

the world to show that over all this extent of space and time, among high and low, rich and poor, one with another; I have been unfaithful to the true interests of the reformed Church of England, or swerved from the proclamation, according to the doctrine of that Church of Christ crucified as the only hope of fallen men, and the Word of the living God as the only basis of didactic theology. I have trodden in the steps of my two venerable predecessors in the See, and with all the human infirmities attaching to each of us, I have the comfort of feeling that I am, as they were, pure from the blood of all men in the extent of the case here under consideration, and this consciousness, I shall carry—thank God it is not far—to my grave. It might be thought, perhaps that under all the circumstances which I have here described, the hope could have been left to me of being spared from such a task as defending my Diocese and my own administration of it from the charge either of Romanizing tendencies or of deficiency of concern for the spiritual well-being of the children of the Church." Meanwhile the progress of the Church, though often sadly impeded, yet went steadily on. The Diocese of Toronto was sub-divided, the Diocese of Huron being set off in 1857, and that of Ontario in 1861. Before the great Bishop's death which took place in 1867, after a careful episcopate of twenty-eight years, Trinity College School had been founded in 1865, a year memorable from the meeting of the first Pan Anglican Conference at Lambeth, a gathering which marked a new era in the history of the Anglican Communion, and the idea of which was first suggested by a Canadian Bishop, the present Bishop of Ontario. The Bishop Strachan school for girls was opened in Toronto in 1867, and these two schools have ever since been performing a work for our Church, the importance or the results of which it is almost impossible to over-estimate.

The list of Ontario Dioceses included in the original Diocese of Toronto is completed by the mention of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma, set apart in 1873, and of the Diocese of Niagara constituted in 1875. The Diocese of Rupert's Land has been similarly sub-divided into six Dioceses since its constitution in 1847, and now forms a separate Ecclesiastical Province. Signs have not been wanting of recent years of the decay of partyism, and the growth of an intelligent vigorous Church spirit throughout the whole Canadian Church. The time has long passed for resisting precious opportunities in blind, and senseless controversy, and the fact is rapidly becoming recognized. Upon the clergy lies the responsibility of seeing that the opportunity is well utilized by responding heartily and diligently to the growing desire for intelligent systematic instruction in the principles of the Church, with the certain result, if this be done, of uniting in the power of God's truth all orders and sections of the Church, to press on, as befits those who have such an ancestry and so precious an heritage in the great work of building up in this Canada of ours the Church of the living God.

GARDEN GROUND.

I know a lovely garden in South Devon surrounding a certain vicarage, itself covered to the chimneys with a luxuriant growth of intertwining leafage, a tangled mingling of grey and blue and brown and yellow greens, satisfying the eye as only such century growth can. But the green is only the background. Throughout the winter we can gather monthly roses from the wall, and all the rest of the year a network of blossom, wisteria and clematis, jasmine and many tinted climbing roses, giant geraniums and wax flowers, honeysuckle and japonica, myrtle, lemon verbena and passion flower, glorifies the building to a beauty indescribable. That is the heart of the garden, and about it, among the ordinary English shrubbery with many semi-tropical bushes less dear because less common, are more roses; old-fashioned Lancaster and York, damask and bluish, cabbage and sweetbriar, and here and there a dainty modern beauty. There are carnations with their delicate china-like blossom, and masses of sweet old English flowers, not in ribbons, but apparently growing just where they like best to grow and revelling in their own beauty and scent. There are spaces of velvety lawn and damp corners where ferns grow, as they only grow in Devon, and the sweet spring wild flowers bloom among them, and sheltered there one finds clusters of violets in January. Tired of colour there are nooks where one may lie in a green darkness, a fragrant stillness more restful than words can tell. The birds love the place, sit on their nests to be looked at and sing with a free merriment, a glad carelessness which only utter security can bring about. This garden has an informing spirit, a love that meets the loveliness and draws it out ever more and more into answering perfection, but

"The art which all that wrought appeareth in no place."

It lies behind me now, never, perhaps, to be again seen, but the remembrance of it endears the more other garden-ground, of which the key is always at hand. Join me and we will enter it together.

We find ourselves on a grassy slope, bordered by thickets of myrtle, with here and there a palm; orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit and flower, form shady coverts, and beds of roses and lilies weight the air with scent. On all sides one hears the ripple of waters, and a soft breeze stirs the tops of the beeches and firs that close the view. It is broad noon and the birds are silent, but we know that the nightingales will sing at sundown, as they have done ever since Ariosto caught and placed them there.

Passing through the orange grove by a winding path we come to a gateway, of which the double, richly-carved doors are of silver and the hinges gold. On the one sits Hercules, with the distaff, love, beside him clad in his lion skin and playing with his arms. On the other great door, Antony flies after Cleopatra's galley from Actium. A