

heavenward, and declare their glorious destiny. These fruits are numerous. Let me mention a few.

One sign by which the true believer may be distinguished is: *he has love to his Saviour*. This love may at times grow languid, and seem at times even to border on a state of indifference and lukewarmness; but still it never becomes in the true Christian entirely extinguished. On many occasions it is strange; it is all in a glow, and urges to the impassioned exclamation of the joyous disciple: "Did not our hearts burn within us, when he talked with us in the way?" Ah! there is nothing more cementing and more powerful than love. It influences the moral world just as gravitation affects the natural world. By gravitation, innumerable suns and systems are made to march harmoniously in their prescribed orbits; and by the same mysterious agent, the scalding tear of sorrow, alike with the sweet tear of joy, receives its rounded shape. Now Christian love equally affects the moral world. It is a pervading, cementing, powerfully affecting, and constantly acting element there: it must be a ruling passion in the bosom of every disciple of Jesus; and this, I say, is one distinctive mark by which they may be known to themselves and to others. And how do we know whether we are distinguished by this mark or not. Love itself, abstractly considered, is an invisible thing. It is not cognizant to the external senses; but it is not with the abstract merely we have to do; we may also deal with the concrete. Although love itself is invisible, yet the sterling fruits which so abundantly flow from it, are not invisible; these are always more or less manifest. Look at the seed that is cast into the open, fertile furrows. It is harrowed over; it is thus for a time concealed from view, but it does not long continue in this dormant inactive state. The living seed is there, and it must germinate. Green blades will soon appear, which will daily grow in size and luxuriance, till at last the whole field waves in golden harvest. So is love, love to Christ, when once planted in the human heart by the Spirit of God. It cannot remain there inactive. Fruit, glorious fruit, yea, the "peaceable fruits of righteousness," will soon adorn the whole character. And now we again ask: "How do we know who are the followers of Jesus—who can exultingly exclaim, in the hour of agony and death—"We know we have a building of God." Practical daily life—self-denial is the text. Look at that mother who nurses, praises, pleases and caresses her infant in the season of health; but it is not then that she manifests the intensity and sincerity of her love. Ah! it is when the frame of her child becomes weak and feverish.—when the pallidness of death gathers over its countenance, that she shows the depth and earnestness of that love that burns within her bosom. So, it must not be during the gladsome hours of

prosperity alone that we are to profess and show our love to our Saviour. This is easily done. The hypocrite himself can do this, for it only requires a word of mouth; but he cannot do it long in the day of adversity. Ah! it is affliction, disappointment, bereavement, that tests the strength of our faith and the intensity of our love to Jesus. The sincere Christian's language is—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And here is another mark that ever distinguishes the true Christian: when he fails in rendering obedience to God's commandments,—when he backslides through temptation, or any sudden out-burst of passion, mark it, when he thus backslides, he is sure to mourn immediately over his departure from God; conscience now awakened and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, immediately checks him, so that for a time he stands in his own estimation self-condemned, and uttering the penitential language of David: "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and in Thy sight done this ill;" or ready, with the penitent publican, to smite his own bosom, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

But II. Another prominent trait that marks the character of those who can confidently cry out, "We know we have a building of God," is, that *they love one another*. Mutual love ever characterises true Christians. Bear that in mind. It has been a mark by which the secluded, persecuted followers of Jesus have been recognized during the first ages of the Church. The persecuting heathen took notice of it. "Behold how these Christians love each other." Behold! said they, often in admiration. And oh! my friends, is it not natural that it should be so? Is it not a fact, that if we dearly love a friend, we love and esteem all those who love him? So be assured that those who cherish unfeigned love to Christ, love also one another. Would it not be very unnatural to suppose that if there were a number of the inhabitants of Canada sojourning for a time in India, they would manifest no attachment to each other, nor in any way, nor at any time, enquire about the condition of their native land? Such a cold reserve, you say, would betray great selfishness, disloyalty, lack of patriotism. Yes, it would appear so unseemly that their pagan neighbors around them, with all their darkness and moral degradation, would soon take notice of it. So, in like manner, does the watchful, scoffing world soon take notice of the apathy of professing Christians, and thus often draw very unfavorable conclusions; yea, frequently say that the whole of our Christianity is but a delusion. The world is very watchful of our Christian profession. Being prejudiced against religion, the men of the world misconstrue its works and its tendencies. They judge of Christianity, not always from its uses, but from its abuses; not from the Christian deportment of some, but from the indiscretion and cold reserve of