

times mistaken for it, is a very different thing indeed. Fancy does not find much to foster it amid the duties of life, but is awakened and nurtured by whatever affects our emotional system, by scenes of beauty or of gloom, whether actually present or revealed by the voice, the pen, or the pencil, and the feelings thereby produced are frequently mistaken for the fruits of the Spirit. Faith cannot ordinarily exist apart from contemplation, and though there are places and circumstances more congenial to it than others, it is seldom long in healthy exercise, except amid doing or suffering for the Lord's course; yet it does not depend on any of these things, but on the good pleasure of Him, who divideth to every man severally as he will. The former I may say, submits to no rule, even when (as it sometimes may do) it deals with the unseen; the latter deals with unseen alone and in rigid adherence to the word of God. What the one sees are creations of its own. Those which faith beholds are not mere illusions like these, or cunningly devised fables, but realities which are revealed to it by the God who cannot lie, and thus revealed they become as it were sensibly present to the believer, who now rests and feeds on and enjoys them.

III. The effects of this realization. These may be regarded as manifested both in the feelings and the work of the realiser. The first effect which a revelation of God, even in Christ, is apt to produce on a guilty soul, appears in the first prayer which Peter addressed to the Saviour—Depart from me, I am a sinful man Oh Lord. We might expect this when faith acts, the believer looking on Him whom he has pierced, mourns, he abhors himself as the murderer of the Son of God—the friend of sinners; and feels that sin is hateful as well as ruinous, he might have known before that it was hurtful, now he learns that it is hateful; and he who has not felt this, has no proper realization, no real faith. Nor is it only at the commencement of the christian course that this sense of vileness is experienced, it grows in proportion as the soul gets nearer to God, and may at times overwhelm even experienced christians, as we see in the cases of Ezekiel, Daniel and Job. This abasement, the self-adorning the soul—loathing, which a proper view of Jesus Christ produces, is not, however, the only feeling which that awakens. The dishonour we have done to Him, our rejection of Him, His hungerings, weariness and tears, His sweat like great drops of blood, His being buffeted and spit upon, the beard plucked off, the crown of thorns, the blood-stained scourge, the torn back, the quivering flesh, the cross, the nails, His bones out of joint, and above all, the waves of divine wrath which went over and into His soul, and made Him cry out in agony, His death and His grave, reveal indeed the vileness of sin and God's unquenchable hatred of it, as these do not appear even in hell. But they show also a love to the lost, which passeth all knowledge; and while bowed down under a sense of vileness, and self loathing, the child of God is made to feel with him who said, we love Him because He first loved us; and when we turn our eye heavenward, and see Him in glory as the Lamb slain, and think of our own waywardness, and how the Saviour bears with us, that He is speaking to the hearts of His people, pleading for them, and governing all for their good, can we fail to admire and rejoice even with joy unspeakable and full of glory? And if not, what a clearing of ourselves, what a zeal for His