











Home and School.

Submission.

Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me, And changes that are sure to come, I do not fear to see; I ask but for a present mind Intent on pleasing Thee.

A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curb stone upon Woodward Avenue, to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her.

The Little Grocer.

"Mamma," cried Freddy, "I will play grocery store." After a great deal of counting, Freddy found he had seven pennies. "Not much capital," said his sister Nellie—she was grown up.

dried apples down in your book," said Lucy. "Yes," said Freddy, "but I didn't have a book, and I forgot it besides, but you might bring back the dried apples, Lucy. "Oh, no! I can't; I've eaten them," said Lucy.

The Treatment of Pastors.

The Chicago Times gives the following outside view; To the non-church goer the treatment of pastors of the Christian Church, by congregations of Christians, seems often harsh, ill-considered, uncharitable, and unbusiness-like. The man is employed. He accepts the invitation, in nine cases out of ten, because he thinks the change will improve his worldly affairs, but he declares that he is animated by the conviction that his entering into the new contract is the special desire of Omnipotence.

OUR NEW VICAR.

By THE LATE REV. W. S. B. MONSELL, LL. D., Rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford, England.

XXVII.

It is long since you heard from me; but, knowing that I have been abroad for the last year, you could not have wondered. I came home just before Christmas. Gladly would I have lingered out another winter in sunnier climes; but hearing from home that our church was to be consecrated on St. Thomas's Day—just in time to give us the full use of it at Christmas—I could not be absent.

I enjoyed the solemnity of its Gothic architecture the more, for the contrast between it and the churches with which I had become familiar in France and Italy. Just on going out, we had spent a night at Rouen, and there had visited both the Cathedral and St. Ouen's. Their lofty and uplifting beauty had penetrated our very souls, and had helped, not a little, to raise them nearer heaven; as, kneeling within those sacred walls, on the first night of our departure from our own land, we asked God's blessing on our wanderings.

But almost all we saw, afterwards, failed to affect us in a similar way. Even that glorious St. Peter's at Rome—the grandest temple in the world—did not appeal to our heart's devotion, did not touch and awaken the sacred portions of our inner being, as did those two beautiful Norman churches; or as do, thank God! many cathedrals and churches in our own land. For functions, and grand processions, and ceremonials, there could not be found aught in the world equal to St. Peter's.

Our choir was in the chancel, and surprised. The Vicar had already settled their position in the church, but surprises, he had said, should not be used until they were given by the flock, and consented to with hearty good will. The giving of them was an easy matter.

Memorial services in honor of Robert Raikes are to take place in England in June next, under the patronage of the Queen. Mr. Raikes was a printer, and the editor of the Gloucester Journal, but his great fame rests upon the fact that he was the founder of Sunday schools, and that one hundred years ago he employed several women to teach a number of ragged children found in the streets of Gloucester.

Our communicants were many and devout, not on Christmas Day only, but on St. Thomas's Day, and on each of the three festivals immediately after Christmas; and lastly, at midnight, or rather, in the first young hour of the new year, we had the largest attendance I have ever seen in the parish at the Lord's Supper.

We met at eleven o'clock, and had full Even-song; then a pause for silent prayer, in the midst of which the clock struck twelve, and the bells rang out immediately their peals of gladness.

No words were ever felt to be more appropriate, than those with which the Church dismissed her children after such solemn service, each to his several home.

Surely amid all the sighings, which disturb so many in these days, for more glowing services, and higher ritual, this seems the sensible course:—to use what we have, up to the highest point to which we can use it, and trust God that, when that point is gained, to which our service as it is, can lead us, He will open the way for higher service, if it be grateful.

It seems to me a grave and practical question whether we want higher services to make us more holy, or more holiness to fit us for the privilege and enjoyment of higher service.

To be continued.

A zealous Congregationalist once told the following, which she greatly enjoyed. During a visit among Baptist friends in Pittsburgh, she accepted the invitation of the superintendent to be present at the Sunday school, and take a class of little ones just sent up from the infant department.

The lesson introduced John, the disciple of our Lord. As older heads have often confounded him with that John who "came preaching in the wilderness," the teacher felt anxious to bring out his personality clearly. So she asked: "By what names do you know this John?" "John the Evangelist," "John the Revelator," "John the Beloved," answered the eager voices.

When you see a large fine house, though you should not see the master, and should find it empty, no one could persuade you that it was built for the mice and weasels that abound in it.—[Cicero.]

Adam, the First (Typical) Man.

[As bearing upon the subject of a book recently reviewed in our columns, "Pre-adamites," we give the following from an esteemed correspondent.—EDITOR.]

How far back the creation of man extends, we know not. Revelation has not revealed, and Science does not know. The Bible does not pretend to be a secular history at all. It treats of biography and religion. It leaves us to measure time by the order of events.

Naturally, therefore, when we pass the stream of time beyond the era of history, we find a typical mode of narrative introduced. In strong contrast with the mythical style, this typical mode seems to have been adopted by the author of Genesis. Moses lived too long after the events of which he wrote to have been able to use any other mode of writing.

Moses tells us that God created man—male and female created He them. He no where tells us that Adam was the first man created: the recorded fact concerning Adam is that he is the first man whose name is mentioned by Moses—not that he was the first man made. Man may have lived on the earth an immense period before Adam did, as far as the Genetic account is concerned. I do not here treat upon the disputed ground of the pre-adamite man. I only remind that there is no record by Moses that Adam was the man first called into being.

In order to exemplify the moral government of God, Adam seems selected as a type. One object of the earlier parts of the Old Testament clearly is to illustrate the providential dealing of God with man kind. Adam, thus, becomes the great representative of the race. Creation of man preceded, but he was cotemporary with disobedience, the fall and sin. He marked an epoch. In time, Seth becomes the type selected. For a while, history traces him and his line—for the same reason, as it had traced Adam and his posterity; Seth—(Adam having fallen, and Cain having become a murderer)—being the chosen one of God, as Adam had been before him. In time, Noah becomes the typical man. Still later, the sons of Noah having gone astray, as the sons of Seth had, and those of Adam had, Abraham is selected as the representative man. As Abraham was chosen to be the head of a special Kingdom, even so Adam, it would seem, had been selected to be a sort of new Head of the Race—not the first created, but the first so chosen,—at any rate, as of record.

Does not this aid us to explain the fact of the marriage of Cain? Either Cain married his own sister, or there were other human beings besides his own family, the sons and daughters of his father Adam. He built a city, too. Let us reconcile all this, by the simple recognition of the fact that Genesis does not say that Adam was the first man; and that, consequently, numerous other people may have existed contemporaneously with the people of Adam, in other, and it may be, neighboring countries.

Does not this aid us, too, in explaining how the "sons of God" intermarried with the "daughters of men?" The "sons of God" were the children of godly Seth; the "daughters of men," the women of the old, earthly, time-serving, sensuous branches of the human race, scattered around them.

Man is spoken of in the account of the creation, in only the most vague and general manner. It is merely said that he was created—some sort of human being—no one is named—only "man"—a word no doubt from "menu," the Sanscrit for to Think: a Being who differed from other animals by his possession of a mind, or Soul. Then, away over in the second chapter of the story, the Adamite man—a special, typical, representative person—is brought to our attention, as illustrating the moral government of the wise and holy Creator. Remember what vast intervals of time there sometimes are between even successive verses of Scripture.

My views are not original with myself. They were advanced nearly two hundred years ago; and have been since. I only throw them into the foregoing shape, for popular use in your paper.

\* By Perriere, of Bordeaux: "Primi homines ante Adamum conditi."

The expression, "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels," is, in the Hebrew—"than Elohim," i.e. God: Thou madest man but little less than Divine. No doubt the superstitious reverence which the Jews had for the Name of God led the translators to use the word Angels.

When you see a large fine house, though you should not see the master, and should find it empty, no one could persuade you that it was built for the mice and weasels that abound in it.—[Cicero.]

A Lawyer's Pastoral.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays Now divers birds are heard to sing; And sundry flowers their heads upraise— Hail to the return of Spring!

Clerical Changes.

From our New York Correspondent. The Bishops of the Church are beginning to speak out on the question of the relations of the clergy and the parishes, which is exciting so much attention at this time; and one of them, the Bishop of Massachusetts, has made it the subject of a triennial charge.

He will not be here for many years longer; he will have to go forth a stranger into a strange country, and at the appointed time will have to stand up; can no longer loll, and vote Christ's service a bore; he will have to stand up before the Christ he was ashamed of, and account to Him for the way he lived, for what he did and what he did not.

The Provincial System.

The Kentucky Church Chronicle has the following: We call the special attention of all our readers to the Report of the Committee of the House of Bishops, on Provinces, which is to be presented to the General Convention in October next.

Certainly the General Convention is becoming a most unwieldy body, but just as certainly that difficulty may be remedied by the reduction of the number of Deputies sent by each Diocese.

Should not Provinces be the result of necessity already existing, and compulsory, and not a mere addition of machinery by which we expect in vain to stimulate the fire?

We will not this time say anything of the details of the plan proposed, though we think very much might be said. When we shall have decided that it is time to divide, it will then be time enough to consider how and on what lines the division shall take place.

Frankfort, Indiana.

To the Editor of the Living Church: An account which I read of the Missionary meeting at Detroit, made me wish that tidings from our little isolated town could reach the notice of some of the many prominent clergymen and laymen who were there.

[Knowing no more about the circumstances of the Church in Frankfort than our correspondent has related above, we can only suggest that the case should be laid before the Bishop; that a Sunday School (if there be none yet) should be established at once; and that, until the services of a priest can be obtained, those of a lay-reader, appointed by the Bishop, should be secured.—Ed.]

Political Aerimony.

The English papers often hold up their hands in holy horror at the "language" which our political journals are accustomed to sling at their political opponents. It is, we acknowledge, rather highly spiced; and, as soon as the two Presidential candidates are announced, each opposition will commence defiling the graves of the other candidate's relatives, and calling him all the pet names possible.

Cottage Meetings.

The Assistant Minister has kindly consented to hold Cottage Services, every Tuesday and Friday evening, in private houses situated in localities where the residents have forsaken the assembling of themselves together for public prayer and praise.

Church Work. Any person willing to loan her house for such a Service, and to undertake to fill it with neighbors on that occasion, will please notify Mr. Milnes or the Rector. To make these meetings effective of the end in view, it is necessary that they be advertised in church the Sunday previous, that they be well worked up by the parties in whose houses they are to be holden, that the singing be hearty, that the methods be churchly, that the work be carried on without break or dis-appointment; and that the laborers be much in prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon their efforts.

As if Talmage himself could not do enough to bring religion into contempt, he puts forward a "boy preacher" who prances about the platform and runs on in this way: "Now I want you to raise your hands if you want to be saved. Ah, there they come!—one—two—six—ten. Ah, how they come! Now, just one more in this left tier,—there it is. Oh, I'm in clover,—I am! What a meeting we are having! I can't help running about. You'll soon get used to that. It'll improve your eyesight to watch me. Let me see. Some one raise their hands at the rear end of the church, under the gallery there? Ah, I see you, my silver-haired old friend, and you, dear young man! And now for two minutes of silent prayer!"—[Christian Register.]

An advocate of corporal punishment for children said, "The child when once started in a course of evil conduct, is like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes a switch to get it off."

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