

so far made their waters barren of blessing, should some day be corrected by the aid of science.

I have dared to be outspoken, and here and there I have little hope that I have escaped offence. But I have never doubted the future of the Antipodean colonies.

The children of England will form a compact with the old lady who bore them and sent them forth into the world. There is no brag in it—the history of a thousand years has declared the fact—the Anglo-Saxon English-speaking race is the salt of the earth. Its whole tendency has been upward towards the divine ideal of all great minds. It is the dominating influence of the world at this hour. Should it federate to-morrow, it could police the planet, and bid wars to end.

Here—to wind up with—is a mere set of verses which roughly expressed my mind when these pages were written. The suggested title was “A Possible Colloquy,” and I dedicated the lines to the members of the Australian Natives’ Association—the gentlemen who desired to “cut the painter” and sail away from the old land:—

The lanky lad, as vain as shy,
And full of inward strife,
Regards, with half-defiant eye,
The author of his life.
He knows, or thinks he knows, his plan,
Dictation drives him mad;
He'll take no chaff from any man,
And least of all from Dad!