

little inlet called Watson's Bay. The gig was alongside, and we were speedily on board, and was delighted to see Tom looking so much better.

We returned to the man-of-war steps, close to Government House, where a large crowd had assembled to give us welcome. They formed a little lane for us to pass through, cheering lustily, and smiling and nodding as if they were glad to see us. There was nothing formal or obtrusive about their welcome. It was, in truth, a real, warm, honest greeting from friends across the sea, and it touched both Tom and myself deeply. All such demonstrations invariably give me a choking sensation in my throat, and I was not altogether sorry when we had made our way through the crowd of kindly welcomers and reached the steep pathway leading to Government House.

*Monday, July 4th.*—I awoke at five, and wrote letters. The doctor would not hear of my going out, as my cold was no better. Lord Carrington, Tom and Mabelle went for a long walk, calling on Cardinal Moran, and paying visits to the picture-gallery, the Anglican cathedral, and other places; and after an early dinner all the party went to the meeting of the Royal Humane Society. I was bitterly disappointed at being unable to attend, and perhaps do something to encourage the friends of the St. John Ambulance Association.

*Tuesday, July 5th.*—After lunch we started in a carriage-and-four for a long but most delightful drive to the South Head. It was very charming to have the occasional glimpses of the many inlets and creeks of the harbour.

There was a large and pleasant party at dinner, and in the evening an "At home," at which I was interested to meet several Sussex people. The world is very small after all!

*Wednesday, July 6th.*—I had a busy morning, and at noon went on board the yacht, returning by three o'clock to meet Mr. Montefiore at the large picture-gallery. At eight o'clock I went down to the shore and looked at the Volunteers drilling in the open. They certainly are a splendid body of men, and their drill is quite wonderful. I have never seen such good cutlass drill anywhere, and I have "assisted" at many similar inspections.

*Thursday, July 7th.*—To-day we called on the Mayor, and were taken all over the fine buildings which are being erected as a memorial of the Centenary of New South Wales. Lord Carrington, Tom, and the remainder of the party went to a shoeblacks' concert, the performers at which had originally been some of the roughest ragamuffins in the city.

*Tuesday, July 12th.*—At 1.45 some friends came on board the