

have now borne the greater part of the burden and heat of the day in preparing within these walls for this profession, redouble our energy, and pray to God for an out-pouring of his spirit upon us, so that we may be thus fully and efficiently equipped for fighting the battles of the Lord against the mighty; and let you, our dear friends who may have perhaps come up this session for the first time, be firm and courageous. Let nothing daunt you. A period of six years preparation in this place may appear to you somewhat long, and that extensive field of literature and science over which you have to cross during that time, may appear to you almost unsurmountable, still let "Labor vincit omnia" ever be your watch word, and pray to God for support, and fear not but that he for whose service you are preparing yourselves, will strengthen you and enable you to go through all with credit and will this qualify you for being eventually powerful and successful workers in his own vineyard.

JOHN LIVINGSTON.

Queen's College, Nov. 27th, 1857.

FOR THE MONTHLY RECORD.

"Is it well with the Child?"

KINGS.

Is it well with the child? he is lying there,
Like a liv' so pale and still;
His waxen forehead and golden hair,
No dreams of the morning thrill.
Like heavy seals on the glad blue eyes,
His fringed eyelids fall,
And the lips that laughed in their scarlet dyes,
Are dumb to life's joyous call.

Is it well with the child? let his mother speak,
She is kneeling beside his bed,
Raining wild tears on the marble cheek,
Which tells her, her child is dead,
Dead, yet so living—love's fibres start
At the clasp of his little hands.
His sweet voice rings through her bleeding heart,
As with memory alone she stands.

Is it well with the child? wherefore ask her this,
When he lies so dumb and pale,
Deaf to her sorrow, and cold to her kiss,
Mute to her passionate wail?
Her crown of life is a fallen thing.
Her rose is but pallid dust,
Why touch the harp with its broken string,
Or speak of the perished trust.

Is it well with the child? she answered 'tis well,
Through her tears came the soft reply,
As she rose in the strength of a mighty spell,
Which shone in her steadfast eye;
It is well with the child, though not for her,
The stricken and silent one,
Yet she rises above the deepest stir,
For faith has the triumph won.

It is well with the child in the Shepherd's land,
Where the pastures are green and fair;
Strange power is given to that little hand,
To lead that mother where
The fold is open by day and night,
Calling the wanderers in,

To mansions filled with Emmanuel's light,
From a world of death and sin.

It is well with the child—she knew it was well,
Death took, but it gave the while
A pledge from the ~~thing~~ invisible, *King*
In the light of that holy smile.
Suffer 't be children to come unto me,
On earth was the Saviour's call,
With a breaking heart she bent the knee,
Christ took and she gave her all.

Yet gave with a patient, willing heart,
The gift which her father lent,
As a gem in that great Crown's glorious part,
Which shines as the firmament.
Those little lips learned the firstborn's song,
Whose music as healing fell:
Is it well with the child? her faith was strong,
She answered through tears, "It is well!"

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1862. M. J. K.

Address by Rev. Mr. Paton.

THE following address delivered at Sydney by the Rev. Mr. Paton—a missionary in the service of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Scotland—will be read with interest, as giving an account of the progress that has been made in the South Sea Islands. The extract is taken from the *Record of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces* :—

The Rev. J. G. Paton expressed his cordial thanks for the reception he had met with this evening, and only felt sorry that he was so unworthy of the kindness and approbation evinced towards him by the reverend fathers and brethren he saw around him. His object in appearing before them, as they had been informed, was to plead the cause of the mission with which he was connected, and to give a statement of the work in which, in the providence of God, he had been engaged for a little more than three years. The group of Islands which had been the scene of his labours was called the New Hebrides, rather more than a thousand miles from Sydney, consisting of upwards of thirty islands, with a population of a hundred and fifty thousand and these, with the exception of the inhabitants of one island, living in a state of the utmost depravity and heathen darkness. Fourteen years ago a missionary was sent there. The daily work of these savages then was fighting among themselves and feasting upon human flesh; the women were perfect slaves, having to do all the labour. They were frequently strangled, and infanticide was common. The grossest practices of savage heathen life were indulged in on the island of Aneiteum. It had a population of about three thousand, and these had been led by missionary labour to lay aside their idolatry, their worship of sticks and stones, and to embrace the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and the adoration of the true God. No longer were