

Selected Articles.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following is taken from the *Illustrated Magazine of London*, for 1872. It is interesting as a literary curiosity, and on account of its unobtrusive simplicity.

Like as the daisy rose to you see,  
Or like the blossom on a tree,  
Or like the dainty flower of May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the round which Jonas had,  
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.  
The rose withers, the blossom blesteth,  
The daisy fades, the morning blesteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The round consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the peacock of May,  
Or like an hour or like a span,  
Or like the snuffing of a swan,  
Even such is man who lives by breath,  
Is here now there, in life and death.  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan near death, man's life is done.

Like to a bubble in the brook,  
Or in a glass much like a look,  
Or like a bubble in a weaver's hand,  
Or like the writhing on the sand,  
Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gliding of a stream,  
Even such is man who lives by breath,  
Is here now there in life and death.  
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,  
The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
The water glides, man's life is done.

Like to a blaze of fond delight,  
Or like a morning clear and bright,  
Or like a frost, or like a shower,  
Or like the pride of Babel's tower,  
Or like the hour that guides the time,  
Or like the beauty in her prime;  
Even such is man, whose glory lends  
His life a blaze or two, and ends.  
Delights vanish, the morn o'er-casteth,  
The frost breaks, the shower wasteth,  
The tower falls, the hour spends,  
The beauty fades, and man's life ends.

Like to an arrow from the bow,  
Or like a swift course of water flow,  
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,  
Or like the spider's tender web,  
Or like a race, or like a goal,  
Or like the dealing of a dale;  
Even such is man, whose brittle state  
Is always subject unto fate.  
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,  
The time a no time, the web soon rent,  
The race soon run, the goal soon won,  
The dale soon dealt, man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,  
Or like a post that quick doth lie,  
Or like a quaver in a short song,  
Or like a journey three days long,  
Or like the snow when summer's come,  
Or like the pear, or like the plum;  
Even such is man who heaves up sorrow,  
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.  
The lightning's past, the post must go,  
The song is short, the journey's so,  
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,  
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

THE LARK'S SERMON.

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

It was Sunday morning and the sunshine seemed brighter than on common days as it lighted up the rough sides of the Sawatch range, which formed the background of the mining town known as Twin Lakes. A small group of log-cabins composed the town, and in one of them lived the "English Widow," as she was called. She earned her living by washing at first, and afterwards took as boarders one or two of the men about the crushing-mill. She was a pale, quiet little woman and seemed ill-fitted for the rough life and home, but she never complained. Her cabin had a pleasant window looking out on the side towards the mountain road, and many a rough miner would take off his cap to say, "Good mornin' widda," as he saw her pleasant face.

Philip Giesman, who had boarded with her a year, boasted not a little of the fair white bread, and well-cooked meals she gave him, and though a careless, irreligious man himself, seemed rather proud of Mrs. Atterbury's Christian character and life.

"I tell you boys," he was saying, "there is no humbug about her, don't stand prayin' one minute, and grumblin' at the weather and the wind and her hard lot in another breath. She's a good old soul. She's seen a heap of trouble too, I guess. There's a picture by the bed of a young feller, looks like a fancy piece most—son, I kinder think, though I never asked her; but it's in my mind he run away, and she thinks she'll find him here some time, and that's what makes her stay."

"And though she's deaf as a post, she keeps a preacher rag'lar—ever heard him, boys? A field preacher. Come home with me right off, and you'll get there before he sings this doxology. Yes, he can sing like a—psalm-book. Now we are coming round the trail I can just hear him. Come on," and Philip and his friends came slowly down the road.

They were a rough-looking crowd enough, and paid small heed to the announcement of a parson at the widow's, yet slowly loitered down the mountain-road in company with Philip.

The English widow had set her small cabin in order, swept up the open hearth, laid a clean white cloth on her little table, and sat before it reading aloud from her great Bible. There was no sound of church-bell, no sight of church-

spire here in the mountain hamlet, and so she held her own Sabbath service. As she could not hear the sound of her own voice, it was pitched in the high key deaf people always choose. A lung fever, she said, had left her thus; Philip Giesman guessed that the boy's desolation and disappearance had somewhat to do with the same "lung fever."

Outside the window in the pleasant sunshine, hung her greatest treasure, the English lark, whose song she well remembered though she might never hear it more. Such trills and quavers! Such strains of melody going straight up to the sky, without stopping. Such thanksgivings and praise at the top!

As the group of miners drew near, first one than another caught the sweet sound, and stopped the half-spoken oath to listen to its melody. They even stepped softly and reverently as they came nearer to the field preacher. The look that each one's mother knew in his boyish face came back again as he listened.

"Look at California Bill," one whispered to another, as they saw a tall and slender figure turn itself to the cabin wall, and the brown hand spread itself over the quivering face. "Like enough he used to hear one in his home, and it's all mixed up with hawthorns and folks that's dead and gone," said Philip, and when one of the loiterers struck the man on the shoulder inviting him to drink, he shook him off roughly, but never uncovered his face.

The lark finished her song and doxology at last, and the group, except Philip and California Bill, went on their way, their voices that had been strangely low and peaceable became harsh and noisy as they went along.

Neither the lark's song, nor the group of men who made its audience, had disturbed the widow's Sunday reading. To-day it was the well-worn page grown thin by the pressure of clasped and nervous hands, where was told the story of the returning prodigal. The two listeners could hear the words broken by sobs as she went on, and California Bill at the sound of her voice raised his head and said quickly, "Who's that?" Philip saw that his eyes were bloodshot and his hands were trembling, as he told him of the widow's struggles and sorrows. Softly and pitifully there arose up then the sound of the widow's prayer. Prayer for help, and rest, and strength through trials, prayer aost of all, for patience to wait his time to give the wanderer back. "And if, O Lord, if he should come near some time, give me a sign to know my child, and oh, tell him how I love him, whether in the camp, the mine, the jail—he cannot go so far that mother love and God's forgiveness cannot follow him." And then there was a silence as perfect as though the three human beings were statues; until California Bill, with two or three of his swift mountain strides, came near and threw his shadow across the big Bible on the table.

There was a scared look on the poor old face, as the widow half rose from her seat, but the new-comer pointed to the words, "For this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found," and so the tale was told. He knelt at her feet and looked up in her face; he clasped her in his arms, he smoothed the soft gray hair that was brown so long ago, but when he found she could not hear his loving words, he cried outright.

And then that wise little lark thought it would be a good time for an anthem, and so it was. Will Atterbury wrote on the slate a long story, how the lark's song had lured him to his mother, and through her smiles and tears, with many happy little nods she read it through, and quavered out, "He didn't forget to tell the lark, did he?" Need I say the lark was cared for as never lark had been before? and when, by-and-by, Will had finished his business arrangements and found himself a rich man, he took his mother to her dear old English home again, and the lark went too.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

There ought to be no sweeter hour in the day than that in which come the morning meal and family worship. Yet it is sorrowful to see what sometimes passes for the latter. A chapter of the Bible hurried through, a rambling stereotyped prayer mumbled over, and the participants rush off to the work which they enjoy a great deal better.—The exercise is wrapped in fog, instead of being crowned with heaven's light.

It is a mistake to suppose that fluency or education are especially needed in conducting family worship. It wants a heart most of all. Let there not be a single petition that is not born of real desire—even if the prayer be not two minutes long. Blessed be the home where the spirit of song dwells and adds its charm to the morning worship! The exercise need not be long, but it should not be crowded. Break up the formality; carry all the soul-life you have into it; and its savor shall not go through the day alone, but among all the home memories none shall be stronger to hold the grown up children to the faith of their fathers.—*Christian at Work.*

THE ATONEMENT.

Every science has its technical terms, and much depends, of course, upon their being accurately understood, and consistently used. There is, moreover, a constant tendency in the language of theology, as in the case with all living human speech, to admit new terms, to drop old ones, and to modify the sense of others. Advocates of different schools of theological opinions use common terms in different senses, and one main cause of the facility of theological controversy, and of the irritation with which it is accompanied, is due to the fact that they so inadequately understand each other's speech.

The word atonement has been generally used in late years, both in England and in this country, to express the specifying which Christ wrought in order to effect our salvation. The old term, in use ever since the days of Anselm, and habitually used by all the reformers in all the creeds and great classical theological writings of the seventeenth century, both Lutheran and Reformed, was *satisfaction*. We prefer the old term to the new, for the following reasons:

The word atonement is ambiguous. It is used many times in the Old Testament to translate the Hebrew word signifying to *cover by making expiation*. It appears but once in our English New Testament, and there (Rom. v. 11) as the equivalent of the Greek word signifying *reconciliation*. Its etymology is not known, and is claimed by many to be *at-one-ment*. This the Socinians regard as the full force of the word, and as thus fully expressing the exact nature of Christ's work, that is, a reconciliation of God and man. Thus the word is sometimes understood to mean reconciliation, and sometimes that *sin-expiating, God-propitiating work* by which reconciliation was effected.—When we say that we have "received the atonement," we mean that we have been reconciled to God; but when it is said that Christ, after the analogy of the ancient sacrifices, has "made an atonement for us," it means that he has done that which secures our reconciliation, *i. e.*, has satisfied all the demands of law upon which the favour and fellowship of God were suspended. On the other hand, the word satisfaction is not ambiguous. It always means precisely that which Christ did in order to save his people, as that work stands related to the nature of God, and to his law.

The word Atonement, moreover, is too limited in its signification for the purpose assigned to it. It does not express all that Scripture declares Christ did in order to satisfy all the demands of God's law. It properly signifies the expiation of sin, and nothing more. It represents only that satisfaction which Christ rendered to the justice of God in vicariously bearing the penalty due to our sins, but it does not include that satisfaction which Christ rendered in his vicarious obedience to the law as a covenant of everlasting well-being. The word satisfaction naturally includes both of these, while the use of the word Atonement to express the whole of Christ's work has naturally led to confused and defective views as to the nature of that work.

The word satisfaction is neither ambiguous nor defective. The Reformed mean by its use, (1) That Christ fully satisfied all that the justice and law of God required, on the part of mankind, as the condition of their being admitted to Divine favor and eternal happiness; (2) As the demands of the law upon sinful men are both perceptive and penal, the condition of life being, "Do this and live," while the penalty denounced upon disobedience is, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" it follows that any work which shall fully satisfy the demands of the Divine law in behalf of men must include (1) that obedience which the law demands as the condition of life, and (2) that suffering which it demands as the penalty of sin.—*Dr. Hodge on the Atonement.*

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-forward, business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions, always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules nor by stern example alone, but a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; encourage them to put it in shape of hanging baskets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern, "Time to work," but with the enthusiastic, "See the beautiful sunrise!" Buy for them beautiful pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home beautiful.

SELF-ESTEEM.

BY D. F. CARR.

When a man loses all regard for himself, it is pretty evident that others have also begun to coincide with this severe judgment. A man may admire himself so much that his extravagant views of himself will not find a second in any human being, and he will be as Horace says: "Left without a rival to admire himself."

Our views of ourselves, compared with others, are very likely to be warped, unless we have deeply learned the lesson of humility. One can not sufficiently estimate his own worth or demerit, for he can not find any true standard of comparison. Suppose one tries to judge of himself by John Fletcher, or Jonathan Edwards; the former a saint of extraordinary purity, the other a man of surpassing intellect. How can he tell what he is, with these standards before him? He may take any great man in the same profession, and even then he is liable to make the grossest mistakes. A teacher in philosophy may deem himself a disciple of Cousin or Sir William Hamilton, but it will not do to push such comparisons. He may regard himself as an orator, but he must be cautious about the persons he thinks he imitates.

Men who are constitutionally timid, who have not what is called *brass*, are apt to esteem themselves too lightly, and must be thrust out or they never will come out. Some measure of self-esteem is essential to any kind of success, yet the most eminent men have been noted for great modesty. There is a sort of disregard for others in the character of some men, which is vulgarly called *chuck*, and this is seen in assemblies of the people sometimes in such an extraordinary degree, that it is taken for talent.

The man who does not care for any presence who never blushes, never becomes embarrassed, never fails to be heard, may be a bore, may be weak, may have but little behind his brazen defences, yet to the outside world he is the great man. Yet every man should have a certain amount of self-complacency; he should have such inner convictions of virtuous intentions that despite all outer conditions, he will have communion with himself and with God. A man may not be conscious of his own power, or his want of it, but he cannot be mistaken about his own peace of mind. Even Horace said: "*Hic murus aheneus esto Nil conscieris sibi, null a pulvere culpa.*"

"Be this your brazen wall, your sure defence, Thoughts free from guilt, and conscious innocence."

Much as self-esteem is ridiculed, offensive as it is when it depreciates others, and obtrudes itself upon society, it is still, in a certain degree, meritorious. More men are ruined from want of self-esteem, than from the excess of it. A consciousness of rectitude, of a mission in the world, of a high destiny in the world to come, is necessary to any creditable degree of success.

Self-abasement may degenerate into mock humility and hypocrisy. It is not right for a man to indulge in the habit of self-reproach, for this leads to irresolution and cowardice. One should have courage to perform the duty of the hour whether it is perilous or not. The highest glory is not the applause of the crowd, for very few reformers gain much admiration until they die. Self-depreciation is dangerous, and leads to self-abandonment, neglect, and suicide. Men who lose all self-respect become indifferent to their persons, character and associations and hurry to perdition by the shortest routes.

That man is happiest who relies on the promises of God, and yet works out his own salvation. Let the scheme of life be cast on an eternal plane, regarding time only as a preparation for nobler work and higher opportunities, and then life cannot be a failure if it secures one a fair position on the shore beyond, the landing place of immortals released from the earth. God knows all whatever we may think of ourselves. Let us not be deceived into the vain hope that any kind of show without reality amounts to anything in God's record.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

He who reforms himself, has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots.—*Larator.*

A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the appearance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts.

Always avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralizing company. Grossness is never humorous, profanity is never admirable; and if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out upon that edge, all their manliness and charm are in danger.—*G. W. Curtis.*

HOME—HOME I

To be at home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions are gleams with the troubled dreams of trench and tattered field. Where the palm tree waves its graceful plumes, and buds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among the gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy, a far away home lies on his heart, and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired brother, with light foot and childhood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home lies on his heart, and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired brother, with light foot and childhood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. 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