostacy. The judgment of man on the other hand commonly overlooks this essential distinction, and confounds occasional backsliding with habitual acts of wickedness. In the third place, *God is acquainted with the penitential exercises of the returning transgressor*. He accepts the renewal of his faith in Christ, notwithstanding the guilt and rebellion of the past; but man, unforgiving by nature, is both unable and often unwilling to discern the relation in which the offender may afterwards stand in the presence of the King of kings.

It was a wise preference, therefore, of David, when he declared, "Let us fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; but let me not fall into the hand of man."

With these preliminary explications of the spirit of the text, I

proceed to a consideration of the character and services of that remarkable man, whose sudden death has thrown shadows so dark and so far.

BISHOP DOANE had his faults, as who has not? "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." In taking a glance at his infirmities, let us remember,

1. God is the only Judge.
2. He has gone to his final award.
3. We ourselves are sinners.
4. No charge being judicially proved, charity has large scope.
5. His faults were never concealed; for his nature knew no guile.
6. His many virtues claim a full and fair offset against every charge.
7. With what judgment ye judge, it shall be measured to you again.

These are general considerations. This is not the place, nor is it my duty, to discuss the particulars of accusation. It is sufficient to express the opinion that the distinguished prelate was often harshly judged, and calumniated.

There are three remarkable facts, which serve to commend, and to enforce, charity over his grave.

In the first place, Bishop Doane's most intimate friends believed him innocent. Judges, lawyers, physicians, divines, intimate acquaintances, male and female, by scores and thousands, have placed the most implicit confidence in his motives and integrity.

In the second place, his Church, in its Diocesan and General Convention, was never against him. Indeed the House of Bishops formally declared his innocence; and this is presumptive proof that his religious character could not be impugned in the Church to which he belonged.

In the third place, it cannot be denied that God showed no little favour to the Bishop in life and in death. He enabled him to accomplish a large amount of good; protected him in Providence from a varied and powerful opposition; and permitted him, after a long life of labour and trial, to die in peace. On this latter point, I shall presently say more.

The three facts, just mentioned, do not amount to absolute demonstration; but they must pass for all they are fully worth. To a person, like myself, outside of his Church, and an unexcited observer of passing events in the community, they afford evidence of no slight character. I am thankful, this day, that I have never felt it in my power to pass a severe judgment, in view of the whole aspect of the case, so far as it has been presented to my mind. I have seen enough, however, and have heard enough, to make me say with David, "Let us fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; but let me not fall into the hand of man."

Having thus noticed some of the things suggested by the spirit of the text, I now proceed to the more pleasant task of considering the characteristic traits of the departed Bishop.

The qualities that gave to Bishop Doane his great influence, and enabled him to accomplish so much service, seem to me to be summed up under three classes: intellectual vigour, an indomitable will, and strong personal attractions.

1. God gave the Bishop a fine mind. He was a man of mark in intellectual operations. His mind was clear and vivid, of varied resources, and highly cultivated. His perceptions were quick. He possessed the *vis fervida ingenii*. Not so much the logician as the rhetorician, he yet never lacked argument to attain his ends. His rich talents were moulded by common sense, and by an enlarged knowledge of human nature. In an emergency, his intellect soared highest. In fact, one of Bishop Doane's peculiarities of greatness consisted in always equalling the occasion. He saw what was to be done, and could do it, and did it. He was adroit, when it was necessary to be adroit. The lawyers said that he could have beaten them all, if educated a lawyer; and military officers affirmed that he would have made a grand general in war. Far-seeing, clear, quick, bold, always the centre of the campaign, his mind, especially in emergencies, moved in flashes, whilst his right arm thundered in action. The fertility of his resources testified to superior endowments. His was the activity of spirit. His restless mind found no time for repose; and he was ready for every kind of service proper for him to perform. His mind was highly cultivated. He was at home in English literature. The adornments of the scholar graced his learning, and varied knowledge mingled with his theological attainments. All who came in contact with Bishop Doane, felt the power of his intellect. Nor were his opponents unwilling to acknowledge his commanding mental gifts.

2. Bishop Doane had a *wonderful strength of will*. He was a man of firm purpose; resolute to be, to do, and to suffer. He could not be second where he had a right to be at all, nor subordinate in anything where a share of work fell to his hands. It was a privilege for him to be *beforehand*. His will was indomitable. The Church, as the State, needs these men of strong will. Every community needs them. Men of weak will have their place; and generally they go through life with fewer enemies and are blessed with the gentler virtues. But men of will are the men of mark, the men of deeds.

It was this will-power that gave to Bishop Doane his *energy*. Energy does not necessarily belong to high intellect. It is not a mental gift or operation. It belongs to the heart. Its spring is in the affections, or "active powers," according to the philosophers. Bishop Doane's energy was a *fire never out*. It is said that, at the central depot at Bordentown, a reserve engine is always kept with fuel ignited, ready for the emergencies of the road.

An ever-ready locomotive in energetic activity was this Bishop ; with large driving wheels, and to each wheel a panting cylinder. His will, stronger than steam-power, generated energy in the soul.

His *self-denial* was associated with his will. What he determined to do, he omitted no means to bring to pass. The end must meet the beginning ; and by God's grace success must crown the plan. In labours he was abundant. No wind, no rain, no cold, could keep him from his appointments. He has been known to cross the Delaware when the brave heart of the ferryman dissuaded from the peril. He could submit to all privations in the discharge of duty. He could sleep anywhere ; in his chair, at his writing-table, in the car, or steamboat, or wagon. And after working for twenty hours, the sleep of the other four could well be taken without choice of place. His will outworked his frame, in urging to laborious self-denial of every kind for the Church's sake.

It was strength of will that gave the Bishop his *perseverance*. Many a man would have quailed where he was fresh to go forward. Like the workman at the anvil, he would wield the hammer all day, could the last stroke but perfect the work. He withstood with persevering defiance an opposition which would have overborne almost any other man. He clung fast to Burlington College, when many advised him to surrender it ; and whatever may be the ultimate fate of that institution, it could not die whilst the Bishop lived. His perseverance had its ramifications of care and of industry in every part of the diocese.

His will was a strong element in the Bishop's success as a *disciplinarian*. Burlington College and St. Mary's Hall were under the most rigid government. The two institutions, so near each other, required watchful supervision, and all the appliances of the wisest discipline. Bishop Doane was unremitting in the fidelity of his oversight. His rules were rigid, minute, and wise ; and they were efficiently administered. The peremptoriness of authority was blended with parental affection ; and in all the outgoings of his love, the young men and maidens knew that a large will encircled a large heart.

3. *Remarkable social traits* contributed to Bishop Doane's extensive influence. He was a man of amiable disposition and of warm feelings. His courtesy gained him friends everywhere. Generous to the poor ; kind to all ; abounding with pleasant conversation ; genial and free ; accessible at all times ; he was the life of the social circle ; and it is no wonder that his personal endearments won hosts of attachments. At the same time, it must be admitted that many people did not like him, partly from prejudices, partly from his personal complacency, and partly from causes already alluded to. But it cannot be denied that Bishop Doane was eminently blessed with faithful and devoted friends, in his congregation, in his diocese, and throughout his whole church.

Let it be noticed, to his honour, that *vindictiveness* was not a part

of his social character. He keenly felt the disparaging estimate of others, but rarely did others detect any resentment. He would meet his adversaries with the usual courtesies of life, at home or abroad; and many have been "the coals of fire" which his condescension has placed upon their heads.

One of the most winning traits of Bishop Doane's character was his love of children. He gained their hearts. He was the little one's friend. What prettier sight than to see the grandfather, hand in hand with his fair, curly grandchild, prattling together through the streets? The Bishop loved little children, and all the little children loved the Bishop.

Bishop Doane was happily outliving the opposition that had formerly existed against him. One of his greatest misfortunes was in the number of flatterers that surrounded him—not flatterers always by intention, but rendering their homage in too open and dangerous a form. His susceptible social nature was under the constant temptation to "think more highly of himself than he ought to think." Others may paint, if they choose, the infirmities of his social character in darker colours. I have given the outline as I have seen it. Never intimate with the Bishop, I have nevertheless known him and studied him for twenty-three years; and although his nature had its faults, it was a noble one. The secret of his influence and success in life is to be found in the three classes of endowments I have mentioned,—a vivid intellect, a strong will, and the social charms of his personal presence.

As a CHURCHMAN, Bishop Doane was of the highest grade. In my humble judgment, he departed from the *via media* of the English Church of the Reformation; nor have I hesitated to oppose his doctrines in speech and through the press. Dr. Pusey's influence was an injurious influence; and many have thought that the Bishop returned from England with his views confirmed on some points which had better have been abandoned. It is nevertheless true that the Church of England has always had a succession of that class of churchmen, with which Bishop Doane delighted to identify himself. Death is a leveller of doctrinal, as well as personal, distinctions. And a High Churchman, when he comes to die, is wont to exalt the doctrinal views entertained by Low Churchmen. Nothing but Christ gives comfort in the last hour. An affecting view of a High Churchman's death is given in Bishop Doane's sketch of his friend, Dr. Montgomery, in Dr. Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*; and it is the more affecting because it substantially records the reported exercises of the Bishop's own mind. Ceremonies, church order, denominational peculiarities, and the minor incidents of human apprehension, disappear with the opening light of another world. When Christ is seen to be "all and in all," the glory of His grace dims the view of all things else, as the light of the sun dismisses the stars.

As a BISHOP, the departed prelate will undoubtedly be acknowledged by his Church to be one of her greatest sons. So he was. He magnified his office. His work was done on a great scale. He was personally, everywhere, in his own diocese; and his writings were circulated widely in every other diocese. He was the prominent man in the House of Bishops. He could outpreach, outvote, and outwork the whole of his brethren in the Episcopate. He was a sort of Napoleon among Bishops. It was after he crossed Alps of difficulties, that he entered upon the campaigns of his highest renown. The bridge of Lodi and the field of Marengo were to him the inspirations of heroism and the rallying time of mightiest strategy. Bishop Doane was, perhaps, better adapted to the English Church than to the American. His prelatical notions suited a monarchy more than a republic. In the House of Lords, he would have stood among the foremost of Lord Bishops. He of Oxford, would not have ranked before him of New Jersey. Bishop Doane was a good deal of an Anglican in his modes of thought and his views of ecclesiastical authority. Had he lived in the days of Charles, he would have been a Laudean in prelatical and political convictions—super-Laudean in intellect, and sub-Laudean in general ecclesiastical temper. My own sympathies are altogether with the evangelical, or Low Church Bishops, as are those of the vast majority of this audience. I do not believe in the doctrines of lofty Church order and transmitted grace, so favourably received in some quarters. But this is a free country; and the soul by nature is free, and has a right to its opinions, subject to the authority of the great Head of the Church. Bishop Doane had a right to his; and he believed himself to be, in a peculiar sense, a successor of the Apostles. He is one of the few American Bishops who has had the boldness to carry out his theory, and to call himself an Apostle. He delighted in his office. Peter was to him the example of rigid adherence to the forms of the concision, whilst Paul was his example in enduring suffering for the extension of the Church. With an exalted view of his office, he lived, and laboured, and died. In this spirit, he encountered all his hardships and perils; and when, as in the case of danger in crossing the Delaware, he jumped into the frail skiff, inviting the ferryman to follow, it was in the same spirit of "APOSTOLUM VEHIS." Bishop Doane was, in short, as complete a specimen of a High Church Bishop as the world has seen, and in some respects, he was a model for any class of Bishops at home or in mother England.

As a RECTOR, Bishop Doane was precisely what might be expected of a man of his character. He was earnest, active, fertile in expedients, a faithful visitor of his people, and a friend of the poor. He seemed to be always in the right place at the right time. He went about doing good, and was known in Burlington as rector more than Bishop.

As a PREACHER, no bishop surpassed Bishop Doane. He has



published more sermons than the whole House of Bishops—able sermons, which will be perpetual memorials of his intellectual powers, and of his zeal for the Church. These discourses are on a great variety of topics, but they contain much scriptural truth, mingled with his own peculiar views of apostolic order, sacramental grace, and ecclesiastical unity. His sermon before the last General Convention of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, was the occasion of one of the greatest triumphs he was ever permitted to enjoy. When his discourses and diocesan addresses are collected into a series of volumes, they will be found to be a treasury of High Church doctrine and order, which no bishop, nor all the bishops of his way of thinking, could equal. I have read most of his productions, and, although often disagreeing with him in sentiment, I have never failed to notice his intellectual vigour, his zeal for his church, and his unction for the episcopate.

As an ORATOR, Bishop Doane excelled most of his brethren. His best efforts were fine and impressive. His voice was loud, and when he chose, well modulated. His gesticulation was animated and strong. His clear blue eye glowed with vivacity; and his words worked their way into the minds and hearts of his audience. Bishop Doane showed an adaptation to the masses, which many speakers in the sacred desk so much lack. He was a whole-souled, commanding orator, when great occasions summoned forth his powers. The two best specimens of his delivery, within my own observation, were at Mrs. Bradford's funeral, and at the celebration of the last birthday of Washington. Nothing could be more appropriate and more effective, for the ends of oratory, than was his manner on those occasions. At times, I am told, that he did not do himself justice; but *he had it in him*, and it generally came out. Who of the citizens of Burlington, that heard him on the 22d of last February, did not recognize the voice, the manner, and the presence, of a great popular orator?

As a WRITER, Bishop Doane's style was peculiar. It was ornate, pithy, Saxon. It was a style of his own. It would not suit most men. Few ought to presume to imitate it. But it suited himself. Many admire it. It had the great merit of clearness. No one ever misunderstood him, although his punctuation was as remarkable as his style. He was a ready writer; accomplishing with ease all that he undertook, and commonly justifying, in the productions of his pen, the highest expectations. If his higher occupations had not called him away from the pursuits of literature, he would have ranked among the finest poets of the age.

In the various points of view in which his characteristics have been now considered, Bishop Doane was a remarkable man. And his death was an harmonious termination of a long and useful life. Let us meditate, now, upon some of the circumstances of his departure.\*

\* If this detailed narrative of the circumstances of the Bishop's death may seem,

*He died in the midst of his work.* His preaching, during his last semi-annual Visitation, was unusually acceptable. Several of my own brethren in the Presbyterian ministry have spoken, in glowing terms, of one of his sermons in West Jersey. His Episcopal appointments in Monmouth County (the last one at Freehold), were fulfilled in the midst of rain and high winds, and sometimes in an open wagon. His services, as was his custom, were arranged two or three for each day. Work was his delight; and at his work he met the premonitions of death. With his Episcopal staff in his hand, he received the wound of the last enemy,—not from behind, but face to face.

Another kind token of Providence towards the Bishop was, that *he died at home.* Riverside opened its massive doors to him for the last time; and entering its hall, he found a resting-place in its genial study. After partaking of a slight repast, he retired to bed, never to rise from it. The magnificent mansion, where he had projected his enlarged schemes, written his numerous sermons, and entertained with profuse hospitality his hosts of friends, was the fit place for Bishop Doane to die. And Riverside had the privilege of his death and funeral.

God also permitted the Bishop to arrange what was wanting to the *completion of his Episcopal work.* During his sickness he conversed, for some hours, about the affairs of his Diocese; and gave directions, and left memoranda, respecting its approaching exigency. On one of these occasions, he had a long interview with the Hon. *Abraham Browning*, of Camden; shortly after which, a paroxysm of delirium occurred. God spared him, however, to complete all the necessary arrangements in the affairs of his church.

*The time* of Bishop Doane's death was well ordered in Providence. Had it occurred a few years before, a cloud of gloom would have rested over his grave; and the inheritance of his good name might have been unredeemed from the tax-list of evil report. But the aspect had been changed. His honours had returned to him; and, as if in anticipation of his last end, his fellow-citizens had invited him to appear before them once more in an address. On the birthday of Washington, old memories were revived; and he, who had so often, in former years, addressed the people of Burlington, in its Lyceum, again made its Hall vocal with his eloquence, and again received the applause of his friends and neighbours. His diocese, also, was in a prosperous condition, and he was taken away from evil to come. In the judgment of his best friends, it was a good time for him to die. And God knew it, above men.

God was good to the Bishop in *surrounding him, during sickness, with the kindest comforts and care.* His sons were present with all the activities of filial devotion; one of them from the

to some readers, too minute, it must be remembered that, at the time the Discourse was delivered, every incident was demanded by the state of public sympathy in the community.

beginning to the end, by day and by night. The other, who had become a Romanist, received forgiveness for all the *personal* pain the father and the Bishop had received. This was one of the incidents that must have given to the death-chamber a sublimity. His faithful physician did all that skill could do; and the noble and venerable physician of Bristol, and the most distinguished from Philadelphia, freely gave the contributions of the medical profession. The tenderest female hearts were around about the sufferer,—without which, indeed, no death-bed can be what man expects and wants. It was well ordered that she, who had the first claims to be present, was absent; for could feeble health well bear those scenes of sorrow? \* God was merciful in all these incidents.

The Bishop, too, *had his reason at the last*. It is sad to die with a beclouded mind. Various intervals of delirium had occurred, especially about the middle of the attack. In these, the Bishop's mind was on the affairs of his diocese, or his class-room, or personal concerns. Disease struck its pains in every nerve, and bloodvessel, and muscle of the body, dethroning the intellect, for a time, from its high dominion. But it recovered its place before death, and he conversed with relatives and friends, took a last loving farewell of all, and prepared for the conflict, "faint though pursuing."

The Bishop was *strengthened to die in peace*. Partaking of the communion, early in the morning of his last day on earth, he was refreshed by the service, and at its close, pronounced with a clear voice the blessing. He then composed himself for the final struggle. The last words, as taken down by the family physician, were, "I die in the faith of the Son of God, and the confidence of His One Catholic Church. I have no merits—no man has, but my trust is in the mercy of Jesus."

Thus departed, at noonday, April 27th, this distinguished Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. "Let us fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; but let me not fall into the hand of man." Bishop Doane has passed away from human judgments, to the judgment-seat of God!

#### LESSONS AT THE GRAVE.

Before separating, it is well for us, as immortals, to try to learn a few lessons at a Bishop's grave.

I. *Death comes alike to all*. My hearers, are you ready to die? Ye of gray hairs, or in vigorous manhood, or in sublime youth, are ye prepared to meet your God? What a solemn thing to be confined away from human sight, and then lowered down into a chamber, digged out for our last abode, with six feet of earth

\* Just after the delivery of this Discourse, I received a letter from a relative in Rome, from which the following is an extract: "In coming out of church to-day, we met Mrs. Doane, who, I thought, looked remarkably well. She almost immediately began to speak of the Bishop, and expressed her intention to return home."

thrown on to roof it in? Ye living mortals, your funeral day is at hand. Come, prepare for the change; for the change is coming.

II. *The honours of this world are fleeting nothings.* Crown and crosier, sceptre and cross, vestment of distinction, and laurel of renown, are all left behind. When the spirit enters its new existence, if it has been redeemed by blood, it carries with it graces of righteousness, which abide forever. But earthly honour and power, the elevation of outward position, the distinctions of learning and rank, all the superficial framework of the vanity of the world, and all its real glory, whatever there be of it, sink away like a vision of delirium. Oh, godly poor, be contented! Worldly, or unworldly high ones, fear!

III. *Let us grow in circumspection,* both ministers and people. Religion cultivates prudence. It enjoins its disciples to "walk in wisdom towards them that are without." In our unguarded moments, we are in danger of going astray, and often are led to do what we have charged ourselves to forbear. Human resolutions are frail; but God can, and will, give strength to all whose eyes, in tearful penitence, plead for help and mercy. A single act of indiscretion, or of guilt, may be followed by the heavy retribution of embittered calumny, or unrelenting exaggeration. The officers of the Church, above all others, should be above suspicion. "See that ye walk circumspectly; redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

IV. *Let us not be weary in well-doing.* Activity is the law of Christian life. The new birth inspires high motive, and nurtures the spirit of self-denial and suffering. Church idlers are a spectacle to the profane. Shall Christians be "created unto good works," and not perform them? Shall the grace of the Spirit plead in vain? Shall the example of Christ and the blood of His cross be without efficacy to those who profess to follow the one and to be washed in the other? Brethren, "be not weary in well-doing; for in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

V. *"Charity is the bond of perfectness."* Love binds all the graces together; and all the graces are formed out of love. The same Divine likeness is impressed upon them all. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Charity suffereth long, and is kind. If our fellow-creatures transgress, can they not be forgiven? Does not God, for Christ's sake, pardon the penitent? And shall man be forever hard-hearted and unrelenting against his fellow-sinners? May the Lord clothe us, dear brethren, with every grace, and girdle our garments with love! Charity is compatible with Truth and Justice. "Put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

VI. *A man's works survive his life.* A useful and active Christian leaves imperishable memorials. Good done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, can never be buried. It survives with a multiplication of its power. It sends down accu-

mulated influences to distant generations. It lives forever. Sermons preached, institutions established, catechisms taught, aid given to the poor—all virtue of whatever kind, lives in perpetuity. And so, alas, does evil, unless counteracted and circumvented by Providence and grace!

VII. *Let us learn, as Churches, to sympathize with each other more.* If we all love Christ, what interests have we apart? Why need we misrepresent each other's doctrines, depreciate each other's worthies, and call in question each other's piety? If there be separate folds, is there not also a large field in common where all the good Shepherd's sheep may feed on the green pastures and drink the pure waters? I have had my share of controversy, but have never relished it, and dislike it with increasing aversion. We need not, we must not surrender our principles; but what is called principle is often nothing more than denominational interest. Brethren, our hearts beat together to-day. We mourn in sympathy. Can we not in sympathy live together and work together?

VIII. *The passport to Heaven consists, not in merit or station, but in simple faith.* The Gospel condition of eternal life is the same to men of all nations and generations. The Bishop enters heaven in the same way with the sexton. The saints become one in Jesus Christ, in the same true and living way, opened alike to every creature. In dying, the Christian goes back to the first principles of his religion. As he began with Christ, so he ends with Christ. The conquest of death is won through faith. No forms and ceremonies; or liturgical repetitions; or imposition of hands; or baptismal, or immersional regeneration; or Church connection; or office-bearing, be it that of Pope, Bishop, Priest, Deacon, or Minister, Elder, Superintendent, or Class-leader—ever have, or ever will, or ever can, save a single soul. Bishop Doane, in his dying hour, had a clear conviction that Christ was the only hope for a sinner, lost by nature. This doctrine was fundamental in his theology; and no one taught it more beautifully than in that immortal hymn of his own composition:—

“Thou art the Way; to thee alone,  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

“Thou art the Truth; thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

“Thou art the Life; the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm,  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

"Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow."

May Heaven grant to us all, brethren, to live and die in the truth of the Apostolic Church, and to find our title to Heaven in the apostolic words: "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

Can all allusion be omitted to that remarkable funeral?

The burial of Bishop Doane was one befitting his position. A Bishop must be buried as becometh a Bishop. The funeral procession was one of sublime solemnity. No one, who saw it, can ever forget it. The day and the season were opportune with the brightness and sadness of the last of April. The coffin borne aloft on the shoulders of fellow-mortals; the royal purple of the pall, fringed with white, and fluttering out to the wind like the motions of a stricken eagle; the crosier overlaying the body with the emblem of Episcopal authority; the bereaved family lamenting with Christian lamentation the father of the household; the three-score of surpliced clergy following their silent Chief with uncovered heads; the Governor, Chief Justice, and other dignitaries of the State; the students of the College with badges of grief, and the weeping young ladies of the Hall arrayed in full mourning, true-hearted representatives of their sister-graduates all over the land; the long line of distinguished strangers and of sympathizing fellow-citizens; the tolling of all the church bells, and of the city bell; the immense gathering of spectators around St. Mary's Church and the grave;—everything was as *impressive as life and death could make it*.

The high task I have attempted, has been imperfectly performed. I am ready to meet its responsibilities before God and man. My offering of May-flowers, fragrant with the freshness of their gathering, has been laid upon the new-made grave;—flowers plucked by a Puritan's hand, and placed *in memoriam* over the dust of a great Episcopal Bishop.



V.