

about the room. How unselfishly she had tended him! What kind of life would she have had as his wife had he succeeded in bullying her into marrying him? As he saw himself as he had been he felt glad for her sake that she had stood firm.

For the first time in his life Jack Burton uttered a real prayer. 'God help me to be a better man!'

And that is a prayer that never goes unanswered. He who hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled. Many a talk took place between Ruth and her patient, in which the latter learnt much. He longed, more than ever, to make her his wife, but he saw clearly that her affections were placed elsewhere, and he was now thoughtful enough not to distress her by renewing his proposal.

'We'll say no more about that little matter between us,' said Jack Burton to Ben Green, on the day on which he first left the house. 'Ruth has more than paid off your debt. She will marry a better man than I, but she has made a better man of me than I was. At least, I hope to be a better man, by God's help.'

The Burtons were no longer envied by their neighbors, but they were much more liked. Trial had done them both good, and the hard work which was now necessary kept them both healthily employed. Jack gave up drink altogether, and his father no longer drank to excess.

And what of Ruth? If you were now to ask Mrs. Will Bevan, wife of the first mate of a handsome vessel, she would tell you that there was not a happier woman in the country than herself.

A Monday Prayer.

Back to the shop, the factory, and the mill,
Thy workers go, O Lord! and it may be
That some have sorrows pressing heavily,
And some are burdened with foreboding ill;
And some, unmindful of thy holy will,
Gained not the rest provided yesterday;
And into sin some feet have gone astray,
And some hold labor in derision still.

Grant, therefore, Lord, that as we buyers go
Through factory or store or busy street.
With thoughtful words these laborers we
May greet—
Mindful of grace for sin, of balm for woe;
Helping in kindness sluggard souls to see
The worth of labor and the dignity.
—Ann Temple, in 'S. S. Times.'

A Model Minister of Christ.

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

During all the earlier years of my ministry the two best thumbed books in my library were Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' and the life of Robert Murry McCheyne, the youthful pastor of St. Peter's Church in Dundee. The life of McCheyne—which was 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. Chalmers' 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 mournfully tinged by his morbid temperament. McCheyne's 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 Beulah-land where the sunlight ever falls. Robertson, 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 younger 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 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 he 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 all 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, face, and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but oh, for a holy ignorance of our own shining!'

Six 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 stung 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 the message to every minister of Jesus Christ who reads this article.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Inquiry in Arabia — Faithful Witness.

In a recent article, telling of Mr. Forder's work among the Bedouins in Arabia, is the following incident, which seems to be an indication of an open door for the gospel in that land. 'One morning a party of men arrived, and Mr. Forder at once recognized them as coming from a place on the edge of the Arabian desert, which he had visited four years ago, and where he had distributed some Scriptures. They greeted him in a warm, hearty way, and said: "Hearing you were here, we have come to have a talk with you." Mr. Forder asked them what they wanted to talk about, and they replied: "You came to us once in our town, and told us of Jesus the Son of God how he died and became our Saviour. You gave us books, and we have read them and believe them. Now we want to fast, pray, and do as you do, and become Christians. We are tired of our own religion. We do not believe Mohammed was a prophet, and his religion does us no good." Much more they said, but they finished up by confessing that, "If we openly say we are Christians we shall be killed for so doing. Under this rule we have no freedom." Mr. Forder told them he was glad to hear them say what they did, but fasting and praying and joining a church did not make a man a Christian in the sight of God. Only faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the world made anyone a Christian. He sympathized with them in their difficult position, and did all he could to encourage and help them. They promised to go on reading the Bible, and went away saying, "We no longer believe as we used to. We believe in Jesus."'

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