addressed by Christ were assemblies of believers: and,  
therefore, of converted men. There was small temptation  
in those days to be a hypocritical Christian. The angel  
must have been one appointed with Christ’s sanction;  
else he had not been a star on Christ’s hand. The  
disciples in Laodicea must have held the fundamental  
principle, that the Church is an assembly of the callers  
on Christ’s name, effectually-called saints; or else  
Jesus could not have recognized them as lamps in the  
holy place above. The light is quenched, as soon as a  
Church is merely nominal—the assembly of those born  
into fellowship. And, long ere that took place, the lamp  
would have been removed from the sanctuary, as we see  
proved by our Lord’s words to Ephesus. It throws us,  
therefore, on a wrong tack, to speak of this and Sardis  
as “the *professing* Church,” or “Christendom.”  
 Jesus knew the works of the angel; and the works  
are an infallible index to the state: as surely as the  
action of any substance upon those with which it is  
brought into contact, is a sure index to its internal  
structure.  
 “Thou art neither cold nor hot.”  
 That which is alive, is more or less warm. That which  
is dead, is cold.  
 The angel of Laodicea was in neither state: but in  
one between both. He was *not cold:* therefore he was  
not *dead in sins*, one who never had been made alive  
of God. He was not hot, however. He had greatly left  
His first love. The world’s atmosphere is a wintry one,  
and they who adventure into it voluntarily are almost  
sure to grow colder. Then the Christian becomes like  
a bar of iron, once heated to redness, but withdrawn  
from the fire, and left on the anvil. Its light and  
warmth grow less and less continually. It should not  
be so. The person and glories of Christ, as they were  
fitted to awaken holy affection at the first, so are they