

his bones was this. We are all sensitive to the feelings of others. How much happier we might make life for suffering humanity! What pangs we might spare! And all by the kind look, the word of cheer. When a man is down the tendency is to keep him down, I have too much faith in humanity to say that it is always so. The tendency, however, is strong to secretly delight in the misfortunes of others. Should we ever find the faintest suspicion of it in ourselves, let us know that it belongs to the baser part of our natures. Perhaps in no feature is our sympathy so utterly shrivelled as in our attitude toward those in doubt. Too often we cry: "Where is thy God?" "Thou hast no business to doubt." Brethern, this is none other than the revival of the inquisition. Let it be eternally stamped out of our beings. The noblest spirits of earth have attained their nobility through doubt. For many a day might the taunt have been made toward them: "Where is thy God?" But, as with David, when they seemed furthest from God, then were they most closely blended with Him.

"There lives more faith in honest  
doubt  
Believe me than in half the creeds."

Our duty is to raise up and not to cast down. We should try to find a man's God for him and not to taunt him with his loss. This is the idea of Jesus. He came here to discover our God to us. And we are never so possessed of his Spirit as

when we labor with Him to this end.

Well, we can now answer the question of David: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" His bodily fatigue, his conceptions of God and worship, his recollections of the past, the reflection of his despair in nature, the bitter coldness of humanity—No wonder that David was dejected.

II. Pass we on to consider very shortly the power that sustained him through it all. "Hope thou in God. For I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." Through all his despair he never lost his hope. It was that which kept him steadfast. "We are saved by hope." But we distinguish between the hope that is mere sentiment and David's hope. There is a hope that gives no reason for its existence. But David's hope sprang from the highest of all reasons, his intense yearning for God. "My soul thirsteth for God." That surely was no lie. Every legitimate wish we have meets reality. We hunger and God provides us with food. We thirst and the cooling draught is at hand. We have capacity for affection and we are presented daily with objects of attachment. And think you that God will not gratify the soul that longs for Him? Is it not natural that He should? For that yearning is a necessary part of our beings.

Brethern, this is most true, now and forever, God never implants a