

unharmful as far as he knew. They had a few bushes for cover. Near him lay about six men—he thought all of them were dead. He lay about three to four hours before he could move, and then managed to walk back to the shore, and was taken on board one of the hospital ships about 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning. This made twelve hours from the time he was wounded before he could have proper attention. He was very modest, and spoke reverently about trusting in God at the time of the battle. He is able to walk about, and while talking we looked over the balcony on the first floor on to the ground floor, and he so far forgot his own sufferings as to point out a young fellow with a bandage over his eyes. I went to him. He gave a start when I spoke in a low voice. I fancy his nerves had been shaken. He got the flash from a shell; he is blind in one eye and can only see a little with his right eye. A man on his right who belonged to the 15th Battalion (New South Wales) was killed by the same shell, and a man on his left (a New Zealander) had some ribs broken. This happened on April 27 about 3 o'clock p.m. His battalion landed on Monday morning. He says he is as strong as a lion and wants to go back among the boys again. He is a brave lad. Jack Pearce, the son of the Rev. John Pearce, is wounded slightly and is doing well. He is in this hospital. He has a clean bullet wound through the foot. He was about two and a half to three miles from the shore and started to crawl back to get to a hospital ship. One of the fellows saw him and carried him a mile or more, with snipers hidden in holes of behind bushes firing at them. They had wonderful escapes. From the papers we see that there have been great rejoicings in Australia and New Zealand over the bravery and success of our troops, and that is as it ought to be, for they had an awful piece of work to do, landing on the enemy's beach with a hill in front of them, which they had to climb in the face of a withering fire from the enemy from the top of the hill, and with the enemy's big guns pouring shells into our men from the side. Our fellows fixed bayonets and charged. I am told that if the enemy had only held that hill our men would have been annihilated, but before the onrush of our men with fixed bayonets the enemy gave way. Thank God for it. The men fought wonderfully well. Some men were killed in

the landing boats before they reached the shore; then, as they landed, the remainder fixed bayonets and made for the top of the hill, many of them without officers to direct operations and without the help of the machine guns and artillery. Sunday, April 25, will be a great and memorable day in the history of Australia and New Zealand, but, oh! the sorrow into which many homes will be plunged when the list of casualties comes out. God Himself comfort and bless the dear ones. You will be thankful to know that everything possible is being done for the well-being of the men. This is a wonderful building. It cost over £1,000,000 (Belgian money). I understand the late King of Belgium put a lot into it, the idea being to make it a sort of second Monte Carlo."

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THE DARDANELLES.

Interesting History.

Our boys are at present concentrated in a country which has a wonderfully romantic past—in the passage of the Dardanelles, the broad Hellespont of old Homer. The scenery on the European side (wrote Dr. Faber in his Journal) is not particularly beautiful; but there are fine views of woody Asia; there are the cliffs of Europe, the blue water, and all the glorious history which crowds both shores. At the entrance of the straits is the island of Imbros on the left, with a towering mountain, which was the sacred Samothrace. The Sigein promontory guards the Asiatic side of the entrance; it is now called Cape Janissary. The sea on the Asiatic shore then makes an inland crescent, whose other horn is the Rheteian promontory. In this bay the Greek ships anchored during the siege of Troy. The Trojan plain lies beyond, with Ida in the background. Further down is the castle of Anatolia; and exactly opposite, on the Thracian side, is the castle of Roumelia. These were the batteries which were silenced by the English Fleet in 1807. In the miserable village

attached to the castle of Roumelion, the barrow of Hecuba, the ill-fated queen. Further north, on the Asiatic side is the mouth of the brook Kara-ova-su. This was the famous and disastrous Egospotamos where Lysander ended the Peloponnesian war by his victory. The large bay, into which the Hellespont swells, ends in a long, low, flat point; and opposite, beyond the cliffs which form the European shore, there is a flat projection of shingle.

—Xerxes's Bridge of Boats—

Here, it is said, Xerxes built his bridge of boats. It must have been a wonderful sight, when the sun rose from eastern Asia upon Europe, and the immense multitude, in an infinite variety of national costume so carefully depicted by Herodotus, worshipped the rising God of Light, and the amiable despot did reverence after the Magian fashion, as through the distorted narrative of the Greek historian it may be discerned he did, to the divine character of the Hellespont; and then, to the sound of Oriental war music, the army began to defile across the unsteady bridge. In this place the strait is only a mile and three-quarters wide; and, by the time the whole bridge was filled with men, it must have been one blaze of pennons, glittering arms, and gay costume; Asia pouring her wrath out upon the plains of Europe, and typifying her civilized arts and elegant luxury; Europe yet breaking her barbarian fetters fast away. What a scene was that in history! And that lovely bay, below Lampascus, at the mouth of Egospotamos! Its loveliness has been witness to the victory of Lysander and the fall of Athens. Lampascus, now Lamsaki, was one of the three towns given by Xerxes to Themistocles. Kings made presents on a grand scale in those days. Lampascus was to furnish the clever exile with wine, Myus with meat, and Magnesia with bread. In situation Lamsaki is beautiful; it stands on a flat tongue of land projecting above the strait.

—Gallipoli.—

Not far from Lamsaki is a town called Chandak, on the Asiatic side, and nearly opposite is the old City of Gallipoli, which stands in Europe, at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora. From the water it has an imposing appearance. Gallipoli overlooks the Sea of Marmora, the old Propontis, a wide and magnificent sea chamber, shut in by the Hellespont below, and the Bosphorus above, a fitting antechamber to Imperial Constantinople, once the gorgeous capital of the civilized world, which lies more than a hundred miles away.

—Constantinople.—

The huge city of Constantinople is divided by the sea into three sections. Stamboul itself stands on a triangular peninsula, washed on one side by the Sea of Marmora, on the other side by the Golden Horn, and in front, where the Seraglio point projects, by the Bosphorus. On the opposite side of the Golden Horn stands the quarter of the Franks; while the third quarter, Scutari, stands along the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, pointing to the mouth of the Golden Horn. Constantinople has a gay and motley population. It has more than 200 mosques and 500 fountains. The streets are narrow and inconceivably filthy. There is hardly room in these so-called streets for more than four or five persons to pass abreast. So that, when a horse, or an ass, passes by, a person stands a good chance of measuring his length on the stones, or having his shoulder dislocated. The roofs almost meet overhead. It is like an ancient Greek town—the commingling of splendid public buildings, with the shabby abodes of private citizens. Squalor and magnificence are hardly anywhere else moored so closely alongside of each other as in Constantinople; yet the peculiar effect of the deep mulberry colour of the houses, with the green of the trees, is imposing. Nothing can exceed the silence of the streets. Even in the crowded bazaars, the noise is that of trampling of feet, shuffling along in loose and flapping slippers; while every now and then comes the cry of the sherbert seller, pushing his way through the crowd. A walk through Constantinople thus presents all sorts of moral contradictions and strange anomalies. The people themselves, even in their famed virtue of cleanliness, are an apt type of their strange city. They make continual ablutions of their limbs, and yet wear their dirty clothes, night as well as day, for a year or more. Such is the celebrated City of Constantinople, that once sent up a continual peal of multitudinous bells from the superb churches of its 14 regions, and over which may now be heard five times a day from 200 minarets the harsh wailing cry of the Muezzin, chanting the Ezan—“Almighty God! I attest that there is no god but God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet. Come ye faithful to prayer. Come ye to the temple of salvation. There is no god but God. Prayer is preferable to sleep!”