

on a high eminence, and in immediate contiguity to the Governor's house and to the House of Assembly. They could not, indeed, go to the top of any of the lofty hills, whatever their ambition may have been, but they have built above any protestant church. I went to the chapel. It was being enlarged and decorated, the old inside shell presenting but a poor appearance. The Protestant Churches are small neat buildings—low in the roof and decorated externally, like first class modern school houses. I was glad to see that the Presbyterian Manse was very prettily situated on a small knoll, surrounded with beautiful strange trees, and with mounds ornamented with flower beds. On the streets I met several Maories, tall, stout, sturdy looking fellows, like the stoutest of our Indians at home. One was tattooed on the face and had a string of strange fish in his hand which he seemed very anxious that I should purchase. All I wanted, however, was to see himself and his fish, both of which were curiosities to me. I was invited by members of the Presbyterian Church to stay over Sabbath and preach; but in the circumstances I declined. I was specially anxious to be where there were no ministers, not where men were already usefully employed. I left Wellington in the coast steamer "Egmont" and steamed south for Canterbury. This is one of the chief Provinces of the Southern Island. Here let me state that the Islands of New Zealand embrace an area equal to England, Scotland and Ireland, less one million of acres. The Southern Island is the largest of the three, and has by far the larger population of Europeans and very few Maories. Nearly all the traders are in the North Island, and there all the fighting of late years has been. After a pleasant trip of 160 miles, I reached Port Cooper in Canterbury, on which is situated the small sea port of Littleton. Before going into Port Cooper you pass on the left Bank Peninsula—a bold projecting series of head lands—lofty rounded yellowish hills with the usual scanty verdure, between which are deep ravines, and sometimes coves and armlets of the sea in which the wild ducks delight to make their resort. On this Peninsula the French began to settle just two or three months too late, as a Bill had passed the House of Commons making these Islands a British Colony. Some are still there nestled in a lovely nook called Akorua, enjoying a delightful climate. I went ashore at Littleton, and had some pleasant converse with the Rev. Mr. Hall of the Presbyterian Church, late of Victoria, Vancouvers Island, who was well acquainted with our mutual friend, J. H. Turner, Esq. I was pleased to find the Manse so happily situated, and so neatly finished, surrounded by beautiful flowers, some of which were in full bloom. The day was remarkably fine and of course everything was seen to advantage. Mr. Hall urged me to stay and preach

—but he himself was on the spot, I had a ticket for Otago and Melbourne in my pocket, the steamer was about to sail, another might not be for a week, my mind was made up to proceed to the Capital of the South—Dunedin. Here then I landed on Saturday forenoon, after a pleasant sail of 190 miles from Littleton in the steamer "Airedale"—a very swift steamer. And it is simply the truth to say that there are few places so picturesque and beautiful as that ever-varying hill and dale—cove and creek from Port Chalmers to Dunedin. The morning was all that could be wished for—hence all appeared to advantage. No sooner landed than you find yourself amidst a bustling, energetic population. You are surprized at the extent of the place, at the many fine buildings—at the well laid out streets with paved sidewalks and crossings. Here I must abruptly close. Perhaps another mail may bring you a description of Dunedin. Let me only say that it is a city of 16,000 inhabitants, chiefly Scotch. It has three Presbyterian Churches—in two of which I preached last Sabbath, and in one of which I preach twice next Sabbath, God willing. I have preached twice every Lord's day without exception since I left Nova Scotia. The wide world affords ample scope for all who are willing to serve our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yours truly,
GEO. SUTHERLAND.

Department for the Young.

"I Said I Would Try."

"Children," said a superintendent of a Sunday School, one day, just before school was dismissed, "I want you each to try if you cannot bring one new scholar with you next Sunday. It would be but a small thing for each one to do, and yet it would double our school. Will you all try?" There was a general "Yes, sir!" though I am afraid they did not all remember the promise they had made.

"I said I would try," thought little Mary Gordon, as she walked home. "I said I would try; but all the children I know go to a Sunday School already, except Tom; but I couldn't ask him: he is such a big boy, and so bad; and, besides, I'm afraid of him. No, I couldn't ask Tom."

This "Tom" of whom Mary stood so much in awe, was the terror of all the little boys and girls in the neighborhood. If any boy's kite was found torn, or any girl's pet kitten hurt, Tom was sure to be concerned in the mischief. As to his attending Sunday School or Church, such a thing had never been known. He had even been heard to say, with a threatening look, that he would like to see any one try to get him inside such places. No wonder little Mary was afraid.

"I said I would try," she thought again to