

fishermen, would be almost as good if treated in the same manner for *potage*.

The calm monotony of a life at Trooditissa was disturbed every now and then at distant intervals by trifling events which only served to prove that peculiar characters existed in the otherwise heavenly atmosphere which showed our connection with the world below.

One night a burglar attempted an entrance ; but the man (who was a carpenter) having been previously suspected, was watched, and having been seen in the middle of the night to place a ladder against the outer gallery, by which he ascended, and with false keys opened a door that led to the store-room of the monastery, he was suddenly pounced upon by two strong young priests and fairly captured. On the following morning the monks applied to me, and as usual I vainly pleaded my unofficial position. I was either to do or to say something. If the man was sent to Limasol, thirty-five miles distant, the monks would have the trouble and expense of appearing as prosecutors ; the robber would be imprisoned for perhaps a couple of years, during which his family would starve. I could offer no advice. I simply told them that if any robber should attempt to enter my tent I should not send him to Limasol, but I should endeavour to make the tent so disagreeable to him that he would never be tempted to revisit the premises from the attraction of pleasing associations. I explained to the monks that although a severe thrashing with stout mulberry sticks would, if laid on by two stout fellows, have a most beneficial effect upon the burglar, and save all the trouble of a reference to Limasol, at the same time that the innocent wife and