

**CHURCH PROGRESS. A
CHARGE DELIVERED TO
THE CLERGY OF THE
DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649370221

Church Progress. A Charge Delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Winchester by Charles Richard

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Cover @ 2017

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CHARLES RICHARD

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CHARGE DELIVERED TO
THE CLERGY OF THE
DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER**

Alexander Griffith
1858

CHURCH PROGRESS.

A CHARGE

DELIVERED

TO THE CLERGY

OF

THE DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER.

BY

CHARLES RICHARD,

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

PRELATE OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

AT HIS

EIGHTH VISITATION,

IN SEPTEMBER,

1858.

LONDON:

THOMAS HATCHARD, 187 PICCADILLY, W.

1858.

Profoid

LONDON:

Printed by GEORGE BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

TO
THE CLERGY
OF
THE SEVERAL DEANERIES IN THE DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER,

This Charge,

PRINTED AT THEIR REQUEST,

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

C. R. WINTON.

Farnham Castle, Oct. 1858.

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A CHARGE,

&c.

MY REVEREND BRETHREN,

If, on former occasions of meeting you at a season of visitation, my first train of thought was connected with recollections of the past, the recurrence of another periodical gathering, after the lapse of another cycle of years, will give birth to reflections of a kindred character with yet more of vividness. The reminiscences of days that are gone by for ever are always solemn, sometimes affecting. Some one departed who will never return, something done which never can be done again, acquires a sacred place in memory. Passages in our life's history, of no moment in themselves,—the ordinary routine of daily occupation, casual conversation, change of places or of persons, unheeded at the time, and fraught with little interest,—assume an importance in the retrospect quite disproportionate to their original shape and pressure. And if this be

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true in regard to things immaterial and indifferent, how much truer is it in respect of things of highest concern!

Let me connect this thought with the circumstances under which we assemble to-day. Since the time when I first entered upon the episcopal charge of this diocese, more than a quarter of a century ago, how many revolutions of the wheel of life our little world has witnessed! Within that period a generation of pastors has been absorbed into eternity, men looked up to in their day, each the centre of a circle of his own,—some, perhaps, the leaders of a little following. They and the flocks they fed are all alike awaiting the sound of the trumpet which shall summon them to stand before the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. I look around in vain for faces once familiar in their accustomed spheres of duty. Their books are closed for ever, and their candlestick is removed out of its place. I listen in vain for a friendly greeting from well-known voices. The pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the pastoral staff has descended to other hands, and he who held it has gone to his long home in the grave, whence he shall rise up no more until the great day. What the poet sang in his lament over a single village is well-nigh realised in all:—

"'Tis now become a history little known
That once we call'd the parsonage-house our own."

Fewer than fifty remain at this day, throughout the whole diocese, whom I found in their parishes at my primary visit. One out of every twelve, the small surviving remainder, stands like a connecting link between the past and present, embodying the traditions of a defunct age, whose number is reduced successively from year to year, till soon not a parish will be left where men will remember Joseph, save by the tablet in his chancel or the brass upon the pavement, which records, for the instruction of some future antiquary, the first and the last day of his fleeting pastorate.

Yet, let us hope this is not their only memorial. The Apostle speaks of his crowns of rejoicing, and the seals of his ministry. They survived after the time of his departure had arrived and he was taken from them. And so of every faithful minister in Christ's Church. When the grave cries Give, give! and the mourners go about the streets, there will be the spiritual children to perpetuate the name of their spiritual fathers, and hand down their memory in a record less perishable than the most enduring monument, to latest generations.

But the lapse of time brings other changes than that of persons. We can figure to our-