

## EXTRACT

*From the address of the Right Rev. A. C. Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, at a D. C. S. Meeting in Toronto, C. W.*

And now, standing among you, and rejoicing in what I see of your prosperity as a people and as a Church, it cannot be amiss to dwell, for a moment, on the ties that exist between us, and that ought by all means to be made stronger. Though an American of the Americans, I am proud of the origin of my country from the English stock and race. He is the truer American who loves the history of his own people, and who reverences that glorious British Empire from which it derived its existence. "The glory of children is their fathers," and I glory, indeed, in deriving my own blood, my religion, my habits of thought, and my love of liberty, from English forefathers. The gallant Colonel of the 47th Regiment, who sits beside me, and whom I am glad to see here among soldiers of the Cross, permitted me this morning to be present at the customary review of the troops; and when after listening to the inspiring music of "God save the Queen," I was informed that the historic regiment is the same that followed Wolfe, and scaled the heights of Abraham, and planted the red cross of St. George on the Citadel of Quebec, I own I felt a thrill of——, no! not *patriotism*, I suppose, but of something greatly like it. I am not philosopher enough to analyze the feeling, nor do I care to define it precisely, but I am deeply moved by these associations, and since I have had time to reflect on them, I find I had a greater right to those warm emotions than occurred to me at that moment. But, sure enough, in those days we were all one people, living under the same sovereign and the same laws! There was a Regiment of "Royal Americans," in the Colonies, South of the St. Lawrence, and no doubt some of these men were with the men of the 47th under their great commander. The New England mothers sing lullabies to their children about the victory of Wolfe, and his name and portrait adorn the tavern signs all over the land. Now things are changed, but the cross of Christ is still to be carried forward, by our joint endeavours. Let us be united—adorn its triumphs further and further towards the Pacific, till the King of kings is glorified from the Eastern to the Western main.

If anywhere, in America, the Independent system had strength, it was in Connecticut, where it was the established religion, until 1818, and where it had possession of the wealth and the education of the State. Its great University, though endowed, like Harvard, by the munificence of Churchmen, is situated in New Haven, and has always been fortified by the best theological and general learning of Congregationalists. The first missionary of the Church who appeared in this town, was rabbled. Fifteen years ago a Stone Church was built, but it was said, derisively, that it would never be filled. It was supposed that the growth of the Church was impossible under the shadow of Yale College and in the Capital of the Puritans. But there are now seven churches in that city; it has grown, and the old system has declined, at least relatively: for I was lately informed by the Bishop of Connecticut, that in New Haven *one* in *fifty* of all the inhabitants is not only a member but a *communicant*, of the Church. It is the place, in all the land, where our Church has gained most upon the population.

A high orthodoxy and a zealous Churchmanship, thoroughly united, have been the secret of our success in the States; and, *relatively*, that success has been remarkable. The revolution left our Church without bishops, and almost without clergy: it left a stigma on the religion of Washington himself, because many of our