

me joined—not only the objects on which my eyes at the present moment rested, but all the ruin which I knew was in my neighbourhood—Othello's Castle, the Venetian arsenal, the palaces fallen shapeless, and the forlorn chancels of the crusaders. As my wandering consciousness went from one of these to another, each time it seemed that a new violin sounded; and as, for the practical purpose of choosing a position for my camera, I scrutinised the details of the actual scene before me, all this music took an articulate meaning. Through the empty trefoil arches of the small church close to me was a vision as of desert palm trees; on its roof were clustering weeds; unnaturally perfect, the west window of the cathedral soared with its Christian tracery by the minaret that had supplanted its towers; and a few yards away from me, lying close to the well, were the fragments of a broken water-jar. Was not this, in absolute, in literal truth, the embodiment of those words of the Preacher by which many best remember him? The pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the wheel was broken at the cistern. Everywhere around, where once was life and pride, the silver thread was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken; all the daughters of music were brought low, and not even the mourners were going about the streets. This was the theme which the whole city of Famagusta took up and prolonged like a fugue, in endless variations, constantly gathering to itself other thoughts as companions. Of all the energy, of all the hopes, of all