

*Of the blessed cross of Cyprus.*

Desirous however to visit the blessed cross of the good thief, which is called the cross of Cyprus, I left Nicosia after dinner on December 15 and went towards the mountain where is the holy cross, keeping the road without a guide: and walking all day I arrived at night tired and troubled enough at a village one day's journey from the mountain or church of the holy cross, hoping that with money I should find a bed for the night, to rest and refresh my body. I could get nothing but a rug, upon which I slept that night with the greatest discomfort, on account of those accursed fleas which bit me incessantly. So I rose very early in the morning and with a donkey which I hired arrived at dawn in bitter cold at a village on the skirts of the mountain of the holy cross. There I took some food and began to ascend the said mountain. The ascent is eight miles long, and there are several hills one after another all full of trees called *zibini*, a wild pine which produces many cones in which is no fruit. These trees grow in great numbers, and supply roofing for houses and fuel for fire. With what trouble and toil and sweat, what weakness of soul and body I climbed those hills up to the church God knows! About the hour of vespers I reached the church. It is small, but very seemly; on the right-hand side is a little chapel, and there is the said blessed cross, raised and suspended, and nowhere attached, which seems a great miracle; and in this cross is a piece of the wood of the blessed cross of our Lord Jesus Christ covered with silver. And after I had devoutly seen, examined and adored that holy cross the monks who live there showed me these relics, to wit:

A large piece of S. Anne.

An arm of S. Blaise.

A nail fixed in the hands of Christ.

A rib of S. George.

A stone with which S. Stephen was stoned.

And a piece of the wood of the said cross.

When I had reverently seen these I begged the monks, because the abbot of the church was not there, to allow me to sleep that night with them, because on account of the great toil and the long and bad road I knew that I had not strength to go down that night to the village which I had left in the morning. And such was their inhumanity that they refused to keep me that night, saying that the abbot had the keys of the rooms, and thus in sorrow I began to descend. The descent seemed to fatigue me more than the ascent. But God, Who comforted me, willed that by refreshing myself often from the many runlets which flowed from the holy mountain at night about sunset I reached the village, so tired that I feared my soul would leave my body. There I found the abbot of that church, who was the lord of the village, and I complained to him about the cruelty of his monks, who would not take me in for the night. It displeased the abbot, and he took me to his house and gave me, for the love of God, bread and wine and a rug upon which to sleep that night, and wood for a fire, for the cold there was intense, and thus I remained there for the night.

*When I left the village.*

At early dawn on the sixteenth of December I took leave of the abbot and went my way towards Famagosta, walking with a poor pilgrim of S. Elia, from the Benedictine monastery of M. Cassino, whom I took for my partner and brother in that journey. We walked the whole of that day in heavy rain, and quite late reached a village, where for all I offered I could not find a bed. A good Greek carter, for the love of God, allowed me to lie on some