

pawn and beg and almost steal. You do not intend anything bad. But you are entering a dark cave, and you are led on and on till at last you waken up to find you are in durance ylle, in jail. You never thought it would come to that with you. You never intended it to come to that. But it is there with you, and the cry from the cave tonight is the cry of sin and shame and crime, and you feel so forsaken and fallen: "No man careth for my soul."

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Am I speaking to men and women, young men and young women, who have already taken the first wrong step? It is not known by their friends, but they themselves know it, and their soul is crying the cry from the cave. They are more sinned against than sinning perhaps. It is not altogether their fault. And so they are seeking to comfort themselves with an excuse like that. But the devil has them in hand, and how he will grind them, till their cry is like the cry of a lost soul, and they are ready to do something dreadful and desperate.

You put confidence in men—do you? You lean upon the arm of human friendship—do you? David thought that, too, when everybody was shouting and singing his praises. But now he is in the cave, and he has changed his tune. Now his cry is: "No man careth for my soul!" And, my hearer, when trouble comes to you, and it has already come perhaps, you will find what David found, that there is no one you can look to in your trouble of soul. It is the old story over again with its sad variations, the old cry from the cave: "No man careth for my soul."

#### Prayer to Jehovah, the Cry from the Cave.

The cry from the cave  
David's cry from the cave was a prayer. He knew where to go to with his trouble—not to man, but to God. His trouble brought him to his knees. His cry was not therefore the cry of despair, the cry of a lost soul, but the cry of a great hope, the shout of salvation, an exultant cry. King Saul, with an army of three thousand men, was in pursuit, and what could one man do in the face of such an army? But he cried to the Lord, and the Lord was on his side, and so more were with him than were against him, and no harm could come to him:

I cried unto Thee, O Jehovah;  
I said thou art my refuge,  
My portion in the land of the living.

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Who, then, is in the cave of trouble, any trouble at all—want, out of work, poverty, no health, distress of soul, forsakenness, slander, oppression, persecution, imprisonment? Carry it in prayer to Jehovah, and be sure He will hear you, and find a way of help for you. David did that, Jonah did that, and his cave was a deep dark cave, even the whale's belly. Daniel did that, and his cave was the lion's den. Joseph did that, and his cave was the prison house of Egypt. Peter did that, and a great iron gate was between him and liberty. Oh, it was a dark cave he was in! But prayer was made for him as well as by him, and the iron gate swung open itself, and he was saved.

Is sin your trouble, condemnation your cave? Do I hear you say "I have fallen so often, sunk so low, sinned so greatly, what hope for my soul?" But you are to remember David, what a great sin he sinned, and God heard his prayer, and saved him from the horrible pit and miry clay. You are to remember Paul, the chief of sinners, and what a salvation there was for him. You are to remember Jesus, lifted up on the cross, dying there to redeem your soul, and with such care as His care caring for you, you are not where you have to say: "No man caring for your soul! Think of His love dying for your soul! Think of Him in the dark cave the tomb was to Him in the interests of your soul's salvation! Think of all that, and what care for your soul, and what hope!

A word more. Is there any one in the cave of neglect, that will have it to say of me, and of you: "I am lost, my soul lost, for he did not care for me?" There is no judgment word so terrible to a minister, to a Christian, as that. Let us come together, and consider, if we cannot do more than we have been doing to silence this cry from the cave—"No man careth for my soul!" It is a very real cry, and as sad as real, and there is judgment in it, if we neglect it, and blessedness in it, if we attend to it.

#### BURN'S MONUMENT AT DUMFRIES

G. Lawrence Thomson.

With bare uncovered head he sits  
And thoughtful face;  
One hand within his bosom's folds,  
And one with homely grace  
Some scattered daisies holds.

Around like vast old sentinels  
The reverent mountains rise—  
'The storied Conventers' hills  
Outlined against the skies,

Keep watch and from their rugged  
sides,  
The heather tribute flings;  
And down through all the lovely land  
The Nith his requiem sings.

And on the graven stone I read,  
'Twixt joy, and pain and tears,  
His words that fuller meaning take  
Down all the changing years.

Sublimest truths, so simply writ  
Divine, the pathos caught,  
Oh, poet heart, to me it seems  
Thou wert of Heaven taught.  
Hamilton, Ont.

#### INSCRIBED ON MONUMENT.

"But hark is aye the pairt aye  
That makes us right or wrang."

"To make a happy fireside clime  
To wane and wife,  
This the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life."

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.  
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress  
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss."

"It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be an a' that."

The world goes up and the world goes down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain,  
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown,  
Can never come over again.  
—Charles Kingsley.

A Gaelic revival is in prospect in the County of Glengarry, under the most favorable auspices. Recognizing the fact that in many portions of the county Gaelic is rapidly disappearing, together with many of the customs which were common among the early settlers in the county, a number of the leading Highlanders, including Messrs. J. F. McGregor, Conservative candidate in the Federal election, D. D. McDonald, M.D., Angus McDonald, License Inspector, Norman McRae, drover, Duncan N. McLeod, agent, and Angus Cameron, proposed to test the local feeling by giving a purely Scottish concert, in which the Gaelic language would be a conspicuous feature. Many doubted that it would meet with a hearty response, but such were put to confusion when on Monday evening the largest audience ever gathered in the Alexander Hall met and thoroughly enjoyed the several numbers, while very many persons were unable to secure admission. The committee will in the near future hold a meeting of the Scottish residents for the purpose of organizing a Gaelic society.

Observations of Mars from Mount Whitney disclose that there is water vapor about the planet.

#### A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING.

By Z. Fuller, M.D.

Physicians see more, perhaps, than any other class of people the evils which come from social impurity. We see death impaired and broken in many ways; see innocent and pure wives and children suffer from the most loathsome, repulsive, and painful diseases; see death mercifully come to these as their only relief; see homes broken, ruined and made desolate; see the higher, nobler, God-like qualities of mind and heart choked and smothered by the rank growth of uncontrolled and perverted appetite; see the extremes of unhappiness, of mental torture; see the weakened and perverted intellect; see the minds diseased and dethroned.

And all this comes from a wrong growth, a perversion of a God-given and very important part in the nature of mankind, the right growth and manifestations of which are as powerful for good as the other for evil, bringing results between which and those I have named there is as little likeness as there is between darkness and light.

From a right sexual life and purity there comes love, the mother, and the home, most powerful of all influences for good in the lives of men; there comes thoughtfulness for others, unselfishness, self-sacrifice. Much of the beauty, grandeur, sublimity, of poetry, of music, of art, of every high endeavor, has this as an underlying and impelling force.

Much impurity comes from sheer ignorance. Without right understanding we grope in the darkness of ignorance, with probabilities largely in favor of making mistakes; we must first know where the right course lies, then how to follow it.

But there must be more than this knowledge. There must also be a pure heart and right ideals. There must be awakened, and fostered an interest in and a taste for the higher things and purposes of life, exercising and developing thus the loftier and better qualities of the mind and heart.

There is one fallacy so seductive, and out of which there grows so very large a part of the social evil, that advantage should be taken of every opportunity to point and correct this error, particularly for young men. I refer to the fallacy which says that continence in men is injurious to health.

Nature and the experience of many men not only abundantly disprove this but on the contrary prove that continence may become a conservator of health, and that the strength of will often necessary to its accomplishment may be made a powerful training and aid to the cultivation of that strength of character so necessary to success in every human endeavor. These truths are accepted and emphatically indorsed by most, if not all, competent, honest, and conscientious physicians. To follow the teaching of error must often of necessity result in the violation of some of the most important of the laws of both God and man. This alone should be sufficient to condemn it.

In our prayerful words it is the aspiration that counts, and it is well to give the aspiration definite expression. It is the aspiration which is the thing with wings, the thing which soars to heaven's gates; and aspiration may continue when the words have ceased. We cannot speak without ceasing, but we can aspire without ceasing, and it is the aspiration which counts.—J. H.

To a very great extent preaching in the pulpit to-day is preaching in defense of the Bible rather than preaching the contents of the Bible. We spend a great deal of time in making clear and clean the approaches to the temple, and a great many of us never get any farther than the vestibule door, and we spend so much time in this way that we do not have time to go inside and worship.—Francis L. Patton.