

the men, and the robes and the veils of the women, looked in the sunlight as brilliant as Joseph's coat; and their strange forms, as Sir Robert appeared in the verandah, would begin slowly to glide towards him, over the asphalt floor of the lawn-tennis court, as if he were a Sultan with power to right everything.

The rest of the day I had usually to myself; and I rarely found that my lonely hours were vacant. Not to mention other occupations and amusements, I had plenty of work cut out for me in developing the photographs I had taken, and in exploring the innumerable pages of De Mas Latrie's 'History of Cyprus.' Amongst these, shortly after my visit to the Greek monastery, I was delighted to find the history of the renowned relic I had seen there. I hope the reader will be as much pleased at it as I was.

In the year 1090, Manuel Voutoúmitis, then Duke of Cyprus, was one day hunting amongst the mountains of Myriánthoussa. There, in the midst of forests full of wild animals, at that time dwelt a large number of anchorites—some in communities, some as hermits in lonely oratories. One of this latter class, by name Isaiah, was so shy and bewildered at sight of the duke coming that he scuttled out of the path into the bushes, quite forgetting to salute him. This scandalous conduct was more than the duke could stand. 'What do you mean, sir,' he shouted, 'by not touching your