

great Barrier Coral reef, a thousand miles in length from North to South. Beautiful shells are found on these reefs and islets. Fishers dive for the mother-of-pearl, bring them up in a net, cut out the fish that have constructed the hard shells to live in, and then sell the shells to be sent home to England, where all sorts of useful and ornamental articles are made out of them. Sometimes, a pearl is found in the shell, and the fisher who finds that is as happy as the man who finds a diamond in the diamond field, but most are valuable only for the mother of pearl or lustrous substance that constitutes the chief part as well as the inner coating of the shell. The fishermen are usually natives, either Malays, Australians, or Polynesians, though sometimes they are white men. But, when a white man works at the trade, he always goes down into the water in a great heavy metal suit, not only because he can get air to breathe in it, but because sharks abound in these waters. Now, the strange thing is that sharks will very seldom attack a black man. Consequently the black fishermen dive down to the rocks, quite naked, with a knife between their teeth, and a bag in one hand which they soon fill with shells, and then they come back with these to the surface and empty them into the boat. They have the knife to defend themselves, as a shark may be very hungry and then he will attack them; but the blacks are not at all afraid of the terrible monsters. Why the sharks treat blacks so differently from whites I do not know. But who would not be black, if he wished to have a swim in those waters?

And, what is *Beech-de-mer*? A great slug that is found on, and swining about the coral rocks. These are picked up, boiled, split open and smoked. They are then worth about \$700 a ton. The chief market for them is China, for the Chinese are very fond of the soup that is made from them, a soup, thick, viscous, jelly-like, considered very strengthening. We have on board the steamer *Chang-sha*, on which I am a passenger bound to Hong-Kong, a great many bags of the beech-de-mer all ready for the market.

But, I must not forget, that I have some more stories to tell you, proving that the lowest races understand the Golden Rule. They have hearts open to kindness and to justice. They return good for evil, and alas! like every man who has only natural feelings to guide him, they return evil for evil.

Here are two stories about "black fellows" belonging to the peninsula that ends in Cape York, the most Northern extremity of the island—Continent of Australia.

Not far from Cape York is Albany Passage, a beautiful strait, between Albany Island and the mainland, almost like a canal, for it is so straight in its general direction that it can be seen through from end to end. The country consists of low hills, wooded to their tops, chiefly by the eucalyptus or gum tree that is found everywhere in Australia, with small intervening glades and valleys, densely wooded, mangrove swamps on the coast and hush beyond these. The first point on the mainland that I noticed when I went on deck in the morning had no trees on it, but looked like a graveyard fairly well filled with upright red tomb-stones. What do you think these were? Why, nothing but great pinnacled ant-hills, of red clay and sand, averaging from three to eight feet in height.

Soon after we passed a house beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, more verandah than house, like so many dwellings in these tropical countries. Asking who lived there, for that was the first white man's house I had seen since leaving Cooktown more than a hundred miles away, I was told that it was the settlement and pearl fishing station of Somerset, where Mr. Jardine, a Scotchman, lived. He had originally been established there by the Government of Queensland, to take charge of the Port, which was used as a port of call for vessels and mail steamers, till the Government found a better place on Thursday Island in Torres Strait. Well, "the black fellows" did not think that any one had the right to settle on their land, and they determined to steal on Mr. Jardine by night and murder him. They