

myself to accept the popular idea that Australians were of the crude backwoodsman type.

And what applies to Adelaide applies also, though in a variable degree, to Melbourne and Sydney. Melbourne is a business town. Yet, as I have indicated, more business is done in Sydney, with its blocks of substantial business premises suggestive of the solid wealth of Liverpool. The Sydney man, however, lives in a softer, warmer, easier climate than Melbourne possesses, and some of the clime has got into his bones.

No place stocked with folk of British race is more easy-going than Sydney. I doubt if there is any city in the world more exquisitely situated. The beauty of the harbour—great deep-water fingers of the sea, stretching miles up between wooded banks—is captivating. My ears had tingled so much with praise of Sydney Harbour that I was prepared to be disappointed. The loveliness of the situation, however, was all that words had painted it. Mighty ocean-scouring vessels lay alongside the wharves abutting on the town. A fine park cuddled the waterside. Villa residences dotted the braesides on the hills across the bay. Quick-moving and cheap ferry-boats slid from landing-stage to landing-stage.

One night I dined with a friend in North Sydney. After dinner we went on the balcony. There lay Sydney—a heap of glittering points of light. The shore fronts were punctuated with electric bulbs. The radiant ferry-boats, throwing deep reflections, glided, like giant fireflies, over