

glimmer when flecked by the Cyprian sunlight; foreign associations stole across the palate at the taste of unknown wines and fruits and cheese; and phantoms of the East and of the old Western crusaders hovered at night in the drawing-room amongst the shadows of the lofty rafters.

And once again I must say, what I have said before, that the novelty of the place—the impression that it was a dream or an enchantment—grew stronger instead of weaker as I saw more and more of it. It was a dream still, but a dream that was every day more wonderful, for it was a dream that would not melt.

However, after a week of this delightful idleness conscience forced me to take some further steps about the business which was by way of having brought me to the island. I sent Scotty to explore the mountains as I had resolved to do; and, after having been absent for some twelve hours, he returned with the news that the very place had been found—cave, cypress tree, ruined church, and everything. I instantly decided on going there the next day but one, and when I happened to mention this to my charming acquaintance Mr. Matthews, to my great pleasure he offered to come with me.

