

he had confined himself almost entirely to isolated architectural details; and the general aspect and the general condition of the town was still left to my imagination, like a sort of changing cloud. I took it to bed with me in this state and dreamt of it; and I rose next morning with all the greater zest ready to find out the truth of the matter for myself.

Once more I realised, when, under the cloudless sunshine, I started after breakfast, the faithful Scotty guiding me, that Cyprus was a land of many climates, all delightful and all having the soft blandishment of a siren. The street of Varoshia by day was as picturesque as it was by night. The shops were like those of a mountain town in Italy; and the pale collections of pottery, stacked in the open air, gave it in places the look of a sculptor's studio. It died away into a sort of open common, bounded on the right by green gardens and olive woods, and beyond them was a sea, which recalled the hues of the Riviera. Crossing this common, on whose edges the sky rested, I paused on a low ridge to take in the scene beyond. What I looked upon was a shining meadow of asphodel, with a bevy of Turkish women in white yashmaks, moving across it slowly like a living cluster of lilies. To the right of me still, was the sea and a belt of gardens; to the left on the horizon were the grave-stones of a Turkish cemetery; and in front of me the asphodel swelled like a hardly perceptible wave, till its crest approached and very nearly eclipsed a stretch of interminable masonry