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"IF I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING"—S. 137

### REST FOR THE WEARY,

*By Rev. P. Galbraith, Hopewell.*

JOB III, 17. "There the weary be at Rest."

How sad and mournful are many of the utterances of Job while overwhelmed by his terrible afflictions! What language could he utter, so than that of the chapter from which these words are taken, in which he actually curses the day of his birth, and laments that ever he had been born? In his utter desolation and anguish of spirit he looks around him, as it were, to see if there be any place, any refuge for him to flee to, and be at rest, from his overwhelming troubles and afflictions; and his anxious and wearied gaze settles upon the grave as such a place. He seems envious of those lying there, enjoying its peaceful repose, all unconscious of, and undisturbed by, the vain tumults and turmoils of life. What a soothing stillness and peacefulness seems to reign there, amongst those who in life may have been at enmity and variance, and even raged upon each other as foes in mortal combat!

Who has not been strongly impressed with the extraordinary stillness of a church yard or cemetery? It is especially impressive to any one who, after having been jostled by the eagerly hurrying crowd, and deafened by the ceaseless noise and uproar of a large city, has wandered out along the country road to the face of the dead. He is there strongly touch-

ed and impressed by the great contrast between the city and the cemetery; the former, how stirring and noisy; the latter, how perfectly still and peaceful! For there life's vain tumults are past. There life's weary pilgrimage is o'er. There the wicked cease from troubling. There the oppressor's voice is no more heard. There the rod of the tyrant is forever laid aside. There persecutors no longer persecute. There hatred and envy are perished. There masters and servants, princes and beggars lie side by side, and mingle their dust together. There prisoners and slaves are released from their bondage. And "there the weary be at rest"

"Levelled by death, the conqueror and the slave,

The wise and foolish, cowards and the brave,  
Lie mixed and undistinguished in the grave."

Often in the course of my ministerial labors in the South of England, while acting as Chaplain to the Invalid Soldiers in the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, near Southampton, have I had this reflection of the text strongly impressed upon me—"there the weary be at rest"—as I have stood in the lonely and secluded Military Cemetery there, waiting to perform the funeral service at the grave of many a weary, toilworn soldier, who had come from a far country and unbuckled his armour, and laid himself down to die. Many such weary ones have I buried in that solitary cemetery, which lies about half a mile distant from the Hospital. It was a touching sight, as I stood there, to watch the humble funeral procession slowly wending its way thither. First came the black car on which the plain