

colonizing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race always come to the front. We stopped to take one or two photographs of tropical scenery and of various little stations on the way down the river. We also paused to look at the body of a dead alligator which had been caught in a snag.

*Friday, August 12th.*—At 9.30 we started under steam through the Rockingham Channel, which separates Hinchinbrook, an island of magnificent mountains, from the mainland. We are now well in the doldrums of the Tropic of Capricorn, and the delicious, fair, strong trade-breezes we have hitherto enjoyed have now deserted us, or rather we have sailed through them. The water today is as placid as it can possibly be, and reflects on its surface as in a mirror all the beauties of the scenery. I do not think I have ever forgotten or shall forget a single really beautiful view I have ever seen and admired. Those scenes are all clear and distinct, put away in little pigeon-holes of memory. If my brain were only a photographic camera, I could print them off as clearly on paper to-day as in the long by-gone years when I first saw them.

For the last few days the scenery has been an especial pleasure to me, laid up as I am in the deck-house, where a comfortable bed has been arranged for me, so high that I can look out of the window and have my eyes delighted and my nerves soothed. I am

THE TRAIN IN THE BUSH.

