

come to the good, even greater than to the bad or the indifferent. Nor is this hard to explain. It is because the good have more sensitive souls, more sensitive natures, than the bad or the indifferent.

The text tells us of a "man after God's own heart," who was depressed in spirit and troubled in mind. His soul was "cast down and disquieted within him." But there is this to be said of him, in the midst of all his depression and trouble, he remained loyal to God. His unabated trust in God's love and Fatherly tenderness cheered and lifted up his soul in its deepest darkness. And then hope, like an angel from God's presence, came into his life, with a great light, and warded off the demon of despair. So he communes with himself saying, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" *The first thought suggested by these words is, that there are experiences in life which tend to cast us down and disquiet us.* Some of us read recently of a simple-minded man in one of our cities, who had, somewhat suddenly, made an immense fortune. He resolved to build himself a large house. He therefore engaged an architect to prepare plans. One plan was at length fixed on. Then the architect said to his employer, "Which side of the house would you like to have a Southern aspect?" The rich man, though he knew something about money, knew little or

nothing about topographical or astronomical aspects on paper, and so he looked quite puzzled. The architect next simplified the question by pointing to the windows on the plan, and saying, "Which of these windows would you like to face the South?" "All of them," was the prompt and eager reply. But that, of course, was an impossibility. And it is just as impossible that all the windows of our life can face the South. Some of the windows of life will, of course, face the South; but some must face the bleak East, some the blustering West, and some the cold and bitter North. In every life there must be the bitter as well as the sweet, the darkness as well as the light, the night as well as the day. The old grandmother was right when she said, as represented in the words of the well-known couplet:—

"Shadow and shine is life, little Annie,
Flower and thorn."

The good man's depression springs from manifold causes. Sometimes it springs from physical derangement or from his own sensitive nature. Sometimes it springs from want of the human help and sympathy which he should have in the work and trials of life. The man who gave utterance to the words of the text was, at the time, placed in the most trying circumstances. It would seem but human, therefore, to suppose that he would have the help and sympathy of the men who were about him. But in-