

THE

# Home and Foreign Record

OF

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

JANUARY, 1867.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Another year hath fled; renew

Lord, with our days Thy love!

Our days are evil here, and few;

We look to live above.

We will not grieve, though day by day,

We pass from earthly joys away;

Our joy abides in Thee;

Our joy abides in Thee!

Yet, when our sins we call to mind,

We cannot fail to grieve;

But Thou art pitiful and kind,

And wilt our prayer receive:

O Jesus, evermore the same

Our hope we rest upon Thy Name;

Our hope abides in Thee;

Our hope abides in Thee!

For all the future, Lord prepare

Our souls with strength Divine;

Help us to cast on Thee our care,

And on Thy servants shine:

Life without Thee is dark and drear;

Death is not death if Thou art near:

Our life abides in Thee;

Our life abides in Thee!

With God a thousand years are as one day; and one day is as a thousand years. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the great I AM. How affectingly are we reminded of the brevity of our own lives when we think of Him! "For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." How many can take up the

words of the Psalmist: "He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days. I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days; thy years are through all generations. Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them and they shall be changed. But thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."

The span of life is short at best; but how often is it cut in the midst, and the three score and ten become dim in the distant horizon! The grave is ever devouring the young and old. Death pays no more regard to tender years than it does to the scant white hairs of old age. Again let us adopt the words of the Psalmist: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The year that has closed has been one of mercy mingled with judgment. The Lord has shown Himself to be slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth. He has blessed us with fruitful seasons; He has kept war and famine, and pestilence from among us. We still as a part of the British Empire stand among the foremost nations of the earth—first in privileges, first in responsibilities. The light of the Gospel shines gloriously around us. Time passes; death comes; but the Gospel opens for us the way to that kingdom where there is no more death, and where time is swallowed up in eternity.

The cup of our blessings has not been