

the sand. Hence we are disposed to judge with prudence the outbursts of emotion which we see in certain excitable persons. We hear them sing, Oh, yes, I do love Jesus, but we are not so sure of it when we watch their lives.

We are pleased with such emotions, if they arise out of the knowledge of Christ and genuine faith in him, but we have too often seen the semblance of ardent affection without penitence, and without childlike faith, and therefore we rejoice with trembling. We fear lest the building which rises up in a night would vanish, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," and disappear like the soap-bubble of a child, which, though it be adorned with all the colors of the rainbow, dissolves in an instant. See, then, to your faith, since love is entirely dependent upon it. See that you are rooted, and grounded, and settled, lest the high tower of professed love should soon lie in ruins, and indifference alone remain.

III. Thirdly, I advance to another observation which comes more closely home to the text, though our previous thoughts have been needful to bring us up to it.

FAITH DISPLAYS ITS POWER BY LOVE.

"Faith which worketh by love." For a moment you must permit me to compare faith to an artificer in metals who is about to prepare some work of fine art such as cunning smiths were wont to produce in the days of wrought iron, when skill and hand-labor were thought much of and articles were produced which were almost worth their weight in silver. Faith, as a smith, strong and vigorous, has loved to be its arm.

Faith lists not a finger without love, it is her arm every morning. Faith believes and resolves, and then it proceeds to action, but the power with which it can work lies to love. Faith without love would be a cripple without arms.

More than this: it is not only faith's arm but its tools. "Faith worketh by love." This is faith's hammer, and file and anvil—it is every implement. You have seen a screw hammer, which can be made to fit every nut and bolt, however large or small, love is just such a tool, for love will teach a little child, or evangelize a nation. Love can stand and burn at the stake, or it can drop two mills that makes a farthing into the offering-box. Love hopeth all things, endureth all things; nothing comes amiss to it. A wonderfully handy tool is this sacred grace which faith has adopted to work with; it can strike and it can cut, it is good for uniting and good for breaking; it will avail for anything which faith wishes to perform. Only let faith yield love as its instrument, and it can fashion whatsoever divine wisdom telleth it to form.

More than that, love is faith's furnace. All the tools in the world will not suffice the smith unless he 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 Nebachadnezzar's furnace. The melting fire burns right gloriously and sparks of joy leap upwards therefrom. What is there that cannot be performed if