

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

elements, skimmed like gigantic sea-butterflies over the surface of the water, flitting to and fro in the uncontrolled enjoyment of life and motion.

That night the native passengers, rolled up in Tapa, their heads resting on hollow wooden pillows, camped on deck ; the scent of the coconut oil with which they anointed their sleek smooth bodies was quite overpowering, especially when blended with the fragrance of the cissies (or flower girdles) worn around their waists, and with that of the garlands of flowers and berries hung so lavishly about their necks.

A tropic night, and the moon at