

I went out to the "land of drought," where, by repute, the country gasped for water, the hills were wide wastes of ochreish soil, where cattle pined and sheep died by the million, all because there was no blade of grass to feed them and no pools at which to soften their parched tongues.

When I reached Adelaide it was raining, and it had rained for weeks. The train communication with Melbourne was interrupted, for the floods had destroyed the bridges. Instead of sheep dying for lack of water, I heard of thousands being drowned. Later, when I went to Melbourne, it rained—dull, miserable rain. At Sydney it rained, but there were occasional days of sunshine. That was in August and September—"our winter," explained the Australian.

"This rain," observed the native, "must make you feel quite at home"—for the good fellow clung to the belief, as he clings to the cardinal tenet in his religion, that it is always raining in England. The only thing was to wait until there was a fragrant and sunshiny day, and for the man from the "Old Country" to remark: "Ah, this is lovely, and reminds me of a typical English summer day." A glint in the eye of the Australian advertised that he was not sure whether I was leg-pulling or lying.

In England we talk about our hours of sunshine. In Australia they talk about their inches of rain. As sunshine is necessary to us, so rain is necessary to them. And though bridges crashed before the floods, though sheep were drowned, though I saw vast miles of country under water, though roads were