



NEW & POPULAR BOOKS.

By Sarah Doudney.

Strangers Yet.

With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"An excellent sketch of character. The descriptive passages are good, especially of the Fen district round Ely, and the illustrations pretty."—*Athenæum*.

"Excellently executed. Will give a great deal of quiet pleasure."—*Graphic*.

"Elevation of thought . . . has the genuine charm of engrossing power . . . few will be unmoved by its pathos."—*Nonconformist*.

"A thoroughly artistic, good, and wholesome story."—*British Quarterly Review*.

Stepping Stones.

A Story of our Inner Life. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

By J. S. Howson, D.D.

Dean of Chester.

The Evidential Value of the Acts of the
Apostles. The Bohlen Lectures for 1880. Crown 8vo.

Norman Macleod, D.D.

"A great orator and pastor, and a true and noble-hearted man"—
Mr. Gladstone's Gleanings.

Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.

By his Brother, DONALD MACLEOD, D.D. With Portrait and
Illustrations. 17th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 9s.

"A fitting monument, erected with the true self-forgetfulness of a loving brother and a faithful biographer, it will leave the abiding impression that in Norman Macleod all who knew him mourn a devoted, gallant, and delightful friend, and his church and country lost a magnificent champion of the good, the noble, and the true."—*Times*.

By Norman Macleod, D.D.

Reminiscences of a Highland Parish.

3rd Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"One of the most refreshing and delightful books which can anywhere be found. The impression which it makes is the nearest thing possible to the delight of wandering in fine autumn weather on the braesides of the mountains that look forth on the Islands and the Atlantic. And the reader will find in the book what the mere wanderer cannot see in nature—a rich storehouse of noble humanities."—*Scotsman*.

The Starling.

With Illustrations by W. Small. 5th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Such a story as this, with the fine manly character of the Serjeant, ought, in these days of vile sensationalism, to be doubly welcomed. We emphatically commend it to our readers."—*Westminster Review*.

Character Sketches.

With Illustrations. 3rd Thousand. Post 8vo, 6s.

"They are sure to be most welcome to all who can appreciate a broad, genial humanity, mingled with much pathos and a keen insight into the deeper workings of the human soul."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son.

With Illustrations by Mahoney. 13th Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

"We place 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son' in the very first rank of religious fiction."—*Daily News*.

The Gold Thread :

A Story for the Young. With Illustrations by J. MacWhirter, J. D. Watson, and Gourlay Steel. 15th Thousand. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

"This is one of the prettiest, as it is one of the best, children's books in the language."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

Wee Davie.

55th Thousand. Sewed, 6d.

By Norman Macleod, D.D.

Eastward :

Travels in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. With Illustrations.
5th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The most enjoyable book on the Holy Land we have ever read."—*Nonconformist*.

The Earnest Student :

Being Memorials of John Mackintosh. 22nd Thousand. Crown
8vo, 3s. 6d.

"Full of the most instructive materials; no student can peruse it without being quickened by its example of candour, assiduity, and happy self-consecration."—*The late James Hamilton, D.D.*

The Temptation of Our Lord.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

Parish Papers.

10th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Simple Truth spoken to Working People.

5th Thousand. Small 8vo, 2s. 6d.

By L. T. Meade.

Andrew Harvey's Wife.

With Illustrations by F. Dadd. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

A Dweller in Tents

With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"Cleverly . . . powerfully written. Miss Meade has achieved a success of which better-known writers might be proud, she has put some heart into her book."—*Graphic*.

Mou-Setsé :

A Negro Hero, &c. For the young. With numerous Illustrations. Small 8vo, 1s.

"Written in the author's usual impressive and touching way. The book is full of illustrations."—*Christian World*

By Professor Plumptre.

The Tragedies of Sophocles.

A New Translation, with an Appendix of Rhymed Choruses.
4th Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Let us say at once that Professor Plumptre has not only surpassed the previous translators of Sophocles, but has produced a work of singular merit, not less remarkable for its felicity than its fidelity, a really readable and enjoyable version of the old plays."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Tragedies of Æschylos.

A New Translation, with a Biographical Essay and an Appendix
of Rhymed Choruses. 3rd Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Plumptre pits himself with more and abler rivals than when he essayed Sophocles; and here, too, we are of opinion that he will be found to hold his own."—*Contemporary Review*.

By Professor C. Piazza Smyth.

Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.

Fourth Edition. Revised and Enlarged, with numerous Illustrations
and Diagrams. Demy 8vo, 18s.

By Hesba Stretton.

NO GAOL FOR CHILDREN.

In Prison and Out.

With Twelve Illustrations by R. Barnes. 8th Thousand.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

"Told with all the pathos and captivating interest of the authoress of 'Jessica's First Prayer.'"—*Guardian*.

"A powerful illustration of the way in which the laws and the police together make criminals."—*Literary World*.

By A. W. Thorold, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Rochester.

The Presence of Christ.

10th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Gospel of Christ.

[In the Press.]

By Principal Tulloch.

Beginning Life :

A Book for Young Men. 14th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

"Principal Tulloch's excellent book for young men."—*Edinburgh Review*.

By Sarah Tytler.

HANDBOOKS OF ART AND MUSIC.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. each.

I.

The Old Masters and their Pictures.

II.

Modern Painters and their Paintings.

"The 'Old Masters' really supplies what has long been a want. It gives a good general idea of the various schools of painting, distinguishes them in a broad and efficient manner, and is written with just so much enthusiasm for art as to temper detail, and make the reading of it attractive. We are quite sure 'Modern Painters' will be much in demand, for hitherto there has been nothing like it—so complete, simple, and succinct."—*British Quarterly Review*.

III.

Musical Composers and their Works.

"The best simple handbook on the subject that has yet appeared in England."—*Academy*.

Papers for Thoughtful Girls.

With Illustrations by Millais. Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth gift extra, 5s.

By Sarah Tytler.

Heroines in Obscurity.

A Second Series of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"We have over and over again heard parents speak something in this style—'We are at no loss for books for our boys, there are Mr Smiles' volumes and some others, but where to look for a good girls' book, a good companion to a young lady just leaving school, we know not, and would be glad for any one to help us.' This complaint need no longer be heard. Miss Tytler's two books are exactly of the kind desiderated, and may with all confidence be recommended at once for their lofty moral tone, and their real artistic qualities, which combine to make them equally interesting and instructive."—*Nonconformist*.

Citoyenne Jacqueline :

A Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"'Citoyenne Jacqueline' is one of those rare books of which every sentence deserves to be read leisurely, and will repay the attention with pleasure."—*Guardian*

"There is real genius in the book."—*Spectator*.

Girlhood and Womanhood.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"The concentrated power which we admire in 'Citoyenne Jacqueline' is precisely the kind of power to insure an equal success to the author in this book. No story in the book disappoints us; each has 'the virtue of a full draught in a few drops,' and in each there is the quintessence of such a novel as Thackeray might have written."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Days of Yore.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"Every quality of merit which was conspicuous in 'Citoyenne Jacqueline' is apparent here also. The first tales in these volumes give us some of the finest descriptions of scenery we have ever read, while the meditative mood into which Miss Tytler frequently falls in these eighteenth century reminiscences is very like the delightful chit-chat with which Thackeray indulged his readers so often."—*Spectator*.

The Diamond Rose :

A Life of Love and Duty. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"It is so full of character, it has such a depth of true human pathos about it, and—what in these days is no small merit—it is written in such an exquisitely perfect style, that we hope all our readers will procure it for themselves."—*Literary Churchman*.

The Huguenot Family in the English Village.

With Illustrations. 3rd Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"As an example of character-painting, of the close and delicate representation of the gifts and graces, the struggles and triumphs of the human heart, 'The Huguenot Family' has few, if any superiors. Grand'mère Dupuy is the finest creation of English fiction since *Romola*. The Parson's daughters would do no discredit to Oliver Goldsmith."—*Morning Post*.

WM. ISBISTER, LIMITED, 56, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

and women stood around, and the host did the honours with that natural politeness and ease which characterise the peasant of every land save the "free-born" Briton. Hadgi's experience went far back in Cyprus. His love for the Turk was not strong, nor was it to be wondered at. He could remember one year when thirty thousand of his countrymen fell beneath the bullet, the rope, or the yatagan. And yet he was not an old man. Hadgi saw us into our saddles, and we rode back towards Kyrenia as the sunset shades were gathering over sea and land. We followed a more direct path than the one by which we had come. On both sides the ground in many places was thickly covered with square stones, showing that buildings had once been there. Probably from Kyrenia to Bellapays one long street had once existed. Next to the Turk ranks the goat as a destroyer in Cyprus.

As we drew near Kyrenia a large herd was being driven in for the evening. They were making the most of a lessening opportunity. Here and there a goat could be seen in the gnarled fork of some old olive-tree, stretching forth his head to grasp a leaf. The lower branches of the trees had all been cropped off long ago; but goats were standing on their hind legs vainly trying to reach some pendant branch. One in particular, a little longer than his comrades, did succeed in catching between his teeth the lowermost twigs of a bough. Long experience had doubtless taught him that if he attempted to pull down his

prize all would be lost; his efforts were, therefore, directed to maintaining a balance upon two legs and holding on by the bough until assistance came to him. This it quickly did. In an instant twenty goats were ready to lend a helping foot; out of these some half-dozen succeeded in getting their teeth into a twig, then all lent their weight together to the pull, and down came the olive-bough to the ground, to be instantly devoured by the rush of animals which settled upon it.

The advantages of pillage upon co-operative principles were here plainly apparent. Had the goat learned them from the Turk, or was the goat the tutor to the Turk?

Leaving Kyrenia on the morning of January 20, we held our way between the mountains and the coast towards the east.

About six miles from Kyrenia we passed out of cultivated land, and began gradually to ascend the north range.

The country became wild and broken. Great glens, covered with dark green myrtle, led from the range to the sea. The path wound along the edges of these valleys, passing many nasty places where the sure-footed ponies had all their work to do to keep their footing, and where the stones and gravel loosened by the hoof rolled many a yard ere the bottom was gained. There had been a heavy fall of rain during the previous night, making the clayey places even more treacherous than the gravel, and causing the

ponies to slide in their thin Turkish shoes as though they must go over. But somehow they never did go over, and when a couple of hours' riding had carried us to the mountains, the track, though rough, became safe. Passing the summit of the depression in the range, where Pentahaelyon lifts his five fingers directly over the path to the left, we began to descend the stony and now arid south side. Below us the great plain of Morphu, and that which lies between Nicosia and Famagusta, spread out under clouds that come drifting up from the Olympian range.

Suddenly a turn in the path brought us in sight of the strangest natural sight to be seen to-day in Cyprus. It was the spring of Kytherea. Out of the sun-baked mountain gushes a stream of pure, cold water.

"No stinted draught, no scanty tide," but a rush that seems to come from an inexhaustible subterranean source, that no neighbouring indication can possibly account for. Above and around nothing can be seen save bare brown hills utterly destitute of water; below the spring a long line of foliage and cultivation runs down the mountain side and spreads out into the plain beneath. Thickly cluster the houses along this life-giving stream. To right and left rills of water are led off along the descending slopes, and the baked and barren hill-sides are made to bloom in many shades of green; for corn and vine, olive and fig, orange and citron, are all springing in luxuriant life around these packed houses, and children's faces peep out of leaf-

covered court-yards; and the blacksmith's anvil, the carpenter's bench, and the weaver's shuttle, are busy, all called into life and sustained by that single spring of clear, cold water, whose source in these arid hills no man can tell.

Perhaps in the old days Cyprus possessed a score of such springs. If they or others can again be made to flow, then may the island see her golden age revived, and count her million souls, and her "hundred-streamed cities."

At the lower end of Kytherea, where the lessened stream runs faint, we stopped to rest and lunch in a large Greek house, occupied by two officers of the Royal Engineers, who were employed in the trigonometrical survey of the island.

Then away across the level plain towards Nicosia. A Zaptieh guide, who had accompanied us from Kyrenia, appeared to think that the moment had now arrived when he could exercise to the fullest advantage a cavalry charge after the manner of a Bashi-bazouk. During the earlier part of the journey, while we were yet at the north side of the mountains, he had developed this instinct in a strong degree. Without any visible cause whatever, he would suddenly start off at full gallop straight ahead along the pathway. His headlong impulse to scatter mud on all sides was apparently only controlled by the duration of his turban in shape around his head. While his turban lasted he was a Bashi-bazouk, when it fell off he became an ordinary Ottoman. One of these headlong

flights, however, terminated more disastrously. He was going along at a tremendous pace, stirrups clattering, a bag of coppers jingling at his belt, when his pony, pitching heavily forward, rolled its rider to the earth. The turban flew one way, the bag of brass *caïmes* rolled another; never was the spirit of Bashibazouk taken more completely out of a hero. During the remainder of the ride to Kytherea he kept a crest-fallen position in the rear; but now, on this Nicosian plain the spirit again revived, and he began to gallop furiously at intervals along the track.

As there were no women, or children, or fugitives, he did not pursue his wild career beyond certain limits, and as there was no enemy whatever, he did not retire when his charge had spent itself at the same pace as he had gone.

Darkness had fallen when we reached the walls of Nicosia. Skirting the city by its eastern ramparts, we ascended the ridge of old tombs upon which stands the new Government House, the lights from whose wooden halls formed the only visible objects in the wide circle of surrounding gloom.

At a place called Mathiati, some fifteen miles south of Nicosia, a regiment of infantry was in camp. After many sites had been tried, all more or less unhealthy, this place, Mathiati, had been selected; and huts, sent out from England, had been erected on a level space surrounded by hills. A few olive-trees, a small Greek mud village, and, farther off, the blue ridges of Mount Adelphi, made a prospect not wanting in beauty, but

utterly destitute of any other feature that could give an interest to the existence of an English regiment; sport, society, the coming and going of human beings—all were wanting, and except to the tomb-hunter or to the student, Mathiati could vie, in absence of life, with any station in the wide circle of British garrisons round the earth.

The regiment now in camp at Mathiati had only lately arrived from Nova Scotia; and the contrast between the cradle of a new-born civilisation which they had quitted, and the grave of the old world's decay in which they found themselves, was vividly put before them. As may be supposed, their views of the latter were not hopeful. They spoke of Cyprus as a place of exile, dashed with a kind of humour learned, perhaps, in the New World.

“The medical fellows never knew the use of the spleen until we got to Cyprus,” said one of the garrison, “but they've found it now.”

“What is it?”

“Two months' sick leave out of this infernal hole,” replied the first speaker. “The spleen has been what they call a dormant organ of the human body until we took possession of the island; now its use is clearly understood.”

So ran the *badinage* of the mess-hut at Mathiati, and perhaps there was as much corn of sense lying beneath the “chaff” as could have been found among many of the graver reasons elsewhere advanced in favour of the new possession.

As day broke over Nicosia plain, on the 23rd of January, a small party of horsemen crossed the dry bed of the river channel that lies at the base of the rocky ledge on which stands the Government House, holding their way westward towards Peristeromo. They were bound for Mount Olympus, in search of a site for a summer encampment. The experience of the past summer had been sufficient to show that men could not live in health in the Cyprian plains, or along the shore, during the summer months.

Before the sun had again entered the Northern tropic a camp in the mountains must be found.

At the same hour and at the same instant of time (for the line of sunlight through Cyprus and through Zululand are one) that this small party of horsemen rode out to the west from the hill of tombs near Nicosia, a few horsemen, the last of a weary and spent British column, were moving off from a ridge, leaving one thousand dead comrades lying tombless to the vultures that watched on the rock ledges of Isandlana Hill.

High up above the ledges one great frontlet of rock frowned over the ghastly scene—the “Lion’s Head” some early traveller had named it. If sermons are spoken by stones and lion ever speaks to lion, surely this stone lion could have spoken that day a curious homily to his brother on the mound at Waterloo. What that homily would be we may not write now, nor would the dawn at Isandlana and the dawn at Nicosia on the 23rd of January meet in these pages if

that day's work at the first-named place had not been destined to turn in the future the footsteps of the four men here bound for Mount Olympus towards Zulu-land.

We reached Peristeromo, fourteen miles, in two hours. Here mules were waiting to carry us farther into the hills. The Greek priest had come out to the river (at last it was a river and not a dry channel) to welcome us into the village. Arrived at his house there was the usual hand-shaking and coffee-sipping, and then the saddles were changed from the ponies to the mules, and all made ready for the onward journey.

Three of the four mules were animals in fair condition; the fourth was, it would be wrong to say skin and bones, for so much of his skin had vanished under the abrasions of pack-saddles and uncouth harness gear that the bones in many places were alone represented. Poor beast! he was a dreadful sight! When the saddles were placed on the mules outside, somehow or other the skinless mule fell to the lot of the writer of these pages. That it was most unconscionable cruelty to ride the beast there can be no doubt; but what was to be done? The halting-place for the evening lay twenty miles distant, high amid the hills. The only alternative was to abandon the expedition. There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable and mount the lacerated back. Then came fifteen miles of gradually ascending pathway, amid hills scantily covered with small pine-trees. As

the track wound along the ridges the air became crisp and fresh, the sound of rushing water arose from deep valleys, and the bright blue vault above rested on the clear-cut edges of the hilltops. How pleasant would it have been to jog along those narrow paths upon an animal of sound skin ; but now there was an ever-present sense of pain inflicted to mar the whole scene, and to cause each step of the ascent to be mentally as painful to the rider as it was bodily so to the poor mule.

For many miles of the track a stray raven kept hovering aloft in the blue heaven—was he scenting his prey ? At last we reached the mountain-village of Litheronda, which was to be our halting-place for the night. It stood on the southern slope of the hills, at an elevation of about four thousand feet above the sea. The air was keen and frosty, for the sun had gone down behind Olympus, whose white ridge could be seen to the west. The village houses were all of the lowest kind ; they projected from the hillside, out of which they had been partly dug, so that the slope of the hill and the roof of the houses formed one continuous line. Thus a person could walk down the hill on to the roof, until reaching the edge of the front wall he looked down six or seven feet upon the door-step. A few of the rudest and most antiquated implements of husbandry lay on the paved space around the doorway—a lean pig or a leaner dog grunted or barked at the intruder. The mule had long ago given out ; but it was infinitely more pleasant to follow the track on foot, driving the wretched animal in front. The

rest of the party had gone on long out of sight, and by the time the mule and his driver drew near Litheronda, camp had already been made on the further side of the village. As we descended the path a Greek, riding a fine young horse, suddenly appeared, coming towards us from the village. With many vehement signs he signified that he had been sent to meet us; the horse was for our especial use, the mule might be trusted to find its own way to the camp. So, mounting the Turkish saddle, and accommodating feet to the slipper stirrups and legs to the short leathers as best one could, we trotted on towards the camp. It stood under some large walnut-trees, now leafless, and by the side of a small stream. A huge fire of dry logs blazed before the tents; at another fire farther off dinner was being prepared. A few villagers stood gaping at the Englishmen—the first without doubt who had penetrated to their remote nook. How they must have speculated upon the reason of one's visit. Did it mean fresh taxation, new law of grape gathering, relief from some of their many loads? The village head man, an old Greek, stood the nearest figure towards the fire, at the farther side—the blaze of the pine-logs fell full upon his strongly marked face. He wore the usual thin dress of blue cotton, the long boots to the knees, the loose jacket and the swathed waist. He was poor, dirty, and picturesque; his appearance afforded cause for biblical parallels in the mind of one of the English bystanders. "Now, that old fellow at the other side of the fire," said one of

them, "is neither better nor worse in looks than one of the apostles. Peter and Paul were probably quite as dirty-looking."

"Yes, quite as dirty-looking," said another; "but after all, in that case dirt did more than ever cleanliness will be able to do. Just think that a dozen old men like that one yonder have done more on the earth than all the soldiers who have ever lived. I'll give you Cæsar, Alexander, Bonaparte, Tamerlane, and Charlemagne, and all the great generals the world has ever seen, on one side, and I'll take that dozen seedy, dirty old men on the other, and with all the sword and soap you like into the bargain, yet you'll be nowhere in the race."

Is there not too marked an inclination in this modern world of ours to shun controversy of this kind? to avoid meeting the every-day thrusts of a commonplace criticism with the weapons lying close to our hands?

No need to search through Scripture verse or theologian's canon for the counter to the cut, or the parry to the thrust, of nine-tenths of the criticism that is to-day aired on Christ and Christianity. Take up the gauntlet as it is thrown down. Meet the attack on the ground on which it is made; meet it with common sense if it be made with common sense, and common nonsense if it be made in idle jest, and you will be a poor layman if you cannot double up your assailant with any of his own weapons or upon any ground he may choose for his attack.

One poor carpenter and a dozen men—fishermen, tanners, publicans—able, even in the material aspect of their work, to beat all the conquerors, pyramid-builders, statesmen, law-makers, philosophers, kings, swashbucklers, and big-wigs that this planet of ours has ever known.

Great doctors of the body have, in modern times, given up much of the old jargon of medicine, and come back to the common rules of food and air and water for the cure and care of human bodies. Might not our soul-doctors, too, sometimes take a leaf from this old tree of Christian common sense, if necessary cut a cudgel from it, and do more in ten minutes to demolish the shallow scepticism of the modern anti-Christian critic than could be done by a month of quotation from the theologians of five hundred years?

Of the features of English character brought to light by the spread of British dominion in Asia, there is nothing more observable than the contrast between the religious bias of Eastern thought and the innate absence of religion in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Turk, and Greek, Buddhist and Armenian, Copt and Parsee, all manifest in a hundred ways of daily life the great fact of their belief in a God. In their vices as well as in their virtues the recognition of Deity is dominant.

With the Western, on the contrary, the outward form of practising belief in a God is a thing to be half-ashamed of, something to hide. A procession of priests in the Strada Reale would probably cause an average Briton to regard it with less tolerant eye than

he would cast upon a Juggernaut festival in Orissa ; but to each alike would he display the same iconoclasm of creed, the same idea, not the less fixed because it is seldom expressed in words, "You pray ; therefore I do not think much of you." But there is a deeper difference between East and West lying beneath this incompatibility of temper on the part of modern Englishmen to accept the religious habit of thought in the East. All Eastern peoples possess this habit of thought. It is the one tie which links together their widely differing races. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. On an Austrian Lloyd's steamboat in the Levant a traveller from Beyrout will frequently see strange groups of men crowded together on the quarter-deck. In the morning the missal books of the Greek Church will be laid along the bulwarks of the ship, and a couple of Russian priests, coming from Jerusalem, will be busy muttering mass. A yard to right or left a Turkish pilgrim, returning from Mecca, sits a respectful observer of the scene. It is prayer, and therefore it is holy in his sight. So, too, when the evening hour has come, and the Turk spreads out his strip of carpet for the sunset prayers and obeisance towards Mecca, the Greek looks on in silence, without trace of scorn in his face, for it is again the worship of the Creator by the created. They are both fulfilling the *first* law of the East—prayer to God ; and whether the shrine be Jerusalem, Mecca, or Lhassa, the sanctity of worship surrounds the votary and protects the pilgrim.

Into this life comes the Englishman, frequently destitute of one touch of sympathy with the prayers of any people, or the faith of any creed; hence our rule in the East has ever rested, and will ever rest, upon the bayonet. We have never yet got beyond the stage of conquest, never assimilated a people to our ways, never even civilised a single tribe around the wide dominion of our empire. It is curious how frequently a well-meaning Briton will speak of a foreign church or temple as though it had presented itself to his mind in the same light in which the City of London appeared to Blucher—as something to loot. The other idea, that a priest was a person to hang, is one which is also often observable in the British brain. On one occasion, when we were endeavouring to enlighten our minds upon the Greek question, as it had presented itself to a naval officer whose vessel had been stationed in Greek and Adriatic waters during our occupation of Corfu and the other Ionian Isles, we could only elucidate from our informant the fact that one morning before breakfast he had hanged seventeen priests. From the tone and manner in which he thus summed up the Greek question, there appeared to be little doubt that he was fully prepared to repeat his performance upon any number of priests at any hour, or before any meal—indeed, from the manner in which he marked the event as having preceded his breakfast, it might almost have been surmised that his digestive organs had experienced the want of similar stimulants since that occasion.

Meantime, however, while thus we stand before the camp fire at Litheronda, the snow begins to fall through the leafless walnut-trees, and the night wind blows cold over the white shoulder of Mount Olympus. At daybreak next day it blows colder still; the ridge, across which our onward track lies, is white with snow, which holds its own even as the sun climbs higher into the eastern sky, and the guides, who are to lead us across the shoulder of Olympus to Pasha Leva, assert that the route will be impracticable for some days to come; so, striking camp, we held our way for nine miles along a rocky glen that led to the village of Manikito, and then turning westward, and crossing some very rough and broken ground, we reached at three o'clock in the afternoon the hill village of Platris, on the south slope of Olympus.

Behind Platris, to the north, the mountain rose steep and pine-clad; below Platris, to the south, many valleys led the eye downwards to the sea; where the coast beyond Limasol, and the ruins that mark the site of the monastery of the Knights of St. John, built when Acre had fallen to the Saracen, lay twenty miles distant in reality, but seemingly close at hand, seen through the blue and golden light that filled the whole vast vault far out beyond the land into the shipless sea. To-morrow our line would lead us down to that shore, but now—to-day—ere the sun, already far into the west, should reach the sky-line beyond Paphos, we had a chance of scaling the lofty ridge

that rose behind the village, and of planting a footprint in the snow of Olympus.

Away on fresh mules up the mountain. There is no time to lose, and anxiously we watch the aneroid to note our upward progress, and the sun to mark the time that yet remains to us. At a point about five thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level the snow becomes too deep for the mules, so we dismount and tie them to pine-trees; then, while two of the party turn off to the right to select a site for the summer encampment, we strike up the hill alone to make a race for Olympus with the sunset. The ridge is very steep, but the snow holds a firm crust, and the air is keen and bracing. The aneroid soon shows another five hundred feet gained, and a hill, which seems to be the summit, appears close at hand. It is won, but at its farther side the ground sinks abruptly only to rise again out of a deep valley into the real Mount Olympus. Better had we kept more to the right and avoided this deep glen that now lies across our line to the summit. There is nothing for it but to retrace our steps to the right, and then take the crest of the curving ridge which runs round almost at our present level to the foot of Troados. But every second is precious. Away we go at topmost speed along the crest, which, though level when looked at from a distance, is broken into many hills and valleys when nearer seen. All is silent around save the quick crunching of the snow beneath rapid footsteps. Lofty pine-trees rise on every side. We are now

under the shadow of Olympus, whose white head, bare of pine-trees, has hidden the low-sunk sun. Through the pines to the north the eye catches glimpses of the low country, the north range, and the far-away sheen of snow on the mountains of Asia Minor; but there is no time to note anything save the lessening light and the bare summit that rises above the dark pines. We pass out from the shadows of the trees, and stop a moment to take breath for the last ascent. Looking across the valley, around three sides of which we have just circled, the sunlight is seen still bright upon the crest we started from, but the rays fall level; and already around us, in the shadow of Olympus, the blue light of evening has fallen upon the snow. Nothing but the croak of a solitary raven from a withered pine-branch close at hand breaks the intense silence of the scene. Another four minutes' hard pull and we stand upon the bald crest of Troados. The sun has not yet set. Far out, resting on a ring of immeasurable sky-line, he seems to pause a moment ere he sinks into the sea. There is a faint crescent moon in the western sky. A vast circle spreads around, and within this huge horizon all Cyprus lies islanded beneath the light of sunset.

There is sea beyond the north range, and beyond the sea there is sun on a long line of snow set far above the gathered shades of evening. There is sea in the wide curve of Salamis, and beyond the ruined ramparts of Famagusta; sea where Paphos sinks into a golden haze of sunset in the west; sea where Karpos

stretches his long arm into the arch which the earth's shadow has cast upon the Eastern sky, for all Cyprus below this lonely Troados lies in twilight, and the great circle of the sea is sunless, save where, on the western rim, the blood-red disc sinks slowly from a sky whose lustre pales in lessening hues from horizon to half-zenith. And now the last speck of sun has gone beneath the waves. Olympus is cold and blue, like many a lesser ridge around him; the crescent moon grows clearer cut against the heaven; grey and cold, the sky rim narrows, and the wide bays and long-stretching promontories of the island lie in misty outline upon the darkening sea; far away to the north Karamania still holds aloft one last gleam of sunlight upon his frozen forehead.

We will stay until this "light of Asia" is blotted out. Another moment and the Karamanian range is cold; and then, fading into the night, Cyprus lies in the gloaming—a vague but mighty shadow, from whose forgotten tombs and shattered temples the night wind comes to moan its myriad memories amid the pines of Olympus.

DOWN the snowy side of Troados we ran at top-most speed, ploughing deep into drift, and crushing through crust, doing more in a minute of time than had been done in ten minutes of toil upon the upward road. There was not a moment to lose. Never did night gather her shadows more quickly around her than now as we went plunging down into her depths. Scant is the measure darkness gives in the Mediterranean when once the sun has gone below the horizon; but now we lessened that short interval by each rapid stride, for we were literally descending into darkness.

Some fifteen hundred feet lower down the mule had been left picketed beneath a pine-tree. To that tree there was no track, save the footprints of our upward course in the snow. These were, in many places, only to be observed in the closest scrutiny; in others, where the breeze was drifting the light frozen particles, they had become invisible. It was therefore a matter of moment that we should make the most of the after-glow to get out, at least, from the denser pine-trees and deeper snow of the upper mountain, and set our faces straight in the direction of the mule.

As before it had been a race with the sun up mountain, in which we had won, now it was a race with night, in which we were the loser. Still, enough of light remained to enable us to follow our footprints clear of the broken ground below the summit ridge, and, before darkness had quite fallen, to see that our course was set straight down-hill towards the south.

At the edge of the snow there suddenly appeared right in front two large ears, projected forward in relief against a faint afterglow, that lay along the lower sky from north to south. It was the mule, looking wistfully towards the new comer. His companions had long since been taken away, and the prospect of spending a hungry night on the cold shoulder of Olympus had doubtless convinced the mule that there were worse things in life than his old enemy—a rider. Still, when he realised that he was not to spend the night in cold and hunger, he began at once to manifest his old repugnance to the saddle.

At last the girths were tight, and we began to descend the steep hillside. It was now quite dark. We had got into a maze of rocks, pine-trees, and brushwood. A general goat-track seemed to pervade the entire mountain, upon which the mule appeared to be now quite content to spend the remainder of the night. At last, amid a labyrinth of rocks, he came to a standstill. Dismounting, we endeavoured to lead him; but he would not be led. Passing the halter behind we now tried to drive him before us; he would thus find

the right road, and would lead the way into camp. In the new order of things it will be sufficient to say that he at once entered into that part of the programme which had reference to finding the right road; but there appeared to be a vast difference in his mind between finding the road for himself and showing it to his driver, for no sooner had he set his head straight downhill than he determined to set his heels in the opposite direction, with the view of dissolving partnership with his master. Out of the darkness in front there suddenly came two vicious and violent kicks; the Turkish shoes just reached us, but not close enough to do serious damage; a couple of inches nearer would have soon ended the matter of partnership, and left us alone on the shoulder of Olympus. To jump aside amid the rocks and haul vigorously at the halter was only the work of a second. Soon we succeeded in slewing round the animal's head, and the saddle was again occupied, not to be quitted under any pretence until mule and man were safely landed in the camp at Platris.

An hour later lights shone below, and we reached the camp, to find a relief party about to start up the mountain to look for us.

Six hours' ride, next day, carried the party to Limasol, from which port the writer of these pages set out to cross the mountains to the monastery of Kiku and the west shore of the island. An interpreter, a muleteer, and three mules; a Zaptieh riding in front; an order, in Greek and Turkish, to the

mudirs of the towns *en route* to board and lodge us; small kit of apparel and slender store of commissariat hastily got together, and we leave with little regret the hot streets of Limasol and the low coast lands of Kolossi. Ruins of temples along the narrow track; at intervals a village, with cultivation and a few orange trees around it; then upwards in a long ascent by arid hills, from which at every turn the eye looks back at bluest sea and buildings cleaned and freshened by sun and distance.

As on we ride an old negro suddenly issues from a cave by the wayside, and invites us to stop a moment and refresh with coffee. His cave is twenty feet deep in the rock, fairly lighted from its large entrance, and with a lean-to hut on one side, forming a porch. He is very black and very garrulous. His name is Billali. Many years before a Turk named Seyd brought him from Upper Egypt to Cyprus. He became free, and took to this cave, where now he cultivates the land around. He had sent his wife away. He was born in Kordofan, in the midst of the desert, and there his name had been Tameroo; that was a long while ago—before the time of Mehemet Ali Pasha. He is very happy up on this hill, for he can look down on the sea and on the houses, and till his land as he likes. His wife used to bother him a good deal; but he sent her away, and now he is quite happy. So spake Billali, once Tameroo of Kordofan, as he blew the embers about his little Turkish coffee-pot, and prepared the tiny cup of real coffee for us. Then we parted from

this poor old black Tameroo, and held our course by Shivellas and Everssa towards Mallia.

We reached the latter place in a downpour of rain at sunset. The mudir had a room ready, the Zaptieh having gone on in front to announce us. Dinner soon followed, and then coffee, cigarettes, and much conversation. Mallia was a purely Turkish village, and all the talk was of the Turk. There were one or two present who had been to Mecca. There were many questions asked about the future of the island, about the discovery of gold—"a mountain of gold," they say, in Midian—and about politics, foreign and domestic. There seemed to be an impression amongst them that if this mountain of gold could only be discovered in Cyprus all would be right. I replied through the interpreter that there was plenty of gold lying around, but that it was in the wine, the oil, the wheat, that came yearly from the ground; that the Egyptian, the Roman, the Venetian, and the Greek had left but little of other treasure remaining, but that each returning summer called again to life the riches of which I spoke.

Meantime there is much bringing of coffee and rolling of cigarettes among the cross-legged circle grouped before the large kitchen fire, and finally it is time to lie down for the night.

The wine at Mallia was good, and with generous hands my Turkish hosts filled my glass, declining to join me themselves; but rumour said that they were not always so shy, and that Mallia knew the flavour of

a flagon of Commanderia and the smack of mastic as well as any wine-bibbing village of Greek or Maronite persuasions.

Early next day we are again on the track. Rough and stony, it leads to Arsos, and through the mass of ruins called Hy Nicolo into the beautiful valley of the Carissos River. As the mules in single file wind down into the valley two eagles come soaring close above our heads. A large stone-pine slants from the hillside, and beneath his wide-spread branches white Troados is seen ending the upper valley. Then we zigzag down to the river meadows and halt by the oleander-lined banks for the mid-day rest.

On again across the single-arched bridge of Jellalu, up the farther side of the valley. A very old Greek church stands in ruins on the slope, and near it one solitary pine-tree eleven feet in girth. Then the ascent becomes steep, the zigzags are short and severe, and we see above us the pine-clad crest beyond, which is the monastery of Kiku, our destination.

At last we gain the summit. The track now leads along the crest or sides of narrow ridges. Troados lies to the right, rising in long profile out of a very deep glen; innumerable other deep glens sink around on every side. The sides of the hills descend so steeply into these valleys that the stones go rolling from the feet of the mules as we jog along; but the sense of the steepness of the declivity is lessened by the pines and arbutus-trees that grow around—the arbutus only on the north faces of the hills.

The atmosphere is intensely clear; we are about four thousand feet above sea-level, and as the sun draws to the west the valley between us and Troados seems shot with varying hues of light, yet all so clear that every pine-tree on the mountain is visible, and the snowy crest looks but a short mile distant. A turn in the path brings the monastery of Kiku in sight, the road dips a moment along the east side of the crest, which the sun cannot reach, and the ground is hard-bound in frost. As we draw near the monastery a monk comes up the hillside and joins us. He carries a gun and a bag, but no game. Then we dismount at the great doorway,—lead the mules into the court-yard, and presently a portly prior, followed by many Greek monks, come to bid us rest and welcome. A cell is soon got ready, and the portly prior shows us to it. Three little windows in a very deep wall; low-arched ceiling, from the centre of which swings a brass lamp; a brick floor, with carpet slips laid upon it; a brazier of hot charcoal on one side; a sofa, a few chairs, and a wooden table, and our cell is as comfortable a little den to get into at sunset amid these cold Cypriote hills as traveller could wish to find.

A quaint old place this Kiku, set four thousand feet up in the hills. Long arched corridors and passages run round quiet court-yards. Off the corridors open cells, dormitories, and refectories. A great bell hangs at one corner of the quadrangle; it has come all the way from Moscow—for the fame of Kiku's sanctity

goes far over the Greek world. How this bell was ever carried up the mountain must remain a mystery. It is of enormous size and weight, and the path is but a narrow mule-track; but there it hangs, all the same, to ring out its deep note in the grey dawn to the misty mountain solitudes, and to wake the mouflon on the hills ere the sun has kissed the frozen forehead of Troados. But the glory of Kiku is the church, and the glory of the church is the silver image of the Virgin and Child, given by Alexis in the tenth century, and hidden, so say the monks, from human vision ever since. "As I am not to see it again," said the Greek emperor, when he sent it to Cyprus, "then let no other human eye ever rest upon it." So the head and upper portion of the figures have been veiled from view. All this and more was poured forth by half a dozen old monks, in whose care we made the circuit of the monastery. Before we began our inspection sweetmeats and coffee were produced; when the inspection was over our dinner was ready. It was an excellent repast, and, after a long day spent in the keen mountain atmosphere, appetites were not wanting to do it justice. Lest they should be, one priest specially attended to see that the guests lacked nothing. The Commanderia wine was the best we had yet tasted, and the mastic was old, luscious, and plentiful. As the frost grew harder outside the little cell-windows, and boy attendants brought freshly fanned charcoal to the brazier, the cell looked indeed a cheerful billet for a mountain traveller.

The portly prior came and sat with us after dinner, and, among other matters, produced a paper that had caused the worthy brotherhood intense astonishment. It was an official document in English, having reference to a return for taxation. The monks could not make much of it, so they had invoked the aid of a passing traveller, versed in Greek and English. Unfortunately he had rendered the English word "pitch," the resin of the pine-forests, into the Greek word "bitch," and the brethren were amazed at finding themselves taxed for ten thousand okes of bitches. We appeased the afflicted and perplexed mind of the prior, and, redolent of garlic, he thanked us, bade us good-night, and retired.

Early morning at Kiku. How very beautiful it is! The sun peeps over Mount Olympus; the tops of the hills are all alight, and the deep valleys are in shadow; far away there are pale glimpses of distant sea; a vast stillness dwells on all things—stillness deepened by distant murmur of mountain stream and the softest whisper of old pine-trees. Of that wonderful old forest—now nearly gone—that glorious growth which has given decks to Turkish galleys for three hundred years, that forest for whose destruction Greek and Turk have for once joined hands upon the handle of the felling axe. Burned, hacked, slashed at, barked, and wounded, some grand old survivors still stretch forth their gaunt arms, as though they asked for mercy from the destroyer; and still, when the night hides the wreck that man has made, the wind-swept

song of their sorrow is wafted in unutterable sadness over the ruined land.

Amid the farewells of the assembled brethren we moved off next morning from Kiku, descending northwards towards Kampo and the Bay of Morphu. It was another day of exquisite views, as, winding down the narrow mule-track, we saw below the curve of the Bay of Morphu the broken north range and the white summits of Karamania far away to the north, over the lonely blue sea.

At the village of Kampo we stopped a few minutes. An old Greek woman brought us raisins, and supplemented her offering with an harangue. Its burden was that she expected many things from the English, and she trusted she would not be disappointed. "Tell her," we replied through the interpreter, "that the English expect much from her. When we left England they were all full of expectation about this island; all the papers were writing about her and her people." She appeared to be astonished at the information, and we continued downhill towards Levka.

Six hours' ride brought us to Levka. The mudir, engaged at the moment of our arrival in a full court of tax collection, immediately dissolved his court, and became our host, adviser, and director. He soon produced a meal of walnuts steeped in honey, of which it will be sufficient to record that for a condiment of singular indigestibility it would be difficult to parallel it in any conglomeration of sugar and fruit known to Western palates. Perhaps we are taking

away the character of this condiment, and that, viewed in the capacity of a conserve, it might be approached with comparative safety; but as a *pièce de résistance* to set before a hungry man, after a six hours' ride, walnuts steeped in honey, plentifully administered, would probably solve for ever the "Eastern question" of any Western traveller's farther progress through the land. No wonder the Turk has been the "sick man" of Europe upon such a regimen.

We were afterwards informed that the mudir of Levka had but recently in his own person exemplified the transitory nature of earthly distinction. He had, in fact, undergone incarceration in prison for two months for misappropriation of taxes. He was still, however, administering the laws in Levka, and, so far as we could judge, his misfortune had in no way tended to withdraw from him the confidence of the inhabitants, while it had apparently left unimpaired his reputation as a high-class government official. He was a Turk.

We spent that night at the monastery farm of Xerapotamiss, by the shore of the Bay of Morphu.

After night fell we wandered down to the sea. In a long wave, that rose its crest only to fall upon the shore, the Mediterranean sobbed against the wide curving bay. The moon was over the sea. We wandered along the shore, keeping on a strip of glistening sand close by where the surf broke.

All lonely now this shore, but thick with memories. On this very spot the Turk landed for the conquest of

the island. Hither, two thousand four hundred years ago, came the great lawgiver of the Greeks to end his life. In the farmyard of the monastery hard by, but an hour since, our muleteer tied his mules to the icanthus-leaf of a prostrate Corinthian capital. Yonder, in the moonlight, Pendaia's ruins are still dimly visible. Well may the sea sob upon the withered breast of Cyprus, and the pines sigh over her lonely hilltops.

Two days' ride carried us across the island to the eastern shore, and it was again moonlight when our cavalcade passed the long bridge that crosses the rock-hewn ditch and entered the gate of once famed, now fevered and famished Famagusta.

Within the massive gateway a dead city lay beneath the moonlight. A city so dead and so ruined that even the moonbeams could not hide the wreck or give semblance of life to street or court-yard—and yet, withal, it was modern ruin that lay around. The streets were cleared of stones and rubbish, the massive ramparts were untouched, the roofless houses were not overgrown with creepers. Many of the churches still held portions of roof or window reared aloft against the sky; through lancet window or pointed archway the palm-tree hung motionless against the moonlight. Many owls fitted amid the ruins, and the sole sound was the ring of our hoofs and the roll of the distant surf outside the eastern rampart.

Soon after sunrise next morning we went out to

see by clearer light this modern capital of all ruined cities—this skeleton in armour, whose huge ramparts, and deep ditch, and towering cavaliers hid only crumbling streets, squares, churches, and mansions.

We pass out by the grand sea-gate, not a stone of which has been defaced. Above the marble keystone of the arch the winged Lion still holds the open gospel to the deserted wharfs and silent shingle.

The name of the Venetian ruler is still bright in letters that were carved and gilt at the time Columbus was steering his ship to the New World, and when De Gama was about to strike the first blow at Venetian sway by his passage of the Cape of Storms.

A reef of rocks marks the old harbour limits and the area which it is proposed to dredge into a refuge for ironclads. "They may dredge out the mud from the sea," says our informant, "but they won't dredge away the fever from the shore."

He tells us the fever is incessant, that every one gets it, that it is worse than West African fevers, so far as its sensations are concerned; and that it doesn't matter what one eats or drinks, or where one sleeps, that the fever is bound to come all the same. "There are four of us here," he goes on, "and we were all down together with fever only three weeks ago." Then we go in again into the mournful city, and ramble on through more grass-grown streets and ruins. A plover rises from the waste and calls shrilly as he mounts on rapid wing above the ramparts. We

ascend the ramparts. From the cavalier looking north the eye ranges over the mounds that have, for sixteen hundred years, marked the site of Salamis, and farther off the hills of Kanfara dropping into the long peninsula of Karpos.

Along the rampart two coaches could drive abreast; beneath the rampart are the arched dungeons wherein Venice held her slaves; ruined churches everywhere within the walls—churches with deep doorways traced in curious patterns of stone-carving, with the frescoes still fresh on their walls, and the floors cumbered with overturned tomb effigies and prostrate crosses. Little patches of wheat grow here and there through the ruins. We try to count these churches, but cannot do it. Tradition says there once stood one hundred Christian temples within the walls of Famagusta.

Towering high above all other ruins, the cathedral raises its lofty Gothic towers, the most mournful of all the relics of this saddest of cities. Amid wreck of flying buttress and lancet window of Northern Gothic art, the feathery palms seem strangely out of place.

Older ruins and wreck of time deeper in the bygone can be met on all the shores of the Mediterranean; but nowhere a city like this one of Famagusta, nowhere else a scene which brings us so closely face to face with the grandeur of Venice and the glory of the Norman crusader both strangled in the grasp of the Turk, and lying yet unburied by the merciful hand of Time.

We may quit Cyprus—no other scene, within her shores, can grave upon our memory a deeper record of her matchless ruin.

It is evening. We have crossed the ridge that divides Famagusta from Larnaca, and are descending towards the sea for embarkation. The sun is going down behind the steep ridge of Santa Croce, whose white monastery looks like a snow-cap on the summit. The long waves roll in upon a wide curving shore. Far out to sea, one or two ships are standing to the south, and around us the barren soil spreads a weed-grown waste, with ruins at intervals that stand out wondrously white and clear in the level sunlight. The earth rings hollow under our mule hoofs, for the honeycombed rock beneath has been a tomb for three thousand years. No other word tells of Cyprus so exactly. Tomb of Phœnician, of Egyptian, of Hittite, of Greek, Roman, and Jew; tomb of the exile from Lybia, from Athens, from Pontus; tomb of the rich fugitives that fled before the armies of the Pharaohs or the hosts of Babylon; tomb of all those countless waifs and strays of conquest, commerce, and commotion, who in the dim dawn of civilisation found in this island a refuge and a grave.

Tomb, too, of Byzantine, of Norman crusader, of Venetian, and lastly of the Turk, whose grave scraped shallow amid the ruins of empire has blurred the record and scattered the ashes of twenty vanished peoples.

And now what is to be the future of this island? Can it be redeemed from ruin? Yes. By us? No. By its people? Yes. The Turk ruined; the Greek can renew. Let us beware of attempting to lead or to direct a people who, when their first sensation of surprise is past, are bound to hold us in ridicule and in aversion. Already the symptoms of the first are apparent. "What a pity it is," said the people of Limasol, as they watched our road-making operations into the mountains, "what a pity it is that God, who has given these English so much money, should not also have bestowed upon them some brains!"

There is a singular delusion pervading the English mind that we can civilise and improve a people. It is just the one thing we have never been able to do. No nation in history has ever had so many opportunities of imparting Christianity and civilisation to the Gentile. We have been in close contact with the heathen, with the fire-worshipper, with the Buddhist, with the worshippers of the stick, and the stone, and the bone for the better part of two centuries. Yet what has been the sum total of our success?

Have we really Christianised twenty square miles of any continent or island? Have we made any race or people in the whole wide circle of our vast dominion more truthful, more honest, more chaste, or even more happy than they were before they came in contact with us and our civilisation? Few men will answer, Yes.

The truth is, the Anglo-Saxon race can spread itself, but cannot impart to others its Christianity or its civilisation. We can only do what the Dane, the Saxon, the Frank, or the Goth could do. The work of the Greek or the Roman is beyond our power, and the reason of our incessant failure is obvious. We will not take, as the Romans took, the best strings of native character and play our tune of civilisation and progress on them; but we must invariably take our own mould and proceed to run down into it whatever type of national character we come in contact with.

We cannot train or teach; we can only multiply and spread. If we conquer a nation we must either destroy it or fail to govern it. French Canada is an exception; but French Canada won from our generals, after our defeat at St. Roche, so many national privileges that its laws, language, religion, and territory have remained French.

In fact, French Canada is a lasting proof of what can be done by letting people develop themselves upon their own lines.

One hundred and thirty years ago French Canada had a population of less than one hundred thousand souls. It was the poorest and most inhospitable country in North America. It has to-day one million and a half of French Canadian inhabitants.

In Ireland, on the other hand, we would only develop on the British basis. For seven hundred years we have been busy at this development, and it is only now dawning upon us that it will not do.

But people will say, "Ah, the Greek is different; he is a semi-Asiatic. We really must train and educate this Greek." My dear, good, Mr. Bull, you are in sober truth a mere child to this Greek; even at your own long-practised game of buying and selling, of barter and chaffer, he can beat you hollow. He has taken the trade of the Levant from you; he has penetrated into the heart of your great city and holds his own against your most able money-changers. "Ah, but," I hear you say, "he can't fight." There also you are mistaken. You yourself have never fought against a tenth of the odds that he has contended with. At Scios he performed an exploit in the centre of the Ottoman fleet which, measuring it by the "decorative period" of modern English warfare, all the bronze in the Trafalgar lions could not yield crosses for. When you have fought the tenth part of what this Greek has fought, and suffered the hundredth part of his sufferings in the cause of freedom, then you may talk of teaching him how to fight or how to die.

No; let us endeavour to develop this island for the Greek peasant, and by the Greek peasant; not for the benefit of the usurer as we have done in India, or for the landlord as we have done in Ireland, or for the benefit of the Manchester man, or the Birmingham man, or the London man, or the outside man generally, as we have done in other parts of the world. My friend the sea-captain, who is still doubtless fully prepared to settle the Greek question after his own

fashion, would probably urge the rule of thumb-screw and gallows in dealing with Cyprus; but the world has got beyond that stage now.

If our dominion in Cyprus is to escape the fate of our Ionian experiment, we must try to learn Greek before we attempt to teach English.

THE END.

FAR
OUT

ROYALS
RE-TOLD

LIEUT.-COL. W. E.
BUTLER
C. B.

LEBISTE