

## STEVENSON'S SHRINE

the golden gleam of the oranges we saw the deep blue of the sky. It was an ecstasy in colour, a vision rather than a prospect. From henceforth my standard of the beautiful was lifted to a higher plane, and the words "The eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," had, for me, acquired a deeper and intenser significance.

On the way back we encountered a French Catholic priest, and after a little chat the old man took us to his house and initiated us into the mysteries of Kava drinking. Stevenson tells us so much about Kava and Kava feasts, that I make no apology for describing the process. The priest's