

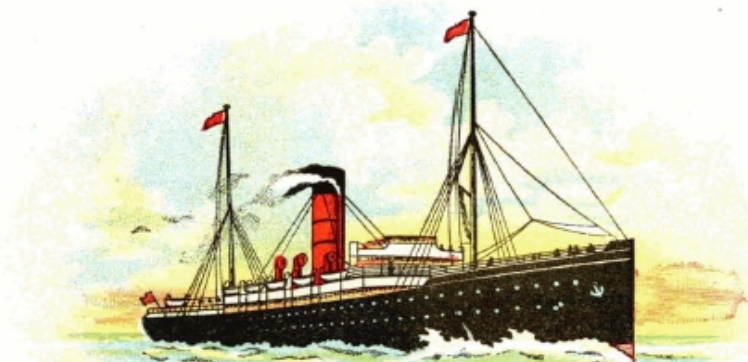
Travels to New Zealand,
December 1912
by
William Broadbent
of Melbourne



STEAMERS AT DUNEDIN:

S.S. "WAIKARE," "VICTORIA," "MOFRARI," "BARAMA," AND "INVERCARGILL."

UNION LINE



T.S.S. "MAUNGANUL" December 22, 1912.
Commander L. C. H. Worrall

BREAKFAST

SPECIAL ORDERS 10 MINUTES.

Milk Toast Fresh Milk
Oatmeal Porridge Grape Nuts

Fried Fillets of Perch
Smoked Blue Cod and Melted Butter

Grilled Rump Steak, Chipped Potatoes
Grilled Lambs' Kidneys (*Plain or Devilled to order*)

Minced Turkey & Ham on Toast
Crumbed Pork Sausages & Mashed Potatoes
Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce Fried Mushrooms

Saute of Lambs Fry & Bacon
Kurrachee Curry & Rice with Bombay Duck
American Sweet Corn Ox Marrow on Toast

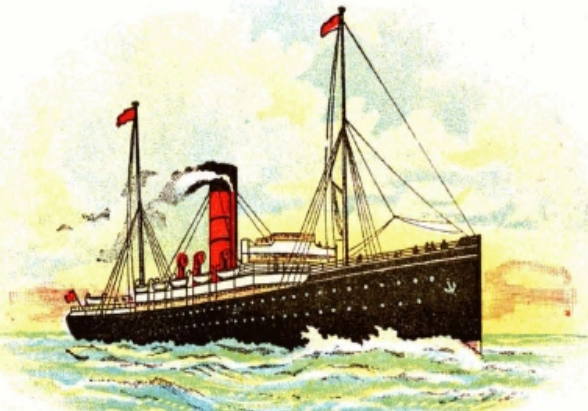
Grilled Breakfast Bacon, Straw Potatoes
Eggs & Omelettes to order (Varies)

—:COLD:—

Corned Beef Fritz Sausage
Flapjacks and Golden Syrup

Hot Rolls Scones Toast
Preserves Fruit-in Season
Tea Coffee Cocoa

UNION LINE



T.S.S. "MAUNGANUI" December 21, 1912

COMMANDER ... I. C. H. WORRALL

LUNCHEON

Chicken Broth Beef Tea

Whitebait Fritters Herrings in Tomato Sauce

Grilled Loin Chops & Chipped Potatoes
Sheeps Head au Gratin Macaroni, Italienne
Hyderbad Curry & Rice, Bombay Duck
Lyonnaise, Mashed, & Baked Jacket Potatoes

COLD:

Roast Sirloin of Beef Roast Mutton
Oxford Brawn Smoked Mutton Corned Beef
N.Z. Ham Galantine of Turkey Ox Tongue
Chicken & Ham Sausage

Salads: Lettuce Radishes Beetroot
Cucumber Tomatoes Eschalots

Compote of Quinces and Custard
Bread & Butter Custard Small Pastry
Butterscotch

Lunch Rolls Oatcake Vienna Bread
Cheese:— Cheddar Stilton
Fruit in Season Cafe

UNION LINE



GRAND CONCERT

HELD ON BOARD

T.S.S. Maunganui

Captain L. C. Worrall

DECEMBER 21 1912. at 8 p.m. sharp.

Chairman— *Mr. C. C. KENNEDY.*

PROGRAMME

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 <i>Pianoforte Solo</i> | <i>Miss Thompson</i> |
| 2 <i>Song</i> | <i>Mr. A. Mendoza</i> |
| 3 <i>Story</i> | <i>Mr E. Robson</i> |
| 4 <i>Song</i> | <i>Mr H. Stahle</i> |
| 5 <i>Song</i> | <i>Mr E. G. Thompson</i> |
| 6 <i>Humourous Song</i> | <i>Rev. E. H. Gallop</i> |
| 7 <i>Song</i> | <i>Mrs A. Mendoza</i> |
| 8 <i>Story</i> | <i>Mr A. Bain</i> |
| 9 <i>Song</i> | <i>Miss Molly Lester</i> |
| 10 <i>Violin Solo</i> | <i>Miss Stewart</i> |
| 11 <i>Song</i> | <i>Mr Wilson</i> |
| 12 <i>Recitation</i> | <i>Mr H. H. Pattle</i> |

GOD SAVE THE KING.

PROCEEDS IN AID OF
THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS RELIEF SOCIETY
Automobiles, Monoplanes, Taxis, etc., 11 30.

CHAPTER ONE

"Now Daddy, are you sure that you have everything?"

"Yes, everything; the trunk is full; the cab is at the door, and, Good bye".

It is Wednesday, December the 18th 1912, at Raleigh Street, Essendon, and the time is eleven in the morning. The day is beautiful. A heat wave had been predicted by the Commonwealth weather prophet but his predictions proved to be wrong for a cool southerly was blowing and on land the day was ideal, on the bay everything was perfect; on the ocean--well we had better leave the ocean and its vagaries until later.

The impedimenta consisted of a trunk, a bag, umbrella, a bag and an overcoat and macintosh. The determination being to travel as light as possible. When all was ready there was found to be quite sufficient for one to carry even for a short distance. Catching the eleven twenty-nine train from Essendon and alighting at Spencer Street I took the tram to Flinders Street and in a few minutes had deposited my luggage in my cabin on the "Maunganui", the latest addition to the Union Fleet.

At twelve twenty I reached the shop and found that Brother James had worried, through some of the letters, others still remained, and to these I gave my attention. Some few patients came in, colds, coughs, bad legs, skin diseases and, various other ailments kept me engaged until ten minutes past one. I then had a meagre lunch at Boanus' which consisted of a meat pie and a cup of tea, and then a dose of rhubarb by way of preparation for eventualities, and then, after shaking hands with John, James, Mr Purves and Mr Choate I went along Russell Street and caught the tram at the corner of Flinders Street.

On my arrival at the boat it was a quarter to two, and I was met by Jessie and Martha Mc Kellar, Mr P. J. Brandt and Mr Rendle, who had come to say Good Bye. My three daughters May, Edie and Jessie arrived a little later and warm Good Byes were said.

An enormous crowd is assembled to see the boat off

and much gaiety is manifested. We have on board three University Professors and several Doctors of medicine and several students who are on their way to Christchurch to attend a Christian Conference. Every berth is filled, and a great many are occupying "Shake downs" on the floor in the Saloon. There are about fifty Hobart passengers sleeping in the Saloon for the two nights the boat is at sea between Melbourne and Hobart. I take a position on the bow of the ship so that I can see and be seen by my dear ones. Little Jessie kept looking up and waving her arm to me until it must have been tired. Her neck must have got a crick in it. She is a sweet little pet and this is the time of her life. Judging by the number of gay~coloured ribbons stretched from the boat to the shore it would seem that hundreds of passengers were engaged in this pretty American custom. It was two thirty when our boat began to move. Hundreds of handkerchiefs were waved from the shore and a sea of fluttering handkerchiefs saluted us from the shore as, towed by a tug, we proceeded stern first down the river Yarra Yarra. Eyes were strained until our friends were out of sight. We then began to walk about and look around us. We backed slowly until we were at the entrance of The West Melbourne dock, popularly known as Siberia into which we proceeded before slowly turning around. The result is that when we began to forge slowly ahead for the first time. It was three thirty. A fresh breeze had sprung up and it was already cold enough for an over coat.

Afternoon tea was at four and the tables were crowded by passengers, many of whom made a meal, evidently being uncertain whether they could get another on board. We were opposite the Gellibrand lighthouse when I reached deck. I had already chummed in with a Mr M. H. Cooper, an Hobart photographer who was just returning from a trip to the Mediterranean. He is a genial companion and our intercourse is pleasant.

We proceeded down the South Channel which is much longer than the West. The bay is bumpy, but our ship is not cognisant of it. A strong head wind is blowing which makes

one seek a sheltered position. We stand and watch the long beach that stretches from Port Melbourne to the Heads. There are few barren stretches now between Port Melbourne and Sandringham, and we can easily picture suburban Melbourne reaching to Mordialloc.

We had a long chat about the Mediterranean Ports, Cairo, and the customs of the East. The trip down the bay was pleasant and there are so many children aboard that one feels selfish being alone.

There are two sittings at the dinner table, the first being at six. It was seven fifteen before we got to the table. I had soup, fish and stewed duck, a little custard and then found that our ship was afloat. Her motions in the Rip were similar to that of The Zealandia and the same feelings that accompanied me then began to assert themselves and I sought the deck.

On deck it was bitterly cold and the passengers were walking about, though many were abed. Ahead of us and nearly out of sight we see the lights and smoke of a Steamer that is said to be the Loonganna. On the right, apparently a hundred yards away is a big passenger steamer evidently bound to Sydney. She is so close that we can see the passengers on the deck. She is pitching and there is plenty of motion abroad. We think on the seasick passengers aboard and of the life they are having. The ships are too close to be comfortable. Cape Schank is on the Starboard, and the Port side is in darkness. The weather has turned bitterly cold and there is a south westerly blowing. We walk the deck and I feel that my dinner has turned upside down, and is only waiting a favourable opportunity to be disgorged. At ten I feel cold and tired and turn into the Smoke Room where quite a number are present. Getting into a corner I lie down and in two minutes I am sound asleep. When I awaken in half an hour I see faces turned towards me and am told the next day that the music of my slumber disturbed the community. Hurrah for oblivion.

At eleven I go to my room, and realising that haste is the essence of the contract I get into my pyjamas and turn in. Immediately I was sick, that is all; as sick as I could be, but I felt better and dosed. I felt that I could not sleep and was

conscious of everything, but when I thoroughly came to myself it was three thirty, so I must have slept.

Bed is glorious when one is seasick. The boat is full of motion, not jerky, but a long slow roll and pitch and we all know that we are at sea.

CHAPTER TWO

THURSDAY DECEMBER 19th 1912. At four I got up and had a drink of sherbert and water and lay awake until daylight at four thirty. From my port window I can see Islands, Kent's Group. The boat is rolling slightly but the sea is slighter. The sun shines gloriously and all squalmishness has passed away.

Kent's Group are evidently barren as no indications of life are present. Every mile sees the sea becoming' smoother and less and less motion is observable in the boat, so at eight I get up and dress and go on deck. The ship is now as steady as if she were in the Yarra so I go down to breakfast and have a thoroughly enjoyable meal and a chat with the Chief Officer at whose table I sit. On deck Tasmania is to be seen on the right. Near is low lying ground, while behind there rises high hills which stretch back into the interior. The afternoon is glorious most of the passengers are on the boat deck, and we are apparently within half a mile of the shore, though in reality we are a mile and a half away. The coast consists of dark hills running down to the water's edge, barren of anything but scrub, with precipitous sides, here a series of sharp peaks and there a long ridge. A blue haze is on the long ridge, and the steep hills tell of solitude and desolation. They may be, and are probably rich in mineral wealth, but the verdant fields for which Tasmania is so famous lie further inland. The sea is a deep rich blue and looks as if it could never be angry. The sky is blue with scarcely a cloud, and the sun shines gloriously and majestically. Numerous porpoises with their breathing holes on the tops of their heads sport around the bows of the ship, now racing along within a few inches of the ship and now jumping several feet out of the water. Our sixteen knots is

nothing to them. We run through a school of small whales that breathe and spout quite close to our vessel. One feels that a quiet day spent on a ship in weather such as this is restful to both body and mind. Nothing to do but laze and no will to do anything but loaf.

At nine we round Cape Pillar and half an hour later we pass Cape Raoul and at eleven we reach the entrance to the river Derwent. I feel tired out, and though Mr Cooper tries to persuade me to remain up until the boat is fast to the wharf, I prefer bed, and before midnight I am fast asleep.

CHAPTER THREE

It is Friday morning; the boat is fast to the wharf and I am about at seven. I have pointed out to me the "Poonah", lying at an adjacent wharf. This boat was once owned by the Huddart Parker Company and was then named The Zealandia. I made the trip from Christchurch to Melbourne via the Bluff and Hobart some twelve years ago in her, and have a very lively recollection of the trip from the Bluff to Hobart. Tea at the Bluff and then we left, running into a bumpy sea. I went to bed and the recollections of the details and incidents of the trip are hazy, but I distinctly remember that my next meal was tea at Hobart and that between Ports I clung to bed like a limpet to a rock while the boat rolled and tossed and crept and hobbled and kicked her way across.

From the "Poonah" I went into Elizabeth Street and purchased a copy of The Mercury, found the Post Office closed until eight, and most of the shops with their doors locked. Business commences in Hobart about ten in the morning, and even then there is always time for a chat. The customers can wait, they have plenty of time, and what is the good in bustling at any rate. This sort of thing is characteristic of Hobart. The place must be pretty dead in the winter, and in summer it is too much trouble to waken up thoroughly. First I notice that cherries are eight-pence a pound, and very poor ones are sixpence. They were three-pence and twopence in

Melbourne two days ago and probably are so yet. Strawberries are eight-pence a box, and cherry-plums, dark plums and loquats are in strawberry boxes marked sixpence.

As I cross Elizabeth Street at Liverpool Street I notice one of Moran and Cato's carts which shows that the firm is trying to mop up the retail grocery business here.

In Hobart there are some fine shops. The goods of course are exactly similar to those we see in Melbourne, but the quality of the shops is very creditable to the city. Edment's shop in Liverpool Street is exactly the same in its arrangement and assortment of goods as the Melbourne shops. When we stepped inside everything seemed familiar.

It was seven thirty and I thought that it was time to return to the ship for breakfast. I have acquired a bilious attack and a sick headache which bids fair to mar my day's pleasure. Breakfast consisted of Grape nuts and a roll and a cup of tea. I met Mr Cooper and saw him away with his luggage promising to meet him at the Post Office at nine.. I waited until nine thirty and the realizing that I had only an hour and a half to see the City, I entered a shop to purchase some views. Meeting Mr Pollard, my cabin mate, we determined to go for a drive. A cab was procured for an hour and a quarter for seven shillings and sixpence, and as we were stepping into it Mr Cooper came up and accompanied us. We had a beautiful drive, past the hospital, Government House, through the domain, past the cemetery, and following the beautiful Derwent River we saw the main line to Launceston running along its edge. We returned by the main convict-made road to the City. We notice that a great many of the house tops are roofed with shingles, a preference being shown for this type of roof on account of its coolness. The cab driver cut it rather fine, and had to drive rapidly to land us back in time, and after a very unpleasant five minutes for fear we would miss the boat we were landed at the wharf at one minute to eleven and found the deck hands untying the lines that held fast the first gangway. The last five minutes marred the mornings pleasure considerably. It took another twenty minutes to get the second gangway down and it was half past two before we were in midstream.

The view down the River Derwent is very fine, and stretches for a distance of twelve miles. As we stand off and view Hobart we notice that it is quite a small city on the river's edge and extending up the hillside. Mount Wellington rears itself over four thousand feet just behind the city, and the organ pipe crevices in the rock are distinctly visible. Our course down the river is nearly West. When we reach the light-house at the entrance to the river I take advantage of the smooth sea and have a shave. I feel bilious and squalmish but do not attribute it to sea sickness. After shaving I have lunch which consisted of tripe and semolina custard, and then after an hour on deck I retired to my cabin for a read, a rest, and a sleep. At five I am told that Tasmania has disappeared. The ship is rolling, the glorious blue sky of Hobart has disappeared and dull gray clouds are overhead. Our course is East by South and we anticipate bad weather.

The weather map at Hobart tells us that a remarkably low depression is at the Bluff and envelopes the South Island of New Zealand, that there are squalls and a heavy sea. The Moeraki arrived at Hobart several hours late yesterday, being delayed by heavy weather on her trip over from the Bluff, so our outlook is not bright. However we have a good boat, and one can always go to bed and fast, and doubtless Monday morning will see us at the Bluff. Young Mendoza is aboard with his wife, and Professor Rentoul is continuing his Journey to New Zealand. My squalmisness increased when the dinner bugle was sounded, so I walked the deck. There were perhaps twenty others who were not well enough to go below. In the course of half an hour I had improved considerably, and went down and had some soup and pudding and bread and butter. On deck again, an hours chat mostly about the weather and then to bed. Our boat rocks more and we anticipate heavier weather on the morrow. To bed at nine thirty and read "The Soul Market", and at ten I douse the glim.

CHAPTER FOUR

Saturday Morning. Last night was the best nights sleep I have had. It was three when I awakened and had a drink of saline sherbert, and then to sleep again. Later on the steward brought in biscuits, nasty tea and an apple. The sea is smooth and there is a gentle roll; the sky is cloudy, but later it clears up. I feel splendid. Breakfast is at eight thirty. I find that the clock has been put on twenty five minutes. This is my best breakfast aboard ship, and like all the other passengers aboard I make a good one. During the morning I could hear some passengers in their cabins dreadfully sick. I have a chat on deck with young Mendoza.. The passengers sit and read or stand about in groups talking. Some are playing cricket, others, deck quoits, and still others are watching the steerage passengers enjoying themselves. The weather is mild, the little wind there is is from the North, and it is good to be alive. The boat is magnificent in fine weather, but like all others she is reputed to be a roller in bad weather.

I have been interested in the behaviour of the passengers at the table. Thursday night I had dinner at a table with two ladies and a gentleman. The ladies were overdressed and wore large diamond rings on all their fingers, thumbs excepted. Why they did not put rings on their thumbs beat me. Their voices are stilted. "Come darn here", and the subject of conversation is brag of some kind. "Have you tasted a certain brand of sauce; it is delicious. We went to the big store and bought all they had". The idea was evidently to create the impression that they were used to something much better than the table delicacies we had aboard ship. Dress, mannerism, conversation, all indicated an excited condition of the mind that told us they were in a new atmosphere and that notwithstanding the conversation, Ship's fare and Ship's company are much better than they are used to at home.

Last night at dinner there were four young Ladies at the table. Two spoke in such broad scotch that we could tell they were new chums, probably emigrants to Australia who have saved sufficient to enable them to take Saloon tickets to New

Zealand. My goodness, they did eat a dinner. Some of everything. No common courses such as roast beef, but tasty dishes, Jellies, custards, and after a dinner that would make a group of ploughmen blush they finished up with a feed of walnuts that must have made the Steward shudder. My dinner consisted of bread and butter, and I felt that if I had dined off tooth picks it would have been sufficient for me. I sit on the upper deck all the morning looking at the few white caps that appear in the distance, the drift of the smoke, the deep blue of the ocean, the long stream of smoke trailing away into the South, and I feel that it is good to be here. I think of those at home and picture my babes. I think of my consulting room in which I have spent so many years of my life and of the patients that come in. Bah, let the usual and the hun drum disappear for a month and let me think of the present and the new.

I think of my companions in my cabin. One a Mr Pollard, a clerk at the railway offices, Spencer Street, and the other who came with us as far as Hobart, a boy of eleven who is at the Melbourne Grammar School who is returning to Hobart for the holidays. A sweet little fellow and well bred. I last saw him outside the Post Office at Hobart. As he passed we spoke. He was then with a young companion. I said "Well you are at home now", and he replied "Yes". Conversation lagged for a couple of minutes and I thought "I wish you would go". He said almost immediately "Do not keep me please as I am on a message." I replies "Right" "Good bye". He lifted his hat, and in a minute was gone.

Posted at the Saloon entrance this afternoon is the run since we left Hobart. 366 miles for the twenty four hours, and five hundred and sixty four miles to go. That means that we will be half way between Hobart and the Bluff at six forty five tonight.

This is December the twenty first, the longest day. The sun is shining brightly; the sea is as smooth as is Hobson's Bay, and the passengers are all enjoying themselves. That is, all but those who are in their cabins seasick, for no matter how smooth the sea may be there are some who are sick. No male

passengers remain on deck at meal time, but I notice the stewardess taking lunch to ladies in their cabins. Before I parted with Mr Cooper he showed me his hotel bill for Cairo which was somewhat as follows.

New Khedivial Hotel 8/12/ 12 Mr N.M. Cooper Room 20 Piastres one lemonade 3 Piastres, one savon 2 Piastres, one breakfast 6 Piastres, one bath 8 Piastres. The day cost 139 Piastres or two pounds.

The afternoon and evening are spent just loafing about. Some of the folk with Mendoza in the lead are getting up a concert, and the ladies are hawking tickets for sale. One came to me "Buy a ticket for 1/- or as much more as you like, in aid of the New Zealand Shipwreck funds" I purchased one and then came along another girl "Buy a ticket please, sixpence or as much more as you like" A great discussion ensued amongst the ladies as to whether evening dress was to be worn. After a time they got up to leave the cabin, and as the last one was disappearing she turned and said to the promoters "Evening Dress, please" It is remarkable how these ladies delight to air their evening dresses and their diamonds. Poor creatures they have to save a lot of housekeeping money to purchase the dresses and this means short commons for father and a considerable amount of growling. Then after the evening dress and the diamonds are procured there are really not many opportunities of wearing them. Every opportunity must be seized upon before the moths eat up their garments. Then again in some women there is a great desire to be thought a lot of. Many of these poor creatures lead a hum drum life all year save up their shillings, and then they leave their saucepans and kettles, culinary preparations, washing, scullery work and the cares of life end go aboard ship in the Saloon and for a few days are leaders of fashion. They can generally be picked out by the amount of "dog" they put on, their stilted talk, and stilted walk, and stilted bearing generally. Those to whom they would bow with delight in ordinary circumstances they now pass by with disdain. Aboard they are not known and they are able to do the heavy with impunity.

Everyone is down to dinner; the ladies are especially

gay, being dressed for the Concert, and a mingled murmur of anticipatory excitement is manifested.

At eight o'clock the folk begin to gather in the drawing room. The Pianist takes her place. As the concert proceeds a young man comes over to me and says "It is wonderful how these people who cannot sing at all come aboard ship and bring their music with them. They should be shot at". The concert proved to be very tame. The best items were comic songs by the Church of England Parson who is on his way to New Zealand to take up work. The stories were very poor indeed and the whole thing lasted only an hour or an hour and a half. This was followed by a dance at which a concertina was the instrument; the genial Captain refusing to permit the piano to be opened.

Down the Steerage, I am told, a concert that was a concert indeed was held on deck. Singing, reciting, step dancing and waltzing were in vogue, every item being attended with ripples of laughter.

At eleven, bed, and sleep till seven.

CHAPTER FIVE

SUNDAY DECEMBER 22nd, 1912. This is my first Sunday aboard ship; a delightful morning and a smooth sea. I awaken with a severe headache and a squalmish feeling which is gastric due to drinking too freely of saline aperient at bedtime. I drink a cup of tea and after a bit feel well enough to get up. A clean up and a change of clothing make me ready for breakfast which, as far as I am concerned is limited to porridge, fish, slap Jacks, and rolls. My goodness, how some of these people do eat, especially the ladies. One can see that they are having the time of their lives, and they are eating as though they were certain another opportunity would never come.

A walk around the deck, a talk with Mr Gallop re the Apocalyptical New Testament, a copy of which he carries, and

then to the smoking room to write up this stuff, to write to New Zealand and to finish my letter to Mother so that it may be posted at the Bluff and return to Melbourne tomorrow.

Some aboard are saying that this is the best trip in their experience.

It is eleven o'clock and the ship's bell is being struck for Service by a deck hand with a broad grin on his face, and the folk are gathering into the drawing room. A small pulpit has been rigged up and is covered by the Union Jack. Quite a number gather in the room for the service. Dr Rentoul occupies one chair and Mr Gallop opens the Service which is that of the Church of England.

This beautiful service is conducted just as if it were in a Church ashore. Dr Rentoul gave an excellent address entitled "He made it again" based upon a passage in Jeremiah in which a potter is depicted as making over again a marred vessel. His address was enriched with a wealth of illustration, and was given with a vigor that was remarkable in so old a man. Mendozza and, I think, other Jews were in the audience listening very attentively; and the singing went first class.

After the Service we went on deck to await luncheon, and in the distance ahead we could see rapidly advancing from the East, a fog bank. The atmosphere became very cold so that we shivered and were forced to take shelter. We could not see ahead, and immediately we slowed down and the electrically worked fog horn was started and continued at regular intervals for half an hour. Some thought a storm was coming up and anticipated a troublesome ending to the voyage. but the bank proved to be but local and in half an hour we had run through it.

After luncheon I had an hours chat with Friend Gerbish who, with his wife, is on his way to New Zealand for a trip. We talked politics for a time, and then I went to my cabin for a sleep, and slept the afternoon away. Mrs Gerbish gave me some details of the first commune. The afternoon is glorious. Every now and then someone may be seen looking into the North East for land which we expect to see before dark. A notice is posted in the Saloon that we are expected to be in

the Saloon for medical inspection at six thirty. We will probably breakfast in Invercargill. Our run for the twenty four hours till noon today has been 363 miles making a total of 729 from Hobart and leaving 201 to the Bluff. Dinner tonight is my last meal aboard the Maunganui for we leave early in the morning.

After dinner we can see the land from the deck, and through the glasses we can see the snow capped hills some forty miles away. We can see a long range of mountains and one peak which we are told is Mitre Peak. As we draw nearer a light comes into view which flashes every ten seconds. On the right we can see some high rocks rising right out of the sea which we are told are the Salamanders. These unlighted rocks are a menace to shipping. We watch the ridge of mountains until we are tired. The presence of land has produced a thrill through the ship and we are all glad to see the promised land. At nine I go to my cabin. No 30, berth 2 and I place clean linen, shoes and shaving materiel in my bag, and pack everything else into my trunk. The trunk I address to Dunedin. It is now ten o'clock and as the morrow will be a trying day I go to bed. The sea is smooth and for the greater part of the night we are anchored. The waiter at the table hints at a tip and gets 2/6 and the bedroom Steward is much in evidence.

CHAPTER SIX

MONDAY MORNING. I awaken at four, and glancing out of the port hole find that we are very close inshore. The trees and verdure on the hillside are plainly to be seen and present an infinite variety of shading. The grass is green and at places there are patches apparently bright red, and the trees on the hillside are all shades of colour. The hills run down to the water's edge. On deck I find the boat drawn up to the long wharf, and immediately in front of us lies a barque. A little engine puffs on the railway line which lies between us and the main street which runs parallel with the wharf and the water's edge. On our left are cool stores for export produce and

opposite are shops in which "Fish and oysters" stands out prominently. We see a man carrying a large fish some three feet in length, and we are reminded that this is the home of fish.

We have the usual "Medical Inspection" which consists of the crowd walking through the smoke room while the Dr ticks off the names. One man named Anderson is missing and we are all delayed an hour until he is found. We carry our luggage to the station and I pay 4/- to have my trunk way-billed to Dunedin, and 2/- for a ticket to Invercargill. We purchase our papers and get in touch with the world once again.

The journey from the Bluff to Invercargill is through swamp land and occupies three quarters of an hour. Arrived there I find that the town has grown considerably since I was last here some thirteen years ago. Whole streets of shops and houses have been built and everything is thriving. The term "Southland" is applied to many business places. We enquire at Neils for a good place for breakfast and are sent to the Southland Club. Mr Pollard and I obtain good breakfasts and then send telegrams and post our letters to Melbourne. A shave finds the time ten past ten and I have ten minutes to get a book of views and purchase my ticket to Queenstown. I manage to do these things and have three minutes to spare.

The first stage of our journey is to Gore. We run through a lot of comparatively flat country with a hill here and there. The land is fertile and some of it is worth thirty pounds an acre. The New Zealand and Australian Land Company own a large portion and lets it out in dairy farms of from five to fifty acres. There are in our party six or eight who were passengers on the Maunganui.

Two are brothers who are at Rolfe's in Melbourne and are most interesting and humorous companions. One is silent and the other is a great talker. Time does not lag with us and shortly after twelve we are at Gore where for sixpence we obtain a sandwich and a cup of tea. We walk down the long main street viewing the shops, and at one, three we catch our train and continue the journey.

As we pass out of Gore we notice some very pretty

villas with beautiful gardens on the hillside close to the station. This is a pretty place in which to live; the grass is as green as paint and the fields are covered with daisies. The crops are up four or six inches but are not out in ear; evidently the seasons are very backward here to what they are in Victoria. On the hills are sheep and lambs characterised by a peculiar whiteness of fleece. Many of the names of the stations are similar to those in Victoria such as Pyramid and many suburban names. We are gradually approaching some snow covered hills, though the atmosphere is warm and sultry. Later on we pass through these mountains and quite close to them. Mile after mile small mountains rear themselves on our left and on our right. The snow is lying in pockets but is rapidly melting. As we get further into the hills there is a slight reduction in the temperature, and the atmosphere always clear becomes clearer still. We are climbing for a long time and frequently stop at wayside stations. Local farmers are present and we notice one with a load of wool and four magnificent horses. There are a number of brood mares running in the paddocks, and all the horse-flesh here seems to be good.

After ascending for a few hours we begin to descend and for two or three miles the little mountain train drops down the hill and rounds sharp corners at a very rapid pace. We are forced to retain our seats as it is impossible to keep our feet with the jolting, and in a few minutes Lake Wakitipu opens into view and we are at Kingston. The train runs down to the water's edge where at a small wharf lies a steam launch. We go aboard and a van full of trunks are emptied from the train into the boat. The launch seems to be pretty well full and some of the passengers have as many trunks as an emigrant. As soon as the last trunk is aboard the boat moves off and we go below for dinner. Our Maunganui party consists of Mr and Mrs Ball, Mr Pollard, a father and a daughter and the two brothers who are commercial travellers for Rolfes. The Saloon is in the bowels of the boat and is filled up with diners at 2/- a head. Our dinner consisted of Braised Steak, Roast Lamb, Prunes and Rice, Jelly, Tea, and Bread and butter, and was very nice indeed. The boat is owned and run by the New

Zealand Government.

Going on deck we viewed the passing scene for the twenty five miles down the lake from the bow of the boat. The scenery is very similar to the Hawkesbury, with the difference that the hills are higher and are barren of timber. We have not seen a native tree in New Zealand yet the waters of Lake Wakitipu are renowned for their remarkable colours; in some places blue, in others gray, and in others green. The mountains almost to the water's edge are known as "The Remarkables", and in places are over 7000 feet high. The Lake is 1000 feet above sea level and is over 1200 feet deep. The scene is beautiful indeed and the snow is lying in pockets on the hill side, though the atmosphere on the surface of the water is distinctly warm. We round several bends and at last see Queenstown lying like a hamlet in a small cove. A pretty little town in a unique position. Our boat draws up at a wharf which is fenced off. Half a dozen hotel runners are at the gangway yelling out the names of the hotels they represent.

Our party, all except Mr and Mrs Ball chose the best "The Eichardt", and in a few minutes we are installed in our rooms. Mr Pollard (aet 27) and I are again room mates in No 7. We have a wash and then out for a walk. Two doors from our hotel in Ballarat Street is a Picture Theatre in full blast. I purchase a book of views at a shop opposite owned by the local chemist, a Mr L. Hotop. Mr Pollard and I have a walk around the Park and meet the rest of the party. Everything is very beautiful. Twilight which is nearly daylight lasts till nine o'clock. Mr and Miss Edmeads, father and daughter and the Messrs Staley are going to Paradise in the morning. We are all tired out and ten o'clock sees us in bed. We have had a long day and a profitable day. Upon our minds scenes have been impressed that will never be effaced. We drink in the glorious atmosphere, view the mountains, listen to the surge of the Lake, and feel that of all places to which we have been this is the most suited for a rest and a good lazy time. I sleep in a double bed and feel more at home than since I left Melbourne.

CHAPTER SEVEN

It is Sunday and the Maunganui is lying in Dunedin Harbour. We had almost decided to go to Paradise, but that necessitated catching the boat at eight. We hear her whistle but are too lazy to get out of bed. We had a bath, beautiful fresh cold water, and breakfast at nine, and then out for a walk. We find that a launch whose motor power is an old oil engine proceeds to Kawarau Falls at ten. We first send a telegram to Lawrence and then we go aboard the "Thelma" and the little boat with her ten passengers aboard proceeds at a great rate. We see the double cone over 7000 feet above sea level, but which to my inexperienced eye looks to be about 700 feet. The sky line is jagged and rough. A thousand shades of colour are seen on the mountain sides, great crevices cut out by the water and the snow are conspicuous, and evidently every particle of soil has been washed from the rock. The mountains, the water, the contour of the lakes, and the atmosphere are all beautiful. We proceed for half or three quarters or an hour and then draw up at a wharf.

Our trip is really down the Franklin arm of the Lake to the mouth of the Kawarau River where there is a little wharf and some miniature falls with a drop of about eighteen inches. There is very little to be seen here though we spent an hour walking down the bank of the river. Rabbits are in abundance and their burrows are everywhere. The small local farms are enclosed with wire netting which tells a story of a struggle for existence. We are in the midst of Lake Scenery.

Wherever we turn there are new aspects to be seen, but each new aspect is of the same type as those we have already witnessed. The impression of the district has already been made and a continued stay may serve to accentuate this impression, but it cannot do more.

At Queenstown there are two wharves jutting out from the shore. Between these wharves there is a sign informing visitors that fishing is not allowed between the wharves. As we pass from the boat to the hotel we see forty or fifty trout swimming about quite close to the shore. They are about

eighteen inches in length and are swimming about without fear and evidently very much at home. The water is so clear that we can see right to the bottom which is apparently fifteen or twenty feet near the shore. Trout of this kind taste good, we had some for breakfast and they possess the charm that perfectly fresh fish always had in comparison with that which has been kept for a day or two.

Our lunch is fair. There is plenty of jam on the table and a very good menu, but with all there is a scarcity of food. The impression that the maids have is that the visitors are invalids with but small appetites. Mr Pollard tells me that the trip is evidently doing me good as my appetite is first class.

I thought to go to Paradise tomorrow where, it is said, the type of scenery is similar to that of Milford Sound, but upon making enquiries we find that on account of tomorrow being Christmas Day there are no boats running, and as I desire to reach Dunedin on Thursday night so as to have two clear days there I must let the trip go.

Our afternoon is spent at the Waterworks. There is a stiff climb, especially for one who is stout, up some hills, and one and a half or two miles away we come to a small reservoir that holds a few thousand gallons. Half a mile further on we come to a creek and the head of the walk. Here by an ingenious arrangement a portion of the running water is diverted into a pipe which leads to the reservoir and has a head of one hundred and fifty feet. The water is beautifully clear, limpid and cold. It is ideal water such as we are likely to find in the Snowy River district in Victoria, and must be a boon to the town of Queenstown. Friend Pollard climbs still higher; I sit down and scribble and think and feel glad and the time passes rapidly. As I look at my watch I find that it is twenty minutes to four. We did think of going to Arrowtown this afternoon, some twelve miles away, but the motor car is full and the charge is exorbitant. Friend Pollard feels that he needs exercise, so our trip to the Waterworks.

This is Christmas Eve and in Melbourne there is much bustle and excitement. Here all is quiet and there is practically no evidence that Christmas is near.

I walked back to Queenstown alone and found that as soon as I got out of the shelter of the shrubbery on the hillside that the sun was hot, and more like Christmas in Melbourne than Christmas in New Zealand. A lie down for an hour brought six o'clock dinner, and then we had a stroll to meet the boat coming in. Most of the visitors are very sunburned and look knocked up. At the pier is a good crowd awaiting the arrival of the boat, and on a vacant spot see two brave Salvation Army lasses singing "I believe Jesus saves" and "The blood it makes whiter than snow" The boat arrives from Kingston at seven-thirty and we watch the passengers come off. This time we are outside the barrier. We go to the Post Office and send a couple of Post cards to our dear ones at home, and then wend our way to one Picture Show in Ballarat Street. Arriving there at eight we learn that the Mails will not be sorted for twenty minutes and that Queenstown people will not go to entertainments until the Mail is sorted. We return at eight-thirty, pay our money and take our seats in a hall that will hold a hundred. We have time to count the audience before the show begins and we find that there is just eighteen shillings present, and at half time another two shillings come in. I hope that they are all paying guests and that there are no dummies present.

The show is a one-horse affair. A lady rattles away at a Piano against which I lean and the picture of "Lady Godiva" and another entitled "Thrown to the Lions" and some comics are thrown on the screen. The hall got very hot and at ten-thirty we were glad to get out. We found the town lighted up. Two boys are running up the main street with fizzes blazing away, the shops are all lit up and some money is being spent this Christmas Eve. I expect that as much as five pounds will be spent in Queenstown this evening. The stock in the only fruit shop must have cost a pound, perhaps thirty shillings, and there is a general ripple of excitement abroad. Our hotel is closed up as it is after ten, but there is a convenient back way. This town is such a small concern that it cannot support a barber. Every man is his own shaver, and I expect that they cut each others hair on the mutual help plan. Bed at eleven

and a restless wakeful night.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

CHRISTMAS MORNING 1912. Last Christmas morning was spent in Auckland with my friends the Borretts. This Christmas morning I have breakfast, a walk around the banks of the Lake with Mr Pollard, a sit down and a long descriptive chat about Bright and Buffalo. and then to Church. Mr Pollard went to the Catholic Church on the hill, and I to the Church of England, which I think in this instance is related to the Catholic Church. There was an altar decorated with flowers, burning candles and the Priest turned his back to the audience when praying. The Psalms and nearly all of the Service were sung.

It is a pretty little wooden church in the form of a cross, a homely little concern and was well filled mostly by ladies. Immediately in front of me sat a lady with a large straw hat the size of a parasol upon her head. Its breadth was greater than its length, or else it was on sideways. Its edges came over her shoulders and when she sat down I could not see anything but hat. I felt like asking her to remove her hat, but thought that perhaps it was not customary in a Church. The singing and Litanies occupied three-quarters of an hour and then the sermon of fifteen minutes. Ten minutes were occupied in depicting Christmas Day in the Old Country, three minutes to impressing us that Society is built upon home life, one minute to slating divorce and one minute to the peroration. Then the collection, and as the service was to conclude with Holy Communion the Parson cleared out while the congregation was concluding the closing hymn. The folk stood uncertain for a minute, sat down, waited a minute or two, and then a number cleared out. The object evidently was to make the general service and the Communion one service, and so the benediction was left until the last.

I cleared, found that it was 11-58 and walked to the Lake where I sat in the cool breeze and listened to the wavelets beating on the shore. The telegraph office closes at

five daily. It is open for two hours this morning and I send a telegram to Williamsons wishing them the compliments of the season. Christmas dinner at the hotel consisted of Turkey and Plum Pudding as far as I was concerned. At the table are two middle aged ladies, the one English and the other Parramatta. Both have been in New Zealand some months. Mr Pollard remarks that they must have plenty of dough to stand the racket. I suggest husband hunting.

After dinner we take the launch for Bob's Cove. The wind has come over the hill-tops and the water has got so bumpy that the launch dives into it. We keep close to the shore and find deep water up to the mountains. The mossy verdure on the hill-side is very green and the trip is delightful. This time we proceed some twelve or fifteen miles towards the head of the lake. We run past numerous coves and little bays, our boat dipping and rolling enough to make one sick. Lake Wakatipu is dangerous because being fresh water it has but little buoyancy and there is some undertow that carries the one who is unfortunate enough to fall in immediately out of sight. It is thought that the bottom is porous and drains into the sea some forty or fifty miles distant. If one falls overboard and goes below the surface of the water it is good bye for he never comes up again. We determined to stay in the boat and on the surface. Bob's Cove is a pretty little sheltered bay with a walk through New Zealand bush and with a gravel beach which makes very rough walking. The water shelves so rapidly that the boats can go up to the edge. In some places it is said to drop a sheer thousand feet. Probably a crater. We had a shearer going to a job on board and we crossed the Lake to leave him at a homestead on the other side. This extended our trip somewhat. We had a pleasant bumpy trip back arriving at six-forty five.

Tea and then out for walk. We met Mr and Mrs Ball. Mr Ball at one time followed the sea, and has done some literary work. He wrote "A Miniature Mutiny" and promised to send me a copy on his return to Melbourne. He tells me that Frank Bullen wrote twenty two works including "The Cruise of the Cachelot", a lot of good books and a lot of piffle, and his

total income from royalty amounts only to forty pounds a year. The British Government has given him a pension of one hundred pounds a year, and he supplements this by lecturing. Authorship is a poor game. Mrs Ball is a short hand writer, and her brother was a Mr Christy, an old identity amongst short-hand writers. She assists Mr Ball in his work. Mr Ball's special work is now in connection with the advertising department of "The Leader".

We all went to the Park where the band is playing some glorious Christmas hymns, and had a very pleasant evening this beautiful evening. Mr and Mrs Ball are excellent companions, and the evening passed rapidly and pleasantly. We shook hands with them at the hotel door, and it is possible that the whirligig of time will prevent us ever meeting again.

Mr Pollard and I sit chatting with the local Chemist for half an hour who told us that the band is mainly supported by the Government, and that a Surveyor has arrived who will make an effort to survey a direct track to Milford Sound. The desire is to bring Milford Sound, Queenstown and Melbourne within three days sail.

At ten we go, to bed, first packing up, for at half past seven Mr Pollard proceeds to Paradise and at eight forty-five I to Dunedin.

CHAPTER NINE

BOXING DAY, 1912. We had a splendid nights sleep and were awakened at six-thirty. I immediately went to sleep but Mr Pollard awakened me at 7-15. We met again at the breakfast table and then bid our ta tas. I saw him and Mr and Mrs Ball off by the boat for Glenorchy and half an hour after I was on the "Earnslaw" bound for Kingston. At our stern is the little wharf and the Eichardt's Hotel. Ballarat Street runs its short length of one block and then begins to ascend the mountain. We see the Catholic Church perched on a hill as usual, and behind it is the convent, as usual. On our right is the park with its rows of Pine trees. On our left a group of Willows, and

stretching all around is Ben Lomond and the Remarkables. The boat moves and we see Queenstown rapidly receding into the distance. We pass the little lighthouse that marks the channel and turn towards Kingstown.

The fresh breeze comes from the mountains, the sun kisses a thousand hilltops. The dark clouds sweep in their majesty from the West, and one feels some regret at leaving so beautiful a place.

The thing that strikes one with the greatest force is the comparatively sterile appearance of the hills and the apparently stunted appearance in comparison with their real height. The "Two Cones" are over seven thousand feet above sea level, that is over six thousand feet above the level of the Lake, and yet they do not look it. Of course they look gigantic and grand, but not six thousand feet. "The Remarkables" are all razor back and their ragged tops are apparently as sharp as a saw. The colour is dark blue shading off to green with patches of snow showing through and here and there a clump of light green in some valley.

As I gaze the refrain "There will be no dark valley when Jesus comes" rings in my mental ears. Some of the pockets in which the snow lies are fifteen feet deep. The snow has only entirely disappeared from the hills once in twenty-five years. As I look I see the hill top in one place glaring with the sun's rays, and the foot of the mount is almost hidden in darkness. Night and day are together. The Lake is a miniature sea with its little curly breakers but there is no motion in this new large boat, big enough to cross the Ocean. The Government owns the steamboat which is run in conjunction with the railways. In fact I bought my ticket for Dunedin (25/9) at the little office on the Jetty at Queenstown and get a combined steamboat and railway ticket.

I get talking with an old shearer who has been in the district for thirty years. He has many little incidents of the early days to tell. He points out one place where twenty five years ago a whisky still existed, and which is still known as "Whisky Point", or "Whisky Hill". The police got wind of the affair but the distillers suspecting it had the worm of the still in a boat

and when the police boat came in sight the worm was dropped overboard. Plenty of whisky was found, but no worm. The result was that the distillers got off scot free, and the police had a glorious drink.

As we draw near a point of land a boat puts off. A man is rowing and in the stern is seated a little boy of five. We slow down, some letters are handed aboard, the boat puts off, and we start again. I am shown a hill that carries eight thousand sheep for several months in the year. Wool, this season is very high in price and the station owners are making high profits. The valley extends for miles and the land is rich, and is some of the best in New Zealand.

At ten-twenty we arrived at the wharf at Kingston, The latter is a small place consisting of an old railway station, the Lake Wakatipu Hotel, and two or three houses. The train is standing at the station and is a queer object with its little low set mountain engine which has a bonnet on its smoke stack nearly as large as the boiler. There are platforms at each end of the trail, and the gauge of the line is narrow.

On the station there is a sign on which is painted,- "This station is 174 miles from the D. I. C. Dunedin" Our train leaves here at ten fifty-five and we expect to get through to Dunedin by seven or a little after. This means twenty miles an hour. The map shows that Kingston is in the middle of the Island while Dunedin is on the East coast. The weather is warm. We read a telegram from Melbourne that tells us that it is 102 in the shade in Melbourne. It is hot here but nothing like that.

At twelve twenty we reach "The Five Rivers Estate" where the Government has bought up a sheep station of eighteen thousand acres and cut it up into small farms. One farm yields 120 bushels to the acre.

So far we have been running between hills of the same nature as those that surround Lake Wakatipu. (Notice that the word is Wakatipu, but in pronunciation the final u is dropped and the word is sounded Wok-e-tip.) All that is required to make the scenery the same as the lake is water. We are as it were running on the bed of a dried up lake. Probably at some

time or other this has been a lake, and in this marvelous Isle of changes surely it is within the range of possibility that it will be a lake again as far as Lumsden. The day is hot but the hills on our right some ten miles away are clad with snow to a greater extent than the Remarkables. At Lumsden a large cup of tea, sandwiches and scones are obtained the cost of which is only sixpence.

Just as the train drew up at Lumsden a woman standing at the door of an hotel a hundred yards away rung a bell vigorously to warn the passengers that dinner is ready.

The run from Lumsden to Gore was wearying. My only reading matter was a time table. I read it forwards and backwards, turned it upside down and read it that way. I viewed it from North, South, East and West and still it proved to be unattractive. The road alongside the line is a good road made from loose gravel. Twelve miles from Gore we met the first motor car we have seen since we left Queenstown? four or five men are in it. At Queenstown we saw a large motor car and on the bonnet in large brass letters are the words "Mount Cook Motor Service". Three or four other cars were in the garage as well. The favourite method of making a road is to dig the gravel bottom out of an small river or creek and spread it a foot deep on the road. The roads are all right for motoring when they become solid; but when freshly made they are practically impassable.

We have half an hour at Gore which is one hundred miles from Dunedin and a place of some importance. The Dunedin Express arrived and we changed trains finding a corner seat in the Express. Considerable excitement was manifested on the platform as a Bride and Bridegroom boarded the train. I was smothered with rice. Judging by the number of young couples in my carriage clad in new garments and some with white ties on I concluded that I had got into a nest of them.

This train is heavier than that which I left, and the riding is easier. Four hours and a hundred miles. This is the Express and our time is as good as that made by the Bendigo Express. It is marvellous how these young Bridegrooms look

after their Brides. A few years and they will sit and their wives will look after them. It is our common experience.

We arrived at Clinton shortly after four and there took on a second engine. This is a refreshment station, and a table forty or fifty feet long is spread along the platform with the cups and saucers all exposed. As soon as the train stops the folk rush the tables as if they had been on a prolonged fast. In seven minutes we are away again making the long detour south before we proceed north again. We run alongside a river for a mile into Balclutha where the train waits five minutes. In a paddock behind the station is a Boxing day Picnic and about two hundred are gathered. There are two or three men clad in kilts with bagpipes, and there is a band present. They are having a good time but it is evidently a tame affair. From here we go north into Dunedin and have two hours in which to do the fifty miles.

The run into Dunedin is very pleasant. We pass pretty lakes, rich farms, prolific verdure and delightful hills. I consider that the hills between Balclutha and the sea are prettier than anything I saw at Queenstown. We run through two long tunnels and soon see the ocean in the distance. We descend a steep hill and in a few minutes are drawing up at the long platform in Dunedin station.

On the station we meet Brother Lawrence and Sister S. Lawrence and Brother. and Sister Sincock. From them I received a very warm welcome indeed. They took my parcels and sent them on by carrier and we walked to Brother Lawrence's house. The home of Mr Sincock is next to his timber yard and is a pretentious two storied house opposite the Caledonian Hotel, which is handy. The Fountain is only five minutes away. We had tea together and then Mr and Mrs Sincock left for their home. Mr Lawrence and his son introduced me to the ancient game of billiards at which we played until midnight, and then to bed and to sleep. My bedroom is facing the street and is a delightfully situated room. A high hill is to be seen from the window. The room is pretty, well furnished and is delightfully clean. Close at hand is a lavatory with hot and cold water service, and the place is very

homely, very comfortable and the good folk are doing their best to make me happy.

CHAPTER TEN

FRIDAY DECEMBER 27th 1912. This has been the best night's sleep since I left home. We had eight o'clock breakfast and then a chat in Mr Lawrences' office, and then a long walk through this very fine city. The shops are really good and would be creditable to any city. We had a look at our church and then took the train to the north east valley. After a walk at the tram terminus we again took the tram and examined the beautiful Botanical Gardens. They are small but fine, and the hot houses are very good indeed. There is also an emu here. From the gardens we had a walk around the Reserve from which a magnificent view of the City is to be obtained, and passing the University we reached a tram and got home to dinner at one-thirty.

The afternoon was busy. We boarded a cable car. It started along the street and suddenly began to ascend a hill so steep that I could only with difficulty retain my seat. It went right to the top of one of the high hills that surround Dunedin and suddenly passing over a razor back began to descend a fearsome hill. This time I had to hold on to keep from falling the other way. The grade is one in six and it is said to be the steepest hill in the world used for regular tram service. Our trip this time was to Kaikorai Valley. We walked a few hundred yards and picked up another tram, which, returning by another route, dropped us at the Town Hall. Mr Lawrence who was once Mayor of Dunedin took me over the building and showed me the Council Chamber and the various objects of interest. We then picked up another tram and went up another steep hill to Mornington. It is wonderful to see people in these trams, which look and feel so dangerous, perfectly oblivious to their surroundings. At Mornington we got into a Char a blanc which held about forty and went for a ride. This is the cheapest motor ride I ever had, the fare being one penny for a run

around the suburbs of Mornington. We then returned to the City. Boarding another car we went to Ocean Beach at St Clair. Mr Lawrence was busy pointing out various objects of interest. At St Clair we saw a concrete wall being erected as we walked to St Kilda. In half an hour we are sitting down to tea at Mr Lawrence's house.

Mr Lawrence told me s story of a shipwreck that happened to him on the last day in the year in which he was coming to Australia. They were wrecked when nearly at their journeys end between the Bluff and Dunedin. They all got ashore and were rescued by a French Man of War whose Officers sent all the women below and compelled the men to remain on deck without food or clothes through the long night until they were all well nigh perished.

Dunedin is an exceedingly pretty town and it is generally admitted by those in the South Island that it is the prettiest city in New Zealand. Its surroundings are very pretty, its hills are steep and high mountains are to be seen all around.

This morning our first visit is to a high building in course of erection in George Street. The steel framework is up, there are no walls and on the very top they are putting in a concrete flat roof. There are ladders up which are of no use to me. There is a lift which is kept for the conveyance of material only. The lift was a flat board four by four running between to uprights six by six. I was asked to go up on the lift and consented so a bell was rung to warn those on the top that the lift was coming down. I saw a man pull a lever in front of me and immediately heard a crash behind me. The lift was down having dropped from the sixth floor like a shot out of a gun. I realized that a drop like that would break every bone in a man's body, so I said "No good to me". It was pointed out that the brake was not on the motor and that when we came down it would be. I went up and a queer sensation it was indeed. The framework which looked so substantial from the ground now looked like matchwood, but when I got to the top I could see for miles in every direction so I felt repaid, but I wanted to stand in the very centre.

"Come over here and look down the wall on the outside. It is a sheer drop, Brother Broadbent".

"No thanks, I will take that on trust".

I looked down the ladders but they looked no safer than the lift. We stepped gingerly on to the lift; the bell was rung; I hung on like grim death, and we went down so slowly that the movement was scarcely perceptible. Thanks, I was glad to be on the footpath once again. The roof of a high building in course of erection is no place for me. I am more at home in the centre of a plain than anywhere else.

Mrs Lawrence is in bed with inflamed varico and I have never seen her. Sarah looks knocked to pieces with overwork. The house is a large one of about seven rooms and the work is too much for one. There have been two daughters at home but the youngest has recently married and is living at Auckland.

At night we went to a Picture Show at one of the Picture Theatres and had the usual time. Bed at eleven and a nice sleep.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

SATURDAY DECEMBER 28th 1912. My appearance at the breakfast table was greeted with smiles and a warm welcome. After breakfast we went down Princes Street into George Street passing the Post Office and the Fountain. I went in for a shave and had to wait the usual half hour while Mr Lawrence went to the building he and his sons are erecting in George Street. After a shave I went for a walk up George Street, bought a book and some views at several booksellers, went to Niel's and found the business badly conducted and then walked ever so far up George Street looking into the shops and gazing at the objects of interest. When I got back to Mr Lawrence's building I found that he was still absent, having gone to the Bank for the wages. After a bit we met on the street and went for a walk down to the wharf and around the shipping. We then returned home to dinner. And in the

afternoon went to Anderson's Bay and returned without getting off the tram.

In Dunedin we took all the tram rides we could. St Clair is a pretty sea-side resort on the Ocean two or three miles away. They are putting up a big concrete wall to protect the frontage from the encroaching sea. We saw the Pavillion and then walked along to St Kilda and took another tram back to the City. We took a tram to Cavesham and afterwards another to Rosslyn and to Rosslyn Valley. This last is a Joke. We got in at the foot of Rattray Street against George Street and the cable car began to ascend a slight incline. After a bit the ascent got steeper, 1 in 3 and I felt it very necessary to cling to the side of the car to prevent myself slipping off. This continued some time when the car suddenly went over the ridge and began to descend a grade of 1 in 2. We began to slide the other way and I felt that this is a very dangerous tram ride. We again went to Mornington and had the motor ride which is said to be the cheapest in the world. It lasted fifteen minutes and cost one penny. The car, an Albion goes from the tram sheds to Maryhill.

Another tram ride was from Dunedin to Kaikorai Valley. From the top of these high hills a wonderful view of the City is to be obtained and old ocean can be seen dashing upon the beach some three and a half miles away. Mr Lawrence gave me an opportunity of seeing all that there is to be seen and of travelling by all the trams. The result is that I have become familiar with Dunedin and its construction.

On Saturday afternoon Mr Lawrence and I went to Mr Sincok's. Mrs S. is Mr Lawrence's daughter Polly. They live at Roslyn in a very nice house indeed. Here I took up my quarters and felt at home at once. There are three children. The eldest is Lawrence, about 16. Then there is a girl, Beryl aged about eight and the youngest is Ronald, about six. After tea we descended the hill into Roslyn Valley and through the yard of the woolen mills. We had a walk up the Valley and took a tram to Maori Hill. It was nine thirty when we got home. We had an hours chat and then to bed.

CHAPTER TWELVE

SUNDAY MORNING DECEMBER 29th 1912. The scene from the Dining Room window is delightful. We are six hundred feet high; beneath us is all Dunedin surrounded by its hills, and three and a half miles away we can see the ocean beach at St Kilda and St Clair. The beach seems near; we can hear the roar of the breakers on the shore and can see the people walking the shore. The atmosphere is delightful at this altitude, but the hills are very trying to those who are not used to them. After breakfast we walk to church, a forty minutes walk and descending nearly all the time. We had to hasten, and when we arrived at the church close to the Town Hall we found about a dozen present. Brother Will Lawrence is conducting the meeting which is the ordinary form followed by the Disciples and the Christadelphians. The formal part of the meeting occupies from eleven to eleven fifty and then I was called upon to speak. My subject was "The Promises of God in which we trust". An organ is used at this service. After the meeting I was introduced to the folk. There are more men than women and the folk are mostly Lawrences. The church has just passed through some fire and been singed.

We caught the train to Roslyn and had dinner and then walked to the city. By this time my legs were aching so much through the unwonted exercise or through the hills that I could scarcely stand. I caught the tram to St Kilda and went to 94 Oxford Street, South Dunedin. There I met Mrs George Broadbent. Her husband is my Father's second cousin. I went with Mrs Broadbent a little distance to the home of her son William and met the son, his wife and their two children, and Cousin George. We had tea together and an interesting chat. They were all Plymouth Brethren and were not disposed to discuss matters theological. We have a very interesting couple of hours together indeed. Mr George Broadbent (Cousin George) went with me to our church where I preached, my subject 'being "The Birth of the Saviour and His Influence on Humanity". The service commenced at six-thirty and there were about thirty present. Amongst them were Mr

and Mrs Gerbish of Melbourne. We had a very attentive meeting indeed. The meeting was followed by prayer and then we returned to Roslyn. I went to see another married sister of the Lawrences (There are about eight of these altogether) whose babe was ill and then I went home and to bed.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

MONDAY DECEMBER 30th 1912. I noticed last night that it was sundown at eight but twilight remained until nine thirty when it was so bright that the sky was light and we could sit in the roadway and read a newspaper.

This morning saw me up at six thirty. Another fine day. So far I have not had a drop of rain since I left Melbourne. An early breakfast and I bid good bye to my friends. I have been well treated at Dunedin and my love for the dear ones here has deepened. At seven thirty I am on the station where Mr Lawrence is on the platform and has already secured seats. Miss S. Lawrence is seated in the train, having come to say good bye. Two or three sons come and shake hands and at eight we are off. Mr Lawrence is going as far as Oamaru with me. The train skirts the edge of the bay for some miles, and in places there is water both sides of the line. This harbour is very beautiful indeed. After a time we run around Port Chalmers and can see the dock and the ships at the wharves. On the left are mountainous rocks and on the right is a little bay and a little further on is the ocean. The ocean is to be seen nearly all the way to Oamaru.

In the carriage with Mr Lawrence and me is a young woman. Madam Lunn the famous singer is in the next compartment and this young woman is her Maid who is travelling with her on tour. We have an interesting chat concerning England. Mr Lawrence and I have a long chat concerning church matters, and at last we run through some stone quarries and in a few minutes are in Oamaru. We met a Mr Tidball on the station and spent a few minutes talking to

him. In a few minutes the train starts and I part with my friend. I like Mr Lawrence. He is genial, warm hearted, generous, humorous and just the type of fellow with whom one can have a very happy time. His great trouble is that he worries about the church far too much. It is in deep waters now, but the turbulent waters will soon become smooth and in the days to come all will be well.

I notice that it is fashionable in New Zealand for youths of from 10 to 25 or upwards to wear knickers with a strap below the knee and long stockings like bicycle stockings.

When I return to my seat I find that in addition to Madam Lunn's Maid there is a young couple about twenty two seated in the compartment. They are a pair of calves. She has an engagement ring on her finger and is the possessor of a pair of large bulbous eyes which are known to phrenologists as polygamous eyes. His eyes are a fair match, and the four eyes look squashy love into eyes that squash again. It is fairly sickening. With them all is love and romance. The sun shines and the birds twitter and the brooks ripple and life is a dreamy sensuous waltz. The poor beggar who sits in front and has this sort of thing pushed under his nose is nauseated; feels as if he were aboard ship in heavy weather with the thump of the engine in his ears, a galley close at hand and burnt oil pervading the atmosphere. Pooh, what fools there are in the world.

During our conversation in the train, Mr Lawrence mentioned the fact that he was once a shipowner. It seems that a large vessel was driven ashore and stood bolt upright on the sand. A party which included Mr Lawrence bought her and as the weather was so fine made no effort to dismantle her. Another man who desired her influenced the Otago Port Authorities to refuse the loan of a tug. The Lyttleton Port Authorities also refused the loan of their tug and the result was that the Company had to purchase a tug. A diver was obtained and then the Port Authorities refused to permit the tug to proceed to sea until it had been docked. It was done and they proceeded to the wreck. The diver went aboard and all was ready to float the ship at high tide. The owners were

certain that the ship would be in Port Chalmers the following day. During the night a dead calm was experienced, but a heavy sea rolled in. The tug barely got away safely, some of the hands being nearly drowned and when daylight came it was found that the ship had been turned right around and smashed up. So ended Mr Lawrence's experience as a ship owner. The spoons are still annoying me. He is spread out with his head on her lap and is apparently fast asleep. She is eying him like a cow eyes her calf when it is asleep. The weather is close, we are further inland and the train is an hour late.

When forty five miles from Christchurch we felt a sudden jar and the train quickly stopped without any station being in sight. The low pressure piston had broken and smashed the casing of the cylinder. The result was that the piston had to be dismantled which occupied forty minutes. The engine luckily has four cylinders and though two are out of action, yet the remainder are carrying us along bravely.

We run through a plantation of Eucalypti. The trees are yet saplings but they serve to remind us of Australia and are a welcome relief to the plains over which we are passing.

Having arrived at Christchurch an hour late, I took a cab and drove to Warner's Hotel, a place that had been recommended by Friend Lawrence. I found it to be a large hotel next the Cathedral. As the cab stopped a waiter stepped forward and took my luggage and showed me the way to the Office. No questions were asked. The lady at the desk said "Sign please". I signed and she said "Room 8A". I went to the room which is above the average of those found in hotels, but not home. A wash and a brush up and then I went to the Dining Room. Here I found style that makes the Saloon on a Union boat seem common. On the table is a large dish filled with raspberries and the Menu is in French. I had a good dinner and felt that I had got into the Christchurch equivalent of Menzies Hotel. I felt that I had made a mistake coming here with so scanty a wardrobe.

After dinner I had a shave and saw Mr and Mrs Williamson. They were in an awful state because I had gone

to an hotel, and nothing would do but that I should go for my trunks and take up my abode in their home. This I did, using a Taxi to make the change. The three of us went for a ride, first around the Park and then as far as Brighton Beach where we saw the great rollers coming in. We arrived home at ten and at ten twenty were in bed. During the night the wind blew half a gale and I slept badly. Williamsons have a beautiful home and they are treating me with much brotherly love. I am going to enjoy my stay here for a few days.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

TUESDAY MORNING DECEMBER 31st 1912. It is the last day in the old year and I awaken with a bad bilious attack. It must be the raspberries on the top of the train journey. Up at eight and a delicious breakfast which did not appeal to me on account of the attack. Then Mr Williamson and I went for a walk to the river Avon and around the Park. The walk is very pretty indeed and the river which is from thirty to forty feet in width and three or four feet deep is pretty with its delightful bends and weeping willows. The transparent artesian water and its many reflections are very fine. We saw the Botanical Gardens, admired the rose beds and had a long talk about things in general. At eleven we wended our way homewards. The Williamsons have two children Lionel and Lina. Two sweet little children of nine years. The one being a few minutes older than the other. The boy and I have a walk to the town five minutes walk from home, and I purchase some views and have a look at the shops. After dinner Mr Williamson and I take a tram to the hill top and spend the afternoon there. We have a glorious view. On the left are the Canterbury Plains which stretch to the snow clad hills on the horizon. Snow lies in pockets all the year, yet there are hot winds here and the temperature was 98 in the shade three days ago. In the valley before us lies Christchurch which in spite of its population of sixty thousand looks comparatively small. On the right we see the ocean in a placid mood. The hills we are on stretch to

Governors Bay. I am told that it is a most beautiful drive.

We stay at the hills until six and then take a Taxi-cab. I think a joy ride to the hotel where we have been invited to dinner by a Mr Benz. We are introduced to a Miss McBean, a Milliner, whose place of business is Cole's Buildings, Collins Street. Melbourne. We have a nice dinner and a pleasant chat for an hour. We return home at eight so that Mrs Williamson can put the children to bed, and then as it is New Years Eve Mrs Williamson and I go to the City for an hour and see Syd. Smith's shop, closed. The streets are crowded but the best shops are all closed. Crackers and bung bungs are exploded and there are all kinds of wild noises. Soft drink and strawberry and cream shops are all packed with customers and are doing all the business. We soon return home. We all sit on the balcony until eleven thirty and than to bed. I hear the noises in the streets and then their sudden cessation. A few minutes afterwards I hear a crier in the street shout, "Stranger, a happy new year to you". I sink into slumber but awaken again at one and read Henry Irving's introduction to the Vicar of Wakefield, also a chapter of this interesting work by Goldsmith. A new book to me.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

NEW YEARS DAY, 1913. At eight we have a scratch breakfast. Mrs W. has been getting her children ready for a picnic and haste has been the order of the morning. It is a beautiful day, just as warm as one would expect to find it in Melbourne. A bright clear sky and the wind from the West, the dry quarter. The clouds come from the ocean on the West side of New Zealand empty themselves on the hills and when the wind reaches the Canterbury Plains it is dry and hot.

We three proceed to the square opposite the Cathedral where we see a drag with about twenty gathered around it. Mr Bene is giving a picnic to his parents relations and friends and he has kindly invited the Williamsons and me.

Mr Bene is s Commercial representing an American

house and is a world wide traveller. A genial, kind hearted young man still under the thirties, with that polish one gets who travels a good deal amongst Saloon passengers. Miss McBeath is with us and is an interesting subject. Mr and Mrs Bins, Senior are nice folks, and then there are the sisters with their husbands and families.

We leave Christchurch and proceed through the suburbs to the river some ten miles away. The Christchurch suburbs are characterised by green hedges, while the country is always flat. A large number of bicycles are to be met with, the going is so easy that nearly everyone has a bike. Half way we stop the horses and the men take the opportunity of beering themselves.

When we arrive at the picnic ground we found it to be just through some railway gates that crossed the road. We turn into a paddock and on the gate read a sign, - "Stewart's Gully Picnic Ground. Milk and hot water provided, Admission 3d"

We camp at the side of the river which is very wide here and have a very pleasant day. There are some flies, some dirt, sandwiches, jellies, fruits, a bat and ball, rounders and all that goes to make up the usual family picnic. Just the same kind of picnic we have in Australia, the same kind of people and the same spirit. I have a quiet day and spent most of my time lying down and lazing.

Reading the daily paper I am reminded that I have not been to a museum since my arrival in New Zealand. One gets tired of going to show places. I read the following in the paper and think that it is very true. It concerns a Canadian who went to England to see the Coronation, and afterwards visited Scotland.

"It is pleasing to find that our friend the diarist was completely taken in with one of the most thorough frauds going in the Scottish capital. The party visited the alleged house of John Knox, in the canongate of Edinburgh, and with a bland and child like faith our friend seems to have swallowed every morsel of manufactured history given to him. He saw the rooms just as they were when Knox died; he entered the room

where the great preacher breathed his last, also his little study 8X6, sat on his old wooden chair, saw his candle-sticks, his old Bible, his rushlight, his oil lamp and so on. Now, it is a fact, that of two houses known to have been lived in by John Knox in Edinburgh one was swept away by city improvements, and the position of the other is absolutely unknown in the present day. The reformers' Bible may be genuine; the other things are merely part of the show, and got up for the purpose."

After a long day we turn towards home, all tired. The ten miles seem to be fifteen. There is the same monotonous hum of wheels, the sound of horses hoofs striking the hard road, and the sense of silence amongst a number of people who are too tired to talk. We have had a pleasant day, and the folk have all been very kind.

We arrive home at dark. Mr Williamson is leaving town tomorrow for Auckland. We have a walk and a talk together, and then after supper, bed.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THURSDAY JANUARY 2nd, 1913. My trunks are packed and my washing has been sent to the laundry to be picked up on my return; I have had breakfast and the taxi is at the door. I give the children the equivalent of a couple of bicycle lamps for their Christmas presents, thank the Williamsons warmly for their kindness, shake hands and leave for the train timed to leave at 8-30, but which gets away at 8-45 for Cass. The train is crammed and a great number are going on to Greymouth by coach. A new line of coaches has secured the contract for the Mails, but the old (Cassidy's) line is still running and competing. and as soon as we get started a man comes around taking the names of those who are going through and booking seats. He secures the names of all going through and supplies tickets. I ask "Whom are you representing?" He replied "Cassidy". I said "This is smart. What chance will the new man have?" The reply was "None, He does not want a chance. He has no stables. His horses were tethered in the

open all night. and those who depend upon him may be left".

I think it wise to travel by Cassidy's Coach. Their old drivers will know the roads and the danger spots better than the new, and their horses will be also better acquainted with the road.

Our train is stopped five minutes at "Kirwee", the sun is shining hotly on my seat and I have just written up my notes. I will have a walk through the train.

There occurs to me a Melba incident related by Mr Lawrence on the train near Oamaru. Melba was visiting Dunedin. The Mayor was not used to public speaking, but had invited the Councillors to meet Melba on her arrival. The Mayor had written out his address and when Melba arrived she was met by the Mayor and Councillors. The Mayor was clad in his robes and, standing nervously, began to read in a low tremulous voice his speech. Melba could not catch what he was saying, so after listening for a minute, she turned to a friend who was accompanying her and said, "What the ..., is he talking about?" There was consternation.

When I returned to my seat the party is talking about three or four accidents that have recently happened on the Otira route. A charming subject for those about to take the Journey.

By ten-ten we have done nineteen miles which cannot be considered anything but slow travelling. We are crossing the famous Canterbury Plains where is grown the finest mutton in Australasia. The mutton eats like jelly and lacks that fibrous matter that characterises Australian mutton. No one eats beef on the Middle Island. Australian beef and New Zealand mutton. The plains are thick with grass and the amount of feed in the paddocks looks so wonderful.

Reaching the mountains we run first through a tunnel and then across a hair raising skeleton bridge. We pass through a long tunnel and see daylight for a minute and then we run into another tunnel. Soon we reached daylight again and could see on our right and apparently at our feet a deep valley with a river running like thread at the bottom. The scenery is glorious. At eleven thirty we reached a station with

the suggestive name of "Staircase" set in the midst of mountains, with a track which runs nearly perpendicularly up the mountain side just opposite the station. "Staircase" undoubtedly takes its name from this track. As we approach Cass the scenery becomes still more rugged, and at last we run into a valley wherein is a small station platform, and by it some nine or ten coaches, nearly all drawn by five horses. A new line of coaches has secured the Mail and started work on January the first. Everything is spick and span and the new horses are a fine lot. At one coach there is considerable rearing and kicking going on. The whole of the passengers, some one hundred and fifty are going by Cassidy's coaches and, there is a rush for places. There are some old fashioned very high coaches, top heavy things on braces with the passengers perched in a precarious position right on top. Others are a glorified American waggon sort of thing, low set and to my mind more comfortable and less dangerous. I secure one of the latter and take my place on the box seat. There is great excitement getting the passengers seated and, the enormous amount of luggage stowed in the boots and behind various coaches. The new line of coaches is filled up with the Mails. At last one coach is ready and leaves. Passing through the gates it swings off to the right and dives into the mountains. This is followed by another and still another until at last the whip cracks, there is a struggling mass of horseflesh our four get into their collars, we all hold on and we are off. Within five minutes we are ascending following the course of the river. This is the birthplace of the river upon which we had our picnic yesterday. The river bed is in places quite half a mile wide and is one mass of water worn stones the size of cottage loaves. There are millions, billions, trillions of them. The water divides up into half a dozen small streams thus forming creeks in the bed. The railway, which for passenger traffic is only open as far as Cass, continues down the side of the mountain just above flood level and the rails are laid for the better part of seventeen miles west of Cass. Before another year the railway will be completed to Greymouth excepting for seven miles through the Otira Gorge.

The tunnel has been started at both ends and has already ruined two contractors. The Government is doing the work now, but it bids fair to be a long time before the tunnel is finished and open for traffic. It is proposed to run the trains through the tunnel by electricity as it is considered that smoke and steam would choke the passengers, which would be awkward. We ascend some stiff hills, so steep and so long that we wish the railway were opened so that animals would no longer suffer in taking passengers across. We reach one vile spot with a nasty turn in it and a point is shown us where an accident occurred. It seems that a coach was coming down when some of the harness broke and the whole thing got away. A terrific pace was got up and at last the whole bag of tricks went over the mountain side, dropped over the precipice and became a heap of dying passengers, ruined horseflesh and splintered woodwork at the bottom. It gives one the creeps to look down and picture the ruins in the river bed. The road is narrow, too narrow for vehicles to pass. In many places at the turns and in the most dangerous places the wheel marks, a foot wide for each wheel, occupy a position one foot from the descending precipice or the ascending precipice, up which to look cricks the neck or down which to look makes one giddy. One foot from eternity with four or five horses at full speed, some of them galloping, the reins held loosely in the hands, the whip cracking and the voice of the driver shouting to the horses. The whole secret of it is, not in the boasted and well merited ability of the drivers, but in the fact that the wheel tracks are well defined and that the horses have become used to and persist in occupying the space between the wheel tracks.

The railway in many places is built up in the river bed and the whole of the "earthworks" is composed of stones from the adjacent river bed which have been heaped up to a height sufficient to raise the rails above the flood level. Immense floods at times come down the river which becomes a roaring flood half a mile wide. One wonders how the railway will get on then. Every few miles we come to a number of one roomed houses which are movable with small galvanized iron

chimneys occupied by the navies working on the railway and their wives. In one place there were about fifty of these. One double the size was a Co-operative Store. It, also, is a movable concern. The whole trip is connected with rivers. For weary miles we follow one river; now on its bed; now on the hill side hundreds of feet above the bed, and now crossing and recrossing it. The horses scarcely ever walk. They are driven as hard as they can go, and nine miles serves to completely wear out our team which begins to stumble and limp as though the poor brutes did not have a leg upon which to stand. As we cross the rocky bottom of the river we run through the creeks whose existence makes fording possible, for if all the creeks were united into one stream, the ford would be far too deep to cross. As it is, in crossing one river we run through five separate streams twenty feet across, so deep that the naves of the front wheels disappear, and in some cases the wheels disappear altogether. Posts are sticking in the ground to point out the road when the snow lies heavily on the ground, for we are now in the snow region, and great masses of snow half a mile square are to be seen on the hill tops both sides of us. At last we reach Bealey and when on level ground fifty yards from the stables where we change our horses, a diversion takes place which produces a little excitement. The traces of the near leader were loose when the driver struck the near wheeler. The wheeler jumped forward and got its two front feet over the swingle tree of its leader. It reared and jumped to liberate itself, the leader kicked, and even on the level it looked like a smash. When the matter was settled by the wheeler falling to the ground with its front fetlocks securely bound up in the harness of its leaders, willing hands soon quietened the horses and got the fallen one upon its feet again. The harness was broken up and we were lucky that the stables were so close at hand. It showed us the possibilities that may occur on some of the hills, where such an accident would surely cause the gloom of death.

We had dinner at the hotel near the stables. Thirteen years ago I had tea here and a poor tea it was. Equal in value to a tea at a Melbourne sixpenny restaurant and the cost was

half a crown. I was then amused at a sign in the bar announcing that soda with whisky was sixpence extra. Mine was soda without the whisky so that I was not troubled with the charge. To-day dinner consists of half a cupful of hot soup, a piece of lamb hacked from the joint, cold cabbage and cold potatoes, a lump of plum duff, and after a lot of pleading with the overworked waitress, a cup of cold tea. The buxom landlady sat on a chair at the door of the dining room collecting half crowns from those who had dinner. To-day she collects about fourteen pounds and looks contented. The railway should remove this disability. I slept here on my last trip, got a bed on a galvanised iron dormitory for two shillings and sixpence and passed a comfortless night. Breakfast then consisted of a couple of thin chops and a couple of cups of tea,- another half crown.

We strike the Otira River here and find it a twin brother or sister to that which we left. We cross the Bealy Flats and then ascend a very long steep hill.

The weather has been hot; hot even for Melbourne. One feels the skin peeling off his face and there is dust everywhere. Dark clothes have taken on the hue of the road and the trip is as hot and dusty and tiresome as any coach trip in Victoria.

We begin to descend and the driver calls upon me to assist him in the use of the brake. I put my foot upon it and immediately get what appears to be an electric shock. The vibration is painful. We are descending a hill a mile and a half in length, not straight, but with frequent sharp turns, never more than three feet from a yawning precipice and often only one foot. The brake and our united efforts can barely hold the coach; it can only check it. We are going at ten miles an hour; the leaders are galloping to prevent the swingle trees striking their hocks. Some of the passengers are looking up apparently interested in the hills above, but palpably avoiding the dangerous appearance of the cliff at our feet. Others are looking into the gulf as if entranced. Others watch the road. As for me, I throw all my weight on to the brake and feel as if every muscle in my left leg is being torn and jolted out of

position. I feel like saying "I cannot hold on to this much longer". The hill seems endless; pinches we run down are like the side of a house, but at last we reach the bottom, four thousand eight hundred feet above sea level, and we run along "Arthur's Pass".

The celebrated "Mountain Lily" is to be seen on all sides but their glorious blooms have departed until next Spring. I am told that the lilies are as large in the cup as a soup plate and deep in proportion to their breadth. After a run of a couple of miles we begin to descend Arthur's Pass and it is a corker. Old residents say that they come this trip because they have to, not because they enjoy it. At the top of "Arthur's Pass" we see the road below, like a thread. It is apparently right beneath us and we have to descend it. The precipice is beside us all the way. At sharp turns here and there boulders have been placed to compel the drivers to keep as far as possible from a particularly vile danger spot. There is scarcely a hundred feet of straight run in any one place and the turns are so sharp that one cannot possibly see the road a hundred feet ahead, and when once we get going the weight of the coach overcomes the brakes so much that to stop is impossible. All we can do is to check the momentum; the horses gallop and one longs for the bottom. The driver admits that the lives of all depends upon the brakes holding; and yet use has made the drivers apparently indifferent; and the passengers? Well, whatever inward emotion may possess them their external appearance is calm.

This seems to be characteristic of our race. Often have I found it necessary in the practice of my profession to tell patients that they are on the rocks and that humanely speaking they must die within a few weeks; and excepting, perhaps for a little hardening of the jaw and a steely glitter in the eyes, they have manifested no emotion.

I am heartily glad to get to the bottom of the hill. My soft muscles are aching all over, the nerve strain has been great, and I am bathed in perspiration. My last trip was made with my back to the horses, a position that was compulsory with me, and I find it the more comfortable position. One is

able to view the landscape and does not realise the dangerous points until he is well around them.

At last we reach the Otira Hotel. We cross the river on a long bridge just sufficiently wide to permit the coach to go across at a hand gallop, and after another mile we reach the Otira Station and our journey over the gorge is completed.

We have half an hour in which to brush up the outer man and to drink lemonade or water, or if we prefer it that brown stuff for which they charge sixpence a glass and which has froth on it. We get comfortable seats, open our newspapers and books and the train starts.

After coach travelling, train travelling makes one feel as if he had gone to bed it is so comfortable. It is sun down, the beautiful fresh breeze strikes ones face with a delicious coolness. The great mountains with their pockets of snow casts deep shadows. The dark green looks nearly black. The grey river bed with its myriad boulders stretches away into the distance, and the waters of the Otira River bounce and tumble and roam as they wend their way towards the sea.

New Zealand has two colours, green and gray. The bush, the hills and the grass are always green; the sky is nearly always gray. For dense wild bush New Zealand is famed, and our fifty miles to Greymouth is through such bush, excepting for one brief period when we run alongside Lake Brunner whose beauty is renowned. We see its hillsides, its deep blue waters, its white sails, and we hear the exhaust of a motor boat. Tea and sandwiches at Moana, and then we continue our journey to Greymouth. I gather up my parcels and think that I will go to the first hotel and straight to bed. The train stops, I step on to the platform at the end of the carriage and hear a voice, "Are you Mr Broadbent", and Nephew Eddy now a great strapping young man is shaking hands with me. I hear the same words in a feminine voice and Niece Maggie is smiling into my face. The husband, John Moran is present to greet me, and then Robert Gifford my brother-in-law whose benevolent smiling face beams with delight speaks warm words of welcome.

We walk to Maggie's house, have a chat and supper

and then to bed. I am as tired as Kelly's dog.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

FRIDAY JANUARY 3rd 1913. It is Friday morning and I lie in my comfortable bed in a room 12 x 10 x 10 and gaze at the two pictures on the wall. The folk are moving about in the kitchen and a clatter of cups indicates that breakfast is afoot. The picture on my right is a representation of the Virgin Mary with a halo of glory around her head and her two hands pressed to her heart. A beautiful sweet face looks down upon me and one can well understand that such a picture would cause quite a religious atmosphere in the room of those who have such a profound faith in their church, and in the teachings of the church. At the head of the bed is a representation of the Saviour; in His hand a crown of thorns, and across His shoulder a cross, and it is carried so that it forms a halo of glory around His head. This picture is surrounded by a number of smaller pictures representative of prominent incidents in His life. Across the bed is a scapular, a little worked cloth charm about 2" x 1½" tied with a tape. On one is printed that the one who wears the Scapular will if he dies, have his soul liberated from Purgatory on the Saturday following his death.

After breakfast Robert and I go up town and I have a Shave. I then miss Robert for a few minutes and continue my way examining the shops up to the railway station. This town has grown wonderfully since I was last here. Hundreds of buildings have been erected in the town, and suburbs have sprung into existence. We pass several shops occupied by Chinese, who are a small community in themselves. Here, as in Australia, they produce the finest vegetables. The place contains many shops that are well stocked and attractive and there is a general air of progression present.

Meeting Robert again we find that we have only a few minutes in which to catch the nine forty train to Kaneiro. We rush to Maggie's place and secure our parcels and then

hasten to the station. What with the heat and unwonted exertion the perspiration is pouring from me. The platform is crowded with hundreds of passengers waiting for a train to Hokitiki where horse racing is in progress. Our train is twenty Minutes late or else we would have missed it. We get into it and pass through typical New Zealand bush until we arrive at Stillwater. From here I am drawn into conversation with a couple of Socialists who are proceeding to work at a station higher up the line. The point of debate is the difference, between wealth and value. A fruitless discussion which lasted some ten minutes when I reached my railway station, Kaneiro. We descended, and as I left the carriage I said to my opponent. "I have come from Melbourne to this place". When we passed the carriage a minute later one was heard to say "That is his brother". The only likeness between Robert and myself is that we both have beards. Robert is sixty seven and Mary is fifty six, and I am, well, younger. We go into the hotel to wait for a vehicle which soon turned up. This place is known to the local people as "twelve mile", being just twelve miles from The Gray. The distance from "Twelve Mile" to Notown some three or five miles we do at a jog trot. We pass down the side of Notown Creek, past old diggings and places in the river bed where dredges have been at work. We pass one dredge afloat in a little basin of water. Tons of gold have been taken from these districts, but the place is now worked out and is barren of gold and men. As we run into Notown we find the town a joke. When I was last here there were thirty or forty empty houses and about two were occupied. At present there are about three houses and the same number of inhabitants as before. First we came to a ramshackle building with a sign across it "Notown Library". I am told that there is a well stocked public library there, but no one has charge of it. People take books away and never return them, and the building which speaks of better days is rapidly falling to pieces. Near the Library is an hotel, just a little bigger than a contractor's office. The publican has been away to Greymouth races and the place has been closed. Upon his return he had a five minutes rush as the toppers to the extent of

four or five came out of the bush, hot, thirsty and sober. These seem to be most undesirable qualities for some folk.

Next to the Pub. is a store and the attendant is Niece Agnes. She is storekeeper and pays the old age pensions. We had a cup of tea with Agnes and two boys the sons of Maggie who have been staying with Granny Gifford for the holidays. In a little while Mary comes in, a buxom woman with plenty of hair which is rapidly becoming gray.

"Sure is it you William? Let me have a look at you". Mary full of excitement is looking at me evidently delighted to see me. "So you have come over; how are they at home? How is May and the children?"

We have plenty of talk and in a little while commence our walk home.

"How far is it, Mary?" "Sure it is a mile and a little bit". So we begin our walk, leaving the heavy travelling bag for Agnes to bring over on horseback; a big animal which she rides in the conventional manner, i.e. cross-legged.

We walk up a bridle track just wide enough for one to walk behind another, following the track around the gully in its windings, now up and now down, through the bush without a house or a soul to be seen until we come to a bridge crossing a creek. This bridge is made by swinging four wire cables across the creek and fastening them at each end. The two lower cables are two feet apart and the higher which serve as handrails are three feet above the lower. Across the lower cable are rough pieces of timber serving for a floor and so the bridge is complete. It is safe enough as the wire rope is nearly as thick as a tram cable, but the amount of spring is almost alarming. It sways backwards and forward, and springs up and down like a Spring Board. When the creek is crossed we turn to the left and see a cottage a hundred yards away, and this is home.

The cottage consists of four rooms and a wash-house and is made entirely of timber from the bush cut and fashioned by Robert. It is warm, dry and comfortable, and is home. It is in two acres of ground and is surrounded by a nice country garden. On all sides are the high mountains, and the outlook

is sufficiently wide if we look up into the sky. The tops of the mountains may be seen half a mile away, but the valley is at our feet and the timber grows almost up to the house.

Portmanteaux, are emptied, laundry work is gathered up, clothes are changed, conversation is indulged in, and in what appears to be a very short space of time we have reached. night and bedtime.

There are mosquitos here that should be classified as birds. They are certainly not as big as pigeons but they are as big as the usual housefly. They hum so loudly that one would think they were whistling, and at night they come down in battalions. Doors are closed and mats are laid down to keep them from creeping beneath the doors, and sugar is burned upon live coals to stifle them, and then peace is obtained. Still every now and then one can hear a hum, a pair of hands are suddenly clapped and another mosquito has passed from time to eternity. An old man has built his hut in an adjacent swamp, just where mosquitos breed and he has a particularly lively time.

I go to bed. In my comfortably furnished room is a lamp and I lie and read until at last slumber asserts itself and Friday passes away and Saturday has come.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Saturday is another beautiful day with not a cloud in the sky, a gentle breeze, a beating sun, and rest and quietness. After breakfast we go for a walk up the gully where sluicing operations are going on. We climb a bridle track into the bush, and pass delightful fern groves, which make our own Fern Tree Gully seem ridiculous, until we reach a place where there are evidences of men's handiwork.

There is a hole in the hillside fifty feet square, the bottom of which is hard clay. One side is the "face", composed of water worn stones and boulders and gravel, and at the bottom the "stuff" is finer and of a darker colour. Most of the gold is found in this darker coloured stratum. In the centre of

the cleared space is a pipe that turns on a pivot so that it can be turned either way, and on the clay bottom there are drains cut leading to one narrow shoot. The pipe in the centre is connected with a line of pipes leading to a dam some distance up the hill-side, and when the stream of water is turned on, the stream is directed against the "face" which it washes away. In the top of the hill are to be found trees, bush and scrub, and as the "face" is washed away all come tumbling down to the clay bottom. The mullock is all washed down the shoot where it is run over a sieve like formation into which the fine gold drops. It is said that if a handful of nails or small bird shot is thrown into the bush all will be eventually found in the sluice boxes. We climbed the hill, hanging on to the small trees and made our way to the dam. We are in virgin bush, and everything is to me very new and very novel. Ferns are in abundance; beautiful delicate tracings are in relief, and little plants growing wild are to be seen that would be priceless in a great city. However they cannot be removed from their environment without losing their beauty. We have climbed to the top and left Aunt Mary at the bottom. We have found that she has clambered up on all fours, and with much giggling we all make our descent, which is very easy. We look across the mountain tops; the usual green of the bush is relieved with giant splashes of red which comes from the presence of an immense flowering tree known as the "Ratta", and which is now in bloom. The hills are ablaze with the Ratta Flower, of which the New Zealanders are indeed proud.

Within a radius of half a mile of Robert's house are to be seen tens of thousands of Foxgloves. Many years ago a gardener planted some seeds half a mile away. All have disappeared excepting the *Digitalis Purpurea*, and another pretty plant with a French name. The latter has but a poor flower, and has spread until it is too dense for one to walk through; it has become a noxious weed. The Foxglove grows eight feet high and many stalks have flowers covering two feet. Glorious bells of various colours, red, blue, white, and the inside of the bells is decorated with glorious spots that make the flower a delight to the eye. These wonderful Foxgloves

are a feature of the district, and lend a wonderful beauty to the scene around us. The cattle will not eat either of the plants I have mentioned with the result that they flourish and spread.

At one time some one brought some Blackberry plants to this Island, with the result that they have spread and become as great a curse as the prickly pear is in Queensland. If the land is cleared anywhere on the West Coast the Blackberry will come up in abundance.

There is a strange dearth of life in the New Zealand bush on the West Coast. No bird life to speak of, only gigantic mosquitos that can whistle and a few birds. The native birds seem to be dying out. There are no ants, only a few spiders that build houses for themselves in the swaying branches of trees. These homes are as big as ones shut fist, and diamond shaped. They have spread upon them a substance resembling thin tissue paper, which, when cut, is found to enclose members of small spiders in motion.

We get tired, out, and have dinner and a lie down. Later in the afternoon we go for a walk in another direction. The same bush, the same scrub. We are shown the site of an old diggings where thousands of ounces were discovered and where an hotel once existed. Now all is desolation and quietness.

Notown was once a big place. It supported six hotels, a Good Templars Lodge, and had frequent Balls, Parties and Social events. Now its glory is departed. The only ones left are a few who have been in the District for thirty, forty, or fifty years. The cemetery is overgrown and fallen into decay, and the whole place bids fair to assume its pristine nature and to become wild bush once again. In the days to come men will reckon that they are exploring virgin soil. Perhaps the idea will be dispelled by the appearance of a beer bottle in a most unlikely place that will tell the story that in far distant days, men lived, and loved and fought and were thirsty.

Night comes upon us. We gather in the little kitchen with its low roof, no more than five feet high on its outer wall. We enjoy our tea, and then Eddy and the two grandchildren come in. Eddy who is twenty on August the fourth finishes his

apprenticeship as a Stone Hand at the Star Office, Greymouth in May. He has never lost his love for Notown, nor for his parents. His Sundays and every holiday are spent at home, and his mother's welcome is so filled with love that it does one good to see it. We go to bed at ten, having been fighting mosquitos for an hour. I read, in bed, and at last fall asleep.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

SUNDAY MORNING. I was awakened during the night with the sound of rain falling heavily on the iron roof, and now it is raining as it knows how to rain on the West Coast. The weather seems to have forgotten everything but the work in hand, and this it is doing to the best of its ability. It is predicted that I am bushed at Greymouth for when heavy rain comes, the rivers are flooded immediately, and the coaches cannot run. The bar at the entrance becomes too rough to cross and boats can neither enter nor leave, and the result is that excepting for the telegraph Greymouth is cut off from the rest of the world. J. Whitcomb Riley's philosophy was, "When the Lord sends rain, Why rain's my choice." So I pocket Riley's philosophy and spend Sunday morning reading and talking. At eleven Agnes turns up with the water pouring off her. One soon finds that the local residents here think nothing of rain, and that when the time comes to go out, they go, whether it is hail, rain, or snow. Dinner time sees us with a big fire, the doors shut, and the tanks all running over.

After dinner there is a rift in the clouds, the sun comes forth brilliantly, the heat once more asserts itself, and we are back again in Summer.

We all go for a long walk up the gully, and I am told the story of the "gusher" some seven miles away. A hole has been cut into the ground and from this a stream of water gushes out forty feet into the air. This water is several times saltier than the sea, and is evidently laden with lime salts and probably potash. An article, such as the branch of tree, a glove or a piece of rag, becomes coated in a few hours with silicated

substance, and has all the appearance of being petrified. It becomes coated with a hard substance that lasts for years. A branch of a tree is placed where the spray will fall upon it, and in three years it becomes beautiful. A shed has been under the spray for some years and it now looks as if it had been covered with ivory. Efforts to find oil are being made in this district, but so far without success.

In an hour a few drops of rain falls and as the weather is threatening, Agnes and the two grandchildren return to Notown shortly after tea and we are alone. We sit and chat until ten, and then to bed. The rain is falling heavily. It rains on the West Coast as if it had nothing else to do. The rainfall on the East Coast is 18 inches, on the West it is 120 inches a year.

CHAPTER TWENTY

MONDAY JANUARY 6th, 1913. It has rained all night and it is now pouring. I lie abed till 8-30. Eddie has returned to Greymouth. Robert has gone into the hills to sluice and take advantage of the rain. The two grandchildren are half naked, playing in the creek at the back of the house, and Mary is ironing my laundry.

We have a long chat about things, and I find a novel that I remember having read at Milloo when a boy. I lie on the couch and read until I am giddy. At twelve Dad comes in and we have dinner. I am assured that the rain is not heavy enough to flood the creeks and cause me to lose my boat on Thursday, for which I am thankful.

In the afternoon when the rain ceased a bit, Mary and I visited a neighbour, Mrs Something, with a daughter aged fifteen, six feet high. She is broad Irish, and possesses all the Irish generous characteristics. In a minute she had a whisky bottle on the table and cups of cocoa for those who shun the spirit. It was interesting to listen to her conversation. It was not what she said., but the humourous Irish way in which she said it. We stayed half an hour and then wended our way

homewards. We went to the one roomed hut of Billy Walker who lives a hundred yards from Robert's. The hut is built in a swamp, next a pond of stagnant water where mosquitos breed by the million. Billy Walker is nearly seventy, and has been in the district for fifty years. He is now an old age pensioner; gives all but 3/8 a fortnight to the Storekeeper, which he keeps for whisky and tobacco, and simply exists like a vegetable. He is kept in condition by the exertion require to kill the mosquitos. Old Bill is a character and well remembers when Greymouth had eighteen hotels. Pubs, he calls them. Doubtless he was acquainted with the internal economy of all of these, and doubtless he had caused to disappear many a gallon of whisky distilled in the mountains that knew nothing of duty. The afternoon was spent in packing up, and at six the storekeeper's son called with a pack horse and took my Port to Notown.

This is my last day at Notown, and we spend it talking. Robert, I like very much. He is a hard headed Scotchman, determined and stubborn, and will have his own way in everything. A benevolent face, kind in action, his sixty seven years sit lightly upon him and he hopes some day to take a trip to his native Edinburgh. One can see that he is beginning to break up, and it is palpable that he will never leave Notown. Already he has lost desire to visit Greymouth and for six months at a time he remains buried in the bush.

Mary wants to get away. She gets depressed, hysterical, and dislikes the quietude of Notown, and frequently visits the Grey.

I go to bed to read and listen to the patting of the rain which beats down as though creation depended on its ability to flood everything. The adjacent creek roars over the stones telling of heavy rain higher up, and so I fall asleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

TUESDAY JANUARY 7th, 1913. Mary has been about since half past four. She is full of excitement. The two

grandchildren. the elder, Willie, and the younger. Norman, are running: about without boots. stockings or coats. They have been paddling in the creek and are already wet through. I have breakfast, shake hands, and look upon Robert's face, probably for the last time, and I leave Notown. A hundred yards away the house has disappeared. We cross the swing bridge which sways and jumps with every step, round the overhanging cliff where once the fall of earth bruised Mary, and I have pointed out to me, on the other side of the creek, where once hundreds of diggers sought gold and dug out of an average twenty to forty ounces weekly. Into little caves at the wayside the water falls with a roar and in one place we see where a man is sluicing the worked but tailings left nearly half a century ago by lucky diggers who now rest in Notown cemetery. or perhaps in some village graveyard in England.

We reach Notown and enter the large barn-like room with its dirty wall paper, a pattern that has not been for sale for fifty years. Half an hours wait and I part with Agnes, mount the cart drawn by the gray mare that limps with corns, and we wend our way to "Twelve Mile". The Notown River is on our right with its myriad small stones, red with oxide of iron. We pass little houses by the side of the road with their shingle roofs, low doors, and their bits of garden in front in which are grown cabbages and potatoes. Folk vegetate here and have become ambitionless.

At Twelve Mile I enter the pub with Aunt Mary and conform to the custom of the country and shout for everyone. I have a small lemonade that tastes like Seidlitz Powders and it cost me 3/6. We are soon on the train into which a woman with tear stained face gets with a dying baby in her arms. She has a bitter tale of neglect and cruelty to tell of the Grey Hospital where her babe once was. She is now going to a local Dr, and the trouble is in the throat, probably diphtheria.

At Greymouth it is raining in torrents and we are hung up at the station for an hour. We wend our way to Maggie's and then back to a bootmakers as my shoes are through. When I go for my shoes again at six I find the bootmaker lamenting the fact that someone had stolen a pair of boots the price of

which is twenty six shillings and sixpence. There are thieves even in Greymouth, and I get a hint that the "Scarlet Woman" is in evidence. I go to the Post office and get a Christmas Box that Mother sends me. A beautiful pocket book which when opened reveals the picture of my wife and four children. Sweet angels, all of them. It is a delight to me for I have been away four weeks and have had no letter.

Altogether I walk up town half a dozen times on one pretext and another, and in the afternoon Mary and Maggie and I go in the twenty passenger motor as far as the cemetery where we see a ship on the shore. It seems that she struck on the bar at Greymouth, had been washed off, and had then run out to sea to avoid blocking the entrance. She drifted two miles before she was washed ashore. There are two other boats lying at the entrance to the Grey River. The bar is very shallow, and only old boats that it would be a relief to get rid of are put on the run. It is raining and at dark I am tired out. A neighbour, a married woman who possesses a long tongue hung in the middle, comes in and talks us nearly to death until 9-30, when to my relief I find a chance of going to bed where I can stretch out and have a comfortable rest. Rain and hail come down in torrents and it looks like a flood for sure; but sufficient for the night is the evil thereof; and I pass a glorious night, resting and sleeping.

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 8th, 1913 To-day I start for home. The little curly headed child, of three enters my room at 7 and talks to me. I get my bag packed and have breakfast; invite John Moran over to Melbourne coupling Maggie and the family, and then go to the station while the rain falls heavily. The low depression is over all the South Island, and it is said to be raining from the Grey to Christchurch. Parcels are soon aboard the narrow train. I take my place along with some educated Chinese, a teacher with three lads who are going for a holiday, and a couple of Priests who are going into retreat at

Christchurch, and wait for the train to start. Mary is evidently full of emotion as we say Good-bye, and I gaze upon her face, probably for the last time. It rains in torrents all the way to Moana where we see beautiful Lake Brunner. This, I think, is one of the prettiest lakes I have seen. There is light and shade, and the peak of cloud covered mount reaches heavenward. Five minutes for breakfast, and I chat with a lady from Greymouth who was introduced to me by Aunt Mary. She is going to Bealy with her sister for a holliday. We then continue on our journey to Otira.

At Otira we have lunch while the luggage is being packed on the eight coaches which are to cross the Gorge. I get a back seat on a small coach beside a lady and gentleman whose home is in Wellington. It rains continually and is somewhat cold as we cross the river by the narrow bridge. We stop at the Otira Hotel to telephone to Bealy concerning the state of the river; then make our way onward through the Gorge. The journey is up and down; now we are in the valley and now on the mountain top. By the wayside there are mountains eight thousand feet high, and high up from the side of the mount there spurts a jet of water which makes a wonderful waterfall. Sometimes there are two or three waterfalls within a few feet of each other, and altogether we see probably a hundred waterfalls.

When we reach the foot of the steep hill into the Gorge we all descend and walk, clad in overcoats and with umbrellas up we walk until our boots are soaked through. It is warm walking and I feel soaked with water and short-winded. My heart thumps with the exertion of climbing the hill until I must rest or faint. After a bit I feel better and reach the hill-top, and then go down the descending hill. By the time the coach reaches us we have been walking an hour and a half, and we are glad to ride again. Another rise and then a rapid gallop down hill, rounding in a flash the "Devil's Elbow", a particularly nasty place. Hills that once frightened us now seem to be but small things. When walking we went to the side of the road, three feet, from the track and looked over the edge into the precipice. It seems to me that the twelve or fourteen feet of

road is too narrow to walk, let alone drive on, and yet the wheel track covers a foot only, and in the distance looks like two ribbons laid in exact position on the roadway. We see the cutting into the Otira Tunnel and the railway works, and pass once again into the Bealy valley and see the hundreds of one roomed houses in which the navies live. At three we reach Bealy's Glacier Hotel. We have come fifteen miles on the coach and have ten to go. This hotel has been a gold mine. Daily they have a hundred to dinner at 2/6, and for years they provided beds for a hundred at half a crown a time.

Our dinner is first class, and the weather is warmer though it is undoubtedly still raining at the Grey. The half hours relief is pleasant, and we have no more rivers to cross; the last was much larger than when we were going the other way, but not large enough to cause us any uneasiness. We have a couple of miles of level across which we make good pace, and then we begin to ascend and descend again. The sun is shining hotly; our clothes which were wet through are drying, and we feel comfortable. The lady next to me on the coach is coach sick through the jolting. At five we reach Cass and are heartily glad to get off. I immediately change my clothes and once again feel fresh and clean.

The first part of the train journey to Christchurch is magnificent. It follows the Broken River and crosses it a dozen times on skeleton bridges. We run through seventeen tunnels, and in between get fine views of wild and beautiful scenery. Past Broken River we enter the level luxurious Canterbury Plains and the rest of the journey is the usual luxurious railway ride. We enter Christchurch at eight-fifty. I place my luggage in the cloak room and go to my diggings and sleep like a top. As I fall off to sleep I can hear the rumbling of the coach wheels, and can see the coach following behind with its two Priests perched right on top sucking away at their pipes and smiling and chatting. They are having a good time evidently, conscious that they are right for both worlds.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THURSDAY JANUARY 9th 1913. It is Thursday morning, hot, sultry and moist. After breakfast I take my laundry and the balance of luggage to the clock room; then I hunt up the shipping office and procure berth 152 in the "Ullimaroa". A shave and a walk about the city completes the morning. I find that nearly all the hairdressers are Melbourne boys, and that it is remarkable the number of people who have come from Melbourne to settle here. This is the great gala day at New Brighton, and in the afternoon the whole city is shut up as is usual on Thursday here, and the folk have all gone to the beach where sports are in progress.

I spend the afternoon with Brother Judkins who lives at 189 Brougham Street Sydenham; a nice little run in the trams towards the hills. I visit Williamsons and I have afternoon tea and then go to the train which leaves Christchurch for Lyttleton. The train is crowded, but the journey is short. We pass through a long tunnel and the sulphurous fumes are stifling. At last we run out of the tunnel and are immediately among the shipping. The Ullimaroa looms up with her tonnage of over six thousand. Opposite to her and at the next wharf is the "Maori", the crack ship of the "Union Co". I give my luggage to the Porter who promises that it will be at the ship's side as soon as I. I wait until the ropes are being removed from the gangway and then run to the train. The porter tells me that he cannot get across until the train is moved and that the ship will wait. I go back to the ship and tell the Officer at the gangway that there is a lot of luggage to come. He said "We will not wait, it will have to come on by the "Maori". That boat leaves an hour later. I of course feel worried. It would have been an easy matter to carry the luggage to the ship. At last the luggage is thrown on the deck just as the gangway is being hoisted. I feel so relieved that I tip the Porter 2/.

The ship begins to move, and as I am going to Sydney I am invited to dine. The Wellington passengers get no food aboard unless they pay extra. I awakened this morning with a splitting headache and a bilious attack which is the aftermath

of my trip on the coach yesterday. I am sick indeed in the morning, but feel better towards night. It is after six as I am writing and I feel but little inclined for dinner, still I go down and do not enjoy it. It is nothing like as good as on the Maunganui. The attendance is bad indeed. As a result of the dinner I miss the whole of the harbour trip, and the ship is heaving and throbbing as I leave the table. When I get on deck we are outside in a comfortable smooth sea, but the usual motion is present and I feel squalmish. I could be sick at any moment, and I know that before daylight I will be sick indeed.

When we get out a bit we can look towards Christchurch and can see the spire of the Cathedral at the Square rearing its head heavenwards. It is the first indication of the city that one gets when approaching Lyttleton from the sea. I have pointed out to me the location of New Brighton and Sumner and other watering places. The hills line the coast for miles, excepting North of the Heads where a sandy beach is to be seen.

Sitting on the boat deck I write up my diary and watch a small steamer close at hand, while in the distance a small scow is to be seen with her schooner rig. Many of the passengers disappear. I enter into conversation with an old gentleman who is from New York and who has a decided Yankee twang and some odd ejaculations. He is much travelled and was on the Oceanic. He tells me that, every boat no matter her size pitches and rolls, and that Turbine Steamers all over the world are renowned for their bad weather proclivities. He gives me many interesting particulars concerning the loss of the "Titanic", having had two friends aboard. After the boat struck the ice, men were standing and smoking; others were playing cards, and the boys playing tag. His two friends were in the smoke room when a Steward, Brooks by name, came to them and said "You had better get into the boats, Gentlemen, the carpenters tell me that the ship will sink". They were struck by his face which was as white as death, and believing the statement went on deck and saw a boat being lowered which contained scarcely any passengers. They got in and were saved. The Yank told me that if the

passengers had known that the boat was going down there could have been a riot, "Sure".

The Ullimaroa is pitching a bit, but the conversation interested, me. The Yank is much afraid of a dirty night, I am not. My squalmishness is gradually passing away. Some sea birds hover over the stern of the ship; newspapers are caught by the wind and are blown against a mast to which they cling tightly being held by the force of the wind, and one is carried bodily skywards. The new moon is just disappearing behind the horizon, while Venus blazes away in her beauty in the West. Twilight has lasted until eight forty-five and it is nine fifteen before the hills are swallowed up in darkness. The people are beginning to disappear from the deck; fourteen or fifteen are in the smoke room, and some ladies who are evidently having a night out are in evening dress in the drawing room, displaying their jewels and enjoying the opportunity. On January the first I picnicked on the Waimakiriri River ten miles from Christchurch, on the coach going to Greymouth I saw its rise and crossed it, and tonight I have the spot pointed out to me where it empties itself into the sea.

I finish my writing in the comfortable smoke room. I can hear the thump of the engine and feel its vibration. The sea surges outside, and that dull monotony which pervades every ship at sea has seized upon most everybody. The little clock tells me that it is nine forty-five. I think of home and my dear ones, and know that for Dad prayers will ascend to the Holy Place, and lonely ones will welcome the time when he will be back with them again.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

FRIDAY JANUARY 10th, 1913. A fine night. I have slept well and am awakened at four to be told that we are thirty miles from Wellington by the Steward who presents me with a cup of hot tea, biscuits, a green apple and an orange. I find that we are tied up to the wharf at Wellington. A hot sea bath and a clean up refreshes me. I sit next to the Captain at breakfast

and have a decent breakfast but nothing like that one has in the Union Co's boats. At eight thirty I am ashore and pass through the gates that bar the entrance to the wharf. Immediately opposite is the Post Office whose front is in the next street, and next to it is the New Zealand Government Life Insurance building, a fine large building, so the first impression one gets of Wellington is good. I have a long walk down the main street viewing the shops, some few of which are open. Numbers of people are going to work and as I pass the Government Offices I see a crowd of clerks going to work in that leisurely manner that marks the public servant .

At the Parliament House the fences have been removed and a low brick wall is in course of erection. Further on I come to the railway station, a ramshackle wooden concern with one platform visible.

From the station I take a tram to Lyall Bay, the fare being four-pence, single. Let me first describe the formation of Wellington. There is a basin shaped bay with high hills surrounding it, and the houses are built in terraces on these hills. Some land has been reclaimed from the bay, and upon this land the City is built. The trams follows the street around the level ground and winds in and out and is very crooked. Shortly it narrows in width and is not much wider than Little Collins Street, and the shops are thick on either side. The tram turns up Elisabeth Street and in a short time is in a noble wide street which reminds one of Sturt Street Ballarat, and then turning to the left and ascending a hill we pass through a long tunnel which is lighted by electricity. When we reach the other side we are on the top of a hill and a sign board reminds us that, "Speed down this gradient not to exceed. six miles an hours". We are now amongst some very beautiful hills and the many villas we see have a charming aspect. The scenery is beautiful and is well worth seeing. At the bottom of the hill we run around a small bay which is evidently an inlet from Wellington Harbour, however we keep on and in a little while reach the Ocean with its rollers, its gloriously blue waters which looks considerably calmer than our Hobsons Bay usually does. There is a pretty esplanade, and long rows of

bathing houses where one can go and prepare for a sea bath. Three athletic looking men have formed a triangle and are throwing a ball from one to the other. Men and women are bathing together for mixed bathing is permitted here. The sun shines beautifully and a strong Northerly wind is blowing. We are in for a glorious day and are likely to have a fine trip to Sydney. I sit and read the morning paper, "The Dominion", and wait for the return tram which runs every fifteen minutes.

After my return I take a tram to Karori which is up on the hills. This is a long continuous climb and the outlook is very fine indeed. We run through the Tinkakori Hills and one or two suburbs before we reach the end of our very pleasant journey. This tram ride, though of a different nature to that to Lyall Bay is just as pretty and as interesting. When I get back it was between twelve and one so I went into a restaurant, in Lambeth Quay for dinner. First I received about a quart of soup, then enough fried schnapper for three men. Beautiful fish, and a quantity that would cost uncooked in Melbourne about two shillings, and at last some tea and jelly. The dinner was very tasty and nicely cooked and would cost 2/- at the least in Melbourne. Here the price is 1/- . After dinner I visit Mrs Cole who is Mr Brandt's sister. I saw her on my last trip many years ago, and her daughter who was then single is now married and is present with her child, a babe of two. I am also introduced to Mr Brandt's Stepfather, an old gentleman over eighty years of age, who looks good for another ten years at any rate.

My next run is to Island Bay, a pretty resort through Newtown and not far from Lyall Bay. I experience on this journey a ride on the top of a tram. Through being top-heavy the thing swayed like a ship at sea until I thought that it would topple over when going around corners. The wind has got very high and the dust is bad, which is characteristic of Wellington. I remain in the tram and return by it to the City. I feel tired out; have been going all day, and want a rest. I leave the tram as soon as it enters the business portion of the City, having about, 2/6 worth of used tram tickets in my pockets. My first work now is to procure some views of Wellington, and

then, feeling hot and dusty, I proceed to the boat. When I have cleaned up and had a rest it is four and I have just an hour left. This hour I spend in sending a telegram home, in making some purchases and in a last walk up the Quay.

We have a large crowd on the wharf to see us off. They charge threepence admission to the wharf here. We have on board some Australian swimmers, and a champion tennis team, and friends who are seeing them off give them some Maori war cries.

We are timed to leave at five, and five minutes after the hour the ropes are cast off, the staging is drawn up, and our last tie with New Zealand is broken. We quickly turn around and steam towards the Heads. We notice the hills, the shipping, the little puffing tug boat, and the Ferry Boat laden with passengers. The sea is very calm and we get right through the Heads before there is any motion at all. I find that I have been allotted a new cabin in a portion of the ship away from the noise and heat of the machinery, and that my traps have been already removed to my new quarters. At six-thirty I go down to dinner and have, I think, the best meal I have ever had aboard ship. On my right is an old gentleman who is a London silk merchant, travelling, and he proves to be an interesting companion. I think that the folk at the table will be sociable later on.

After dinner we find that we are between two Islands; there is a glorious sunset, and the sky line of the Island on the South is well marked. Presently on some rocks a light peeps out, and away, miles ahead, we see another light. This light is still ahead at ten. There is a new moon in a cloudless sky, and Venus glows in her beauty near at hand. There is scarcely any motion in the ship. The many passengers walk the deck and talk and laugh. The old gentleman whom I met at the table and I talk until nine thirty, and then as it is bitterly cold ! go for a walk, and then to bed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

SATURDAY JANUARY 11th, 1913. I awaken, but not to get up. The fact of the matter is I am sea sick. The boat pitches and rolls some, and I get out of my bed and on to another immediately. The latter bed has been made up on the couch and there I open the day. I know, something about mal de mer. I have viewed it from all quarters and I do not like it. I feel that it takes a good deal to compensate for a days seasickness. I feel every motion of the boat, and time hangs heavily, and the smell of seasickness pervades everything. I enquire if my condition is singular, or if there are others in the same predicament, and I am told that there are about fifty in bed. I have no stomach for biscuits even. Towards evening of this long day I take a glass of dry Ginger Ale and keep it down. I also have some arrowroot made with water. I am glad when bedtime really comes, for I can sleep at any rate eighteen hours out of the twenty four. I feel too heavy to read even, and as I look at the sea and see the long Pacific rollers coming on our beam it is enough.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

SUNDAY JANUARY 12th, 1913. I am just as sick, but determine to get up if possible. I do so and dress by bits. First I put on a sock and then lie down and have a little sleep, than another sock and another sleep. Then my other articles of attire with snatches of sleep until I am fully dressed. By and bye I steal up between the rails and reach the deck, having just eaten two nice little hot bread breakfast roles. On deck I immediately get on to my right side on a form, and am able to see the beautiful blue ocean stretching out like a plate. Here I spend my day until I am bed sore. We are leaving the rough water of New Zealand and are travelling North by West. The New Zealand sky is drifting away and the Australian sky is coming towards us. At dinner time I have some fish and make quite a meal. During the afternoon the seats begin to fill up.

There are no broken waves, but a big roll. From the amount of animation amongst the passengers I judge that everyone is happy.

There is no service tonight. There are no Ministers aboard, and too many have been sick for any to manifest much interest. The fact is that while men and women are nominally religious, yet in reality the spirit of worship is not amongst the people. The Spirit of Christianity is not in the people, and the result is, if a Service is held they will attend, but if there is no Service well, it is all right, and they do not bother.

At my table the last two days the average has been five instead of twenty. There is still a disposition to remain on deck and have a snack. This I do and during the evening I walk about. At nine I feel thoroughly tired out; the day in the open air has done for me, so I go to bed and find that the cabin smells badly. The Maunganui is singularly free from odours. This boat like nearly all others stinks, and the stench is like unto sea-sickness. Ugh We pass the boat that left Sydney on Saturday afternoon sometime during the night.

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

MONDAY JANUARY 13th, 1913. A choppy sea and a head wind. Our course is West by North. The swell has disappeared and the boat is comparatively steady; the result is that I am able to turn out early and have a shave, a cup of tea and an apple, and then on deck to walk around, for an hour. There is a stiff North Westerly blowing and the sea is coming up in lumps. We are told that we are gradually running into heavy weather and that we will get it before we reach Sydney. Well, let it come, we can always go to bed and be sick at any rate. I am getting tired of listening to weather prognosticators. They are usually wrong, and it is quite time enough to worry about bad weather when it is with us.

Nearly everyone is down to breakfast this morning. Our table is full and forms quite a happy little party. We chat

and have a good time together. I have a real ships breakfast; Porridge, fish, chops, toast, tea, flannel cakes, marmalade and breakfast rolls. If the heavy weather does come, I will be ready for it.

I have nothing to read so go on deck and find the awning has been put up for cricket. Soon in one place there are happy voices shouting; in another the Marconi operator is entertaining a group of girls who have gone mad after a uniform. In another place eyes look into eyes they never knew before, and in other places many eyes are fixed upon books. An enormous amount of reading is done on deck. The weather has got decidedly warm; so hot, indeed that the cabins are empty and the decks are comparatively crowded.

In the afternoon the sea gets rough, and before dinner time I am forced below to lie down. The motion off the vessel has become so bad that I have to go to bed where I pass a most uncomfortable night. Without cargo, without coal and practically empty the vessel kicks her way at eight knots instead of the usual fourteen which means that we shall arrive late tomorrow. There is a concert on board tonight, and I am told that it is the usual ship's concert. There is a party of swimmers on board who get jolly and kick up a jolly row until midnight,

When riding from Dunedin to Christchurch we passed through Timaru which is a small place right on the coast. The bay is semicircular and the Pacific rollers dash ashore with great violence. Some twenty years ago a pier was run out into the ocean and the first heavy storm that came washed into the V shape formed by the pier no less than one hundred thousand tons of shingles, and nearly filling several acres. The South Island of New Zealand is composed largely of one mass of shingles. Shingles are water worn stones about the size of cottage loaves and are to be seen in the riverbeds. When the ocean is calm it is found that sand created by the grinding of the stones is crashed ashore in the V shape mentioned, and the result is that the interstices between the shingles is filled with sand, and New Zealand is growing out into the ocean at this place. As soon as the place is filled up

the pier is extended and so the reclamation goes on. Hundreds of acres have been reclaimed and made up to ten feet above sea level and the value of the reclaimed land more than compensates for the building of the piers.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

TUESDAY JANUARY 14th, 1913. I feel off, squalmish and empty, yet I manage to dress and get on deck. We were to be in at seven, but we are now told that on account of the heavy weather it will be eleven before we see land. My breakfast consists of a bit of fried fish and a bottle of dry ginger ale. I loaf about the deck, sitting down and chatting. The wind has changed and blows from the South. They had a "Southerly buster" in Sydney last night, the wind blowing at fifty miles an hour. We were not conscious of it. The passengers are all clad in shore going clothes, with hats instead of caps and boots and shoes instead of slippers. The weather is misty. Some have glasses slung over their shoulders, and continually someone is gazing intently over the side of the ship, longing to be the first to sight land. At eleven there suddenly looms up through the mist the low hills on the coast, and in another ten minutes the outline of North Head is plainly discernible. We see two ships, the one the "Werrabee" making for Sydney Heads before us. These are the first vessels we have seen since we left Wellington. In another ten minutes we are taking the wide sweep into the Sydney heads and the motion of the vessel has ceased.

I finish my packing as we run down the Bay, and we are opposite Pinchgut when I reach deck again. Mr Haskell, a young gentleman in the Public Works Department who has charge of the new sewerage system at Wagga is going to an hotel and I have promised to go with him. It takes half an hour to get alongside and the gangway down. The weather is hot but not unbearable.

When we got ashore Mr Haskell and I took a cab and went to Pfahler's, in Wynyard Square and found it full. A visit

to Petty's produced the same result. After a little difficulty we got into the "Grosvenor" and I got room 62 on the same floor and next to the room I had last year.

We had a clean up and lunch which is well served here. Then the Post Office demanded my attention and I received the first letter from mother and the first news I have had from home since I left a month ago. Telegrams were sent and then I boarded a car for 14 L' Avenue, Newtown.

Knocking I asked for Mrs Broadbent, and was shown into the dining room. Presently George's wife, a buxom lass, came forward and, I said, "Sit down. How is that wild husband of yours getting on?"

She said "You are his father" "Yes" "Haven't you a kiss for me, father?" So we began to chat for half an hour.

I then went for a walk up Newton Road viewing the shops. This street is a sort of Chapel Street and evidently the centre of a big population, and is good for business. Having passed away an hour I procured a paper and stood in the street in which George lives reading, then I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard a well remembered voice say "Hallo"

George and I had a chat for an hour and I then left and returned, to town. Dinner and then Mr H. and I went out for the evening.

At night there was some difficulty in getting to sleep. The back of the Grosvenor overlooks Miller's Point and the frequent recurring noises of ship's whistles were sufficient to keep anyone awake. The room is very hot and the bed covering consists of ones pyjamas only. However sleep did come at last.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 15th, 1913. Sydney is not so busy as this time last year. The streets are not so busy and there is not so much money being spent, and the evidences of prosperity are not so great. However, in comparison with Melbourne Sydney is a busy city. The weather is cool. The

buildings all look as if they want washing and repainting; the number of old, dirty and poor looking houses is greater than in Melbourne. There are still numbers of new commercial buildings being erected, and the city itself has vastly improved during the last few years.

After breakfast Mr Haskell and I go to a Jewellers. He had three pieces of gold that he desired to be made into a ring, and having bought a match bracelet for his New Zealand lady a few weeks ago, desired. to exchange it for a brooch. We then went towards the quay and I took a tram to the Quay and a boat to Manly. The boat was crowded with women and children. Sydney is given up to two things; pleasure hunting and surf bathing. Thousands go to the beaches at Manly, Bondi and Coogee every day. In this Sydney is in marked contrast with Melbourne, and one wonders how the masses can afford it. Still one must remember that the boat ride to Manly only costs fourpence each way though forty minutes are occupied in each Journey. The usual sightseers are to be seen on the Bay. One leaves Sydney hot and perspiring and the cool breezes enables him to reach Manly cool and dry.

There is a weeks Carnival at Manly, and the Main Street reaching from the Harbour on the one side to the Ocean Beach on the other is lined each side with Chinese lanterns. The streets and beach are crammed. I purchase some cards and walk as far as the surf bathers; see Jessie Bearparke at the baths for five minutes and then return to the boat, reaching the Grosvenor at two fifteen.

It is three when I get out again, and I spend the balance of the afternoon in visiting Anthony Horderns, and a run out to George's for another hours chat. Dinner and then about Town for the evening. I soon get dog tired, and go to bed and to sleep. How tired one gets, and how little one can really cram into a day.

After a time holiday making palls. For a holiday to be a success one needs the holiday spirit, and the instant one begins the return journey the spirit is lost and the desire is to get through and have done with it.

CHAPTER THIRTY

THURSDAY JANUARY 16th, 1913 My holiday is nearly at an end. My last book of views is purchased. I eat my last breakfast in Sydney and then I purchase my train ticket and my ticket for a sleeping berth, and I am free for the day.

At ten thirty I get into the Charabanc at Cooks and take the morning run. A good looking white car that holds a dozen. We are to have a run of two and a half hours and the fare is 6/6 each. The car is chain driven and is noisy and jerky and on three separate occasions we were held up with chain troubles. Chain drive has become a thing of the past, and the lesson I learned was not to touch a chain driven car at any price.

Leaving Cooks we went through the domain skirting the Botanical Gardens and coming out near St Marys. Passing the Museum we went to Coogee, where we are told twelve hundred and fifty new houses have been put up within a year. At Coogee we had a look at the surf bathers. The bathers walk out a bit and when a big wave comes in they ride in its surface and are swept ashore at a great rate. The great object of many of the bathers is to become tanned with the sun. The colour indicates that they are seasoned and veteran bathers. Some young fellows were walking about whose bodies and limbs were so tanned that they appeared to be coloured men. Their bodies unsheltered from the sun's rays and the wind were as much darker colour than their faces which received some slight protection from their hats. One young fellow who was evidently a new beginner and had determined to become brown as soon as possible was as red as a boiled lobster. He had been lying about in the sun until he was blistered. Some cases have been known where the desire to become a tan colour has resulted in medical attention being necessary.

Leaving Coogee we take a short cut to Bondi where the car was stopped at a refreshment room door for ten minutes. From Coogee we returned home by Double Bay. This time we

were made a public exhibition of by chain troubles, and at any rate the car was rough and noisy, and very unsatisfactory and unpleasant.

Lunch at The Civil Service, and a very nice lunch too, and then to the Manly boat which I caught at half past two. I have done this Port Jackson trip so often that there is nothing new in it to me, and much of its interest is lost. However it is hot ashore and one is in a continual perspiration. On the boat there is a cool breeze, and one soon dries off and becomes comfortable.

At Manly I have a sharp walk to the baths where I see Millie, the daughter of Harry Bearparke and her husband. I am back in Sydney at four thirty. Anticipating that Harry Bearparke would be at home at five or shortly afterwards, I take a Belle Vue tram and go out to Elizabeth Street. Mrs Bearparke and Jessie are at home. We have a nice talk together and expect Harry at home at six fifteen. At six thirty I get my dinner handed to me and, at seven I bid my friends good bye; express my regret at not seeing Harry, and catch my tram for the City. I get a cab and am at the station at seven thirty. George comes to see me off. The limited express, a short train tonight, starts at eight. My sleeping berth is secured and the minute the whistle is sounded, George waves his hand and the homeward journey commences. It is dark almost immediately; the weather is hot; the train is very noisy, and the journey bids fair to be anything but pleasant. However the beds are soon made up, and, at nine I am in my top berth.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

FRIDAY JANUARY 17th, 1913 Apparently I had no sleep last night. It is too hot for any covering beyond one's pyjamas. One dozes but in my three trips to Sydney in which I have had sleeping berths I have never yet slept properly. Aboard ship I can sleep all the time. In the morning an attendant enters to tell us that we are three quarters of an hour from Albury. So

when one gets cleaned up and dressed there is only a few minutes to wait until we are in.

A corner window seat facing the engine seems to be procurable only by giving a tip. However a shilling is well spent in this direction, and then to breakfast. I determine to try what a second class breakfast is like. I sit down and order porridge and notice that there is an extensive Menu, but the little word "or" occurs so frequently that one soon realizes that only one dish is permissible. The attendance is very bad indeed. I wait fifteen minutes for the porridge, and then clear out. Entering the first class saloon I find an improvement. Nearly the same Menu, but the little word "or" does not occur at all; so ordering porridge I have it placed before me in a few minutes. This is followed by whiting which is very nice, and then a grill and some fruit. Even here the attendance is anything but good, and the impression created is that customers are not expected to be too troublesome, nor to eat too much. At the end of the meal I receive my 3/- ticket, and leave a tip under the plate, and then go to my seat. The compartment is full, a lady and a sick daughter and three gentlemen. An unsociable crowd evidently. However I have my little book procured at Anthony Horderns, and am soon buried in the romance of a political intrigue.

A strong hot North wind is blowing and the day is anything but pleasant. From the green and gray of New Zealand we have the brown and yellow of Australia. In many places scarcely any grass is to be seen. In other places the ground is covered with yellow stubble. Here a farm house, there a team of horses hauling a load of wheat to the station. Further on we see a Hawker's wagon with a foal running alongside its mother who tugs away at the shafts, apparently indifferent to everything in the world, even the foal.

Seymour is soon reached. Five minutes. The dining cars must have done a good deal to have the station refreshment rooms worthless concerns. At one time a couple of hundred passengers would rush into the Albury refreshment room for breakfast, now all go into the dining saloon on the Victorian train. Twenty minutes used to be the time the train

waited at the Victorian station Seymour. Now, four or five minutes is considered to be long enough. The waits are evidently for the purpose of giving beer drinkers a chance. Some day there will be a drinking saloon on the train and then there will be more travellers.

The heavy Victorian train makes good time. At noon I look at my watch and then notice a mile post by the side of the track. 38 miles to Melbourne. At twelve fifty we run through Essendon and at One to the tick the train slows down and suddenly stops.

We are at Melbourne and for me the trip is over. A long holiday at an end. On the platform I see Mother and Jess. Mother in all the glory of a new hat is radiant with all the gladness that comes from a happy heart. Jess beams kindly and expresses her joy at my return. Martha McKellar comes on to the platform and greets me with a resounding kiss, and we are all happy together.

Somehow I feel kind of regretful that the trip is over. Now Mother is present I feel that I would like to go away again. The very end of my trip is when I reach home and I feel like putting off this inevitable as long as possible. I ask Mother where she is going.

"Home of course. Haven't you been away long enough?"

So Jess, and Martha go to South Yarra and Mother and I board the Essendon train. At Essendon a sweet little face wreathed in smiles welcomes me with joy. It is Alen, and behind him is nephew Georgie. It is hot, beastly hot, so we go into Johnson's shop and have something to drink and purchase some lovelies and toys; and then a cab, and home.

At the gate Mother tells me that little Jessie said that when Daddy came she would show off and then kiss me. I see her running up and when twenty feet away she screwed her face up until her nose nearly disappeared, put her tongue out as far as she could, screwed up her eyes and did a cake walk for the rest of the distance. This was her way of showing off. This was her way of showing off and her welcome to me. Baby looked at me, remembered me at once, and in his sweet

little way manifested his delight at seeing me once again. In my arms he laid his face against mine and cuddled in full of content, because Daddy was home once again.

May and Edie were present to welcome me with loving greetings, and in the evening Florry and her children and Jane came with kind words. Lily, my curly headed Siss jumped into my arms and threw her two legs around me. "You were away too long. You must not go away again, Daddy. Have you any lollies?" All in one breath.

And so all those days between December 18, 1912 and January 18, 1913 have been wiped off the calendar and have been fulfilled. To me they have been happy days, days of change, of varied scene, of sunshine, of rain, rolling seas, high living, mountain peaks, beautiful lakes, sweet words of welcome, appreciative audience, regretful farewells, seasickness, jokes and strange beds. Every day has been a happy day. Even the one or two days when nauseated with the rolling ocean some rays from the sun of humour penetrated my cabin and made me feel good. I have had a good time and feel satisfied. I do not want another holiday, and would not do the trip again next week even if opportunity offered. I feel that the sea and ships are good to convey one from one place to another, provided there are no other means of conveyance. I feel satisfied and do not look forward to another trip.

Still when one has a little of the roving spirit in his make up, it may be satisfied for a bit and become dormant; but when memory has played its pranks, sorted out the nice from the nasty, forgotten the disagreeable and thrown into relief that which is nice and lovely, and when the stench of the ship has left the nostrils and the tiredness has left the bones, and the only impressions left are harmony and blue skies, and seas with just sufficient life to make them feel good, and fresh breezes that are a delight to the nostrils, then the hunger to travel will come once again; the little list of necessaries will be made up, tickets will be procured, the spring of youth will be in the step, and it will be, - Heigho, for