

God in the Saviour's death and sacrifice; and the joy arising from a general and expansive view of the Divine goodness is peculiarly enhanced by a consciousness of an *individual interest* in this amazing and stupendous display of *DEIFIC LOVE*—a *personal knowledge* of reconciliation with our offended Maker, a conviction that *our own sins* are forgiven, and our own hearts are the happy receptacles of the favour of God and heavenly expectancies. This *assurance* animates our mind, invigorates our souls—plumes them with strong and vigorous pinions, which enable them to soar above the chilling influences of the present world and approximate the "Sun of Righteousness," and feel the enlivening influence of his warming and radiant beams—and raises the tide of our affections toward the source of all religious attraction, until the heart overflows with love and peace and joy. "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."—(Isaiah xxxii. 17.)

Intimately associated with these feelings of peace and joy and love, are those delightful emotions of *gratitude*, which, with such gentle movement, heave and swell the bosom of the believer. A favour conferred, acknowledged and recollected, cannot fail to produce grateful feelings. For the heart to undulate with emotions of delight at the remembrance of unmerited favours received, is the general law of nature. They, whose hearts are dead to these joyous sensibilities, are justly esteemed monsters of inhumanity, and unworthy of participation in the common comforts of life. On this principle, it is, that the recollection of the signal interpositions of Divine Providence, causes the believer's heart to dance with joy, and thrill with the sublimest emotions of gratitude. If on a dark and dreary night, we were in the act of stepping over an immense precipice, over which were we hurled, death would be the inevitable consequence; how thankful would we be to him whose friendly voice warned us of our danger, and whose benevolent hand conducted us to a place of safety! Were we struggling in the midst of the ocean with its tempestuous waves, weak and exhausted, unable to deliver ourselves, and just sinking to rise no more:—Or were we on a wreck, parched, and perishing with hunger, the last ray of hope expiring almost with the last ray of light, expecting the shades of death to surround us as well as those of night—Oh! how would our hearts bound, were a sail suddenly to heave in sight, scarcely discernible through the gathering gloom, but evidently bearing down on our shattered bark—and, oh! how would our joy be augmented, if, after the lapse of a few minutes, we should be actually delivered from our perilous situation, and snatched from the opening jaws of death! Could we ever feel sufficiently thankful? Could we ever forget our deliverers? or ever too sensibly cherish a sense of our obligations to them for their disinterested kindness? But these deliverances, great as they undoubtedly would be, are not to be compared with those achieved in behalf of the believer. He once stood blinded or unconscious, on the very brink of everlasting ruin, taking perhaps the last fatal step, which would have consigned him to eternal death, when the warning voice of Jesus assailed his ears, ar-

rested him in his course, and whose affectionate hand removed the scales of ignorance from his eyes, discovering his danger, and led him to the ark of the covenant, a place of safety! He was contending with the swellings of his own wicked heart, assaulted by storms of passion, and liable to sink in the waves of endless woe: wrecked on the surging ocean of Time, without a rudder or a compass, the sport of its winds and the plaything of its mighty waves, ready to be cast into "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone": his sun was fast declining—and night—the night of death, with his gloomy shades, was speedily approaching. Anxious and alarmed—worn down with watchings—helpless and forlorn—hope nearly expiring—despair—black despair about establishing its fearful dominion;—when above the fury of the blasts, the rage of the elements, sounded the OMNIFIC VOICE OF JESUS—Why art thou so fearful, O thou of little faith. Ye winds be hushed! Ye waves be calm!—and immediately the winds hushed into silence, and the waves sank into tranquility—hope gained ascendancy—supported by his Saviour, he was borne along the billows, deliverance was proclaimed, and his triumphant song is—

"Now I have found the grace wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away."

Can he be dead to the feelings of gratitude? Or can he be insensible of his obligations to THE FRIEND OF SINNERS? Impossible! His heart must first cease to beat, his pulse to throb, his tongue to speak, his heart to feel! His enquiry is—

"Where shall my wondering soul begin:
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
To sing my great Deliverer's praise?
O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd:
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!"

He feels, that "Religion! thou, thou, art all." Truly it is productive of real delight and exalted consolation: it makes its professors happy and contented during life's pilgrimage—sheds a halo around the place where the good man meets his fate—offers to the eye of the dying saints prospects of unfading honour and ineffable bliss, gives him a triumphant victory over the last enemy, and secures the consummation of his joy in those eternal regions,

"Where seraphs gather immortality
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God."

And, oh!

"What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!"

To all who would be happy now, and happy for ever, we would say in the language of Christ—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these (temporal) things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi. 33.)