

has shone The joyless Christian is timid, and nerveless, and criminally retiring; but the man joyfully righteous, is as bold as a lion.

6. Finally, *Christian joy secures Christian influence.* It may be supposed, that faith is the great seat, and centre, and source of influence; that joy is only a personal thing,—an emotion with which a stranger intermeddeth not; that it is a sweet and quiet spring, where in happy seclusion, the soul drinks and dips its wings, and carols forth its notes of praise, rather than a majestic river, fertilizing, enriching, and distinguishing the territory through which it rolls.

A supposition this—very imperfect, and in some respects, decidedly untrue. Joy is a power of *unknown influence*. Were every Christian brimful of joy, the Church would be the great central sun of happiness. The tabernacle of God would be with men. Heaven would be seen on earth. What the world so fruitlessly seeks, the Church would possess. Zion would be the wonder of the earth. The mountain of the Lord's House would stand upon "the top of the mountains," "and all nations" would "flow unto it."

The Church would not only be the central sun of happiness, but a *fountain*, yea a *river of benevolence and soul-saving effort*. The treasures of wealth would be unlocked. The great Arctic Ocean of mammon, would become a warm and glittering sea of wealth, consecrated to God. Covetousness, that bane of the Church, and that curse of the world, would melt away like snow in summer. The missionary spirit would live and breathe in every member. Transgressors would be affectionately taught the ways of righteousness, and sinners would be converted unto God. And the whole Church, the ransomed of the Lord, would go to Zion with songs, everlasting joy upon their heads; and as for sorrow and sighing, they would flee away.

Banish, then, the notion that darkness and sorrow are the soul's strength and safeguard. Our strength, our safeguard, is the joy of the Lord. *By it*, the instincts of our nature are harmonized,—*by it*, we ascertain the kingdom ours,—*by it*, we glory in tribulation and take pleasure in infirmity,—*by it*, we speak with boldness the things which we have felt and seen; and *by it*, the Christian becomes a sun of heavenly influence and millennial beauty.

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WHEN the Empress threatened to banish Chrysostom, he said, "That thou canst not do, for my country is in every clime." "But I will take away thy goods." "No," said he, "that thou canst not do, for I am a poor minister of Christ, and I have none." "Then," said she, "I will take away thy liberty." "That thou canst not do, for iron bars can not confine a free spirit." "I will take away thy life," said she. "That thou canst do in one sense," he replied, "but I have a life eternal which thou canst not touch."