

gleeful spectacle. As we moved out, thread after thread of those slender bonds were broken; and then there arose a chorus of "cooees"—the national bush-call of Australia. Something stirred in my heart as I heard again that call of my father's land. It was a joyous good-bye. Instead of the tears that used to mark the sailing of an emigrant ship from Liverpool, all was gladness. There was "no sadness of farewell" when we put out to sea. I suppose there was nothing particularly religious about it all, but it made me think of Him who said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Yours as ever,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.