

JAMES CALVERT—THE HERO MISSIONARY OF FIJI.

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NATIVE HOUSE, FIJI.

It is quite true that the most marvellous novel of all is real history. The last fifty years has produced no romance equal to Fiji; nor have the last five hundred years of Christian history produced anything that is more instructive, suggestive and inspiring.

Dotting the vast Pacific some seventeen hundred miles north-east of Sydney, two hundred and twenty islands, more or less, form the Fijian Group. Volcanic disturbance and the ceaseless activity of those wonderful workers of the sea—the coral insects—have reared their unique paradises in the vast deep. The still, blue waters of the lagoons contrast strangely with the purplish indigo of the outside ocean. The emerald green waters that reveal the variegated coral beneath, flash with all the colours of the rainbow. All the wondrous beauties of the South Seas are clustered here.

The "Great Fiji" stretches for ninety miles with a width of fifty; and "Vanua Levu" is one hundred by twenty-five. On the broad expanse of shore, the sea-foam scatters itself even to the fringe of the cocoa-nut palms. Mountains rise with fretted