

## STEVENSON'S SHRINE

If the coral could but speak what tales might it not tell of poor, drenched, fordone humanity, clutching with bleeding hands at what was so cruel and so inexorable—now sucked back by the indrawn breath of the waves, and now flung remorselessly forward on to the beautiful, bared teeth of the reef, until Death, more merciful than Life, put an end to their sufferings.

As we passed the reef I noticed that the vivid blue *within* the natural harbour was separated from the “foamless, long-heaving, violet ocean” *without*, by a submarine rainbow.

Every colour was here represented