

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER ON RITUALISM.

In a sermon preached at Chorley on Sunday the Bishop of Manchester referred to Ritualism. He said the preface to the Prayer Book contained a clear and reasonable and statesmanlike exposition of the mind of the Church of England. He thought it unreasonable that we who lived in the nineteenth century should be literally bound by the practices of men who had been in their graves for 300 years. People's feelings expressed themselves in a different way at different dates, and so long as they kept clear of anything like superstition or empty formalism, and so long as they abhorred any sole imitation of the Church of Rome, they were strictly Protestant. His lordship said emphatically, and with all the authority that could be given to it as coming from a Bishop of the Church of England, that for a clergyman to preach in his surplice, to put the choir in surplices, to have the Communion table properly dressed, and to introduce flowers at Easter time, was not Popish and had no right to be called Popish. Some people thought kneeling at prayer Popish, and in many Lancashire congregations kneeling at prayer was the exception and not the rule. His lordship concluded by pointing out the true course of the Church of England was between an intolerant Romanism and an intolerant Puritanism.

THE CORNER PLANTATION.

A TALE.

A week or two passed away, and Margaret was up and about again, so one day she went with her sister and Rollo to see how her poor invalid, Mrs. Styles, was. The man was digging in his garden as they came up to the gate, and when he saw who it was he touched his hat with a start, and went on digging furiously, without looking up again. Rollo, as soon as he saw him, rushed at him, growling and showing his teeth.

"Down, Rollo; down, sir!" said the clear voice of his mistress. "What do you mean, you tiresome animal?" The dog retired looking very sulky, and muttering some ominous growls, whilst Margaret turned to the man.

"Good morning, Jem," she said, in her bright voice. "Have you got the hedging and ditching job at Farmer Robinson's?"

"Yes, I thank you, miss," he replied in a quivering voice, and hardly looking up from his work.

"I am glad of that," said Margaret. "Is your wife pretty well?"

"Much the same as usual, miss," he answered as before, and when the young ladies had passed into the cottage, he thrust his spade furiously into the ground, and stealing sidelong looks at the open door, he went round to the back of the house, so that when the two girls came out again, he was nowhere to be seen.

The next day, Margaret was sitting out in the garden, with her arm still in a sling, when a note was brought to her; a little scrap of paper from Mr. Lexworth.

"Dear Maggie; come down to me; I want to speak to you. C. L."

She rose from her seat directly, and said to the servant, "If they want to know where I am, Richard, say I have gone to the Rectory."

Before many minutes had passed, she was at Mr. Lexworth's study window, and saw that he was not alone in