

Hope in God, then, is the remedy, the cure, for all despondency and sorrow of heart. The great cure for all our trials lies somewhere in the work and character of God. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

We are told that when the rays of the rising sun smote the statue of Memnon, that wonderful music was evoked from it. And when the light of heavenly hope shines in upon our troubled hearts, it brings music and sunshine into our darkened lives. Some of the ancients thought that the diamond absorbed the daylight, until it became so steeped in brilliance, that when the sun went down, it could scatter light in the darkness. This was, of course, a fable in science, but it is a truth in religion. When God has filled the spirit with light and hope, dark and mournful thoughts soon pass away, and the soul shines brightly, even when clouds hang over us, and the sun is hidden from view. Hope in God, even in life's darkest trials, illuminates the darkness and turns prayer to praise.

"We thank Thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some joy is found."

*But again hope in God makes us view
the present darkness only as a passage
which is leading out to a bright future.*

"Hope thou in God: for I shall yet

praise him for the help of his countenance." The language of hope is, "All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness." The idea of the Psalmist is, that morning will soon come to his night of trial. He means that he shall yet come out of his darkness and praise God, not only in the world to come, but in *this world*. "I shall yet praise him."

And in this respect the man of inspiration is true to all Christian experience. There is a balance of good in every Christian life. We are far more happy than sorrowful, on the whole. The dark time is brief. The brighter times stretch on, "and flow into one another, and go far to fill up our life." "God is love." And his love runs through all, rules over all, and explains all. In the evening weeping may come in to pass the night, but with the morning there is a shout of joy." "Come," exclaims Byron's Doge of Venice, "The hour may be a hard one, but 'twill end." Cheerily! Cheerily! is Barry Cornwall's constant refrain. "There is still a spot of green, whence the heavens may be seen."

"Let us never greet despair,
While the little spot is there;
For winter brighteneth into May,
And sullen night to sunny day;
So Cheerily, Cheerily!"