

cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me." To any one who looks at the moral and spiritual interests of a country as the most important, this colony, with all its wealth and prosperity, is in a miserable condition. There are pulpits occupied by inferior talents, or a lukewarm and worldly spirit; there is the press, almost idle, or used by men with little love of truth and little conscience; there is the legislature, composed of men too much engrossed in their own concerns to pay much attention to the public weal; and there are great masses of wicked, wicked men, with scarcely one individual of correct principles and virtuous conduct to mingle with them, and tell them of better riches and happiness than those which they are seeking. It grieves me to the heart that my own influence is so very feeble; I am greatly deficient in courage and in skill; but, by my abstinence from the vices which are freely indulged in by those around me, I at least hang as a kind of dead weight upon their wickedness; and I may, perhaps, be enabled, at some future time, to advocate boldly, and with some degree of wisdom, the claims of my Divine Master to the trust, and love, and service of all men. Were I qualified, or could I qualify myself, to take my stand at the public press, and place the stamp of God's truth upon some portion of its productions, I would consider that my duty, as I believe it to be the thing most needed here; but a sense of unfitness will always keep me from that position.

I do not say that I will not return to Scotland; but, in the meantime, I do not see the path of duty clearly before me, and I will not leave the diggings until I do. If I remain in Australia, my comforts will be fewer, and my difficulties and trials more numerous than at home; but what of that, if, at the close of life, I can say I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith, &c.; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righ-

teousness. I am ambitious to be able to say, I live not to myself, and die not to myself; whether I live, I live unto the Lord, and whether I die, I die unto the Lord. There is another home to me besides Scotland, and perhaps the nearest and surest road to it for me is by Australia, not by Scotland. There are roads to it from every country, and to it all the good and true are travelling from every land. Shall we meet there, mother? "Jesus is the way." If we are both going there, we will meet soon enough, although we never meet again in this world.

I am, my dear mother, yours affectionately,  
 GEORGE.

#### Sabbath School Teachers.

"How I wish I was in Henry's class!" said a bright-eyed boy named Charlie, as he came in one Sabbath noon and seated himself thoughtfully by his mother's side,

"And why wish to be in Henry's class?" said the mother. "Has my little son learned all that one teacher can tell him, so is wishing for a new one, or does he think a hard lesson will become an easy one, if he changes the person that hears it?"

"O, not that, mamma, but I am so tired of setting with nothing to do. Our teacher does not care anything about us; he hears the lessons as if he was glad when it was through, and I am sure we are, when he says—"boys, keep still until school is done," and takes his book and reads. Some go to sleep, some whisper and play, some count the panes of glass in the window, and all are glad when the bell rings for the close of school. It isn't so in Henry's class. They all look so happy, and the lessons are so interesting he wishes they would last all day.—O, if I was only there!"

"What makes the difference?" said the mother mentally, for it was a question Charlie would have been puzzled to answer. And what did make the difference?