

sions, had scarcely uttered a word since we left the house of prayer. There was no sound floating on the soft breeze that gently wafted over the lofty evergreens, embosoming the cultivated patches. It was a beautiful, serene Australian evening. At last the solemn silence was broken. In a firm and devout tone of voice, John said, "*I have been praying, Sir, for grace to bear the trial of this blessing.*" More than four times seven years have passed away since the sound of that sentence broke on my ear, in the stillness of the Australian night; but the incident is yet very vivid in my recollection. The little fact, and the great principle of spiritual instruction contained in it, have a thousand times pleased and profitted me. Yes, it is true: every cheering blessing of grace must be tried as by fire, especially the blessings of religious excitement. When they are given either in public or private devotion, indeed in any way, so that we are made partakers of joyous animation within, how needful it is to call to mind the principle of "the Australian settler," and imitate his example of silent, mental, devout effort, to obtain grace from heaven to "*bear the trial of the blessing!*"

*The weather will always be right.*—On another memorable occasion, returning from the same house of prayer in the wood, and passing together in the same direction, and over the same spot of ground, one other striking sentence was uttered by my devout friend. It was the season of harvest. John had reaped his wheat. It stood in shocks around us. The weather was very unfavorable. Rain had been almost incessantly descending for several days preceding. The corn was at the point of sprouting in the sheaf, and being greatly damaged; and the heavens were yet hung with the black and threatening clouds. I expressed my sympathy for him as the owner of the property now seen in danger, and my fears as to general results from the then unsettled state of the weather.—In doing so, I used a sort of common phraseology, indicating that it was now bad weather for the harvest. At the sound of "*bad weather*" from my lips, he appeared moved in an extraordinary manner. Instantly standing still in the midst of his dripping, discolored sheaves, feeling for the honor of his God, as the God of the weather, he looked at me with mingled seriousness and astonishment, and, with a kind of frown on his countenance, said, in an air of authority, "*I think, Sir, the weather will always be right.*" The next day, by a sudden change, the weather proving very fine, the heat of the sun from the bright heavens quickly