

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

On landing at Levuka it needed no one to tell us that desolation in the form of a hurricane had recently swept over the island. The ruined church confronted us, with ruined houses, and toppled over palms, the entire beach was strewn with broken shells, rainbow-coloured fragments of departed loveliness. We landed and took a nearer survey of the disaster. At the little noisy wharf crowds of natives pressed goods on us for sale, among them being lovely baskets of coral, conch shells, *sulu's* and *tapa*. The Roman Catholic church had escaped, as by a miracle, for all around it were fallen palms. We entered and admired the inlaid (native)