

THE

# Home and Foreign Record

OF

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE LOWER PROVINCES

JULY, 1871.

## TIME FOR PREPARATION.

There can be no reasonable doubt that two Missionaries will be sent forth by the Synod of the Lower Provinces, during the present season, to the New Hebrides. Now it should be remembered, that between the meeting of Synod and their departure, the time will be short, indeed only two or three months. It is high time that congregations intending to express their interest in our mission and missionaries by contributing for the clothing of the natives were moving. Some of the material provided should be made into clothing, and part sent uncut.

Besides clothing for the natives, articles of a more general character may be provided: tools to aid the missionaries in building, and goods as a more general outfit. For direction respecting the kind of articles suitable to the people and climate, we refer all to a letter of Mr. Hugh Robertson in the *Record* for February last, or to the *Record* of the Church of the Maritime Provinces for the same month.

Many hands, it is said, make work light, and if one-fourth of our congregations do anything, there is yet sufficient time, to provide our Missionaries with evidence that we appreciate their devotion, and desire to diminish their trials and discomforts as far as we can. Articles can be forwarded with least expense to the the Store of C. D. Hunter, Esq., Halifax, who is willing now, as he was in times past, to provide storage, besides giving personal attention and aid in preparing the boxes for shipment.

*What is to be done, however, must be done quickly.* In times past, boxes have come

in at the very last hour, and in some cases have had to be sent off in packages unsuitable for so long a voyage.

The goods should be carefully packed in strong boxes, if designed to go without being transferred, and addressed to the care of one of the out-going Missionaries.

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## THE LOVE OF GOD.

Oh how wondrous high and deep and broad it is; it is longer than the earth and broader than the sea. It runs back farther than we can follow, and forward farther than thought can range. It reaches from the highest heaven down deep as human woes. Oh the length and the breadth, the height and the depth of the love of God; it passeth knowledge.

Blessed is the man, yea, thrice blessed, who knows the love of God. The experience of the soul which has endured the storm of terrible conviction and passed out into the consciousness of a child beloved is so sweet, joyous and thrilling, that there is nothing like it in human experience. Talk of the feeling of the slave escaped from the tyrant's power, after passing through Southern swamps, over swollen streams, through mountain gorges, by night and day, through storm and calm, ever wending his northward way, the human hounds still on his track, until at last he stands on soil which slaves cannot tread, and knows that he is free. Genius has embalmed that experience in story and poetry has preserved it in song. We appreciate it, but ah, it is weak and poor and tame compared