

Crete. Its out line was very beautiful, surrounded by the snow-capped mountains.

*Sunday, May 6th.*—Early in the morning the snowy mountains of Crete were still in sight. Service was held as usual at eleven, but it was too rough in the afternoon for it to be repeated.

*Tuesday, May 8th.*—At noon we rejoiced to think that Malta was not more than a few miles ahead. About three we closed in with the land, and, after one or two tacks, swiftly glided into the grand harbour of Valetta. We found everything looking as bright and cheerful and steep as it always does and always will do; not the least bit altered or modernized.

*Wednesday, May 9th.*—Malta is essentially a border-land—African by geographical configuration, European, politically, and assuredly Asiatic in its language, its buildings, and in the manners and customs of the natives. We gave everybody on board a holiday, and a chance to run ashore to-day to stretch their legs after their long sea voyage. Tom went on board the *Sultan* to see the Duke of Edinburgh and his splendid ship. Whilst at breakfast I received an intimation that the Duke of Edinburgh wished to come and examine the yacht. His Royal Highness arrived soon afterwards, quite unattended, in a beautiful



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ten-oared barge, and paid us a long visit, inspecting the yacht minutely and looking at all the pets. He took a great interest in our voyage and courses, as well as in the numerous curiosities, knowing at once from what place each had been procured. The Duke, who had taken very nearly the same cruise himself in the *Galatea* a few years ago, inquired very kindly after his old friends at Tahiti, Hilo, Honolulu, and many other places. The Duke is very kind to everybody here. He is much liked by his brother