

## STEVENSON'S SHRINE

tory chapter—an epilogue in fact—contenting myself with the very briefest of descriptions, trusting that my illustrations will supply the missing details.

We were bound for Levuka, and we passed en route the small island of Apolima, for which Stevenson conceived so great an admiration, although I fancy he never landed there, but only saw it, as I did, from the deck of a steamer. Basking in the golden radiance of the evening light, Apolima looked like the long-lost Island of Avilion.

“Where falls nor rain, nor hail, nor any  
snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies