

the scientific altruists and Mr. Herbert Spencer would suppose, were consumed with the far more homely and human feeling of mortification; and one of them, Geoffrey, exclaimed in words, which one feels must be authentic, 'If my brother Guy has become a king he is perfectly certain to end by becoming God.'

Whilst I was listening to stories of this kind, which made me forget the rough though rapid movement of the carriage, dusk had insensibly descended on the wide Cyprian plains, and the figures of our attendants on mules were like ghosts upon either side of us. Suddenly I saw the moonlight fall upon masonry, and we were entering Nicosia through the gloom of the Famagosta Gate.

