

Having said so much on our dangers, there is little time to speak on the consolations which God mercifully allows us in this distracted condition of things at home. Surely if we read history aright, there have been worse times than these, times when the flames of persecution carried off the bravest and the best ; times, when the world "awoke to find itself Arian" ; times, when corruption filled the ranks of the clergy ; times, when a monarch was murdered and the liturgy proscribed ; times, when the church seemed paralysed. We live amidst happier omens, in the liberty of an extending and progressive church, and unless we forsake God, God will not forsake us.

To me, the greatest consolation is my unalterable conviction, that this is God's Church which I serve. This Church I loved as a boy, I revered as a priest, and have now grown grey in her service as a bishop. The records of history, the experience of her daily teaching, the manifest blessing of God in her missionary work, at home and abroad, bring home this conviction to my heart. Only, amidst all differences, in the midst of all dangers, if Jesus our Saviour loved His own to the end, if our Lord loves us in spite of our manifold sins and defects, we may surely love one another. That very word *Synod* is a word that pleads for love. It belongs to "men of the way," as the primitive Christians were called. And the preposition before the word, signifies that we walk together in this way, that is, in truth and in love. Surely our Prayer-book presents more points of agreement than of difference. We meet this day to enjoy the fellowship of Christ's unspeakable gift. Shall not this soften our prejudices, and the savour of that blessed name diffuse itself like the dew that from the top of snow-crowned Hermon was wafted to the lowlier hill of Zion, like the sacred ointment which flows over the robe of the priest in all the rich graces of God's most Holy Spirit.