

2. Again, joy is a *necessary result of a satisfactory Christian position*. It may be affirmed as a Scriptural axiom, that wherever there is true religion, there will be joy. Joy is one of the verifying evidences of the life of God in the soul. Indeed, as we have just now indirectly intimated, joy is an emotion which all feel at one time or another. The worldly man feels it while successfully prosecuting his plans,—the student feels it while intermeddling “with all wisdom,”—the sinner feels it, for even sin has its momentary pleasures. If then the human mind is the subject of casual joy, in the attainment of temporal good, and even in the practice of moral evil, what opinion could we entertain of our divine religion, if it had no power to arouse and feed this element of the human soul? What is that “thing of beauty” worth, if it be not a “joy for ever?”

A woman born blind, by surgical treatment has her sight given to her. But when she beheld the sun, and moon, and stars, the rocks, the mountains, the valleys, the fields, the woods, the rivers, in their richness, variety, and beauty, she was so completely overwhelmed that she positively went delirious. It is said of Sir Isaac Newton, that when any new discovery burst upon him, when he placed his finger upon truths which had been previously hidden from the ken of mortal, it produced such bewildering excitement, that he was obliged to leave his calculations to be wrought out by others calmer and cooler than himself. And if the sight of gorgeous nature turns one mind delirious, and if great discoveries in nature unfits another for anything like rational investigation, is religion altogether so tame with its attractions, and so unexciting in its discoveries, that while the philosopher is trembling with delicious enthusiasm, the Christian funereally hangs his harp upon the willows, and pensively broods like a captive exile in a strange land? No!

1. Our religion is a *religion of love*, and therefore one of *joy*. The love of Christ is a perennial source of the purest joy. “Does Jesus love foolish boy?” asked an idiotic lad of the Superintendent of the Idiotic Asylum, Essex Hall, England. On being told that he did, the poor child could not contain himself for joy. “Jesus love, Jesus love me,” he cried; “nobody love foolish boy before,” and as time passed on the consciousness of the love of Jesus made the lack lustre eye and grinning countenance of the boy to assume a look of intelligence, and his struggles to subdue the evil propensities of his wayward nature, showed that grace and peace had indeed found a lodgment in his heart.

“O love, how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away!
 Where'er thy healing beams arise:
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!”

2. Again, our religion is a *religion of faith*, and therefore one of *joy*. Dr. Gordon, of Hull, on his death-bed, wondered why Christians were not always rejoicing. He saw throughout the Bible the same great truth, that simple reliance on God is the means of attaining to spiritual joy. He said to those who stood by, “To believe that God loves us, wishes us to love Him, and does