

ders of lofty Lebanon loomed in the fast growing shadows behind her. The wind had been blowing freshly all day, and there was a short pitching sea, giving me, for a few hours, my first and last experience of sea-sickness on the Mediterranean; so, in company with many others, reduced for the time being to that peculiar quietude and silence begotten of qualmishness, I spent the early hours of the night in a lounging-chair on deck. It was perhaps between ten and eleven at night, that, the sea being now smoother, and the air on deck exceedingly chilly, I went below to seek a place to turn in. A chorus of snores greeted me from the darkened saloon, upon the couches of which seven persons were stretched asleep, comfortably rolled up in blankets and sheets. At the end of the saloon on one side there was an eighth place, with the clothes turned down very invitingly, and, without more ado, I prepared to occupy it.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by some one touching me, and starting up with a *Hallo!* was answered by a figure in the darkness, who apologized for disturbing me and moved away. The morning found us off Larnaca, Cyprus, and after breakfast my friend M—— and I, with many others of the passengers, went on shore, as we were to spend the day there. Here, although on distinctively Oriental ground, there was abundant evidence of the influence and advantage of the British protectorate; and it was a positive exhilaration to find ourselves once more under the ægis of the Union Jack, and in a place where the salutary environment of British law and order was working a wonderful change.

Larnaca is a small town, thoroughly eastern in its appointments and activities, and in the costumes and customs of its inhabitants. We walked about the crooked streets and market-place, and noted the curious ways in which western ideas and laws were making themselves felt.

There is not much to see in the town—no antiquities, no fine buildings—and the few hours of the steamer's detention did not allow us time to make any excursion beyond the outskirts; but it was interesting, notwithstanding, to set foot upon the island so famous in classic memories, so noted in apostolic story, and so long down-trodden and oppressed. A new era has dawned upon it, British laws guard it, and British capital and industry have begun to develop its manifold resources. A bright future, more genuinely brilliant and happy than any of the storied days of the past, undoubtedly awaits the beautiful island gained for Britain by one of the last efforts of the far-seeing and astute diplomacy of Beaconsfield.