# The Easter and People.

Rooted by the Rivers.

BY THEODORE I. CUVIER, D.D.

The Spring has been calling the roll in orchard and forest. Every living tree has ere this responded by issuing its leaves or bedecking itself with blossoms. Some are well on their way with tiny germs of fruit. The dead trees give no answer to the call.

A cick tree or a dead tree is a sad sight, especially if it once shaded our childhood's sports or shock down its generous truit into

A diseased or dying Christian is a far sadder sight. The marks of health and growth in a Christian are described in the Biole by the marks of health and growth in a tree. The tests of life are of decay and death are the same. One of the most happy descriptions of a flourishing Christian ever written is that one contained in the seven-teenth chapter of Jeremiah: "He shall be as a tree planted by the waters and that spreadeth out her roots by the rivers, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green. She shall not be troubled in the year of drought, neither shall she cease from yielding fruit.

This is God's idea of a flourishing Christian. Hardly any text in his Word affords a hetter test for each one of us to try himself by than this beautiful but searching passage. It is very thorough. It includes both the inward motive and the outward life. Let us look at ourselves a few moments as this passage reveals to us what we ought to be.

(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. A tree whore roots were not kissed by some unfailing vein of moisture was doomed to certain death. What the root is to a tree the secret motives and affections of the heart to each one of us. No part of the tree is so invisible as its roots. But the condition of the tree soon reports just where its roots and what they are about. Dryness below ground soon means deadness above ground. The roots of our religious life are our secret motives and the affections which govern us. God only beholds them, but men soon discover what they are from the evidence of daily conduct. We wonder, for example, why a certain churchmember is so ax in his devotions and loose in his practices. The reason is that, while his trunk and his branches are over on the church side of the wall, his roots run under the wall and dwell in the bad soil on the other side. Outwardly the man is a Christian sor. Inwardly he is a thorough "man of the world," with no genuine love of Jesus pervading his heart. A Christian heart will soon yield a Christless life. "If ye abide in me ye shall bear fruit." When the Master said this he indicated clearly that heart mion to himself was the only some of the columns. union to himself was the only source of permanent Christian living.

Some men root down into covetousness.

There is no need of shaking their boughs with the vain hope of getting any apples of liberality. Others root into secret sensual-Their thoughts are impure. Lust fills their souls. By and by they are detected in some open act of leahery or drunkenness. The conversion of a sensual man or woman which does not radically change the affections and principles of the heart is not a genuine conversion. The reason why so many "reformed" sensualities go speedily back to their cups or licentiousness is that their roots of character were never touched. They were never transplanted into Christ. They were never "renewewed in the inner man by the Divine Spirit."

A true servant of Jesus draws his motives of action from his deep loyality, 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 good report. These are the motives which keep him self-denying and steadfast. They hold him firm in moments of sudden temptation, as stout roots hold the tree against the assaults of a gale. Paul was so rooted and grounded in love to his Saviour that no blast of persecution ever shook him for an Strangers must have wondered why these early apostles so rejoiced in bearing bloody stripes and in being locked up within filthy dungeons. They little knew the depth and the strength of that victorious love of the Crucified which lived down in their bottommost souls and kept them by the "rivers of water." Jesu kept them and Jesus fed their strength. This is the double office of a root : it holds and it feeds. All the nourishment of the vital sap issues from it. Now, then, here is the test question with me, and with you, my brother. Are our hearts in all their affections and desires and motives so united to Jesus Christ that we draw him up into our daily lives? Do we keep the connection close with secret prayer? Does this inward love of our Lord underlie our whole character? Is Jesus in us? Is his law our law, and his interests our interests, and to please him the first instinct of our being? Then we are rooted by the river of unfalling

waters.
(2.) While the soul thus reaches down through its every rootlet into Christ's deep, cool well there is no danger that our leav will wither. Our "leaf shall be green." Some professors have a very dingy lock.
Their clammy leaves get so powdered over with the dust of worldliness that they are very | unsightly objects. They are not attractive with any beauty of holiness. When people eye them closely, they see only cross soriousness, or stingy selfishness, or frivolous formality. There are others whose leaf turns yellow very soon after they are set out in the church. This betrays lack of moisture at the root, or perhaps a secret worm of sin there, that is killing the tree by inches. The leaf is the tell-tale of the root and soil. It is a wretched mistake to deal with the externals of our conduct while we neglect the condition of our hearts. If the heart is by the rivers of water the leaf will always be glossy and

(5.) Nor will the drought affect a wellpoted Christian. Some eleurelemembers re only flourishing during the heavy rains to sevival time. The vest of the year they so known and homes. If posters get sick.

of such periodical professors, how weary Josus 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 ferrent, and his hands open, and his durly lite 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 ac cording to his means, to pay every man his due, to share his lonf with the suffering, to stand for Christ on every occasion and before every company. He speaks out when cowards are dunib. He is "always abounding in the work of the Lord. We go to such a man as we go to a generous old Vergalieu pear-tree in the month of September, and never come away empty. The ground under his boughs always has something sweet for our basket.

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 dews of the Spirit which keep my leaf ever green! Blessed be the trials which shade down the ripe gelden fiuits from the branches!

#### 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 im-measurable depth. Then it was the grand, measurable depth. Then it was the grand, the awfully sublime in nature, that impelled me to the toilsome and adventurous tour; now it was the still more morally sublime in history and truth.

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 birthplace of many of the mighty of the earth but no sight, no palcace, awakened such emotions as Wartburg Castle, after I had entered its ponderous gate, and stood within its extensive courtyard. A sort of religious awe came over me. I felt as if I were entering into the presence of Luther's spirit, and that he would speak to me. And when I entered the room which the mighty man had occupied, I sat down for a moment to relieve my heart, overcharged with emotion.

I pictured myself a visitor to Luther and wished to enter into conversation with I pictured to my memory the scenes of more than three hundred years 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 glistens with celestial fire, his brow is secenc, his visage calm, a and yet deep thoughts seem to be struggling within that magnificent head. One while he looks intently on the ponderous volume open before him, which I knew to be a copy of the Valgate; and then again he would turn his face and thoughtfully gaze out of the window upon the beautiful landscape stretching far up the valley. I dared not interrupt the man of God in his literaty labours, for I knew that he was engaged in the heavelless wolk which the first. in the herculean work, which of itself would have immortalized him, the translation of the Bible into the language of his countrymen. I sat still and narrowly observed him. He did not seem to be aware of my presence, or at least he did not permit it to disconcert him. He would occasionally look at the Hebrew Bible open on a chair beside him, and then he would turn the leaves of a voluminous dictionary, and then a long series of folios scattered around would be consulted by him. He would stop and and think sometimes, laying down his pen and resting his head upon the table: he would thus con-tinue absorbed for many minutes, and then of a sudden he would cast his eye upward, but always out of the window, where he could see the clear blue sky, and then his countenance would be lit up with a smile contenues wonto be it up with a sinite expressive of faith and hope and after he had thus for a long time examined the Hebrew and Latin Bibles, and various transhis researches with a feeling of exultation illuminating his whole face. Sometimes, indeed, it seemed as though he were per plexed by a doubt. I may be mistaken, but it appeared to me as though, amid his doubts about verbal difficulties and conflicting translations, he inwardly sighed for the presence of Melancthon, or Bugenhagen, or Craciger, to aid him by their counsels. Thus I sat gazing upon the remark able man and dared not utter a word. had stealthily parted from my companions that I might be alone with Luther. I desired unbroken and solitary communion

with the hero of the Reformation. 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 Luthers 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 hely cause, in that same room whose walls had so frequently reechoed the more pious and acceptable prayer of Luther.

My companions consisted of a German family I had met at Frankfort a few days before, with whom I had become intimate. As we were toiling up the bill in the morning, one of the ladies, much more sedate ing, the of the inter, much more source than her younger sister, said to me, in a very actions tene, "I am making my first pilgrimage to Wartburg Castle. I go full at yourselve. It the gold in Lether. 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 Wart-burg not to gratify a shallow currossty, but to inhale his exalted and pious spirit." She then continued to pour out her feelings, and spoke most rapturously of Luther and the Reformation For hours after did I speak Reformation with this lady upon this subject. I sought to establish her in the new faith, she had adopted, for she was yet weak; and one of the most pleasing reminescences of my visit to Wartburg, acide from the historical interest of the place, is the Protestant convert of Frankfort. J. G. Morris, D.D., in Untheran Home Monthly.

# 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 orged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into lears, as he said, 'You say that the said, 'You remember that gul, sur? she was my only child. She died saddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God. But if so, she can tell him what now breaks my heart that the many hard she has a second beautiful. -that she never heard a prayer in her father's house or from her father's hose or from her father's hos! Oh, that she were with me for one day again !

## Origin of The Missionary Hymn.

It does not necessarily take a life-tune 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. Such was the case with Leginald Heber, known far and near, wherever the Christian religion has penetrated, by his unequaled missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." These lines, so dear to every heart, so certain to live, while a benighted man remains to whom Christ's story has not yet been wafted, were written in a parlor, with conversation going on around its author, and in a tew minutes' time.

Reginald Heber, then thirty-five years old, was visiting his father in law, Dr. Shipley, in Wrexham, having left his own charge at Hoduet 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. St. pley turned to Heber, knowing the care with which he composed, and asked him ; he could not write some missionary lin a 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 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, re-tired for a few moments, and then returned with the glorious bugle-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' Bepository.

# 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 right-cons craftiness which saves sinners by outwitting them, and leads them unsuspect-ingly to higher and better things than they have ever known or desired, is a rare quali-fication 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 inaccessible, Mr. Cowie inquired, anything your good man has a liking to? 'He heeds for nothing in this world,' the reply. 'forbye 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 injuiries 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 freehearted 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 wrash, but grievous words stir anger." Never be accessin. "There is that speak-Never be sarcestis. "There is that speak-eth like the pieroing of a growd, but the tongue of the wine is health."

## Recreation.

The celebrated Haydn was in company with some distinguished persons. The conversation turned on the best means of re-storing their mental energies, when exhausted with long and difficult studies. One said he had recourse in such a care 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 no-thing exerted on his mind a more happy and effiacious 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 beiltime for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Scal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, nestuess and perseverance of charity. The when they will lay their heads upon their abundance and choice of fine thoughts, stuwhen they will lay their neads appropriate pillows lacking both. Let them then at least have this sweet memory of a happy that we future sorrow or childhood, of which no future sorrow trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild trust and confidence ought to proceed from license. The judicious parent will not so that which God is able to do in us, not mustake my meaning. If you have ever met the man, or the woman, whose eyes large suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly 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 here-tical 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 of ence against the integrity of his own mind and the sanctity of the

# Our Crosses.

"No man hath a velvet cross" 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 litt us. Sickness, pecuniary losses, the loss of our loved ones, weigh heavily upon us. Separation in this d 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, "Thy 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 Bautist.

# 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 Hun, 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."

Whatsoever 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 undisqueted. 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 themnot troubled before trouble comes with dark and dismal apprehensions, but satisfied in a quiet, unmoved expectation of the hardest things. Whatsoever 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." "fixed, frusting in the Lord." Nothing can shoke that foundation nor dissolve that union-therefore no fear Yea, this assurance stays the heart in all thins, how strange and unforseen soever. All are foreseen to my Ged, 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 corumand of my God; my Father rules all—what need 1 fear? The rather rules all—what need 1 lear? The soul trusting on God is prepared for all; and in the anddest apprehensions of the soul, beyond hope, believes against hope; even in the darkest night casts anchor in God—reposes on him when He sees ne light. (ies. 1: 10.)—Leighten.

## 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 tham to slight the services of the sonctuary. Unless our oluldren 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 nords, of faith than of discour e. The eloquence of prayer consists in the fervency of the desire, in the simplicity of faith, and in the sardied and vehement motions, and the order and politeness of the expressions, are things which compose a mere homan harangue, not an humble and Christian prayer. Our

# 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 f: st as I get it off one equare. It comes on another; would you not say 'Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle a fire, and the frost will soon cone 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 free 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 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 be so quiet, and apparently lifeless, that man persons thought he was actually dead. A length he opened his eyes, and lookin around him, said in a very solemn manne when I get to heaven, it seems to me, the will be three wonders there. In the fin place, I shall wonder at meeting with som persons, that I did not expect to find then In the second place I shall wonder at m seeing some persons in heaven, whom confidently expected to find there. By the greatest wonder after all, will be tofu myself in heaven. He then closed his sy and died. Great importance is frequent attached to the last words uttered by the dying. None were ever more impressi than those just recited, or more become the lips of a dying Christian, or that bor more solemn testimony to the value of it godliness. True piety is always humb The holiness of God should make us tree ole, when about to stand in the indepen

A friend is a person with whom I m be sincere. Before I may think aloud am arrived at last in the presence of a me so real and equal, that I may drop en those undermost garments of dissimultion, courtesy, and second thought, whi men never put off, and may deal # him with the simplicity and wholes with which one chemical atom me another. - Emerson .

A preliminary examination of collect admixture is best made by gently stress the powder upon the surface of cold wat The oil contained in coffee prevents the P ticles from being readily water, thus causing them to float. Chico burnt sugar, etc., contain no oil, and th caramel is very quickly extracted by water, with production of a brown so while the particles themselves rapidly to the bottom of the water. On stiring liquid, coffee becomes tolerably unifor diffused without sensibly coloring the w while chicory and other awest roots qui ly given a dark brown, turbid infusi Ronated cereals do not give se disting

The preparation of skeletonized leave an art which any careful person can f tise. The leaves should be porfect, and is a very good time to select them. I should be laid in water for a couple weeks to macerate, then take them gently, for fear of brusing them, and hem into some clash water. Then pe leaves one by one on a card or the par your hand, and with a very soft and a your natid, and with a very soft and camel-hair brush or the tip of your as dab the leaf gently until all the green comes off. Afterwards put a small spoonful of chlorids of lime into about the child of the child. pint of cold water, and then leave skeletone in the lime and water become very nearly white; then doet! out very carefully with a card, and lay! on a clean piece of blutting paper in the to dry. In preparing the poppy more care is required than with the let They must have separate water from leaves, and must be covered up and have a bruise in them. When they been scaked long enough take them at the stalk, and with a small poir of pistake all of the stalk. take all off the outside until you so by the erown and take the inside set by little, so that you cannot been akelvion in delay on. The blooding on the standard and the short as blooding sheleton leaves.