

boat a hat full. And while I stood thus eating, "I to see in you the shining of the furnace, the character of our God visibly reflected in you. We look for this manifestation mainly in the grand object of your ministry—the exaltation of Christ. This is the object for which we are to live—to set up Christ, not indeed in a whole lot and none beside him, before our people; Christ for the full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them,—here us, the ground of our faith; Christ in us, the life of the old man's voice grew tremulous—"because the our souls; his blood and righteousness, the matter of boys in my Parish steal them so?"—"Why, sir," our trust; his Spirit, the quickening principle of our said he, "dost their parents teach them not to steal?" souls; Christ, "the way, the truth, and the life;" And I grew all over in a cold sweat and I told him Christ, the refuge and consolation, the present and eternal salvation of his people. Ah! when we look said the man, "tell me where you live," Then said at the hopes of a fallen world centering in him, this Father Morris—the tears running over—I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G—. After Christ, and him crucified;" this gives to us our text, this furnishes the materials of our sermon, this brings out the commanding truths of the Gospel, this exhibits a revived Gospel before the Church, in a more vivid apprehension of the person, glory, and work of Christ.

Our old friend was not less original in the logical, than in the illustrative portions of his discourses. His logic was of the familiar, colloquial kind, which shakes hands with common sense like an old friend. Sometimes too, his great mind and great heart would be poured out on the vast scheme of religion, in the language which, though homely, produced all the effects of the sublime. He once preached a discourse on the text, the "High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity." And from the beginning to the end, it was a train of solemn thought. With his usual simple earnestness and his great rolling voice, he told about the Great God—the great Jehovah, and how the people in this world were flustering and worrying, and afraid they should not get time to do this, and that, and t'other. "But," he added, with full heart-ed satisfaction, the Lord is never in a hurry; he has it all to do, but he has time enough for he inhabiteth eternity." And the grand idea of infinite leisure, and Almighty resources, was carried through the sermon with equal strength and simplicity.

But the sayings and doings of this good old man, as reported in the legends of the neighborhood, are far beyond the common age of man, and continued, when age had impaired his powers, to tell over and over again the same Bible stories, that he had told over before.

It was not many years after, that this simple and loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace unto Him whom he loved. His name is fast passing from remembrance; and in a few years, his memory, like his humble grave, will be entirely grown over and forgotten among men, though it will be held in everlasting remembrance by Him who "forgetteth not his servants," and in whose sight the death of his saints is precious.

MINISTERIAL.

AN ADDRESS MADE TO THE IRISH CLERGY, AT THE ROTUNDA, IN DUBLIN, BY THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES, M. A., VICAR OF OLD NEWTON.

Beloved Fathers and Brethren,—“I am with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. I cannot but feel, that I am standing before many, at whose feet I should most gladly sit; I can only thank you for the strengthening sympathy of your prayers. I have longed these many years to see you, not as though I could impart unto you any spiritual gift, but trusting that we might be comforted together by our mutual faith and love. And now that we are come together, with joy by the will of God, may we with each other be refreshed!

We have looked upon you as a Church in the fellowship of the sufferings of our common Lord. We have viewed you in the consecrated furnace, stamped with the special seal of God's election, the cheering badge of fatherly love; and having "the Spirit of glory and of God resting upon you." We come, therefore, not to sympathise with your sorrows, but to join in your songs of praise—"Thou causest men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water, and thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."

Rear with me, however, dear brethren, while I bring before you one practical recollection connected with the Lord's dispensation with you. "The Refiner purifies the sons of Levi, and purges them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." We look therefore

What, again, is experience without doctrine? It is a religion of feeling—a religion of delusion—fostered by excitement, instead of connected with principle—a mere *ignis fatuus*, instead of the "light of life"—inducing a spiritual "confidence in the flesh" instead of a "rejoicing in Christ Jesus." What is experience without practice? It shows only the power of impulse, instead of permanent habits, and leaves the man the wretched victim of his own delusions. Thus, again, what is practice without doctrine, but "the body without the spirit, which is dead?" without experience—mere external formality, wholly destitute of the joy and peace of believing in Christ? We bring the matter to a very simple point, when we connect every feeling, and every obligation with a continual contemplation of Christ, and an entire dependence on him, "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory," that "all our springs are in him."

I am led to dwell upon this point, because, so far as my own observations have gone, I have uniformly marked instability of profession to be combined with partial views of Scripture, a sort of favouritism of Scripture. Sometimes it may be doctrines, or some particular doctrines. Sometimes it may be the prophetic parts of the Word—those parts that give occasion to the indulgence of speculation, or which act more directly upon the imagination, than upon the conscience and the conduct. It is very difficult to preserve a well-balanced mind in the reception or dispensation of the Gospel. Where no positive error is introduced, important truths are too often misplaced, or stretched beyond their scriptural dimensions. It matters little which be the favourite point. A partial exhibition must be ineffectual. We can never uphold a steadfast consistency of conduct, except as connected with a whole Christ, and a whole revelation of God.

Does not this view—slight as it is—bring out the practical conviction, that it is no light or trifling matter to preach the Gospel? See how it exercised all the wisdom—all the energy—of the great apostle!—"Who is sufficient for these things?" I cannot but hope, dear brethren, that our minds are deeply impressed with the grand moment of this matter—that it does command the best feelings, and the warmest glow of our hearts. But it calls for much more than this. It involves the responsibility of the cultivation of all our talents, the enriching of our minds, the concentration of every power of man, the redemption and improvement of all our time, to be consecrated to this primary work. Those who feel that less than this entire all is needed—that preparation, and thought, and exercise are matters of small concern, have never realized those views of the sacred office, which (speaking for myself) I desire daily to impress more vividly upon my own mind.

There is often much delusive misconception on this point arising from natural causes. Fluency of utterance, for example, stands with some ministers as a welcome and indolent substitute for more laborious work. This, indeed, when it opens the communication with a well-stored mind, is a most valuable gift. But, apart from this resource it is a most serious evil to the individual, and a starving injury to the Church. It leads to the habit of saying a great deal, when we have very little to say. It leads us to mistake a flow of words for solid instruction. It exhibits a library of duplicates, instead of a well-assorted stock of theology, or an ill furnished house, crammed with a multitude of articles, but most of them of the same kind. Now the results can obviously never stretch beyond a little temporary interest and excitement, while there is nothing here of permanent edification to feed the Church of God. An eminent minister relinquished for a while the practice of extempore preaching, because he often detected himself to be speaking without thought, knowledge, experience, or judgment; and though I do not see it necessary to follow his example, yet the spirit of it is greatly to be cherished. My heart trembles under the recollection, that the mischief of one crude sentence in the pulpit may spread throughout eternity. What is delivered, therefore, as from the mouth of God, needs to be weighed and examined with the most deep and considerate study. As to myself, I confess that I should as soon think of building an house from the result of my own unassisted labour, or a navy from

Secondly, I would suggest the importance of a complete ministration of the Gospel.

This would include three points, suited to the complex character of man. There is doctrine for the head, experience for the heart, practice for the life and conversation. Take one or two of these things separately, and what a poor, starving, ineffective ministration it is! What are doctrines without experience, but dry, abstract notions? What are they without practice, but Antinomian ungodliness?—