

and that group of children, all waiting in agonizing suspense for the fate of a husband and a father! Ask that breathless bystander, and he will answer, "No! he *cannot* be too earnest; the life of a fellow-being is at stake; if he manifested any less solicitude, he would not only be wanting in professional fidelity, but even lacking the ordinary feelings of humanity."

When the next Sabbath comes, you meet that same bystander in the house of God. Around you are a large company of travellers to eternity. Some of them are ignorant. Some of them are careless and indifferent. A large portion of them are enemies of God, with the whetted sword of Almighty wrath already hanging over them. As the minister of Christ casts his eye over his audience, he sees many who are utterly "without hope," and if death were suddenly to overtake them, he knows that they must sink to eternal darkness, and the undying worm. Even *to-morrow* some of those hearers may be wrapped in their shrouds, and their souls be in another world!

Weighed down with the tremendous responsibility that rests upon him, the herald of the cross proclaims his message, with strong cryings and tears. Every argument that could be drawn from the thundering Sinai or darkened Calvary, from an open heaven or a yawning hell, is presented from a soul breaking with solicitude for dying men. And when the message of love has been delivered, and the minister of Christ has returned to his closet, to mourn there that he did not plead his Master's cause yet more earnestly, where are his auditors? How many heard his message? How many gave any heed to it? How many remembered it until they reached their own dwellings? Well will it be if some did not retire to mock and sneer at it all as the effusion of crazy enthusiasm, or a fanatical bigotry. The modern Festus, who applauded the eloquent advocate in the court-room, pronounces this man "mad;" and even many a frigid professor thinks that the worthy preacher was somewhat "beside himself," from the ardor of his emotion.

If such painful contrasts sink the souls of God's ministers here into sorrow, and well nigh to despair, how must they appear to those who behold them from another world! How they must appear to a saint in bliss, or to a lost soul in the world of woe! C.

NOT PREPARED TO PREACH.

One of the Ministers, who some years ago visited Britain, requested a gentleman of Philadelphia, who then was in London, and acquainted with the preacher of Surry Chapel, to introduce him to Mr. Hill; and for that purpose it was agreed that two friends should endeavor to see Rowland on the ensuing Lord's day morning, in the vestry room attached to Surry Chapel, prior to the commencement of public worship. Accordingly, the two friends were in that apartment some time before the hour of prayer, and waited the arrival of the preacher. At length Rowland entered; and after the usual ceremonial salutation, the following conversation occurred:—