

goes far over the Greek world. How this bell was ever carried up the mountain must remain a mystery. It is of enormous size and weight, and the path is but a narrow mule-track; but there it hangs, all the same, to ring out its deep note in the grey dawn to the misty mountain solitudes, and to wake the mouflon on the hills ere the sun has kissed the frozen forehead of Troados. But the glory of Kiku is the church, and the glory of the church is the silver image of the Virgin and Child, given by Alexis in the tenth century, and hidden, so say the monks, from human vision ever since. "As I am not to see it again," said the Greek emperor, when he sent it to Cyprus, "then let no other human eye ever rest upon it." So the head and upper portion of the figures have been veiled from view. All this and more was poured forth by half a dozen old monks, in whose care we made the circuit of the monastery. Before we began our inspection sweetmeats and coffee were produced; when the inspection was over our dinner was ready. It was an excellent repast, and, after a long day spent in the keen mountain atmosphere, appetites were not wanting to do it justice. Lest they should be, one priest specially attended to see that the guests lacked nothing. The Commander's wine was the best we had yet tasted, and the mastic was old, luscious, and plentiful. As the frost grew harder outside the little cell-windows, and boy attendants brought freshly fanned charcoal to the brazier, the cell looked indeed a cheerful billet for a mountain traveller.

The portly prior came and sat with us after dinner, and, among other matters, produced a paper that had caused the worthy brotherhood intense astonishment. It was an official document in English, having reference to a return for taxation. The monks could not