

Fruit of the Spirit.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

JOY.

"Since earthly joy abideth never,
Work for the joy that lasts forever,
For other joy is all but vain,
All earthly joy returns in pain."

Joy is an agreeable and sweet affection of the soul, arising from some present or hoped for good. Religious joy is the delight and satisfaction of the soul in its union with God in Christ, as the greatest and highest good, with an actual rejoicing in what is for His honor and glory.

The word "joy" is often used to signify that glorious reward which God bestows upon those who love Him, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The happy condition of the mind is designated by the terms, "joy," "joyful," and "gladness," "pleasure," "delight," "charm," "exultation," words which, though often used as synonymous, have different shades of meaning, according to the different degrees in which the passion or emotion may be exercised.

The joy which is the fruit of the Spirit is a deep, inward, heartfelt emotion, or feeling of the mind, and is in its nature and origin, closely connected with love and peace, and is, in part, dependent on them. Indeed, the first three of the fruits of the Spirit are a kind of glorious "trinity in unity," a grand trio in the human heart, that are never separated. Joy is love filling the cup, full, and running over—is love in action—is love recreating itself—is love out on the green pastures walking, and leaping, and praising God—is love beside the still waters enjoying a fullness—is love on the mountain of spices—is love climbing to higher and still higher regions of holy delight—is love working—love returning love for love—this is joy. It is love in constant exercise of devotedness to God. Love laying itself out for the good of others.

ITS HISTORY.

It is an exotic, an import, transplanted from the evergreen shore, heaven sent, heaven protected. It comes from God, "in whose presence there is fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore." Joy was in all heaven on the birth day of our world, where the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. It was the constant companion of the happy tenants of Eden until they sinned, then joy forsook them, and fled from its earthly home to its home with God.

There was joy in the first promise of a coming YAVEH Jesus. It was an anthem from the harps of heaven. The music on the river of life washing its shores on high, and pouring its fullness of joy upon the earth. It was joy gushing from the fountains of eternal harmony and love. Joy, first heard on earth in a minor key of solemn gladness, uttered by the Lord Himself. Joy in the heart and lip, in the song and sacrifice of Patriarchs and their families, as they sheltered themselves beneath the streaming blood. Joy faintly shadowed in the deliverance from Egypt, in the triumphant song of Moses and Miriam, in the tabernacle and the temple as the children of Zion "were joyful in their King." Joy burst forth on our world on the birth-day of the Saviour, when the angel-sons of God brought us good tidings of great joy. Jesus, for "the joy that was set before Him," of saving myriads of millions of the children of men from sin and death, "endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

It was joy without measure when the promise of the father was fulfilled upon the company of believers in the upper room at Jerusalem, as the promised Comforter came and filled them with joy, and they felt the hearts of flame, and saw the tongues of fire, and uttered words of power. There is a joy in a penitence, a joy in pardon, a joy in purity of heart, a joy rising higher and higher as the believer progresses in holiness and experiences new and more abundant manifestations of the divine goodness, and gathers daily in the path of duty larger measures of "the fruit of the Spirit."

Fresh notes of joy have often enriched the harmony of the Church of God ever since, as from bondage and exile, from dens and caves, from bloody fields and fiery stakes, from scaffold and from dun-

geon, the Spirit-baptized ones have been filled "with a joy unspeakable and full of glory," and have been heard to sing,

"Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above."

IS SOCIAL.

Joy is social in its tendencies. It shuns monopolists; it seeks companionship; it makes itself known; shines out in the countenance; makes every feature and expression of the face radiant with its beams. It tunes the voice to unwonted harmonies, and makes all around it share its bliss, and fills the live long day with gladness. When the shepherd found the wandering, bleating lamb, and succeeded in carrying it home, he called his "friends and neighbours to rejoice with him." When the woman found her lost piece of silver, she, too, summoned parties to aid her in her rejoicings. When God gives the oil of joy, He also gives the garments of praise. If God gives the heart full of joy, the lips will praise Him, for joy has a voice and a tongue. The Psalmist says, "I went with them to the house of God with the voice of joy and praise." "My servants shall sing for joy of heart."

JOY A DUTY.

To be joyful in the Lord is placed before us in His word as the common privilege of all Christians, and the measure of our privilege is the measure of our duty. We are required to be happy and joyous as much as to be patient and submissive. "Joy in the Holy Ghost" is one of the essential elements of the kingdom that is within the renewed heart. "Love" and "joy" are no less the fruits of the Spirit than "meekness" and "goodness," and faith. "The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness." "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "The redeemed of the Lord are to come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace, the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." Believers in Christ should nourish and cultivate this holy affection until they are enabled habitually to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

AN ERROR.

I have no confidence in that kind of teaching which dwells upon the advent ages of the "wilderness state," and insists that it is profitable for Christians to pass considerable of their time in heaviness though manifold temptations, in darkness and despondency, in painful uncertainties as to their spiritual state, tossed upon the storm, wandering here and there, weary and faint, seeking rest, and finding none. Such is not the will of God concerning His children, they are saved by hope, and the "joy of the Lord is their strength." Joy from Him, joy in Him, joy in His promises and in His services. Paul says, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," and "rejoice evermore." The full assurance of faith, and constant fellowship with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ, furnishes an atmosphere of light and peace, of love and joy, in which every one of the Christian graces thrive, and come to rich and beautiful maturity.

Plants and flowers may be kept alive in the darkened room or cellar, but fresh air and sunshine are indispensable to their beauty and perfection. In the dark they will never blossom, nor will they ever bear fruit. The prophet under the influence of a resolute and heroic faith could stand upon a heap of melancholy ruins, his hopes all blasted and dead, and all his creature comforts withdrawn, and rise into a transport of holy joy, and say, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." As long as the firm foundations of our joy are untouched we can sing and shout for joy. Even in trials, temptations reverse, and bereavements. It may do for Pharises and hypocrites, for monks and nuns to be of a sad countenance and of a gloomy mein, but the believer is to wash his face, anoint his head, and eat his bread with joy. The comforts of the Lord, delighting his soul, should render his whole life beautiful and attractive. The recommendations of religion made by

grim and gloomy professors, only damage the truth, and gloomy and desponding Christians of morbid and melancholy spirit misrepresent the glorious Gospel of Christ. Believers are to shine as lights in the world, and worship the Lord in the "beauty of holiness," they should come out into the clear sunshine of perfect love, and should cultivate a happy, cheerful spirit in the work of God.

IN TRIUMPH.

This joy in the Lord is indispensable to the child of God as a preparation for victory. It is his duty to work for souls. Those individual efforts are just now what the Church and the world most need. We need holy, devoted, joyous, courageous men and women, not a few, in this work. The love of God constrain them is the great qualification. That love shed abroad in their hearts is their confidence and joy enabling them to say "that which we have felt and seen with confidence to tell."

When from warm and glad hearts men declare what God has done for them, and their joy is manifest to all around; their words become words of power. A joyous, happy church is sure to be a successful one. There was a great deal of philosophy as well as faith in the Royal Battery that Joshua opened upon Jericho, when he commanded the whole army to face the massive walls and impregnable fortresses of the foe, and every man to stand in his place, and shout them to the dust.

It was a piece of divine philosophy to place Judah whose name signified praise, as the foremost tribe on the march through from place to place, as if "praise" should always lead the hosts of God. So thought Jehoshaphat when surrounded by glittering steel of the vast squadrons of Ammon and Moab after fasting and prayer as a preparation for the terrible conflict, he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that they should praise the beauty of holiness as they went out before the army, and to say "Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever." They were not cowards in that choir; they were not ascetics, recluses, or gloomy, faint hearted hermits, away out in the front between the vast armies singing their song of praise, and throwing out their loud hosannas on the morning breeze, that chorus as it rang over the vale of Egide was more damaging to the veterans of Moab than all the spears of Israel. Moab and Ammon could not stand the cheerful, joyous song on the beauty of holiness, and the glory of God.

In the fifth century the Picts and Saxons attacked the Britons. The general who commanded the army of the Britons, brought his forces to the field in self-defence, as they looked across the field and saw the ranks of the enemy strongly entrenched and very numerous, the commander ordered every man to send up to heaven a loud Alleluia three times, in right hearty cheer. As the echo of the mighty shout rang and resounded through the air, the enemy caught the Alleluia and fled leaving the Britons in possession of the well-fought field. Praise the Lord!

IS ENDURING.

The joy of earth is short-lived, a flash, a shadow, a meteor's glare. This joy is solid, substantial, enduring, satisfying. "God is my exceeding joy," and He gives not as the world giveth. The world has no joy to communicate to its votaries. Its best is mirth or frivolity; not joy. Where mirth and frivolity fails, and fashion fails, and fortunes fails, and friends fail, and earth poor philosophies fail, then this fruit of the Spirit will delight and cheer the soul, and light up the dark valley, and sing victory through the blood of the Lamb. The poet sings of joy,

" 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
Sweet plant of paradise! its seeds are sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould;
It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold."

But we have seen celestial joys on earthly ground, growing from faith and hope, and blooming, too, in a heavenly atmosphere, where the death damps of the tomb could not quench its ardor, nor silence its song, where this blessed fruit

feasted the soul as it entered into the joy of our Lord. Dear reader, if thy orbit was nearer to the sun of righteousness, you would have a warmer climate, and your joy would bloom, and your fruits would abound more and more.

Fruits of Card Playing

About the year 1867, Mr. Hastings had an invitation to speak to the prisoners at Sing Sing, N. Y. I attended the meetings with him, and we had a very interesting talk on repentance and obedience. There were quite a number of outsiders present, and after the meeting, a lady, I should say seventy-five years of age, came to me saying she desired to see me. She wanted both Mr. Hastings and myself to call on her, but he had business elsewhere, so I went alone. She took me upstairs to her room where she explained to me her sadness and sorrow, and ask me to pray for her. This is the story.

"I once had a dear son, my only child. My husband had died while he was a small boy, and I took great pains to bring him up right. I was able to do much for him as I was left with considerable property. As he grew older I found that my boy liked to go out and spend the evenings with other boys of his age, and I was concerned about him lest he should get into bad company. I was a good hand at cards, whist, etc., so I used to urge him to stay with me, to invite one or two of his comrades to the house and we could play together. I taught him all the different games, and thought it no harm. He learned very quickly, and afterward when he became deeply interested in playing, he no longer cared to stop at home. He wanted to go somewhere else, so his nights were spent away from home, which gave me much anxiety. I often questioned him as to where he had been, but could not find out. He was about twenty-one years old. I noticed that week after week he was becoming alienated from me and from his home, and sometimes he would be away all night.

"One day the truth was made known. He was arrested and shut up in jail for murder. He had been playing cards, and a man who was playing with him cheated him, which so angered him that he gave him a blow with his fist in the temple and killed him. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to die. You can imagine how my mother's heart felt under such circumstances, and he my only boy. I went to the bank to take out some of the money that was left me, and found that he had gambled that money away, and this same man that had cheated him had got it. His knew of course that his mother would need the money.

"Some months had passed, and the day for his execution was at hand. I wanted to be with him. Would to God I had never gone; but I was present. He asked the privilege of talking to the young men present, before his death, and it was granted him. Several of his companions old and young were present, and he arose trembling and told how he had one of the best mothers, so kind and gentle with him, but that through her love for him she had brought those games into the house, so that he would be willing to stop at home with her. And he said, "You see what has brought me to this end, and when you remember that it was through the influence of that dear mother that I am here today and must hang on the gallows, be persuaded never to allow cards in your homes. Had she taught me to pray and read my Bible I might have been able to have lived long and made her happy." When he stopped his hearers were weeping, and his mother had fainted.

After that she became insane, and was for several years in a hospital for insane. But at last she recovered her mind. She said, "I come here today to tell this story and I want you to tell the story, wherever you go, and also ask your husband to warn as many as he can reach," Little did that poor mother think that card playing would bring her boy to such an end.

When I see a card table I fear it may create the desire in the minds of the children to learn more of such things, and that they may go on until they have learned the whole lesson. You say, "If they do not gamble there is no harm in

it." But are you so sure that the next thing they do will not be to gamble? I hope Christian fathers and mothers will not indulge their children in such things, that will interest them and have a different effect upon their future lives. I pray that you may think of these things, and let this story be a warning to you to watch over those under your care.—Mrs. H. L. Hastings.—In Exchange.

He Did Not Forget His Word

When we think of how often promises are made and broken in one day, twenty-five years seems rather a long time to keep one, and we cannot help admiring the resolution of the soldier mentioned in the following little story, who resisted the temptation to break a promise he had made so far back in the past.

The celebrated French General Cambronne, when he was a common soldier, was terribly given to the sin of drunkenness. One day, when he was drunk, he struck an officer, and was condemned to death. His colonel, who loved him for his bravery, obtained his pardon on condition that he would promise never to drink wine or spirits again.

Twenty-five years afterwards Corporal Cambronne had become General Cambronne, and had immortalized himself by his heroic retreat from Waterloo. Having retired into family life, he lived quietly in Paris, beloved and esteemed by all. His old colonel one day invited him to dinner to meet some of his former comrades. The place of honor was reserved for Cambronne at the host's right hand. A most exquisite wine was brought in which was only served on grand occasions.

"General," said the old colonel, you must tell us all the news," and he was just about to fill Cambronne's glass. The general stopped his hand; the colonel insisted.

"But, General, I assure you it is excellent."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Cambronne, eagerly. "It has to do with my honor and my promise, Colonel,—my promise as a corporal; have you forgotten it? Since that day not a drop of wine has touched my lips. My word and my conscience are worth more than your wine." Selected.

A Hard Place

A young woman—though not a girl—finds herself in a professional situation which defeats her Christian experience.

She is a deaconess in one of the prominent Methodist Churches of New York City. She is called upon as a deaconess to play the piano for the dances of the Methodist young people's church socials and to act as chaperon for their theater parties.

Of this she complains to personal friends and comes, of course, to feel that she must give up this particular place, or give up her religion.

Since she is their deaconess they demand her official services among the young people as we have indicated.

Chapter and verse are at hand. It looks as though people yet "loved pleasure more than God" as God's word declares. These Methodist parents evidently do not want their young people in the public dance, nor at the theatre with most any old thing, "but our deaconess will look after them,"—let them dance and go to hell in the name of religion and Methodism at that. We lift up our cry against such shameful practices and hollow and apparent hypocrisy.—Ch Witness.

Bishop Berry Hits the Nail on the Head

"We have preached against the saloon and we have preached well. We have prayed against the saloon, and we have prayed with fervor. We have written against the saloon, and there has been logic in our sentences. We have wept in the presence of the saloon, and our tears have been sincere. But the day is coming when we will do more—a day when our sermons and prayers and arguments and agitations and heartaches and tears will crystallize into ballots, and when by the iron hand of the prohibitive law, this red-lipped monster shall be throttled and choked and hurled back into hell from which it came!"—Sel.

The Word of God must be the guide of our desires, and the ground of our expectation in prayer.—Matthew Henry.