

there came to my ears, I could not tell from where, a sound which I recognised as the Syrian wailing for the dead. Beyond the village a quite new sight presented itself, and this was a green common dotted with clumps of rushes, its grass being as close and fine as any that could be found in England. Here and there about it ran a few little threads of rivulets: it was another example of the power of water over the Cyprian soil.

Beyond the common I found myself at the base of the mountains, or rather of a number of low outlying hills, which resembled nothing so much as so many heaps of mud shot here at random by the carts of Titan scavengers, and which not even the air of Cyprus could prevent from being frankly hideous. Up these and amongst these we now began to toil. The road itself was little more than a ledge, rudely cut along the sides of intricate slopes, and was constantly dangerous, without ever being impressive. But at last we rose to the slopes of what may be properly called the mountains; and high in front of us a gash in the grey sky-line marked the pass which looked down upon Kyrenia. And now beauty began once more to show itself. To the left were peaks upon peaks whose forms and names were unknown to me, and some twelve miles off to the right were the familiar summits of Pentedactylon. The road now was in far better condition. Huge limestone boulders glittered on either side of it, between them were tufts of myrtle; and soon, as we