

working until half-past eleven. Tom had made an appointment to visit the Goodenough's Sailors' Home, but, having a great deal to do on board the *Sunbeam*, he asked me to go on his behalf and meet the manager and the committee of the institution. Mr. Shearston, the manager, seems a perfect enthusiast, and too much cannot be said in praise of his self-denial. He has given up the whole of his private house, except the bedroom and the tiniest little scrap of an office, for the purposes of the Home. They not only take in good characters, but go into the streets at night and pick up sailors, no matter how intoxicated they may be. They put them to bed, and endeavour to send them back to their ships in the morning, so far recovered as to escape reprimand and perhaps dismissal. Captain Hammill and Mr. Bevan lunched with us on board the *Sunbeam*, and later on the yacht was shown to a large number of people. After Lady Carrington's "At home" we had a quiet dinner, after which I did a good deal more work with Mr. Wright.

*Friday, July 15th.*—An early start had to be made this morning, in order to meet Sir Henry Parkes at the station at nine o'clock. Precisely at nine we left the station in a comfortable saloon carriage, and passing through the suburbs of Sydney, reached Parramatta at 9.30. Conspicuous in the landscape rise the double spires of its handsome church, which is more than a hundred years old. After leaving Parramatta our way still lay through orchards and vineyards, until we reached Seven Hills Grove, commanding a beautiful view. The charm of the landscape was the really Indian blue of the distant hills, from which they derive their name of Blue Mountains. It is not a blue haze, but a vivid blue, with tints varying from darkest indigo to palest cerulean blue; but the colours are everywhere intense, and there are no half-tones. Perhaps one of the most attractive views is that just before reaching Katoomba, nearly 3500 feet above the sea-level. I should have liked to stay for hours.

On our return journey we had to wait nearly half an hour at Blackheath, and as I was not able to walk far, I utilized the time by taking photographs. But no sun-picture can ever give the least idea of this scenery. The noonday had dispersed the mists, and all the delicate details of the more distant landscapes were brought clearly into view. We travelled at a terrible pace, and the sharpness of the curves threatened every moment to send the train off the line. These sudden turns and jerks had the effect of making us all rather uncomfortable. I felt quite sea-sick.

After passing Sir Alfred Stephen's magnificent place we reached Falconberg, and by this time I felt so tired that I was truly glad