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THE PAST YEAR.

Another year with all its joys and sorrows—its labours and responsibilities—its good and evil, is numbered with the past. A year, in the life time of nations—in the history of the world, is but a point of time, and its events will in the progress of ages, scarce occupy a single page of the historian's work; perhaps not a single line, while it will be absolutely as nothing when compared with eternity and the years of him, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

Yet in the life of every man, a year is no unimportant period. During that time we have spent 365 days, over 5000 waking hours, and over 300,000 waking minutes, throughout all of which, if not in our sleeping hours as well, our minds have been constantly active. How much useful effort is thus put forth in a single day—how much enjoyment or misery may be crowded into a single hour, or may result to ourselves and others from the actions of so brief a period. How many thoughts have sometimes passed through our minds in a single minute. Yet during all these hours our minds have never been idle. During all our waking moments, there has gone forth from every one of us a constant stream of thought and activity—by which our own souls have either been built up in good, or have been sinking deeper in their natural corruption; and we have been exerting an influence upon others, it may be as silent and as slow as that of the daily drop on drop that wears away the stone, but certain and sure, and to continue through the countless ages of e-

ternity. How great then the responsibilities of a single year!

There may be special events to render a particular year memorable in the history of man. And memorable no doubt has the past year been to many. To numbers it has brought worldly prosperity—and many more have witnessed the blasting of their expectations, and the ruin of worldly prospects. To thousands upon thousands it has brought the end of their earthly career—the termination of all present privileges—and the summons, "Give an account of thy stewardship for thou mayst be no longer steward." Many during the past year have passed from death unto life, while alas, it is to be feared that many, under the preaching of the gospel, by continuing to reject offered mercy, have during the past year reached that point in the hardening of their hearts that justice has said, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone." Who can reflect on all the scenes of sorrow and gladness—of responsibility and of judgment of a single year without solemn and profitable emotion!

On the wider theatre of the world, a single year is fraught with events of deepest importance to the destinies of our race. Ours is called a fast age—too true in the worst sense of that expression—an age full of self elation, and scorning the accumulated wisdom of all past ages—impatient of the restraints of law human and divine, and but for the resistance which the great Ruler of the world is raising up in various ways, which would plunge society into wreck and ruin. And yet true also in a better sense—