

came to the conviction, mark what it was that he believed and expressed,—he recognizes in Jesus the King of the Spiritual world. How much he did know—whether he knew all the depth of what he was saying, when he said, “Lord!” is a question that we cannot answer; whether he understood what the “Kingdom” was that he was expecting, is a question that we cannot solve; but this is clear—the intellectual part of faith may be dark and doubtful, but the moral and emotional part of it is manifest and plain. Faith has in it the recognition of the certainty and the justice of a judgment that is coming down crashing upon every human head; and then from the midst of these fears and sorrows, and the tempest of that great darkness, there rises up in the night of terror, the shining of one perhaps pale, quivering, distant, but divinely given hope, “My Saviour! my Saviour! He is righteous. He has died—He lives! I will stay no longer; I will cast myself upon Him!”

We see also his *humility*. Remember ME. This is all I ask. If my Lord will then but think of me, it is enough. Just as Joseph in the prison asked to be remembered by the butler when it should be well with him in Pharaoh’s court. The penitent’s vague prayer is answered, and over answered. He asks, “When thou comest”—whensoever that may be—“remember me.” I shall stand afar off; do not let me be utterly forgotten. Sinner, it is enough for thee. That thy Lord remembers thee in Heaven, is all that thou requirest. He is pleading for you; your names are written upon the palms of His hands. Some may think that the more earnest a suppliant is the more he will ask for. Hardly so. Instance the beggar who demands bread to save himself from immediate starvation. The prayer of the wife of Zebedee, if