

public mind. Men are beginning to see that within certain limits a latitude for opinions and practices must be allowed. Extreme opinions and practices exist among us, but they are rare. There are few of the extreme men—and I speak of extremes in both directions—whom I, as their Bishop, cannot but thoroughly esteem and honour for their works sake—for their evident love and care of souls, the great thing after all. I do not believe there is one disloyal clergyman in the Diocese, one, I mean, who would wish to see the church draw nearer to Rome, or to surrender that final appeal to Holy Scripture which was the cardinal principle of the reformation. I confess I am not extreme to mark the colour of a stole—stoles of all colours being of questionable legality—or the length of a surplice, when I am told that the wearer of those fanciful garments—though he does not shew his wisdom in wearing them where he knows they give offence even to a minority—is a man of blameless life, diligent in the discharge of his duties, beloved and trusted by his people, a pattern of laboriousness and good works.

Since the appointment of Bishop Lee, twenty years ago, to the then new Diocese of Manchester, the Bishop states that the clergy have increased from 500 to 680, and that the churches have increased by 110.

The Bishop does not encourage any special organizations for the purpose of Church Defence. "The true defence of the Church of England lies," says he, "in her doing faithfully and zealously her proper work."

IRELAND.

MEATH.—The Rev. Lord Plunket, lately elected Bishop of Meath, was consecrated on the second Sunday in Advent.

LURGAN.—At Lurgan, in the Diocese of Dro-more, it is intended at once to obtain a peal of eight bells, at the expense of £1,000, the greater part of which has already been contributed.

DUBLIN.—The authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, have agreed to confer the honorary degree of LL.D. on Sir R. Barry, Chief Justice of Victoria, who has rendered important services to the University of Melbourne.

CORK.—A proposition has been introduced into Lally, supported by the Synod of Cork, for the augmentation of the income of six or more important parishes, as prizes, to work for, in order to attract to the clerical ranks the better class of men.

KILKENNY.—The parish Church of St. Mary, Kilkenny, is in the hands of the builders, who are sweeping away the old pews and galleries and remodelling the interior; and in the progress of these works many ancient and curious monuments have come to light.

—The Bishop held his visitation last month and delivered a charge. Speaking on the subject of Revision, he said that if the utmost measure of Revision ever advocated were carried out there was no reason to expect any fresh accession of members to the church. He said that the changes made in the American Prayer Book had never had any such effect, and the Episcopal Church of Scotland by changing the Liturgy had lost a majority of her own adherents. The dust raised by the agitation was, his Lordship remarked, settling down by the process of self-subsidence.

DUBLIN.—At the funeral of the late Lord Chief Justice, Canon Peacocke in an address thus referred to the deceased: "The matchless advocate, the brilliant orator, the high-minded and fearless judge, and the upright and God-fearing man. Firmly attached to the principles of the church in which he was born and trained, he lost no opportunity in defending and advancing its interests with the boldness of a man who is maintaining what he holds to be true, who speaks out the honest convictions of his heart, but at the same time with the temperateness and courtesy of the man who respects the conscientious opinions of those who differ from him."

Correspondence.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

FASTING COMMUNION.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—W. R. B. seems to smile at my asking if it is the custom of the English Church to give the Communion fasting. He thinks it a question not worthy of notice. Can he, as well as Catholicus, tell me why our Saviour did not administer the supper earlier in the day, for we are told, in St. Matthew xxvi. from verse 17: Now when the first day of the feast, &c.; 20th verse, Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve. In St. Mark xiv. 12, are the same words as in St. Matthew, also St. Luke xxii. 7, 14, 20; then again, look at Corinthians xi. 28-34, which reads thus: For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily. 2nd chap. 34 verse, And if any man hunger let him eat at home; that ye come not together unto condemnation, &c. I would be very much obliged to Catholicus if he can direct me to any work that will prove the origin of the custom.

I am yours,

C. H. R.

Family Reading.

EPIPHANY HYMN.

Bright o'er Bethlehem's lowly manger,
Beamed a new and lustrous star,
Guiding, by its light, the stranger,
From the Orient land afar;
There, beneath its silver shining,
Lay the fair and wondrous Child—
God and man, in one, combining,
Born of virgin undefiled.

Then, the midnight silence breaking,
Sages from a distant land
Came, their humble homage making,
Came with offerings in their hand
To the King of earth and Heaven,
To that fair and wondrous Child—
Man's atoning Saviour given,
Born of virgin undefiled.

Gold they offered, rich in splendor,
Fitting tribute of a King,
Frankincense they humbly render
To their God whom angels sing—
But of all their gifts undying,
Myrrh sheds forth the best perfume,
For it tells of Jesus lying
Silent in His rock-bound tomb.

Let us, then, to Bethlehem going,
Bring the Gold of fervent love;
Offer Myrrh—repentance showing—
Incense give to God above,
Who, beneath the star's bright shining,
Cradled lay, a heavenly Child—
God and Man, in one, combining,
Born of virgin undefiled.

J. ANKETELL.

OUR NEW VICAR.

BY THE REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

I.

Though years have rolled over since we last met, the memory of my old friend is fresh and green. And just as of yore, when you were my senior at the University, and I used to find all my follies and inexperience reprov'd or adjusted by your kindly and matured wisdom; so now I come to you, in a case of impending difficulty, to ask your counsel, and to do what very few who thus trouble their friends ever do—to follow your advice. I have great reliance on your judgment and honesty, and therefore without any of that hackneyed nonsense about "so far as my conscience will permit," which means in plain English, "so far as I like," I unreservedly give myself up to your guidance. Knowing little my-

self of those matters about which I write, and your whole life having been given to their study and practice, you can, and I am sure will, tell me what I ought to do. I therefore, without further preface, proceed at once to business.

Our dear old Vicar is dead. After a ministry of fifty years in this parish, he has gone to his rest. I cannot say much about his "labours," for they were not great here, nor about his "works," for there were not many to follow him. That is, unless kindness and gentleness and love be called "works," which I am half inclined to think they should be. All I know is, that though we may have undervalued him while he was with us, we are all heartily sorry for him now he is gone, and begin to question whether the dead-alive but very tranquil state in which we have lived for years, may not have been better than that into which, if rumour speak right, we may possibly be thrown. The current report amongst us is that we are to have an active man as our Vicar; and people here have such strong feeling, that there is no amount of violence of opinion or action to which some unaccustomed conduct on the part of a new and injudicious clergyman might not goad them.

I am so afraid of this, and so anxious to know what course I, as the Squire and Churchwarden, should pursue, that in my perplexities—talking it over the other evening with my wife—I at last hit upon the expedient of writing to consult you. No appointment has been yet made, I have reason to know; though I have also good reason for fearing that the very man we dread is the man the Bishop will send us. So the first question I have to ask is, whether you know anything about the "coming man?"—and the next is, what steps could we take, or should we take any, to let his lordship know how unpopular the anticipated appointment is likely to be, and to tell him the kind of man we want.

In this remote place we do not care for a very clever or learned man—better let us have something of a more commonplace kind, and keep your heavy metal for your great cities, and the mighty "swells" who live therein. A double-first—a Fellow of Oriel—a college don—an author—would be thrown away upon us—would waste his sweetness on our desert air. All we want is a quiet-going parson, who will look after the poor and sick, and see that the schools are effective, and preach us short, sensible sermons on Sunday, and not introduce anything new into our church, and in fact let us go on, and live and die, as our fathers have done for generations before us.

Of course we feel that some one is needed who will do a great deal more than has been done in the parish for the last half century. Our schools are kept up so far as my money can support them and my wife goes there constantly to visit and teach. But no superintendence is like that of the clergyman; and there has not been one inside their doors for years, nor are the children catechised and instructed as they ought to be; while the poor and sick have been utterly neglected, save so far as we, in our way, could comfort or relieve them. Our Sunday services have been so dead and cold and slovenly, that the people don't care to come to church, and those who do come find it hard (I speak from experience) to settle their minds steadfastly to seek that blessing, which our beautiful Service has, I know, in store for all, no matter how carelessly it may be celebrated. In fact, we could not be in a worse plight as regards all parish life and order; and yet so much do men here dread change, that I verily believe they would rather have another half century of the old dry-rot, than see one of your ultra-High Churchmen of the present day set over them, even though he brought, as he would be very likely to bring, real, and self-denial, and holiness to adorn his work.

Now, then, what am I to do? You cannot imagine a poor fellow in a more pitiable plight. First and foremost, I have my wife constantly at me night and day, urging to some decided action. She is half a puritan by blood, as well as breeding, and though she longs for more life and religion in the parish, and for our young growing-up family more of a real pastor's care, still I think she is inclined to let them all take their chance. Then my brother churchwarden is a very hard sort of fellow to deal with: a respectable farmer, and, in all matters of worldly business, a most sensible, reasonable, moderate man; but only half educated,