

might take a photograph, and we then descended. In the lower court was Scotty, who had some tea ready for us, and having drunk it we made haste to be gone, as the light was already waning. We had reached without difficulty those lower regions of alternating thickets and plough-land which I have already mentioned, when suddenly, on a level space littered with stones and bushes, Mrs. St. John checked her horse and said we had missed our path. Scotty maintained that we were on the path we had come by; Mrs. St. John, however, remained certain of the contrary. We discussed landmarks and looked for them, and as we did so we realised how quickly the evening had fallen with its bewildering twilight. We retraced our steps for some distance; we tried another path, and then again another. For some time I had faith in Mrs. St. John's knowledge of the locality, but presently this failed me. There was indeed little to guide her. The mountains were nothing but dim, mysterious masses; the shape of the ground near us was all but lost in the obscurity, and all we could see was the shadows of dark bushes and endless multitudes of pale, glimmering stones.

‘Come,’ said Mrs. St. John at last, ‘we must take the path by the valley. There is a mule track, which we are certain to find, leading down to the Kyrenia road.’ I had noticed this track as we went, and I willingly agreed to her proposal. It lay now about half a mile behind us; so we turned back towards it with all the expedition possible, I walking in front to