

service, and are sent back to their regiments, or incurable, and sent home to their friends and relatives. But not a few every year leave it only to be borne away to that lonely and secluded cemetery, far from loved ones and the homes of their childhood, to be laid beside the many weary ones who had gone before them to be at rest. Yes, there, as in all burial places, rest the *bodies* of the departed amongst mankind. Put what of the *souls* of the departed? Are they all at rest after the ceaseless toil and trouble and grief and hardship of life's battle field? Ah no! of all of them it cannot be said that they are at rest; for to myriads of unhappy souls, the weariness and sufferings of earth would indeed be rest, compared with the ceaseless unrest and agony and woe which they are now enduring, and shall for ever endure throughout eternity. For them there is no rest day nor night. These are they who, while on earth, thought only of their bodies desiring only rest and ease and comfort for them, and caring nothing whatever about obtaining and securing everlasting rest for their immortal souls. They are now in the dread abode of darkness and despair, and it is of heaven alone that it can be truly said, "there the weary be at rest." For there alone there is rest for the weary, there alone there is sweet and everlasting repose for the weary, troubled soul. That sweet rest is reserved only for those who have sought and found refuge in Christ upon earth. Though, through the manifold troubles and trials of life they may long to depart and be at rest, yet by the strength he imparts to them, they are enabled to bear up bravely through all, buoyed up by the blessed prospect of everlasting rest, and even enabled amid all their earthly troubles, to enjoy sweet rest in their souls, with the consciousness of his presence and favour. For them, and them alone, are all the glorious promises of rest both here and hereafter. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "He shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." Sweet and precious promises of rest are these and such as these to all of us who are at present engaged in the weary turmoil of life, and bearing the

precious promises, without such blessed hopes and prospects to encourage and support us, how often would we feel ready to despond! to lay down our armour before the close of the fight! to stop short and give in before the race was half-way finished. Let us all endeavour, then, to bear up bravely under all the troubles and trials of life which we are called upon to endure. Let us fight as warriors the good fight of faith. Let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us. For us to live, let that be Christ, and then for us to die, that will be gain—all gain. Our wearied, worn-out bodies will rest in their graves until they are called forth to join our glorified souls in the place of everlasting rest above, in those blessed and heavenly mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare for us and all his people. There we shall throughout eternity enjoy complete, unbroken rest; for nothing that has saddened and crushed our wearied souls on earth shall be permitted to interfere with our perfect rest above. There all shall be perfectly tranquil and serene. There no tears shall bedim our eyes. There no grief shall sadden our brows; for all causes of sorrow shall be completely excluded. We shall rest in the smiles and the love and favour of God. We shall rest on the bosom of the blessed Saviour who has procured that rest for us. We shall rest from sin which shall no more be permitted to disturb or annoy us. We shall rest from all our earthly toils and labour, and sufferings; and, resting thus perfectly and for ever, our rest shall indeed be glorious.

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The interesting address which we publish above was recently delivered by Rev. Mr. Galbraith at Hopewell. Within the last two or three years we have had several accessions to our Presbytery of able ministers. Mr. Galbraith is our latest addition, and during the few months he has been amongst us he has given us abundant reason to regard him as not merely an accession but an ornament to the Pictou Presbytery.

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At Point Levis, P. Q., one hundred and twenty French Canadians are girding their loins to set out from the bondage of Romanism, as the result of the labours of the Protestant Missionary there. "Still, there's more to follow."