

TO THE BIBLE!

Thy starry light!
Beaming so tenderly o'er earth's dreary waste,
Makes it all bright.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON ST. PAUL, READ BEFORE ANNUAL MEETING OF GRAFTON ST. SABBATH SCHOOL.

In the record of the Acts of the Apostles, how quickly we single out Paul as the central figure. Though he was not called to be an apostle until some years after the twelve were chosen, how soon he rose to be the chief among them.

Tarsus being his birth place exercised considerable influence over his life. As one writer says—"Paul is a Jew, a Roman and a Greek. An apostle to all nations, he is himself of all nations: Born outside Judea, he is still a Jew of pure blood, Pharisee and Benjamite as he is, he is a Roman by right of birth. A Roman and Jew by birthright, he is a Greek by the intellectual atmosphere of his nativity.

Every stage in Paul's education was a preparatory step. He was learned in the Greek wisdom and philosophy, versed in Roman law, and instructed in the religion and institutions of the Jews, and thus he was enabled to meet, on an equal footing, men of these three most important nationalities of the day.

The education of Peter, James, John, and the other disciples, leaving out of the question their association with the Lord, the great Educator, would, in accordance with their humble position, naturally be limited. They certainly did a great work, but it was left for Paul to extend and complete that work; and for that purpose, in the schools of Tarsus, and the synagogues at Jerusalem, God was preparing and fitting him.

What a life work was that of Paul! Christianity brought into all the then known world; and down through eighteen hundred years, the influence of his labors have been felt, and will be felt while the world remains. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, recorded the wonderful story of Christ's redemption of man, and revealed the plan of salvation. Paul, in his inspired epistles, has laid down rules, and given counsel to guide and keep men in the right direction.

In Paul's epistles we seem to have a combination of the different styles, which characterized the writings of the other principle disciples. We find the enthusiasm and energy of Peter, the plain practical teaching of James, the tender sympathizing affection of John, the beloved and loving disciple; and added to this, we find striking originality, beautiful imagery, and depth of wisdom. People of all ages, in all the varied situations of life have, in the epistles of Paul, been able to find words suited to them in all their perplexities. In prosperity or adversity, in positions of honour or of inferiority, in spiritual rejoicings or laden with doubts and misgivings, at all times, we may receive counsel and comfort from St. Paul.

Some may wonder how letters, addressed to people living so many years ago, in a time so different from this, people just

emerging from heathenism, can be so well suited to us now; but we must remember that the rules and directions touch the higher life of man, they concern the spiritual welfare of the race, and we believe, "that in all ages, every human heart is human."

In reviewing the life of St. Paul, what a checkered page is before us. He had presented to his view, what seemed to him a career of worldly success, he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God; and to him, certainly the cup of affliction was full. In the eleventh of Corinthians he thus speaks of his sufferings: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils of the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Paul's death, also, was the consummation of a grand life: when he was brought before Nero the second time, sure that he could expect no mercy, how sure and confident is his dying testimony to Timothy: "For now I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

JOB AGAIN.

We have always regarded Job as the patient man of God. We have only wondered how so rich a man—in fact, how any man—could be so patient under such trials. I think I have heard this good man preached about more than any other character in the Bible, Christ only excepted. In my childhood I did not love Job. I think, now, I can account for it. Whenever I showed any sign of temper, some one would remind me of Job. When a marble or ball was lost, "Job" was whispered to me; and if I smashed a finger or stamped a toe, and tears came to my little eyes, or I were heard to say "O!" they were sure to tell me that Job did not cry. The first doubt my mind ever took in, relative to God's word, was, if there really ever was any Job, and if he were made of the same stuff of which little boys were made.

I find, in viewing Job's history, that the Lord gave him into the hand of Satan, and said, "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power." Soon a messenger came to Job, saying, The Sabaeans have taken off all thy oxen and thy asses, and destroyed all thy servants but me; and then another, saying, The fire of God has fallen and consumed your sheep and your servants, all but me; then another, saying, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating in their eldest brother's house, and there came a wind, and the house fell, and thy sons are all dead; I only am left to tell it. Then we read, "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

Here the question arises to our mind, Were Job's property and his children really destroyed? or, Did those messengers carry to him false reports? I am inclined to believe that the messages were not true.

That Job believed they were destroyed I have no doubt—yes, and that he continued in this belief throughout his afflictions. Yet I am compelled to believe they were unharmed. After reading the first chapter of Job, I find no farther mention of these reports till I

come to the eighth chapter. Here Biddad says (Job viii. 4), "If thy children have sinned against him, and he have cast them away for their transgression." This is all the reference to the loss of Job's property and children we have been able to find in the Book of Job. I have always been taught that they were destroyed, and could I find any Scripture to that effect, I should certainly believe it now; but I find none. The servants who came to him, bringing the reports, were under the influence of Satan, and made him believe; but that the reports were not true, I think the Scripture clear enough.

I find in Job. i. 2, 3, that he had seven sons and three daughters. The number of his sheep was seven thousand; camels, three thousand; oxen, five hundred yoke; and that he had five hundred she-asses. In the last chapter of Job, 12th and 13th verses, I find that Job had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, one thousand yoke of oxen, and one thousand she-asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. Hence we say that Job's property and his sons were not destroyed, but that it was only a make-believe of the devil.

JOHN W. BELL. Near Springfield, Tenn., Mar. 4, 1878.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING.

The views of our correspondent have the merit of originality. He says, in addition, that the last chapter of Job bears the same date as the first—cir 1520. He forgot that our translators put in the margin, "Moses is thought to have wrote the Book of Job whilst among the Midianites, before Christ cir 1520." Dr. Hales thinks Job "lived about 184 years before the time of Abraham." Abraham was born, according to Usher, B. C. 1996. The calamity which came upon Job's children, servants, and property, seems to have been as real as that which came upon his body. There is a curious addition made to the ninth verse of the second chapter in the Septuagint (the Greek translation of the Old Testament): "And when much time had passed, his wife said to him, How long wilt thou hold out, saying, Behold I wait yet a little while, expecting the hope of my deliverance? for, behold, thy memorial is abolished from the earth, even thy sons and daughters, the pangs and pains of my womb which I bore in vain with sorrows; and thou thyself sittest down to spend the nights in the open air among the corruption of worms, and I am a wanderer and a servant from place to place and house to house, waiting for the setting of the sun, that I may rest from my labors and my pangs which now beset me; but say some word against the Lord and die." It is indeed remarkable that while the property of Job was doubled after his affliction, his children were of the same number; but they were clearly not the same spoken of in Job i.; cf. viii. 4. The narrative implies miraculous interposition, and the miracle is the more obvious by the precise number of children given him after his restoration to prosperity. The Septuagint has a curious variation and addition at the close of the book, which some of our readers may be curious to see. Here it is:

13. And there were born to him seven sons and three daughters. 14. And he called the first, Day; and the second, Casia, and the third, Amalthus the horn. 15. And there were not found in comparison with the daughters of Job, fairer women than they in all the world; and their father gave them an inheritance among their brethren. 16. And Job lived after his affliction a hundred and seventy years; and all the years he lived were two hundred and forty; and Job saw his sons and his son's sons, the fourth generation. 17. And Job died, an old man and full of days; and it is written that he will rise again with those whom the Lord raises up.

This man is described in the Syriac book as living in the land of Auisis, on the borders of Idumea and Arabia; and his name before was Jobab; and having taken an Arabian wife, he begot a son whose name was Ennon. And he himself was the son of his father Zoro, one of the sons of Esau, and of his mother Bosphora, so that he was the fifth from Abraham. And these were the kings who reigned in Edom, which country he also ruled over; first, Balac, the son of Beor, and the name of his city was Dennaaba; but after Balac, Jobab, who is called Job; and after him Asom, who was governor out of the country of Theman; and after him Adad, the son of Barad, who destroyed Madiam in the plain of Moab; and the name of his city was Cethaim. And his friends who came to him were Eliphaz, of the children of Esau, king of the Themanites, Baldad, sovereign of the Sauchans, Sophar king of the Minians.—Nashville Ad.

A New York Catholic paper, writing of the death of Pope Pius IX., an old gentleman who did not die until eighty-six years of age, says:—"They have killed him at last! Seven years, four months, and twenty-two days of imprisonment have done their murderous work!

I PRAY FOR THEE.

BY S. M. D. (Republished by request.)

When thou art very weak and weary, dear, When it is dark and all seems dreary here, And suddenly a light almost divine, Upon thy doubting eyes and heart doth shine, And thou the way to go dost plainly see, Know, dearest heart, that then I pray for thee.

Far off in little chamber I am saying These words, all softly, and God hears me praying: Dear Lord I do not know If all is well With him whom I love so, But thou canst tell: O give him light to see! O with him ever be Till all is well!

When with a weight of sorrow and of fears Crushed to the earth thou weepst bitter tears, Lo! gently round thee arms of tenderest love Raise thee from depths of woe, and far above Thou hear'st a sweet voice saying "Trust in me!"

Know dearest heart, that then I pray for thee. Then with full heart of love to God I'm saying These words, all softly, and he hears me praying: O Lord, perhaps to-day, Down in the dust, He thinks not thou didst say "Heart, in me trust!" Oh save him, Lord, in love; Oh lift him up above, Out of the dust!

When all the answering beauty of the soul Is throbbing, thrilling, with the rapturous whole Of nature, as an odorous summer night The tremulous stars thy senses all delight, Thou feel'st higher joys than these can be, Know, dearest heart, that then I pray for thee. For at my twilight window I am saying These words, all softly, and God hears me praying:

Dear Father, as to-night He sees the sky With glorious beauty light, To thee on high Who this rare radiance wrought Raise his adoring thought,— Above the sky.

When tenderly beside some stricken child Thou standest and dost speak of Jesus mild, Dost whisper of his patience and his death, It seems to thee as if some quickening breath Of God's rich power in thine own words might be, Know, dearest heart, that then I pray for thee.

With all the knowledge-power of love I'm saying These words, all softly, and God hears me praying: Be with him, Lord, to-day And him inspire; As lovingly a way, A path far higher, He shows to blinded heart To his thoughts warmth impart; His words inspire.

And if e'en now eyes better loved than mine Waken that wondrous tenderness in thine, If all thy better self to life is stirred By other's look, or touch, or gentle word, If one is dearer now than I can be, Still, dearest heart, believe I pray for thee.

Between my sobbing and my tears I'm saying These words, all softly, and God hears me praying: Dear Lord, if it is best, Make him more glad! Give to him joy and rest; I may be sad— I can most lonely be— Dear Lord, if only he Is made more glad.

Nor think that I in arrogance would claim The credit of these gifts. In Jesus' name I'm praying for thee always—and my prayer Is answered—that I too may have my share In thy great work because I pray for thee.

Thus always in my loneliness I'm saying Such words, all softly, and God hears me praying: Dear Lord, both he and I Are far from strong; To each of us be nigh;— The way is long— Perhaps he needs not me— Jesus, we both need thee!— Make us more strong!

Special Conference Committees were in session almost all last week. The President who sat on all of them, must have been very fatigued. I hear that the upshot of the meeting of the Theological Institution Committee is, that it is almost certain the new college will be founded in the Midland Counties.—Lon Methodist.

OBITUARY.

DEATHS ON THE APOHAQUI CIRCUIT.

In the early part of last fall those who professed to be weather wise gave it as their opinion that owing to a certain peculiarity in the state of the atmosphere the coming winter would be marked by a general tendency to dis ease in the surrounding countries. This prediction has been fully realized in regard to this locality. It has never been our lot to witness so many scenes of mortality as have fallen under our notice during the few months of our connection with this circuit.

Among the more aged may be noticed first MR. McMILLEN of the Head of Mill Stream who after eighty-eight years of toil in this vale of tears quietly fell asleep trusting in Christ looking for a better resurrection.

MRS. SHARP of Carsonville, after many years of the most exemplary connection with the Methodist Church in that place, entered the dark valley in triumph leaving behind a blessed testimony that she had gone to be with God.

MRS. CRAWFORD, of Mount Pleasant though out down in the midst of her days felt that for her to die would be gain.

HENRY BULVER, just blooming into manhood was removed from time in a most unexpected manner by the falling of a tree, in the garden of Joseph Frasier, one of the flowers was nipped by the winds unkindly blast and it soon faded away.

CORNELIUS PARLEE, advanced in life, was called to mourn the loss of his son to whom he looked for comfort and support. Two vacant seats in the family circle of JOHN WRIGHT remind him of the fleeting nature of all earthly joys.

Death has raised two additional Monuments in the Church Yard, at the Head of Mill Stream, by the removal of two members of the family of GEORGE HAYS. These with many others have fallen victims to that fearful disease diphtheria.

To swell the number we have within the last few days committed to the tomb three members of the family of PETER CARR WRIGHT, and what adds to the calamity both himself and his wife and the rest of his family were all prostrate with the disease so that they were prevented from following their loved ones to the grave, and at the present time the recovery of some other members of the family is very doubtful.

Reports from other localities remind us that we are not the only community that has been called to endure the chastening hand of the Almighty. And thus the various forms of human woe that affect our fallen nature declare to us very forcibly that we live in a world disordered by sin, and it will be well if National calamities and domestic sorrows lead men to recognize the hand of God in the movements of his providence and be the means of turning them to him that smites them.

It is well for us amid the pressure of life's difficulties to look away from the dark side of the picture, and fix an eye of faith on that beautiful world where there is no sorrow nor crying, that when we depart this life we may reach that happy place,

Where sighing grief shall weep no more And sin shall never enter there. W. TWEEDIE. Apohaqui, April 4th, 1878.

MRS. ELLEN J. DAVISON.

Died at Bay Verte, Feb. 2nd, 1878, Ellen J., the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Davison, in the 34th year of her age. When about ten years old the deceased gave evidence of adoption into the family divine and of the renewing of the Holy Ghost. From that period to life's latest moment she gave undoubted proof of the reverse of ostentation, yet no good enterprise lacked her aid so long as the decaying tabernacle would allow. It seemed her aim to be no idler in the vineyard of the Master. As a teacher in the Sabbath school she was painstaking and zealous—as organist in the church she was efficient and devout—as a member of the church she was consistent and of good report—as a member of the community she was greatly beloved. But her work is done—and while it was yet noon her sun went down. Her illness though protracted was cheerfully endured. When death came he was denuded of his terrors, and she met him without alarm. She sleeps as a wise virgin, waiting to hear, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Blessed is the memory of the just. J. S. A.

WILLIAM G. TUTTLE.

Died at Wentworth, March 26th, at the age of 52, beloved and respected by all who knew him, Mr. Wm. G. Tuttle. His end was peace. Such are the tidings, telling, again of death (whose cold ray had none can withstand), breaking in upon love's strong ties, snapping them as easily as the ice storm is snapping the huge boughs of poplar and willow close by the window where we are penning these lines, and leaving broken hearts to mourn over the loss of a kind husband and affectionate father. For six months tender hands have watched him and rendered constant attentions, but nothing can break death's grasp away.

"Night dews fall not more gently to the ground, Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft."

It seemed that a gentle sleep so quietly the spirit took its flight. We sorrow not as those without hope, in the midst of wilderness wanderings the Lord vouchsafed his guidance, and amidst much glory and fervent faith, he passed peacefully away to the better land.

"The Christian sleeps—in Jesus—blessed thought! Hush, mourners! though ye could, awake him not!"

Would ye recall him from the home of bliss, The "better country," to a land like this? To weep as we are weeping. No, brother! slumber now, and take thy rest, In the low sleeping place which Christ hath blessed. Till the great Easter morning light the skies."

W. G. L.