

petual *requiem*. Then Wray was laid to rest near by. Lugard and Manuel Castro carried him to his grave, followed by as many of the men of both ships' companies as the whaleboat could carry.

Some little distance away on the eastern side of the island was a small clump of pandanus palms, growing on a hillock, their pale green fronds waving and rustling in the sea-breeze, and here Ida Lathom was carried at sunset the same day, Lugard reading the burial service of the Church of England over her as he had done for the seamen. Haldane, who was present with Helen, Schouten, Hewitt, Carroll and all his officers, was very grave, and sad as they returned to the boat.

"God grant there may be no more tragedies," he said to Carroll, as they walked slowly down the beach, "but I fear that the poor Dutch sailor with the injury to his head will not pull through; this has been a fateful voyage for you—and for poor Miss Adair as well."

"Ay," replied the whaleman, with a deep sigh, "a strange, fateful voyage indeed."

As it was Carroll's intention to leave the lagoon on the following afternoon by a passage he had discovered on the south-eastern side, Lugard asked him if he might take the boat at daylight and go ashore, as Hewitt, Montgomery, Cole, and himself wished to erect a cairn over Mrs. Lathom's grave. There was an abundance of flat coral slabs, well suited for the purpose lying on the shore, and a few hours would suffice for its completion. Helen and Haldane also wished to go with them.

"Very well, Jim. We have a lot to do on board, and you might as well be on shore with the doctor and Miss Adair as here. I'd put to sea right away if I could; but still, I don't suppose that that brigantine