

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

arrival with all the *naïveté* of children, then with a rippling laugh they paddled to the bank and began to talk. As I listened to the unknown accents of their musical tongue I was filled with bitterness to think that though so near, we were nevertheless so far apart. A smile however is always current coin, and before we parted many a one had been exchanged.

In slight relief, amid the brilliant-hued orange-trees, the tall feathery-topped coconut palms, the dark green spreading bread-fruit trees, and the broad-leaved *pandanus* or screw-pines, the brown huts of the natives showed up at intervals. Flung down at random on the verdant carpet, which