

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

openings, and within one of these openings was the harbour.

These openings are like so many gates into fields of calm water, and fatal indeed would be any attempt to force a passage, for on the treacherous reef itself there is always to be seen the line of churned-up foam, and always to be heard, for miles away, the thunder of the surf. Here was the piteous spectacle of many a wreck, the bare ribs of death showing above the merciless coral.

At Apia the harbour lights showed through the gaunt skeleton of the *Adler*, and just outside the roadstead of Levuka my attention was drawn to all that was left of an East Indiaman.