

summits and in the most fantastic shapes. Tropical vegetation riots in the valleys, the outlets of whose rivers, into the ocean, form the invariable harbour—inlets to the lagoons—for no coral insect can live in fresh water.

Fifty years ago, a race of the worst cannibals on earth lived in



ONE OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

these islands. They were the terror of every ship-captain, of every trader, of all other nations, white or black. They were a superior race in physical size and form, in intelligence and in the knowledge of many ingenious arts. They could make excellent cloth and pottery, mats and sails, baskets and mosquito-nets, and splendid canoes. Their style of hair-dressing was the envy of all surrounding heathendom, and even a Parisian artiste might well covet some of its extraordinary achievements.

The Fijian was a warrior by birth. He ate his enemies partly through revenge, partly as a religious rite, and partly because he liked human flesh. It was considered a great distinction for a chief to have eaten a great many. Two chiefs gloried in the fact that they had, between them, eaten about nine hundred human beings! Men sometimes killed and ate their wives.

Sometimes when the post-holes were being dug for a chief's house, he would make an offering to "earth-spirits" in the shape of a living man, in each hole with his arms around the post, and in that condition he was buried alive. War canoes were launched