TOWARDS THE SUNRISING.

REV. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A.

TOWARDS THE SUNRISING:

OR

A VOYAGE TO THE ANTIPODES

BY

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PREFACE

THE journey described in the following pages was taken in the vessels of the Orient Steamship Company and those of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. The author regards it both a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge that the comfort and luxury afforded by these splendidly-appointed ships were beyond praise, and he wishes particularly to testify to the uniform kindness and manifold services which he received from the commanders and officers.

The chapters which make up the little volume were written on shipboard, in the hours of leisure which a long voyage affords. The writer had no notes and no books to correct his statistics. The figures in all instances are approximate, and make no pretentions to scientific accuracy. The book is not in any sense a treatise, nor intended to furnish a geographical account of the countries visited. It consists of jottings from memory, and pictures taken rapidly with a sort of bird's-eye view. The writer was only three months in Australia and New Zealand, and is deeply conscious that so short a time could give him only a very superficial knowledge of the countries and the people. He is ready to acknowledge at once that many of his statements may be unintentionally erroneous and some of his conclusions unjust. All that he attempts is to convey the impressions which his journey made and left, with as much impartiality and honesty as he is capable of.

Whatever adverse criticisms of the great Colonies may be found in the book were invariably suggested by the testimony of intelligent Colonials themselves, and the writer's Antipodean friends, of whom he is proud to claim many, are far too sensible to wish that he had drawn nothing but purposely flattering pictures. He has tried to be just, and if he has sometimes failed, it is, as Dr. Johnson said, through pure ignorance.

Every Colonial, however, who does me the honour to read the book through will find that I have written far more words of genuine admiration than those of the more critical kind, and that I have returned from my visit to these great States with far more love for them, and pride in them, than I took out.

I should be wanting in delicacy of feeling, and even in ordinary gratitude, if I did not express a deep sense of indebtedness to the generous friends, both in Ceylon and the Colonies, who lavished hospitality and kindness upon their visitors; and I must not omit to record that the attentions paid to us by public men in all the Australasian States, and notably by Mr. Seddon in New Zealand, and the endeavours which they made to render our visit enjoyable, far exceeded our expectations, and were unspeakably above our deserts.

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Dedication

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK

TO THE DEAREST FRIEND I HAVE IN THE WORLD:

TO THE LADY

WHO WAS MY COMPANION IN THE JOURNEY WHICH IS HEREIN TOLD,

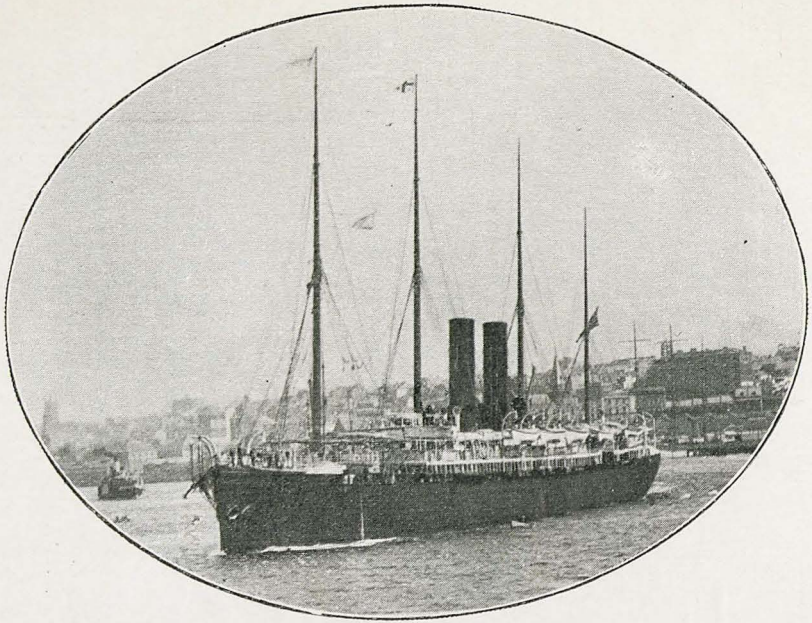
WHO HAS BEEN

MY BEST EARTHLY HELPER THROUGH THE GREATER PART OF LIFE'S JOURNEY,

AND WHOSE PRESENCE AND COMPANIONSHIP WILL,

I TRUST, IN GOD'S MERCY,

BE MY JOY AND STRENGTH TO THE END



S.S. "ORIZABA"

CHAPTER I

A SUNDAY IN THE BAY OF NAPLES

WE are in the Bay of Naples, where our good ship "Orizaba" is lying for twelve hours to take in coal and the late mails from England. We have the option of spending the day on shore, but I know Naples, especially in July. The heat is that of a mild furnace, and the airs which are borne to us from the city at this moment are not spicy breezes. We are just a mile away, and that is quite near enough at midsummer. We decide to remain on shipboard. We have a variety of interests. There is a fine view of the city, with its churches, museum, and castle-crowned heights in the background. Southward stands Vesuvius, mildly eruptive, with its cloud of smoke by day and its pillar of fire at night; and a few miles northward is the green-clad hill, at the foot of which lies Posillipo, the suburban paradise of Naples, in which Virgil's grave is supposed to be hidden. But the charms of these scenes are forgotten in nearer attractions and diversions. Our steamer is surrounded by an innumerable fleet of small boats, manned and womanned by Neapolitans of all sorts and conditions. There are musicians with wind instruments and stringed instru-

ments, great in variety, and far more wonderful than David knew. Nearly all day long the incongruous concert, serenade, song and dance go on. Occasionally we catch a few notes of a girl's sweet voice which tempt us to listen, but that is speedily swallowed up in a confused chorus of mingled songs, guitar twanging, and vendors' cries, from which for the first time in our lives we get a fairly correct notion of what Babel must have been like. To judge from the number of hawkers, and the heterogeneous collection of wares, you might suppose that half the shops in Naples had been depleted to tempt our appetites and supply our wants. Fruits and flowers, sweets, lace and drapery, statuary, pictures, musical instruments, stamps, drinks, cigars, all offered with a persistence which laughs at denial, and returns to the charge after the hundredth refusal, undaunted and hopeful as before. It is the story of the importunate widow acted in modern dress. One determined fellow offers me a mandoline, "Very nice and very cheap." He might as well ask me to buy a whale or a weasel, for any use it would be to me. He names twenty-five francs as the price. I answer with an emphatic "No!" and turn away. He follows like a shadow, repeating "Very cheap, twenty francs." Go where I will this man haunts me, reappearing at every turn, gradually reducing the price to ten, eight, and at last five francs. It is the continual dropping which wears away stone. It is not unlike the final perseverance of the saints. The faith of the man has moved mountains. I yield for the sake of peace. I am the owner of the mandoline, and shall present it to the next church bazaar which solicits my help. This

NAPLES

Photo. by Frith & Co., Reigate

sort of thing goes on for hours, with tradesmen of low degree and high degree, until I begin to wish I had faced the fiery furnace and dubious perfumes of the city.

But a greater terror was in store. Early in the day the coaling began. Four barges laden with the precious material came alongside our ship. Each of the barges brings, standing on the coal, about eighty sparely-clad men, black as Cyclops from the forge (I think that is a quotation from Dr. Johnson), and suggestive of something much less earthly. The coal is chiefly dust, and at the least breath of wind, becomes dust with wings, flying noiselessly everywhere. Quickly the Cyclopean gentry get to work, shovelling, filling baskets, carrying, emptying, and returning. An interminable procession of lost spirits, such as Dante might have pictured in his Inferno. Meanwhile the black dust rises, and spreads, and grows thicker and more palpable. It is ubiquitous, penetrating, irresistible. It darkens the air, hides the mountains far off, covers the city with a thick veil or funeral pall. It depresses and silences all the hawkers except the mandoline merchant, who is pursuing another victim, and whose voice I still hear—though his form is hidden in the thick cloud—repeating with melancholy iteration, "Very nice, very cheap mandoline!"

The lady passengers have come on deck clad in summer raiments of lustrous white, fair as the Queen of Sheba. The coal fiend finds them out, wraps them round, and is rapidly changing their lily-like robes to grime, and they fly before it. It pursues them to all parts of the ship, and at last in despair they take

refuge deep down in the stuffy cabin, with door and port holes closed, and I see their faces no more until another day dawns. Again I envy the few wiser passengers who elected to go ashore. If we only knew what awaited us, how differently we should act. I think that is the only word in the way of moralising which I have yet written. Yet I proposed, when the day began, to think high and sacred thoughts during the whole of its sunny hours. For it has been Sunday. Usually there is a religious service on shipboard that day, but the coaling made it impossible in the present instance. We knew that before-hand, still we thought it would be possible to hold sweet converse with each other, and read and meditate in the good old Book, and perhaps get a passing vision of the heavenly places. Alas! we did not take into account the shrill cries of the vendors, and the all-pervading misery of the coal dust. I recall the words of Milton—

> The mind is its own place,
> And of itself can make a hell of heaven,
> A heaven of hell.

But if Milton had been on a modern steamboat when it was taking in coal, he would have thought twice before writing that. It is not easy to be in the spirit on the Lord's Day at Naples. It is not easy at any time, but it would require a special miracle of grace amid such surroundings as we have had to-day.

Thank God for our blessed English Sabbath! It is with it, as with every other sweet gift of God—we need to be deprived of it for a time to appreciate with grateful and responsive hearts its true worth.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH CLASSICAL SEAS

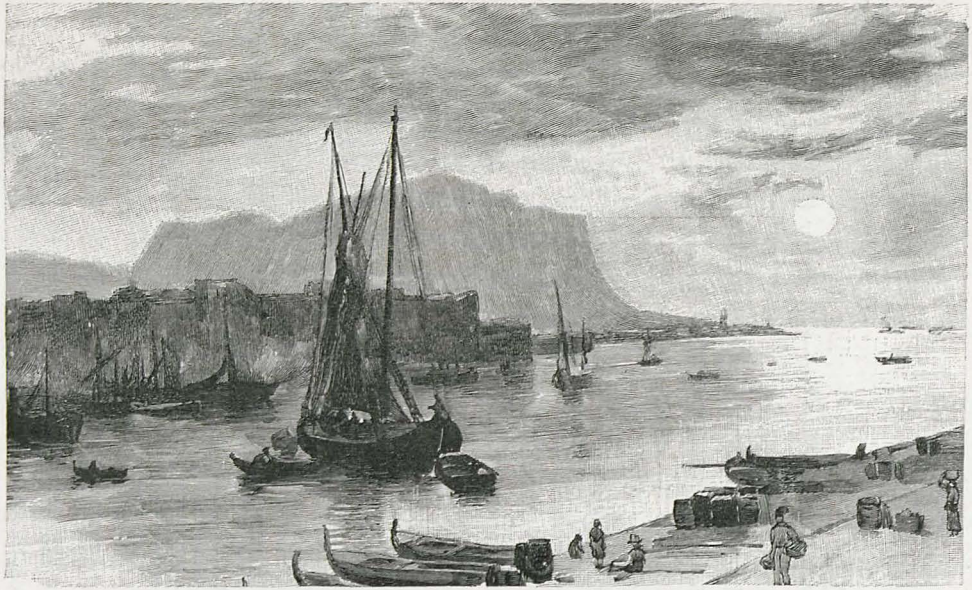
THE coaling of the steamer is finished. The black dust cloud has disappeared. Hose and broom and busy hands have made our ship clean as the fresh driven snow again. The cries and chatter and discordant clamour of hawker and musician are left behind. We have slept over our troubles, and, like the army of Sennacherib, they have vanished in the night time. The contrast between yesterday and to-day is too vivid and complete for either word painting or colour painting. From dirt, discomfort, irritation, and impatience, we have passed into a world of peace, sweetness, and beauty. I recall the dear old words of the psalmist: "Weeping endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and we may surely say, giving another turn to the verse of Tennyson, "that the remembrance of sad and dreary things puts the very crown on joy." I am in a Sabbath mood to-day, and am getting some little sacred compensation for what we lost yesterday. It would be easy to preach just now if one had only hearers; for the voice of the Lord is walking on the waters, and the spirit of love and purity seems to be brooding over all things.

We are sailing southward on a perfect summer sea. There is a silver sky, with just a tinge of blue, and not a spot of cloud. The deeper blue of the waters, suggesting infinite peace, would be called dreamy and fanciful if one saw it in a picture; but it is real enough here. There is no perceptible motion on the ship. It glides swift, and straight, and softly as a bird over a surface restful like a sleep, yet broken up into myriads of tiny ripples, each one of which the sunlight kisses, making the whole scene remind one of what Homer calls, I think, "the innumerable laughter of the sea." Our voyage keeps us continually within sight of shore. Island, and mountain, and nearly every bit of solid earth on which our eyes rest, every inlet and islet, promontory and hill, summon up sacred or classical memories. Here great historic deeds were done, and wonderful cities built, which are no more. Here famous men toiled and suffered, wandered, explored, sang, and died. Here Greek imagination constructed its weird myths and fantastic stories, and here superstition peopled every unknown rock and cavern with demi-gods, and demons, dragons, and minotaurs, and terrors which have served for nursery tales and bogies ever since.

Just now our ship is steering through the Straits of Messina, the narrow passage, little more than two miles across, which separates Italy from Sicily, and a place greatly dreaded by the ancient mariners. Here are the famous Scylla and Charybdis of Greek fable. I look out with keen and curious eyes, searching for all the famous features. We have had them in mind from the days of childhood. The frightful whirlpool

where the waters rushed round and round, hissing and boiling with furious rage, and the demon underneath clutched at the unhappy ship which came too near, and drew it down into the depths. On the other side the still more dreaded rocks, with sharp, hungry teeth, waiting to grind to matchwood whatever fell upon them ; and the sirens on the rocks singing their sweet, treacherous song to lure the sailor to destruction. Here it was that Ulysses made his men fill their ears with wax that they might be deaf to the fatal sounds, and bound himself fast to the mast, that he might hear the music and yet pass by safely. I watched for the whirlpool, but imagination has to supply it. In one place where two opposite currents meet there is a little disturbance in the waters, as if an angel was troubling them, but that is all. I strain my ears to catch the song from the rocks, but it was only heard by Greeks. The sirens know better than to waste their fascinations on prosaic English tourists. The rocks are there, gaunt and stern, hollowed out into caves by the incessant beating of the waves, and when the sea is wild and the winds high, the rushing of the waters through these caverns makes a strange, sweet, melancholy music. One can readily understand how those old Greek voyagers, far away from home, sailing on unknown seas, and taking *omne ignotum pro terribili*, made, out of these rocks and caves and eddying currents, all those wild creations of superstitious fancy.

But other memories come up at this spot which are nearer to historical fact. Across the narrow strait, on the Italian side, is the plain where Hannibal embarked for home with the remnant of his army,



PALERMO HARBOUR, SICILY

disappointed and broken-hearted after his great attempt on Rome had failed; and not far from that is Aspromonte, where a hero with much less genius, but a far greater heart—Garibaldi—was beaten, wounded, and carried off to prison by soldiers of Italy—Italy, which he was giving his life to save.

Further south, as we sail along the coast of Sicily, we sight, with no great interval between, two once great, and always famous, Greek cities. First comes Messina, built some centuries before the first stone of Rome was laid, and flourishing in glory before the sweet singer of Israel had established his throne in Jerusalem. It is still of some importance. Its towers, and castles, and churches extend for miles along the sea-board. Further South we see in the distance what is left of Syracuse. Twenty-four centuries ago it was the greatest and wealthiest of all Greek cities, exceeding in population Manchester or Glasgow of to-day. How are the mighty fallen! It has been reduced to ruins, poverty, a few narrow dirty streets, and about as many people as would be found in one of our large villages. These two cities were both Greek, near neighbours, always rivals, consumed with jealousy of each other, incessantly wrangling, and too often engaged in bloody war. O, how they fought! as if nature had made them from birth sworn and inveterate foes. The Greek had little affection for his race; he cared only for his city. If this wonderfully clever, enterprising and brave people had realised the idea of nationality, and clung together, they would have built up an empire as mighty as that which Rome became, and Rome would never have been at all. But their

patriotism, though intense, was parochial. A Greek's world was his own city. He regarded all things outside that with the feeling of an Ishmaelite. And so these two ancient cities were constantly tearing each other's throats, as Christian nations not much wiser sometimes do to-day.

Our good ship speeds on and calls up yet other and more hallowed associations. All through these seas we are in the track of Paul's voyage to Rome.

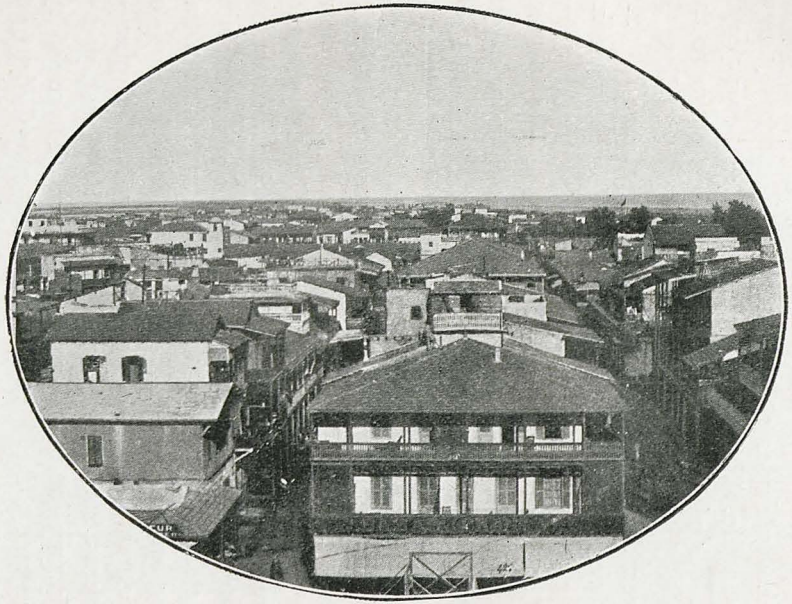
He landed at Syracuse and saw its glories. He passed between Scylla and Charybdis, and no doubt indulged in a little of his accustomed irony when his ship companions referred to the old fable. He touched at Rhegium, where Hannibal had been known. A little further south, though not near enough for us to see it, is that Melita or Malta where his ship was broken to pieces, and where the barbarians showed him no little kindness. And to-morrow we shall be coasting along that island of Crete where he and the distressed mariners were so long delayed by adverse winds, and so often in doubt and despair of attaining a safe journey's end.

This classical sea can be terrible at times. I am thankful that my voyage through it is not like St. Paul's, in winter—driven, battered, tempest-tossed, and saved at last as by a miracle. That was his journey. Ours up to this point has been all in sunshine and favouring winds.

CHAPTER III

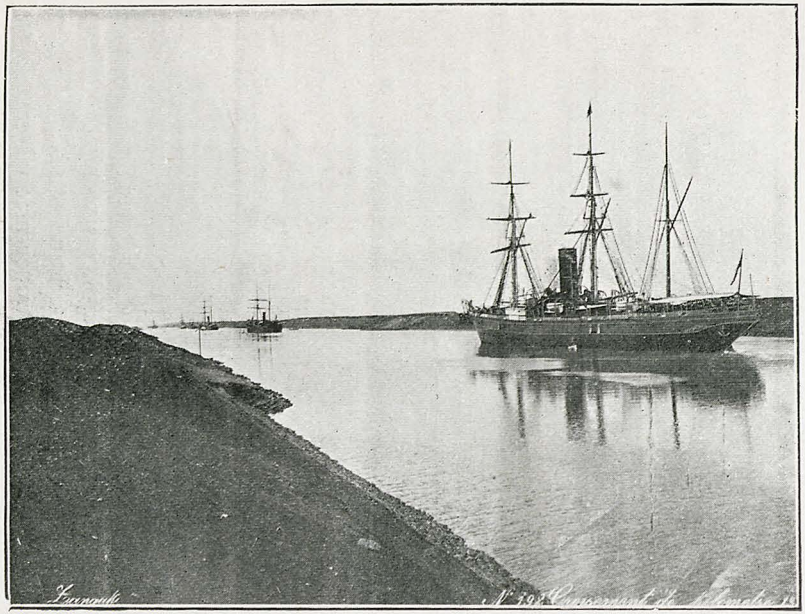
WHERE THREE WORLDS MEET

A SAIL of three days from the Straits of Messina brings us to the coast of Egypt. The delta formed by the Nile projects far out into the sea, and where the great river empties itself the transparent blue of the Mediterranean is changed for fifty miles and more into a muddy white. We pass through Aboukir Bay, where Nelson fought and won the famous battle of the Nile; in the distance we get a view of Alexandria. It is tantalising to come so near and pass it by unvisited. For have we not read of it ever since we read anything? It is the city of Kingsley's "Hypatia." Once the recognised metropolis of Christendom, the city of universities and schools, where Christian and Pagan philosophy had their final fight for mastery; where sects wrangled, and creeds were made, and heresies flourished, and great preachers and writers like St. Augustine and Pelagius and Clement moved the world. Its glory departed long ago, as every good and great thing decays and perishes when the Cross gives place to the Crescent; but for the sake of the old times one would like to tread its streets. We have to endure a far greater disappointment. Our ship anchors eight



PORT SAID

hours at Port Said, and then remorselessly speeds on. Yet there we are little more than a day's journey from Jerusalem. I feel as if I should never quite forgive myself for letting this opportunity go by. It is one of the golden moments which will probably never come again. Have we not all longed, and even prayed, that we might sometime see "the place where they crucified Him," and stand upon the hill where He looked down upon the city and wept over it? And yet we are told often that the modern surroundings and conditions, the monks and the dirt, have vulgarised the places which His feet made sacred, and that it is better to picture the city from afar, painted in heavenly colours by devout imagination, than to see its realities with the eyes. I will endeavour most earnestly to find compensation in that thought; still, I wish our ship had tarried long enough to give us the benefit of the other thing. Port Said, where we are once more in the agonies of coaling, is at the northern entrance of the Suez Canal. It is a brand new town, owing its existence to the Canal. Most new things are clean and good to look at; Port Said is essentially dirty and unmistakably ugly. There is only one respectable, solid-looking building in the place—a Government house. Concerning all the rest, you get an impression that it would be greatly improved by a deluge or a fire. The physical and moral dirt of the town are equal. It is said to be the wickedest place in the world, and I could well believe it, if we were not told on the indisputable authority of Mr. Stead that Chicago deserves that unenviable pre-eminence. Port Said is a conglomeration of all sorts of men, especially



SUEZ CANAL

the worst sorts. It is the centre of three continents, Europe, Asia and Africa, and it seems to have attracted to itself the moral scum of the three. If my bitterest enemy were sentenced to spend five years at this place, I should pity him as we pitied Dreyfus on Devil's Island, and should labour day and night to deliver him. But if I am not to expose myself to a charge of malicious slander and libel I must hasten away from this unsavoury subject.

We get away from Port Said, and steam slowly through the great canal, great in every way as an engineering triumph, and as the grand highway between the Western and Eastern worlds. It connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and thereby forms one uninterrupted waterway between Europe on the one side and the Far East and Antipodean lands on the other. This narrow strip of water, only eighty-six miles long, is the busiest waterway in the world. It carries on its bosom countless ships of all nations, and almost fabulous wealth. The passage of it is not particularly interesting. An hour satisfies one's curiosity and exhausts one's admiration, and then the monotony of the thing becomes rather stale. Our steamer moves slowly, taking nearly twenty hours to do the eighty-six miles. There is very little to see except sand and mud, a few nearly naked Arab children, and an occasional camel. The canal was made through desert, and the desert remains hardly changed. When the wind blows and the sand takes to itself wings, there is a waste, howling and blinding wilderness. On the right bank, as we go South, there is a thin patch of vegetation, and some-

ON THE BANKS OF THE CANAL

times a house, built for the canal officials. But nothing grows save stunted, fruitless palm trees, and little bunches of coarse, half dried-up bush. It is a desolate region, of which a very anchorite would grow weary, and which no man in his senses is ever anxious to visit twice. Halfway between the two seas the canal passes through several salt-water lakes, and on one of these stands another newly-built town or village, called Ismailia. It was originally planned out as a city on the American scale, and its projectors intended to make their fortunes by the rapid growth of population and increasing price of land. Alas, for "the best-laid plans of mice and men"! they thought of everything except pure water and sanitation. The neglect of these little matters soon converted the new city into a cesspool and a collection of hospitals. Those clever projectors made for themselves and others coffins instead of fortunes. Ismailia now consists of a hotel and a few wooden shanties. The hotel is for Cook and Son's tourists. Here they disembark from the steamer and take railway to Cairo for the cataracts and the pyramids. Truly I should like to have a peep at those things also, but our ship is inexorable, and waits no man's pleasure.

It is supposed that the canal does now, what nature once did, join the two seas. There are many reasons for believing that the waters once covered the whole of this neck of desert, and that they were divided by volcanic action. It is even more probable that within comparatively recent time the Red Sea extended northward twenty or thirty miles, and covered what is now desert. It is almost safe to conclude that the

SUEZ

Israelites crossed over somewhere about this spot, where the sea could never be very deep, and where a strong north-east wind would be at times sufficient to drive the water back and leave the sand dry.

The Red Sea was a terror to the Israelites. It seems to have been always a terror, and it is the same to-day. Our captain tells us that we shall have a bad time in the Red Sea from heat, moisture, haze and fog. Passengers who have been this way before echo his words, and make lugubrious prophecies of their own. They tell us of all the uncanny peculiarities of this sea. It is nearly as much land-locked as a lake, shut in by the mountains and deserts of Africa and Arabia, with never a fresh breeze from the open ocean. Vast clouds of burning sand are driven over it. Sickly weeds cover its surface as with a layer of grease, and exhale unhealthy perfumes. The water is thick with salt, and the brine fills the air with an oppressive and half-stifling moisture. Damp, haze, slime, rust and mould are flung over everything. Such is part of the harrowing, blood-curdling story which we hear as we approach this dreadful sea. Pessimism is written on all faces, and whispers are passing, " If we get through the sea safely it will be by a miracle."

P.S.—We have made the passage, and are still alive and well; three days of it, and not one of the terrible things which were anticipated. Nothing but a blue, pleasant, sunny sea, as fair and refreshing as the Mediterranean. The pessimists have forgotten all the gloomy things they said, and even think they never said them. It is always like that; the American proverb says, " Do not cross the muddy, swollen brook

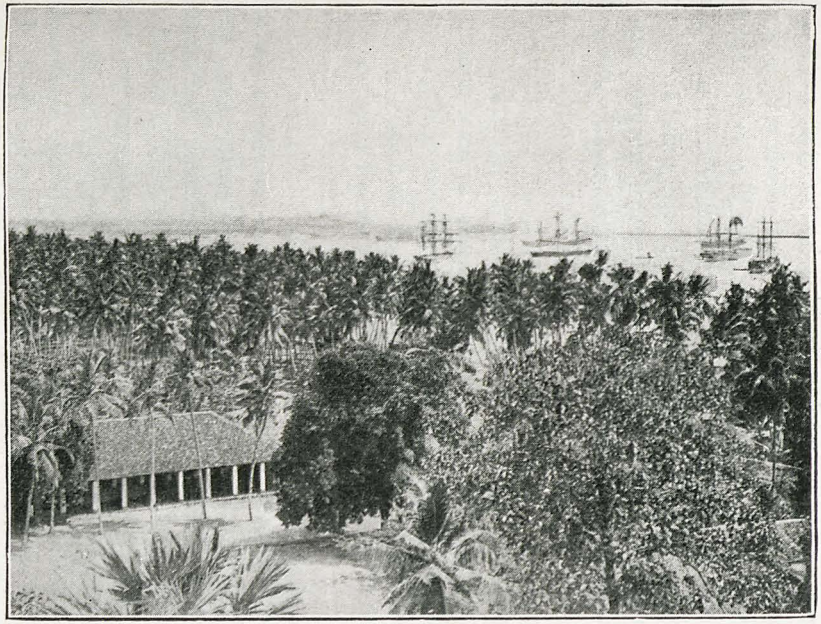
until you come to it." Do not cross the Red Sea until you reach it. It will not be half so terrible as you feared.

Chapter IV

COLOMBO

A SLUMBEROUS stillness broods over the Red Sea as we sail out of it into the Indian Ocean. It might with more fitness be called the Dead Sea, so motionless and uncanny is the calm. There is not the faintest stir of air, or least spot of cloud in the sky, yet we are on the edge of storms. We meet ships which have just come out of them, with funnels, masts and cordage all white with brine. The sailors, too, are removing the awnings from the decks, taking down every strip of canvas, and making ominous preparations for coming events. They know that the monsoons are blowing not far away, and that in a few hours the sleeping waters will be furiously awake.

They did not miscalculate. When I next voyage over the Indian Ocean I shall pray that my flight may not be in the season of monsoons. We have come through a succession of squalls, and five days of lingering discomfort approaching occasionally to torture. I cannot describe the indescribable. Poetry, imagination, and Christian resignation are quite inadequate to the occasion. Happily, it is over, and I am repeating to myself the only appropriate Scripture



COLOMBO HARBOUR, FROM MUTWAL

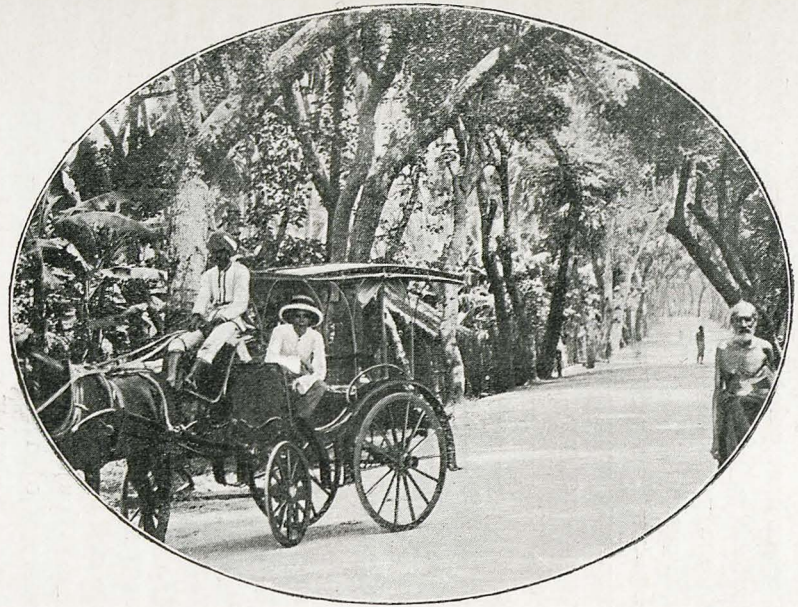
words which I can recall, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof."

Two days more on restful waters, and at six a.m. our ship drops anchor inside the breakwater of the Port of Colombo. We mount on deck and get our first sight of the Eastern world. The wonders of a transformation scene are before and around us. Half a mile or so away we see the clustered palm trees, and much nearer, in a compassing fleet of barges, canoes, and floating logs, well nigh as frail as cockle shells, we look down upon a strange and varied panorama of human beings. It is the island whence the spicy breezes blow. But we have to take that on faith at present. We sniff the air in vain for any agreeable perfume. It is useless to expect that the waters of a harbour shall yield the scent of paradise. But we get ashore, and then the enchantment begins. It is an entirely new world to us, *new* because so much of it is old. There are plentiful touches of European life and its modern fashions, but the prevalent features indeed are Eastern, and such as have been for a thousand years and more. It is a mixture of the Bible, the "Arabian Nights," and R. L. Stevenson's romances. No painted stage ever presented more colour, glow and vivid picturesqueness. Colombo disdains the dull, respectable monotone and mono-colour of Western cities. Everyone does that which is right in his own eyes in the matter of dress, and for the most part does that which is pleasing to other eyes. All the life which one sees here, whether lazily motionless or languidly active, is novel and piquant to a stranger's view. The costumes are as varied as the

faces, and the faces are more manifold in race and type than those of the day of Pentecost. One understands for the first time the full force of the expression, "all sorts and conditions of men." The European men and women wear pith helmets and spotlessly white flannel and linen. If all that is told of their lives here be true, I cannot honestly speak of their raiment as the white linen of the saints. There are coolies from India by the hundreds whose outfit follows as closely as possible the fashion of the Garden of Eden. Side by side with these are Singhalese attired in all the hues of the rainbow. Afghans are here with huge turbans and belted tunics, and other Mohammedans without number crowned with crimson fez, or, as we should call it, smoking cap. Buddhist priests with fan in hand, to hide from them the faces of women, and graceful in their flowing yellow robes, glide by. Occasionally a Tamil lady passes on foot or in carriage, gorgeous as the Queen of Sheba. She carries all her wealth upon her person in gold and silver and precious stones. She has rings on her fingers and bells on her toes; silver anklets, golden bracelets, and neckbands of pearls are displayed in glory, while ears and nose are pierced through and through with many a tiny ring, that dainty gold drops and jewels may be suspended thereby. She reminds us at once of the mincing daughters of Zion, all bedizened and bespangled, whom the prophet Isaiah describes. I see in some of the faces of the passers-by unmistakably Jewish features, and Parsees are among the crowd, and Turks, Arabs, Chinese, Japanese; in fact, all parts of the globe have sent their contribution to this motley procession.

The various vehicles in which the people are carried to and fro combine the oriental with more familiar shapes. The few daring spirits who can defy the heat speed by perspiring on bicycles. There is the electric tramway, with its cars generally full. Society drives in shaded carriages open at the side and drawn by a pair of horses, but the less aristocratic and more frequent modes of locomotion are the lumber van, or light go-cart, drawn slowly by the diminutive bullock of the country, and the rickshaw, a magnificent perambulator on two wheels, with a lithe dark-skinned Tamil in the shafts pulling his single passenger along at the speed of a horse on the trot. The motion of the rickshaw is most delightful, save that the boy who draws you along is shining with drops of sweat moisture as if he had been in a bath, and you cannot help pitying him.

Colombo has no pretensions to architectural beauty. Its streets have few adornments except such as nature has supplied. It has a scanty number of substantial government buildings, with nothing striking about them, and a much larger number of elegant bungalows nestling in green beds of luxurious tropical growth. There are no famous churches save the old Dutch church, plain and massive, full of tablets in memory of the illustrious dead, and almost the only well-preserved relic of the times when Holland was mistress here, and the British rule had not commenced. The streets where the poor natives crowd are neither good to look at nor sweet to the nostrils. Mud houses, low wooden shanties, naked children, gaunt, skeleton-looking dogs, and dirt are the prevailing character-



SKINNER'S ROAD, COLOMBO

istics. Yet where things are at the worst they are better than the dingy, poverty-stricken, gin-sodden slums of London. Spite of all this, Colombo is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Sun, and sky, and ocean have painted, and adorned, and enriched it to perfection. A mile of red sand beach provides a noble sea promenade almost unequalled for beauty. Five thousand miles of uninterrupted ocean roll their snow white breakers at its foot with a sweet murmurous song that is never for a moment stilled. A narow ridge of about two hundred paces covered with turf of almost English green divides the ocean from a fresh water lake fed by rain and springs. This lake, which is the chief attraction of the city, covering thousands of acres, winds in sinuous bends, like a larger Hyde Park Serpentine, through miles of leafy splendour. On its banks are umbrageous carriage drives and narrower paths stretching through dreamy shades for pedestrians. Islands with masses of verdure stand out of the glistening waters like jewels. Here and there rises a white Mohammedan mosque or painted Buddhist temple. Everywhere the palm, mango, and banyan trees rear their lofty heads and throw down their welcome shadow; while the lower shrubs and bushes are just huge bouquets of gorgeous flowers. You may drive miles and miles through this exquisite garden scenery. Every turn in the path discloses a picture more charming than the last, until words and thought fail, and you are lost in a maze of admiration. The Baptist shrines are planted down in the very midst of all this loveliness. I have never supposed that Baptists were distinguished above all

A STREET SCENE IN COLOMBO

other people for their artistic tastes and appreciation of beauty. But the Baptists of Ceylon had certainly the open eye and the heart responsive to nature's wooings. Their little church in Cinnamon Gardens is a model of architectural simplicity and good taste, and, what is better still, the site on which it stands is the best in the city, and the envy of all other denominations. Not far away, amid this same sylvan magnificence, the Baptist mission house and school are half hidden away in bowers of paradise, which would be like heaven itself if the thermometer were not so high.

Unfortunately there is another side to everything. The city of Colombo is indeed a thing of beauty, a place as the well-known hymn says "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

He is not so vile as he used to be. Christianity and British rule have polished him a little, but his redemption seems still far off. There are 150,000 people in this city, a number continually increasing, and nine-tenths of them are more or less idolators, and that is the dark background which makes sad the heart—and possibly I may say more about that when the mood invites.

CHAPTER V

CEYLON

THERE is a tradition that when Adam was driven from Paradise, he took refuge in Ceylon as the next best place. Superstitious people point to one spot where his feet rested and left their mark. The island is not unworthy of the fancy. It might fitly be called, were it just a little further from the Equator, "the island of the blessed." Its temperature varies little from the beginning to the end of the year, save when the night dews fall. It is always high, but it is saved from being intolerably oppressive by the perpetual breezes from the ocean, and the air is always fragrant as if it floated over beds of scented herbs and flowers. There is a peculiar fascination and almost an intoxication in its wonderful beauty. The ruggedness of the Alps, and the softer graces of Italian landscapes are combined. Mountain, river, and lake, glen, forest, and waterfall, sea-shore, and garden-like champaign, make up its variegated scenery, while over the whole is thrown a vesture of boundless tropical wealth, and masses of colour such as nature only in her sunniest moods can paint.

It is the boast of the Singhalese that their island

contains all the climates in the world except those of the Arctic and the burning zones. Allowing for a little exaggeration, the claim may be conceded. About thirty miles inland from the coast where the plain barely rises above sea-level, sunshine and vegetation and perspiring life are unmistakably tropical. Then the ascent begins from slope to slope and ridge to ridge, through staircase-like terraces and shelving tableland, through deep ravines and forest-crowned rocks, until it reaches an elevation only some fifteen hundred feet below the line of perpetual snow. Long before the summits are reached one comes to villages and health resorts where frosty nights and deliciously cool days are enjoyed. Here the fruits and table vegetables of England grow, wild strawberries and raspberries are gathered, and the peasant is planting cabbages and hoeing potatoes as in Ireland; while two thousand feet beneath, the tea-plant covers the hillsides with bushes like those of the whinberry on Yorkshire moors, though just a trifle larger. Lower still are the paddy fields, where the buffaloes are ploughing up to their shoulder-blades in mud and water, or the young rice is sprouting with a delicate silver-green unknown to English fields; and further down, on the sea-level flat, the country is clothed and enriched with the orange, and lime, and mango, and banana trees, and all the varied and luscious products of the tropics. The display of fruits and plants, roots, and kitchen greens in Colombo market is almost as imposing and all-embracing as that of Covent Garden, and Colombo has the advantage in the fact that everything which is offered for sale, from cauliflowers to

grapes, and from custard apple to beetroot, has been grown in the open air on the island.

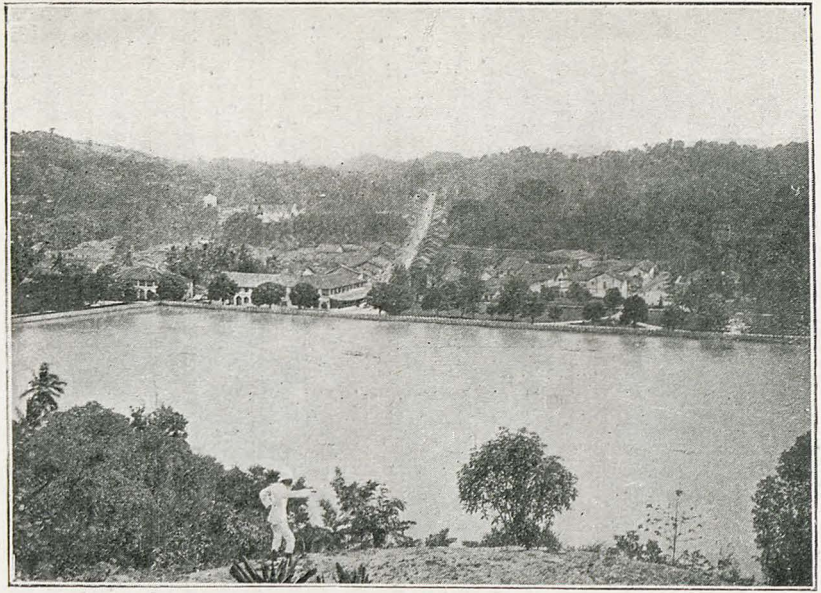
The fertility of its soil and the great variety of its productions make Ceylon a comparatively wealthy land. Its regular and plentiful rains save it from drought. Famine never visits its shores. There is none of the destitution and extreme poverty which are found in the neighbouring country of India. The people have always enough, their wants are few, ambitions and the greed of wealth do not trouble them, and a dreamy contentment, without past, without aspiration, and certainly without joy and laughter, broods over their lives.

Yet there are all the possibilities of a great future for this island. It is well and justly governed; in a comparatively short time it will be well and widely educated; it is believed to be rich in minerals, from coal and iron to silver and gold, though I trust it will be a long time before its loveliness gets blurred over and defiled by the smoke and grime of mine and furnace; and from a commercial point of view its position is unique. It lies in the track of argosies from east and west, north and south. Its harbour at Colombo is always crowded with ships—it is one of the greatest coaling stations in the world. It is the steamship junction for innumerable ports and islands. There passengers embark and re-embark for China, Japan, Australasia, the Malayan peninsula and archipelago, and for various parts of India. It is cultivating a large export trade of tea, fruits, spices, and sundry other commodities, while its imports from east and west are correspondingly on the increase. Its

population, which now numbers about three and a half millions, is advancing by leaps and bounds, and as it is about equal to Ireland in extent there is no prospect of any speedy limit to this expansion.

The Government is actively engaged in making roads and railways, which now give easy approach to what were a little while ago remote and inaccessible places. In a few years the island will be covered with a network of iron roads. Already mountainous scenery, with rivers and lakes equal to the best in Scotland, and only a little inferior to that of the Alps, has been brought within six hours' journey of Colombo. The railway ascends through picturesque glens, underneath mighty rocks, and skirting the edges of awful precipices, which make the traveller ask himself if he has not been suddenly transported to Switzerland. It winds round hillsides and doubles back upon itself and buries itself in tunnels just in the manner of the St. Gothard railway. And it is only when we look out and see the dark-skinned coolies at work on the tea plantations, and the Singhalese peasants busy on the interminable stretches of rice beds literally casting their bread on the waters, that we are reminded again this is not Europe's pleasure ground, but one of the most delightful parts of our great Eastern Empire.

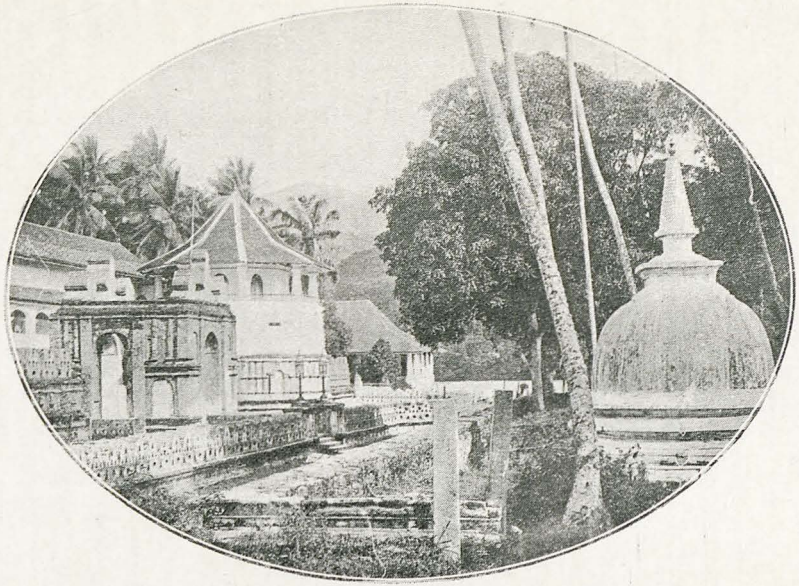
About seventy miles from the coast, though, as the bird flies, not much more than half the distance, our train draws up at Kandy, nearly two thousand feet above sea-level. Here the old Kandyan kings had their palace and seat of Government, and here they ruled with an iron hand, an iron-hearted race of



KANDY, FROM ARTHUR'S SEAT

men. The Singhalese of the hills, like the Swiss mountaineers and Highlanders of Scotland, were and still are of tougher fibre than the men of the plains. For a long time they were unconquerable. The island has had many masters. First the Tamils from India, and then the Portuguese, and after that the Dutch; but the sturdy Kandyans on their impregnable heights defied them all. A hundred years ago British redcoats attempted the task. Again and again they failed, with terrible loss. Then, with incredible labour, and much sacrifice of life, a military road was made right into the heart of the mountain fastnesses. The redcoats marched up, and the thing was done at last. Ever since then these hardy people have been among the most loyal and law-abiding of our subjects, and over the whole of this high country the *pax Britannica*, and with it justice, remains unbroken.

Words utterly fail to draw a picture of Kandy and Colombo delights, but this mountain city is more like a dream of enchantment. It lies in a basin or broad shallow cup, of which the brim is formed by sharply ascending hills, covered with uninterrupted profusion of foliage and flowers; the bottom of the cup is a crystal lake studded with emerald islands. On one of these islands the ancient Royal Palace stands, and on others Buddhist shrines. On the banks of the lake fairy-like bungalows half hidden in sylvan luxuriance are built, and above them on all the mountain slopes are well-laid carriage drives and footpaths winding through perpetual shade, and affording noble views of the whole glorious scenery below. Apart



THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY

from the feast which Nature spreads, the chief attraction of Kandy is the famous Buddhist temple, perhaps the most famous in the world. It is spacious, elaborate, and costly, with its carving, and ornaments of gold and silver and precious stones. The wealth of many devotees has been lavished upon it. Architecturally it is not quite pleasing to western eyes; there is too much gaud and almost meretricious paint about it. But it is a great figure in the Buddhist world. The spot on which it stands once afforded shelter to the founder of the religion. There he meditated and sorrowed over the sufferings of men, and dreamed his dream of Nirvana; and here in a precious casket, which has been kissed by hundreds of millions of lips, they keep the most sacred of all religious relics, a veritable tooth of Buddha—all this at least is vouched for by reverent tradition, and is accepted greedily by credulous ears, and those of my readers who please may share in the credulity. I, alas! was born a sceptic, and am inclined to believe that there is either no tooth at all, or that the tooth was once lodged in the jaw of a sheep or an ass. But, verily, it is a famous temple—the Mecca and Jerusalem of the Buddhist, the great place of pilgrimage to which weary toilers trend from all parts of the Eastern world to pile up merit, and with the merit to purchase the eternal rest. Otherwise, for the curious stranger, it it is a show place very much like St. Peter's at Rome, or any other noted Catholic shrine. For the Buddhist temple and the Romish cathedral are painfully alike—alike in their relic worship, in their paint and pictures,

in the priestly craft which walks about in them, in their dark and darkening superstitions, and also in the fees which they exact from visitors. For they understand these things better than their Mohammedan and Hindoo kinsmen. The mosque and the Hindoo temple are strictly closed against the unbeliever, no unclean feet are allowed to defile them; but the Buddhist opens his sanctuary to all the world, and shows all his treasures to the stranger, for a consideration. And he is very particular about the amount and value of the consideration, as I have reason to know. It did not use to be so, but he has learnt his lesson well from the priest of Rome.

Chapter VI

CHRISTIANITY IN CEYLON

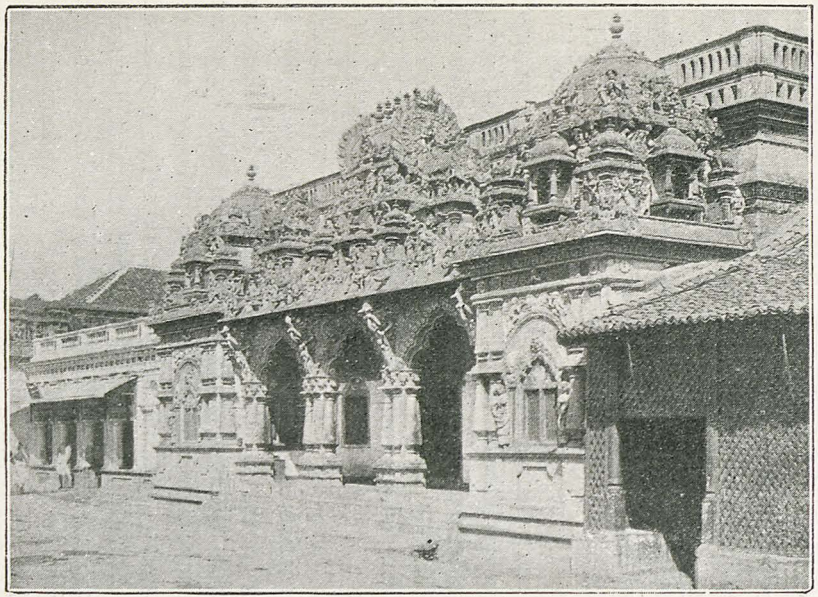
If I were young enough to devote my life to missionary work, and felt the Divine call to it, I think I should wish to find my sphere of labour in this beautiful island, this green and flowing land, which is the pearl of the Indian Ocean and one of the brightest gems in the British crown. Not that I should be attracted by its loveliness. A missionary, indeed, often finds his appointed place in scenes where Nature is at its best and man at his worst, but it is the moral degradation which draws him and not the gorgeous wealth of his surroundings. My feet would move towards Ceylon because the missionary problem is presented there in its most complex form, in aspects which are singularly interesting and certainly not a little difficult.

It is not that the fight for the faith here means peculiar hardships; the missionary's life need not be particularly trying in the ordinary sense of that word. It is a comparatively civilised land. A strong and respected Government ensures order and security of person. A woman might almost travel alone with

impunity through the wildest parts of the island. It is one of the healthiest places in the tropics. It has no violent extremes of temperature; and the draining of its marshes is fast diminishing its malarial fevers. There is, moreover, perfect freedom of speech. The missionary is never molested, or even rudely interrupted. He can come and go and preach wherever he pleases, is always treated with respect and heard even with some degree of quiet, curious attention. In all these matters he could wish for nothing more gratifying and favourable than that which is given to him here, and yet the work calls for the hardness of the good soldier of Jesus Christ. It is slow work, demanding unlimited patience, and it can only be done effectively by men who combine with culture and mental gifts energy of purpose and consecration of heart.

The courage which delights to be placed where the battle is thickest will find no more congenial field than this. The foes of Christ are manifold, and some of them are astute, alert, and as keen for the fight as they are well equipped. Ceylon is not merely the home of one idolatry or superstition; like the old Roman Empire, it finds a place for them all. At least, not to speak of smaller sects and parties, the three great non-Christian systems of the East are well represented here, and here on a smaller scale, as in a miniature battlefield, all the powerful religious forces of the world are contending for the mastery. The Mohammedan mosque and the Buddhist temple stand not far apart, in the same busy street where Protestant Church and mission-hall are bearing their

witness and the drum of the Salvation Army is heard, three gaudy and hideous Hindoo shrines appear; and looking down upon them all, from a slight elevation, is the dome of a Roman Catholic Cathedral. The people are divided in race, and therefore in religion. There is a numerous colony of Mohammedans, original emigrants from Afghanistan and the North of India, but now well settled in the island and its principal shopkeepers and tradesmen. There are about a million Hindoos of the Tamil race, with skin almost as black as a negro's. They came centuries ago from the neighbouring continent and spread themselves more or less over the whole island. They have now almost exclusive possession of its northern and less civilised districts. In the southern half they are in a small minority and occupied chiefly in the lowest kinds of labour. They are everywhere, intellectually and perhaps morally, inferior to their Singhalese neighbours. These last-named are Buddhists. They are two-thirds of the whole population. Most of them are peasant proprietors cultivating their little patch of fruit and rice-producing land, and showing some of the independence of character which generally belongs to that class. The Singhalese were at one time a great and strong people—the ruins of their ancient cities bear witness of an advanced civilisation; their very name contains a history—it means the "lion-hearted." Even now they are singularly interesting, with their finely-chiselled features, intelligent expression and quickness of apprehension. In many respects they resemble the Italians—perhaps most in their fluency



HINDOO TEMPLE, COLOMBO

of speech and natural eloquence. But they have none of the joyousness of that sunny peninsula. One listens in vain for music, song, and laughter. Over them, as over all the Buddhist world, there broods the silence of a patient sadness. Yet they are a people full of promise, with rich possibilities, if only they could lay hold of a Gospel of redemption and hope.

Ceylon is more like Japan than China in its openness to new ideas. It is far in advance of India in its mobility and willingness to be taught. All its people, but especially the Singhalese, are ambitious to have their children instructed in Western knowledge and thoughts. Wherever a school is opened, whether purely secular or religious, it is speedily filled. Children walk for miles to get the advantage of it. If English is part of the curriculum the poorest parents will make heavy sacrifices to meet the fees which are exacted for that particular accomplishment. Education, fostered in every possible way by the Government, made compulsory wherever there are schools within reach, and carried on both by private agency and religious bodies, is making enormous progress. Within measurable time the people will be brought up to the standard of most European countries, and what is better still for the missionary's object, he will be able to preach to the bulk of them in his own English tongue.

This spread of light will be fatal to one of the heathen systems. Wherever knowledge comes it sounds the death-knell of Hinduism. A cursory survey of one of its temples is enough to prove that.

You stand for a few moments and look at it from the outside, for your profane feet must not pass within, and the sight provokes pity and disgust. On the steps the fakir is lying with only bits of dirty rag to cover his nakedness, his face ghastly white with ashes, his body lean and cadaverous—a hideous spectacle. The exterior walls are covered with painted figures of beasts, monster devils and men, ugly, lewd, unspeakably filthy and repulsive. You look through the doors into the interior, and as far as the vault-like enclosure stretches there is darkness like that of the grave, with here and there the feeble glimmering of a taper like some distant star. Hinduism is fitly represented by these things, and as you look at them you feel that this system cannot stand before the schoolmaster. Education will clear the ground of this and leave room for the missionary to build. His battle at this point will be comparatively easy. Mohammedanism will be much harder to deal with, though it is not aggressive here. It makes no attempt to proselytise. It simply holds its own.

Christ's most formidable foe on this island, as throughout the Eastern world, is Buddhism. But here especially, for the Buddhist priest is awake. He has his loins girded, he is intelligent, he is often as knowing and wise as the craftiest Jesuit, and he is willing to employ the most modern weapons in defence of his ancient faith. He is opening schools; he is preaching and expounding the doctrine; he is bringing out from dusty chambers the moral precepts of Gautama, and with them challenging the teachings of the Gospels. Some years ago, Buddhism had a

revival, or certainly a stir of galvanic action. The island was visited by Colonel Olcot, Madame Blavatsky and other theosophists, who went about beating the Buddhist drum, and everywhere announcing what the priest still believes, or at least tells his people, that Christ is played out in the Western world, and the Buddha rapidly taking his place. The effects of this revival are still at work. The priest is vigorous, progressive, hopeful. He intends to drive the missionary out of the island. At this point is the stress of the battle, and the missionary ought to rejoice that he has a vigilant and active foe. It is easier to overcome antagonism than slumber and inertia, and the victory which is won here will be felt through the whole world of Buddhism.

Missions are of long standing in Ceylon, and that is not altogether to their advantage. The Roman Catholics have been at work since the time of Xavier. They had obtained a strong hold upon the island long before the first Protestant missioner appeared. Their showy ritual, processions, symbols, and pictures are sufficiently like those of the Buddhists to attract the Singhalese mind. What they have gained they hold with great zeal and lavish expenditure. They have 260,000 nominal adherents, the greater part of them, one fears, only just touched at the outside with Christian thought and practice.

An even greater hindrance in the way of the true evangelist is the inbred notion of the people that the missionary comes with a Government bribe in his hands. Long time ago, when the Portuguese were masters of the island, they made conversion an in-

dispensable condition of Government employment. The Dutch, who followed them, carried out the same mischievous policy. It was State-established religion in its most iniquitous form—in fact, an ingenious device for the rapid manufacture of hypocrites. All that has passed away under British rule, but the demoralising effects of it are still felt.

In spite of these things and all other difficulties of the position, Protestant missions are being carried on with energy and single-heartedness beyond criticism, and with results which are becoming continually more gratifying. The north of the island is occupied chiefly by American missions, while the central and southern parts are divided among the Wesleyans, who stand first in point of strength, Church Missionary Society, Baptists, and the Friends. The S.P.G. is also here, alas! with all its sacerdotal pretensions and haughty exclusiveness, standing superciliously apart from all other Christian bodies, though face to face with three millions of heathen. The other societies are working in complete harmony and in wise co-operation by educational and evangelistic methods. They are gradually establishing schools all over the island and colleges for the training of native preachers. Hundreds of both Singhalese and Tamil preachers are already at work along with the Europeans. And the Gospel has made incomparably more progress here than in any other country of the East. One-tenth of the people are professed Christians of one sort or another. About 80,000 are attached to the Protestant communities, yet there is much land to be occupied. The work is only in its

beginning. A Ceylon newspaper of this day's issue just put into my hands tells me that one million of people in this island are still in utter ignorance of Christianity. The Gospel has never reached them in any form. Notwithstanding, it is a great and noble fight which is going on here, with abundance of faith and courage, and only needing reinforcements.

CHAPTER VII

THE NEW ELDORADO

FROM Colombo to Freemantle, in as straight a line as a ship can sail, is a journey of more than three thousand miles. There is not a solitary island to relieve the vast expanse. Here and there we get a momentary ripple of excitement from the sight of a sportive shark or shoal of porpoises, or in watching the flying fish as they dart to and fro like flashing sword blades. Once or twice we meet homeward-bound ships, and exchange kisses and god-speeds in that language of signals which only sailors understand, and most of us have poetry enough to watch the westering sun, as each eventide he once more makes all things new, painting such a picture as art has never imagined, and arraying himself in purple and crimson robes, crowned with golden glory just before he dies.

Otherwise, one day is much like another, and there is little to talk about except the heat, which for four days is unspeakable, and all but unbearable. For we are in the torrid zone, crossing the line, with an equatorial sun undisputed master of the situation. The quarter-master, by an ingenious arrangement of tarpaulin, has fitted up a huge swimming bath on the upper deck, and in that sea of heavenly rest most of

the male passengers are disporting themselves half the day, or languidly murmuring, "I have been there and still would go." But this is not for long. Once the line is crossed we have our faces towards the winter season of the antipodes. The change comes much more swiftly than our expectations of it, and, almost before we have time to put on thicker clothing, winds are blowing in our faces which not many hours before were sweeping the snow off icebergs. We have two days of rain and driving sleet, with furious gale and piercing cold, and shivering wretchedness, and then comes the long-wished-for land, and, lo! we have reached Australia.

It is Western Australia, the latest discovered Tom Tiddler's ground, where everybody either is, or would like to be, picking up gold and silver, where a few fortunes are made, and five times as many lost. Hitherward for the present, the stream of emigration turns, for gold is the mightiest of all magnets, and the gold of this land is good and plentiful for the fortunate few who find it. This great colony, eight times the size of the British islands, was for the most part unknown and neglected until somebody stumbled on the precious treasure. Seventy years it lay like the sleeping beauty in the palace, a poor, waste, hungry, and ragged region, despised of all men, and wholly unconscious of the mighty possibilities that were hidden in its bosom. Then at last the secret was revealed. A few adventurous spirits found the "open sesame." The doors of the treasure-house swung back, and there was the inevitable rush of feverish, frenzied human life to take possession of the contents.

More than ten years now the mad race has been going on; the opening of rich mines and also of mines that never yielded anything except scrip and bogus companies; the lucky finds and the miserable failures; the carnival of rogues and the massacre of innocents; the springing up of gourd-like cities, which will last a little longer than Jonah's gourd, but how much longer a wise man would rather not predict. For gold-getting is always a huge lottery, or rather a Monte Carlo gambling saloon, where dupes and fools lose all they have, and a few millionaires emerge from the scramble chuckling over their good fortune, and a certain percentage finish with broken lives and suicide.

Meanwhile growth and prosperity are visible everywhere, for gold diggings at least mean vast expenditure of capital, and hosts of well-paid labourers, and railways, and ships, and machinery, and new cities, with their markets and stores for all who come and go. This Freemantle at which we land has sprung up almost as suddenly as Venus from the ocean foam, and in some parts it is nearly as beautiful, with its well-laid streets and Swiss-like chalets, wood built, one storeyed, gaily painted, and each with its luxurious garden-plot in front. Fifteen years ago it hardly existed; now it affords a permanent home for some twenty thousand people, and its spacious hotels are generally full of visitors passing to and from the interior, for this is the principal port and harbour for the whole of Western Australia. It lies at the mouth of the noble and broad Swan river.

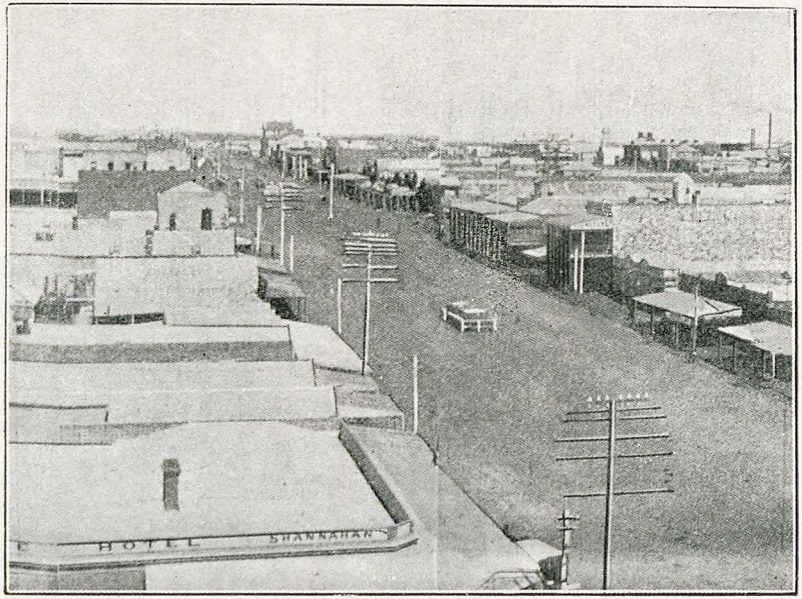
Twelve miles further up the river is the capital of

the colony, Perth, which has been transformed in an incredibly short space of time from a hamlet with a hundred houses, to a city of fifty thousand people. I presume that the similarity of situation has won for it the name of its Scottish prototype, and it may be said without any disrespect to the northern city, that it cannot compare with this new Perth in the magnificent beauty of its surroundings. The river here expands into a charming lake two miles across in its broadest part, and the city is divided by it into a North and South Perth, joined by a bridge which is a fine triumph of engineering skill. South Perth spreads itself out in a level tongue of land which projects far into the lake, and its houses are embowered in evergreen verdure and never-failing flowers. On the opposite bank is the main city, climbing up a gentle slope to a height of three hundred feet. Its streets are straight and broad, with here and there a spacious square adorned with statuary. The buildings have no great pretensions to either beauty or massiveness. They are mostly slender structures of wood, save certain public halls which were raised by the labour of convicts in the days when the colony received and utilised England's criminals. It remained a penal settlement long after the other Australian states had rebelled against this shunting of human refuse on their shores. The convicts had evidently the making in them of something better than refuse. Traces of their industry and skill are everywhere manifest, and many of the leading citizens to-day are either men who came out with the prison mark upon them, or the sons of these men. It is

A VIEW OF PERTH, FROM THE OBSERVATORY TOWER

not safe to speak of convicts here, because the well-dressed, pre-eminently respectable gentleman whom you are addressing may possibly have risen from that condition. Eastward, the city stretches through leafy boulevards, in which are the mansions of the *élite*, and westward, high up above the lake, is a park which would do honour to the greatest city in the world. It runs along the cliff for miles, looking down upon the windings of the river and across to the far-off hills beyond. It has twenty miles of carriage-drives, and footpaths innumerable, all kept with exquisite carefulness; otherwise the park is much as Nature made it—untrained, wild, bushy, and sometimes half a jungle. But no art could match the beauty which runs riot here. The wild flowers of Western Australia are one of the most striking features of the colony, and they are seen in all their profuseness and variety here. They are all new to English eyes, so manifold in kind and type and colour that the most skilled botanist would despair of classifying them, and they are scattered plentiful as snowflakes or as stars in the Milky Way. I hope that no desecrating hand will ever be laid upon the park in sacrilegious attempt to civilise and adorn it; it would be as vulgar as to hang a sanctuary with the stage curtains and tawdry paintings of a theatre.

But Perth, with all its attractions, is now chiefly the supply store of the gold fields, the base from which the rush begins to the New Eldorado. A recently constructed railway carries you in eighteen hours over the nigh four hundred miles. It is a wearying journey over a somewhat monotonous level



COOLGARDIE

of uncultivated bush, wild, desolate rock, and desert sand. Miles and miles there is hardly a vestige of human life; you drive through ten thousands of acres of rich soil, inviting the ploughshare and the labourer. But man cares not for the tilling of the soil when the gold fever gets hold of him. Where his treasure is there his heart is also, and there his body goes. Day by day the railway cars carry their freight of hungry life to the golden cities, as they are called—Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. They have come into being since yesterday, and now hold, respectively, 30,000 and 50,000 human beings. Around them, for four hundred square miles and more, are the coveted gold mines—richest mines in the world, common report says, if they had only water to work them. But it is a hot, dry, almost desert region. There is practically little or no rainfall, and water has to be brought from a distance, or got from wells which yield it so intensely salt that it can only be used after condensation. There is no paradise in these new cities, what with the drought, thirst and dreary sand. But there is nothing which man will not suffer for gold. Three hundred and fifty miles away they are building a huge reservoir to hold incalculable millions of water. Huge pipes and pumping machines are being laid all that distance to convey the precious fluid. In two years the cities of the desert will be well watered gardens, and hundreds of quartz crushing mills will be at work where there are now only ten, and then! Western Australia will astonish the world, or it may be otherwise, for gold delights to trick its votaries, and to land them in the mire when their feet seem to be touching heaven.

A VIEW OF KALGOORLIE, THE CHIEF CITY OF THE GOLDFIELDS

Meanwhile, the magnificent country, with its possible wealth of corn and fruit, and its inexhaustible stores of mineral, is lying for the most part despised and forgotten. It does not produce even one-half the common food of the people. The very necessaries of life, not to speak of the luxuries, are imported, and on every one a high tariff is placed, so that the cost of living is enormous. The highest wages are paid here, and the highest charges are made of all places in the world—so far, at least, as my own experience goes. Sometime, when the gold gives out or the gold madness is over, the people will turn to the soil, and bring out the unlimited wealth of a permanent kind which invites, and then West Australia will have a great future. But until that time comes, I should prefer not to settle down there.

CHAPTER VIII

A LAND OF CORN AND WINE

AUSTRALIA is a country of magnificent distances. That is what everyone tells you who knows, but you do not realise the truth until you have proved it by going to and fro. Most English people imagine that to be in Australia is to be in touch with all other Australians, and if Jones is going to Perth he is entrusted with a parcel by his friend Smith to be conveyed to Smith's brother, who lives in Brisbane. Smith has not the faintest idea that the two places are nearly as far apart as Liverpool and New York, and he thinks that Jones is an unmitigated churl when he politely declines the trust. We are deceived by the smallness of our maps. Australia, in fact, is a continent and not a country. It covers as much ground as the whole of Europe, with a small part of Russia left out, and it has rivers more than two thousand miles long. From Freemantle in the west to Adelaide, the next port at which the ocean steamers call, is a voyage of four days; and from Adelaide to Sydney, a journey as great as from London to Rome. These two latter places are connected by railway, and the distance is covered in forty-eight hours, but

Adelaide can only be reached from Freemantle by sea, and it is a sea which, once crossed, will be remembered for ever. The greater part of the course is through the Australian Bight, a huge bay, compared with which the Bay of Biscay is a serene mill pond. Here the ocean is always angry, and the winds as perverse and furious as a stormful virago or raging drunkard, and here the unfortunate traveller lies desperately sick, praying for land, or for the next best thing, death.

The morning which brings us to port is as sweet as the coming of the millennium will be. The bitterness of death is past; the sad faces put on ghosts of smiles again, and we begin to think once more that pessimism is not the divine philosophy, and that life may still be worth living. The last trace of jaundice disappears as soon as we get our feet on shore, and an hour later, when the port railway has conveyed us seven miles to the fair city of Adelaide, we are in an optimistic and almost heavenly mood, for the views are so bright, and even piquant, and the air is clear and sweet, and the sunlight in the trees and over all things so rich and splendid, that all the vapours of the mind are at once dispersed. Adelaide is in some respects the best built and the most pleasing to the eyes of all the antipodean cities. It is difficult to describe it by comparisons. It is not unlike those best parts of Paris where the boulevards and Champs Elysees lie. It brings to my mind the broad avenues of Chicago, save that I miss the vast throng and feverish activities, and buildings towering skyward of the American city. I am even tempted to use more sacred words, and say

"the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth, and it shines like the light of a precious stone, even of a jasper." The first part of this description is literally true. The city lieth four square, and the length and breadth are equal. It was so projected by its original founders and architects, and their purpose has fared better than most human purposes. It has been carried out without deviation. The streets are all as straight as a beam of light. They cross each other at right angles, and they are all equally broad, except certain back-door premises, which were never intended to be streets at all. They are bordered with trees, and at more or less regular intervals broken or relieved by immense squares with a plot of garden or a piece of statuary in the centre. The men who designed Adelaide had large ideas and prophetic foresight. They selected for it a site which would afford unlimited room for extensions, and they gave it ample breathing spaces. Throught the midst of it runs the river Torrens, winding in gentle curves and spreading out into ornamental waters. On its banks are recreation grounds and gardens where tropical trees and flowers grow side by side with the vegetation of more temperate climes. There are vast stretches of green ivy, with fountains playing and pools gay with water-lilies, and at every turn a marble figure, and, half-hidden away in all this beauty of nature and art, the finest zoological collection in Australia. The buildings, and pavement, and roads of the city are composed of a kind of Bath stone, almost pearly white, which becomes lustrous in the sunshine, and sets one dreaming of another city out of sight, when, from one of the

neighbouring hills, he looks down upon the panorama at his feet. The city looks towards the ocean on one side, but everywhere else it is semi-girdled with a range of mountains, which rise at first in imperceptible slopes, and then in steeper ascents to a height of two thousand feet. A drive through this hill country brings to one's mind some of the best features of Italy. There are vine-clad terraces for miles and miles, gullies watered by creeks, which run through beds of moss and fern, and glisten with waterfalls. Some of the barer hillsides are golden with gorse, and the valleys seen in the springtime, when the bloom is on the trees, are just masses of luxuriant peach and cherry blossom.

For this is the land of corn, fruit, and wine. Adelaide is the principal and, indeed, the only city of a great agricultural state. It is the capital of what is called South Australia. Why the colony has gained that name it is difficult to say. It is not the most southern part of the continent, and it extends northward right across the continent, until it approaches the equator. It ought more properly to be called central or middle Australia. But it puts one in too happy a mood to quarrel about a name. It is rich in treasures which have far more to do than gold with human welfare. It has never been intoxicated and demoralised by the gold fever. The precious metal is not wanting, but it has never been found in sufficient quantity to make a rush, or even pay for the working, and the energies of its people have been turned into less exciting, yet perhaps, more trustworthy channels. Here the squatter ranges over square miles of sheep runs and cattle ranches, here belts of wheat and

meadow lands extend further than eye can reach, and here the culture of the vine ever increasing, promises to exceed all other industries, and is likely ere long to push France and Italy out of their choicest wine markets. The soil and sunshine are especially adapted for fruit growing. It is the California of Australia. Covent Garden looks meagre to one who has seen the fruit market of Adelaide when the season is ripe. The heaps of peaches, and pears, and apples are gorgeous in size and colour, and unlimited in quantity. In a land where nearly everything else is dear, fruit can be bought at a price ridiculously cheap, and almost had for the asking. Grapes, equal to those of our choicest conservatories, are sold for twopence the pound. Plums and cherries sell for so little that in hundreds of places they just drop and rot, because no buyers would pay for the gathering. But I dare not pursue this subject, for it may be that some of my child friends in England will read these words, and be ready to die of vexation because they are not in this favoured spot.

It is a land where the soil possesses unlimited possibilities of wealth. But there is one serious drawback. The rainfall is precarious, and always more or less insufficient. Far away in the interior there is hardly ever a passing shower, and there no man's feet tread, for there are thousands of square miles absolute desert. Even nearer the coast long droughts prevail, and there is oft-times no pasture for the cattle, and the sheep perish by thousands for want of grass and water. Just now there have been three or four intensely dry seasons in succession, and the whole country has been

crying out for rain. It is falling as I write, falling steadily, with promise of abundance, and the people have good cheer on their faces, and thankfulness on their lips, more than if showers of gold were descending.

Quiet, slow, steady progress is the characteristic feature of South Australia. The gold-producing states call it old-fashioned, unenterprising, and asleep. Compared with them, it is indeed less go-ahead, but it seems to me more stable. There is less of the gambling spirit. There is less excitement, there are fewer great fortunes made, but the foundations are being slowly laid of a great and permanently prosperous community. What the country needs is men. The stream of emigration hitherward has always been rather like a sluggish pool than those fierce torrents which the goldfields have attracted, and the population as compared with the extent of territory is only as a drop in a bucket—three hundred thousand people occupy a country fifteen times the size of England and Wales, and not nearly one hundredth part of the soil has been even touched with cultivation.

The extreme northern territory is exceptionally fertile; it would produce an incalculable quantity of tropical produce, and it is teeming with mineral wealth, yet it is virtually uninhabited. The climate is almost equatorial, its heat is too intense to allow of white labour, and the working men of Australia are determined to prevent all importation of coloured labour—the popular cry is, "We will have a white Australia." No negroes, no coolies, no Chinamen or Japanese. They justify the cry on moral, social, and even

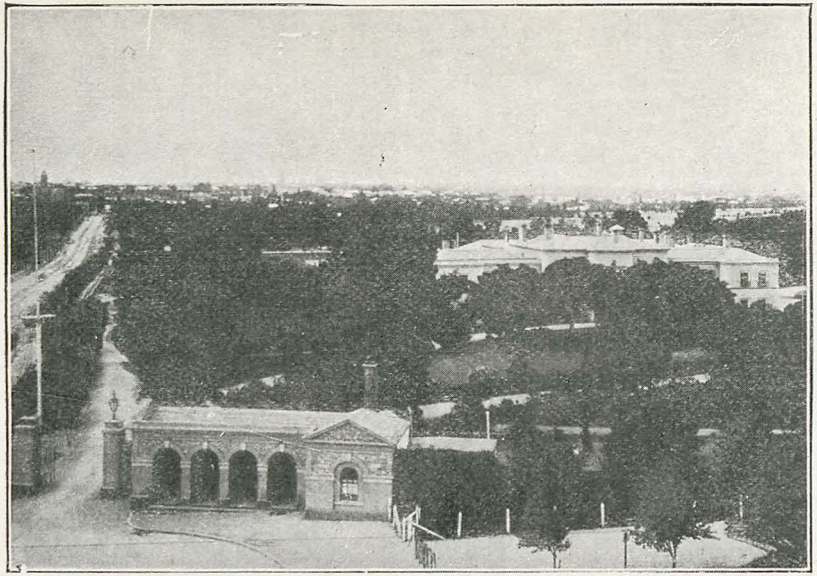
religious grounds, but underneath it all is the perfectly needless, and wholly selfish fear that the introduction of an inferior race would lower wages all round. And so the land lies neglected, hungering for men; those who nominally hold cannot use it, and they shut out those who might. They call this a policy of wisdom. Æsop, long ago, called it by another name, for he told a story about it which will never be forgotten, the story of the dog in the manger.

And some of those old Greeks saw, perhaps, as far as the most acute and clever of the Australians.

CHAPTER IX

ON THE ROAD FROM ADELAIDE TO MELBOURNE

OUR journey, like that of the Israelites, is still towards the sunrising. An evening train runs from Adelaide to Melbourne in about sixteen hours. This, for a distance of more than four hundred miles on a single-line track, is a creditable accomplishment. A sumptuous dinner at a charge of two shillings is provided at one of the intermediate stations. It is a Pullman train, with sleeping cars attached, and in point of comfort equals the luxurious ease of European travel. But the scenery falls far short of England's green and pleasant land. One looks in vain for the rich meadow land and verdant hedgerows on which our eyes have feasted since we were children. The pastures are thin, interspersed with bare and stony spots, and disfigured by stumps of burnt-out trees, and the fences are wired stakes. Occasionally a solitary farm-house, with its plot of garden, relieves the dulness of the landscape, but the population is scant and the villages far between. Sometimes our train drives through Australian bush, with profusion of undergrowth and wild flowers and trees, dense,



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND NORTH ADELAIDE

gnarled, twisted, and interlacing one another as if they were wrestling, fighting for existence, and half starved, because there are too many of them for the soil to sustain. Here and there we pass a forest of gaunt, naked gum trees, with straight, branchless, barkless trunks, rising as high as the spire of a cathedral, and crowned at the top like a palm tree, with outstretching limbs sparsely clothed with the thinnest foliage. They are the monarchs of the Australian forest, grim, unlovely, affording little shade under their scant and pinched leaves, yet not without a weird grandeur. Here and there a merciless forest fire has played havoc with them. Some of them are charred from base to summit, burnt half through, left dead, or still just alive, with the barest patch of leafage, like some once noble life shrivelled in the fires of sin, and still bearing melancholy witness by its very ruins to the greatness which once was. Growing close beside these gum trees, and everywhere in the bush country, are the gigantic tree ferns, which form a special feature of Australian plant life. They have trunks as thick and solid as an average-sized beech tree, and from the height of ten or twelve feet they send out their broad, graceful, branch-like leaves, drooping and bending in willow fashion, until they spread upon the ground like a lady whose bridal dress follows in sweeping trail behind her.

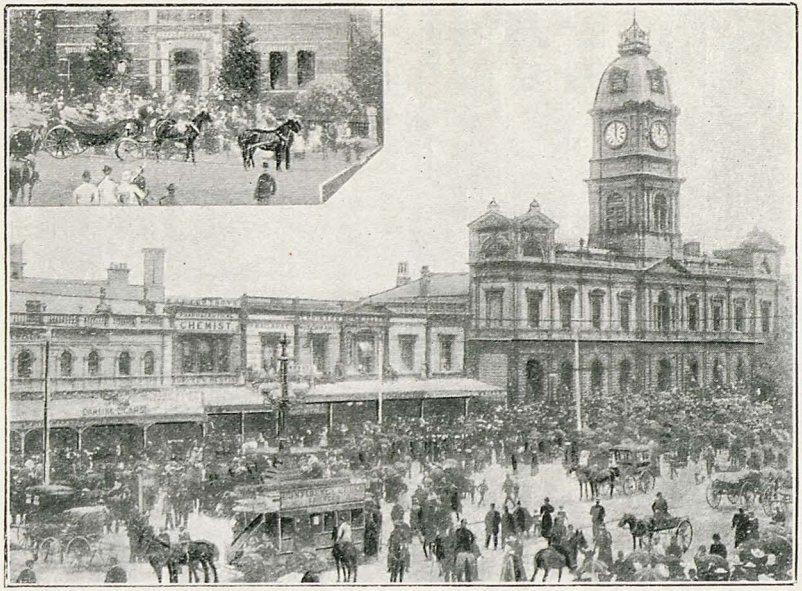
There is a silence in these forests as of the grave. No ripple of brook, or song of birds, or rustle of umbrageous foliage, no movement of living thing except a snake here and there gliding through the undergrowth. The loneliness is oppressive, and an eerie

KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE

feeling as of something both ghostlike and sad creeps over one.

For a hundred miles we journey through such scenes as these, and then for two hundred miles more the country is desolate, and no man's land, given over to thorns and thistles, rock and sand. Vegetation practically ceases. Cultivation has never made experiment here, for there is no soil that will bear cultivation. There is not a tree or dwelling of any sort, except such as have been built for the pointsmen and workers on the railway. Life has fled from this region in despair, a place doomed by nature to barrenness and death.

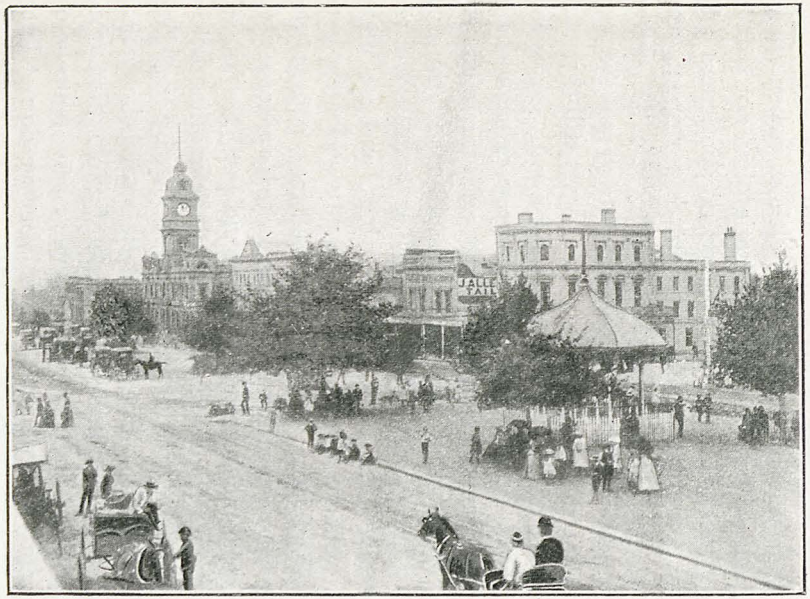
Out of the waste, howling wilderness we come at length to pasture land again and to human habitations, and we are in the State or Colony of Victoria. Early in the morning our train pulls up at Ballarat, and we break our journey to get a passing peep at this world-famed mining city. Who has not heard of it and of the time when men went crazy about it. Fifty years ago, when England was crowding to the Crystal Palace and the great exhibition, gold was discovered here. Some fortunate travellers lighted upon a nugget worth two thousand pounds. While the air was still ringing with the tidings of that find, a second and a third lump of the coveted metal were stumbled upon. The three were magnified by report to a thousand. Then the frenzied race commenced. From north, south, east, and west men came panting and furious with the gold hunger gnawing at their hearts and the hope of instantaneous wealth gleaming with feverish light in their eyes, most of them to fail



THE CITY HALL, BALLARAT

miserably, some to speedy death and a few to strike a lucky vein and fill their pockets with gold. The Great Exhibition was half forgotten in the tales of wages and fortune-finding which came from this new wonderland. Presently the crowds of gold diggers, or as many as were left of them, settled down into steady work. The day of nuggets was over, but the gold was there, scattered thinly over the river beds and sprinkled a little more bountifully in underground veins of quartz. Scientific mining, crushing, and washing, gradually superseded the happy-go-lucky methods of the solitary gold digger, and what had been a lottery became an industry.

Out of all this gathering of men and development of method the city of Ballarat grew. It consists of one spacious and magnificent street, broad as Whitehall, in London, extending for a mile and a half, with a few narrower streets branching off. Down its centre stretch two rows of noble trees, under which hundreds of miners sit and stroll in the evening time, enjoying God's fresh air after their labours in the stuffy darkness of the deep underground. The main street is rich in public halls and quite stately hotels, and here, as in all other Australian cities, the sculptor has been busily employed in adorning the squares where the streets intersect. At one extremity of the great avenue is a large lake, made by nature and improved by art, on which a pleasure steamer takes its hourly trips, and on the banks of which there is a promenade extensive enough for a day's march. The places of worship are numerous, and fairly well attended. Some of the oldest of them tell of a time



STURT STREET, BALLARAT

when their congregations were made up almost exclusively of men, and when the sight of a bonnet was as exciting and welcome as if a white-winged angel had fluttered down into the dull and sober assembly. But that was in the pioneering times, when rough work had to be done, and civilisation had not gained ground enough for the presence of gentleness and beauty. To-day, Ballarat is in that respect, and others, like other cities. It has become the centre and market of a vast agricultural district, and the seat of many industries. Yet gold-mining is still the most important of them. It is carried on with increasing hardship. For as the suface veins are exhausted, the mines are sunk deeper and deeper, until the toilers are burrowing further away from the surface and the sunlight than ever an English collier goes. We are curious to visit one of these mines, and we make application to the mayor of the city. He meets us with an amiable, smiling, John Bull face, and accedes to our request with a more than British welcome. His kindness and hospitality are boundless. He himself undertakes to be our pioneer to the regions below, but we must first fortify the inner man by partaking of his bounty. That preliminary settled, he hails a coach, and we drive to the scene of exploration. We are at the mouth of a pit which I have since most reverently described as infernal, but we do not know its horrors yet. Our outward man is elaborately protected and hideously disfigured by high top-boots, dirty waterproof smocks and pants, and a broad, soft hat, so battered and ancient that it might have been used by Noah when he was preparing for the deluge.

Thus arrayed we march, headed by the mayor, to the mouth of the shaft. The cage in which we are to descend is about four feet square, and arranged in an upper and lower stage. Into each of these four of us are packed as close as sardines in a tin, arms pinioned to our sides lest we should graze the sides of the shaft in descending. Down we drop two thousand feet, with occasional bumps and shakings, which make us fear that the last hour has come. We reach the bottom at last, and with feeble, flickering lamps, which only make the awful darkness visible, pursue our march in single file through stifling air and six inches of running water, with great clots of muddy liquid, thick as blood, dropping from the roof, until we reach a narrower shaft. Down this we climb on a slippery, ricketty ladder, with rungs two feet apart, hanging on for sheer life, and before us are the miners at work cutting out the quartz with machine drills worked by compressed air. Eight hours a day for ten shillings. I would not work in that hole eight hours for all the wealth of a Vanderbilt. And that is how the gold is got.

Once more we march back and ascend the ladder and the shaft, and we thank God for a safe deliverance as if our feet had reached the pearly gates. The mayor with infinite good nature proposes to take us down a second and deeper pit, but we decline with a smile of gratitude and a shudder, and go away with mingled memories of Ballarat. Forty miles further on we stop to spend a night at Geelong, a flourishing seaport and market town on a picturesque inlet of the ocean, but chiefly noteworthy to us because it is said

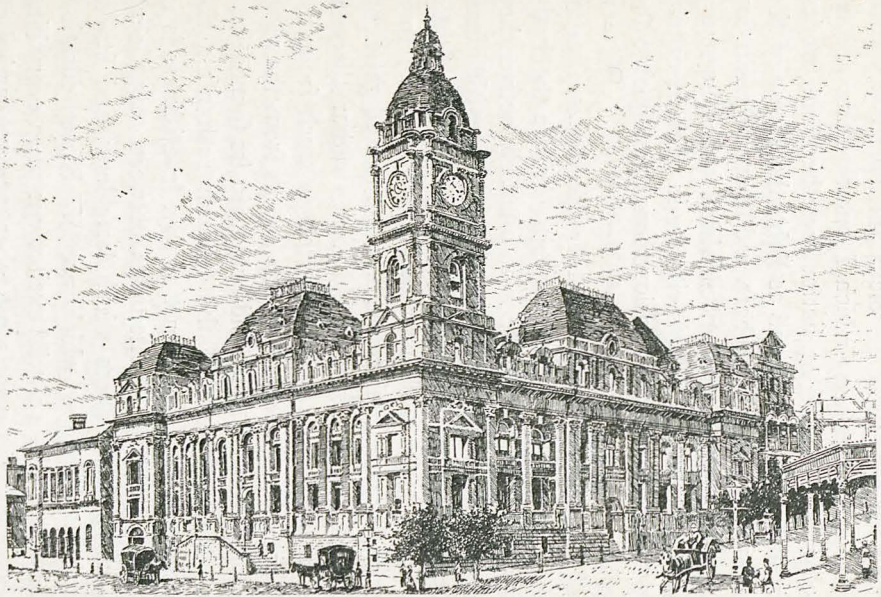
to be the most religious city in Australia. It is the Mecca of the Australian pilgrim, and the place where every devout colonist would like to die. There, as to another Bristol, ministers retire when their work is done, to enjoy the society of like minds and the atmosphere of prayer. Here conventions are held after the Keswick pattern, and the higher life is sometimes reached, and, perhaps, more often only talked about. Here at least we meet with some fine-souled Christian men, whose faces and words and work we are not likely to forget. The hours we spend here are far too few, but we are due in the great city of Melbourne, which is only some forty miles distant, and these calls have been but pleasant breaks in the journey.

Chapter X

THE GREAT CITIES OF AUSTRALIA

Melbourne is the young giant of these colonies. What it will be when it reaches mature age passes conjecture, for already in the morning of its years its bulk and promise of growth are magnificent. Hundreds of its present citizens were born before it had any place or name at all. Just over sixty years ago it boasted of thirteen buildings all told, eight of them turf huts. To-day it is one of the leading cities of the empire, a seaport of first rank, a centre of commercial and intellectual life with more than half a million of people. It owes little to situation or natural advantages. The river on which its docks are built, the Yara Yara, is a dull, sluggish pool which no imagination could invest with poetry, the ocean is too far away to give it a touch of colour and romance, there are no mountains or hills within forty miles to relieve the flatness of its surroundings, and no rich soil to clothe its nakedness with luxuriant plant and leafage. All that it can boast of has been done by the industry and ingenuity of man; and the result is one of which the most unassuming of men might be reasonably proud. There is no nobler array of broad, well-paved,

richly adorned streets in any city of the world. Art has triumphed over the niggardliness of nature, and produced a wonderful combination of beauty and strength. There are more handsome public buildings here than can be found in any other city of equal size and population. The Houses of Parliament, Post Office, Custom House, University, Cathedral, churches, and banks form an interminable panorama of massive stateliness and elegance. The shops and stores and warehouses are not a whit behind those of our own metropolis. The parks are like a tropical paradise, and miles and miles of suburban villas embowered in trees and flowers girdle the city with one vast garden. The citizens are worthy of their habitation. They seem to have inherited the spirit of enterprise, daring, and wide vision with which the founders of the city were endowed. They are reasonably proud of the *place*, but their thoughts have no local limitations. I have found in some other parts of the colonies a parochial narrowness of sympathy, an inability or indisposition to look beyond the city boundaries or beyond the commonwealth of Australia. Here there are no mental prison walls of that kind. The men about you have minds that can stretch out and feel the pulses of the world; you become immediately conscious that you are in the current of the great world's activities. Melbourne is a great centre of commerce and productive industry. It is alive with business, and as keen as Liverpool and Manchester in the eager pursuit of gain. But it is something more. There is an intellectual atmosphere in the place, there are thousands of reading and inquiring minds.



TOWN HALL, MELBOURNE

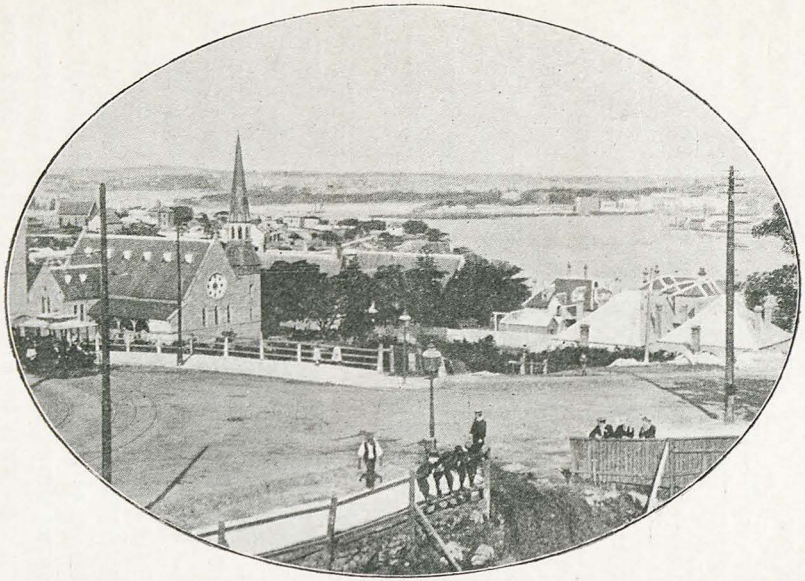
Literary, philosophical, and debating societies abound; there is a larger proportion of young men here who have risen above the frivolous and sporting journal class than in any city which I know; there are no book stores in London better furnished with works, new and old, solid as well as light, than some of the best which I have visited here, and I have no hesitation in saying that the audiences which it has been my privilege to address in this city are in point of culture and quickness of apprehension more than equal to the average of the foremost English cities.

I am told that there is another side to this pleasure picture, and I can well believe it. Where the brain moves so rapidly, and life is so intensely active, they are both in danger of becoming at times delirious. The more steady-going Colonials of the other States tell me that the Melbourne people are too fast; their feet make haste both to build, and buy, and get rich; their city was built on gold mines rather than on agriculture. Now it is supported as much from the cultivation and products of the soil as from the yield of the mines; but the gold-fields laid its foundations, and it grew up amid the feverish rush after the precious metal. Some part of that feverishness is in its blood to-day. It alternates between magnificent, all-daring hopefulness which lasts long, and fits of terrible depression which are of shorter duration. There are periods of wild excitement when everything is booming; when the most sober men are carried off their feet and out of their senses by some furious high tide of prosperity; when everyone believes that he can transmute all things into gold and acquire a

fortune in a day if he gets in before the day closes. And then there comes a time when the whole thing bursts like a balloon and the carnival of gambling and intoxication finishes in a judgment-day of widespread bankruptcy and ruin. Melbourne is still suffering, though slowly recovering, from the disastrous effects wrought by the latest of these wild expansions and collapses. It is a few years ago now, but men still speak of it with bated breath and whispered humbleness, and often with a visible shudder. That awful time when the flush of triumphant success was changed to the ghastly pallor of tragedy; when riches took to themselves wings and vanished in a night; when the millionaires awoke to find themselves beggared; when each day brought its appalling list of bank stoppages, crash of business houses and suicides, and when ship loads and train loads of people fled from the city as if it had been plague-stricken. It was a reign of terror and despair, the like of which Melbourne had never known before. It has taken the lesson to heart, and earnestly prays, as all its friends do, that it may never witness such scenes again.

Melbourne is the most southerly city of the continent. Five hundred miles north-east, and in a much warmer latitude, is its great and noble rival, Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. The dew of youth is on one, the other is touched with the silver of age. Sydney is quite ancient as time is reckoned here. It was born just before the French Revolution shook the Old World, and from that time to this has advanced, with few startling fluctuations, to its present

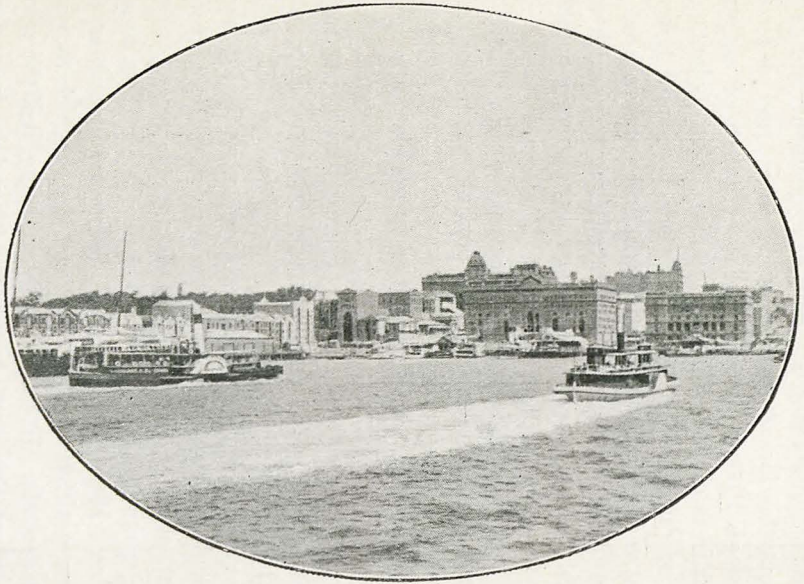
importance. It bears some of the marks of age. The newer Australian cities have borrowed more from America than Europe. Sydney is stamped on all its features with the words Old English. No mathematical precision and faultless regularity entered into its designs and plans. Design gave place to caprice and individual taste: the streets are tortuous and narrow, the buildings of all sizes and shapes. Art and genius have not been wanting in its construction. Its Post Office is the finest in these southern lands. Its University and Government buildings are priceless works of architecture, but there is no space to set them off, and they cannot be seen to advantage in their pinched and often crowded surroundings; yet the city could not fail to be beautiful in spite of these drawbacks. Nature has enriched it as no skill and genius could. It is planted on the bosom of the ocean, like that Northern city, Stockholm, which is deservedly called the Queen of the Baltic. It rises on a landlocked bay four miles from the open sea. The bay divides out into fifty smaller bays, which intersect and thread the land in innumerable lines of silver light. It is studded with green islands which sparkle like emeralds in the sunshine, and on every side on castellated and terraced cliffs suburban residences peep out from copse and flowery shrubs. One drives for miles through charming fairy land of valley and hill, with a smiling sea ever in view, and here and there a vision of the boundless Pacific Ocean beyond. Sydney has the finest natural harbour in the world. All the warships in existence might ride at anchor, or almost find room for their manœuvres in its capacious



NORTH SYDNEY

waters. It is so deep throughout, that even at low tide ships of the heaviest burden can come close in shore, and land their freight and passengers with little help from dock or wharf. "What do you think of our harbour?" is the question which every Sydney man asks of the stranger, and the stranger replies in the words of the Queen of Sheba, "It was a true report which I heard of all its glories, and behold the half was not told me."

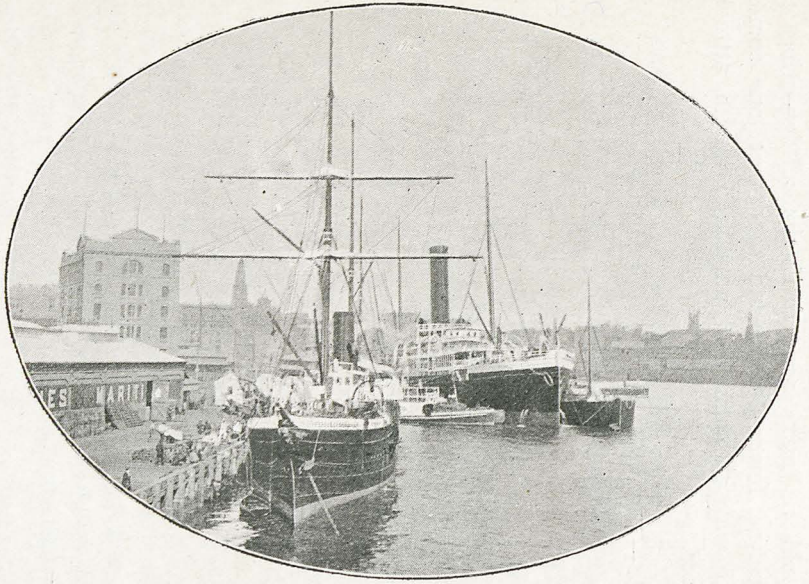
Sydney has been for many years virtually a free port. Together with the whole State of New South Wales, it has been advancing with feet unshackled by the burden and chains of a high tariff, and the last decennial census has proved the wisdom of the Free Trade policy. For the first time in its history it has greatly outstrippel Melbourne and Victoria in the comparative rate of growth, and this notwithstanding the fact that New South Wales is not nearly so rich in soil and minerals as its neighbour. Moreover, the people generally and the wage-earning class especially are better off here than in any other part of the continent. Wages are not lower than in Adelaide and Melbourne, while the cost of living is far less. Nearly all commodities are cheaper in Sydney than elsewhere, and, comparatively speaking, it is the paradise of working men and those of limited means. It is not surprising that the Sydneyites have nearly all been converted to Free Trade views. And now all this threatens to become a thing of the past. Everyone knows that the Australian States have recently joined to form one Commonwealth, with one centralised Government, Parliament, and tariff. And the new



CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY

Government, with what seems strange unwisdom to an outsider, has signalised its entrance upon office by bringing forward a tariff bill of the most stringent kind. Sydney is in a tumult of excitement, and eager about this forced reversal of its policy, and as I pass through I hear murmurs and even shouts of indignation from all lips, and in some cases even violent talk of secession. We may well both hope and believe that wisdom and moderation will find some way out of this trouble, and that the United Commonwealth will fulfil the best hopes of those who patiently worked for it.

I have spoken thus in somewhat glowing terms of these great cities, yet it is impossible not to feel that their very greatness is symptomatic of something not quite healthy. The congestion of population in great English cities is inevitable, but no one regards it as a happy sign of the times. Here it ought not to be inevitable, because there is unlimited extent of country and fertile soil crying out for cultivation. Yet the congestion of population is more extreme than in overcrowded England. Southern Australia has fifty per cent. of its people in Adelaide, and the rest, 150,000, are sprinkled over a surface of nearly a million square miles. Melbourne and Sydney occupy just about the same position in regard to the states of which they are the capitals. In fact, roughly speaking, half the population of this vast Australia is found in four cities. The attractions of city life partly account for it, but the high tariff, by increasing enormously the cost of all farming implements, and making it difficult for one to maintain himself on the soil, has done more.



ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY

But whatever is the cause, the effect is not such as to suggest congratulations. We can sympathise with the Australian as he talks fondly and proudly of his great and beautiful cities, but the future of these colonies would be more assured if the all-devouring city received fewer people, and the great lone country, rich with all manner of unrealised wealth, attracted more.

CHAPTER XI

AUCKLAND AND NEW ZEALAND

SYDNEY is the nearest Australian port to New Zealand; yet between that city and Auckland twelve hundred miles of ocean stretch, and this is the shortest sea passage that can be made. The average Englishman pictures New Zealand separated from the Australian continent by an insignificant ditch or smooth mill pond, which may be crossed in a few hours. A great surprise awaits him when he is required to pay £7 sterling for the crossing, and a still more disagreeable surprise follows when he finds himself rolling and tossing four days and nights on waters which are never gentle, generally turbulent, and often cruel. For the seas which gird these favoured islands are swept by boisterous winds and disturbed by mighty currents, which keep them in almost perpetual turmoil and make the heart-sick and body-sick traveller more weary and desperate than all his previous voyaging has done.

At sunrise on the fourth morning he awakes to find that his agony is over. He is in the spacious harbour of Auckland, which, with its broad-stretching, placid waters, studded with emerald islands, and en-

closed with gently sloping verdure-clad beach and hill, is only a little inferior to the famous harbour of Sydney. The morning sun shines on one of the fairest scenes on which his eyes have ever feasted. Nearly the whole city passes before him in brilliant panorama. He is circled by spire and dome, suburban isles, gullies creeping up between minature mountains and hilltops far away, which are sylvan and enchanting enough to be the abode of fairies. The water around him is alive with rowing boats, yachts, small steamers and barges on business and pleasure bent, and everything wears a pearl-like grace in the clear and almost silver light.

Auckland is the northern-most city of New Zealand, and also the largest. It boasts of more than sixty thousand souls, and its growth and prosperity are ensured by its peculiarly favourable position. It stands upon a narrow neck of land, only two miles across, which divides the eastern from the western ocean. In two or three years a ship canal will annihilate this barrier. The passage to Australia will be shortened by a day. The mails from Australia to Europe will be carried this way by San Francisco and New York; and Auckland, with its noble harbour, will expand into one of the leading ports of the Empire. The city has at present little in the way of architecture to be proud of. No notable buildings arrest the eye of the stranger. The streets and shops are, for the most part, commonplace. The museum and art gallery are well worth visiting, because of their magnificent collection of Maori curiosities and pictures illustrating the early history of the island. Otherwise

PUBLIC LIBRARY, AUCKLAND

little has been done to make the place attractive. One seeks in vain for shady nooks and avenues to get protection from the half-tropical heat. Trees would flourish everywhere, and yet it is almost true to say that in the city itself they have been planted nowhere. But if man has been careless, Nature has been most kind. The position of Auckland is unique. To one who has visited Stockholm, the Queen of the Baltic, the resemblance of the two cities comes with a flash of delight. Auckland is built upon the waters. Bay, estuary, inlet, and creek are on every side. From each slightest elevation the eye takes in a world of glistening sea and ocean, and the banks and shores of all these waters, save where human hands have stripped them bare, are rich and picturesque with tree and shrub, and gorgeous fern and flower. Auckland gives a fair entrance to a fair country.

For truly it is a delightsome land, a land of mountains and valleys, fountains and brooks, rich in sunlight and fruit-bearing, and clear, tonic air, with grazing lands for innumerable herds and flocks, and broad, undulating plains whose deep, generous soil waits for the ploughshare, and offers harvests for coming millions of people. We speak of it as one land, but it is really many lands in one. It is sometimes called the Great Britain of the Antipodes, and in some respects it bears a closer resemblance than any other of our Colonies to the Mother Country. But in variety of soil and climate it has advantages which the British Islands are denied. It consists of two main islands and clusters of small islets, which extend from north to south more than a thousand miles, and cover a surface equal to that of

England, Scotland, and Ireland combined. In those thousand miles one passes from the neighbourhood of the tropics to a region which enjoys the rigors of an English winter. In the extreme north the orange, citron, lemon, and passion fruit grow; in the furthest south there are Scottish plants and flowers, gorse and thistle, and two or three months of frost and snow. This great diversity makes New Zealand a self-contained country, for all kinds of vegetation flourish on its soil, and nearly everything that man requires can be grown on its surface or dug from its mines. Its minerals have only just been touched, yet they promise everywhere a golden future, for they are apparently inexhaustible. Vast beds of coal and iron lie hidden under green fields and forests as yet without a stain or trace of furnace grime and smoke. The precious metals have already yielded a rich ingathering, and there is far more to follow, while copper, manganese, lead, and nearly every other chemical and mineral product are found in abundance which has to be guessed rather than estimated. But the underlying wealth has only just been tapped. The mining and manufacturing industries are in their infancy. The certain riches on the surface have more attraction to the labourer than the more precarious treasures in the depths. New Zealand is pre-eminently pastoral and agricultural. Unlike Australia, with its interminable deserts and regions half naked and barren because well nigh waterless, this more favoured colony bears no distant resemblance to a well-watered park or garden. There is greenery almost everywhere, fresh and sparkling as English green. Nearly one-half its

surface, when cleared of jungle and timber, will be fit for the plough—virgin soil that will yield a long succession of bountiful crops without the help of artificial tillage. Three-fourths of the rest, including the very mountain lands, afford good feeding ground for sheep and cattle. Over all the islands the rainfall is abundant. Drought is almost unknown, rivers, and streams thread the land with a beautiful network, and only about one-sixth of the country, chiefly on the high till tops, is absolutely barren and profitless. Twelve millions of acres are actually under cultivation, a proportion to the whole extent of country which exceeds that of the Australian colonies by ten to one. One million and a-quarter cattle and twenty millions of sheep are grazing on the pasture lands, and still the larger part of the country remains primeval and unutilised forest, preserving for the labour of the future its stores of wealth.

But New Zealand has charms for others than the utilitarian. The scientist and the artist have here a new world of discovery and beauty inviting them, and in course of time the tourist will be found thronging all the gates. No country in the world has more natural curiosities or more scenery of unrivalled grandeur and loveliness. In the North Island is a volcanic region called deservedly, "the wonder land," where Nature has played its most fantastic freaks, where in geyser, and boiling springs and hot lakes and palace-like caves glittering with stalactites, the geologist finds a heaven, and the simple, unscientific visitor is in a trance of delight. In the south, or Middle Island, as it is called, there is another Switzer-

land, where the Alpine tourist and mountain climber will find reproduced, on an almost lovelier scale, every feature with which he has been familiar in Europe's pleasure-ground. The mountains are not quite so high, but the level of perpetual snow is lower, and there are glaciers more extensive and more brilliantly coloured than any which the Swiss mountaineer has seen or crossed. The lakes are more beautiful than Geneva. They are as charming as Como, and hardly less grand than Lucerne. And these Southern Alps have one distinct advantage over those of Europe, in that they extend to the very limits of the land, and look straight down upon the ocean. There are narrow creeks of the sea winding up between them far into the interior, and with their perpendicular walls of four thousand feet forming dark, awful, yet infinitely beautiful chasms more wonderful than the most famous fjords of Norway. All this majestic scenery is at present difficult of access; the distances to be traversed and the time required limit the number of visitors, but when railways have become as ubiquitous and as impudently all-conquering as they are in Switzerland, tourists from all parts of the world will find their way to these unrivalled spots. Yes, in very truth this is a delightsome land, but probably he who has the courage to tell the whole truth will have something less pleasant to add. I may possibly be tempted in that direction when I am in a less amiable mood. Suffice it to say at present that under the fertile soil and the smiling lakes and mountains there are dangerous forces lurking. That wonderland of which the New Zealander boasts is made by volcanic action,

and there are terrible fires underneath which occasionally show themselves, not in curious freaks, but in destructive fury. The whole country is more or less volcanic, and there are frequent earth shakings, at which the nervous tremble and the bold laugh. It has been my happy fortune to be in one of them, or rather in six distinct shocks of earthquakes spread over as many minutes. No harm was done in the particular place where the visitation found me, but a hundred miles away a town was half destroyed. Many times a year these shakings, more or less severe, are felt, and here and there a prophet of woe is heard predicting some coming earthquake which will work widespread havoc. I answer reverently, God forbid. Yet I think I would rather have my permanent abode in a country where the ground beneath one's feet is more stable, and where the sky overhead, though not always translucent, is never lurid with volcanic fires.

CHAPTER XII

NEW ZEALAND: THROUGH MAORI LAND AND ROUND THE COAST

THERE is practically no communication between Auckland and the rest of the colony except by sea. Wellington, the capital, lies some two hundred and fifty miles away, and it can only be reached overland by mountain roads and toilsome coaches. In a few years the two cities will be connected by railroad, but of this only about seventy miles has yet been made. The short railway runs from Auckland to the wonderland through the country of the Maoris, and affords the visitor an opportunity of seeing that strange and singularly interesting people. Their history is lost in dim obscurity, or is scantily made up from floating traditions. No one knows exactly whence they came, save that some five hundred years ago their ancestors left their far-off island home in the Pacific, and after perilous adventures over one or two thousand miles of ocean, landed in New Zealand. There is a painting in the Auckland Art Gallery which represents in graphic outline and tragical colours their arrival. Naked, gaunt, emaciated, famine-stricken, half dead from hunger, thirst, and fatigue, they reached the longed-for shores. They were bold, brave men to

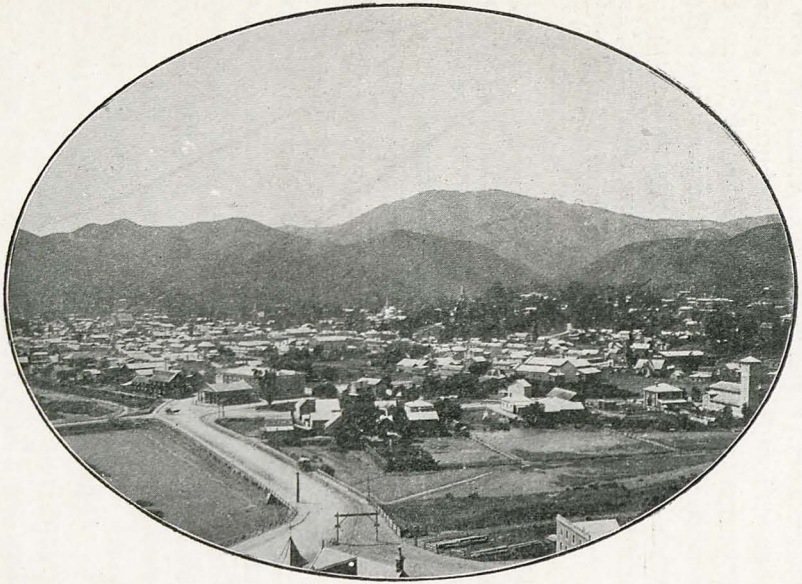
undertake, in their rude and frail canoes, that long, uncertain journey over one of the wildest and most treacherous of seas, and their daring and valour were inherited by their children. The British colonists found in them the noblest and the most fearless type of savages which civilisation has yet confronted. If they had not been divided and weakened by sanguinary tribal wars the British flag would never have been securely planted there; they were skilled in warfare, their generalship was superb. They understood to perfection the art of entrenching, and their strongholds were impregnable to everything but famine. For twenty years they resisted successfully all the forces which could be brought against them, and when at last peace was made, they were beaten, but not conquered; they retained their lands, tribal rights, and practical independence. They have now settled down into law-abiding and intensely loyal subjects of the King. Many of them are wealthy landowners and landlords, possessing property in and about the towns, and living on the rental. A large number of them cultivate the soil, though in a somewhat indifferent way, for the habits of steady industry are but slowly formed, and the community of goods still largely practised discourages thrift, and puts a premium on laziness. Their children are educated in State-supported schools, and show an aptness not inferior to that of white children. They are represented in the colonial Parliament by four members, and are rapidly learning the ways of civilisation; they have learned also quite as rapidly the vices of the white man, and have not yet acquired the habits of cleanliness. Drink,

A MAORI CHIEF

immorality, dirt, and the diseases which spring from them, have been for a long time thinning their ranks. But Christianity and sober virtues are gaining ground; the latest census showed for the first time a small increase in their number. There are forty thousand of them left, and every man in New Zealand cherishes the hope that the future will deal kindly with this valiant and intelligent race, and that they will have an abiding and worthy place in the land which their fathers won. But few people, except curious tourists, take the overland route through the Maori country. The coasting steamboat is the popular mode of conveyance. New Zealand, in proportion to its size, has the longest coast line in the world. It has convenient bays and harbours numberless. Its seas are alive with fish, and it ought in course of time to produce more fishermen and sailors than the old country, but that will be when the seat of empire shifts, and the New Zealander looks down from London Bridge on the ruins of the great city. Meanwhile a sufficiently large fleet of well-equipped steamers are plying from port to port, keeping all parts of the colony in touch. Railways have made a brave beginning, but they are still in their infancy. Little has been accomplished in this way by private capitalist and company, but the Government has made two thousand miles of iron road, chiefly along the coast line. For here are the bulk of the population, and nearly all the towns and cities. But whether one travels by rail or boat, the journey is full of interest. If it be the former, there is always the charm of woodland, and pleasant pastures, lake, glen, and brook, with a view that rarely fails of

snow mountains far away, and ever and anon some small square built town laid out with beautiful precision, clean and comfortable, with one-storeyed houses, neatly designed, of lime-washed or gaily-painted wood. If the deck of a steamer is preferred, and there is often no choice, there is a panoramic succession of coast scenery enchanting enough to arouse in the dullest mind a touch of poetic rapture. It would be impossible to enjoy a lovelier stretch of water scenery than that which Nature has provided between the two main islands of the colony. The sail from Wellington to Nelson along this waterway for about a hundred miles is quite beyond word-painting. It resembles the Scottish coast scenery from Dunoon to Ardrishaig or Inverary, but the islands are greener, the crags are bolder, the configuration of the shore is more varied and picturesque, the far-away mountains are higher and grander, and the air and sunlight are clearer and more silvery. In one place the rocks close in and make the channel hardly wider than a stone's throw. Elsewhere the waters, always clear as jasper, broaden out into lustrous lakes, banked in by mossy slopes or shelving cliffs painted with living green. Nelson, which forms the terminus of this journey, is the crown and climax of all its loveliness. It is called a city, though its population falls short of many an English village. They call it also Sleepy Hollow, because its people are for the most part men who have retired upon their savings, and the din of trade and commerce is only heard in whispers. It is a place where I should be content to sleep if I had a few dear friends about me, and my

work in the world was done. I have never seen a spot which better deserves the name of Arcadia. Its three or four streets of quiet droning shops are surrounded by detached villas ensconced in bosky dells, or looking out from hill-side gardens. A sparkling brook winds in and out, threading with silver lines its streets and meadows, and its waters are spanned by a dozen snow-white bridges half covered with creeping plants and willows. In the neighbourhood there are zigzag paths over-shadowed by rocks and trees leading to heights which command the prospect of thirty or fifty miles away. At one's feet the blue sea stretches until it is lost in a circle of light. And in the distance there is a vision of mountains shooting up from ocean depths, and wearing their caps of snow. Nelson, though it cannot boast of magnitude and numbers, is proud with a glory of its own. It possesses a cathedral, and is the seat of a bishopric, and such a bishop as one does not often meet. A kind and lowly-minded gentleman, who has no more belief in apostolical succession than he has in the divinity of fiddlesticks, who presides at Baptist conferences and smiles benignly on Salvation Army lassies, and holds out tender, brotherly hands to all who name the name of Jesus very much as the first bishop did, if St. Paul may be trusted. God bless his gentle, winsome face. If ever I feel the need of ordination and cannot do my preaching work without it, I will go all the way to Nelson and get it done by his most Christian hands. With such a bishop, as might be expected, one gets a foretaste of the millenium here, at least so far as regards Christian



NELSON

charity. The denominations are here: but there is no sectarianism. Anglican and Methodist meet each other with greetings of affection and almost with the holy kiss. The public meetings of the Baptist Union, which have been happily located here, are thronged by devout men and women of every church and party. For the first time in my life I preached to a few score of staunch Episcopalians, and led their prayers without a prayer-book, and, strangely enough, they seemed to take it without a shudder or gesture of surprise, as if they were to the manner born. Verily, I believe that Christians love each other here, just as dreamers tell us they did in the olden days. I shall never forget Nelson, with its Arcadian beauty, its old-fashioned bishop and its Christian brotherhood. I have lingered long over the description of it because it has left pictures of memory which will remain long in lingering sweetness. Nelson is the only city on the west coast of the island, save one sylvan spot—New Plymouth—which is hardly large enough to be called a town, which would be vulgarised by the name of village, and which is beautiful enough to make the passing visitor speak of it as a paradise. Population avoids the west because anchorage for ships and harbours are difficult to find, and most of the barren land is there, on the bold mountains which creep up to the very shore, and look down frowning on the ocean. Yet these western parts have a future. They enclose the most magnificent scenery on the islands. There is power in the waterfalls to make electric light enough for the colony; and, if the reports of experts are to be trusted, the precious metals and precious stones, and mineral

wealth in fabulous quantity, are lying buried in the bosom of these mountains. Even now they are driving a railway slowly through hitherto inaccessible places and into the midst of all these possibilities. It is costly and toilsome work, giving no prospect of immediate return, but it will be carried through, and many another labour of like kind. In fifty years this little known region will show surprising revelations of wealth and people. Meanwhile, life gravitates to the eastern side with its plentiful harbours and broad plains. Here are all the wheat-fields, pastures and dairy farms which send their products to our British markets and make the fatness of the islands, and here all the large cities and most of the smaller towns and settlements have been located, but these things may be well deferred to another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CITIES OF NEW ZEALAND

THE traveller who takes a steamboat at Auckland and sails along the eastern coast southward to Dunedin in the middle island, calling at the intermediate ports, sees nearly the whole of the urban life of New Zealand. The towns which are not included in this journey are few and comparatively unimportant.

First, he will touch at Napier, an enchanting seaside pleasure resort, built on the summit and sides of a high, frowning cliff, with roads leading up to it almost as steep as the streets of Clovelly, and a mile of promenade at its foot laid with limestone and concrete, and white as the driven snow. His next stopping-place will be Wellington, the chosen metropolis of the Colony. Auckland enjoyed that distinction until a few years ago, when the need of a more central position for the seat of Government came to be sorely felt; then Wellington was selected, and the two Houses of Parliament are located there. It is not much like a capital city, either in size or attractive buildings, but it possesses, in common with most New Zealand cities, a situation on which Nature has

NAPIER

lavished some of its choicest gifts. With the bay spread out at its feet, and houses climbing up an amphitheatre of hills, it bears no distant resemblance to Naples, but it never suffers from the sultry heat and stuffiness which oppresses the visitor in the Italian city. Wellington is the breeziest place in the Antipodes, and therefore at times the dustiest. It is said that winds are made here for the whole of New Zealand, and that houses have to be built of triple strength to stand against them. One smiles at this wild talk until he has experienced a Wellington tornado. After that he takes it seriously enough, as I do now. But the breezes are healthy, and make strong men in mind and body. Possibly my conclusions are both superficial and too hastily formed, but I think there is more mental activity and breadth of view here than in any other part of the colony.

Further south the traveller reaches Christchurch, which was originally an Anglican settlement, and still bears the marks of its origin. The Episcopal Church has a strong following here, and boasts of a somewhat handsome cathedral, which at present presents a rather dejected appearance, for its spire has been thrown out of the perpendicular, and nearly toppled down, by the latest earthquake. Christchurch is a great educational centre, possessing a university and numerous colleges. In this respect, as well as in its natural configuration, it might be called the Cambridge of New Zealand. It has the same monotonous flatness and the same sluggish river, sleepily flowing between the same willow-sheltered banks. But it is far more commercially alive than Cambridge, for

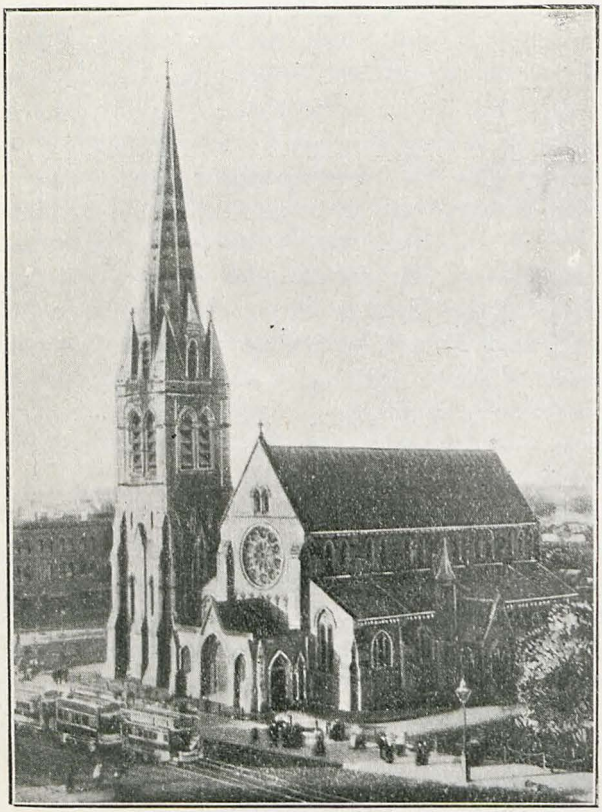
HIGH STREET AND CLOCK TOWER, CHRISTCHURCH

behind it are the Canterbury plains, stretching into the interior some fifty miles, level as the fen country of England, and with the richest grain-producing soil in Australasia.

Still southward for one hundred and fifty miles, passing many a thriving little community, Dunedin, or the Edinburgh of the Antipodes, is reached, which has its noble Princes Street and its castle heights without the castle, and a beauty of position hardly inferior to the Scottish metropolis.

The city was built by Scotsmen, and the bulk of its people still belong to that hardy and enterprising race. Presbyterianism lords it over all other religious bodies, and almost crowds them out. Congregationalists and Baptists have a hard fight for existence, but Episcopalianism makes quite as poor a show, and walks mournfully all its days. Dunedin unquestionably leads the way among New Zealand cities in the imposing character of its public buildings, in the number of its noble monuments, and in its wealth and commercial energy.

But New Zealand has no really great city. There is not one of the four larger communities which I have named that would make more than a third-rate town in England, at least so far as population goes. There are some three score of comparatively small cities, each with its girdle or background of agricultural country, but no great gathering of human life swollen to abnormal proportions, such as one sees in Australia. There in each state is one all-absorbing, all-devouring city, with tens of thousands of square miles around it of land which is only a little more peopled than a



THE CATHEDRAL, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

desert. New Zealand has been colonised in a much healthier way. Three-fourths of its people are either settled on the soil or intimately connected with the cultivation of it. It is essentially and pre-eminently a country of farms and farmers, rather than of factories, commerce, and cities. Its people are probably the better for this, physically, morally, and even religiously. I should not say intellectually.

Every gain has its compensating losses or drawbacks. A great city feels the intellectual breezes of the world, and its living, ever-changing currents of thought as smaller communities do not feel them. Melbourne and Sydney are at least equal to Manchester and Bristol in freshness of knowledge and breadth of view. The cities of New Zealand are in these matters unquestionably behind. Their newspaper press, though deserving of all praise, is far inferior to the best journals of Australia. Their world of thought is smaller, and their range of vision much more confined and local. The religious world of New Zealand bears witness to this narrowness of view, and, perhaps, also of limited knowledge, in the enormous number and variety of cranks and faddists which it contains; for there is no notion too extravagant and ridiculous to find its prophets and votaries, and one feels that nothing but a stream of enlightenment will clear the ground of all this obstructive rubbish, and make a plain path for the advance of sober religion.

In moral questions and in moral conditions New Zealand is greatly ahead. At least, most of my readers will be of that opinion when they learn that

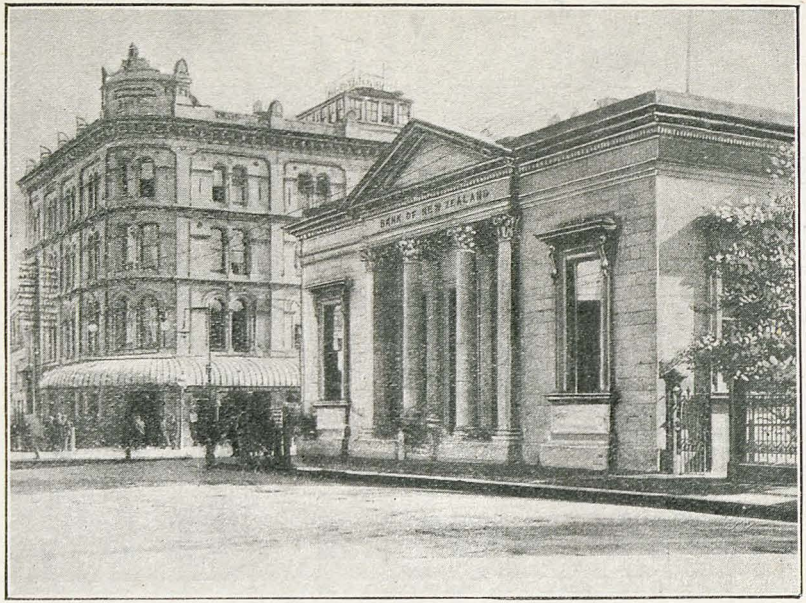
total abstinence is practised by more than half the people, by four-fifths at least of the religious people, and that the total prohibition of the sale of intoxicants is within the region of practical politics, though still apparently very far off.

This, indeed, is the only political question which one hears of as he passes through the islands. It is all-absorbing, introduced at every religious meeting, made the theme of conversation over every table. A man must needs be an enthusiast for prohibition if he does not get a little weary of it, and he may be forgiven if he is bold enough to think that the attention to this one question is out of all proportion, and pushes out of view things which are at least of equal importance.

For New Zealand is already a model of soberness to the English-speaking world. Recent statistics show that the quantity of alcoholic drinks consumed per head of the population is much smaller than in any of the Australian states, and smaller than in any other English-speaking country, except Tasmania, while the convictions for drunkenness are in about the same ratio.

It is not, therefore, because the drink curse assumes unusual and inordinate proportions here that the Total Abstinence Party is in such earnest and ubiquitous activity, but because they see a possibility of suppressing the drink trade altogether. Eight years ago they succeeded in pushing through Parliament a Local Option Bill. It provided that in every electoral district a poll or *plebiscite* should be taken at the same time as the elections for the House of

Representatives, on the following questions: (1) Shall the present licensed houses be continued, and the system of licensing remain as it is? (2) Shall the number of licences be reduced? (3) Shall no licences at all be granted? Every adult person of both sexes is permitted to vote. The voter can say Yes or No to any two of these questions, but not to three. For the carrying of the first and second questions a clear majority of all the persons voting is deemed sufficient. For the enforcement of the third, a majority of three-fifths of the whole poll is required. The position can be seen at a glance. Those who vote for the continuance of the licences as they are will probably vote on that question only; but the people who vote for the total suppression of licences will possibly vote also for their reduction as the next best thing, if their own more thorough platform fails of a majority. The result of the latest polling will be interesting to all readers, and ought to be instructive to those of them who are working to secure local option for our own country, though they will certainly be somewhat painfully disappointed. The poll was taken in 1899 in sixty-two electoral districts. The total number of persons who voted was 281,822 out of an electoral roll of 373,744. Of these 57 per cent. were men and 43 per cent. women. Twelve districts had a clear majority for the entire suppression; but as a three-fifths majority is required for that end, the vote fell to the ground. In thirty-seven districts there was a majority of the entire number of voters for the continuance of the licences. And in one small district only was prohibition carried.



THE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND, CHRISTCHURCH

This may seem a small mercy to be thankful for, and it shows how far removed from the practical extinction of the drink trade is the carrying of Local Option in Parliament. But the prohibitionists of New Zealand are, on the whole, gratified by the figures of the poll. They are confident that steady progress is being made, and are full of hope that their platform will be carried throughout the land not many years hence.

Whether their hopes are too sanguine or not, they certainly deserve victory, because of the passion, enthusiasm, and energy which they are throwing into the crusade. But some of them are in danger of forgetting that there are other social curses in this favoured land even more to be dreaded than the curse which alcohol brings, and that the Christian life is something more than total abstinence. People who are in the thick of a great fight often lose all sense of proportion. Perhaps it is well that they do for the sake of concentration of forces. But one who looks from the outside possibly sees a little more, though he may not feel quite so much. I can at least bear this witness: If the total abstainers and prohibitionists of England would learn their business properly, and catch the fire which burns up everything else, let them go and take lessons in New Zealand.

CHAPTER XIV

EXPERIMENTS IN SOCIALISM

ENGLISHMEN at home, though they know the names of most of the kings of the earth, have not heard of King Dick; but all reading Englishmen are familiar with the name of the Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, Radical of Radicals, and most British of British in upholding the throne and empire. "King Dick" he is called in his own land by friend and foe alike; in love and admiration by the former, in scorn or anger by the latter; but all admit that he wields the power of a king, and gets more of his own way than either German Kaiser or Russian Tsar.

He has risen from the ranks of working men by sheer force of character, and has retained his sympathies with the class from which he sprang, and though there are many who distrust and fear, and possibly some who hate him, he is the idol of the Labour party, the champion of their interests, and followed and supported by them with a whole-hearted devotion. His political opponents say that he is unscrupulous, but that charge is so commonly made against statesmen by those who distrust their policy that it must be taken only for what it is worth.

I am inclined to believe that he is quite up to the average of political honesty, which is perhaps not paying a very flattering tribute in these times. Of his exceptional ability there can be no question. His energy is immense. His gifts are manifold. He is a cogent speaker, a man who thinks for himself, and a born leader of men. And the power which these qualities have given him is greatly augmented by his courteous, conciliatory manners and a natural generosity and kindliness of heart. This is the man who is virtually both ruling and shaping the colony and making it a model, or perchance a warning, to the world by its advanced and more than half-socialistic legislation. Mr. Seddon commands a large and obedient majority in the most democratic of Parliaments; his majority is secured, and not likely to be diminished at present, by a suffrage which would more than satisfy the extremest English reformer. The inequality of woman has been flung into the limbo of obsolete crudities, and her rights established at every ballot-box. All property qualifications and plurality of votes have been swept away. Every adult person, regardless of sex, whether householder or lodger, is put on the register after a residence of three months in one district. Lunatics and habitual criminals alone are denied the privilege. Husband and wife have equal voting power, and no one is allowed to vote in more than one electoral district, though he may hold property in a dozen. On the basis of this franchise, which makes the Labour party supreme in the State, Mr. Seddon has been for some years building his legislative edifice, and one might

THE HON. R. J. SEDDON

almost say building a palace, for the working man. For nearly all the measures which his Parliamentary majority have converted into law have been in one direction—on the lines of socialism and to the advancement or relief of the Labour party. First, the land tax and tax on unearned increment, with which most of us associate Henry George, have been imposed, though as a beginning on a decidedly moderate and tentative scale. An annual tax of one penny in the pound is levied on the declared value of properties up to £5,000, and beyond that amount a graduated tax rising to a maximum of twopence. If the rental value of the land be reckoned at four per cent. this amounts to an income tax of at least 2s. 1d., and in larger properties may reach 4s. 2d. In face of this impost it is not likely that there will be any heaping up of large landed estates, and it was chiefly to prevent this, as well as to mulct the unearned increment, that the tax was designed.

But the feeling against private ownership of land evidently had its place in this specialising legislation, for all other sources of income are dealt with tenderly. The general income tax is fixed at sixpence in the pound, and does not touch the first £300, or touch at all those persons whose wages, stipends, or business profits are below £300 a year, save in the case of companies and syndicates, which legislative wisdom frowns upon by demanding an income tax of a shilling in the pound and allowing no deduction whatever, a distinction which is also conferred upon incomes of over £1,000 a year. It will be seen at a glance that the well-paid artisan class, and what we call the lower

middle class, are relieved altogether from the burden of these levies.

So far, however, there is little to which the fairly advanced English Liberal will take exception. It is when we pass to the distinct and avowed legislation on behalf of labour that doubts arise. Two measures, at least, have been passed which are fraught with great and grave issues, which will either solve some of the most pressing problems of the day or plunge them into more terrible confusion. For time alone can show whether they are experiments suggested by wisdom or the short, easy, ruinous expedients to which impatient ignorance resorts, because it has more self-conceit than foresight and discretion.

The first of these measures has to do with the relations of the employer and employed. It proposes to settle all their disputes by compulsory arbitration. Strikes and lock-outs are alike declared illegal, subjecting those who resort to them to heavy penalties, both in the shape of fines and imprisonment. All questions which arise between trades unions and employers' federations are to be submitted to Boards constituted for the hearing of and dealing with them. A Conciliation Board is appointed for each district, and a higher Arbitration Board for the whole colony. Differences are first carried to the district court, and if its judgments are disputed the question is then referred to the superior court, whose verdict is final and enforced by all the judicial authority of the State.

These Boards have almost unlimited power; they fix the wages which have to be paid, the hours of labour, the number of apprentices, and the age at

which a minor is entitled to the pay of an adult. They determine whether trades unionists shall have a monopoly or a prior claim to employment, and they practically over-rule the employer's right to discharge a workman, for, in every case when that is done, the dismissed employé can, through his trades union, appeal to the Board to be reinstated unless the master can show just and sufficient cause for his removal. These enormous powers have been largely used, wisely and moderately, says the Labour party; wholly in favour of the artisan class, declare the capitalists; and an impartial spectator, I think, would be disposed to conclude that there is some justice, at least, in the latter allegation, and that the sympathies and action of the Boards have been preponderantly on the side of the workman. Trades unions have been well-nigh given the run of the field as against the unattached labourer, the right of engaging or discharging a workman in view of ability or inefficiency has been to a great extent taken out of the master's hands, and in respect of wages it has been practically settled that no skilled workman, such as carpenter, bricklayer, or mechanic, shall be paid less than 12s. for a day of eight hours, and that no farm labourer, or unskilled labourer in the towns, shall receive less than 7s. for the same hours.

So far, this new legislative machinery has worked without any serious breakage or explosion. It has prevented, according to its primary intention, strikes and lock-outs. But there is an undergroan of dissatisfaction, which one hears immediately when he comes into contact with employers. I have not met with one

of that class who does not resent in the strongest terms a system which makes the trades union dictator in workshop and factory, fixes wages without regard to the law of supply and demand, handicaps capital at every turn, and (as he says) is slowly strangling industries. He declares that the mischievous effects of the system have not yet had time to develop—they have been delayed and in large measure hidden by the years of splendid agricultural prosperity which the colony has enjoyed. Seven years without a break the farmers have gathered in bountiful harvests, money has been plentiful, the Government has been carrying out public works at great cost and with vast employment of labour. All this has pushed back the evil time, but the most thoughtful minds sorrowfully predict its inevitable coming—signs of its coming are not wanting. Few or no new factories are being opened; imports of manufactured articles, in spite of the high tariff, are increasing at the cost of colonial productions; there are the beginnings of an army of unemployed; capital is likely to leave the islands instead of being attracted to them. Governments may prevent a combined lock-out, but no Government can compel a man to keep a factory going if that involves him in greater loss than closing it and dismissing his workpeople. Such words as these have been whispered to me in every part of the colony, and there is a confident belief in many minds that New Zealand will have to pass through a time of suffering before it learns wisdom, and the sooner the suffering comes, they say, the better, because it will be in that case less severe.

The second of the two grave measures to which I referred is the scheme of old age pensions, which has now been in operation some three or four years. By this scheme it is provided that every person who has attained the age of sixty-five, and can prove his or her need of it, shall be entitled to receive from the State a pension of £18 a year, or roughly speaking, 7s. per week. There are certain qualifications and limitations. The recipient of the pension must have resided twenty-five years in the colony, he must not have been in prison more than a certain number of times at any period of life, and must in the immediately preceding twelve years have borne a character for honesty and good conduct, and he must be able to prove that he is not otherwise provided for. Every person whose earnings or income from all sources amount to £52, and every person who has saved £270 or upwards is disqualified. If the income and earnings amount to less than £52 that person is entitled to receive so much of the pension as will raise the total income to £52. Husband and wife are dealt with as separate persons, and both receive the pension.

It will be seen at once that though this scheme does not penalise thrift up to a certain point, it says distinctly thus far shalt thou go, and no further, without suffering loss. An old man who is still able to earn a pound a week gets nothing from the State; if it suits him better to work less or not at all, the State gives him the full £18. Similarly, if he saves in the course of his life £200 the pension is paid him, but if he is foolish enough to save £300 the State demonstrates his folly by giving him nothing. What

the moral effect of all this will be it needs no great wisdom or foresight to predict.

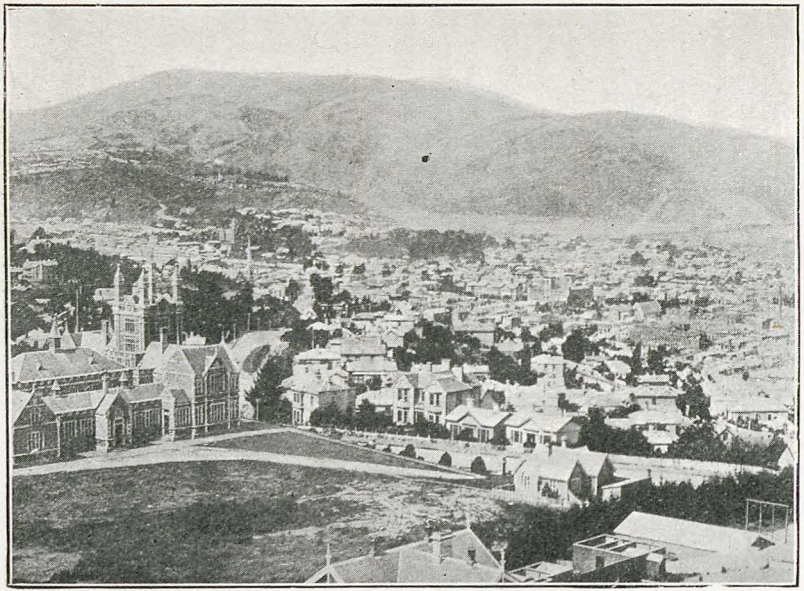
But what with the ample wages during his years of vigour, and the pension which awaits him when his vigour is mainly spent, the lot of the working man here is as happy as legislative indulgence can make him. I am told continually as I pass along that New Zealand is the working man's paradise. There is no question about that at present. But some say that it is a fool's paradise, and that there will be a sudden awakening and disillusion.

Mr. Seddon is beginning to ask himself if all is as smooth as it seems. Several times of late he has distinctly intimated to the Labour party that there has been enough legislation on their lines, and that they had better wait and watch results before going further. And what he says to them we may well say to ourselves, and to all who are interested in this experimental legislation. Wait and see what will come of it.

Chapter XV

ROMANISM AND THE APATHY OF PROTESTANTS

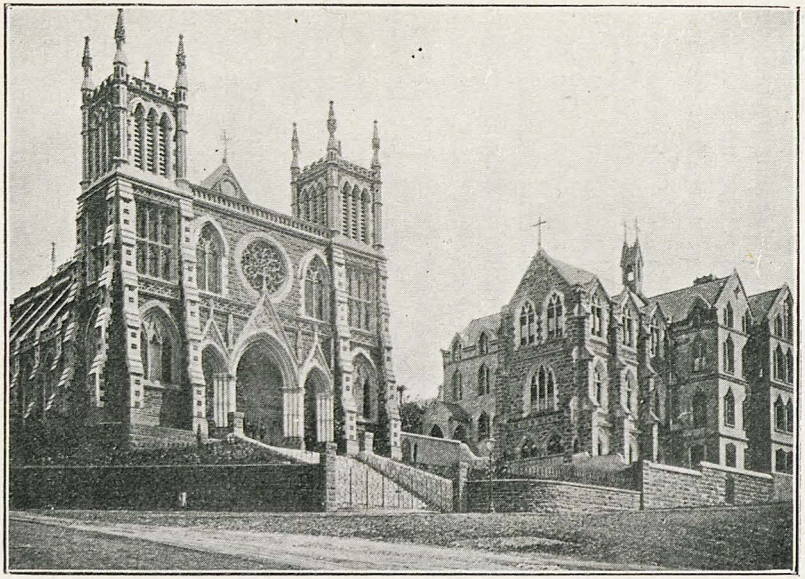
THE Anglican Church in the Colonies presents few variations from its mother and model in the old land. It has felt the same pulses of revival, been directed and governed by the same currents of thought, and is divided into the same parties, High, Low, and Broad. It has yielded, though not quite in the same measure, to the great Oxford movement, and most of its bishops and clergy assume the sacerdotal and sacramental position which the movement claimed for them. But there is a distinct difference. High Church has not quite that overwhelming preponderance here which it enjoys in England. The Evangelical party is undoubtedly in a minority, but it is a formidable minority, holding its ground and pursuing its aims with an aggressiveness and confidence little known by its brethren at home. Moreover, the Oxford revival has stopped short here of the extremes to which it has pushed itself in England. High Church has not developed into excessive ritual and unrestrained priestism; there is more soberness in the services and furniture of the churches; the practice of auricular confession is much less prevalent; and the clergy are



DUNEDIN, FROM ROSSLYN HILL

not nearly so persistent and obtrusive in asserting their sacerdotal claims and functions.

The reason of this is hardly a matter for conjecture. It is manifest on the surface of colonial religious life. Catholic reaction in the Protestant Church has been moderated and almost arrested by the presence of a powerful and insidious Catholicism of the other and older kind. The Anglican and Romish Churches are in one thing—and only one—united. They have adopted the same educational policy and are demanding, in opposition to all other Churches, the State endowment of denominational schools, a demand which at present is outside the range of practical legislation. In all other matters they are far apart. The clergyman regards the priest with no favour. He has little temptation to imitate Rome, because he knows too well that Rome is his most formidable competitor in these lands, and even his most dangerous foe, and in this respect, at least, his sympathies and fears are shared in common with the Evangelical communion. To an Englishman who has not travelled through the Colonies it will seem an incredible absurdity to be told that the Romish Church is aiming at their subjugation and does not regard the ambition as in any measure a forlorn hope. But one who has seen what I have seen will, at least, believe that the attempt is being made, and that it is too serious to be disposed of with grimaces and laughter. I am not one of those Protestant alarmists who see the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse in every priest, and rage about Antichrist whenever they hear the Pope's name, but I have Puritan sentiment enough to revolt



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AND MONASTERY, DUNEDIN

against any manifest advance of Popery among British people, and it does not need the prejudiced eyes of a crank to see that taking place here.

Everyone knows that Rome has ceased to gain ground in England; the time is gone when, under the spell of Newman and Manning, drawing-room society seemed to be moving in that direction, and the Vatican was every week announcing some aristocratic convert and predicting the speedy return of our backsliding nation to the true fold. Those golden hopes of the Papacy have been rudely shattered and even abandoned. Every one knows, also, that the Vatican and the priest are steadily losing ground on the Continent of Europe. France is dealing more and more drastically with their religious houses and secret societies; the artisan population of Belgium and Italy, Spain and Portugal, are only restrained by the stern hand of the law from driving out their Jesuits and destroying their convents; whilst in various parts of the Austrian Empire we seem to be witnessing the beginnings of another Protestant reformation. Rome, foiled, disappointed, or weakened in all these ancient fields, is turning for compensation to the Anglo-Saxon people beyond the seas—to the new countries in which, with astute and far-reaching vision, it sees coming nations and empires. There is proof of these things at every turn. The priest is ubiquitous in these colonies. There is never a goldfield opened or small agricultural settlement made, but he is found amongst the earliest arrivals, and the spire of his church shoots up almost before other religious bodies have secured their building site. How he obtains support *he* only

knows, but the support is forthcoming, and that of an ample kind. The noblest and most costly ecclesiastical structures in Australia and New Zealand are the property of this Church. The Roman cathedrals in Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide are among the most imposing ornaments of those cities; the Roman Archbishop's palace, in the suburbs of Sydney, outclasses that at Lambeth in architectural massiveness and sumptuous appointments; whilst convents and convent schools, attractive to the eye and built with lavish expenditure on the most coveted and prominent sites, are found in every large centre of population or its suburbs.

I have asked repeatedly from what source comes all the treasure, the abounding wealth, required for all this architectural display. And no one can answer save with an expressive gesture; but assuredly it does not all come from the free-will offerings of Australian Catholics. The reader must be left to form his own conclusions as I have done.

What is more significant than these material symbols of power is the fact which is rarely called in question, save by the Catholics themselves, that they have secured in some inexplicable way a larger place in public affairs than their numbers deserve, and a hold upon the newspaper press, which provides for them an ever-potent ally. The leading journals in all the great cities advertise their works and virtues, and report their public utterances with a friendliness which is more than partial, and often flattering, whilst everything which tells against them and every strongly Protestant deliverance is carefully suppressed. There

is unquestionably a large Catholic element on the staff of these newspapers, and in the offices which Government controls they hold, especially in New Zealand, a proportion which cannot be accounted for by either accident or worth, which points to deliberate ambition and influences that are continually operating in their favour. That, by virtue of all these agencies and helps, they are pushing forward and making converts is undeniable, though to what extent must be largely a matter of conjecture. A real religious census can no more be taken in the Colonies than at home, nor is any such thing, in the strict sense of the word, attempted. The only figures dealing with the question which have been published are those which give the sitting accommodation provided by the various denominations, and, what is of more importance, the average attendance of worshippers. From these, if they are to be trusted, the Catholics of Victoria and New South Wales have an average attendance thirty per cent. more than that of the Anglican Church, and about one-third of that of all the religious bodies together, themselves included. In New Zealand, where the Presbyterians are particularly strong, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is smaller, but even there the Romish party is powerful. These figures become more significant when it is remembered that there is no very great Irish element to reckon with, and it has to be admitted, however reluctantly, that, apart altogether from Catholic immigrants, the Romish Church in these British States is growing faster than any other religious body.

If such things were true of England, they would

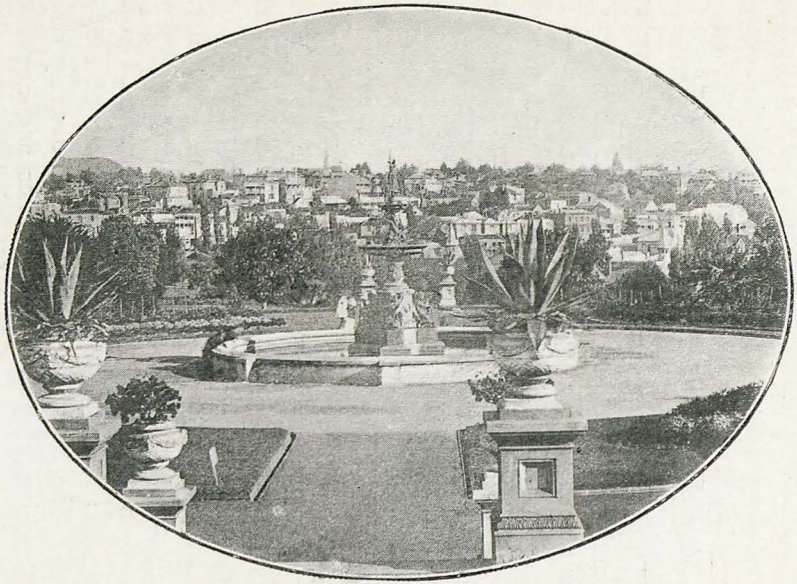
DUNEDIN : PRINCES STREET, LOOKING NORTH

provoke serious alarm and not a little fierce resentment, and many of us would begin to fear that the British race was in its decadence. Strangely enough, the bulk of the colonials confess that the facts are as I have stated, but they look upon them with comparative indifference and even supineness. A few of the more thoughtful are anxious and disturbed, and in the enlightened cities of Melbourne and Sydney there is an increasing mass of Protestant feeling, which has been thoroughly aroused, and is standing on guard; but generally the people look upon the spread of Romanism without disquietude—nay, with good-natured, indolent charity. They know little or nothing of the history of that Church and, I had almost said, of any other history. The traditions of persecutions and Protestant struggles and martyrs, which are repeated in the nursery to every English child, have either not reached or made no impression on them. They know nothing about the Catholic Church as it shows itself in Catholic countries. It is the weakness and danger of the Colonial that his vision is too much colonial, and, therefore, parochial and limited. He simply knows the Catholic Church as it appears in the Colonies, and he cannot see any great cause of alarm in the spread of so worthy and energetic a body. For the Catholic Church knows how to become all things to all men. At the Antipodes it steals the clothes of Protestants while they are asleep, and in that disguise goes out to deceive the very elect. No Church in Australia talks more glibly or eloquently than this about the supreme Christian virtues of charity, tolerance, and brotherly love, and no Church

in its public utterances, at least, speaks with a clearer Gospel ring. Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, has recently delivered a brilliant discourse, reported *verbatim* by every newspaper, which in language that might have been borrowed from Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford, insists throughout that Christianity means Christ and *is* Christ wholly and alone. We old-fashioned people have generally supposed that the Romish form of Christianity meant something much more than, and very different from, that. But talk of this kind is deemed good enough for Australians, and the Cardinal knows his business, for it is greedily taken with the charitable comments. What a wise, good man, and how thoroughly evangelical at heart! And hence things are done here without suspicion of inconsistency which would have made all the hairs of our Puritan fathers stand on end. The convent schools are three-fourths filled with the daughters of the wealthiest Protestant families. Some of the leading Baptists and Congregationalists have had their women-kind trained there. 'What harm can result'? they ask in their simplicity. 'These convents are pledged not to interfere with the religious beliefs of the girls, and they are the best schools in the Colonies'; and I answer, 'They can influence the girls in a hundred indirect ways and yet keep the letter of the pledge; and as for the best schools, it is a humiliation for good Protestants to confess it if it be so.' When I passed through Dunedin, the great Presbyterian stronghold of New Zealand, I found half the inhabitants and all the religious people crowding to a Roman Catholic bazaar; and I heard Presbyterian ministers defending

and approving it in the name of charity. Shades of John Knox and Calvin, what would you say of these descendants of yours!

So the game goes on for the present. But there will be an awaking. I do not believe that these great free communities of British people will allow themselves to drift or be dragged in the direction of Rome. There is surely a nobler future for them. They have the makings of empire, and a priest-ridden people have pulled down many an empire, but have never helped to build one up.



ALBERT PARK, LOOKING TO MOUNT EDEN, AUCKLAND

CHAPTER XVI

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ASPECTS

A TOUR of three months in the Australasian Colonies is barely sufficient to give one a bird's-eye view of their mental, moral, and religious conditions, and impressions formed by such a cursory glance are necessarily superficial and possibly misleading. Yet I have probably seen as much as most gentlemen with the carpet-bag, and I offer my conclusions for just as much as they are worth and no more.

Perhaps the most striking feature to one who is painfully familiar with the darkest features of English life is the absence here of extreme poverty and revolting vice. We see none of those hideous exhibitions which make the sensitive heart shudder about a London gin-palace. There are no ragged children, with pinched faces and hungry eyes, prematurely old in sin, no slatternly women with unwashed, bloated, loathsome features disgracing the name of motherhood. The home missionary finds no dingy courts and reeking alleys where all sexes and ages herd together without any sense of decency or self-respect. Humanity in its lowest forms is far above the level to which it sinks among the swarming populations of older countries. Intemperate drinking and drunkenness are by no means wanting, but they are far less

seen and much less abandoned and brutal than that which our city life exposes, and though poverty exists, it is not that herded mass which makes the despair of our philanthropists, and it rarely gets beyond the reach of private generosity. There is no Poor Law system with its workhouses and lunatic asylums and outdoor relief. The Government of each State does not undertake the maintenance of its indigent and disabled population. It simply gives a bounty to most recognised charitable institutions, and in some cases provides old-age pensions. But private benevolence is active, ubiquitous, and almost omniscient. Australian wealth is as freely distributed as it is often easily gained. A large-hearted sympathy and unstinted generosity search out and help all sorts and conditions of unfortunate and needy persons. Great cities like Adelaide and Melbourne simply abound in agencies and houses of charity. There are homes for widows, and orphans, and inebriates, and fallen women, and blind, and crippled, and disabled of every kind. The earnestness with which sorrow and human ills are sought out and the lavish provision made for their mitigation or healing are among the noblest features of Australian life, and in this respect the new land leaves the mother country some distance in the rear. How it will be when denser populations increase the pressure of the problem time only can show, but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The surface of colonial life as judged by these things presents an aspect of general comfort, gratifying morality and practical religion, but one cannot journey about long without hearing ominous whispers and

getting passing glimpses of other things which are not so sweet and healthy, and which make one tremble a little for the future. Manifold voices tell us in tones of anxious foreboding that there is an under-life of more secret sins which are corrupting the heart of the people and slowly consuming the moral fibre. The climate is mild, in some parts semi-tropical, and in all parts a little enervating, and these soft airs breed soft vices and tend to the loosening of moral restraints; and life is so richly endowed with comforts and luxuries that it is apt to despise Puritan soberness and to lose the fear of God. If there is less intemperance here than we at home know, there is, I fear, more of what we call the social evil, with its manifold degrees and kinds of impurity.

Moreover, I have been forced to the conclusion that the devotion of the colonials to the lighter things of life, its theatres and amusements, sports and athletics, is more excessive than that which we grieve over at home. Some of your readers will find it difficult to believe this, as they think of the pleasure-loving and sport-intoxicated multitudes around them, yet they would hardly question it after a brief observation of colonial life. I have nothing but admiration for the vigorous and innocent outdoor athletics which are abundantly practised there. They are needed in a relaxing climate to maintain the physical and moral stamina of the race, but even this is carried to an exorbitant excess, and largely accompanied by other dissipations, which few sober-minded and no religious man would approve. The theatre, music-hall and racecourse occupy a far larger proportionate

space than in England. A small town, which with us would only be visited occasionally by a company of strolling players, will here have one or perhaps two theatres permanently at work, and the racecourses with their crowds of spectators seem to be everywhere. The sporting papers are even more wildly run after than in London, and the epidemic of betting in its worst forms appears to have infected all classes and ages, except those whom stern religious principles have saved from the evil.

There is work enough in all these directions for the social reformer and Christian philanthropist, and there is need of all the energy and zeal of which they are capable if these great States are to take a noble shape and develop into a future worthy of their origin and beginnings.

It is difficult and perhaps impossible in a passing visit to gauge the religious life and forces of the people, or to compare them with those of the home country. I am afraid of doing injustice to the colonies, and nothing would please me better than to have it clearly proved that my conclusions are less favourable than the facts warrant. Yet I cannot help fearing that the religious sentiment is less strong, or, perhaps less widely diffused than in England. Churches abound; the noble edifices which have been built for the worship of God bear striking witness to the self-sacrificing willinghood of the people. Most of them are busy hives of Christian industry. The congregations are alive to their calling, and nearly all the ministers with whom I have come in contact are burning with a fine zeal and incessant in labour.

But the habitual neglect of worship and the number of non-churchgoers among all classes, high and low, are more apparent and more distressingly significant than our home experience shows. The hosts of people who make Sunday a day of pleasure, games, and excursions affect the eyes of a reverent Englishman with a surprised pain, and the feet which are hastening to the House of God are but a small proportion of those which are moving to other goals. As an indication of the general trend of thought, I have been compelled to notice that the men who are elected to public offices, members of the legislative assemblies and urban councils are not, as we know them to be in England, largely and predominantly avowed Christian men. Some of them whom it has been my privilege to meet are pillars of the churches, renowned for their faith and goodness, but the great majority of them, though, perhaps, men of unquestionable morals, have little sympathy with religious life and work. There is considerably more avowed unbelief than one hears of in England, and there is certainly less respect for religious people, as such. This partly accounts for the fact which is nearly everywhere acknowledged that the Christian ministry is not held in quite such high honour as it gains at home. The minister is certainly judged by his works rather than by his office, and sometimes when his work and character are all that could be desired, he has to wait long for the sympathy and tender expressions of affection which are more to him by far than stipend and office. One cause of this, no doubt, is the proverbial want of reverence for dignities and persons which is

a characteristic feature of the Colonial, and maybe it is also partly accounted for by the large number of indifferent home ministers who in former times have been shipped off to these shores because they were not greatly wanted elsewhere. This type is not coming now, and he had better not come, for he will find no place and no welcome. The Colonials are not fools; they can appreciate power in the pulpit, and they are sharp enough to distinguish platitudes from robust thought and a living voice from an echo. I have found people here, both in great cities and country places, literally hungering for a message. Wherever there is a real preacher there is a great congregation; and, in spite of all that I have said, I confidently believe that any strong, true, earnest man might come here with the assurance of gathering a larger following, and filling a wider sphere of usefulness, than would be given to him at home. His difficulties would be as many and greater, the atmosphere would be perhaps less congenial for a time, and the work would be unquestionably hard, but it would be more profitable in the long run. It would not only help in the shaping of men, but would contribute largely to the moulding of a nation. I have often wished during my stay in these lands that I could push back time and age some twenty or twenty-five years and do my life's work here, where there are so many calls for earnest men, so many evils to combat for those who love the righteous warfare, and so rich a harvest waiting in the future for those who have toiled without stint and without fear.

One thing more. In reading the thoughts and

beliefs of the churches here it occurs to me that both Australia and New Zealand, especially the latter, are a little out of date. Some of my colonial friends whose eyes may light on this will read it with incredulous amazement, for they pride themselves on showing the Old Country the way in everything; and they do in most things, but not in all.

We have long since buried and well nigh forgotten the down-grade controversy. Here it is still very much alive. In England there has been a settling down on a broad Evangelical basis, and for the most part a happy union of those who were supposed to be of the advance party and those who cling tenaciously to the old lines. Most intelligent men, for instance, have accepted some of the best established positions of the higher Bible critics, while those who were hurrying too far have unconsciously drawn a little back. A *via media* has been found along the lines of a solid gospel faith held by both with equal devotion, and the strife has ended in peace and a large measure of brotherly trust.

A similar reconciliation will be effected in these colonies ere long, but it has not come about yet. The churches and ministers are somewhat sharply divided into the old school and the new, and the religious journals are full of hot debate on the subject. The opposing parties, as generally happens, are inclined to take and emphasise extreme positions. The dispute is by no means confined to the inspiration and authorship of the Scriptures, but at that point the main battle is joined. On one side there is fierce and indiscriminate denunciation of the higher critic and

all his labours, and a determination to claim for every part of the sacred writings equal infallibility, and on the other side there is an inconsiderate and far too pronounced eagerness to take for granted and teach all the extreme results of negative criticism. This dispute, so long as it continues, must be a disturbing element in the churches and a source of weakness in their aggressive work. It also stands in the way of that harmonious federation of the Evangelical churches, which has been happily accomplished in England; but that touches a wide subject which may be left for a following chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

SECTS AND SECTARIANISM

THE Colonial has a strongly developed individuality, with a considerable infusion of masterful self-well. He is bold in enterprise and ingenious in invention. Novelty has a greater charm for him than antiquity. He turns with disdain from ruts and grooves to carve out a path for himself, and he greatly prefers to be his own master rather than a servant of authority and custom. All this is admirable, and has in it the making of empire. But he has also the defects of these qualities. His independence frequently takes the form of self-conceit. He thinks he has more understanding than all his teachers, and is so much wiser than the ancients that to sit at their feet would be so much blind folly. In fact, the past is a book which he rarely opens, and he knows so little of its contents that he is constantly reproducing its exploded heresies and giving them out as brand new inventions of his own. In religious matters especially he deems himself as competent to judge as the most infallible of Popes. He is disposed to regard the old systems and their appointed teachers as fossilised stupidities, and any path which diverges from the well-trodden

course seems to him the shortest road to heaven. Out of all this arises a Babel of sects and sectaries. They are as many and contrary and perplexing as the winds which were produced in the caves of Æolus. I am a strong believer in the virtues of denominationalism. I hold that variety produces both beauty and power, but in presence of the innumerable and often grotesque parties which confront one in these colonies, my faith in the supreme excellence and divinity of private judgment receives a shock. I feel much as some level-headed Puritan like Cromwell or Milton must have felt when he surveyed the heterogeneous collection of fifth monarchy men and fanatics of countless crazes who made up the victorious model army. I only wish that all these colonial cranks were as brave and valiant for God. Time and space would fail if I attempted to name and describe them all. In fact, I have a suspicion that not more than half of them came to my knowledge at all. There are three or four parties of Plymouth Brethren as far divided from each other as Dives and Abraham. There are Millenarians of every conceivable view and extravagance. There are Christian Israelites basing all their hopes of glory on the identification of the ten tribes. There are seventh day Baptists, and seventh day Adventists, and latter day saints and faith-healers of several schools. Dr. Dowie has a fair sprinkling of Zionist followers, who swear by him as the anointed prophet of a new dispensation, and consign the outside Christian world to perdition; and there is a pretentious sect which arrogates to itself the name, 'Church of Christ,' and denies the possibility of salvation to all who do not

submit to believer's baptism by immersion. And these are only a part of the motley crowd. Truly it is a mad world, my masters.

It need hardly be said that these sects are all as small in numerical strength as they are in thoughts and views. They are but the fringe of the steadily marching Christian host, but their comparative weight is much greater than it is in England. So far as aggressive Christian work is concerned, they are almost a minus quantity, for most of them are far too busily engaged in winning proselytes from the churches to have any spare energy for the Lord's real battle, and it is vain to expect help from them in the direction of Christian union, for they shun all fellowship with the greater Church and with each other, and in the absolute assurance that the full light has dawned on them alone, pharisaically anathematise all who do not belong to their persuasion.

The colonial churches have still a few things to learn and much headway to make up before they reach the advanced position which the Federation movement has gained in England. They are striving earnestly to root out the bitterness of sectarianism and realise a larger catholicity of spirit and aim, and in many places there is a brotherly sympathy and co-operation which leaves little to be desired. But there are difficulties in the way, other and in some respects greater than those which we experience at home. First of all, the truly praiseworthy and even grand efforts which the various denominations are making to push out into new territory produce almost of necessity a keener spirit of rivalry than is consistent with good

fellowship. A new district is opened out for cultivation, a new goldfield is discovered, with its consequent rush of capitalist, speculator and labourer, the site of a city is marked out, and slowly, buildings rise and population gathers where yesterday bush and desert held sway. Each Christian body is anxious to be represented there. It sends out a pioneer, or one goes on his own account, and some of these men are the bravest of the brave, fighting with the moral jungle and living on a starvation stipend for years. A church is built. Half a dozen churches speedily appear, and in course of time there will be room for them all. The new city carries on its face the promise of expansion; but in the meanwhile each church, with the merest handful of supporters, has a hard struggle for existence, and the competition is too keen to be sweetly brotherly, and sometimes in its eagerness forgets to be scrupulous. The larger cities have risen above this rivalry into a kindlier atmosphere of affectionate tolerance and unselfish rejoicing in each other's gain, but in the smaller centres which are still in process of being made, one cannot help feeling that there are more professions of brotherhood on the lips than of corresponding feelings in the heart.

Further, though the Evangelical churches here, as at home, have most things in common, they are divided into two antagonistic parties on a politico-religious question which is causing considerable excitement and vehement debate. The whole of the Presbyterians and an important section of the Wesleyan community are intensely dissatisfied with the purely secular teaching which is given in the State

schools, and they are agitating for the introduction of the Bible, religious teaching and simple forms of prayer. The Baptists, Congregationalists, and most of the Methodists are opposed to any change. In their anxiety to keep religion free from State trammels and independent of Government support, and also in their conviction that State-paid officials are not always the best fitted persons for the communication of sacred truths, they look with suspicion on every proposal that tends in this direction. The divergence of the two parties on this question of practical politics which has become one of the pressing questions of the hour, appears in all their approaches to each other and makes it a little difficult to work together with complete accord and sympathy in other things.

There is another feature of the situation which differentiates the Evangelical churches here from those at home, and which retards federation by the very fact that it makes the need of it less felt. As every one knows, there is no Established Church in the colonies. Religion, up to this time, at least, is entirely unsupported by the State. The churches are all equal in the sight of the law, and the Anglican communion is no more than any other sect and denomination. Here, therefore, the Christians outside that communion do not groan under that sense of injustice and that burden of disabilities which have helped to force the Free Churches of England into brotherhood. They have no soreness left by memories of long-continued oppression, persecution and wrong. They have no endangered rights to defend, and no denied claim of

equality to assert and maintain. It is the fellowship of suffering that welds hearts together, and when the suffering has never been experienced the cementing and uniting forces are much slower in their operation.

In spite of all this, however, Christian union is steadily gaining ground. In every town and city ministers of all the Protestant Churches, except the Anglican and the faddists, have their fraternal associations, and their meetings are full of warmth and genuine good feeling; and in most cities there is a Church Council closely resembling those formed by our national federation, a council which holds its annual or biennial meetings, and sets agencies at work in the direction of social and temperance reform, and converting efforts among the irreligious masses. In Sydney and in Melbourne a great Simultaneous Mission has just been carried through, in which nearly all the Evangelical churches have taken an active part, and which has even enlisted the hearty co-operation of a sprinkling of Anglican clergymen—needless to say, not of the sacerdotal wing. But that is almost a unique incident which has caused quite a flutter of pleased excitement by its exceptional character.

In one respect the colonial churches have stepped before the home churches in the advance towards unity. They have been more successful than we in bringing about the incorporation of several denominations into one. The Presbyterians have preceded their brethren in Scotland in filling up the almost invisible ditch which separated them, but they have not been content with partial measures, they have gone a step beyond their co-religionists in the North,

joining not only Free Church and United Presbyterian, but the representatives of the Scotch Established Church into one larger communion. The Methodists have accomplished a similar and almost equally complete amalgamation. In all the Australian states the whole of the Methodists, without exception, have come together. In New Zealand there is still a little rift in the lute. The Primitive Methodists stand out until their claim for a larger representation of the laity in conference and synod shall be granted, but they stand alone. All their Methodist kinsmen have fallen into marching line, and it is almost certain that some compromise or arrangement will presently be made by which this one stray sheep may be drawn into the fold.

I fear that the Evangelical churches of these colonies have a little endangered their principles, and certainly hindered a practical and working union, by indulging in aims and dreams which are somewhat too ambitious for the times. In some cases they have made the platform of federation broad enough to include everything except the Romish system and its priests, and they have expressly invited the alliance of every section of the Episcopalian party, apparently overlooking, in their large-hearted charity, the fundamental difference between the Evangelical school and the sacerdotal. In one instance, and I think only one, the invitation has been accepted. The Church Council of Auckland, the largest city in New Zealand, was inaugurated on these lines and elected as its president an archdeacon of pronounced High Church views. By so doing it consigned itself to incongruous im-

potence. Its irreconcilable constituents at once asserted themselves and stopped further proceedings. In fact, its first general meeting was its last. It perished, like some other infant unfortunates, at the birth.

Everywhere else, so far as I could learn, the Anglican party as a body has rejected, generally with contemptuous silence, in a few cases with hardly disguised insolence, the approaches of their Christian brethren. The sacerdotalist is, of course, acting consistently when he does this; he would deny his most cherished assumptions, and perhaps wound some of his dearest convictions if he were to act otherwise, and it is well this should be clearly recognised by the Evangelical school, and that there should be no attempt made to patch up a peace which can only resemble a castle of indolence or a fool's paradise.

In truth, if one allows for a few exceptions, he has to face the fact that here in the colonies, where there is no Established Church and no invidious distinction made by the State between one religious minister and another, the separation of the clergy from the ministers and people of other Christian bodies is just as sharp and complete as we find it in England. There is the same holding aloof, the same assumption of superiority, the same claiming of precedence at banquets and all public occasions, the same divisions made in burial places and charitable institutions; nay, the very same disparaging terms are used, for the Anglican still speaks habitually of those dissenters and schismatics. Some of us have cherished the belief or dream that the disestablishment of the Church in England would

speedily set all these matters right; a visit to the colonies quickly disposes of that dream. It will need a much more fundamental and spiritual change to bring about the sweeter, vaster federation which we pray for.

Chapter XVIII

FEATURES OF COLONIAL LIFE AND CONCLUSION

An Englishman finds little or nothing that is strange and unfamiliar in the life-habits and character of the Colonials. Whether he enters town, village or remote farm-house, he feels almost at once like a child at home. The British at the Antipodes have all the essential qualities and most of the typical peculiarities of the parent stock. Their speech has none of those distinctive intonations and accents by which the American betrays his transatlantic origin. The English of Melbourne can hardly be distinguished from that of educated men in London and Manchester, and the home-life of the Colonials, though slightly modified by climate and conditions, is substantially that same home-life which Burns has idealised in his songs, and which is one of the peculiar glories of the British race. There are differences which are quickly noticed by the observant eye, but they are chiefly on the surface. They are easily accounted for by training and surroundings. Some of them are ways and thoughts which we might learn and copy with advantage. Others are, to my mind,

at least, not so admirable; but altogether they do not count for much in comparison with the greater things in which the Mother Land and its children are entirely one.

The Colonials are first of all more patriotic than the general run of Englishmen; or if that is too much to say, it is undeniably true that they are more demonstrative in their patriotism. Loyalty to the throne is universal. It is on the lips of all, and evidently in the hearts of all. It is an impassioned sentiment and almost a religion. The affection for the old country is equally strong and deep, and rises into reverence. It is sometimes more like a well of tears. Verily they cling to the Mother Land as every true daughter, though long married and separated, clings to her first home and mother. It is most pathetic to hear them speak in tenderest tones of *home;* they always give the old land that name. Aged people who spent their childhood in one of Scotia's vales or England's sylvan villages, and young men and women who have never been out of the Colonies use the same word—the Homeland! They know no other name for it. The young have no more golden hope than this, that some day they may see the land which they have heard of every day since they were infants; and those advanced in years, if they pray at all, have one most urgent prayer that they may be spared to visit the Homeland once more before they take the longer journey.

Great is their faith in the British race, and great their pride in the glory of the Empire. The spirit of the Little Englander has no place whatever here. If

there were such a thing it would hardly dare to show itself. It would be either annihilated with laughter, or tolerated with pity, as a kind of lunacy. There is a sentiment prevailing which would be fitly expressed in the words Britain and the Empire, whether right or wrong—though it ought to be said in strict fairness, that the Colonial honestly and invariably believes that Great Britain is in the right, and in this respect he helps to make up for those few gentlemen at home who invariably persuade themselves that England is in the wrong. Through the whole of my journeyings in Australia and New Zealand, which have brought me into contact with all sorts and conditions, but more especially the religious among them, I have not met with two persons who distinctly call in question the righteousness on the British side of the South African War. I have not met with half-a-dozen who express the least doubt about it, and I have not met with a single person whose sympathies are avowedly with the Boers.

The patriotism of the Colonials is enthusiastic, tender, and, to a certain extent, intelligent ; possibly it lacks one element without which that virtue is never seen at its strongest and best. It has no historical basis, no roots going deep down into the past. It is the England of his parents or of his own childhood that the average Australian, and still more the average New Zealander, knows. It is the British Empire of the nineteenth century and of to-day that he believes in and admires. His thoughts do not go back to the making of England. In fact, he knows very little about it. History is one of the sciences for which he

has no peculiar calling. It is made an optional subject in the public schools, and, therefore, generally avoided. He is ignorant of the struggles, conflicts, revolutions, heroic sufferings, by which the British race was formed and the greatness of the empire built up. The England of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, of the Reformers and martyrs, of Hampden, Blake, Russell, and Pitt, is to him a foreign land, and he cannot feel those thrills of exalted sentiment, those inspiring memories, which supply the noblest features of an Englishman's love for his country and the race. If the Colonial statesmen were as wise in this as they are in most things, they would take care that in every State-supported school British history was put in a prominent place, and every boy and girl taught some part of the wonderful story of our forefathers. Of course, in offering this criticism I am referring not to the cultured Colonial, but to what we commonly call the man in the street, with his very moderate store of school learning.

To this comparative ignorance of past times may be attributed doubtless that tendency towards intolerance which is noticeable in the Colonial democracies. The merest mention of such a thing will provoke exclamations of surprise, and no doubt indignant denial, but to English eyes it is unquestionable. In certain matters there is greater freedom than in England ; in other matters there is much less. There is unlimited tolerance of religious opinions and beliefs, but one who ventures to express himself in opposition to a strong popular sentiment is speedily reminded that tolerance stops short there. I have been asked

repeatedly, 'Why do you allow the pro-Boers in England to hold meetings and give utterance to their disloyal opinions? If we had to deal with them we should quickly stamp out that sort of thing'—and in fact they did suppress with anger and impatience some feeble mutterings in that direction which made themselves heard at the beginning of the war—and I answer, 'In the old country liberty of speech was won at a great price, and we are jealous of our treasure, and watchful against everything that would imperil it.' The Colonial does not understand this solicitude, simply because he knows nothing of the long bleeding struggle by which our fathers secured for us the precious boon.

One observes even in religious matters an element of the same intolerance, a disposition to force upon all consciences the rules of conduct which the majority have adopted. In some of the denominations ministers are virtually compelled to be total abstainers and non-smokers, and the first of these, at least, is, in not a few cases, especially in New Zealand, made a condition of Church membership. I was the guest of one estimable Christian lady, who had been excluded from Church fellowship on the sole ground that she had a large estate devoted to vine culture, and that the grapes were converted into wine. Happily, with all our belief in the virtues of total abstinence, we have not reached that particular stage in England yet.

But if this feature in colonial life seems to me wanting in sweet reasonableness, there are other qualities which call for nothing but commendation. Among these stands prominent an ungrudging and

almost boundless hospitality. It is offered not only to relatives and friends, but to less intimate acquaintances and even to strangers. It is generously given in all parts of Australia, but still more freely in the newer colony of New Zealand. There a man's house is open well-nigh to all who choose to enter it ; a meal and a bed—or shake-down as they call it—are vouchsafed to every passing traveller. The host and his guest may have met once previously or possibly hardly know each other's names. The guest rarely troubles to send notice of his coming, yet he can always count on being received without audible objections, and if he is known at all he will be kindly entertained. It need hardly be said that this indiscriminating generosity is often abused, and in course of time the frequent abuse will bring its own remedy in making the householder keep a little more careful guard over his door ; but at present every one follows the custom of the country, and would regard himself as churlish if he asked for a certificate of character before opening his guest chamber. Your host when you are once received does not take any great pains to entertain you, unless you are a very honoured guest indeed, and even then you have often to take things as they are, and be pleased with them or not, according to your disposition. There are exceptional houses, particularly in Australia, where the kindnesses lavished on you are almost overwhelming. But that is not the rule. A guest in New Zealand is allowed to do for himself what he would never dream of doing in England. If you wish to make sure, for instance, of getting your boots cleaned you will do that little

business with your own hands. Domestic servants are not so plentiful or so obliging as in the old country. A colonial home is not so sumptuously provided, or even so comfortable, as an English home in the same social position, but there is always abundance, if not great variety, of good things, and the house is pervaded by an atmosphere of kindness and genial welcome.

I think, moreover, that the people in these colonies are less careful in their expenditure, and more generous in giving than the average Briton at home. The copper coin is hardly ever seen at a collection, the threepenny piece, or some larger silver coin, takes the place of that vulgar penny which is so vexatiously predominant in the collection-plates at home, and the gifts to other charities are on a similar scale.

The Colonial makes money easily, and he is as eager to make it as his English cousin, but he is not quite so anxious to save it. He has more pleasure in spending than in accumulating. Men and women habitually travel first-class on railway and steamship who would no more dream of allowing themselves that luxury in England than they would dream of travelling in a State coach with six cream-coloured horses. Here the ordinary comforts of life are easily procured. There is not the hard struggle for existence with which older countries are familiar. Extreme poverty is rarely seen, and therefore the need of economy and making provision against misfortune and hard times is much less felt. Indeed, there is often what we should deem a careless, thriftless, and improvident habit of mind. The future is left to take

care of itself. The waste of Nature's resources is sometimes distressing to behold. One sees everywhere as he passes along, forests of magnificent timber deliberately reduced to charred stumps and ashes merely that the ground may be cleared. Every one is busy destroying, no one takes the trouble to plant, and coming generations will cry out bitterly against this waste, but at present the few protesting voices are unheeded in the general unthrift.

One other feature strikes the visitor from the old country, and that is the freedom of intercourse, the absence of class distinctions, the familiar and well-nigh equal terms on which all sorts and conditions meet. There is very little of what we know as English reserve. Every one makes up to every one else without waiting for an introduction. It is a common saying here that Jack is as good as his master, and Jack undoubtedly believes it, and sometimes demonstrates his belief in a way that is more forcible than polite. Equality is very beautiful in theory, but the assertion of it is not always agreeable in practice. The obtrusive friendliness of the Colonial is often delightfully helpful to a stranger, but when it becomes impertinently familiar and coarsely inquisitive, one may easily have too much of it. Education of a sort is universal, but it has not always given the polite manners and the innate refinement of the best English society. A cultured, well-bred Colonial is one of the finest gentlemen on the face of the earth ; but there are people here, as in other places, who mistake vulgarity for freedom, and are distinctly disagreeable when they only wish to be thought friendly. But this

is a small matter compared with all that is generous and charming in the people of these lands, and one leaves them, as I have left them, with the happiest and most grateful memories.

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