

A Sunday at Island Pond, another on the way, and we were home, home again, scarcely able to realize it, after being wonderfully kept, and brought through trials and dangers, by no means slight, on our journey round the world, and an absence of about two years. Our trip back had been shorter than the one out, for, including our month in England, we were only a little over five months from Melbourne, while, you remember, we left Quebec in September, and did not reach Australia till the following April.

The third day after our return to Quebec, our dear H. was born, a pleasant welcome home for us, and a richer gift than all the gold of Australia would have been. The old nest was again established, and the wee birdies thrived; the parents neither regretting the experiences of their southern migration, nor their flight north towards home, and rest again.

And now, I think, a few short extracts from letters received from a Beechworth friend, after our return, would be of interest to you, as showing the progress and prosperity of that place. They were written a year after we left:—

“MY DEAR MRS. C.,— \* \* \* \* \*

I have much satisfaction in being able to inform you, that the good seed sown by you in the hearts of the Beechworth children seems to have brought forth fruit one hundred fold. It would do you good to see the large number attending the Denominational School daily; but Sunday is the crowning day of all,—then, indeed, the children flock from all parts of the diggings, and their pretty voices may be heard united in praise and prayer to God. What a change from their forlorn state, when your heart first yearned towards them! I am sure it will also gratify you to learn that several of your scholars came to make enquiries after you, on hearing I had had a letter from Mr. C. Need I add how delighted they