

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

little atolls en route, we only landed at two of them, and then only for about an hour.

So ended my tour. I set out on my pilgrimage with but one end in view, namely, THE GRAVE. I returned with "rich eyes and poor hands." I had attained, but my attainment was shadowed by regret, for I had left my heart behind me, "my soul" had gone "down with these moorings, whence no windlass might extract nor any diver fish it up."

FINIS.

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