

was gossiping with several other well-dressed pilgrims of her own sex, all smoking cigarettes. One venerable figure mounted guard over his wife and a large family of children. Another made a very comfortable nest for his young wife and was keeping vigil at her side whenever I passed. The pilgrims beguiled the tedium of the voyage with a strange variety of singing, mostly of a plaintive, monotonous character, accompanied by odd-looking string or percussion instruments. Between decks was equally crowded. A couple of monkeys, a brown bear, parrots and other live stock added to the confusion. I thought I was a lover of my kind, but the crowded, sordid and often squalid groups and vile smells made me doubt it.

Our voyage to Constantinople covered about a week, in which time we became quite well acquainted with our very interesting fellow-travellers. Quite a number of distinct languages were spoken and a great variety of costumes worn. A magnificently dressed Egyptian dragoman, a very accomplished Greek gentleman, a German physician, who had spent some years in Persia, with two charming ladies of his family, a half-dozen post-graduate students from Berlin University, and a number of American and English travellers, made a very agreeable party.

The day after leaving Beyrout the outline of Cyprus came into view. We skirted all day its rather barren and arid coast, with quaint old fortresses, as at Kyrenia, and picturesque mountain background, over-arched by a bright blue sky.

But nothing can describe the intense ultramarine of the waves, nor the vivid contrast presented by the snowy lace-work where they broke into foam. This is an ever-present source of astonishment and delight in all these Levantine waters. The purple waves, the azure mountains and the ethereal sky present

the loveliest symphony in blues that can be conceived.

It did our hearts good to see the red-cross flag floating from the fort at Larnica and from the British ships anchored in the harbour.

"It seemed like a friendly hand
Stretched out from one's native land."

A number of British red-coats came aboard, including a magnificent band. They were going to Limasol to play at that British institution, the races. They furnished us some good music while on board, and a very companionable lot of men they were. There are five hundred troops in Cyprus, we were told, but they find it very dull camping and drilling on that hot and arid country. Most of them are from the larger cities of England, and they do not like the isolation of the island. The old Gothic convent of La Pais is grandly situated on a bluff five hundred feet above the sea. The ancient cloisters and vast halls, with their Gothic tracery, are noteworthy reminders of the gallant crusaders.

Our word "copper" (Latin, *cuprum*) comes from the name Cyprus, because its chief source of wealth in former times was its mines of copper. Its cedars are said to have surpassed those of Lebanon, but its forests have almost entirely disappeared. As a consequence the rainfall has been greatly lessened, and what does fall flows rapidly away, carrying with it the fertile soil into the sea. Cyprus is in all probability the Chittim or Kittim of the Bible mentioned in Genesis x. 4. Baalam in his prophecy (Numbers xxiv. 24) speaks of the ships of Chittim attacking Assyria; and in Isaiah xxxi. 13 Chittim is represented among the fleets of Tyre. Its chief town is yet called Citium, or Chittim, as well as Larnica.

Here is shown the grave of Lazarus, who, having been raised from the dead, for fear of the Jews fled to Cyprus and became bishop of Citium.