

heart for happiness which burns in an undying flame. The failure to find it is due to a wrong conception of the meaning and purpose of life. As the old church father so beautifully said, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." The root of the desire is of the divine implanting, but we lose its fruit because too often we set our affections upon earthly things and not upon things above. As Martha Wesley so truly said to the great Dr. Johnson when he was complaining of the unhappiness of human life, "Doctor, you have always lived not among the saints, but among the wits, who are a race the most unlikely to seek true happiness or find the pearl of great price."

The heart set free from the burden of its guilt, renewed by the Holy Spirit, consecrated to the service of God, ought to be one in which the joy bells ring. When Haydn was once asked how it was that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most appropriate and beautiful reply: "I cannot," said he, "make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

Christian joy is not merely earthly gladness. It does not arise from a flow of animal spirits, a