

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

that by which we had entered, and before we passed the reef we had to make our way through a perfect network of little islands, all alike, palm-fringed and scattered about at random like flowers in a meadow.

Like beasts of prey the white waves leapt against the coral barrier, and to right and left of us for a brief space showed white gleams of reef, but a moment later we had left the treacherous surf behind us and were steaming across a deep purple fathomless ocean. As I stood on the deck still gazing shoreward, the foam of the waves became azure under my eyes, whilst delicately-coloured flying-fish, denizens of two