

skirted the bottom of the garden, and thus as the flood went by we had every opportunity of observing it. It pushed forward with a mass of bubbles and scum heading it; it split itself into fierce rivulets, which a moment later were drowned in the body of the stream; it gurgled against banks, it circled into transitory whirlpools. Gradually, as we watched it, its volume seemed to diminish, and in an hour's time there was only a trickling rill, over which a child of five years old might have stepped.

The following morning my eyes, as soon as I opened them, fell upon packed portmanteaus and closed boxes, and a writing-table bare of all those little possessions which turn in a few days a strange room into a home. An hour or two later the act of parting was over; I was on the way to Larnaca, which I reached about three o'clock. I was to stay there for two days as the guest of Mr. Orford, one of the district judges, with some of whose family I was acquainted; and he and Mrs. Orford did the honours of the afternoon by showing me the sights of the town—such sights as there were.

Larnaca proper is merely a large mud-built village half a mile from the sea, and having, as I found afterwards, nothing in it remarkable but a modern Catholic convent. The part where we were now (the part I had seen on landing) was a suburb stretching along the sea, distinguished by the name of the Marina.

Of the sights I have alluded to there is not much to be said. The most remarkable was a white