

constitutional as soon as his work was over, and at six he and I sallied forth together. The way to the monastery had lain over rich ploughed fields. Our present course took us over stretches of rugged moorland. The evening fell with its soft mysterious dimness, making the grey boulders glimmer, in vague shadow, and giving the low horizon an aspect of incalculable distance. Here and there we passed by a small eminence, whose sides were honeycombed with a number of black caverns. These, my companion told me, were rifled Phœnician tombs. By-and-by, far out in the solitude, like a sail at sea, we sighted a pale object; it was a forlorn Byzantine church, standing altogether alone. It proved to be a landmark, which showed we had walked far enough. We arrested our steps. I asked what the church was. Sir Robert knew nothing of its history; but at times, he said, there was still service in it. After a pause we turned. A soft wild wind sighed in our faces across the furze; and we retraced our steps over ground that was now hardly distinguishable.

A walk of this kind, and at this hour, with Sir Robert came to be a daily feature of my life at Government House. Another feature, almost equally regular, was a corresponding walk with him after breakfast about the garden—a walk which was constantly enlivened by patches of local colour. The colour in question was for the most part contributed by beggars, or at any rate by petitioners, with some want or grief or grievance. The rags of