

order out of chaos, and a beautiful home with most of its comforts, and even luxuries, out in the wilderness. Truly Providence helps those who help themselves.

She welcomed us in a way that made us feel at home at once. Besides Madge there were two other girls, who would soon be going down to Sydney to school. The oldest of the family, a boy, was away there at the University. Mrs Taylor, like her daughter Madge, had a great liking for the bush, and all the many wonderful things it contained. So far as Madge was concerned, she knew infinitely more remarkable truths about it than the many naturalists who peep into it, and then go away to write a book about it.

When Sir Donald told about our mission, which was to find his old friend Smith, his newly-found relatives evinced considerable interest. It was evident they were cognisant of something that might throw light upon the subject. Mrs Taylor told us of it.

Some surveyors about a year ago, she said, were defining the one hundred and thirty-eighth degree of eastern longitude—the hitherto hypothetical boundary line between the Northern Territory and Queensland. They had travelled up from the south with camels, traversing hundreds of miles of arid desert with here and there magnificently watered and wooded strips of country. For months they had not seen a white face outside their own little circle. At times the blacks had showed up, but generally kept at a respectful distance. They had