

joined as in prayer; eyes open towards heaven, as in sure confidence of the things hoped for; at his head or feet the miniature model of church or college upborne by the hands of angels.

Such a memorial of the great Canadian Bishop in the midst of the people amongst whom he dwelt, is hardly to be expected; although within the cathedral-church of Canterbury, as we ourselves lately beheld, prelates so recently deceased as a Howley and a Sumner, are on this wise commemorated, with becoming modifications.

But even without accessories of any kind, without the mystic prefix with which the ages of credulity would have marked his name; without the symbolism, sensuous and florid as of an unintelligent period, or spiritual and delicate as of an intelligent one, the mortal resting-place of the first Bishop of Toronto will have power to fascinate the imagination. As though there burned within it an undying lamp, a steady beam of light will be seen to issue from that sepulchral vault, streaming down the future of the Anglican Church in Canada, drawing and reclaiming, cheering and directing, many faltering steps.