

the material. Many instances of this we might adduce from history.

Abram, the man of faith, came short in this very particular more than once. His falsehoods to Pharaoh and Abimelech are to this day a blot on his faith. Elijah under the Juniper tree was a sad contrast to the superiority with which he commonly endured. Protestantism is characterized for its freedom of thought; yet its most signal failure is its lack of liberality. The outstanding feature of Stoicism was its firmness in adversity; and yet the Stoic firmness often gave place to suicide.

Brethern, be sure of this; that the loftiest emotions of your souls are closely attended with the possibility of a corresponding depth of degradation. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

The other peculiarity that we find here is David's frank confession of his weakness. This is the charm of the Hebrew psalmody. It portrays the soul in all its varied moods. As such it is always the soul's refuge for sympathy. It rejoices with those that rejoice and weeps with those that weep. These songs of Zion are for eternity. For they sing the eternal music of the soul. They give expression to feelings we dare not utter and which yet find lodgement in our beings every day. To-day, we touch a minor chord in the Hebrew melody. The notes are sad. It is the wail of David's dejection. We dwell on two thoughts :

I First, the causes of David's dejection, which partly excuse it. "Why art thou cast down O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me?"

II Second, the power that sustained him through it. "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

I 'The causes' of David's dejection :

I One cause of that dejection we find in his bodily fatigue. You know the connection. David's son Absalom had taken Jerusalem. David was forced to flee beyond the Jordan. For the time he was a fugitive on the earth. At last he halts in the lonely desert of Mahanaim. Wearied in body as he was, what wonder that he felt the dread dejection of *spir.it*. There is a close connection between body and spirit. Just as the home in which we are raised affects our lives, so the earthly home of the Spirit affects its life. When the body is well, the Spirit knows no-bounds.

"The Earth and every common sight
Do seem apparelled in celestial light
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

But it is not always so. We all feel at times that strange slackening of the chords of life, when the nerves prick and tingle, when the sharp pains dart like arrows through the frame. Seems it then that life is no longer a glad thing, but one long monotone of sadness, that we are hastening toward a gloomy end. It