

when I fix them I look at them and say, "That will not do, for I see self there;" that will not do; unbelief is there; this will not do too much of self-will is there," and then I have with tearful love filed down and polished my poor efforts, and found love to be an excellent burnisher, ready to my hand. When Augustine went over all his works to write his Retractions, it was love removing roughness from her work, if we loved more we might have more of retractive work to do.

Thus faith works by love; love is faith's arm, faith's tools, faith's furnace, faith's metal, faith's mould, and faith's burnisher. My hearer if you are working for God in any other way than this, *you will make a mess of it*. The law can never help you to such work as God will except; it is fitted to produce bars for a prison, but not pillars for a temple. You must work for God because you love Him; no other labor except the labor of love can be acceptable with Him.

Some people serve God because they are in religious society, and they must not be thought wanting; hence that blessed guinea, squeezed out by all the ten-pound subscriptions on the list at the top of it—respectable people must put down something, you know. That occasional going out to week-night services is often done because it is expected of you, and not because it is a delight. Even Sabbath assemblies grow to be a weariness, and worship is regarded as a task.

This is not gold, but gilded dross; take it away! This is forced service, devoid of the life blood of obedience; fruit without flavour or scent. That which is done because a man loves God, because he loves to yield his heart to his God, however humble the service may be, is accepted of God. True affection to Him who redeemed you from going down to the pit never fails to present an acceptable tribute before the living God. May you abound in this to your own

comfort and to the glory of Christ.

IV. I close with the fourth remark, which is: Love reacts upon faith and perfects it. For while love owes all to faith, faith becomes a debtor to love. Love leads the soul into admiration, and so increases faith. Having loved Christ, having become enamored of Him, love that hath dove's eyes that can see everything that is fair, spieth out daily more and more of Christ's perfections, and thus she aids the eye of faith.

Love sees among the rest of the Lord's perfections His power, His faithfulness, His immutability; and faith at once concludes, "then I can trust Him more than ever." Knowing more of His power more of His faithfulness, more of His unchangeableness, I can depend upon Him without wavering. So if faith's eyes first look to Jesus, love's eyes see yet more, and discover further excellences.

Love, moreover, forbids unbelief, and so helps faith, for love says— "How can we grieve Him by doubt?" Does not true love in every heart, when exercised toward a man or a woman forbid distrust? Fear in the form of distrust hath torment and therefore love casts it out. The want of mutual confidence in married life is the death of love, but love is instinctively tender of showing anything like suspicion toward a dear and faithful lover.

Moreover perfect love casteth out fear because fear hath torment, and when perfect love has cast out fear, then faith has room to display its strength. Love has not learned to be afraid, nor will she permit the work of faith to become the labor of a shrinking, crouching slave. Dreads Where can that find a lodging in the heart that loves?

You hear very proper people sometimes cry out against certain of us because they say we speak as if we were on the best terms with God, and were familiar with the Lord Jesus. Sarcas- tically they speak what is soberly true; their blindness they have hit the truth; it is even so. To them God is a strange