

exquisite in its proportions, but cold and dead ; it is rather the active, the progressive, the practical development of life. The Divine Redeemer looks, then, to see in His Churches the mighty influence of faith in His name, expressed in actions demonstrative of love. Where are thy works ? Not what are thy professions, pretensions, and plans, but *thy works*. What attainments have been reached, what holiness of character secured, what trophies of salvation set up ? The work of a Church is for the defence, the illustration, and the diffusion of the truth. Constantly, prayerfully, perseveringly, hopefully, faithfully, lovingly are these high ends to be kept in view. A Church is not formed for objects that are narrow and low, but it occupies a place of honour and of toil, for purposes which are great and godlike. How great the responsibility ! Christ sees how the work is done. The impression that we are under the eye of the Great King is calculated to fill us with solemn awe. The names by which He makes himself known are emanations of light from His glory :—these things saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire ; I know thy works—these things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness ; I know thy works—Omniscience is His, impartial and unerring rust, therefore, his approval or censure prove. Let his superintendence be solemnly regarded. We wonder in this age at the rapid transmission of intelligence. The press, steam, and the telegraph, give wings to thought. Active agencies throughout a wide dominion may supply information to the centre of authority of the wants and comforts of the millions of its people. This, however vast and wondrous, dwindles into insignificance before the direct supervision of Him who has all power in heaven and on earth, and whose eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good. Where two or three are met together in His name, there, He says, am I in their midst. That presence implies the blessing, and proves the care of Christ for the Church, while it is also its glory and its power. His knowledge embraces the state of every heart,—“ Lord, thou knowest all things : thou knowest that I love thee.” With Him there can be no mistake—no bias. The disguise of the hypocrite is a flimsy covering. No deep cell can afford a refuge from His penetrating glance. The mantle of night, as it falls on mountains, forests, and seas, brings not a gloom thick enough to darken that Eye, to which the darkness and the light are both like. Thoughts, words, and actions, are known to Him ; His awards, therefore, are built on truth. He says, Well done, good and faithful servant ; He says, Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully. I know thy works : searching and humbling are these solemn words. They pierce to the very heart. The work of every Church is laden with eternal consequences. To labour for souls, how momentous ! It demands the culture of the heart ; it should send us to ceaseless prayer ; well may it set us to watchfulness. Souls are hastening to eternity—precious and undying they are—but are they redeemed ? Have they crossed the boundary line from the world to Christ ? In what state shall they coast through eternity ? Can, then, the members of a Church of Christ keep coldly aloof from the great work of saving souls ? They have this work to do ; let it be done with a will. Need we ransack the universe for some potent remedy to cure the ills of men ? Must we spell out, from dark hieroglyphics, the knowledge of a possibility of being saved ? Look ! see the way opened by the sufferings of the Son of God. Calvary is sacred ground ; it heard a cry that startled hell, awoke the echoes of salvation to roll round the earth, and struck the key note of an eternal song in heaven. “ It is finished.” Here, then, is the remedy : “ I, if I be lifted up, will draw all