

At the Friendly Islands our author had frequent opportunities of seeing King George Tabu, a hale old gentleman of eighty, in his youth a cannibal, now a Wesleyan Methodist class-leader and local preacher. The Wesleyan church is a neat building, consisting of nave and two aisles. It is constructed of cocoa-nut wood, and thatched with palm leaves, and will seat eight hundred persons. There is a fine pulpit and a good-sized organ, which was well played by one of the natives. The sermon was preached by a Tongan, and the singing was very good. Public schools are giving most satisfactory results. What a change from the cannibal orgies of former times the introduction of Christianity wrought! Truly, "the isles shall wait for His law."

At the Fiji Islands, now a British colony, was found a thriving town with stores, hotels, and the like evidences of civilization. The natives are a fine race, though formerly they were eminently blood-thirsty, ferocious, and cruel. "These degrading features, however," says our author, "are rapidly passing away under the influence of the Christianising efforts of the missionaries, who have been engaged amongst them since 1835." More reliable testimony is this than that of the skeptical "Earl and Doctor" recently given to the world. The Fijians employ as labourers a large number of pagan islanders from the New Hebrides,—a particularly savage group. A number of them took passage for their homes on the *Challenger*. They are paid with English wares, supplied with plenty of good food, and learn the advantage of regular industry. They thus prepare the way among their countrymen for the introduction of British civilization and Christian institutions.

The expedition was now amid the wonders of the Coral Sea. Barrier reefs of immense extent engirdled every island, and the long swell of the Pacific, breaking on the rocky ledges, was lashed to snowy foam and fell with thunderous crash upon the shore, recalling the grand Homeric epithet of "the loud resounding sea," or the still grander expression of the Apocalypse, "the voice of many waters." These vast reefs, the work during successive generations of that

"Ephemeral train

Who build in the tossing and treacherous main,"