

and say, "I do not think, after all, I have any right there; I do not think I will go in." Why I should be guilty of disobedience. But if instead of so acting—though I break all the laws of etiquette—though I be dressed just the reverse of what I should be—though I blunder out bad grammar, *I have done what I was told to do.*—*Spurgeon.* P. K.

—o—
"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

—Kings.

Is it well with the child? he is lying there,
Like a lily 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 loving—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 tempest's 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 mansion filled with Emmanuel's light,
From a world of death and sin.

Is it well with the child—she knew it was well,
Death took, but it gave the while
A pledge from the thing invisible,
In the light of that holy smile.
Suffer the 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.*"

Selected for Mrs. J——, on the sudden death
of her boy, by L. M.
Pictou, June 12, 1867.

LINES WRITTEN

BY THE LATE GEORGE WM. MACLEOD, OF NEW
LAIRG, "IN CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH."

Oh! mortal frame, how frail thou art,
In every sinew, nerve and part:
I heard a voice, deep-toned and clear,
That bids thee for the grave prepare.

The throbbings of my pulse do show
The shortness of my life below,
And every moment as it wings
Divides my soul from earthly things.

My body down to dust shall go,
My soul to endless bliss or woe;
The worms shall on my body feed.
Before its God my soul shall speed.

Oh! farewell earth and all beside,
I leave you now like ocean tide,
To waft o'er the dark vale of death,
And find a haven of rest at last.

Farewell, relations, friends of earth,
The Holy Spirit give you birth,
To die to sin, to live in love,
To meet in peace in heav'n above.

Oh! Father, Brothers, Sisters, dear,
Mourn not for me when I'm not here;
The hope of glory fills my breast,
Where weary souls may be at rest.

You soon must follow in this path
That leads down through the vale of death,
Yet pilgrims know there are two roads,
One leads to bliss, the next to hades.

They who do break the Lord's command
At his right hand shall never stand,
Unless they loud for mercy cry
And pardon find before they die.

They who do slight salvation here
Shall be in endless torment there;
Though here the sinner grace may know,
The thief with Christ to bliss did go.

The worldly ne'er shall find that rest,
Prepared for those that love Him best,
But doomed like Dives, in woe to lie,
While many a Lazarus rests on high.

May God preserve us from those sins
That mow our souls from glory wins;
Death soon shall knock at every door,
Oh! then, eternity, for evermore.

—o—

THE PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

THIS Presbytery held its quarterly meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wednesday, 5th June. Sederunt, Rev. John Goodwill, Moderator; Rev'ds. A. W. Herdman, A. McKay, A. Pollok, W. Stewart, J. Anderson, W. M. Philip, R. McCunn, J. McDonald, and W. McMillan; and John McKay, Esq., D. A. Fraser, Esq., M. P. P., John McLean, John A. McLean, Alex. McLean, and Robert Reid, Elders.

Mr. Philip presented a commission in favour of Mr. Patrick in place of Mr. H. McKenzie, resigned, which on explanation of the circumstances, was received and sustained.