

Governor's palace, large and stately, of rustic work in squared and smoothed stone, constructed, I should say, by the Venetians, but now ruinous and almost destroyed, for the four walls only are standing. Opposite this is a fine building, once a Christian Church, dedicated to S. Roch, now profaned and turned into a grain store. Standing close to it is a high square tower, and a porch adorned with marble columns. Between the church and the porch lies a wide court, in the middle of which stands a marble column which was formerly crowned by the marble figure of a winged lion, the badge of Venice. At no great distances the Minorites live in a few small rooms restored by the alms of pious persons, near a tiny Greek church with an arched roof. To be safe from the craft and violence of thieves and robbers they have surrounded the whole with a wall. Here they have a garden well supplied with garden produce of every kind. At most they are four in number, and are of the greatest help and comfort to travellers who are visiting Palestine and returning thence to their homes. One can scarcely say how great a consolation it is to strangers, generally ignorant of the Greek and Turkish tongues, weary and wellnigh exhausted by long journeys, to find in the land of the Turks men of our own faith, who receive one hospitably, treat one liberally, soothe the spirits of those in trouble, and give every assistance to such as need it. Besides the safe shelter which they offer to pilgrims, they tend the sick, provide the necessities of life, expedite business, comfort the afflicted, cheer the anxious and despairing. But let no one think that these hospitable and humane offices are to be rendered *gratis* by the Fathers. For although for their food, their labour, their cares and kind help they require nothing, they ask nothing, a grateful heart ought to render blessing for blessing, to mete to each with that measure with which it is measured unto you, to return a kindness in the spirit in which it is given. So all pilgrims before they leave are wont to show their gratitude, and repay the benefits they have received, by a suitable present, and let him who neglects to do so know certainly that he will bear away the stamp of thanklessness, than which nothing is more hateful in the sight of God and man. For they have no goods or lands to provide for their food and the necessary expenses of the convent, and are thus compelled to live on the alms of the merchants living at Arnica, the bounty of seamen who put in at the neighbouring port, and the munificence of travellers. Hence the custom has grown up among the Venetians that every one of their vessels which calls here pays a Venetian ducat, or gold sequin, to the aid and support of the convent. They are also at liberty to board the ships in harbour to collect an alms from the sailors and passengers, who are liberal and even munificent to them; and rightly so, for it is very meet that they who sow spiritual things should reap carnal things. Besides the kindly offices of which I have spoken above they celebrate every day the Divine Mysteries, night and day they say the canonical prayers, and administer to those who seek them the Sacraments of the Church. Wherefore let no one grudge them the slender living afforded by the alms of the pious. As saith S. Paul, "they which wait upon the altar should have their portion with the altar."

While we were at Arnica we found an opportunity of walking with the monks to the Salines, situated near the second milestone from the town. Here is a wide valley, whose circuit reaches to six, or according to others, nine miles, fenced in on every side by mounds. A torrent which comes down from Mount Olympus, and the rain-water running off the adjoining hills, flow into it, and in winter fill the lake to a depth of some four or five feet. The water, wonderful to relate, which as it is collected in the lake from the rain or springs is sweet, by the nature of the soil and the sun's heat gradually acquires a saltness, and at last in the months of May, June, and July, by no art or labour of any kind, but by mere heat, and the sun's rays, thickens, coagulates and hardens into the whitest salt. It is a wonderful