

addressing me. I concluded he was the priest, though it was too dark to see much of him ; and to avoid being absolutely silent, or making only inarticulate sounds to him, I mustered enough of his language to ask for the New Testament. He took me behind the altar to a little twilight sanctuary, and showed me a thin quarto bound in velvet and silver. I opened it at St. John's Gospel, and began reading aloud to him, appealing to him by a look to set my pronunciation right. He seemed delighted at thus playing tutor, and I was wondering that so small a village should have a priest so cultivated, when, passing with him into the daylight, I saw that he was my dirty old host. There now revived in my mind the same dreadful perplexity which had annoyed me in the castle of Kyrenia with respect to my friend the thief. Ought this old man to be paid ? And if so, what ? I began to fear that he would be too grand to accept anything, or—worse fear still—anything not exorbitant. I consulted Scotty. Scotty said, 'Give him nothing, sir. He the head-man of the village. He like doing this. He do it always for English gentlemen. No, sir, you give him nothing.' That was an idea, however, which I could not tolerate, so I postponed the difficulty by saying I should be returning in a day or two, resolving meanwhile to consult Captain Scott on the subject.

Another three hours of travel through similar scenery brought us to another village—a mere cluster of cottages, close to which was a beautiful