

to grow the hyacinth of love without the bulb of faith.

Do you trust Jesus with all your heart, and are you confiding your soul's eternal interests with him? Then I know that you love Him, though you may for a while be occupied with other pursuits. Love slumbers in you, like fire in a flint; or rather, it smoulders, like fire in smouldering turf, but ere long it will burn vehemently, like coals of juniper. Look well to your faith and your love will not fail. Remember the lines of a sweet poet, and pray that you may sing them out of your own soul:

"Hallelujah! I believe!

Now, O Love! I know thy power,
Thine no false or fragile fetters,
Not the rose-reaths of an hour."

"Christian bonds of holy union
Death itself does not destroy;

Yes, to live and love forever
Is our heritage of joy."

If Let me now enlarge upon a second remark Love is

ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON FAITH.

"Faith which worketh by love." Love, then, does not work of itself, except in the strength of faith. Love is so entirely dependent upon faith that, as I have already said, *it cannot exist without it*. No man loves a Saviour in whom he reposes no confidence. There may be an admiration of the character of Christ, but the emotion which the Scripture treats as "love" only comes into the heart when we trust in Jesus. "We love him because He first loved us." When we have a belief in His love, and a sense of it, then we begin to love Jesus, but love to Jesus cannot exist without faith in Him.

Certainly, *love cannot flourish except as faith flourishes*. If you doubt your Lord you will think hard thoughts of Him, and cease to love Him as you should. If you fall into trouble, and you doubt His wisdom of His goodness in sending it, the next thing will be that your heart will be cold toward Him; you will begin to think your Lord to be tyrannical and harsh to you, and you will quarrel with Him. The two graces must diminish or increase together.

But because you want to trust yourself a little, and you begin judging your God and do not repose entirely in Him, there

fore it is that you have to ask yourself whether you love Him or not.

Love, again, as it cannot flourish without faith, so *it cannot work without it*. Love is a great designer and planner, but how to perform it finds not unless faith shows the way. Love sits down and says, "I would the world were converted to Christ!" but faith goes out and preaches the Gospel. Love cries, "I would to God that the children knew of Jesus, and that their hearts were renewed even while they are yet little; but faith opens the Sunday-school and teaches the young, and trusts in God that He will bless the word to their salvation. Love must have faith to give it muscle, sinew, and strength; therefore take right care of your faith. *Longfellow* says, "Therefore love and believe, and works will follow spontaneous, even as the day the sun."

Love is as Solomon's lily, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh. How fair to look upon! Stand and admire its charms. Know, O gazer, that yon lovely flower could not be thus arrayed were it not joined by its stalk to living root which is hidden underground. Faith is the needful bulb, out of which cometh love as the perfection of beauty. You look over the fair city of Mansoul, and you see a gilded dome glittering in the sun—that dome is love, and it rests, upon foundations of faith which are laid deep upon the rock, else would the dome fall in ruins.

Love to God, if it be worthy of the name, must be soundly based on confidence in Jesus; it cannot abide without it, but is carried away by wind and blood, like one house on 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 knowledge and without humility, 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 vis-