

# THE HOME & FOREIGN RECORD

OF THE  
CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

No. 4.

APRIL, 1873.

Vol. XII.

## CONTENTS:

<p>Poetry—My ain Coutrie..... 97</p> <p>Outline Sketch of the History of Presbyterianism in Canada ..... 98</p> <p>The late Dr. Guthrie ..... 101</p> <p>The Vanity of the World—A Story for the Young ..... 103</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.</p> <p>Missions of Free Church of Scotland ..... 106</p> <p>    " United Presbyterian Church ..... 107</p> <p>    " Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces..... 108</p> <p style="text-align: center;">HOME ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.</p> <p>Calls, &amp;c..... 110</p> <p>Meetings of Synods ..... 111</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROCEEDINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.</p> <p>Presbytery of Ottawa ..... 112</p> <p>    " Ontario ..... 113</p>	<p>Presbytery of Toronto ..... 116</p> <p>    " Sucece ..... 117</p> <p>    " Paris ..... 117</p> <p>    " Stratford ..... 119</p> <p>    " London ..... 119</p> <p>    " Owen Sound..... 120</p> <p>    " Bruce ..... 121</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CORRESPONDENCE.</p> <p>Presby. of African Presbyterian Church ..... 121</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MONEYS RECEIVED.</p> <p>Moneys Received ..... 123</p> <p>Moneys Received by Mr. W. King..... 127</p> <p>Knox College Student's Missionary Society..... 127</p> <p>Students' Missionary Society, Presbyterian College, Montreal ..... 128</p> <p>Receipts for Record ..... 128</p>
--	--

## MY AIN COUNTRY.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,  
For the langed-for hame-bringing an' my Faither's welcome smiles;  
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see  
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain coutrie.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mqny-tinted, fresh an' gay;  
The birdies warble blitheily, for my Faither made them sae;  
But these sights an' these souns will as naething be to me,  
When I hear the angels singing in my ain coutrie.

I've His gude word o' promise that, some gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring,  
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see  
The King in His beauty, an' our ain coutrie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
But they'll never vex me 'nor be remembered mair,  
His bluid has made me white, His hand shall dr' mine ee'  
When He brings me hame at last to my ain coutrie.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be ganging hame to my Saviour's breast;  
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain coutrie.

He's faithfu' that has promised, He'll surely coe e again,  
He'll keep his tryst wi' me 't what hour I dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be  
To gang at any moment to my ain coutrie.