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IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

BEYROUT TO SMYRNA.



HAMAL, TURKISH PORTER.

FOR two days the sea had been so rough in the open roadstead of Beyrout that no attempt could be made to embark. The great steamers, rolling and pitching at their moorings, were very suggestive of the treatment that their passengers would receive. It was with difficulty that freight could be either discharged or received. Indeed, one of the lighters, by which the cargo was brought

ashore, was capsized, and all its freight sank in the sea. At length it calmed sufficiently to permit going on ship-board. Our baggage was carried down on the backs of sturdy porters, through the narrow streets, to the tiny harbour for small boats.

Before embarking, Madame was made the recipient of the biggest bouquet of lovely flowers I think I ever saw, almost as large as a parasol. It was the final *souvenir* of our faithful dragoman, Mr. Abdallah B. Kayat, to whose thoughtful attention, during our month's journey through Palestine, our comfort and pleasure were so largely due. The sturdy

strokes of our boat's crew urged us over the long rolling waves. We were heaved up, up, on the top of a billow, and then slid down, down, down, till ship and shore were alike concealed from view, and it seemed as if we would never emerge again. As we approached the steamship it seemed impossible to climb the steep ladder to her deck. Around were crowding boats and yelling boat-