

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

rising vales ; it fell in cliffs and buttresses ; its colour ran through fifty modulations in a scale of pearl, rose and olive ; and it was crowned above by opalescent clouds. The suffusion of vague hues deceived the eye ; the shadows of clouds were confounded with the articulations of the mountain, and the isle and its unsubstantial canopy rose and shimmered before us like a single mass."

Wooded hills, which spring from the water's edge, surround what seems to be a beautiful lagoon, some four miles long and two wide. At the eastern end there is a very narrow boat-passage. Our entrance was effected by the western passage,