

observe the rule of St. Basil. The *katolikos* or patriarch, an old man of eighty-five years, who happened to be staying in Tiflis, was evidently the object of deep reverence; his portrait in different forms was to be seen wherever we went.

Echmiadzin has a theological seminary, a school, printing-works, and a library, as well as a hostel for pilgrims; for every Armenian must make a pilgrimage to this monastery at least once in his life. Here is also a museum which we hastily inspected. Among many objects that are certainly rare and singular is exhibited rubbish of trifling value or quite worthless. Our attention is particularly attracted to a number of stone tablets with cuneiform inscriptions found on Armenian soil, old pedestals and capitals of columns and other architectural remains, clay vessels, faience, coins of several Eastern countries, ancient ornaments and objects of metal; Persian decorations and vessels in the form of peacocks from the days of Shah Abbas, porcelain, together with modern photographs of Armenian priests, worthless pictures presented to the monastery from other countries where Armenians dwell, an old shrine, holy pictures, and banners and other ecclesiastical objects; and, moreover, serpent skins, rats, weasels, and lizards in spirit, which seem out of place here; a human skeleton with some old rusty links of a chain, which has been dugged up in Armenian territory, is exhibited to the eyes of the visitor among other curiosities. Some silver rosaries, offered at the grave of some prominent priest, are hung up in a press.

Within the same building is housed the library, which contains many valuable manuscripts in the Armenian tongue. The most precious treasure is said to be a Bible on parchment of the tenth century, preserved in ivory boards carved in the fourth century. The articles in many of the cupboards with glass doors do not seem to be arranged in any strict order. Several manuscripts and archives are set out on a long table in the centre of the library hall, and it is said that learned visitors often sit here for days together turning over the treasures of the library. At present there is not a soul except the librarian,