

house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day." This gives us but an index to the many past scenes that flooded his memory. He would recall those strange feelings that were associated with the quiet of his shepherd life; the immensity of Creation, the loveliness of the hills, the aroma of the meadows, the black concave of the heavens studded "with a million constellations." He would recall, too, the days of sweet companionship with Jonathan, the friend of his youth. For the moment he is entranced with the voices of the past. But too soon the spell is broken. He is again amidst the sad realities of the present. Gone are his raptures, gone like the visions of a dream. "When I remember these things I pour out my soul within me." To some extent we can appreciate his mood here. To all of us there has come at times that solemn stillness, when the shapes of the past have trooped in silent splendor through the soul. The odor of the meadows, the sighing of the wind, the modulation of a voice, the glance of an eye, the pressure of a hand—these for the moment possessed our beings as of yore. The present, with its sorrows fled. And what a revulsion of feeling was ours when we came to reality again! "When I remember these things, I pour out my soul within me."

(4) Again, all nature ministered to his despair. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-

spouts: all thy waves and billows are gone over me." As he heard the flood rolling to the sea, wave calling unto wave and deep unto deep, he felt that he had a strange sympathizer with himself. One wave of despair calling unto another and deeper. How truly does nature interpret our souls. When we are glad, all Creation rejoices with us. "A brighter emerald twinkles in the grass, a purer sapphire melts into the sea." When we are sad, the winds moan for us, the stars shine coldly into our jaded spirits, the morning shrouds her glory, the sunset fills us with the thought of death. Yes. Nature is in strange relation with humanity. But observe this: though we project our moods on nature, though we find her in sympathy with our sorrows, Nature is never sad for herself. She has no sorrows of her own with which to sadden us. Were we always glad, we would find her glad. Her's is a continual song of triumph to her God. She sings the minor strain only out of sympathy for us. It is a lesson in life. Tenderly sympathetic with the trials of others we should be; but never let us sadden others with our trials.

(5) We find another cause of David's dejection in the lack of human sympathy. "As with a sword in my bones mine enemies reproach me while they say continually unto me where is thy God." He found a sympathizer in the external world. In man he found but cold rebuffs. A veritable sword in