

influx of visitors could hardly perhaps have been foreseen. The anthem chosen, from Handel, was most appropriate—"For behold darkness shall cover the earth, &c. . . . And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising. The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers. How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world." Was it wonderful that the notes of the great composer made a deeper impression on the congregation from the gorgeous sights which met their eyes in whatever direction they glanced—the bright sunlight streaming in through the splendid glass of the clerestory, the brilliant colouring of Archbishop Chichele's tomb, the fretwork of the Archiepiscopal throne, the many almost bewildering vistas of arch and moulding and clustered capital from the extreme east of "Becket's crown" to the "Martyrdom" transept and Prior Goldstone's tower? The sermon was, however, the central point of the service, for all were looking for a fitting expression of the feeling which swelled in every breast, and they knew well that such expression would be given by the Bishop of Oxford. His text was taken from Jer. xxxix. 16, 17—"Go and speak to Ebed-melech the Ethiopian," &c. Those who have heard the gifted preacher can imagine how such an incident in the life of the Prophet was brought to bear on the subject of the day—the all but quenched light of the chosen people, the Prophet almost alone and unaided by earthly hand, yet at this crisis, his message, and to whom?—to one of the despised race, a negro in the King's house. Truly the eye of the Almighty was over all His people; surely the Church is bound to reproduce this mark of her Master, this tenderness for the feeble and the neglected of the world; surely where this mark of her birth is not found there is death and corruption: surely where the Pharisees, with their precise notions of propriety, and the Sadducees, with their cold sneer, combined to put down all "ventures of piety,"—when all that was real and earnest and faithful to the image of the past was put down as unpractical and romantic and fanciful, the "Venture of the Cross" was in danger of being regarded with somewhat less of the true feeling which ought to inspire every Christian man. From this present effort, from ventures such as these, great results might fairly be anticipated. We might look here for the healing of our sad divisions, our party spirit; the fanning of the flame of our weak love; the reflex action on ourselves. It will not be difficult again to imagine how the Bishop seized all the incidents afforded by the place to picture forth the glories of the English Church—the small beginning, and yet "now I have become two bands;" the fierceness of the storms which have but more deeply fixed her roots; her glorious union of the old with the new; her fast hold of Catholic doctrine and Apostolical succession; her primitive prayers, her faithful Scriptures, her unutilized Eucharist, her single love of the Cross, and her reverence for the memory of the faithful departed. Yes, from this great sanctuary of the Reformed Church it was fitting that men should go forth to plant