

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 Xeropotamiss, 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 acanthus-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 mas-