

CHAPTER I

“The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea Island, are memories apart and touch a virginity of sense.”

“My soul went down with these moorings whence no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up.”

Robert Louis Stevenson.

I, A LOVER of the man, personally unknown to me, save through the potency of his pen, journeyed across the world in order to visit his grave, and to get into direct touch with his surroundings.

The voyage to the Antipodes does not come within the compass of this little book ; enough that in September,