

many Protestants will freely send their children and contribute money. And then many of the people are broken off from church-going ways, and care little for Sabbaths and the ordinances of religion. Nevertheless they are willing to support a clergyman whom they can respect, and attend his ministrations. If ministers were attractive, if we had all much more of the winsomeness of Christ photographed on us, how much good would be done in the world!

In some new places the most that can be done is to get promises of support for a living ministry. If a suitable man come, buildings will by-and-by be provided. But it is a mistake when ministers come expecting that everything will be found made ready to hand, and congregations gathered and waiting their coming. And organization is sometimes very difficult at first, from the nature of the country, the difficulty of finding suitable men, and from the unwillingness of many to take part in the management of church matters. I need not add that the minister has often few to consult with (but this will not so much be the case in time to come,) and that if he is guilty of an error of judgment, such a blunder is with some reckoned worse than a crime. Yet there are some charges very much like home charges, in full working order, and more will now rapidly get into this condition.

I have now only to impress on this Assembly the necessity of sending right men, and that even for its own credit. The men sent are among the colonists taken in the broadest sense as true representatives of the Churches from which they come; and from what I have said you might at once perceive that there are good men that will do at home who will not succeed in the Colonies.

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*(From the Presbyterian Witness.)*

The following sketch of New Zealand is from the pen of the Rev. Geo. Sutherland, late of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Four weeks from the day in which we weighed anchor in Panama Bay, and about the same hour of the day, we first saw the lofty mountains of New Zealand. They were in the rear of Cape "Turn-again," so called by Capt. Cook, and were capped with snow which glittered in the morning sunlight. We then sailed direct for Cook's Strait, the Strait which separates the two main Islands. The same lofty rugged mountains appear as we run down the coast. At dusk we enter the Strait—and in two or three hours are off the harbour of Wellington, but as we have no pilot, we lay off till the morning, and enter at dawn of day. The morning is charming—the large circular bay which constitutes the harbor is so calm that all surrounding objects are reflected on its surface. The Bay is surrounded by lofty, conical volcanic hills

of a dull yellow colour, and scantily covered with grass. There is nothing to tell you that you are in mid-winter. It is agreeably warm, and of course there is neither snow or ice to be seen. The hills have approached so close to the water that in the centre of the city they have left room for only one street, and in some places the waterside of that is not built upon. Our steamer lies out in the stream, as she has to go on to Sydney in N. S. W., and so employing a waterman we go on shore and for the first time plant our feet on the soil of the Southern Hemisphere, and thank God that after six thousand six hundred miles of lonely ocean we again stand on solid ground. I traverse the city east and west, and as you can obtain, but no one who wishes to explore a city will drive in a carriage. You feel pleased but yet disappointed—pleased at the pleasant weather, the strange shrubbery, the neat gardens, the clean streets and pretty cottages—but disappointed at the smallness, the low one-storied character of the buildings. You look for a city, and in point of extent it may be called one—but it lacks the regularity, the massiveness the loftiness of a city. A great proportion of the houses are built on small eminences on the flanks of these lofty rounded hills—every individual selecting his own hill and planting his own garden in front and around his own dwelling. Hence it is scarcely possible to have regular streets. After rambling towards the east end of the city, I attempted to take a back street, but I was soon happy to find a way of escape down to the main street by descending a zig-zag wooden stair. I was disappointed in the House of His Excellency Sir G. Grey. It is a simple low on-estoried cottage, not equal to the Manse I left behind in Charlottetown. Of course it was not built for a Governor—and he has only resided in it a couple of years—but I describe things as I see them, without any attempt at colouring. The collected wisdom of New Zealand is at present in Wellington. I went to the Assembly. My friends in P. E. Island will understand the appearance of the house, when I say that it is extremely like the residence of Hon. W. H. Pope near Charlottetown. You might describe it as a junction of three English cottages—two of these with their ends to the street—the centre with its broadside to the street and uniting the two others. After passing through its rooms and looking upon its Speakers Chair, the desks and seats—my reflection was—give me British America before this. But let me not be unjust to New Zealand. Wellington is only a small town to Auckland and Dunedin, the Northern and Southern Capitals. Of the first of these I cannot speak except by report; of the latter I may for I am now writing in it, and have pretty fully explored it in all directions. In Wellington the Roman Catholics following their usual practice have planted their chapel