touches bottom ever so lightly, and a grinding shudder runs right through the boat.

At Port Said the canal ends in a breakwater. At the head of it the waves break round the base of a stone pedestal, where stands a bronze statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the builder of the canal, pointing proudly to his great work. The only buildings that catch the eye on the water frontage are the big, white lighthouse and the Messageries Maritimes' office—a handsome building of grey stone, its cupolas roofed with green tiles. All the others are dingy and tumble-down, and the streets are narrow and dirty. In March and April, when Australians are going to England, it is out of season at Port Said. The main streets are silent and empty, the hotels shut up, the cafes deserted. A negro waiter shuffles about amongst the chairs and tables on the footpath; but no one comes to occupy them. Plants droop and wither in green tubs, and a cold wind whirls paper and dust into corners. A few Turkish soldiers slink furtively about. Beyond the town lies Lake Menzaleh. The wind blows the sand along the shore and whips the water into yellow waves. It is desolate, and yet the very desolation gives the place more character and interest than it has in the season. It is Africa. In the native quarters there is always plenty of busy life. The narrow streets are crowded with men, women, donkeys, dogs, cats, and swarms of children. The men work at their trades seated in the doorways. The Arab women are shrouded in black burnouses, and veiled to the eyes with thick black nets, held in place by a brass ornament, fastened to the hair, and hanging over the nose. They push handcarts, piled with sugarcane, and stand gossiping outside the shops.

The mailboats usually pass through the Straits of Messina and Bonifacio in the dark, so the next stage of the journey is an abrupt change from Egypt to France. A dull glow in the night to starboard is Stromboli.

At Marseilles the boat lies alongside the shore for the first time since leaving West Australia. There is a wilderness of wharves and shipping. A crowd of beggars assembles, and plays violins, barrel organs and guitars, while puny children dance on the cobblestones, shaking tambourines, and singing in high nasal voices. They all shriek and gesticulate, keeping anxious eyes on the deck. A piece of money thrown down causes a wild scramble and fight. The better part of Marseilles lies away from the wharves. The people call their city "The Paris of the South." In some respects there is a resemblance. The women are as pretty and chic as Parisiennes, and the shops and the cafes, with their marble-topped tables and clipped bay trees, in little green tubs, placed out on the shady footpaths, reminds one of Paris; and in the Cours St. Louis, one of the principal streets, a row of flower-stalls along the kerb recalls the kiosks on the boulevards; but away from the business quarter the town has a charmingly quiet, old-fashioned air. The hilly streets are wide and well paved, and shaded with tall trees. The house are of white stone. Down the middle of some streets there is a space planted with grass and trees, with seats and a bandstand.

The principal sights are the Palais de Longchamps and the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde. The palace was built by Napoleon the Third. He thought it would be good policy to spend part of the year amongst his people in the south; but was deposed before he could carry out the idea, and the palace is now a museum. It is on a hill, and beautifully designed in the shape of a crescent. The middle portion is a pillared gallery, open at the sides. In the centre a towering arch and a fine group of statuary surmount a torrent of water that rushes down a slope of rough unchiselled rocks into a great round pool below. Sloping paths, and broad flights of steps, lead up to the gallery on each side. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and one comes unexpectedly on cages of wild animals and birds amongst the trees.

Notre Dame de la Garde overlooks the harbour from the highest point of Marseilles. It is crowned with a colossal gilded figure of the Virgin and child, which shows far out to sea. It is the sailors' church, and covered from floor to roof with tablets and pictures given as thank-offerings for successful voyages and dangers escaped at sea. There are cases full of little silver hearts; and silver lamps and models of ships hang from the rafters. The ground falls steeply away on every side. Two hydraulic lifts run down the cliffs to the level of the streets. From the parapet round the church is a fine view of the town, encircled by bare, rugged hills of white limestone. The trees make bright patches of green against the white houses and red roofs. The sea and sky are vividly blue. Just below is the little rocky island of Chateau D'Ifs, with battlemented walls and towers, where Dreyfus was imprisoned for a time. One associates it, too, with the story of Monte Christo.

The east side of Gibraltar looks to be uninhabited, but as the boat rounds the point the little town is seen at the foot of the rock. Just across the semi-circular bay is the Spanish town of Algeciras. Gibraltar is spoken of as a bare rock; but grass and bushes grow in the crevices, and after Aden it looks quite green. The boat lies some distance out, and one lands in a launch and walks along a covered jetty through a stone archway, into the barrack-square — Casemates-square, it is called. The main street opens off this. It is narrow and winding, and crowded with soldiers, Spaniards in broad black hats, and stately Moors with bright draperies and yellow slippers. The slope of the rock begins here, so that all the little streets running up the inner side are composed of stone steps. Donkeys pick their way up and down, with panniers of vegetables. Between the tall, narrow houses one sees the great rock frowning above. At the end of the street is a little sunken garden, very weedy and forlorn. A few tropical plants droop sadly in it, and there are actually a gum tree and a wattle, very sickly looking, but nevertheless a little bit of home to an Australian; and a pepper-tree hanging over a yellow wall has a familiar look, too. Stone steps lead into the Alameda, a little public garden with trees and seats, separated from the parade ground by a low stone wall. Some soldiers are flag-signalling, and goods are being sent up to the station on top of the rock in baskets run on wire ropes.

Near the landing-place is the meat and fruit market—a low, square building, with the paths between the stalls open to the sunlight. Fine oranges, melons, grapes and green and purple figs are sold in flexible green baskets. Overlooking Casemates-square are the ruins of an ancient Moorish castle. Going through an archway to get a nearer view, one sees a strong door, half open, and a lamp inside shows the beginning of one of the tunnels that honeycomb the rock. There is not a gun visible anywhere; and such a chance glimpse is the only outward sign of the great fortifications.

This is almost the end of the voyage. Plymouth, Southampton, Tilbury—no one notices them in the excitement of landing, and the nearness of London—London that we know years before we see it; that sometimes produces the same feeling of disappointment as a play described by someone who has already witnessed it.