

haunts himself with other endeavors, which promise nothing but disappointment, and finally gives over, bemoaning himself that the wished-for possession is impossible. Or to vary the illustration a little, a friend says to him, on such and such conditions, I will give you a valuable farm. "It is just what I want," is the reply; "I have been wishing for such a farm for a long time." But he does not comply with the conditions. Are they beyond his power—are they unreasonable? O no, but he feels no disposition to comply with them. And yet he says, O how I wish I could get that farm. How preposterous! What are all such wishes good for. Again,

Some man has a chronic and dangerous disease, and he says, "O how I wish I could obtain a radical cure." A skillful physician prescribes certain remedies, and assures him that if he will follow the prescriptions, there is every reasonable prospect of his recovery. He throws away the medicine, and resorts to other remedies, which no well-bred practitioner would ever recommend. He grows worse from day to day, all the while complaining that nothing will help him, and repeating the desponding exclamation, O how I wish I was well! Why not then use the remedies? "O, they are so bitter, I can't take them."

So with the sinner. He wishes he was a Christian. The way to become one is clearly pointed out in the word of God. He is sure to find the pearl of great price, if he will only follow the directions there given. An infallible remedy is prescribed for the plague of sin which is rankling in his heart; but instead of obtaining the pearl, he neglects the means and remains "poor and wretched, blind and naked." Instead of being cured, he waxes worse and worse. Instead of repenting and accepting the free invitations of the gospel, he "goes about to establish his own righteousness," or tries to "climb up some other way," all the while clinging to the delusion, that he wishes

to be a Christian, but that something external to himself keeps him back. He wishes to be saved, undoubtedly, but if he could be saved without becoming a Christian, he would not concern himself any further about the matter. It is not holiness that he wishes, nor because he has any relish for it; it is not "the love of God shed abroad in his heart" that he desires, but escape from punishment, and a kind of happiness which is consistent with rolling sin as a sweet morsel under his tongue.

The king has prepared a great supper. You wish you could be one of the guests. Well, you have been invited. You are urged to come. What holds you back? You have no relish for such an entertainment—no desire to sit down with such company. And yet, you wish you could be a guest. Just so you wish you was a Christian!

A Christian Laborer at the Diggings.

When we are hearing so much of the wild scramble for this world's wealth by our countrymen in Australia, it is comforting to reflect that among the gold-seekers there are some—hidden ones, it may be, like nuggets buried in the soil—who have set their hearts on the better riches, and are searching for these as for hid treasures. The following letter,—which we have been kindly permitted to publish,—sent by a young man at the diggings to his mother in Glasgow, will serve to cheer some of our readers in respect to the future of that interesting colony. At the same time, it will supply many useful hints to intending emigrants.—*United Presbyterian Magazine.*

Eagle Hawk Gully,

30th January, 1853.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The last letters I wrote were to M. and J., dated on the 9th and 23rd of this month; the last I received was from Thomas, per Mr. H. I mention these things that you may know whether you get all my letters and I get all yours. I was glad