

from recent Australian papers.' The headings are as follows: 'Exodus of New Zealand Farmers to Queensland,' 'New South Wales Farmers sell out and go to Darling Downs,' 'Victorian and South Australian Exodus to South Queensland.' He need not barrack for his State; he has knocked out his rivals without a word. The farmer next hears that every Canadian-Australian steamer leaving Queensland is booked full of people for British Columbia. The farmer leaves disgusted, and goes and sees the Canadian Court, where all are for Canada, and none for Quebec or Manitoba, or any particular province." An Australian wrote that.

Have you read your own story-writers, your own poets? I ask you: Do the best known of these Australians write in the same vein as do the gentlemen who write advertising pamphlets for the States of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania? They do not. The novelists or the rhymers are usually sad dogs—pessimistic, gloomy, telling of failure, of drought, of the loneliness of life. What is it that has made them so moody? No Englishman has ever given such a picture of Australia as Australians have themselves provided. Remember that.

We in Britain have millions of people who have never seen your country; but they get their impressions from the writings of your own folk. In all my reading I have never come across such depreciation of a land as I found during the months I devoted all my leisure to reading stories or poems written about Australia by Australians. The general