

in the world, dependent upon agriculture for its wealth, is the disproportion so marked. Melbourne; the capital of Victoria, is moving toward holding half the population of the State, and Sydney is doing the same. In some parts there is a movement for the population to decrease in the agricultural districts. Strange that in a country where 93½ per cent. of the soil is still untouched by farming one should come across a drift toward the towns!

If you go into the "back-blocks," where the battle for life is fiercest, you will learn that many of the fighters are new-comers—"new chums," as they are called. I was told that by the third generation the Australian has got sick of the fight. Life in the bush is all right for story books. But it is better to be one of the mouchers round Sydney than living on gum trees "away back."

Now, there are things you note quickly in the big towns. You will have been warned, as I was warned, against the swaggering, "blowing" propensities of the people. That may have been a characteristic of the past. It does not exist to-day. True, there is the ignorant and blatant creature in Australia, as there is in all countries; but beyond an open and legitimate pride in what has been accomplished in little more than half a century, and a rosy optimism concerning Australia's future—"when we get the people"—I found little of the puffing national megalomania which distinguishes some other lands.

Whilst the Australian is proud of his British stock—and though he has never seen Britain and