

Our Contributors.

A MODEL MINISTER OF CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

During all the early years of my ministry the two best thumbed books in my library were Bunyan's Pilgrim and The Life of Robert Murray McCheyne, the youthful pastor of St. Peter's Church in Dundee. The Life of McCheyne—Dr. Andrew A. Bonar's masterpiece—was published during my theological seminary days, and from that hour to this it has been a perpetual inspiration. Dr. Chalmer's biography was a gold mine; Dr. Norman McLeod's is brilliant with poetry and power, but rather too surcharged with hilarity. To spend an hour with Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland, is almost like sitting with Paul in his "hired house" at Rome; but his seraphic piety was eminently healthful, cheerful, and saintly without being sanctimonious. He dwelt during the nine years of his fruitful ministry far away from the damps that arise about Doubling Castle, and hard by the Beulahland where the sunlight ever falls. Robinson, of Brighton, saddens me while he stimulates me; but the biography of McCheyne has a rare power to sober me when tempted to trifle, and to cheer me when tempted to despondency.

To the young ministers who are coming on the stage it may be necessary to say, in brief, that Robert Murray McCheyne was the pastor of the Presbyterian church of St. Peter's, in Dundee, and was called away to his crown a few weeks before the Disruption of the Scottish National Church in 1843. He entered the vineyard at twenty-one—hungry for the salvation of souls. After nine years of intense, earnest and untiring labor he was laid—amid the tears of thousands—in that tomb at the corner of his little church which has been visited by weeping thousands during the last half century. His parish was composed of the plain people; and the wife of a poor weaver told me that it did her "more good just to see Mr. McCheyne walk up the aisle to his pulpit than to hear a sermon from another man." His personality was a power; his life more eloquent than any discourse he ever delivered. To pray and to search the Word of God, to carry the hidden fire from house to house, to prepare the beaten oil for the sanctuary, to plead with dying men, and to allure to brighter worlds by the joyous up-tread of his own heavenward march—these formed the varied yet unchanging employment of his fervid spirit. With what eager joy he leaped into the bosom of the Scriptures! No cavils of the critics ever disturbed his impregnable faith in the adamant Word. "When you write to me," said he to a friend, "tell me all you can about the meaning of Scriptures. One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams."

Love of Jesus Christ was his master passion. His Saviour's work was his work; he never wearied, and he never rested. Every hour he gave to his Master. The celebrated Dr. James Hamilton, of London, who was his intimate

friend, once told me that McCheyne used to seal his letters with the device of a sun going down behind the mountains and the motto over it, "The night cometh." For souls he watched as the fisherman's wife trims her lamp in the window and watches for the storm tossed and belated husband in the offing. He hoisted the light of Calvary; and like Spurgeon, it was his life's joy to welcome the returning wanderers into the "covert from the tempest." In prayer he was a mighty and prevailing wrestler. He prayed before he sat down to his studies; before he went out to visit the sick; before he entered his pulpit; he had what he called a "scheme of prayer," and marked the names of missionaries on his map that he might pray for them in course, and by name. Literally he walked with God. In writing to a friend he said: "Now remember that Moses, when he came down from the mount, wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of the spiritual life and of the ministry. Oh, for closest communion with God, till soul and body—head and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but oh, for a holy ignorance of our own shining!"

A few years ago I visited Dundee and preached in the pulpit of St. Peter's church. After the service the provost of the city introduced me to one of the very few survivors of McCheyne's ministry. He was a gray-headed man of three-score and ten, and spoke of the pastor of his youth with the most reverent love. The chief thing that he remembered was that McCheyne, a few days before his death, met him in the street, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said to him kindly, "Jamie, I hope that all is well with your soul. How is your sick sister? I am coming to see her again shortly." That sentence or two had stuck to the old Christian for nearly half a century! McCheyne's hand was on the old man's shoulder yet. This little incident gave me a fresh insight into the secret of McCheyne's pastoral fidelity and personal power. I commend that incident to young ministers who underrate the work of a faithful pastor who keeps in touch with every member of his flock.

It is fifty-nine years since McCheyne was borne to his grave in Dundee. His fatal sickness was brought on by visiting the victims of a prevailing epidemic. During the wanderings of his mind, in the delirium of the fever, he kept repeating, "O God! my people, my dear people! this whole place!" It was the ruling passion for souls—still strong in death. I am one of many hundreds of ministers who owe a debt of immeasurable gratitude to Robert Murray McCheyne, and I hope to thank him in heaven for many things. Among other things I thank him for once exclaiming "Go on, dear brother, only an inch of time remains, and then eternal ages roll on forever—only an inch on which we can stand and preach the way of salvation to perishing souls!" That is his message to every minister of Jesus Christ who reads this article.

A WIDESPREADING MOVEMENT.

A careful observer, who has made good use of exceptional opportunities for investigation, has published the result of his inquiries into the *Los von Rom* movement, in a pamphlet entitled, "The Religious Awakening of Austria." The writer shows that while the movement had a distinctly political origin, and has largely been influenced by political ideals, it has become also a means of very real religious emancipation and revival. Revolt against the political and intellectual tyranny of the Roman church in Austria lay at the root of the movement. The clerical party, for instance, used their political power to obtain large grants of municipal funds for the purposes of the Roman church. Many Catholic parents joined the movement because they were anxious to get their children out of the hands of the priests, and to give them the better education which they say Protestant children received. Undoubtedly another important influence has been that of Pan-Germanism. The twenty-one million Germans outside the German Empire—of whom ten millions are Austrian subjects—for the most part fervently desire a political union which will make the Empire co-extensive with the use of the German tongue. Bismarck would have found means to accomplish that union if he had not been afraid of adding some eight-and-a-half millions more to the eighteen-and-a-half million Catholics in the Empire. That would have made, he saw, the Roman church supreme, and would have been fatal to German progress. Now, however, the Emperor William seems disposed towards a somewhat different policy. He cultivates a certain friendliness with the Roman Catholic party because they form a check to the Socialists, whom he abhors. And in his ambition to make Germany a great world-power, he is quite ready to make use of Rome, when he can, for that purpose. In Austria, however, on the other hand, the Roman church sides against the Pan-German party, and in favor of the Slavs, a more docile and ignorant race. The Pan-German party, therefore, feel that their hopes can only be fulfilled through breaking the power of the Roman church and hence their strong sympathy with the "Away from Rome" movement. The defeat of the attempt to establish a Roman Catholic University in Austria is another matter on which the writer of this pamphlet throws light; and it is instructive in view of the similar attempt in Ireland. All classes even in Catholic Austria, and especially the leaders of higher education, were strongly opposed to this effort of the church to secure further denomination. This important but complicated revolt from Rome surely is making steady headway in Austria.

HOW THEY ARE RUINED.—The matron of the Chicago Police Department says: "Of all the ten or twelve thousand unfortunate girls and wrecked women arrested every year in Chicago, among those who tell their woes to me, ninety-nine out of every hundred attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine or champagne taken generally with a male companion, always for good-fellowship's sake.

"That first glass is the beginning of the end—and here you see what the end is.

"When a woman once begins to drink—even in a social way—her future is threatened with either moral wickedness or utter ruin. So many women who come here tell me that the first sparkling glass of champagne was the beginning of all their misfortune."

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