

a new nasty smell, which I have learned since is peculiar to Arab pilgrims, and which made the very air feel foreign; and at last amongst the crowd, that was slowly growing by boat-loads, I detected some outspread prayer-carpets, with their owners squatting in devotion on them. The only thing that disappointed us was the persistence of English weather. It was not raining, but the sky was dim and cloudy, the wide harbour was swept with a long lumbering swell, and a chilly wind seemed to breathe a blight over everything.

So the day wore on, finding us still stationary. Our own part of the ship was not invaded by anybody, except one solitary figure. He was a man in European dress, with wistful eyes and a fine Hellenic face. He spoke English well, and, advancing to us with dignity, he asked us if we would buy what he called 'special photographs.' 'Be off,' said one of my friends. 'Take the beastly things away with you.' 'Not beastly,' he said gently, 'academic.' Then opening a leather case which he carried, he produced from its depths some polished cubes of olive-wood, and with no change of manner except an increased gravity, 'Perhaps,' he went on, 'you would like a piece of the true Cross.'

In the course of the afternoon the wind began to freshen. We had not started yet. It was evening before we did so. By that time a stiff breeze was blowing; a drop of rain occasionally spluttered in our faces, and we went out over the bar into