

everything to make us love Him, to regard Him as a Friend, a Brother, a Father, this must make us happy. As to doubts and fears, I could not have any. I might have many if I looked to myself, but this is impossible if I look to my Saviour. . . . Not only is *saving faith* a source of joy, but *providential faith*, or faith in God's providence, powerfully ministers to this holy emotion. There are times in many a good man's life, when temporal supplies seem to be altogether exhausted. Brother, did you ever know what it was to have no herd in the stall, no flock in the fold, no fruit on the vine,—did you ever know what it was to hang child-like upon God for your daily bread? Then you are no stranger to joy. I apprehend that the deliverances of faith are incomparably sweeter, and more purely exultant, than the overflowing treasures and abundance of sense. Do you see that poor woman gathering a few sticks, wherewith to cook, as she supposes, her last meal. "The barrel of meal shall not waste, the cruse of oil shall not fail," is the Lord's word to her by the prophet. She believes God, and though day after day she draws off her little stock of oil, and brings up her last handful of meal, yet the one flows as freely as if it ran from a fountain, and the other comes up as plentifully, handful after handful, as if she had a year's stock beforehand. The oil fails not, the meal wastes not. Each day has its sufficiency. Every time she lifts the oil bottle, and every time the hand of faith goes down into the meal barrel, and finds just enough, tears of joy would glitter and radiate on her cheek like jewels. Faith's provision for the day, is more joyous than that of sense for a lifetime.

3. Our religion is one of *anticipation*, and therefore one of *joy*. Dr. Watts' beautiful hymn, commencing with "There is a land of pure delight," in the last stanza gives currency to an experience much too common, "Could I but climb where Moses stood," &c. Here is the plain, there the mountain; here the wilderness weary and bare, and there "Pisgah's lonely mountain on this side Jordan's wave." "Could I but climb," says the poet; "could I," echoes the doubting and the fearing one; I am too low and earthly down here, the attraction and influence of the world are too strong in this turbid atmosphere. O "could I but climb where Moses stood?" But what does the other poet say, our own laureate? Instead of looking, and longing, and despondingly reiterating, "Could I but climb where Moses stood," he calmly breasts the mountain, and as the heavenly breezes fan his temples, and the green fields beyond kindle his enlarging eye, sings,

"The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope),
Of immortality."

Brother, is your religion joy-giving? If not, there is something defective about it.

4. Again, Christian joy gives *legitimate and abundant support in tribulation*. Many are slow to believe, that joy can be an abiding guest in the human soul. Reference is not now made to those who doubt the propriety of its existence, who think that a Christian is safer and better without it, but to those who really believe that there is such a thing, who give it a substantial existence, and who