

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

the full ! The pure white radiance threw everything into strong relief. The natives slept at intervals and danced at intervals, crooning a strange weird chant to the accompaniment of much beating of hands.

By daylight next morning we anchored in the roadstead of Lefuka, the principal island in the Haapai group. A long low shore, a foreground of white sand, a fringe of coconut palms with thicker vegetation beyond, brown thatched roofs of native houses, and white ones of Europeans ! Such was Pangai town as seen from the deck of our steamer. Seaward, on the other hand, there was the already familiar line of coral