

over the hills. A bright revolving light, like the glaring eye of Cyclops, seemed to guard the coast. Boats gliding silently by seemed like spectre barques. The myriad stars were reflected on the placid waves. The scene was of remarkable beauty and tranquillity.

We have entered now those scattered islands known as the Sporades. They recall the stirring lines of Byron—

“The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung.
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
And all except their sun is set.

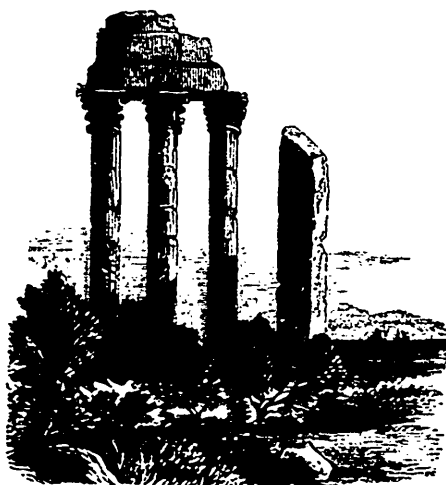
“The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' islands of the blest.”

On our right rise the high serrated mountains of Asia Minor, jutting out in bold promontories far into the sea. Pretty white villages lie in the green valleys among the folded hills, looking in the distance like a flock of sheep at rest. In the evening light masses of cumulus clouds rise, golden and snowy, in the crimson light; the great orb of the sun sinks slowly into the halcyon sea of deepest, intensest blue. One cannot help thinking of the stirring history of that same Asia Minor, with its great cities of renown as marts of trade throughout the world—now a solitude, where, as Disraeli says, the tinkling bell of the armed and wandering caravan alone breaks the silence of the scene. Around us spread the sunny Cyclades, whose very names—Telos, Kos, Kalymos, Lero, Patmos, Samos, Kios, Lesbos, Tenedos, Imbros, Nasos, Nyseros—call to mind many stirring classic memories.

In the Gulf of Kos is situated the ancient port of Miletus, once a busy city with its “four harbours,” now a silent waste. The ruins of its stately

amphitheatre no longer ring with the applause of the lyric or the tragic muse. Lithe lizards crawl over the marble seats where sat the magistrates in state, and the wild goat crops the scanty herbage of the arena. This else forgotten name is cherished in the hearts of millions from its associations with one of the most touching incidents in the ministry of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, an incident which it is scarce possible to read without tears. See Acts xx. 17–38.

“The ship in which St. Paul was



ON THE ROAD TO MILETUS.

speeding to Jerusalem,” says Dr. Green, “did not touch, it appears, at Ephesus, but had to call at Miletus, doubtless for some reason connected with the voyage; and so the port becomes memorable to all time for the simplest, noblest, tenderest pastoral address ever uttered. The place is silent, desolate now; long reeds and coarse grass are growing, amid undistinguishable ruins, where that weeping company once descended to the beach, and they all wept sore and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no