

more. And they accompanied him to the ship."

The mainland of the Gulf of Kos awakes our keenest interest as we watch it with eagerness through a glass, for there is the ancient Helicarnassus where Herodotus, the father of history, first saw the light, and where stood the famous temple of Mausolus, one of the seven wonders of the world, which has given us the English word "mausoleum." The site of the famous temple has been discovered, and much of its noble architecture found, although in a ruinous condition. Kos is one of the most picturesque of the Sporades, and one of the most renowned.

Day after day we glide amongst these lovely islands—green near the shore, but grey on the bold and rocky heights. Far up on the slope of the hills nestle the villages, or spread around the placid bay, snow-white amid the green, while exquisite soft opalescent hues suffuse the scene. White sails gleam as the swift feluccas glide across the purple waves, recalling Tennyson's words, "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of seas."

At Chios the air was fragrant with orange blossoms and rose hedges. In such profusion do the roses abound that a specialty of the island is its rose-flavoured marmalade. Earthquake and war have done their best, or worst, to despoil this lovely isle. At Kastia the old Genoese walls and towers line the shore in green and melancholy desolation. Chios is one of the cities which claim to be the birthplace of Homer, "the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle." It has a stirring history, but no more tragic episode than the grim disaster by which it was overtaken some seventy years ago. The island had a population of 110,000, nearly all Greeks—a mild, gay, lively, industrious, peace-

ful population. The women were especially celebrated for their charms and grace. In an evil hour they were hurried into insurrection against their Turkish masters. An army of fanatical Moslems descended upon the island, which was given up to pillage and massacre. The archbishop and the heads of the Church were hanged with every mark of ignominy and their heads thrown into the sea. In two months twenty thousand Chiotas fell by the sword and forty-five thousand were dragged into slavery. A few months later only two thousand Greeks remained on the whole island.

While the Turks were triumphing, the Greeks prepared their reprisal. "Then ensued," writes Gen. Gordon, "one of the most extraordinary military exploits recorded in history. Constantine Canaris and thirty-three brave comrades volunteered their services; taking advantage of a dark night, they ran into the midst of the Turkish fleet, anchored in the channel of Scio, and grappled their fire-ship to the huge vessel of Captain Pasha, which instantly caught the flames, and in a few hours blew up with the crew of two thousand men. The Greeks meanwhile stepped into a large launch which they had in tow, shouting 'Victory to the Cross!'—the ancient war-cry of the imperial armies of Byzantium—and made good their escape to Syra without the loss of a single man."

The island is now recovering its prosperity, and the dark green foliage of the olive groves and gardens make a beautiful background to the town of Scio, seen from the sea. Threading the channel between the island and the mainland, there opened to our view the splendid harbour and stately city of Smyrna, which for two thousand years has been the most important seaport of Asia Minor.