

AUSTRALIA AS I SAW IT

SIR JOHN WILLISON

ALL that I can say about Australia must be fragmentary and inconclusive. It is a land of immense distances and of infinite variety. I was there too long to write a book about the country, and yet not long enough to confess complete ignorance of its conditions and problems. I touched only the fringes and the centres, but was fortunate enough to meet many of those who are active and influential in the political, industrial and social affairs of the Commonwealth. I saw, as one of its poets saw:—"The vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended, and at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars." But perhaps one gets more out of contact with man than one ever gets out of the mere contemplation of Nature, even in its most beautiful and most wonderful aspects.

The story of Australia is full of romance, of tragedies of sea and bush and plain, of the struggle to get and the struggle to hold among landowners, squatters and selectors, of the strange wild life of gold fields and silver camps, of the eager competitions of the great shearing stations, of wandering sundowners and wayward jackeroos, of priests, publicans and sinners, of heroic endeavour and long endurance, of pitiful reverses and solid, continuous achievement.

We in Canada have perhaps less of the temper of adventure than the Australian people. We do not go out so often with such serenity and confidence upon the long trails that lead to the ends of the earth. To most of us in Canada the sea calls across great distances, and the appeal is less intimate and less persuasive. But the sea calls for ever to Australians, and always in the language of England and Empire. It is estimated that during last year between 70,000 and 80,000 Australians made the long journey to Great Britain, and that their total spendings would aggregate between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000. They think nothing of two or three months on the sea, or of absences from home of six months or twelve months duration. Many of their sons go to Oxford and Cambridge, and in all their reading and thinking they are closer to Great Britain than we are in Canada.

Australia has as good a press as there is in the world. The cable services appear singularly comprehensive, when the immense

cost is considered. In the editorial columns public questions are discussed with dignity, sobriety and authority. In reporting and interviewing there is remarkable accuracy. The chief newspapers, however, are controlled by wealthy proprietaries, and between the Press and Labour there is an eternal conflict. Leaders of the Labour party profess to believe that they are misrepresented or unreported; and whatever substance there may be in the grievance they so dearly cherish, it seems to yield a fair harvest of political capital. So far as I could discover, the Australian newspapers are not unfair in reports and despatches, but they do represent the forces and interests against which Labour has to contend in its struggle for political control.

The best plays run for months in the theatres of Sydney and Melbourne. The average production is of higher quality than we get in Canada. For that there is a reason. It is a long and a costly journey to Australia. A failure in Sydney or Melbourne means disaster. Hence only the best actors with the best companies can risk a season in the Commonwealth. When we were there, Dion Boucicault, Seymour Hicks, Oscar Asche and Gertrude Elliot were playing nightly to crowded houses. Melba, with a wonderful company of artists recruited in Europe, was just closing twelve weeks of Grand Opera in Melbourne, and during all those weeks there was seldom a vacant seat or a vacant box in the theatre in which the company appeared, although it had an actual seating capacity of four thousand. It must be remembered, too, that Sydney is a city of only a million people, and that Melbourne has a population of only 800,000. Could the best English actor, with an adequate company, play for two or three months continuously in Toronto or Montreal? Could we fill Massey Hall for ten or twelve weeks of Grand Opera, even with Melba as the supreme attraction? Australia is distinguished for its love of music, and for the generous patronage which it extends to the distinguished artists of other continents. It is said that this is as true of the rougher and more remote communities as it is of the intellectual centres. Perhaps there come down the years the voices of camp and station in those old songs of home and love and sentiment and passion which have ever been the solace of pioneers in the solitude and loneliness of new lands and far-away places.

There are phases of life in Australia for which there are no counterparts in Canada. For the most part the climate is so friendly that all the year round men may live in the open and sleep under the stars. There is in parts of the country excessive heat in summer, but seldom a severe touch of winter. The Australian winter, as

we found it, resembles October in Canada. Many houses are not heated, and in colder weather there is often a touch of discomfort. So the trains are not heated, save by electric foot-mats which promise more than they perform. But I was in five of the States of the Commonwealth, and I travelled many hundreds of miles on Australian railways in comparative comfort. To provide even during the winter for such a system of heating as we have on the trains of Canada would be uneconomical, and unwarranted by Australian conditions. We in Canada would do as Australia does, if we had the Australian climate.

One who goes from this country is naturally interested to compare the Australian State railways with the railways of America under private control. But there is no true basis of comparison. In some of the States the tramways of the cities constitute a portion of the general railway system. In Melbourne the electric suburban roads, which carry a huge volume of traffic, are controlled by the Victoria Railway Commission. On the other hand, a great proportion of the freight and not a little of the passenger business of Australia are carried by the coastal steamship services. We must remember, too, that half the population of the Commonwealth is concentrated in a few seaboard cities, and that the highways of the sea are open all the year round, as against five or six months of effective water competition with the railways of Canada. Again, the differences in gauge make rail-carriage of inter-State freight difficult and costly. Going from Sydney to Brisbane, one has to transfer at the border of New South Wales to the Queensland railway system; going to Melbourne, it is necessary to make a like transfer to a Victoria State railway, and beyond Adelaide in South Australia one has to make several changes to connect with the Transcontinental system. These differences in gauge, with the grave inconveniences which they involve, are largely the result of inter-State jealousies which made union of the Australian States under a common government such a long and difficult process, and it is not certain that a quarter of a century of Confederation has produced a national spirit to which public men can successfully appeal against State loyalties and State prejudices.

It will be remembered that the Australian Constitution is modelled upon that of the United States rather than upon that of Canada. The States retain all powers and privileges which were not definitely surrendered to the Commonwealth. But I think Australian statesmen have become convinced that the powers vested in the central Government are inadequate for effective and efficient legislation and administration. If they could remake the Consti-

tution, they would not adopt the American or even the Canadian system, but would follow the example of South Africa and establish in the central Government every reserve of power necessary to ensure its authority, supremacy and dignity. It was expected that after Confederation there would be reconstruction and reorganization of the railways upon a standard gauge, but public opinion has not been strong enough to compel action as against other heavy demands upon the Treasury for great social and national objects.

We did not discover that arrogance among employees of the State railways which we were led to expect. There was instead uniform courtesy and civility; one's baggage did not go astray, and nothing that could make travelling easy and comfortable was neglected. No doubt Australian railway services could be improved; but whether or not there are disadvantages in State control, under all the conditions good results have been achieved in Australia, and nothing is more certain than that any proposal to hand over the railways to private companies would be summarily rejected by the Australian people.

As we all know, Australia has been a great laboratory of social and industrial experiments. No other country, perhaps, has enacted so much legislation to secure industrial peace, and probably no other country has so many strikes. Unionism has sunk its roots deeply into the social and industrial system. The governing principle in State and Commonwealth is that the condition of the average man is the true test of civilization. In so far as governmental regulations ensure fair wages, they may be defensible; in so far as they encourage laziness and reward shiftlessness, they bring evil upon Israel. But even among employers there are vital differences of opinion as to the general effects of Australian labour legislation. There is an element among employing capitalists who curse Labour without ceasing, just as there is a Red element in Labour which hates those who build and loves those who destroy. But the great body of Australian workers are patriotic constitutionalists, at least as honest in motive and as responsible in action as the aggressive employers by whom they are assailed. In Australia as elsewhere the employing classes are defamed by those among them whose only god is gain, and the workers by those who would wear the linen they have not spun and drink the wines they have not produced.

But one does feel that Australia has a grievous excess of industrial machinery. The Wage Boards have powers which are the natural attributes of autocracy. There is conflict between State Boards and Federal Boards. There is inquisitorial investigation

into the details of private business. There are preferences for Unionists which have the iron touch of coercion. There are awards which gravely embarrass employers and directly increase cost of production. There are awards, too, which reduce the wages of efficient workers and increase those of the less efficient and the positively inefficient. Here lies the chief evil of many of these Australian regulations; for surely the individual has a divine right to exert his powers to the utmost; and surely if initiative, efficiency and enterprise are not rewarded, the wheels of human progress will be retarded and the average level of human comfort will be reduced.

There are unions of journalists which prescribe hours, wages and the amount of work which may be performed. There are unions of stenographers and unions of barbers and unions of waiters in hotels and restaurants. Most powerful of all Australian unions, perhaps, is that of the workers at the sheep and cattle stations who exercise great political influence in the Commonwealth. I saw nothing of these sheep and cattle stations, and therefore I cannot speak with authority upon one of the most vital and interesting phases of Australian development. But one met many of those who are financially interested in sheep and cattle and grain and fruit, and could not fail to learn something of the relation of the primary producers to the progress and prosperity of Australia. At the moment, however, I desire chiefly to emphasize the fact that the shearers and other classes of outside workers are as strongly organized as the industrial and commercial workers in the cities, and there is found one of the chief sources of the strength of the Labour party in the Commonwealth. There are, of course, radical differences between agricultural conditions in Australia and in Canada. This country has few large estates, and organization of farm employees would be a difficult if not an impossible undertaking. The Australian Labour party embraces wage earners alike in town and in country, and many of those who work with their heads as well as those who work with their hands. It has been strengthened also by the enfranchisement of women; for the wives, daughters and sisters of workers vote more freely than do those of other classes. But nothing is more discouraging in Australia than the low percentage of qualified voters who cast their ballots in political contests. The average, I believe, is between sixty and seventy per cent. That is a pitiful showing, in the very nursery of democracy.

There are men of high ability and distinction in the Australian Labour party. One of these is The Right Hon. W. R. Hughes, who exercised a moral power during the war only below that exer-

cised by Mr. Lloyd George himself, but who like Mr. Lloyd George has fallen into strange popular disfavor. There are such men as Mr. Charlton and Mr. Anstey in the House of Representatives. Mr. Anstey too often flogs himself into oratorical fury; but Mr. Charlton, who leads Labour in parliament, is a man of moderate temper and high character, respected by his opponents and well regarded by the country. It is Mr. Theodore, of Queensland, however, who looms up as the leader of Labour in the future. He is able, bold, aggressive, the servant of the unions, but not their tool. Disciplined by experience in State politics, he will probably display more of constructive than of destructive quality in Federal affairs. But the more deeply one looks into Australian political conditions, the more soundly one becomes convinced that the Labour party has laid heavy burdens upon Australian taxpayers, that the fundamental principle of responsible government is challenged and denied when parliamentary leaders are required to take orders from an outside caucus, that wise and stable government is best secured through a national party representing all classes, sections and interests, and that the old British two-party system is the best that has been devised for the government of a free country. Yet a party which fails to seek a due proportion of its candidates among the workers in field and factory cannot be national, nor can it fail to stimulate class-spirit in the groups which are ignored. The Southern Continent, as has been said, has been a nursing-mother of democracy, but not all of the legislative children which it has reared could be wisely adopted by other countries, and not a few, one believes, will be finally disowned in the country of their origin.

Labour strikes easily and often in Australasia. Upon the sea, in the national shipping services, it has been peculiarly arrogant, factious and destructive. When we landed at Auckland towards the end of April, there was a general strike over the New Zealand railway system. When we were in Melbourne, there was a strike of tramway employees. Four or five months before the police of Melbourne had struck, and five hundred constables were dismissed because they refused to return to duty within the time specified by the Police Commission. Later a constable who had refused to go out with the strikers was appointed to a position on the tramways. Under threat of a strike, the Tramway Workers' Union demanded cancellation of the appointment. The constable was described as a traitor and a "black-leg", who had deserted and betrayed his comrades, and was for ever disqualified for employment in any service or business over which organized Labour could exercise

control. The demand was refused by the Tramways Commission, and a strike followed. For two weeks no trams ran in Melbourne, but no one seemed to be concerned. The newspapers denounced the strikers; but in clubs, hotels, business places and private houses the strike was seldom mentioned, and a stranger who failed to read newspapers would never have suspected that there was any trouble. Finally there was a compromise which was substantially a defeat for the union, and the trams, which apparently had not been missed, came back as from a pleasant holiday. There was a strike of the employees of one of the coastal shipping companies, because a deck-hand who had lost a thumb in an altercation was denied the amount of compensation he demanded. The Orient and P. & O. Shipping Companies are not permitted to carry passengers between ports in Australia, because they will not accept the wage scales fixed by the Wage Courts of the Commonwealth for the coastal passenger and trading vessels. The stewards of the Commonwealth ocean steamships struck, and that successfully, for a stipulated reservation for deck sports as against first-class passengers. In many of the hotels hours for meals must be fixed according to the demands of the waiters' unions. Many of the great factories and business houses give employees half an hour for tea at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and at three o'clock in the afternoon. There is practically a full week of holidays between Christmas and New Year which fall in the fierce heat of summer, and there is a general half-holiday on Saturday throughout the Commonwealth.

It cannot be doubted that the losses through industrial conflict are tremendous. One wonders if disputes are not provoked where so much machinery is provided for their adjustment. Besides, it is inevitable in all machinery which has a political character that voting majorities will get the balance of advantage from its operation. Generally the awards of wage boards will favour workers rather than employers. Because this is so, the wage boards are not likely to be idle, and the search for new grievances and the formulation of new demands will continue. But out of interminable disputes and costly conflict there is growing among employers an increasing and resolute determination to have industrial peace and contented employees. In important industries systems of profit-sharing have been adopted, or workers have been encouraged or even assisted to secure stock in the companies by which they are employed. So far as I could discover, there is absolutely no disposition among Australian employers to tolerate interference in management, but there is a distinct movement towards a partnership in the profits of industry, and where this has been found practi-

cable the temper of Labour has improved and its efficiency has increased. One believes, or at least one desires to believe, that sooner or later in Australia and elsewhere sagacious employers and efficient workers will unite to secure industrial peace and high production, to compel the idle and the shiftless to draw a fair share of the load, to make the dole a disgrace to the individual and a shame to the nation, and so to recast the social and industrial system that no man who is willing to work will be denied the privilege of earning his daily bread and no loafer or malingerer be allowed to live upon the toil of others. Nothing is more certain than that this great end cannot be achieved by legislation alone; but employers who provoke unwise political action become fewer, and there are signs that workers become less willing to demand that governmental meddling in business which is bad for government and bad for business. One cannot challenge the settled conviction of Australia that the condition of the average man is the true test of civilization; and however one may regard some of the social and industrial experiments of the Commonwealth, it is doubtful if in any other country there is a higher average of comfort, or more of that spirit of independence which gives dignity to the individual and high temper to the community.

In fiscal policy Australia is resolutely, aggressively and invincibly protectionist. It is difficult now to believe that New South Wales was one of the last strongholds of free trade. So far as one could discover, that State is now as protectionist as Victoria, which was the nursery of tariff sentiment in Australia. It is the deliberate and settled policy of Australia to import nothing which can be manufactured within the country. If a duty of 25 per cent is necessary to establish or maintain an industry, 25 per cent is imposed. If forty or fifty per cent is required, the higher rate is levied upon competing products from outside. The duties upon farm machinery, for example, run as high as fifty or sixty per cent, and even the leaders of the Country Party admit there is no immediate prospect that they will be reduced. It must be remembered also that the great distance of Australia from the industrial countries necessitates freight rates so heavy as to constitute a considerable protection for Australian industries. The Labour party is as protectionist as the National party which draws its chief support from the industrial and financial interests. It is held by the great mass of the people of Australia that they must provide home markets for many natural products, and employment for town workers at high wages, and that Australian capital must have opportunity for profitable investment within the Commonwealth.

They give a preference to Great Britain, but it is conditional upon adequate protection for Australian industries, and in all trade negotiations with other countries—even with New Zealand and Canada—they will consider nothing which could check the expansion of an established industry or prevent the creation of a new industry. This is not the time or the place to defend or attack Australian policy, but one may perhaps suggest that the Commonwealth affords no support for the notion that Canada is the chief fortress of protection in the Empire.

Tea is one of the national beverages of all classes in Australia. Whiskey and soda is another. "For thirst is long and throats are short among the sons of men." But one saw little drunkenness, and undoubtedly the worst evils of the saloon are mitigated by early closing. Prohibition seems to be in the distance, and possibly no country gets prohibition until it does not need it. There, however, one touches a problem which raises as much unchristian feeling as a movement for Church union.

One hears new stories, and stories that are not new in Australia. One tells one's own best story, and finds too often that it is treated only with the respect which age commands. It has been said that there are only thirteen original stories. In moments of depression one thinks this may be so. Naturally enough, many of the most characteristic Australian stories relate to cockies, jackaroos and sundowners. Many years ago, when great acres of land were thrown open to free selection, people from the towns and cities flocked into the country and started out as small farmers. For the most part they failed, and like a swarm of cockatoos disappeared overnight. Ever since that type of small farmer has been described as a cockie. The jackaroos are shearers, often of unknown origin and history, who wander from station to station, living precariously, often recklessly, and dying ingloriously. Most jackaroos have a "he mate", but they seldom seek to know each other's past, they rarely exchange confidences, each lives within the house of his own soul, and may find at last a lonely grave in bush or plain. The sundowner is a tramp, and remember that in the Australian climate a tramp can take the road all the year round without actual hardship. Many of these sundowners are strange and fantastic figures. At the side they carry the "billie," the tin can in which they make tea, while across the shoulders is slung the "bluey", the blue blanket which is their cover at night and in which they carry their "swag." At stations and wayside houses they borrow tea, a "bit of baccy" or whatever else they need or think they need at the moment. In *Children of the Bush*, by Henry Lawson who was himself a

shearer, a wanderer, a glorious vagrant and a shining genius, there is this passage:—

Some Bushmen arrange their belongings so neatly and conveniently, with swag straps in a sort of harness, that they can roll up the swag in about a minute, and unbuckle it and throw it out as easily as a roll of wall-paper, and there's the bed ready on the ground with the wardrobe for a pillow. The swag is always used for a seat on the track; it is a soft seat, so trousers last a long time. And, the dust being mostly soft and silky on the long tracks out-back, boots last marvellously. Fifteen miles a day is the average with the swag, but you must travel according to the water; if the next bore or tank is five miles on, and the next twenty beyond, you camp at the five-mile water to-night and do the twenty next day. But if it's thirty miles, you have to do it. Travelling with the swag in Australia is variously and picturesquely described as "humping bluey," "walking Matilda," "humping Matilda," "humping your drum," "being on the wallaby," "jabbing trotters," and "tea and sugar burglar," but most travelling shearers now call themselves travellers, and say simply "on the track," or "carrying swag."

And there you have the Australian swag. Men from all the world have carried it—lords and low-class Chinamen, saints and world martyrs and felons, thieves and murderers, educated gentlemen and boors who couldn't sign their mark, gentlemen who fought for Poland and convicts who fought the world, women, and more than one woman disguised as a man. The Australian swag has held in its core letters and papers in all languages, the honour of great houses, and more than one national secret, papers that would send well-known and highly-respected men to jail, and proofs of the innocence of men going mad in prisons, life tragedies and comedies, fortunes and papers that secured titles and fortunes, and the last pence of lost fortunes, life secrets, portraits of mothers and dead loves, pictures of fair women, heart-breaking old letters written long ago by vanished hands, and the pencilled manuscript of more than one book which will be famous yet.

Long silences and deep reticences distinguish these people of the bush and plains. For hours, it may be for days, mates exchange hardly a sentence. They have no language for the gallantries and garrulities of life. There is a characteristic story of two splitters who camped together. One morning there came a sound from the distance, and one said "That's a cow." After a long silence the other asked, "How do you know it's a cow?" Both went out from camp without another word, but when the doubter returned at nightfall he found his mate had packed his belongings. Asked to explain his desertion he simply said, "There's too much argument in this camp." It has been said that the most

deliberate thing in the world is two Scotsmen slowly shoving their hands across a table to determine who will be the last to reach the price ticket for the whiskey and soda they have just taken. As deliberate are these people of the Australian back country. There is a story that a farmer stopped at a neighbour's door one morning and asked "What did you give your horse when it was sick?" The answer was in a single word, "Kerosene." Two or three weeks later the same farmer stopped again at the neighbour's door and said, "I gave my horse kerosene and it died." This time the answer was in three words, "So did mine." It is said that no one else can swear like an Australian bullock driver. Even Mark Twain's Blue Jay would break his heart in a competition with one of these natural experts. An itinerant preacher, passing a bullock team on a country road, listened in distress and wonder while the driver cursed with amazing fluency and vigour, and finally exclaimed, "Man, how did you learn to swear like that?" "Larn?" said the driver, with infinite contempt, "larn, you don't larn! It's a bloomin', blessed gift!" There was a great tract of bush and scrub called Bourke, notorious for heat and drought, and often described as "Hay, Hell and Booligall." During a time of intense heat and drought a preacher shouted at a congregation of miners, "You think Bourke is hot, but I tell you hell is a thousand times hotter." From back in the crowd a voice came; "That won't work. Don't you know that Bourke people, when they die, come back for their blankets?"

Drought, as we know, has been Australia's great affliction. The country has few rivers, and there are rainless seasons when sheep and cattle die by tens of thousands. Very heavy expenditures for irrigation have been made to overcome this tremendous disadvantage, and over very considerable areas an adequate supply of water is now assured. But there are still many districts where a day of rain is as a cloth of gold, and there are times when water is rationed as is food in a time of famine. Lawson's book abounds in graphic and picturesque stories and incidents of Australian life and conditions. Again and again he gives us moving glimpses of heat-stricken plains and the pitiful agony of dying sheep and cattle. A character who appears in many of his pages is Peter McLaughlan, a great-hearted, man-loving preacher, the shield of women, the stay of saints, the friend of publicans and sinners. There is what he calls "the yarn about Peter and the dying cattle at Piora Station one terrible drought when the surface was as bare as your hand for hundreds of miles, and the heat like the breath of a furnace, and the sheep and cattle were perishing by thousands."

There came to the Station, from the next town, "a gentlemanly piano-fingered parson," as he is described by Lawson, who found Peter out in the rain helping the Station hands to pull out cattle that had got bogged in the muddy waterholes and were too weak to drag themselves out. He spoke to McLaughlan:—

"Brother," he said, "do you not think we should offer up a prayer?"

"What for?" asked Peter, standing in his shirt sleeves, a rope in his hands, and mud from head to foot.

"For? Why, for rain, brother," replied the parson, a bit surprised.

Peter held up his finger and said "Listen!"

Now, with a big mob of travelling stock camped on the plain at night, there is always a lowing, souging or moaning sound, a sound like that of the sea on the shore at a little distance; and altogether, it might be called the sigh or yawn of a big mob in camp. But the long, low moaning of cattle dying of hunger and thirst on the hot barren plain in a drought is altogether different, and, at night, there is something awful about it—you couldn't describe it. This is what Peter McLaughlan heard.

"Do you hear that?" he asked the other preacher.

The little parson said he did.

Peter asked "Do you think that God will hear us when He does not hear *that*?"

All the way across from Vancouver our Australian fellow passengers talked about the beauty of Sydney and the sublimity of its harbour. One listened, and wondered how much there was of truth and how much of illusion in the picture. But when one turned into the harbour on a May morning, and saw the long sweep and glorious expanse of water and all the spreading panorama of red-roofed houses in coves and bays, on shelving hills and distant plateaus, one knew that his utmost expectation was fulfilled and that a fairer sight his eyes would never behold. It was our fortune to sail out of Sydney Harbour towards the end of June and into the Bay of Naples towards the end of July, and for my part I cannot but think that for sheer beauty of situation and grace and breadth of prospect Naples must yield to Sydney. Moreover, Sydney is clean, and Naples is not. Some years ago, when the American fleet visited Sydney, a sailor from one of the ships was found asleep on a park bench in the early morning, with a placard across his breast:—"I have seen your harbour. It is wonderful. But please let me sleep, for I am very weary." They have a war story of a Hebrew regiment in Palestine—the Jordan Highlanders, "no advance without security." In a village graveyard in Victoria there is inscribed upon a tombstone in memory of a girl who died when only thirteen

years of age, "I expected to be called, but not so soon." Lawson has a story of a mail carrier whose coach broke down, and who had to go on with the mails on horseback, but who left with a teamster to bring on in his wagon a couple of green hides for Skinner the tanner at Mudgee and a bag of potatoes for Murphy the storekeeper at Home Rule, with this note: "Render unto Murphy the things which is murphies, and unto Skinner the things which is skins."

It has often been said that conceit and arrogance are distinguishing characteristics of the Australian people. If one takes the war as a test, the indictment is not sustained. They have a great and solemn pride in what Australian soldiers achieved, but I never heard any offensive boasting, nor any whining over the tremendous losses and sacrifices which the war entailed. One had often wondered if there was anger or resentment among the people over the tragic adventure of Gallipoli. But when the subject was mentioned, and it was seldom mentioned, there was never any word of reproach for the Imperial Government, nor any suggestion of grievance over the cruel losses of the Australian army in that desperate and ill-fated enterprise. It is not much to say that the soldiers of the Commonwealth had their full share of hardship and suffering. They had the long sea journey in crowded ships and often under most trying climatic conditions. They fell in thousands at Gallipoli. They served on the hot plains of Egypt and Palestine. They fought stern battles in France and Flanders. In Australia as in other Dominions there were differences of opinion over the war, or at least as to the measure of obligation which rested upon the Dominions; but there was as great unanimity of feeling as in Great Britain, for there is no considerable population in the Commonwealth or in New Zealand that is not British in birth or origin, and devotion to the Mother Country and the Empire was beyond all other considerations the sentiment which called the Australasian people to exertion and sacrifice. In their isolated position on the Pacific those six or seven millions of people vitally need the support of Great Britain, but behind their action in the war there was no sordid calculation nor any anxious thought for their own immediate or future security. They gave freely of all they had of men and resources, and they neither lament nor repent. All over Australia, on the plains, at crossroads, in rural villages, on wide green sloping hillsides, are seen memorials to those who fell. These are not always artistic or impressive, and many have a common design, but they are seldom ugly, and they are never neglected. In the great park at Perth there is a long winding avenue which they have named The Avenue of Honour, lined upon

either side with young oaks and pines, each bearing the name of a soldier of Western Australia, and at one point a row of five commemorates the sacrifice of a single family. At Ballarat, famous in other days as one of the most wonderful goldfields ever discovered, there is a remarkable memorial to the soldiers of that district who fell in battle. With their own hands the young women employed in a great factory planted young trees for a distance of fifteen miles along the highway, and each submits to a small annual assessment to plant flowers and keep the ground watered and the trees protected. Thus Australia remembers its dead, while it has not neglected those who survived the long ordeal of battle. Through the generations these memorials will carry their messages of duty and sacrifice, and for all time they will touch the soul of Australia and inspire its people to high endeavour and noble achievement.

Australia is distinguished for its devotion to sport. Betting is common, if not almost universal, in all classes. The chief sports are racing, football, rowing, cricket, polo and bowling. All these games are peculiarly British, and in all they excel. The teams which go out to Great Britain from Australia test the mettle of the best sportsmen that the Old Country can produce. In sport as in all other pursuits and activities they reveal that high self-confidence which is the distinguishing characteristic of the people. It is not mere conceit or arrogance, although it is sometimes trying and often misunderstood. Those wide spaces of plain and sea, the indulgent sun and the shining stars give buoyancy to the spirit and confidence in the favour of the gods. It has been said by a sour critic that "God Almighty's sunshine is Australia's damnation." No doubt the favorable climate tempts to sport, and in all and where men may play in the open all the year round games absorb much of the time and energy of the people. Racing is continuous, and the attendance at the chief racing events runs into tens of thousands. From a stand in Sydney I saw in a wide circle at least thirty thousand people at football matches. Both at Sydney and at Melbourne one is amazed at the ease and celerity with which these multitudes are carried to the sporting fields and back to their homes in city and suburb. One doubts if any other community in the world has such a wonderful system of local transportation as Melbourne possesses. And it was chiefly to accommodate the huge crowds which attend sporting events that these facilities were provided. One wonders how far this almost universal devotion to sport affects the commercial and industrial efficiency of Australia. What would be the effect in Canada if all the year round we gave as much time to sport as we give during the four months of summer? I do not

mention golf, because the subject conceals a high percentage of explosive material. All of us find a defence for the sport to which we are especially devoted. There are many thousands of people in Australia and New Zealand who will insist that Lawn Bowling is a sport, and not merely a distressing manifestation of mental decay and physical debility. At least the absorption in sport so universal in Australia suggests an eager, virile and robust people; and when all is said and all the facts of situation and opportunity are taken into account, it may be that no other nation in the British Commonwealth has achieved greater things, developed a finer manhood, or laid the foundations of a truer democracy.

One who goes round the world with open ears and seeing eyes must be impressed, as it seems to me, not so much by the power and majesty of the British Empire, as by the tremendous responsibilities and obligations which lie upon its people. If one goes out from older Canada, one crosses three thousand miles of British territory to reach Vancouver, and any contact with the Pacific suggests the mystery and the potency of China and Japan, and the possible effects of hostile political action in these countries upon Great Britain, Canada, Australia and India. At Suva in Fiji the flag flies in evidence of British ascendancy in the South Sea Islands. We go on to Auckland, the commercial capital of the British Dominion of New Zealand, and one of the most happy and prosperous States in the world. From New Zealand we cross the Tasman Sea to Sydney, and first touch the Commonwealth of Australia where five or six millions of free, adventurous, confident British people are holding a continent for Throne and Empire. From Sydney we sail for over twenty-five hundred miles along the Australian coast and across the great Australian Bight to Fremantle, whence we set out on the long voyage to Ceylon.

Ten days later we land at Colombo, under British sovereignty, and where we are within ten or twelve hours of India with its teeming multitudes and all its baffling problems. From Colombo we cross the Arabian Sea, the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea to Suez. At Aden, often described as the gate of hell, and at Perim there are British garrisons, martyrs of Empire, sweating out their lives in the devastating heat of an intolerable climate. From the Red Sea we look to the shores of Palestine under a British Protectorate, and the mind fills with thoughts of sacred things and holy places. At Suez we enter the Canal, secured against foreign control by the genius and vision of an alien seer who by happy fortune governed England for a season. Along the Canal there is still some of the wreckage of war, and in a hot dawn on the bare wide

desert we see a great war camp where British and Australian soldiers bore the miseries of heat and dust and sand with heroic fortitude and unbroken endurance. We leave the Canal at Port Said, where it is said all the scum of Europe gathers. As we enter the harbour we see British soldiers at play in front of the barracks. Ashore we find already evidences of the slovenliness and neglect of Egyptian government. Out from Port Said we enter the Mediterranean, and at last leave the ship at Naples where we find at anchor in the harbour the powerful Mediterranean unit of the British fleet. Across the continent one feels the dominating position of Great Britain on the exchanges, as one realizes how greatly the spendings of British and American travellers support its ancient cities. From Paris we go to the Somme and, like Stevenson:—

We travelled in the print of olden wars,
 Yet all the land was green,
 And love we found, and peace,
 Where fire and war had been.

They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
 No more the sword they wield;
 And O, how deep the corn
 Along the battlefield!

From Amiens we go to Calais, whence we cross to Great Britain and find again the consolations of English speech, the traditions we reverence, the institutions we cherish and the gods we worship. Thus we feel, if we do not understand, the silent moving of those mighty forces which make the British Empire the legatary trustee of mankind.

One cannot make such a journey without a wider and deeper conception of Empire, and—as it seems to me—a conception in which there is less of arrogance and jingoism and more of gratitude and reverence. Again and again there rings in the memory the sounding jazz of Kipling, “You can’t get away from the tunes that they play to the bloomin’ old rag overhead.” But to the challenging words we give a new interpretation and a new emphasis. In the Gulf of Aden, as we stood on deck and looked across to Africa, I asked an old English naval commander if the fact that so much of the world was in British hands was the reason Britons were not loved by other nations. He answered, with a touch of austerity, that we had left a great deal to other nations; but after a pause he added “Of course we have the bits that matter.” Do we

field that was not their own. The venerable Principal never lost his head.

For a weary generation a harsh and partial scientific spirit held sway, erecting a tower of Babel from which the whole world of matter might be surveyed. A like condition prevailed at the end of the 17th century. New modes of thinking at that time also were coming into use. The physical system of Newton appealed to men's minds; the new and powerful coordinate geometry of Descartes was being freely handled; Locke had delivered his stroke against traditionalism in physics and metaphysics. This in turn gave rise to the materialism of the 18th century, as evolution gave rise to the materialism of the nineteenth.

Before the nineteenth century closed, the victory of the evolutionists was apparently complete; and even if Sir William Dawson had been then in his vigour, he would have been compelled to admit that the universe arose by an evolutionary process in which, by a series of continuous progressive changes, a complex arrangement is developed from simpler and more primitive forms, certainly not by separate and specific acts of original creation.

Upon the facts all were agreed. The animal that required a long neck gained a long neck; the bird gained wings; the fish fins; eyes grew with the need for eyes; an opposing thumb made its appearance, and creatures so endowed were enabled to hold a stick, and thereby gained dominion. Conversely, animals like the mole, that did not use their eyes, lost the organs of vision which had been so hardly won. It was all very simple; and when anything in Nature appears to be simple, we begin to suspect that we do not see the whole of it.

But facts in themselves are meaningless until some kind of sequence is established between them. To reason is quite as imperative as to observe. The evolutionists in time were compelled to ratiocinate, to reason, to rationalize. They developed two theories. The one was satisfied with matter and motion alone,—two dangerous assumptions. The other in despair fell back upon the unknown and unknowable.

In the 17th century, when a similar materialistic conception of the universe prevailed, Bishop Berkeley began to instil doubts, for the instillation of doubt is not the prerogative of the scientist alone. He asked, quite naively, to be supplied with evidence that matter had any existence at all. No evidence was available. He then affirmed, quite boldly, that there was none. From this he proceeded to affirm that no object exists apart from mind; that mind is the deepest reality; that matter has no existence apart

from perceptions or volitions of conscious spirit; that physical substantiality is merely an arbitrary thing, connected with causality in the universal mind alone. Nature, then, is merely conscious experience, a sign or symbol of an universal intelligence and will. Before you reject this thesis as invalid, ask yourselves if there is colour where no man sees, sound where he hears not, texture or substance where he does not feel or touch. It is with the mind we see, hear, feel; and yet, like the woman in *Macbeth*, the eyes may be open but the senses shut. Before our own Shakespeare was born, Ronsard had said: *Car le nerf ne sent rein; c'est l'esprit seulement.*

Answer from your own experience, too, whether the body is the master or the servant of the mind. It is mind that forces species on their upward evolutionary way. It is mind that forces the student to his studies, the soldier and the martyr to their duty, even whilst the body is in revolt through fear of death. In this also lies the answer to the Hebraic question, What superiority has the man over the beast? This superiority of the man over the beast, and over the rudimentary beast that lies in each one, of the good man over the bad, of good over evil, is measured precisely by the extent to which the mind is made to control the body, compelling it to scorn delights and live laborious days.

In the 19th century, when the fabric of materialism had reared itself anew, another of those insidious philosophers—this time Hegel—was heard to propound the doctrine, *thought and being are identical*, a thesis in radical opposition to the infallibility of natural science and to the methods and results that had sprung from the Newtonian philosophy of which the prevalent evolutionary doctrine of causation was one. In place of this doctrine there arose a new conception upon identical premises, namely, that of an eternal power which wrought out an eternal purpose by the unalterable method of natural law alone.

Some years ago I thought I was on the point of plucking out the heart of this mystery. One cannot profitably ask the giraffe why he has a long neck, the eagle how he got his wings, or the mole whence came his blindness. One might expect some information from a student in the fourth year, who was at the same time the best football player in America. The conversation was too long to be repeated here; but I led him to the question, why he was the best football player in America. His answer was prompt: "because I wanted to be." To the final question, why he wanted to be, he was as ignorant as the giraffe. The real answer from giraffe and student is, that such was the eternal purpose of an eternal power.

I am now more than half done. Rest yourselves a little, whilst I attempt to apply the historical method to yourselves. It must be incomprehensible to your scientific minds that a person rational enough to occupy a professor's chair in a great university should come before you with the intention of speaking for an hour upon a subject so abstruse, and yet without machinery, or pictures, without so much as a piece of chalk, and only a morsel of paper in his hand. The use of the paper, however, is not lest I may forget, but to compel me to restrain my theme within the compass of the hour.

This is an occasion, you would think, which demanded all the paraphernalia of a scientific lecture—electricity, microscopes, glassware, solutions, fossils, pictures, and diagrams. I am not deriding these useful appliances; but let us see what can be done to complete the most difficult part of my task with words alone, keeping your note-books still shut, and your minds still open. I am hopeful of the result, for the idea and the word have been inseparable from the time of Plato at least. To understand ideas conveyed in words alone is, of course, a strain upon the mind. Speech was the last faculty to come; it is the first to go. Gesture, pantomime, pictures were much earlier. Gesture, pantomime, pictures are coming into their own again. Scientific experiments also are an easy appeal to the eye, but rarely penetrate into the mind. As an experiment, let us see if we can complete without them.

And yet, I am not over sanguine. All your experience is against me. There was a time when men came to the university to be educated, to have something definite done to their minds. I said "men" by inadvertence. Although I have had women in my classes for thirty years, I still think of students as men, and I am not yet quite sure why women come, what happens to their minds whilst they are here, and still less what happens to them after they have gone out into the world again. At any rate, in those days men emerged from the university with some education, because they had so few things to learn. What they did learn they integrated into themselves. They bore away a pattern, instead of unrelated points of light. They developed a certain philosophy of life.

I am not saying it is your fault. The modern university is overwhelmed and bewildered by forces which have fallen upon it; but it is doing the right and inevitable thing, assembling those forces into categories, setting bounds to each, striving to understand the nature and sequence of them. We are censured on the ground that we are more concerned with practitioners than with philosophers, with something less than professions and little more than trades. The real university does not exist for either purpose.

It does not exist for students even; still less for professors; it exists for itself.

Students in the meantime are free to come and take what they can, for the university is changing its dispositions and at the same moment is heavily engaged. The time for education will come again, as it comes after every upheaval to which the term renaissance is applied. This lecture in itself is a sign. We shall soon have settled down. Those of you, for example, who take lectures in physics may, I hope, expect that your professors will then have made up their minds if there really is an aether at all; and if so, whether it is of an absolute rigidity, an inconceivable tenuity, or is only a series of tubes. The throes of this new birth are nearly at an end. Have patience with us.

The history that makes itself before our eyes is the most difficult to read, yet all history is one and continuous as the growth of the universe is. The idea of evolution at this moment is expanding as never before in the new and intellectually rich soil that is now being formed by the fusion of matter and mind. These two were created one. It was men who divorced them. It is we who have brought them together again. The history of that most modern achievement is quite clear.

All things flow, said Heracleitus, with that penetrating genius of the Greek mind. When I was a child, and first saw a man sharpen the blade of a razor on a piece of leather, I wondered. Now I know that steel itself flows in a state of flux. When I came to this university, the ultimate division of matter was the molecule. The atom was a new invention; then came the ion. Even this was inadequate: the electronic atom, a universe in itself, swam into our ken. But I hear the chemists complain that they are not yet satisfied; they are still striving after smaller things.

To come finally to the historical status of the evolutionary idea at the present moment: biologists now agree to assume that the whole universe is composed of the same matter, having an essential unity in spite of a diversity of elements, and in similar conditions acting in the same way; that there is an evolution of the forms assumed by matter; that the universe was once in electronic or some lesser form, which developed next into the atomic, and further into molecular form. Much later, colloidal organic matter appeared; out of that arose the living organism as we know it, and those simple forms continued to develop into forms of greater complexity. From the beginning there was unity, uniformity, and development by a process which is not a fresh creation, but emergent from previously created forms. From this it will appear that

always remember that control of the bits that matter means responsibility and vigilance and burden and sacrifice? If it be true, as it is, that the Empire was won at a great price, it is just as true that it is held at a great price. If you should take away from the fabric of civilization the supporting hand of the British Empire, many millions of people would go blindly towards desperate destinies, and great areas of the earth where comparative peace and security now prevail would become a welter of confusion and anarchy. Under whatever circumstances or for whatever reasons Great Britain may have set her foot in so many lands, her rule is tolerant and beneficent, and she is giving perhaps too freely the privileges of self-government to backward and dependent peoples. At best the tree of democracy bears strange fruits, and there is no more difficult problem even for advanced communities than to get the best results out of free institutions. When one thinks, therefore, of the vast burdens which rest upon British shoulders, the infinite difficulties, perplexities and anxieties which beset Imperial statesmen, and the vital need of a strong, alert, responsive and decisive British diplomacy, one wonders if the extreme autonomists in some of the Dominions and dependencies are not nagging the Foreign Office into a state of futility. Must George the Fifth accept from the Dominions of to-day the doctrine of Representation without Taxation as against that of Taxation without Representation which George the Third could not impose upon the American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century?