

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

wood-work, and the beautiful pink shell, on a carved wooden stand, that served as a font.

We left Levuka in the evening and reached Suva early next morning. I was awakened by the shrill trumpeting of conch shells, and hurrying on deck I saw alongside of us a boat full of natives, several of whom held conch shells to their mouths, and made a truly ear-piercing sound. I attempted to buy the largest of these shells, but its native owner refused to sell it.

In some respects Suva was the most picturesque island that we visited. The outlines were more rugged and varied than those of Samoa, and the growth of bush