

cratic people than the Australians. But there is no noisy self-assertiveness. The quiet, dignified courtesy, genuine and not conventional, was delightful to receive.

Now, all this sent me to probe beneath the surface. Here was a people drawn from sturdy British stock, brought from regions where the climate is often severe, and planted in a land where the atmosphere is that of Italy, and where—despite the droughts, which wither prosperity out of the land—life has few hardships; nay, where life is as gentle as in any place on the face of the earth. What their forefathers, the breed of daring men who first settled the land, have done is patent to all eyes. But, with immigration—the flow of fresh blood into the land—sluggish, what will be the characteristics of the third and subsequent generations?

The warm climate, the pleasant conditions of life, are already removing that doggedness which was the hall-mark of the brave men who first adventured in Australia. Among native-born Australians there is a growing dislike towards bush life. There is a hunger for the towns and the pleasures which town life brings. We have that at home. But, of people of British origin, the Australians are the most pleasure-loving I have come across. They are honest pleasures: boating, picnicking, cricket, football, theatre-going. But what effect is this having on the development of the nation? There one pauses.

It would be silly to criticise a people because they are contented. Content, however, is not