wonder? He has trodden this road to Khartum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last.

Thus with Maxim-Nordenfeldt1 and Bible we buried Gordon after the manner of his race. The parade was over, the troops were dismissed, and for a short⁵ space we walked in Gordon's garden. Gordon has become a legend with his countrymen, and they all but deify him dead who would never have heard of him had he lived. But in this garden you somehow came to know Gordon the man, not the myth, and to 10 feel near to him. Here was an Englishman doing his duty, alone and at the instant peril of his life; yet still he loved his garden. The garden was a yet more pathetic ruin than the palace. The palace accepted its doon mutely; the garden strove against it. Un-15 trimmed, unwatered, the oranges and citrons still struggled to bear their little, hard, green knobs, as if they had been full ripe fruit. The pomegranates put out their vermilion star-flowers, but the fruit was small and woody and juiceless. The figs bore better, 20 but they, too, were small and without vigour. Rankly overgrown with dhurra,2 a vine still trailed over a low roof its pale leaves and limp tendrils, but yielded not a sign of grapes. It was all green, and so far vivid and refreshing after Omdurman. But it was the green 25 of nature, not of cultivation: leaves grew large and fruit grew small, and dwindled away. Reluctantly, despairingly, Gordon's garden was dropping back to wilderness. And in the middle of the defeated fruit trees grows rankly the hateful Sodom apple,3 the poison-30 ous herald of desolation.

The bugle broke in upon us; we went back to the boats. We were quicker steaming back than steaming

¹ Maxim-Nordenfeldt—A machine gun.

² dhurra—A coarse grass.

³ Sodom apple—Gall-nuts produced by an insect called cynips insana. These so-called "apples" are beautiful externally, but are filled with ashes.