

in the buying of his stock and implements and in the making of improvements, and he pays back in easy instalments. The irrigation makes him independent of the seasons; his income is as regular as though he had a salary in London, with the difference that he has his home each year becoming more valuable and comfortable and beautiful.

That is in the state of Victoria in Australia, and the emigrant to Greater Britain has a choice of such chances. Take as another example the state of Western Australia, a patch of one million square miles now held by a quarter of a million Bush people. There you may become the owner of 1,000 acres of wheat and sheep land for a matter of £26 a year for the first three years, and 5 per cent. on the purchase value (from 10s to 25s an acre) for the next seventeen years. And the Government actually advances you the full value of your working plant and improvements up to £400. Western Australia has in the past few years been disposing of between one million and two million acres of land a year on this basis; and recently Mr. James Mitchell, the Minister of Lands, declared to me that "eighty per cent. of the men who have taken up this land began with less than £50 apiece." Every acre of that country will be worth a few pounds an acre inside ten years. The Government pays you the cost of your clearing and fencing and all the rest, buys your horses and ploughs. Most men are able to begin cropping the year after entry.

And we want not only farmers and farm workers. If you take any Australian newspaper today you will see five or six columns of advertisements offering vacancies for everyone asking for work. "We could place 1,000 navvies tomorrow," said Mr. Frank Wilson, the premier of Western Australia, to me at Perth the other day.

So may the examples of what the dominions are doing be cited and multiplied. The one state of Western Australia will spend some £200,000 this year (nearly £1 a head of the population) on attracting British people, and that is but a commencement. We want people; British people first; if not British, then the next best we can get. But people we must have. We ask the people of the United Kingdom to give to the Empire's rich empty lands more of that interest which they expend on purely home politics. The one is equally important with the other. Send us your people. And not alone your unemployed and your failures. Send us your best; your sons for whom you want sure openings for brain and muscle and capital. Influence your friends to come out to us. This is an investment which will pay you dividends in something more than mere money and the consciousness that those who send are prosperous and happy. It will pay you back in an enduring and increasing strength and glory for the race. Be Empire-builders still!—Harry S. Gullett, in *United Empire*.

The Unknowing

I know not where I am:

Beneath my feet a whirling sphere,
And overhead (and yet below)

A crystal rampart cutting sheer—
The travelling sun its oriflam.

What do I know?

I know not what I do:

I wrought at that, I wrought at this,
The shuttle still perforce I throw;

But if aright or if amiss
The web reveals not, held to view.

What do I know?

I know not what I think:

My thoughts?—As in a shaft of light
The dust-motes wander to and fro,

And shimmer golden in their flight;
Then, either way, in darkness sink.

What do I know?

—Edith M. Thomas, in "*Harper's*."