

# THE HOME & FOREIGN RECORD

OF THE  
CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

No. 7.

JULY, 1871.

Vol. X.

## CONTENTS:

<p>Summer, (<i>From the German</i>)..... 193</p> <p>Acts and Proceedings of the Second General Assembly of the Canada Presbyterian Church..... 194</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.</p> <p>Meetings of Assemblies and Synods..... 211</p> <p style="text-align: center;">HOME ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.</p> <p>Calls, &amp;c..... 214</p> <p>Collection for Assembly Fund..... 215</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">PROCEEDINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.</p> <p>Presbyteries of Huron, Ottawa, Cobourg, London, Simcoe.....215-218</p> <p style="text-align: center;">OBITUARY.</p> <p>The Late Rev. James Duncan..... 220</p> <p>Moneys Received..... 227</p> <p>Receipts for RECORD..... 228</p>
---	---

## SUMMER.

(*From the German.*)

Joy everywhere is my attendant !  
 How lovely, Lo'd, this world of thine!  
 In festal garments cloth'd, resplendent  
 Hill, valley, field and forest shine.  
 Look where I may, whate'er my station,  
 O'erpower'd with awe and veneration,  
 Thee, O Creator, Thee I see,  
 On every field, in every creature,  
 Whate'er the form, whate'er the feature,  
 Father of all ! I see but Thee.

"Exalt the Lord your God with gladness,"  
 The trees, full foliage'd, rustling teach;  
 "Why dream away your days in sadness,  
 With such a world, so fair, so rich?"  
 Field, garden, mead, with bright adorn-  
 ing,  
 All gleaming in the dews of morning  
 Say, "Freely are God's gifts bestow'd:"  
 The roaring floods are loud professing  
 "God is the Fount of every blessing,"  
 The brook's low murmur praises God.

See how the heads of corn are bending !  
 How swell they out their serried grains!  
 The tender stalk, such weight impending,  
 Its precious burden scarce sustains.  
 Here toil the bees, their hoards enlarging  
 And debt of service due discharging

Toronto.

From God's own flow'rs in fullest bloom;  
 While there, before its transformation,  
 The silkworm weaves its habitation—  
 Its habitation and its tomb.

How hast Thou, God of pow'r and kind-  
 ness,  
 So fatherly upon us thought !  
 Thy works appear, ev'n to our blindness,  
 Most fair, most wonderfully wrought.  
 Out of Thy stores, O God, o'erflowing,  
 Their grateful hearts with pleasure  
 glowing,  
 All living things by Thee are fed;  
 From hill and dale are all obtaining  
 The requisites to life's sustaining,  
 The cattle, grass; we, wine and bread.

Around me all is jubilation !  
 Thou, too, my soul, thy joy declare  
 In God's own beautiful creation  
 Whose blessing thou dost richly share.  
 Spread forth abroad His praise with  
 fervor,  
 Who is of thee, of all, Preserver—  
 Of all beneath the vault of heaven ;  
 Join in the universal chorus,  
 "To Thee, the gracious Ruler o'er us,  
 Be praise and thanks and glory given."

J. B.