

“Which is not crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.”

And when, but a year later, he was taken from us, in the midst of work for the world, in the beginning of recognition by the world, it was as when the tidings came that Elijah had departed, the silencing of a great voice, — but no, that voice was not silenced, “*he being dead, yet speaketh.*”

And for each and all of these men, the Church of England has room in her wide fold. She is not a sect, born out of some minute difference, and ending with some transient popularity, but a Church, built upon the broad and firm rock of CHRIST's teachings, ordinances, and promises. Those great and wise statesmen who stood around the throne of Edward and Elizabeth, and framed the substance of our formularies, endeavoured not to contract, but to enlarge. They wished to retain, if it were possible, the whole nation; they strove to include not only those who were capable of grasping the full teachings of the Reformation, but those thousands in the North and West who had not yet severed the ties of affection to the old forms, and who now found so many of the old prayers and praises, as well as the old creeds, faithfully translated in the new Liturgy.

For the Church to which we belong is Catholic and Protestant, and, above all things, National. She claims no infallibility for herself. She denies no hope for others. Her motto is found in those noble words, the authorship of which is unknown, but which surely the spirit of God