

There may come a time, when non-resistance would be the triumph of error, and the downfall of the church; and, with it, the best hopes, of pure, sound, and primitive christianity. There may come a time, when the enemy is not only at the gate of the citadel, but has gained its walls; and when it will be the sad duty of the watchmen who guard them, to sound the alarm—The cause of the Lord and of his truth, against the mighty—and when all orders of men in our Zion must harness themselves for the battle. Yet the weapons will not be carnal, nor guided by human passion. God forbid. They will be those of the spiritual powers which he has vested in his church, of the constitution, and of the laws; and they will be exerted in his fear. If these fail, then comes the awful but imperious resolve, to preserve, AT ALL HAZARDS, the precious deposit of primitive faith, order, and worship, entrusted to our church. Should such a time come—God, in his mercy, avert it—in the diocese where I now speak, should it come before that venerable head has descended to the grave, full of honour and affection as it is of years, who can doubt that it will lift itself in the lustre of meekness but with the commanding aspect of inflexible resolve. And of him whom I shall soon greet as my brother in the episcopacy, I will predict, that he will not prove himself unworthy of so meek, but unappalled a leader.

The scenes which have been witnessed in this diocese, well might we wish that they should forever pass from memory. But duty to God, to His truth, and to His church, forbid. I would indelibly engrave them, and raise aloft the record, an awful beacon, to mark the region of wild uproar and of storms; to warn the friends of genuine piety against those who, in her fairest garb, and with her highest professions, employ arts that dishonour her sacred name; to admonish churchmen to the latest generations to shun those principles and practices which will inevitably distract, disgrace, degrade their church, and, which would, but that she is founded on the rock of ages, ruin her.

Yes, could I send my voice into every part of our Zion, I would send with it the holy watchword—The Church