

things to growing again? how shall I make these dry acres of my church to bloom and bear fruit?" At once, he says that the crying need is for a "revival," and perhaps he sets agoing some mechanical pumps of special effort to irrigate his arid field. That his church *does* need a genuine revival of spiritual life, and power is quite too apparent. But, brethren, is there something better yet than this periodical piety that requires the periodical pumps? For one, I am getting sick and tired of it. How much more must our holy Master abhor it.

The religion we want is a permanent power fed from an unfailing well. For that we must preach, for that we must pray, for that we must live; Without that our whole church-life is an alteration of droughts and occasional freshets. In the home, in the Sabbath-school, in the church, let us strike for something deeper, solidier and more perennial. When we get Christ Jesus fairly and fully underneath our prayer-meetings and our homes and the daily lives of our people, then our churches will be fruitful fields with steady harvests. We shall eat and drink, and plan and pray, and work for the glory of the Master. We shall make our money and use it for God; we shall train up our children for God; we shall order our household expenses and entertainments for God; we shall buy and sell for God; we shall cast our votes for God; we shall strive to honor Him on every day of the week and in every department of duty. This the only Christianity worth preaching and praying for. *It will last.* For the weariness, the weakness, and the wretched of a mere periodical religion, it is the only remedy. We can have it. Jesus offers it and ensures it. Brethren, let us go back and lead our flocks back to the EVERLASTING WELL.

### Death of Luther.

The world is celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the death of Martin Luther. The story of his life has often been told. We give below a story of the closing scenes of his life from D. Aubigne's "Martyrs and Heroes of the Reformation."

Luther had throughout his life refused the aid of the secular arm, as his decree was that the truth should triumph only by the power of God. However, in 1546 in spite of his efforts, war was on the point of breaking out, but it was the will

of God that his servant should be spared this painful spectacle.

The counts of Mansfield, within whose territories he was born, having become involved in a quarrel with their subjects and with several lords of the neighborhood, had recourse to the meditation of the Reformer. The old man—he was now sixty-three—was subject to frequent attacks of giddiness, but he never spared himself. He therefore set out in answer to the call, and reached the territory of the counts on the 28th of January, accompanied by his friend the theologian Jonas, who had been with him at the Diet of Worms, and by his two sons, Martin and Paul, the former now fifteen, and the latter thirteen, years of age. He was respectfully received by the counts of Mansfield, attended by a hundred and twelve horsemen. He entered that town of Eisleben in which he was born and in which he was about to die. That same evening he was very unwell, and was near fainting.

Nevertheless, he took courage, and applying himself zealously to the task, preached four times, attended twenty conferences, received the sacrament twice and ordained two ministers. Every evening Jonas and Michael Coelius, pastor of Mansfield, came to wish him good-night. "Doctor Jonas, and you, Master Michael," he said to them, "entreat of the Lord to save his Church, for the Council of Trent is in great wrath."

Luther dined regularly with the counts of Mansfield. It was evident from his conversation that the Holy Scriptures grew daily in importance in his eyes. "Cicero asserts in his letters," he said to the counts two days before his death, "that no one can comprehend the science of government who has not occupied for twenty years an important place in the republic, and I for my part tell you that no one has understood the Holy Scriptures who has not governed the churches for a hundred years, with the prophets, the apostles and Jesus Christ." This occurred on the 16th of February. After saying these words he wrote them down in Latin, laid them upon the table, and then retired to his room. He had no sooner reached it than he felt that his last hour was near. "When I have set my good lords at one," he said to those about him, "I will return home; I will lie down in my coffin and give my body to the worms."

The next day, February 17, his weakness increased. The counts of Mansfield and the prior of Anhalt, filled with aux-