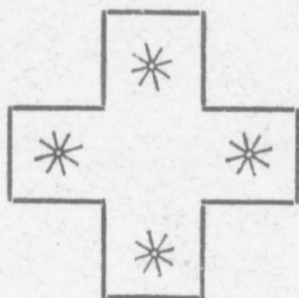


*AUSTRALIAN*

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*LETTERS*

MW61  
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# ian Letters

BY

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*Testament Literature and Exegesis*  
The College, Toronto



THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

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# *Australian Letters*

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## I.

### *Comrades of the Road.*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I have seen it at last! Like "stout Cortez," if I may quote Keats' little historical blunder, I have "stared at the Pacific!" But what a Pacific!—cold, and dark, and oily, as I crossed the bay, not far from midnight, on a ferry from Oakland to San Francisco. The waters might well have been those of another "Bay," not far from your office, Mr. Editor. "Such stuff our dreams are made of." A disappointment? Perhaps. But afterwards I was to watch it unfold its infinite spaces of blue, and see its "islands lift their froned palms in air." You mustn't judge by beginnings, but ends. Life's greatest boons often make their first bow in the guise of most unwelcome tramps.

But this is to anticipate, and I must begin at the beginning. Of course you have read Dr. Law's sermon, "The Grand Adventure." Now, if I start out to go half way round the world alone, I always feel that, in a supremely mild kind of way, I am starting on "a grand adventure." The

unknown always holds its terrors for me. I suppose it is an instinct inherited from prehistoric ancestors. Our Norse forefathers always recommended a man to make sure who or what lurked behind a door before he ventured through. One of my chief "phobias" has reference to my travelling companions. Shall I find myself cribbed and confined for weeks in some ship's cabin with, say, three Bolsheviks—uproarious, alcoholic and unwashed? I am aware, of course, that such a misgiving is idiotic, and I only make this personal confession to you, Mr. Editor, in the strictest confidence. In point of fact, I invariably find my companions one of the most pleasant and interesting gifts of the journey. My trip to Australia was no exception.

After bidding you farewell at the Union Station, Toronto, I found myself seated next to a young American business man of the college-graduate type. It did one good in these days of faction to hear him speak with unfeigned admiration of the Canadian commercial men with whom he had dealings, and to listen to his praise of the British Empire. And when we touched on deeper themes, it was with mingled feelings that one heard him tell with a sad and wistful regret of the atrophy of those higher senses which creeps upon those who are engaged too exclusively in the buying and selling of this world's goods. He had been to San Francisco, and he gave me advice which later I was to find of much use.

After Chicago my companion was a young Armenian, born in Syria. He had come to

America when a boy with his father. They had "made good" in a large eastern city in the dry-cleaning business, but did not like the cold of the Atlantic coast. The son was on his way to Los Angeles to prospect and pave the way for a removal to the more genial airs of California. He was reading "efficiency books" on the train, which told him how to develop a powerful personality. He talked of the vile ways of Turkish officialdom, knew several languages, could read the Greek Testament, and tried to persuade me that Armenian was one of the easiest and most delightful languages to learn. It had practically no declensions and inflections! I did not buy an Armenian grammar at the next bookstall, but I pass on the suggestion to students who desire a soft "option!"

I had to change cars at Needles. It seemed a rather needless nocturnal disturbance. (Don't murder me for that, Mr. Editor!) And so I made new friends—two Americans, a gentleman and lady, of German blood. Knowing that I was a stranger, they took charge of me; piloted me through my first difficulties in an unknown city, and never left me till they had placed me safely with the porter of the hotel, where I was to spend my two nights in San Francisco. By the way, did you remark their nationality, Mr. Editor?

And so kindness followed me all the way across the continent to the Golden Gate. I only recall distinctly one well-remembered defect in politeness. At a strange station I wished to post a letter home. I went to a window marked "Information," and asked where the mail box was.

I was answered in a monosyllable which probably would have conveyed a great deal to one familiar with that station. I asked for more explicit directions, only to have Mr. "Information" thunder at me again that monosyllable in the rising inflection of oracular insolence. I am well aware that the public must often irritate these poor official questioneers by idiotic questions; but I should like to suggest to any railway magnate, who may read these lines, that it might be worth while, for the sake of more efficient service to the public, to appoint to such positions only such men or women as have the patience and the ability to answer a traveller's simple question intelligibly, and with that friendly courtesy which makes the visitor feel at home.

"But you have only told us of people—not a thing of what you saw!" Yes, Mr. Editor, you are quite right. But this letter is already too long. I must reserve the sights of the journey for my next epistle.

Yours faithfully,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

II.

*From Toronto to the Golden Gate.*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

The thing that struck me most, after leaving you at the Union Station, as I gazed through the window of the railway carriage at the moving strip of scenery, was the sameness of the character of the view. Anywhere, almost, for nearly fifteen hundred miles southwest of Toronto the country would have passed for agricultural Ontario. It is true that I saw for the first time those two great rivers of the continent, the Mississippi and the Missouri, spanned by tremendous bridges of steel; but as I glimpsed them, flowing between their low wooded banks, I missed the majesty of the St. Lawrence, and felt more than ever "content with Canada."

Chicago, of course, affords a diversion, and everyone who can, should stop off there to see Michigan Avenue and Lake Shore Road. There you will find a shining example of what human ingenuity and taste and care can do to improve a water front. You can drive for miles along the shore of Lake Michigan over a magnificent asphalt way. Between you and the lake lies a strip of green. On the other side of the road are trees, then an artificial river, and then a park. One hopes that those who have in hand Toronto's future water front will be able in some measure, at some not too distant epoch, to emulate the achievement of this, the leading city of the Great Lakes. Chicago certainly "knows how."



I passed an open air service, which was being held not far from the Grand Trunk station. One man was preaching to a scattered group of hearers, while another stood beside him with a cornet. It was only for a moment, as my automobile flashed by, that I looked into the cornet-man's face. I needed no other sermon. He had seen some vision, to which most of our poor eyes are blind.

On entering the State of Colorado by the Santa Fe route the country gradually assumes a more and more rocky aspect and you may rightly infer that you are approaching the Rocky Mountains. A man had passed through the train selling a book of views which had led one to expect glimpses of snow-clad mountain ranges. But the weather was unpropitious and misty, and all we could see were little apologies for "Rocky Mountains" which fringed the track. But in spite of the mist you could feel that you were passing into a new world—a world that had once formed part of the far-flung Empire of Spain. Villages began to bear Spanish names, adobe houses peeped out here and there, the railway stations followed the fashion of the old Spanish architecture, and the Indians one saw along the line bore the unmistakable mark of Mexico. One weird old lady boarded the train, and was duly put off at her destination.

It was snowing, and evening was drawing on, as we breasted the Raton Pass into New Mexico. Next morning we were crossing the desert of Arizona. Strange red rock-masses rose from the plateau, like great icebergs of stone. Some sug-

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gested the baronial castles of mediaeval Europe. Here and there a dry watercourse appeared, while the parched ground was bare, but for the scattered tufts of sage brush. By the afternoon we had reached the only snow-capped mountains we saw on our journey, the so-called San Francisco group. Later we crossed an Apennine-like range towards California.

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Sunday morning brought the greatest surprise. We found ourselves in a desert, bare as some sandy ocean bottom, and arid as the Sahara. The thermometer in the "Pullman" registered about 95 degrees. Everything seemed to suggest the African Soudan or the wilderness south of Biskra. Camels and an Arab prostrating himself after the manner of Mohammedan prayer would have been strictly in keeping with the picture. It was "a barren and dry land where no water is." But look! What is that gleam towards the horizon? Can it be true? Yes, we are running towards a vast lake of alluring coolness. A veritable Erie or Ontario awaits us a few miles ahead! Our train is travelling quickly and we shall soon be there. But the time passes. The minutes drag on, and we do not reach that lake. We have passed the spot where the water glistened, and all is barren sand. What has happened? Our eyes have beheld the tantalizing siren of the desert. We have been fooled by a mirage.

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San Francisco is a magnificent city. Its earthquake and fire, like the great fire of Rome, seem to have done it good. A Torontonionian, with memories of Yonge Street, might well turn green

with envy, as he walks up Market Street, the central artery of the town. The imposing buildings seems to exhale an atmosphere of luminous cleanliness. The roadway, with four car-tracks abreast, gives an impression of freedom and space. The well-dressed and smart appearance of the people positively trumpets their well-being.

And the Bay!—An arm of the sea running in through the Golden Gate and spreading in mighty reaches for scores of miles among the hills, ranks surely as one of the first harbours of the world. After I had got through the annoying pass-port business, (and let no unwary traveller think it can be done in a moment; you may miss your steamer unless you allow about two days for pacifying the hosts of officials), I did the big San Francisco trip. I crossed the bay to Sausalito, ascended Mount Tamalpais in a weird little crooked train, and dived into the depths of the Muir Woods amid the big California gums. The guide informed us that some of the trees were almost the height of St. James' Cathedral spire, but I confess that, were I a betting man, I would back the spire.

On the following day, all the barriers with which a suspicious world blocks the foot-steps of travellers being overcome, I reached the wharf and climbed to the deck of the American mail steamer, the *S.S. Sonoma*. A crowd of friends had gathered to give the ship a send off. Streamer after streamer of brilliantly colored paper was thrown to connect those on the great ship with those on the quay. It was a gay and

gleeful spectacle. As we moved out, thread after thread of those slender bonds were broken; and then there arose a chorus of "cooees"—the national bush-call of Australia. Something stirred in my heart as I heard again that call of my father's land. It was a joyous good-bye. Instead of the tears that used to mark the sailing of an emigrant ship from Liverpool, all was gladness. There was "no sadness of farewell" when we put out to sea. I suppose there was nothing particularly religious about it all, but it made me think of Him who said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Yours as ever,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

### III.

## *Honolulu.*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Old Father Neptune is no respecter of persons, and although the SS. "Sonoma" was carrying Uncle Sam's mail, the aged proprietor of the sea gave her a good tossing about as she cleared the Golden Gate. He even forced a little of his "drink" through the closed window of the saloon on to the table where I was sitting at dinner. I suppose he thought we might like it, as we were leaving bone-dry territory; but he found us an ungrateful crew.

A gay element, largely drawn from the theatrical and movie professions, was prominent among the passengers, and fancy-dress balls and dance and song were the order of the day, or rather of the night. But as it takes all kinds of people to make a world, so it takes all kinds of people to make a ship's company, and it is interesting to notice how, before the voyage is over, the various groups are sorted out, and birds of a feather have flocked together.

A Bishop Strachan School girl was on board. She carried the fresh breath of Canada with her, and was a welcome bit of Toronto in mid-Pacific. Nor will your correspondent, Mr. Editor, ever forget a dear old American sailing-ship captain from Cape Cod. His tales of the sea were alive with human interest, as he recounted the savage barbarities of the old days before the mast, or sent his audience into a fit of inextinguishable

laughter by some yarn of an infinite humour. He was a Christian soul, luminous with the quiet radiance of old age. I asked him what had made him a Christian. "My Mother," he replied, "did that. She could do more with me than anyone else. When I went away to sea she gave me a Bible, and wrote in it various passages she wanted me to read and added 'From Mother.'" One tale he told us was of a young fellow who was proud to call himself an atheist. He was always insisting to his mates that there was no God. Everything happened of itself. It was just "Nature." One day he fell overboard, but was rescued with some difficulty. No sooner was he placed safely on deck than he cried out, "Thank God, I'm saved." The old captain was too wise to rub it in at the moment, but getting a quiet opportunity he pointed out the glaring inconsistency of the man's word. "Don't you understand, Captain," he answered. "There's all the difference in the world between spinning a foc'sle yarn and feeling you're drowning."

Six days out from San Francisco we came in sight of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. We passed Molokai, the island where Father Damien worked among the lepers, and steamed on to the Port of Honolulu, the capital of Oahu. I confess that at my first sight I was disappointed. The whole region had been over-advertised in the tourist booklets. Not half had been told the Queen of Sheba, and so she was prepared for the exuberant appreciation of surprise. About double had been told us. One had been reminded *ad nauseam* of Mark Twain's words about the Ha-

waiian Islands: "No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one." One expected Eden. When one saw the place one pitied Mark Twain. Either his taste was peculiar, or the poor man had never travelled. Perhaps he might pity us in turn, but each must speak as he himself feels. When, however, I had got over the shock of the disappointment of impossible expectations, I could appreciate the really remarkable beauties of Oahu. Seen from the sea, the volcanic origin of the archipelago impresses the traveller. Cones and broken craters arise in all directions, bare and dry from summit to base. The vegetation runs in rivers of green along the valleys. Back of Honolulu extends the central chain of the island, here a dark green, and rising about 3,000 feet above sea level. A shoal of brown-skinned boys, diving for coins, surrounded the ship as we moved slowly to the quay. The Captain allowed us six hours on shore.

We formed a party of four to see the sights. Just beyond the dock a line of taxis awaited the visitors. We booked an auto for the day with a Japanese chauffeur. The guide books advise you to eschew Japanese drivers on the ground that they are reckless. All I need say about ours is that we lived to tell the tale. In a few moments we were passing through the streets of Honolulu—a modern American city. Electric street-cars moved hither and thither, while dusky policemen under huge umbrellas directed the traffic at the street corners. But mark the marvellous cosmopolitanism of this city at the cross-roads of the Pacific! Rudyard Kipling wrote that "East is

East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." He could never, surely, have been to Honolulu. Look about you. There Chinamen are doing business in a Chinese shop. Here a Chinese lady in her white trousers meets you on the street. Yonder are two Japanese ladies in the dainty costume of Japan, with babies in slings on their backs, and straw sandals with a thong through the toes on their feet. And then you encounter a group of Hawaiians to remind you that, after all, you are on Polynesian soil. As a matter of fact, though the Stars and Stripes flies overhead, the Japanese are far the most numerous element of the population. You half feel you are in Japan with the beautiful Japanese gardens, Buddhist temples, and the unmistakable art of the Japanese Shinto gate.

We motored up the road to the Pali, passing avenues of royal palms, our non-tropical eyes surprised at times by the gorgeous crimson of the bougainvillaea or the red scarlet of the hibiscus. The track led up to a pass over the mountains, but just as we breasted the ridge—! A low concrete wall blocked the way, and we stared over it down a precipice which yawned over a thousand feet beneath us. To right and left rose the sheer faces of the mountains, while in front, from the foot of our precipice, the island stretched away in level green to the shores of a boundless sea. This was the famous Pali, over which some Hawaiian king had once hurled his defeated foes.

We might have motored on (as I did later) over a road engineered down the face of the precipice with wondrous twists and turns, and driven



over the level country to a village by the sea, where two Hawaiian old men will take you out in a glass-bottomed boat to the fringe of a coral reef. There you cover your head with a black cloth, like a photographer, and gaze down, through the glass and bluish-green water, to a submarine fairyland, where coloured fish dart among the coral forests of cream and white and brownish-red.

But on this occasion we turned back, circled the extinct crater called the Punch Bowl; visited the Bishop Museum, where you may study, if you will, the mumbo-jumbos of the Pacific; drove through a park, where we noticed (it was now noon) that the sun was casting no shadow; and then crossed the city to the famous Waikiki Beach, overlooked by Diamond Head. For some reason or other no brown-skinned youths were riding the breakers on the surf-boards. Not a tourist was experimenting with the unusual thrill of the foam-borne outrigger canoe. But we solaced ourselves with an interesting lunch at the Moana Hotel, where we sampled weird and untried products of the tropics.

There remained the Aquarium, with its marvelous fish of grotesque form and of every variety of luminous and living colour. And then to the ship again!

Before I went on board I bought a Honolulu paper. It advocated the prosecution of an aggressive missionary policy in the Islands. So far so good. But the motive urged was this—*that Christianization meant Americanization.* That may or may not have been good policy, but

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I could not help feeling that it was bad religion. The Christian missionary should go with no aim which could by any possibility be interpreted as selfish. His purpose is to carry the unspeakable boon of a knowledge of the Christ and of the Christian ethic. Each nation should then work out a Church that is truly national—not a mere copy of our Western ways. Only so will the nations bring the peculiar contribution of their own glory and honour into the completed city of God.

Yours faithfully,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

#### IV.

### *Samoa.*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Soon after the mountains of Hawaii had faded away astern, I got my first really good view of the Southern Cross. One of the wonders which awaits the traveller to the south is the gradual unfolding night after night of new stars in a new heaven. I knew that I should see something worth while. I was aware that, hidden beneath the southern horizon which so tantalizingly blocks our view in northern latitudes, all unseen by us, were shining Canopus—the second brightest star in the sky; Alpha Centauri—the third brightest and the nearest of the fixed stars to the earth; the richest part of the Milky Way; the most crowded star-clusters, and the unique “Clouds of Magellan.” But in spite of this I was unprepared for the glory that was to be revealed. Night after night the southern stars rose higher, till the eye beheld a great reach of sky, bordering the course of the Milky Way, studded “with patines of bright gold,” as Shakespeare never saw them. From Sagittarius across the region of the Cross to Canis Major the starry hosts were marshalled in thronging masses, such as a lover of the heavens could never forget. This was the naked-eye view. Not less rememberable was the sight of the greatest globular star-cluster in the sky, that of Omega Centauri, seen later, by the kindness of the authorities of Sydney Observatory, through their twelve-inch

telescope, when the whole field of view showed one countless mass of glistening points.

Just a week after leaving Honolulu we sighted Tutuila, the American island of the Samoan group. A quiet coloured ocean sunrise was flushing the eastern sky as we skirted that wonderful shore. The great Pacific rollers were flinging themselves in foam upon the sandy beach or rocky headlands; and above them the mountains rose heavenward some one or two thousand feet, clothed from base to summit in an unbroken and tangled mantle of tropical vegetation. The crest of the hills stood out, billowing into striking shapes, and silhouetted against the sky. One remarkable mass, known as the Rain-Maker, looked like a colossal and dented steel helmet of the more rounded German type.

Soon we had turned, and were steaming through a narrow entrance into a bay that lay in the heart of the mountains—a sort of miniature and tropical Norwegian fjord. Round the shore you could discern native houses among the trees, with an occasional modern building and one or two small churches. As the ship drew in to the wharf we found ourselves opposite the American settlement. Modern bungalows lined the shore, while the huge triple towers of a powerful wireless station impressed the eye to the right. It is this installation, together with that at San Francisco, which supplies the steamers with their regular morning paper, the Federal Radio News, all across the Pacific from America to Australia. Along the one road which fringed the bay the excitement of our arrival

was collecting a crowd. Men could be seen walking or riding round on bicycles.

In these troublous times one question thrills the passengers of every steamer which calls at this port of Pango Pango—"Shall we be permitted to land?" This island is one of the few in the world which so far has escaped the dreaded influenza, and, as the authorities fear its introduction, the quarantine is very strict. You may meet with a categorical and unconditional refusal, or a more tolerant spirit may be abroad. If the latter, then the passengers are lined up on deck, while an officer passes along with a sheaf of clinical thermometers. One is placed in the mouth of each passenger. Not only the ladies, but even the children "smoke"; while many a joke is passed round as to the particular brand of "cigarette." Needless to say, the spectacle is infinitely comic, but dire are the results to an individual where a "temperature" is discovered. If all are normal, all may go ashore.

As a matter of fact the boon of a permission to land is not as great as you would think. You are not allowed to move beyond the one road, and you can see almost as much through glasses from the ship's deck. Native policemen in red turbans strut about the wharf and look imposing, while swarthy forms unload the cargo. A line of men and women and girls, with native curios to sell, draw as near to the sacred precincts as they dare. You may buy cocoanuts, or baskets, or strings of beads, or strange Samoan cloths made of the bark of a tree or ornamented clubs. Then the native police band comes down and plays

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beside the ship, which soon again puts out to sea. In a few minutes we have cleared the harbour, and looking astern see the blue Pacific breaking over the coral reef into the emerald waters of the lagoon.

"And what was\*the religion of those Samoans?" you ask. They were all Christians. Every Polynesian now is. And the Samoan Church is not only Christian, it is missionary, and holds an honour roll of scores of names belonging to men who have laid down their lives for the Gospel. It was my good fortune later to meet the Rev. J. W. Sibree, of Apia, and his wife—the head of the work of the London Missionary Society in the islands. He was carrying on the work begun nearly a hundred years ago by John Williams. I also travelled with the Roman Catholic Bishop of Samoa. He was the first Roman Catholic Bishop whom I had ever had the opportunity of knowing as a friend, and I cultivated his friendship. If some old Inquisitor had risen from the grave, and seen him seated between Mr. Sibree and myself in friendly conversation, he would have wondered if his eyes told him true. Perhaps all I need say is that, though as an Anglican I could not subscribe to every tenet of the Bishop, yet I was struck with unfeigned admiration for his humility and his kindness and his deep love for Jesus Christ. I couldn't help feeling, Mr. Editor, that after all that was what mattered most.

And as for my Congregational friend, I admire him first as a man of wide vision. He realized

that he had a harder task than that of mere evangelism—the training of the native Church, so recently won from heathenism, in the ethics of the Master. Nor did he disdain the social side of the missionary's work. He reminded me that John Williams himself had introduced the Cavendish Banana, now the staple food of the islands. But I admired him in the second place and more for his quiet heroism. Again and again he had braved the perils of the sea, often with his wife, in an open boat, as he passed on his work from church to church. He had more than once been, like St. Paul, wrecked. For nearly twenty years he had run the risk of contracting the local disease of elephantiasis; while his face, like that of a Savonarola, bore the trace, in its emaciation, of long tropical service. I felt that before the man broke, his Society at home should move him to a healthier sphere. Of course he wanted to go on in Samoa. All missionaries do. But the question I should like to raise is this—"What is the duty of the Home Church to the men who, in the firing line, have borne the burden and heat of the day?"

Once, in conversation with Mrs. Sibree, I had remarked that I had heard the Southern Cross called "The Missionary's Constellation." She answered, "It is the Missionary's Consolation." Yes, the Cross is not only their message; it is the secret of their endurance and of their quiet heroism.

Yours truly,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

*The First Sight of the Great South Land*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

It was a grey morning, seven days after leaving Samoa, when we got our first sight, over the waters to the west, of the low coastline of the Great South Land. Our eyes beheld what many an early circumnavigator of the globe would have given much to behold. Man after man they had missed it, or, seeing some fragment of shore, had failed to comprehend its vast significance. Great was the day for Britain when Captain Cook sailed into Botany Bay and opened a virgin continent to the English-speaking race.

This was our first sight of Australia, but we had been in touch with it before. I wonder, Mr. Editor, if you have ever seen a wireless message being dispatched? I had wished to notify my hostess of my arrival on the morrow, and had duly interviewed the wireless operator on the "Sonoma." I asked him if I might watch him send the message off. Sitting at a table in his small room, with phone-like receivers strapped to his ears, he placed one hand over a sort of typewriting machine. With the other hand he pulled down switches connected with some giant electrical apparatus till the machinery throbbed with power. Then he drew out a stop here, adjusted a handle there, connected a switch somewhere else, till at length his fingers moved on the "typewriter" and he turned to me and said, "They have your message in Sydney." But why all this adjusting of stops? I believe he was



"tuning up." He had to get the right wave length for the message to be heard over the sea in Australia. I wonder, Mr. Editor, whether in the deeper things some of us take as much trouble to be "in tune." The same law holds in the prayer life as in wireless. The Master expounded it when he said, "If ye abide in Me, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

The evening before our arrival a discussion arose as to how far out at sea the great light of the Sydney South Head lighthouse was visible. Someone suggested seventy miles, and a calculation was begun as to how high the lighthouse would have to be, and how high the deck of the ship, to make this possible. At last the captain was appealed to. "Yes," he said, "I have seen it seventy miles out at sea; but not the direct light—its reflection in the clouds." And it occurred to me that that is the way in which we see the first beacon lights of that Other Land to which we are all travelling—no direct vision, but strange intuitions and anticipations, as there play upon our spirits some broken gleams of the powers of the world to come.

I have spoken of the coastline north of Sydney as "low." But that term is relative. Hills two or three hundred feet high come down to the shore, and break in places into weird and fantastic forms. Here and there a rift occurs through which the sea runs back into the land. At length we descry one such opening away to the south of us. On either side of it houses cover the hill sides, one great building standing out conspicuously. Yes, those are Sydney Heads, guarding

the entrance to Port Jackson, one of the famous harbours of the world. The houses are those of Sydney's seaside suburb, Manly, and the great building is a Roman Catholic School. We are in sight of our goal at last—26 days and nearly 10,000 miles from Toronto.

The pilot has stepped aboard from his launch, the "Captain Cook," and soon we are passing in through the ocean gateway. To the right rises the North Head, a sheer mass of mighty rock, to the left slopes up more gradually, crowned with its famous lighthouse, the less imposing South Head.

At last the fear of being immured for weeks in the quarantine sheds is lifted. The passengers have filed past the doctor without incident. The child with the rash has been examined and pronounced an "antiseptic baby." The Immigration Inspectors have stamped the passports, and we are free to admire the view. Have you ever noticed, Mr. Editor, that the weather which greets travellers is always "most unusual"? A man journeys with furs to cold Canada and finds it "a hundred" in the shade. He goes with raincoat and umbrella to watery England, and basks for weeks in glorious sunshine. He goes to sunny New South Wales, and steams up Sydney Harbour in fog and mist and rain! Such was our first welcome from the weather-man of the South. The harbour scarcely had a fair deal. But afterwards, as I saw it 'neath skies of cloudless blue, or under a streaked grey canopy of quiet eve, or with its myriad eyes of twinkling lights winking

over the waters, I learnt to love it with the fondness of haunting memories.

The best way to describe Sydney Harbour to Canadians is to say that it is like a Muskoka Lake, but the water is salt, and the colour of the trees that fringe the shores is the dark green of the Eucalyptus. Roughly the ocean runs in through the Heads in a main channel, the coast line on each side being indented by a succession of bays. Most of the hill sides are now built over by the spreading suburbs of the great city. But another branch of the inland waters, known as Middle Harbour, is almost virgin yet. There you may find your way, in an hour or so, from the thronging multitudes; and in the midst of Nature's peace watch the red sun sink over the gum trees, till the wonderful emerald of the Australian evening sky deepens into sapphire, and high over all the Southern Cross lights its fires.

Yours faithfully,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

## VI

### *Sydney*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I think it was soon after ten o'clock in the morning when our ship, having slowly steamed the four miles or so from the Heads, drew in to Circular Quay. There friends and relatives awaited the voyagers, and before long we were speeding in a taxi through the streets of Sydney. It is a strange sensation to find yourself at last in a distant city, of which you have heard from childhood, and where you have often longed to be. It was strange, indeed, to be in Sydney, and yet it was not strange at all—at least to this Anglo-Canadian. What was it—this old, familiar atmosphere? Why did one feel at once at home? Yes; I am getting at the secret! That crowd is an Old Country crowd. Those people might just have come out of London. Even the streets have something reminiscent of the Empire's metropolis—with a little dash of Toronto here and there. The railway stations look English, the trains look English, the "trams," with their tickets, are English; and, lastly, we have said "good-bye" to dollars. You must think in pounds and shillings and pence!

And what a magnificent city it is! Look at that splendid post-office building, imposing in architecture, stretching a whole block; and then think, if you have any heart to, of something you left on the north side of Adelaide Street. Mark that great town hall, with its huge auditorium and glorious organ, and ask yourself

what sort of music is ever heard in a city hall nearer home. Note those cathedrals, Anglican and Roman, the one of which outshines St. James' and the other St. Michael's. Look at that majestic building called Queen Victoria Markets. Stroll into those glorious Botanical Gardens, which, starting so near the business centre of the city, slope down past trees and flowers of all the zones to the laughing waters of the harbour. Walk back through that imposing business centre and up to the Central Railway Station, with its graceful campanile, where the huge suburban traffic is handled with consummate skill, and I think you will agree with me that Sydney is "some city." Oh, yes, Mr. Editor; don't get angry! I am quite aware that Toronto beats Sydney in some points—in its General Hospital, its Parliament Buildings and its residential boulevards. In these points Toronto easily leads. But please remember that just now I am "boosting" Sydney, and kindly don't interrupt me again.

And the size of the place? The inhabitants number about a million, while the city, with its suburbs, stretches almost twenty miles from east to west and almost thirty from north to south. Your telephone may ring, inviting you to dinner. To get there you may have to take a train, and then a tram, and then a steamer, and then a train again!

And what are the houses like? They are mainly bungalows, with roofs of terra cotta, while roses bloom in the gardens in mid-winter. Of course, there is no need of central heating, and Australians, who love fresh air, often have their rooms connected directly with the outside

through a little grating high up in the wall. But a Canadian, spoilt by steam-heat, finds it a trifle cold, and often needs a good grate fire before he can feel at ease.

And the people? The Prince of Wales is reported to have said, "A Sydney welcome is something to live for." As always, he was right. A kinder and more hospitable folk it would be impossible to find anywhere. They are always doing the little extra kindness—going "the second mile." And they are so delightfully human! One has met "business men" who are so much "business" that there is not much "man" left; or "society women," who have dropped their femininity and are all "society." But if you want men and women unspoilt, go to Australia. And what can we say more?

Yours as ever,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

## VII.

### *The Prince of Wales in Sydney.*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I missed seeing the Prince in Canada. I came down to Toronto from Muskoka just after he had left. But I saw him in Australia, as we landed in Sydney a week before his arrival. I can imagine no more suitable stage for such a royal visit than that Queen City of the South. Directly you enter the harbour you feel that you are in an environment that is Imperial. The splendid grey fighting ships of the Australian Navy ride at anchor on its waters. Here is a group of dangerous-looking submarines. (One is particularly glad at such a moment that they are Australian, and friendly.) There lie the greyhounds of the sea—the cruisers. One of these, the H.M.A.S. "Sydney," had made scrap-iron of the "Emden." And last and chief of all rises the great battle-cruiser "Australia," flagship of the Australian fleet, the fear of which had made the whole German fleet, like naughty boys, run from the Pacific. When the Prince, on the still greater "Renown," anchored by the Australian ships in the harbour, he was already in the centre of the great city, which stretched away for miles over the hills on either side of the water.

With altogether characteristic thoughtfulness an Australian friend had procured me a place at a window overlooking the route of the Prince's first state entry. We had to come in from the suburbs early in the morning, as the roads were later blocked in truly London fashion. It was in-

teresting, from the quiet aloofness of our window, to watch the gathering throngs in the street below. An Australian crowd is a lovable thing—brimful of human geniality and good humour. Even the boys who had climbed for a better view on to an elevation of dangerous stability, and for their own good as well as that of the public were removed, one by one, by the police to positions of uninteresting security, seemed to take their tragic demotion with unresentful equanimity.

The route was lined by the splendid "Diggers," as Australians fondly call their soldier boys. The minutes were never dull with such men to watch—the heroes of Gallipoli and Pozières. But at last the Prince was coming. Before him rode (and what body could have been chosen more typical of the land of the riders of the boundless plains?) a thousand Australian Light Horse. There they were—men who had ridden with Allenby into Jerusalem and beyond—men with the magnificent manhood and bearing of a free race, tall in stature, beautiful in feature, riding as only men can ride who have passed straight from the cradle to the saddle. And behind them a carriage, and in the carriage a boy with fair hair and blue eyes, such as a descendant of Alfred the Saxon should have, in the uniform of an Admiral, acknowledging to right and left the loyal multitude's thunderous acclaim.

Sydney was illuminated for the Prince's visit as I had never seen a city illuminated before. The great buildings were wonderful, outlined in lights of many a hue. But far more wonderful were the



illuminations of the fleet, with the countless city lights beyond—a setting only possible in this Venice of the South. Again I was given a vantage point—a verandah on the North Shore. We watched the dark waters, and then in a moment, exactly at 8 p.m., all the warships flashed into a blaze of glory. Anon the searchlights began to play, and countless rockets rose in curves of light and broke into constellations of flame.

I saw the Prince once again. I was given a ticket, admitting me to the Convocation Hall of the University, where he was to be made a Doctor of Laws. I thought he looked a little nervous as he entered that academic atmosphere, ablaze with hoods of varied hue, but he replied in a voice that was strong and penetrating. When the ceremony was over he passed from building to building, followed by the University's surging crowds. If it was thought likely that he would emerge from a certain door, the crowd was there to meet him. I last saw him standing in his car as it slowly moved off, acknowledging the cheers of the enthusiastic multitude.

And so he went from us. What is his future and that of the Empire to be? God keep him strong and true and good to rule over a people that puts righteousness first. Only so can we face our destiny without fear.

Yours as ever,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

## VIII.

### *Sydney as a Holiday Centre*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I wonder whether, as you sit in your top-floor office and bend over some distracting "editorial," you ever yearn for the woods and the hills and the waters. Your memory goes back to plunges off the rocks into some lake among the Highlands of Ontario. But Muskoka seems so far away! Well, go to Sydney, and edit some "Australian Churchman." There you will find your office in the centre of a Muskoka-like country. Half an hour, and you can be away among the gum trees that overhang the harbour, or on some superb bathing beach, breasting the surf of the great Pacific breakers.

If you want a day's picnic the variety of choice is almost embarrassing. If you elect for the south you can go to where Botany Bay forms a great land-locked circle of water, and stand where Captain Cook came ashore and collected his first specimens of Australia's unique flora. Or you can take an old motor-bus and go further on. When you come to a river a steam ferry will carry you over, car and all, and you will find yourself in Cronulla. There you may picnic on the shore of the Pacific or walk on to where the mouth of the Hacking River breaks the coast-line. Here the Government has reserved a great National Park, which almost recalls our Algonquin. For me there are memories of a stroll along the rocks at sunset time, of the forest-clad hills beyond the water, and of "that green light which lingers in the west."

South of Sydney the plateau of the Blue Mountains comes right down to the coast. The formation is a little like that of "The Mountain" at Hamilton. (By the way, there is a Hamilton near Sydney, and also a Toronto. You can guess what I felt like when, away the other side of the world, I passed a railway station with the familiar sign "Hamilton. Change here for all stations to Toronto.") Above the village of Bulli, some fifty miles from Sydney, is an observation post, known as the "Lookout," on the crest of the plateau. From this vantage point a mighty panorama is outspread. The precipice drops away at your feet, and then beyond the tangled growth of eucalypt, and the villages, whose bungalows dot the level plains, spread the boundless waters of the ocean along a visible shore line of forty miles.

Just to the north of Sydney lies another great Government Reserve, the Kuringai Chase. Here again you are in an Australian Muskoka, beyond which flows the beautiful Hawkesbury River—the "Rhine" of New South Wales.

But I have kept the best till the last. About fifty miles to the west of Sydney, visible on a clear day from any vantage point, rise the famous Blue Mountains. Unlike any other mountain range in the world, they possess an alluring beauty all their own. As a rule the traveller gazes at mountain summits from the valleys. Here you view the valleys from the height. The reason for this lies in the fact that the range is really a broad plateau, furrowed by gigantic ravines. The railway line slowly climbs the plateau and passes over the height of land, some

3,500 feet above sea level. The mountain towns are built along the line on the range's broad back—towns with musical names, Leura, Katoomba and Wentworth Falls. And so it happens that you may pass a few steps from your kind host's door, and find yourself on the sheer brink of some stupendous valley. The ground drops away at your feet into a huge trough, dark green with eucalyptus forest and giant tree-fern. To right and left stand out colossal perpendicular faces of stratified rock, with perhaps a waterfall here and there; while beyond, far as the eye can see, bathed in a blue of unbelievable wonder, rises mountain line beyond mountain line to the utmost bound of the everlasting hills. I watched a sunset amid such a scene. The shadows slowly creep over the undulating hollows, the blue becomes a deeper hue, and then as darkness settles over the world, the heavens light their evening lamps. And what stars! What a galaxy of thronging glory! I had never seen the constellations as I saw them through that transparent mountain air. The brighter stars of the Centaur and the Southern Cross almost seemed to blaze like distant suns. It was a memory to shine forever before that "inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." One had heard the "Hallelujah Chorus" of the heavenly hosts.

Yours faithfully,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

IX.

*The Serious Side of Australian Life*

Dear Mr. Editor:—

You made a great mistake when you sent me as your "Special Correspondent" to Australia. If ever you thought you were going to get inside information on the subject, with a sure and certain diagnosis of Australian conditions, a disappointment of colossal dimensions awaits you. You might as well have tried sending a man to Ireland. As long as you stay safely at home in Toronto, you know all about Ireland. "Home Rule" means "Rome Rule," and that is all that need be said about it. But when you get to Ireland, you find that some of the leading Sinn Feiners are Protestants, and then you begin to sit up and take notice, and to ruminate over the truth that life is too complex to be comprised in one brief formula. In this respect Australia is like Ireland. Your correspondent's visit only added to his mystification. Imagine, if you can, Mr. Editor, his tribulations on your behalf. They were somewhat as follows:—

Correspondent approaches a well-informed Australian. (He took care, of course, that all whom he interviewed should be of this promising type.) "What do you think, Mr. Australian, of the prospects of Australia?" "Rotten!" he would reply, with a genial smile. (You found that they each were obsessed by some stupendous fear, of which they would talk in the most radiant good spirits.) "The prospects of Australia are positively rotten! Owing to our idiotic opposition to a reasonable

immigration policy we shall fail to people our continent; and then those who will do so will get it. Australia will be Japanese in forty years." Correspondent is naturally a little worried over such a gloomy outlook, and he tries his next victim. "Australia a Japanese colony! Absurd! But I'll tell you what we are in for. Owing to the ridiculous extravagance of our Labour Governments we face a financial collapse in three years." Correspondent, more depressed, moves on. "A financial collapse! Preposterous! Don't you know that the deposits in Australian banks are now larger than ever? But there is danger ahead! This Sinn Fein propaganda in Australia and the 'Cut-the-Painter' party may wreck the country and the Empire yet." Correspondent, now in despair, tries again. "Nonsense! That fellow Mannix was the best Protestant and Imperialist Australia ever had. Like a disease germ, which promotes a healthy reaction, he stirred us from our indifference. Australia is more loyal than ever. But we are, I admit, a bit behind the times in our business methods. We need to imbibe a little of that American worldly ambition and forcefulness, or we shall be badly left behind in the race."

You can easily see, Mr. Editor, that to attempt to give an ex-cathedra pronouncement after six weeks of this kind of thing would be impossible. Seriously, however, I shall try, with whatever rashness, very briefly to tackle three outstanding Australian problems: The Labour Question, the Sinn Fein Agitation, and the prospects of Prohibition.

**The Labour Question.**—I had the opportunity of talking to a good many on this most vexed of subjects, among them the Dean of Sydney. It was impossible to be in his presence more than a few moments without realizing that he was a man of burning enthusiasm, consumed by a great zeal for the betterment of conditions for the mass of Australian humanity. Coming to his present position from England when quite a young man, he had, particularly after the war, in which he served as Chaplain with the Australian Forces, proclaimed his active sympathy with the ideals of Labour. I heard that on one occasion a gigantic Labour procession had cheered as they passed the Cathedral. He knew the leaders of Labour personally, and he assured me that they were not mere materialists, but were inspired by the Christian ideal and the Christian ethic. I later met a professor of the University who held very much the same viewpoint as the Dean. On the other hand, most of those to whom I spoke seemed to look upon the Labour Movement as purely selfish and materialistic in aim, and ignorant in its economic outlook. At San Francisco, for instance, we saw a huge electric car carrying a great pile of baggage to the train. An Australian in the party said, "Such a machine would never be allowed in Australia. It would take the work of forty porters." And then, Mr. Editor, you ask me for my own opinion. I believe, personally, that there is truth in both these viewpoints. There is, I believe, a battle raging within the Labour Party of Australia itself. Is the party to be dominated by the destructive ex-

tremists, or by the sane men of wise ideals? A visitor certainly feels that there are dangerous elements in the situation—as, indeed, throughout the world. But evident to all eyes are the achievements of Australia in, for instance, such a city as Sydney; and it was a Labour Government which recognized the artistic needs of the people, and through the State Conservatorium of Music and the magnificent orchestra and choir of its director, M. Verbrugghen, has trained Sydneyites to a love and appreciation of the best things in classical music, which Toronto might well emulate.

**The Sinn Fein Agitation.**—A Canadian is amazed at the noise and clatter which the Irish Roman Catholics have succeeded in producing in Australia. I attended a meeting of the clergy in Sydney when the subject of discussion was, “Shall we join the big Protestant Federation that is being formed to combat Sinn Fein disloyalty and Roman Catholic propaganda?” But all you have to do is to watch Australia’s welcome to the Prince of Wales to be sure that the heart of Australia is true as a bell.

**Prohibition.**—Australia certainly needs Prohibition. A far too large proportion of the faces one sees on the streets and the crowded bar-rooms proclaim that fact to the casual visitor. But the liquor interests are putting up a powerful newspaper propaganda to make it appear that Prohibition in the States and in Canada has proved a ghastly failure. Two Canadian authors are much read in Australia—Ralph Connor and Stephen Leacock. The jokes of the latter are



taken very seriously by the liquor men. Leacock is supposed to have laughed Prohibition out of the consideration of serious persons. I used to quietly point out that Ontario had tried the thing for two years during the war, and that then the people of the province had voted by a large majority for Prohibition to be continued in force. Old Man Ontario is no crack-brained fanatic. The only explanation of his action is that he knows a good thing when he sees it.

Some of your readers, Mr. Editor, may have met the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond when he was in Canada. I saw this magnificent man, the leader of the Prohibition Movement in Australia, in his office. He deserves to win. I had scarcely been in Australia a day before I noticed a big sign up in a railway station, "Cut out the Booze. That is just Common Sense." Hammond had put it there. He edits a paper, "Grit," and has produced a book, "With One Voice," in which he recounts the opinions of America's leading men in favour of Prohibition. One of his brother clergy in the Anglican Church told me, "You only have to announce, 'Hammond will speak,' to get a crowd." I heard that if the question were put to the vote in Australia to-morrow the women would carry Prohibition. I don't know. When they do they will confer a mighty boon on their country.

Yours truly,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

X.

*The Church in Australia*

Dear Mr. Editor:

THE first thing that strikes a Canadian visitor to the Diocese of Sydney is the beauty and dignity of the church buildings. By the kindness of the Rector I was invited on the evening of my first Sunday in Australia to preach in one of the suburban churches. It was just an ordinary suburban church, but I had only seen three churches in Toronto that were more beautiful. The good man seemed to have made his church the hobby of his life. Six or seven Gothic arches in solid stone-work rose on each side of the nave. But it was the chancel which drew one's attention. On the east wall, over a beautiful and dignified Communion Table, stood out conspicuously a wide strip of work, carried out in many-coloured Australian marble, and in the midst, in beautiful lettering, the words, "Via Crucis Via Lucis."

On the following Sunday, by the invitation of the Rector, the Rev. S. M. Johnstone, I preached in the historic Church of St. John's, Parramatta. I had never before seen such a church out of England. At the west end rose two towers of solid masonry, built on the model of those of Reculvers Church, Kent, one hundred and five years ago. The church itself was cruciform, and almost might have come from the hands of those old Norman builders who raised Durham Cathedral. The first incumbent, 1794 to 1838 A.D., had been that sterling old missionary,

Samuel Marsden. It was from Parramatta that he had sallied forth to bring Christianity to New Zealand.

St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, with its massive arches and dim, religious light, is more reminiscent of an Old Country cathedral than any cathedral that I have seen in Canada. An evening congregation is an impressive sight—the nave full and some overflow into the aisles. I couldn't help thinking that the Church in Australia in this respect has a lesson for us. You did not feel, "This is a building put up by a contracting architect as the best he would do for so many dollars." You rather felt that the men who built were men who loved the Habitation of God's House. I was particularly struck by the carved stonework in the beautiful Chapel of King's School, Paramatta, and was told that the old sculptor had pleaded to be allowed to finish his design. When his own hands could do the work no longer he had marked with his carbon the pattern on the stone, and other fingers had chiselled it out.

The missionary work of the Australian Church is not yet unified. The Church Missionary Society has an authorized and official standing, while the Australian Board of Missions corresponds more to our M.S.C.C. Hyderabad and New Guinea are the chief centres, respectively, of the foreign work. Australia is rich in missionary memories. I have already mentioned Samuel Marsden. I also stood in a pulpit from which Bishop Coleridge Patteson and Robert Stewart, of Hwasang, had delivered their message.

I listened to one missionary sermon from an Australian clergyman—the Principal of the C.M.S. School at Hyderabad. We generally describe the strategic position of Canada from the missionary point of view—situated mid-way between Europe and Asia, and look upon Australia as almost out of the world. But he pointed out in turn the strategic position of Australia—just off the south-east corner of Asia, with its teeming millions—a most convenient base from which the Messengers of the Gospel of Peace could pass to India and China and Japan and the Islands of the Sea.

And what is one to say of the outlook for the Church of England in Australia? A visitor of six weeks can only repeat what he has heard from the lips of Australians. I found splendid men in the Church there—men of ideals—and many of those to whom I spoke seemed burdened with the thought that the Church was not achieving what she might. The Anglican percentage of the population of the Commonwealth is 38.39. The next largest percentage of any one Church is that of the Roman Catholics with 20.69. This should provide a splendid opportunity. But the former political rivalries of the States seem perpetuated in a spirit of "diocesanism." The two or three "parties" do not pull together, and the dioceses do not pull together, and the inevitable result is lack of efficiency. . . . Men seemed to be waiting for some progressive policy, distinctively Australian, and big enough to grip the imagination and stir the enthusiasm of religious Australia. May the men of vision bring the vision to pass by the grace of God!

I cannot end these letters, Mr. Editor, without telling you what a privilege I found it to meet my brethren of the Antipodes. Your correspondent received a most cordial welcome from all—not least, in the absence of the Archbishop, from the Vicar-General. A courtly gentleman of the old school, he invited me to his house and to his pulpit. When I went to say good-bye he gave me a volume of his poems—and (I wonder, Mr. Editor, if the good custom is as frequent as it used to be) then knelt in prayer for me. What can one wish more for the great Church in Australia than that such a spirit may never die out?

Yours faithfully,

VIATOR AUSTRALIS.

XI.

ENVOI

*Australian Memories*

I hold a secret—not in vain!—

At will I flee stern Winter's home  
By memory's magic key, and roam  
That far bright Southern Land again.

The mighty Harbour spreads once more  
Its laughing waters 'neath the hills;  
Once more the combing breaker spills  
Its surging thunder on the shore.

I breathe the incense of the Bush,  
The gum-trees' anodynal balm;  
Or, tranced in emerald even's calm,  
Upon my soul there steals the hush

Of wondering awe, as God attires  
The forehead of the mystic Night,  
And, set 'mid thronging gems of light,  
The Southern Cross displays its fires.

Land of the flower's resplendent hue,  
The wattle's gold, the flame-tree's red;  
Land, where the mountain veils its head  
In lucent haze of living blue;

I love your plains that know no bound,  
I love your rich far-arching skies;  
But in the dear remembered eyes  
Of men and women Love is crowned.

Australian hearts who called me friend,  
Who gave me all your treasure store  
Of kindest will, for evermore  
I love, yea, love you to the end.