

STEVENSON'S SHRINE

flourished up to their very doors, thatched with long screw-pine leaves and lashed together with coconut fibre, with never an angle between them, I have been assured, by more than one resident of authority, that they stand the brunt of a hurricane better than the best houses built by Europeans. Outside these huts, sitting or standing, or lounging about in indolent inaction, were native men, women, and children—dear little brown-skinned babies, innocent of any attire save their original “birthday suit,” rolled and tumbled on the grass. As I passed on my way the women and girls nodded and smiled, and gave me their musical greeting