

to deep purple and at last to spectral white.

Lesbos, or Mytelene, has attracted the attention of the civilized world within a few months, from the fact of a few British red-coats having landed for gun practice. For days the Bourses of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and the great money markets of the world were convulsed: it was thought that Great Britain had seized the island as a base of operation against the Dardanelles and Constantinople—so sensitive is the barometer of commerce to political agitation. As we sailed by the island on a lovely Sunday morning, the old mediæval castle, with its huge embattlements, walls and towers, and curious old Byzantine church, presented a striking feature. The Lesbian isle is the birthplace of the famous poets Alcæus, Sappho, and Arion, and of the philosopher Theophrastus.

In an opening to the left, between the islands of Lero and Lepso, we caught a glimpse of the lonely isle of Patmos, a name familiar to uncounted millions through its sacred associations. It is a tiny island only ten miles long and five miles wide. It is scarcely mentioned in history. It is a bleak, barren mass of rock, and was used by the Romans as a place of banishment for criminals, hence it was the place of exile to which St. John was condemned by the emperor. Here, according to undisputed tradition, he had his glorious vision of the open heavens and the great white throne and the New Jerusalem, and wrote the last book of the canon of Holy Scripture. On the rocky ridge is a small town, and still higher the famous Monastery of St. John the Divine, presenting the appearance of a fortress of the Middle Ages. In a grotto in the rocks is shown a cavern, covered with a chapel, upon whose walls are depicted apocalyptic scenes. Here St. John is said to have written his Revelation. The

monks even point out some fissures in the roof where the last of the prophets heard the sound of a voice from heaven like the sound of a trumpet.

It was with keen interest that we skirted the low coast of the ancient Troas and passed the site of Troy and Hisarlik, where Schliemann made such wonderful finds. We thought of the wondrous siege sung by Homer, the earliest and probably the best-known siege in history. The excavations of Schliemann have shown that this was not merely the creation of a poetic imagination, but a historic fact. He found the remains of six different towns, one beneath the other, and in the treasure-house of Priam all sorts of gold vessels and ornaments, some of which weighed four pounds. These I have myself seen in the South Kensington Museum, London. Here, too, is the place where St. Paul in his vision saw the man of Macedonia crying, "Come over and help us," and with a courage greater than that of Ulysses or Achilles entered on his sacred "Odyssey" for the evangelization of Europe.

It is somewhat odd to remember that our English word "meander" comes from a very tortuous stream of that name which wanders at its own sweet will through the plains of Troy.

To the right we passed the Island of Tenedos, where the Greek fleets retired while the faithless wooden horse, with its perilous freight, was dragged into Troy. Amid this striking environment we held our Sunday service. The Rev. Mr. Steel, son of Dr. Daniel Steel, read the account of Paul at Troas and Ephesus.

On Sunday afternoon we sailed up the famous Dardanelles or Hellespont. The European and Asiatic shores are full of interest, not for their scenic attractions, for they have few, but from the profound historic interest which they present. This strait is seventy miles long and in