

line was pointed out upon the thickly bush-covered sides of the mountain, and we were informed that we should reach Trooditissa monastery by that path. I thought there must be some mistake in the interpretation ; however we dismounted, and preferred walking down the steep zigzags that led to Phyni, half hidden in masses of bright green foliage of various fruit-trees, now exactly at our feet.

This was a very peculiar village, as the broad flat roofs of the houses formed terraces ; upon these you could at once walk from the steep hill-slope, into which the houses were inserted by scarping out a level space for a foundation. The effect was remarkable, as the house-roofs, in lines, seemed like flights of steps upon the mountain side. We halted at the first decent-looking dwelling and rested beneath the shade of an apricot-tree within a small courtyard. The people at once assembled, and the owner of the house brought us black wine and raki of his own make ; the latter he was now engaged in distilling, and some pigs were revelling in the refuse that had been thrown in a heap below the window of the store. This man was proud of his wine, as it was tolerably free from the taste of tar ; the jars, having been more than fifty years in constant use, had lost the objectionable flavour. We were thirsty and hot, therefore the wine was not disagreeable, and we lunched beneath the apricot.

After an hour's rest the real up-hill work commenced. We crossed a broad channel of running water beneath groves of green trees, and entered a path on the opposite side of the village ; this skirted a deep and precipitous gorge, through which the river flowed from the high and dark ravine that cleft the mountain from the summit to the bottom. A water-