

On September 28, 1750, Philotheos of Soles being Archbishop, a monk climbed up to the cave in the rock (which had been consecrated as a church before the lower monastery was built) and was prying about in its inmost recesses. There he lighted on some kind of masonry work, and thought it hid a treasure. He returned to the monastery, and watched the moment when the fathers were all busy, then took up tools and began to hack at the monument. The sanctuary had been rifled after the Turkish conquest, and the very place of the saint's burial was forgotten. He broke the covering stone, and suddenly fell senseless to the ground: when he recovered he went back to the monastery, and next day told the Prior. The monks went up, and found a tomb containing a wooden coffin quite intact, and within it the body of the saint, the skin still preserved and about the middle the chain he had worn as a girdle. An ineffably sweet smell exhaled from it. The Archbishop was informed, and sent Ephraim, a schoolmaster, afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Paisios, afterwards Archbishop, to the place. The remains were removed entire in a new coffin to the lower monastery, where they are still preserved, and work unfailing miracles.

(*Acoulonthia*, ed. 1893, pp. 84—87.)

The Turabi Tekyo in old Larnaca, sometimes called S. Arab, and frequented by both Moslem and Christian worshippers, preserves the memory of S. Therapon. Michael, son of Chrysanthos, Archbishop of Cyprus, published at Venice, in 1801, the *Ἀκολουθία τοῦ ἁγίου ἱερομάρτυρος Θεράποντος τοῦ θαυματουργοῦ*.

I translate two accounts of his life from the reprint published by C. Sahas in the *Archives de l'Orient Latin*, vol. II. 1883. To the introduction to the article, *Vies des Saints Allemands de Chypre*, the reader should refer.

October 14. Commemoration of the holy martyr THERAPON the wonder-worker.

Thou hastenest to God, Therapon: warm thy desire,
Warm the drops of blood from thy neck!
Therapon, the arch-sacrificer, slaying the sacred calf,
Himself is slain, like a calf, by the sword.

This saint was of noble and pious parents, whose origin was in the land of Germany. But from a child he despised his illustrious birth, and all worldly things, and as soon as he learned the Holy Scriptures and filled himself therewith he used to frequent churches, reading daily the sacred books and leading a simple life. As he grew older he gave all his care to acquire virtue and to please God, submitting his body to mortification and continence.

Thus he passed through all the ecclesiastical degrees, and being conspicuous by his asceticism and godly learning upon the death of the bishop of his own country, by the Divine grace and the vote of his Christ-loving flock, he was duly though unwillingly made bishop. He took the helm and shone brightly forth in the church of his country to the adornment of the episcopal office. An exact teacher of orthodoxy he drew many to Christ, and converted many from various heresies to the true and orthodox faith.

And thus for many years he shepherded his flock; and when the sower of tares stirred up a truceless war forbidding men to worship the holy and venerable icons he ranged himself stoutly against the iconoclasts, and cast on them the reproach of heresy, atheism and impiety. But they brooking not his insults tore the saint's flesh with their nails. Yet he bore all with thankfulness, and said to those about him, "I am ready to be hacked limb from limb for the holy icon of my Christ and my God." The wretches bound his hands and feet, and cast him into a dark dungeon, and sealed the doors. But that very night an angel of the Lord loosed him from his bonds and called him thrice, saying, "Make haste and come