

and every gradation of colour. It looked as if the sun were shining below the water through the medium of some hidden prism.

“Is it always beautiful like this?” I asked one of my friends on board who had spent many years in these parts, and who with eyes intently gazing shoreward, stood beside me on the upper deck.

“Always,” was the prompt reply, “at least, I have never seen it otherwise. Looks like a necklace of opals, does it not?”

“What causes the colour?”

“I have been waiting for that question, and it's a difficult one to answer. I should say that it was