

"THE thing before men was a human life, entirely native, and unflinchingly complete. Its conditions were those of human simplicity, unadorned and undisguised. And yet it was undeniable that in the texture of human history a new thing had appeared. Perfect stainlessness, perfect sureness of spiritual intuition, and as it seemed of communion with the Unseen, a tone of unique and unfaltering authority, contributed elements in an impression which included, and was greater than, the rest."

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"We who look back from such a distance, who have seen so much crumble and alter, who belong to a generation which has changed everything, and which feels itself on the brink of further change, who have seen the outer form and fabric of the religion in which this living truth found body cracked, and shaking, and disfigured, and as it may seem to many awaiting by destruction the end of its decay—we still find that one Name is honoured above every name."

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"Do we ask what explains this wonderful thing, what secret is at the heart of all this? Ah! there we are upon the very threshold of the inner Sanctuary, and it is not for me to-day to enter there. Only we may put to ourselves the question whether it may not be that that old kinship between man and the Being, high and holy, who in Nature is part revealed and part concealed, that kinship which is the secret of man's power to interpret Nature, which makes all his best moral effort seem to him to be but a response and an imitation—whether it may not be that that kinship has found at length some new and full completion, a unity final, and yet infinitely germinal."—"The Fulness of Christ," E. S. Talbot, Bishop of Winchester.