

Tahiti. Sometimes I think that all I have seen must be only a long vision, and that too soon I shall awaken to the cold reality; the flowers, the fruit, the colours worn by every one, the whole scene and its surroundings, seem almost , fairylike to have an actual existence.

Long dreamy lawns, and birds on happy wings,  
 Keeping their homes in never-rifted bowers;  
 Cool fountains filling with their murmurings  
 The sunny silence 'twixt the chiming hours.



WATERFALL AT FAATAUA.

The mango is certainly the king of fruit. Its flavour is a combination of apricot and pineapple, with the slightest possible suspicion of turpentine thrown in, to give a piquancy to the whole. We breakfasted at half-past six, and, at a little before eight, went ashore, where we were met by a sort of *char-à-bancs*, or American waggon, with three seats, one behind the other, all facing the horses, and roomy and comfortable enough for two persons. Our Transatlantic cousins understand thoroughly, and do their best to improve everything connected

with, the locomotion they love so well. A Chinese coachman and a thin but active pair of little horses completed the turnout. Mabelle sat beside the coachman, and we four picked into the other two seats, with all our belongings.

The sun was certainly *very* powerful when we emerged from the shady groves of Papeete, but there was a nice breeze, and sometimes we got under the shade of cocoa-nut trees. While