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"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psaln 137, 4-5.

FAITH WORKING BY LOVE.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

(Concluded from Oct. No.)

More than that, love is faith's *furnace*. All the tools in the world will not suffice the smith unless he can blow the coals and create a fervent heat. What is there, brethren, that can kindle the heart of enthusiasm like earnest love to God? Faith believeth God, and rejoiceth in God, then comes in love, and the heart grows hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. The melting fire burns right gloriously and sparks or joy leap upwards therefrom. What is there that cannot be performed if we have love enough? This is the great fire which burns in human hearts when God the Holy Spirit sheds abroad the love of Jesus there, by its heat all things are fused. This fire will yet consume all sin and melt all hardness, none can quench it every thing must yield before it. That consecrated artificer called faith bloweth the coals of love and plunged into its glowing flame tasks hard as iron become easily workable. Thus, Faith worketh by love.

Love is *more* than this, for, when all is melted and ready to flow, love is faith's *mould*; it pours out all it does into the mould of God's love, fashioning

its works according to the divine pattern of love in Jesus Christ. As Jesus loved us, even so would we love one another; and as He loved the Father and for love of the Father, that He might glorify Him fulfilled the law and made himself a sacrifice, even so are we willing to lay down our lives for the brethren and for the Father's honour. Thus love becomes faith's mould, into which it carefully seeks to pour its whole being.

What is more, it is faith's *metal*, for into the mould of love faith pours love itself. Love thus "answereth all things." Love is the substance of every good work. Melt it down in the refining pot and holiness is love. If there be any virtue, zeal, consecration, or holy daring, its substance is love. All the grand deeds which the heroes of the cross have performed are composed of the solid metal of love to Jesus Christ. Be it great or be it little, he who hath served God aright hath ever brought into the sanctuary an offering of pure love comparable to the gold of Ophir.

Love also, is faith's *burnisher* and file, and with it she finisheth all her work right carefully. Have you never lovingly gone over all your work to give it the finishing touches? Have you not wished to perfect all you have attempted? I know well what it means. My rough castings—how very coarse they are, and