

CHAPTER II

“The coral waxes, the palm grows, but man departs.”

From an old Tabitian proverb.

WE entered the land-locked harbour of Vavau in all the glory of a moon scarcely past the full. And what a contrast to the islands from which we had just parted ! On every side of us towered mountains, broken, rugged, height upon height, peak above peak. In every crevice of the mountain the forest harboured, and everywhere