

THE HOME & FOREIGN RECORD

OF THE

CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

No. 1.

JANUARY, 1872.

Vol. XI.

CONTENTS:

POETRY.		Saskatchewan Mission.....	17
"Winter,".....	1	State of Religion.....	17
Review of the Past Year.....	2	PROCEEDINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.	
MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.		Presbyteries of Ottawa—London—Simcoe	
Letter from Rev. James Nisbet.....	8	—Toronto—Stratford—Cobourg—Owen	
Free Church Missions.....	9	Sound—Brockville.....	18 to 24
United Presbyterian Missions.....	10	COMMUNICATIONS.	
English Presbyterian Missions.....	11	A visit to the Rev. C. Chiniquy's Mission..	25
Irish Presbyterian Missions.....	11	Religious Services on the Intercolonial Rail- way.....	26
GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.		The late J. McKee, Esq.....	23
HOME ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.		NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.	
Calls, &c.....	15	The Collected Writings of J. H. Thornwell.	30
Foreign Missions.....	15	Moneys Received.....	30
Griffintown Mission, Montreal.....	16		

WINTER.

(From the German.)

The summer's gorgeousness is gone;
Snow-drifts the fallows cover;
The winter storms rush roaring on,
Hills, woods, and valleys over.
The soil is iron-bound by frost,
And all its quick'ning power is lost.

Though rude the season, naught can
No bitter cold can pain me, [harm—
With roof to shield and raiment warm,
And bread and wine sustain me;
My couch, when day has reach'd its close,
Affords me, slumb'ring, soft repose.

Far other is the poor man's state,
Whose food and clothing fail him;
On him life's hardships grimly wait
When cold and want assail him.
His famish'd children's weak embrace
But adds to winter's miseries.

While thousands thus, these rugged
Are suffering and complaining, [days,
A better fate my life displays,
Prosperity retaining.
For this thy thanks, with joyfulness,
O thou, my heart, to God express.

Think not of what thou wantest still,
And others may be sharing:
Think of the griefs that others feel;
And Heaven's constant caring;
Pray, "Father, grant me true content,
And keep me safe from detriment."

Do not, my happy heart, delay
The poor man's hut to visit;
And let not his deep misery
Thy aid in vain solicit.
Ah! they who pity never feel
Deserve no part in winter's weal.

J. B.