

The Pastor and People.

Rooted by the Rivers.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

The Spring has been calling the roll in orchard and forest. Every living tree has responded by issuing its leaves or bedecking itself with blossoms.

A diseased or dying Christian is a far sadder sight. The marks of health and growth in a Christian are described in the Bible by the marks of health and growth in a tree.

This is God's idea of a flourishing Christian. Hardly any text in his Word affords a better test for each one of us to try himself by than this beautiful but searching passage.

(1.) The first mark of a healthy Christian is that he is rooted by the rivers of water. In that Oriental country water was the staff of life to man and beast and plant.

Some men root down into covetousness. There is no need of shaking their boughs with the vain hope of getting any apples of liberality.

A true servant of Jesus draws his motives of action from his deep loyalty, his deep heart love to his dear Lord. Up through these roots comes his daily devotion to those things which are pure and holy and of good report.

(2.) While the soul thus reaches down through its every rootlet into Christ's deep, cool well there is no danger that our leaves will wither. Our "leaf shall be green."

(3.) Nor will the drought affect a well-rooted Christian. Some churchmembers are only flourishing during the heavy rains of a revival time.

of such periodical professors, how weary Jesus must be with them! But the joy of every pastor is that evergreen Christian who, when the community is as dry spiritually as summer dust, keeps his heart fresh, and his prayers fervent, and his hands open, and his daily life as beautiful as a palm-tree.

He never ceases to yield fruit. Every year is a bearing year. It is his fixed habit to attend the place of prayer, to give according to his means, to pay every man his due, to share his loaf with the suffering, to stand for Christ on every occasion and before every company.

And when God shakes such deep-rooted Christians with severe trials, how the ripe fruits do rattle down. Blessed be the discipline which makes me to reach out my soul's roots into closer union with Jesus' Blessed be the Jews of the Spirit which keep my leaf ever green!

Visit to Wartburg--the Castle of Luther.

I was on a different expedition from that which led me to clamber the high Alps, and risk my neck in traversing treacherous glaciers and leaping over crevices of immeasurable depth.

I had visited ancient baronial halls and magnificent palaces; I had gone to see the ruins of medieval castles and abbeys; I had wandered over battle-fields on which two hundred thousand men had met in deadly strife, and fertilized the soil with torrents of blood; I had sought the birth-place of many of the mighty of the earth; but no sight, no palace, awakened such emotions as Wartburg Castle, after I had entered its ponderous gate, and stood within its extensive courtyard.

I pictured myself a visitor to Luther, and wished to enter into conversation with him. I pictured to my memory the scenes of more than three hundred years ago. There he sits in the same chair occupied by him so long ago; with pen in hand he leans on that old oaken table, now despoiled of its original proportions by the ruthless hands of visitors, who deem a splinter of it a treasure to be cherished; his eye glimmers with celestial fire, his brow serene, his visage calm, and yet deep thoughts seem to be struggling within that magnificent head.

A true servant of Jesus draws his motives of action from his deep loyalty, his deep heart love to his dear Lord. Up through these roots comes his daily devotion to those things which are pure and holy and of good report. These are the motives which keep him self-denying and steadfast.

The room was furnished in very ordinary style. It would be considered decidedly common at the present time, but it was Luther's, and that is enough to consecrate it. It has been held in pious reverence ever since, and the duke of Saxe-Weimar, to whom the castle belongs, has forbidden any further mutilation.

I felt it good to be alone in Luther's study. When the illusion of his presence had vanished, and I had somewhat calmed down after the unutterable emotions which the place had awakened, I took my seat in that old arm-chair, rested my feet on that same stool, leaned my arm and head on that same table, looked out of that same window, and breathed, I trust, a fervent prayer for the holy cause, in that same room whose walls had so frequently echoed the more pious and acceptable prayer of Luther.

My companions consisted of a German family I had met at Frankfurt a few days before, with whom I had become intimate. As we were toiling up the hill in the morning, one of the ladies, much more sedate than her younger sister, said to me, in a very serious tone, "I am making my first pilgrimage to Wartburg Castle. I go full of veneration for the good Luther. I

know the time, and it is not long ago, that I cursed his name, as I was taught to do, and I regarded his doctrine as worse than pestilence, but now I think differently of the man and of his teaching. I go to Wartburg not to gratify a shallow curiosity, but to inhale his exalted and pious spirit."

Prayer in Your Family.

"I shall never forget the impression made upon me, during the first year of my ministry, by a mechanic I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears, as he said, 'You remember that girl, sir? she was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God. But if so, she can tell him what now breaks my heart--that she never heard a prayer in her father's house or from her father's lips! Oh, that she were with me for one day again!'"

Origin of The Missionary Hymn.

It does not necessarily take a life-time to accomplish immortality. A brave act done in a moment, a courageous spoken at the fitting time, a few lines which can be written on a sheet of note-paper, may give one a deathless name.

Reginald Heber, then thirty-five years old, was visiting his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, in Wrexham, having left his own charge at Hodnet a short time in order to deliver some lectures in Dr. Shipley's church. Half a dozen friends were gathered in the little rectory parlor one Saturday afternoon, when Dr. Shipley turned to Heber, knowing the ease with which he composed, and asked him "he could not write some missionary lyrics for his church to sing the next morning, as he was going to preach upon the subject of Missions. This was not very long notice to give to a man to achieve the distinguishing work of his life, and, in the few moments which followed, Heber builded better than he knew. Retiring to a corner of the room, he wrote three verses of his hymn, and returning read them to his companions, only altering the one word, savage, to heathen in the second verse.

"There, there," said Dr. Shipley, "that will do very well." But Heber, replying that the sense was not quite complete, retired for a few moments, and then returned with the glorious bangle-blast of the fourth verse. It was printed that evening, and sung the next morning by the people of Wrexham church.--Maria P. Woodbridge, in The Ladies' Repository.

Caught With Guile.

If men desire to talk, reason, or work together, they must make a beginning, by finding some single thing in which they can sympathize or agree. They must come in contact at some point. The engine must back down to where the cars are, and hitch on to them, before it can draw the train, with all its steam and machinery. To find this point of contact and connection, this theme of mutual interest,--and that without departing from Christian character and duty, nor joining in worldliness, folly, and frivolity,--often tasks the skill of those who are "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." "Being crafty," says the apostle, "I caught you with guile;" and a righteous craftiness which saves sinners by outwitting them, and leads them unsuspectingly to higher and better things than they have ever known or desired, is a rare qualification in those whom God calls to be fishers of men.

It is related of Mr. Cowie, a godly Scotch minister, that "one of his attached hearers was the wife of a wealthy farmer, who, after weeping and praying in vain for her ungodly husband, brought her grief before her pastor, whose preaching she could by no persuasion induce him to hear. After listening to the case, which seemed quite inaccessible, Mr. Cowie inquired, 'Is there anything your good man has a liking to?' 'He heeds for nothing in this world,' was the reply, 'forby his beasts and his siller, and it be na' his fiddle.' The hint was enough; the minister soon found his way to the farm-house, where, after a dry reception, and kindly inquiries about his cattle and corn, he awoke the farmer's feelings on the subject of his favorite pastime. The fiddle was produced, and the man of earth was astonished and charmed with the sweet music it gave forth in the hands of the feared and hated man of God. The minister next induced him to return his call by the offered treat of a finer instrument in his own house, where he was. Delighted with the swelling tones of a large violin, he needed then but slight persuasion from his wife to accompany her and hear his friend preach. The word took effect in conviction and salvation, and the grovelling earth-worm was transformed into a free-hearted son of God, full of the lively hope of the great inheritance above."--The Christian.

SPEAK KINDLY.--Always speak kindly to an angry pupil. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir anger." Never be sarcastic. "There is that speaketh like the clanging of a sword, but the tongue of the wise is health."

Recreation.

The celebrated Haydn was in company with some distinguished persons. The conversation turned on the best means of restoring their mental energies, when exhausted with long and difficult studies. One said he had recourse in such a case to a bottle of wine; another that he went into company. Haydn, being asked what he would do, or did do, said that he retired to his closet and engaged in prayer--that nothing excited on his mind a more happy and efficacious influence than prayer.

How to Put Children to Bed.

Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other but bedtime for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them then at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man, or the woman, whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustfully to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home "Dignity" and "Severity" stood where Love and Pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much Love, not one.--Fanny Fern.

Double Minded.

The new theory of two brains in one head finds illustration in the attitude of some religious teachers. They really have two minds, double theories, contradictory creeds. The Graphic hits them hard, in a recent editorial, but would have been more discriminating, had it been better instructed in religious affairs. But the following is healthy reading:

"By general consent the hypocrite is set down in the same category with the cheat, if not at the bottom of the list. The man who pretends to be what he is not, is universally regarded as a fraud, and capable of over-reaching in a bargain if not of tapping a till, and picking a pocket. To profess what one does not believe, is a species of lying, for which there was a show of excuse in ages when the penalty of holding heretical opinions was burning at the stake, but has no excuse in our tolerant days. And the man who is not intellectually honest enough to confess his real convictions, but shuffles and potters and hides behind phrases which mean one thing to one mind and another thing to another, commits a grave offence against the integrity of his own mind and the sanctity of the truth."

Our Crosses.

"No man hath a violet cross" was Flavel's assertion, years ago, and it is just as true now as then. Only He who giveth it to us, and he who beareth the cross, knoweth its weight. God only knows the strength needful for every burden. When we have felt that we were sinking under the weight of some great sorrow, His hand has been placed beneath us to lit us. Sickness, pecuniary losses, the loss of our loved ones, weigh heavily upon us. Separation in this world from those that are dear to us, often sadden our hearts beyond endurance, had we no strength but our own. To be misrepresented by the many, and to be maligned, if only by a few, are all crosses which we are loth to bear; but, when we remember for each cross there is a new star for our crown, we should welcome them, or, at least, be able to say, "They will be done." Christian brother or sister, do you bear your cross as becometh the child of God? Do you, by your patience and trust, lead others to say, "surely there is something in the religion of Christ to sustain the sorrowing or oppressed?" Let us think of these things and live for His glory.--Index and Baptist.

How to Have Peace.

Would you be quiet and have peace within in troublesome times? Keep near to God; beware of anything that may interpose betwixt you and your confidence. "It is good for me," said the Psalmist, "to be near God;" not only to draw near, but to keep near, to cleave to Him, and dwell in Him; so the word imports. Oh, the sweet calm of such a soul amidst all storms! Thus, once trusting and fixed, then no more fear: "he is not afraid of evil tidings."

Whatever sound is terrible in the ears of men--the news of war, news of death, or even the sound of the trumpet in the last judgment--he hears all undisquieted. Nothing is unexpected. Being once fixed on God, then the heart may put cases to itself, and suppose all things imaginable, even the most terrible, and look for them--not troubled before trouble comes with dark and dismal apprehensions, but satisfied in a quiet, unmoved expectation of the hardest things. Whatever it is, though not thought on particularly before, yet the heart is not afraid of the news of it, because it is "fixed, trusting in the Lord." Nothing can shake that foundation nor dissolve that union--therefore no fear. Yes, this assurance stays the heart in all things, how strange and unforeseen soever. All are foreseen to my God, on whom I trust--yea, are fore-contrived and ordered by Him. This is the impregnable fortress of a soul--all is at the disposal and command of my God; my Father rules all--what need I fear? The soul trusting on God is prepared for all; and in the saddest apprehensions of the soul, beyond hope, believes against hope; even in the darkest night casts anchor in God--reposes on him when He sees no light. (Isa. 1: 10).--Leighton.

Bring them to Church.

One of the sins of parents that will be visited on their children to the third and fourth generations is the prevailing license given them to slight the services of the sanctuary. Unless our children are brought to the house of God, they will not be likely to resort to it as they advance in years, and losing the advantages of early impressions from the gospel, it will not be strange if, later in life, they become inaccessible to its appeals.

Prayer.

Prayer requires more of the heart than of the tongue, of sighs than of words, of faith than of discourses. The eloquence of prayer consists in the fervency of the desire, in the simplicity of faith, and in the earnestness and perseverance of charity. The abundance and choice of fine thoughts, studied and vehement motions, and the order and politeness of the expressions, are things which compose a mere human harangue, not an humble and Christian prayer. Our trust and confidence ought to proceed from that which God is able to do in us, not from that which we can say to God.--Quensel.

The True Way of Reformation.

I once heard a minister say: "Suppose, some cold morning, you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows--scratching away and ask him what he was upto, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but, as fast as I get it off one square, it comes on another; would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle a fire, and the frost will soon come off?' And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits, one after another, without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let the fire of love to God and man, kindled at the altar of prayer burn in their hearts, and the bad habit will soon melt away."

Three Wonders in Heaven.

A very pious man, who in the estimation of every body was a devoted Christian, blameless in his conduct and conversation and zealous in every good work, after a long life spent in the service of his Master was at last brought by sickness to the borders of the grave. He was lying on his bed so quiet, and apparently lifeless, that many persons thought he was actually dead. A length he opened his eyes, and looking around him, said in a very solemn manner when I get to heaven, it seems to me, there will be three wonders there. In the first place, I shall wonder at meeting without persons, that I did not expect to find there. In the second place I shall wonder at seeing some persons in heaven, whom confidently expected to find there. In the greatest wonder after all, will be to find myself in heaven. He then closed his eyes and died. Great importance is frequently attached to the last words uttered by a dying man. None were ever more impressive than those just recited, or more becoming the lips of a dying Christian, or that bore more solemn testimony to the value of his godliness. True piety is always humble. The holiness of God should make us tremble, when about to stand in the judgment before Him.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before I may think aloud, and arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop all those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholesomeness with which one chemical atom meets another.--Emerson.

A preliminary examination of coffee! admixture is best made by gently sifting the powder upon the surface of cold water. The oil contained in coffee prevents the particles from being readily wetted by water, thus causing them to float. Chicco burnt sugar, etc., contain no oil, and the caramel is very quickly extracted by water, with production of a brown color while the particles themselves rapidly sink to the bottom of the water. On stirring liquid coffee becomes tolerably uniform diffused without sensibly coloring the water while chicory and other sweet roots give a dark brown, turbid infusion. Roasted cereals do not give so distinct color.

The preparation of skeletonized leaf an art which any careful person can perform. The leaves should be perfect, and is a very good time to select them. I should be laid in water for a couple of weeks to macerate, then take them gently, for fear of bruising them, and then into some clean water. Then put leaves one by one on a card or the paper-hair, and with a very soft and a camel-hair brush or the tip of your finger dab the leaf gently until all the green comes off. Afterwards put a small spoonful of chloride of lime into about a pint of cold water, and then leave skeletons in the lime and water until become very nearly white; then float out very carefully with acid, and lay out on a clean piece of blotting-paper to dry. In preparing the poppy, more care is required than with the leaf. They must have separate water from leaves, and must be covered up and have a brime in them. When they have been soaked long enough, take them by the stalk, and with a small pair of pliers take all off the outside until you see the skeleton, and then make a little hole by the crown and take the inside out by little, so that you cannot break skeletons in doing so. The skeleton must be exactly the same as the leaf skeleton leaves.