

THE  
COTTAGER'S FRIEND,  
AND  
GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

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HE was a disbanded soldier, belonging to the old New South Wales corps, and was of that class of men, who, in one way or another, *must* make themselves prominent. Educated or uneducated, possessions or no possessions, servants of sin or servants of righteousness, in office or out of it, they stand before you in bold relief. If you turn to the annual Wesleyan Missionary Report for the year 1850, under the head of "Former Donations and Benefactions of Ten Pounds and upwards," you read, "Lees, Mr. John, 1826-29, £36. 1s.9d." This is the man, and his name no disgrace to that immortalizing record of benevolence. Illiterate, "the chief of sinners," before his conversion, and not without his failings afterwards, he was a man of God, possessing and exhibiting an extraordinary character, rescued from sin and wretchedness, want and woe, by "the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ."

*Drunkenness and the last Pig.*—John had a small allotment of land granted him by Government, and some other little aid to commence the "settler's" life. He was married and had a rising family. Hard work was not irksome to him. Several acres of tall timber-trees were felled by his axe, and the wood was burnt off. He was often seen diligently at work with his spade and hoe, amidst the usual array of standing "black stumps," the remains of the former occupants of the soil. His live stock increased, and was in a thriving way. But his strong propensity for drink, checked for a while by his industry, again grew on him, till he bore the marks of a reckless, confirmed drunkard. It happened in