

bosom of the eternal mind, that led Him to provide mercy for such helpless sinners! Unless He loves with an everlasting love, and draws sinners with loving kindness, they are undone forever.

Draw me, O Lord with love divine,
And I will follow thee;
Turn me, and on my darkness shine,
That I myself may see.

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EDITORIAL.

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"There the wicked cease from troubling;
and there the weary be at rest.

There the prisoners rest together; they hear
not the voice of the oppressor.

The small and great are there; and the ser-
vant is free from his master.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in
misery, and life unto the bitter in soul;

Which long for death, but it cometh not;
and dig for it more than for hid treasures;

Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad,
when they can find the grave?

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,
and whom God hath hedged in?

For my sighing cometh before I eat, and my
roarings are poured out like the waters.

For the thing which I greatly feared is come
upon me, and that which I was afraid of is
come unto me." Job 3: 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22,
23, 24 and 25 verses.

Job was a man of singular piety, and more singular trial perhaps than any other man; he is supposed to have lived in Idumea at a very early period of the world. That there was actually a man called Job, there need be no doubt, and that the character and trials of Job are clearly set forth in the three first chapters of his life or book of Job. Although he was actually a man, yet he was a "Parable," that is, his actual life and trials were to represent the christian course or the church of Christ as a body. Hence, he is said to be perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil. The perfection spoken of may be a comparative perfection, or it may be perfect in the inner man, whose aims and desires in all christians are to live in the perfect law of Christ; and to this perfect law of Christ, written in their hearts, their outer man is daily arraigned for trial. Hence, the bitterness of Job's life is so often spoken of in his history, because his perfection, if applied to his outer man, was only a comparative perfection, that is, his general conduct was better than the conduct of men in general, visibly so considered, by all that were acquainted with him. Yet, when

compared with the perfect law of God, as Job was wont to do, his life fell far short of being such a life as to render him happy, but quite miserable. Job's way of looking, however, was not God's way of counting perfection; for God looks at Job in Christ's perfect righteousness, being complete in Him, and so speaks of him when He introduces Job to the world of mankind, and calls the attention of Satan to him as a model man, one that fears God, one that is upright, one that is perfect. Perhaps it was from this high character given Job by the Lord, that first brought him under the scorn and ridicule of the devil, and his abettors. For so soon as God announces Job's character to the world as a perfect and upright man, the devil and the world of legal professors, as they do yet, mistake God's view of Job in Christ, for God's view of Job (in Job,) and no great wonder at this mistake in the blind, for Job himself seems, at times, to look at his natural or outer life, to be the upright and perfect life, attributed to him by God himself, and seeing his enemies expecting such a life at his hands, in order that God should be true and Job justified; and finding that same war in his members that St. Paul, the "chief of sinners" and the "less than the least of all saints," found in his outer man, causing him to do, in his visible man, the things that his invisible man would not do, and even hated and condemned, and causing him to leave undone many things that his spiritual man would do, brings Job in the bitterness of his soul to curse the day wherein he was born. Job 3:1. This conduct of Job sheweth the bitterness of his outer life, called his day the cursing of Job, was simply condemning his day, that is, first, the day, or night, or hour that give to him an existence in time, and associated him with a body of sin and death. Second, the entire day of his life of corruption, sin and vanity, his whole life in the flesh, and all the desires of the flesh, be them small or great, are by Job, in the one sentence of, "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived." If Job's life had been one of uprightness in the flesh, and perfect in its nature, so that he could have relied upon any part of his life for justification,

he could not have cursed his entire day. Hence, he saith, "Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it."

Job, like all christians, here looks upon his life in the flesh, as a dark history, a very poor picture of a perfect man, but like the honest penitent, confesses to the dark likeness of his human nature, and saith, my whole life in the flesh, or the day of my natural existence is to my inner man very dark, and every step I take is marked with sin. But what shall I say? Can I deny, when mine enemies say of me, your life is a dark one? No, never, but I will say, "Let that day be darkness." I am as willing to condemn it as you are, and grieve much more over it than any one else. Yea, and can say, moreover, "let not God regard it from above." Job here does not wish God to sacrifice His justice to regard or favor his course, but confesses and resigns all to His mercy. Yea, he sets about rather to cry down his life than justify it, for saith he, "Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it."—That is, it is so corrupt it is fit for nothing else; it does not honor God, and I therefore wish it stained out of existence by darkness and the shadow of death. So Job continues his denunciations of his evil life on down to the grave, and says, "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest."

The word "wicked," embraces not only men and devils that annoy us, but it includes all of our inbred sins that break out of our nature like burning volcanoes, casting forth our inward corruptions; these are as much the "wicked" as visible organized bodies of animated matter. Hence, the christian, like Job, is often in bitterness of soul, cursing or condemning the day in which he was born. But surely the lot of some christians is harder than others. Job's trials as a man, were evidently greater than were Enoch's; his afflictions were unequalled in the history of man, yet he was as surely the child of God as was Enoch. Peter met with more difficulties than John, yet they were both disciples; and so it is yet, some poor dear children of God, like Job, are surrounded with such a multi-

tude of afflictions that you scarcely can touch them, from the sole of the foot to the head, except you touch a sore or a scar, that is, their entire life is surrounded with such circumstances that every thing they say, or do, or think, is only productive of pain. Yea, they often think that all their trials are because of God's disapprobation to them, and the many temptations and sins you feel, and the corruption you see in yourself will yet banish you from your dear Saviour. But oh, poor, tempted, distressed and tried, ye fearful, that are ready to faint by the way, come give me your hand, and let us sing:

"Hosannas with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand."

Job's trials were such that nothing earthly could comfort him, the natural pleasures of life were swallowed up in adversity—he could see nothing in time and sense, to count his stay or to make life a pleasure to him. Hence he views the grave as the only end of his bitterness, and the only chance to be rid of the burden of a heavy heart; the only dwelling of peace to him, for saith he, "There the weary be at rest." Oh! ye resting dead, will you admit one more poor, wayworn, tried, heavy laden, disquieted pilgrim, whose hopes are cut off from the living? Will you admit me, as a prisoner of silence and forgetfulness, that I may rest with you, when the wicked will cease to ever trouble my now weary breast, and where I shall never, no, never, hear any more the voice of the oppressors? Then our mortality will be swallowed up of life, and all kindred ties that bind us here to earth will be loosed, and we will be among the slain as they that be dead of old; I shall there rest with the small and the great, and ever be free from the voice of the oppressor. What ever the oppressor be, and how ever loud and shrill his voice, it cannot reach me there; yea, though I now be the servant of sin in my flesh, and the servant of tyrannical laws, tyrannical men, or tyrannical devils; Yea, although poverty, misfortunes, disappointments, disquietude and all other causes of pain, should here exult over me as my master, yet, there I, your servant, will be free from you all.—Here I often ask, "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery."