

in Zion. Love to the work diffuses a persevering energy which continues in it, and patiently waits to see the salvation of God. The pulpit has been entered not as a workshop for a piece of bread, but as the sphere of a holy influence which has demonstrated its heavenly origin in souls renewed. The drunkard has been won from his cup, the thief has become honest, the godless devout, the careless concerned, through the foolishness of preaching. Warning and beseeching men day and night with tears, the true servant of Jesus seeks to make proof of his ministry. Without the love of souls, such work can only be the meanest of drudgery. A truth applicable to the severe and trying studies preparatory to entrance on the sacred calling, as well as to the more direct engagements of the work itself. Who is sufficient for these things? Our sufficiency is of God. The true minister must be a man of prayer; he asks his people to unite in the blessing-securing occupation,—brethren pray for us. Within the sweep of this loving entreaty we comprehend the rising ministry. Churches cannot expect good ministers unless they pray for them.

An Evangelical ministry dwells on the great themes connected with Christ and His cross. Death steals over all the vitalities of the church when no life-giving ray from Calvary falls on the people. It is sad to hear a Christ-less sermon. An exhibition of learning, or a discussion of some points to exhibit man and not Christ, falls miserably short of the high purpose for which the gospel is preached. Salvation through the Crucified as the great theme of the pulpit, is the attracting power to win men's hearts from sin to holiness. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth," said Christ, "will draw all men unto me." A picture that shows accidentals largely drawn, and dwarfs the main subject is a failure; so when Christ does not occupy the foreground, in a ministry, can it be otherwise viewed than as distorting and dishonouring the great end of its existence? Vestments of the ministry, flowers of rhetoric, drapery of ceremonials, ought never to hide the grandeur and simplicity of the cross. In an age of speculation and ceaseless craving for novelties, the dangers are multiplied of overlooking, denying or forgetting the essentials of the faith, hence the call for prayer is loud that a double baptism of the Spirit may be enjoyed by the Schools of the Prophets.

Honourable and sacred as we view the office of a minister, we cannot attach holiness to it apart from character. A bad man cannot be a good minister. In a sermon called "The Voice of the old Pulpit," the following just and thrilling complaint is made:—"I complain because some very ungodly characters have taken the liberty of ascending my steps. My heaviest sorrow I tell first. After this, I feel my bosom much relieved. The most unpleasant burden that ever stood behind my cushion was a wicked man. If I had known him when he was advancing, and had I had strength, I would have bolted my door in his face before the whole congregation:—yea, I would have stood against him, immoveable as a rock, and left him on my steps, with his face toward the people, pulling at the door, till his head was covered with shame, and his tongue forgot all it intended to say. But the fact is, that some "have preached to others," and were themselves "cast away!" I have gloried in some who are now a disgrace even to drunkards! They used to cry to others to beware of sins which they themselves cherished! They called upon their hearers to embrace the Saviour whom they trod under foot! They turned