

ever the most extended and multifarious interests. On the part of God he is charged with the vindication of the honours of his throne and the rights of his government, and in the prosecution of this high commission is brought up to a near mental view of the ineffable glories of the eternal Godhead, and is conversant with scenes and objects that awe, and thrill, and charm the heavenly world. When he pleads for God he is called to a contemplation of the most surprising benignity, the most inimitable love, and the most affecting condescension, all, however, misrepresented and abused, and scorned, in this fallen world ; and when he pleads with man he pleads with an immortal being, convicted of treason against the government of God, and condemned for his crimes to a state of punishment, for which, irrespective of the Gospel, there is no relief, and to which there can be no termination. He meets him at a moment when, for anything that is known, it may be, then or never to escape from impending ruin. To find that his message meets with no accordant response from the sinner's heart ; that the apathy of death has spread itself over all his faculties, or the keen resentments of injured pride have prepared him for a flat denial of the claims of God, what can be more solemn or impressive than the crisis ? What a time for the heavings of emotion and the pleadings of love ! Can he view such a scene and maintain a philosophical composure ? This is a fellowman, endowed with the same susceptibility to pain and pleasure with himself. Must he be shut out of heaven ? Must he bear no part in the sweet and immortal songs that will be chanted in that happy world ? Must his eye ever weep, and his bosom heave with grief, and the waves of eternal sorrow dash and roll over his frightened and fainting spirit ? Here is a pardon written out and sealed with blood bearing the impress of the cross, and proffered on terms the most gracious and condescending ; but he rejects it. He is standing on the jutting and slippery edge of that deep abyss where billows of fire are rolling, and the slightest breath of God's anger may at any moment sweep him from his position, and bury him in the flood below. Has the messenger who is sent to warn him of his danger, and plead with him to escape, no reason for emotion ? Is no occasion given to his heart to dissolve and his eye to weep ? The benevolence of the Gospel can execute no commission like this, and leave the heart unsoftened by its influence.

The *sufferings* of *Christ* are the central point from which the bright beams of the Gospel all radiate and diverge. The preacher of the Gospel must therefore be often at the cross. He must look upon the bleeding sacrifice, and take account of the doings of that dreadful hour when the powers of darkness were unchained, and Christ was devoted a victim to their rage. In the circumstances attending the tragedy of his death, the