

May 15.

A servant wast thou seen as a sacrificer of the Word :  
By thy blood too, father, wast thou seen a servant.

Where this saint was born, or whence he came, or of what parentage he was, or of what epoch, we cannot say: the memorials of him have been destroyed by time. That he chose the life of a monk is proved by portraits which show him under that guise. That he was a bishop among the Cypriots, and finished his fight and was offered to Christ by a bloody death, this we have had handed down to us by old tradition, and as we learned from the unwritten word of our ancestors so we believe.

His precious remains were carried to Constantinople what time the Hagarenes purposed to invade the island of Cyprus; a vision of the saint himself ordered the translation. And the place where now he lies is a well-spring of constant miracles.

### HURTREL.

The kindness of Monsieur C. Enlart, the distinguished author of *L'art gothique et la renaissance en Chypre*, 2 vols. 8vo, Paris, 1899, allows me to print a translation from his transcription of pp. 108—109 of an autograph manuscript of 588 pages, the work of Noel Dominique Hurtrel, of Arras in Artois, entitled, *Du royaume de Jérusalem*, preserved in the library of Madame Houzel, in her château d'Eqquemoucourt, Pas de Calais. The writer visited Cyprus in 1870.

Then, having (by God's grace) got safe out of this dangerous gulf, we arrived at the town of Cerines in Cyprus, and there anchored. We saluted the castle, a square structure which guards the harbour, and to which the Turks retire for the night. The town is almost all destroyed; there are but a few poor dwellings which the Greeks have built up after their own fashion on the ruins; and here they live, for they form the greater part of the population, the Turkish families being few. The ruins which you see bear witness that it was once one of the chief towns of the island. The harbour is of no manner of use to large vessels, but is well enough for smaller craft. We were told that of the other ports of the island there was only the port of Larnaca, otherwise called Salines, which gave a fitting anchorage to vessels of all kinds, and thither all the merchantmen went for cargo. The name Salines was given to it on account of the great quantity of salt made there and sent to the nearest towns.

In the middle of the island is a pretty large town called Nicosia, the circuit of which we heard might be reckoned at three long miles. It stands in a vast plain which the natives called Messarée, and is encompassed by twelve fine bastions, but the Turks allow them to fall into decay by their carelessness about repairing the walls, and by allowing the fosses to get filled up. But for this, you may visit many places without seeing such well-ordered bastions and defences. We entered by the gate of Cerines, and with three Greeks went to see the church of S. Sophia, all built with cut stone: it is a large and very fine building. No Christian is allowed to enter it, and we had to content ourselves with seeing the outside, for the Turks use it as their principal mosque. It stands just as the Venetians left it. Above the portal are carved some arms, said to be those of Lusignan, Jerusalem and Cyprus, and even those of the Republic of Venice, with an inscription graven on the stone "Pax tibi Marce Evangelista" on a scroll issuing from the mouth of the lion which S. Mark has by his