

will be Christians *indeed*. Love comprehends the entire morality of the gospel; the end of the commandment, "the fulfilling of the law" and the "bond of perfectness." "The command of love," says Martin Luther, "is a new command and an old command, a short command and a long command, a simple command, and yet a profound command, no command at all, yet all commands in one, for the command of love destroys all commands and establishes all." Yes, I might speak to every nation in its own vernacular, and to all dialects of earth I might add those of heaven, which no human tongue hath ever uttered, or human ear heard, but with all this power at command, if I had not charity, my discourse would be nothing worth; my eloquence no better than the clangling cymbal. I might make the great mysteries as clear as noon-day, and with a faith that makes all things possible, command the very mountains to move from my path, yet lacking charity, I should be of no worth in the service of my God, or for the good of my fellows. Yea, to supply my neighbor's need, I may impoverish myself, and with zeal and devotion unsurpassed in the annals of martyrdom, I might embrace the stake and rejoice in the flames; but such sacrifices are no substitutes for charity, and all my gifts and sufferings would avail me not, in the building of that Spiritual Temple. Without doubt, it is the want of charity "which suffereth long and is kind; which envieth not—vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—doth not behave itself unseemly—seeketh not her own—thinketh no evil—rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth—beareth all things—believeth all things—hopeth all things—endureth all things—never faileth"—the want of this it is that makes people so fluent and forward in judging others. A little of this heavenly principle will restrain the licentious tongue, and root out bitterness of

heart, and entirely destroy the blasphemous mistake of stepping into the judgment seat of God (who alone can see the heart) and telling a man he is going to hell,—really, one would fancy that some people are in the secret counsels of the Almighty, to hear the easy flippancy with which they deliver themselves of their judgments on their fellow-creatures. Charity puts the best construction upon doubtful or hasty words or deeds, imputes no bad motive where there is room for a good one; attempts not to fathom the heart of a brother-man, which is unsearchable to all but God. It makes due allowance for a fallen nature; takes into account the strength of temptation; casts anxiously around for extenuating circumstances, and throws its broad mantle over the multitude of sins. She is well aware that the fairest rose blooms amid thorns—and that there are flaws in the best of characters. Brethren, where charity is lacking, there is habitual ill-nature and irritability of spirit, if not downright malignity and unmitigated love of mischief. "Thou lovest all devouring words, O thou deceitful tongue." "The poison of asps is under thy lips." No measure is too mean for malice; it watches at windows, it listens at key-holes, and betrays with a kiss. Such a spirit is the opposite of charity, and in league with the worst spirits of the nethermost pit. These, then, are some of our tools; let us use them.

Pray we all, dear friends, that we may all be stones of fair colors, built into the sapphire-founded temple—stones varying in order—in brightness—but all beautiful; all built on the Precious Corner-Stone. Let one represent the amethyst of moderation and temperance; another the pearl of purity; another the red ruby of fiery zeal, but each in his own order, each a jewel of the Lord, each shining with the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever. God has promised, "I will lay thy