

Can you change the character of joy by adding to its enormity? Depend on it, the greater the sin the greater will be the disappointment. Seek not for permanent happiness where it never be found. Over every sinful pleasure you may write the Lord's own words: "Whosoever drinketh of this shall thirst again." It is not only when we come to CHRIST and find pardon and peace in Him, that enduring happiness can be obtained. And we receive it in Him because He works a change in our inner nature. Sin sends us out for ourselves for joy. JESUS gives us contentment by coming into us and supping thus and we with Him. Hence the Christian carries ever his pleasure within himself. It does not depend on external things; but, itself an internal thing it sends itself out throughout all his life. It is not an experience separate from everything else in his consciousness, much as an element entering into and pervading all his actions and emotions. The stop in the organ is not itself a separate note, but gives its own peculiarity to every note which the player sounds at the time, so CHRIST in the heart is not ever dwelling apart in a secluded shrine entering into all the experiences of the soul, elevating and ennobling them. Weigh well this contrast, and I think you will have no difficulty in deciding which you will choose. Pleasure in sin is external and evanescent. Christian happiness is internal and permanent. The one springs from what the sinner is at the moment doing, and disappears when the deed is done; the other results from what the believer is, and is enduring in his own character, the one is galvanic and spasmodic, lasting only while the battery works, the other is calm and eternal; the one is like the lightning—a brief gleam enduring but for a moment; the other is like the light, not only beautiful in itself, but bathing everything in its own loveliness. Surely there needs no hesitation here. Surely with these facts before you, the choice of MOSES will be repeated by you and you will forego the pleasures of sin.

II. In the second place, take note that the pleasures of sin leave a sting behind, and will not bear after reflection. There is guilt in them, and there never can be

happiness in contemplating that. Yet when the brief hour of joy is fled the guilt is the entire residuum of the joy. Have you ever entered a banqueting-hall the morning after some high festival had been held in it, and while yet everything remained precisely as the guests had left it at the midnight hour? The candles burned to the sockets, the floor covered with the evidences of the night's hilarity, the dishes piled confusedly upon the tables, and the decorations which looked so gay in the brilliant lamplight now all whitered and dishevelled! You can scarcely believe it is the same place as that which a few hours before resounded with mirth and song or reechoed with the applause of some orator's address. It is deserted; nay, it is repulsive; and you turn away from it to moralize on the passing glory of all earthly things. But such an external contrast is nothing to that which is furnished by the history of the votary of pleasure when you compare what he is in the moment of indulgence with what he feels in the hour of reflection. Follow him to his chamber. Visit him in the morning, as he is compelled to confront himself. See his bloodshot eye, his quivering hand, his starting, timid, nervous movement at every sudden sound. Go in, if you can, into his inmost feelings, and what is there left after the momentary happiness of his indulgence? He will not look into his heart to describe himself to you. He dares not do it. There is no companion he more fears than himself; there is no sound to him half so painful as silence; and so he flees back to the society of his companions, and seeks in the noise of revelry renewed to drown "the still, small voice" of conscience. But it will not be always hushed. Sometimes, even in the midst of merriment, its upraidings will come as BANQUO intruded at the royal feast; and often mid the darkness of the night they will drive sleep from his pillows. The great dramatist, in that most weird and yet most instructive tragedy to which I have just alluded, has shown us how sin "doth murder sleep," and that the stain upon the conscience will not "out," though washed by all the waters of the ocean or sweetened by the perfumes of Arabia, but we must beware of supposing that his representation is true