

THE Home and Foreign Record

OF

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

DECEMBER, 1864.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

This is a time of gladness, of warm greetings, good wishes, tender remembrances and grateful benefactions between friend and friend, relations, neighbours, parents and children, ministers and people, poor men and rich men. It is fit that we should express our kindly feelings in deeds as well as words. If your heart devises liberally, let not your hand hold back. Among your benefactions forget not God's poor ones far off in heathen lands, waiting in thick darkness for the light of salvation. Forget not His poor ones near your home, along our own rugged coasts and among our lonely hills and valleys. Forget not the CAUSE OF CHRIST in its varied aspects, social, and ecclesiastical, and benevolent. Christ is thy dearest friend who laid down his life for thee; surely at this glad season of the year thou wilt not forget his cause!

The votaries of pleasure falsely so called will expend incalculable wealth on things that perish with the using and that bring no true joy to any man and no glory to the Blessed Saviour. The wretched drunkard and glutton will expend much on his own vile and dying carcase. What will you expend for Him that loved us and that hath washed us from our sins in His own blood? No time of the year is more appropriate than this for bringing our gifts into His treasure house that His cause may be in no respect cramped for lack of the means which we can supply. We can give Him nothing that He has not given us, then let us approach His Majesty with our gifts, humbly, prayerfully, thankfully, cheerfully.

THE HOME MISSION.

It is gratifying to find that while an unusual interest is manifested in our Foreign Mission, the Home Mission is not forgotten but is, on the whole, in a very hopeful if not a thoroughly satisfactory position. This is as it should be. There is not, there cannot be, any antagonism between the two. They must prosper or perish together. It is when a nation is thriving and vigorous in its own proper home that its ships are sent to traffic in the ports of other continents—that its flag is respected on every sea—that its guns thunder terror to the foe and hope to the oppressed. Let languour, weakness, disorganization begin at home, and the effect will be felt to the most distant extremities.

Charity indeed begins at home; but it has been well said that she is often better for a change of air and that to save her life, she must sometimes go abroad and breathe the air of far-off climes. But were she always to have her eyes in the ends of the earth and her feet, upon lofty mountains how speedily would her home become disorganized and desolate, the seat of a curse and not a blessing! How soon would she become pale, nerveless, lifeless!

Beautiful as are the results of Mission work abroad,—peace and love ruling where once there was nought but bitterness, strife, cruelty and death,—not less beautiful is the sight of oases reclaimed in the sad moral deserts at home, when the voice of praise is heard where we were wont to hear the lies and the blasphemies of the wicked,—when the ordinances of a pure faith are established in the heart of the wilderness, and flow-