

macy. In that far-off "morning land," surrounded by heathenish darkness and Mohammedan fanaticism it was true rest and stimulating refreshment to commune with Christian workers so single in aim and so earnest in heart. I spent two days among them—Saturday and Sunday—and my memory of our fellowship is an oasis in that desert land. I worshipped on Sunday with these brethren in their own little church in Boudja, a plain and yet neat structure, situated in a most picturesque graveyard, so peaceful and homelike. With the Church of England service, grand in its simplicity, as it appeared to me under the circumstances, and a sermon full of fervour and toned to a beautiful gentleness, I felt it was "none other than the house of God."

I had given to me every opportunity of judging the quality of the work of these missionary brethren, holding forth the Word of Life amid such depressing influences and surroundings, "to the Jew first." I have ever had the conviction that a missionary is the highest order of minister; and with Dr. Chalmers believed that "what the man of liberal philosophy is in sentiment, the missionary is in practice." I came away impressed with the heroism and fidelity of the men who occupy these outposts in Mohammedan lands in the name and service of the Redeemer.

It was while lying at anchor in Smyrna Bay that I witnessed an Eastern storm. I was much interested in the "Imbat"—a daily gale of wind setting in from the Mediterranean, cityward, and rising in force as the day wore on, till it fell with startling suddenness at the setting of the sun. What unsanitary Smyrna would do without this purifying influence, I do not know; it is a veritable saviour for the Smyrniotes. An Eastern storm, however, to me was unique. For days a storm had been predicted. Heavy masses of cloud had been gathering over the mountains, and "the Brothers"—lofty peaks at the bend of the bay—had been crowned with ominous bluey-black masses of cloud. The storm broke at midnight. I was awoke by the strange and violent vibrations of the ship. It trembled from stem to stern as if in a paroxysm of mortal fear, and the storm breath shrieked and whistled through the rigging like so many contending spirits. The night was inky black; the sea, sky, shorelands and rocks were wiped out by the confused and unrelieved darkness. As, half-dressed, I peered into the grim blackness where the wind and sea raged and roared in a horrible dissonance, the heavens suddenly became ablaze with a blinding sheet of fire which shimmered and trembled in the air for seconds. In that lightning flash the whole scene was revealed from end to end. The black, towering hills and the city sleeping in the lower slopes; the sea in broad reaches of wild foam-capped waves; the ships around, straining at their anchors; all, in magic-like distinctness, were revealed, and then the pall of darkness once more fell.

The next morning broke in peace, and found the crew busily preparing for the final phase of our Mediterranean life and work. Pleasant as was my sojourn in Smyrna, and happy as were my memories and associations of that sojourn, it was with no sorrow that I saw the "bluepeter" flying at the fore. It was the welcome signal of "homeward bound."

(To be concluded.)

SUMMER TRAVEL AND SELFISHNESS.

The best of us have a good deal of selfishness to the square inch. Nobody can tell how much until summer travel begins. The very time that people ought to be specially obliging, generous and companionable is the time that all the innate selfishness of our nature seems to come into action; and the action is, not lovely. When the other departments of human nature are having a holiday, the selfishness department does the most lively business.

Mr. and Mrs. Tourist are setting out for their summer trip. They are fairly agreeable people around home. Nobody suspects them of carrying more than the average amount of selfishness about their persons. At home they are quite as generous as the majority of their neighbours, but the moment they set out on their summer tour they want the best of everything and are bound to have it.

As soon as Mrs. Tourist takes her seat in the car the selfishness comes into play. She spreads herself and her belongings over two seats. Her grip sack and band boxes and other traps paid no fare, but they occupy as much room as if they had bought two or three tickets. If Mrs. Tourist can manage to make her little dog occupy another seat, her triumph is complete. While Mrs. Tourist is spreading herself and her goods and chattels over as much of the car as possible, Tourist is performing the same unselfish operation in another part of the coach. He also has two seats. On one he adjusts the trunk of his precious person; on the other he places his elegant No. fourteens to keep company with his overcoat, hat-box, fishing tackle and other holiday arrangements. The only thing that grieves Tourist is that he cannot bring in his boat, and make it occupy three or four seats. Of course there are other people in the car who have paid their fare and expect a seat, but what of that? Mr. and Mrs. Tourist are on their summer trip, and are not bound to respect the rights of anybody.

Having travelled a certain distance by rail, Mr. and Mrs. Tourist take a steamer for the remaining portion of their trip. For illustrations of unalloyed, unrelieved, unmitigated hoggishness always commend us to a crowded steamboat. Mr. and Mrs. Tourist of course want the best state room on the boat. They have no more right to the best room than any other persons on board, but they want it and must have it