

cise toward us. It leads us to adore Him more than anything that can be thought of; but we can trust a love that never ceases in heaven.

You see here His heart is going out to do it; therefore you must have lights burning. "Let your light" (not your works) "so shine before men," that they may know where your works come from, "and glorify your Father which is in heaven," that they may attribute them to God. I do whatever God tells me to do, and it is a testimony to Christ. People say that is what comes from a man being a Christian. It is that there may be no uncertainty as to what we are—a well trimmed lamp, the testimony of the life of Christ—that it may be manifested what I am, and what I am about—a pilgrim and a stranger in a thousand different circumstances, the ordinary duties of life to perform, but one service—to be the epistle of Christ. I may be a carpenter or a shoemaker; I must be a *Christian*. In various relationships, servants, masters, in eating or in drinking, in our houses, wherever it is, I must be a Christian.

What characterized those servants was *watching*, and they got the blessing. "Blessed are those servants, whom the lord, when he cometh, shall find watching." Ah, beloved friends, are you watching, waiting for Christ practically? I cannot be watching and going on in my own way. Are your lights burning, or have we slipped down to the ease and comforts of this world like other