

**SUNNY MEMORIES OF
AUSTRALASIA. PLACES I
SAW AND PEOPLE I MET**

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Sunny memories of Australasia. Places I saw and people I met by William Cuff

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WILLIAM CUFF

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SAW AND PEOPLE I MET**



REV. W. CUFF.



MRS. W. CUFF.

SUNNY MEMORIES
OF
AUSTRALASIA.

PLACES I SAW AND PEOPLE I MET.

BY

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of Great Britain and Ireland.*

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1904

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MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATE

THIS LITTLE BOOK

TO MY KIND AND GENEROUS FRIEND,

MR. CHARLES ACKLAND,

WHO FIRST SUGGESTED MY VOYAGE

TO AUSTRALIA.

Preface.

I AM keenly conscious of the defects and shortcomings of this book, and I wish to say to all who will read it that I have made no attempt at literary polish of style, as I have never written but one little booklet besides this. I have tried to tell the story of our long voyage as simply as possible, and my heart is in it all.

There are many Colonial questions I should have discussed, but that I deemed it wiser to leave them alone for the present. My object was to make this a friendly and grateful record of all we saw and of all the great kindness we received from so many good people in every place we visited.

There are many dear friends in London, whose names I do not feel at liberty to mention, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude no words can express, who generously found all we needed for our long rest and change. I can only hope their reward will be sweet to them each as they remember I returned to my life-work restored to health and strength with years added to my life. I beg to assure them my gratitude will live as long as I live.

The last chapter in the book is written by my life-long friend, Mr. G. H. Pike. It was his own kind suggestion, and Messrs. J. Clarke & Co., the publishers, at once agreed to its being put in the book. I consented to it because I thought our Colonial friends would be interested in knowing something of the work we have been doing in Shoreditch for thirty-two years of our life. Mr. Pike has written with an intimate knowledge of it all from the beginning until now, and I am very grateful to him for all he has done with his facile pen to help us. He has written many articles in magazines and newspapers on our work through all the years. I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks.

My own dear people at the Tabernacle deserve at my hands far more than it is in my power to write. During the long

period I was so unwell they kindly bore with all my lack of service and poor feeble efforts to do what I did and my struggle to keep up the work. Then all the long months I was away, they faithfully kept together and did wonders to keep the Church and congregation intact. The result was I returned to a united and loving people. Never did mortals have such an overwhelming and enthusiastic welcome as that which was given to Mrs. Cuff and myself when we came back from Australia. The scene at the Tabernacle beggars all description and will never be forgotten. I set down here my unbounded gratitude to them as I wish it to live when I am dead and gone.

Mrs. Cuff was my gentle and loving companion through all our travels of over 50,000 miles of land and sea, and now we join hearts in praise and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for His tender care over us in storm and calm, by night and by day, and for restored health and hope for the future. We send our abiding and hearty thanks to all dear friends who welcomed us into their hospitable homes in the far-off lands across the seas. May God ever bless them all!

Thus I send out this little book to travel where we travelled and talk to those we talked to of things past, present, and to come. We pray that our glorious Colonies may ever prosper and more and more become one with the dear old homeland in all and everything that tends to make the Empire great, united, and strong in peace, truth, and all righteousness.

W. CUFF.

SHOREDITCH TABERNACLE.

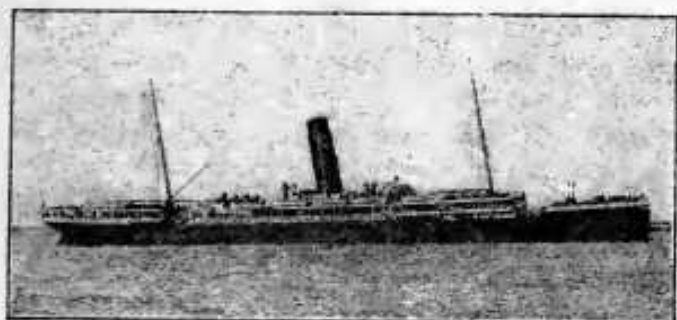
February, 1904.

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THE "OMRAH."
(*The Ship in which we Sailed.*)

CHAPTER I.

WHY WE WENT.

"When ye go, ye shall come unto a people secure and to a large land; for God hath given it into your hands: a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth."

JUDGES XVIII. 10.

"And they found fat pasture and good, and the land was wide, and quiet, and peaceable."—1 CHRON. LV. 40.

WHAT a poor, miserable, helpless dyspeptic supremely wants is to get away from himself. Dyspepsia unnerves him, makes him miserable, peevish, and fretful. Everybody and everything is a burden and a worry to him. He is by no means himself. The haunting question ever before him is, Whither can I go, what can I do to get away from myself? To accomplish this he will go *anywhere*, and do anything.

This is very natural when we think of what