

heavens flame with rosy splendour; the wavelets like ripples from a furnace lake, gild the beach. Fainter, feebler, fades the afterglow; then the world grows grey.

Friday's fire burns homely on the beach; the palms throw silhouettes against the star-studded night, and the canoe, with my strange companions, comes home. Our couch is the coral sand; our roof the glittering heavens; our lamp the moon, that raises her crescent above the palms. The native gather round the camp fire, and we talk to them of cities, people, and so-called civilization. They listen fascinated, and wish to see it all.

Eight P. M.; and in the shelter of a wind screen made by the sails of the giddy canoes, under the star-studded canopy of heaven, we talk to the natives of the white people and their busy lives on the other side of the world, of their far-off wonders, of their shops and houses.

Eight P. M.... The cities are flocking to theatres and cinemas to gaze upon shadows... shadows of things being acted; and here on Dauko we are living a real life, free and happy. All this; and on the other side, life in a city flat! Good Heavens! What a contrast! One wonders if our civilization is all that we think it is. If I were a savage without ambition, which after all accounts for most of the miseries of life, I would not seek to be more than that — a wild, free child of nature rather than a serf of civilization.

The fire burns. My native brothers listen hypnotized to the incredible tales of great cities and moving pictures, theatres and traffic jams. The sea laps softly on the beach...

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My coral garden is a small one; but a mile or two square — scarcely worth considering amongst the thousands of square miles which fringe the Queensland coast for a distance of over twelve hundred miles. Yet in every square foot, nay in every square inch, there is more wonder and beauty, than one ever dreamt Creation held. You can walk from Dauko shore waist deep through tepid waters of crystal sapphire, and tread the paths of silver sand amongst the coral beds. You hold your breath in wonder. The glorious flower garden, with its million blooms, and its gay birds, is second to the dream-land around. Underfoot shoals of dazzling hued fishes dart in flashing showers to the safe retreat of the coral antlers and grottos. Look at the myriads of timid little eyes staring back at you. The coral clump is their home, you may even break it off and lift it from the water. Yet the tiny fishes will not vacate their refuge.

Here is a garden of madrepore corals of every tint that autumn knows. There are clumps of delicate pink, bright blue and verdant green. It is so frail as to break at the slightest touch. Yes, but on over yonder along the reef edge there are sturdier corals so hard that they can scarcely be chipped with a hammer. They flourish best where the surf breaks over them unceasingly, under conditions that would destroy the most powerful works of man.



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