

and fitted up under the direction of British engineers, have also a look of cleanliness and comfort which is by no means universal in Turkey. It remains to be seen whether these, with all their conveniences, will form as comfortable winter quarters for invalids, as the more substantial, solid, and admirably contrived stone and lime buildings at Scutari, Kululi, and Smyrna. When I visited Renkioi, there were between 100 and 200 patients in Hospital, but on the day I left, 133 arrived from Smyrna, and another detachment was to be sent a few days later. There is accommodation at present for 700, to be increased so as to accommodate 1500, or upwards.

On my return to Scutari on the 24th, I found that cholera had broken out, and carried off many victims in the course of a few days. The number of deaths in the Barrack Hospital, had risen in a single day from 1 or 2 to 8, next day to 16, next to 25, and then gradually diminished. Separate wards had been set apart for the cholera patients. Some had been carried off after a few hours' illness; and several of the medical men in attendance had been among the victims. The mortality had been greatest in the German Legion and the (British) Osmanli Horse Artillery. Those who were on the spot all along tell me it was a truly solemn time, a time which ought to make men pause and consider. But, as one chaplain said to me, how little, after all, can we do on such occasions. In the first stage of the disease, the subject of it is in intense agony, and indisposed to listen to any spiritual counsel. In its second stage, collapse and exhaustion render him unfit to profit by it. But this just shows how much greater need there is for improving the day of comparative health and strength.

Since returning to Smyrna, and in the course of several visits, I have found between 50 and 60 Presbyterians in Hospital. Many of these belong to the cavalry regiments, and of these the greater proportion will probably consist in future, as Scutari is now being made the principal cavalry depot for the winter months.

One of the most interesting cases with which I have met for some time, is that of a young Englishman, with whom I have had several conversations. His friends belong to the Calvinistic Baptists. On one occasion he heard a clergyman speak slightly of them, and of Calvinists generally, and he was tempted to think the Bible a delusion altogether, when it could be so variously construed. Besides conversing with him, I have put several books in his way, among others James's *Anxious Inquirer*, which he has read with evident attention, and I trust with some degree of profit. He confesses that he sees his error, and is, I trust, seeking for guidance from Him who is able to impart it. Oh! for a larger number of instances such as this, inspiring a chaplain to feel that he is speaking to men who are alive to what is said, and interested in the welfare of their souls.

The Journal of a chaplain is perhaps not the place to dilate upon the purely natural features of a country. But a visit to the two above-mentioned Hospitals (Smyrna and Renkioi) having brought me into contact with scenes possessing so many classical, ecclesiastical, and biblical associations, a passing remark or two may be permitted. Half-an-hour's climb, or little more, from the former, brings you to the top of mount Pagus, from which a most perfect diorama is beheld; or rather, in passing a few yards from one side to the other, a most diversified succession of pictures, equal to any series of dissolving views, presents itself to the eye.

On the summit of the hill there are extensive remains of the walls of an old castle, and taking your stand within these, every object beyond is shut out, and you seem brought into contact only with the past. Here is the Stadium, where Polycarp was martyred. An opening at one place leads to a vault, conducting into a subterranean building, in which it is supposed the wild beasts may have been kept before being brought out to the amphitheatre. Of this building, the pillars, supporting at least thirty domes, remain entire. Coming out again to the fresh air, and advancing to one side, Smyrna (*Ismir*, the Queen of Anatolia), the Paris of the East, stretches at your feet, its further side washed by the beautiful basin or gulf, affording ample and excellent shelter for any number of ships, and whose edges, all round, are graced by gently sloping and finely wooded hills. You cross the woods and take your stand a few yards further back, and it is almost as if you had passed from life to death. The busy mart of Ismir is exchanged for the barren and uncultivated wild of a far-stretching valley. There are links to connect with the past in that solitary arch spanning the Meles, the supposed river of Homer, (blind Melæsignes), which sweeps round the foot of the hill, and that solitary cypress which marks the spot where stood the church of Polycarp, the disciple of the beloved apostle. There are links to connect with the present in that solitary house which, in the distance, rises to view, and that solitary string of camels, which is seen winding its way through the valley. But as far as appears, you might imagine yourself fifty miles in the interior, and as far from any considerable town, instead of being within a stone's throw of the spot from which you look down upon a city peopled by 150,000 souls, and a bay visited by ships from whose mast-heads float the flags of almost every nation that owns a fleet.

The land in the neighborhood of Renkioi has the appearance of a succession of terraces rising like a flight of steps, as though the water had at successive intervals retired, and left its old seamarks dry, finding time after time a narrower and lower channel in which to flow. From the hospital, an easy morning's ride conducts to the plains of Troy, and the supposed site of the ancient and far-famed city of the same name. Here and there, as at Sheblac and Halil Elly, you light upon whole fields, having in the distance the appearance of grave-yards, but which a nearer inspection shows to be covered with the ruins of what once, no doubt, were splendid buildings. Fragments of columns, some cylindrical and some beautifully fluted, some of solid marble, and some of harder granite; fragments consisting of single stones, measuring from four to six feet and upwards in length, lie strewn upon these fields, while here and there stray stones, which may once have held their place in some gorgeous temple, have, from their greater proximity to human dwellings, been put to meaner uses. I was particularly struck with observing, in passing through Halil Elly, a section of one of these fluted columns, standing in an open space with a basin-shaped cavity hollowed out of the top, and seemingly intended to serve the purpose of a temporary manger. On the tops of several of the hills skirting the plain, conical-shaped heights, which one might denominate *cairns* on a large scale, are pointed out as the *tumuli* of Ajax, Agamemnon, Hector, and others. Hector's I climbed. It commands an extensive view, but with nothing particularly attractive in the prospect, apart from the feeling that on this plain "Troy was." But in passing at the

further side of this eminence to the next ridge, you come all at once upon a most refreshing view of the Mendero, supposed to be the ancient Simois, wending its way through a most beautiful valley,—that valley, like so many others in Turkey, not surrounded by gently-sloping banks, communicating with the higher grounds on either side, and making it impossible to say where is the boundary-line between hill and dale, but itself a dead level, upon which you look down over a steep and precipitous crag. Not far from this spot are the *termi* springs, the sources of the river Bonnarbashe, which is generally identified with the ancient Scamander. Here I had the satisfaction not only of tasting these waters, but of doing so from a gourd carried by a descendant of the prophet, as his green turban indicated, and who was passing at the time with his ass. What a satire does all this seem to read of human greatness and earth-born fame! The scene of deeds so long celebrated in the immortal strains of the Grecian bard, now become common to the savage Turk and the barbarous Briton,—a descendant of Mahomet serving a Christian dog from a heathen river, at least a river celebrated as pointing out the site of that renowned city which was supposed to have witnessed so many contests of the gods on behalf of their respective proteges!

The country, in another direction from Renkioi, is not without its points of interest. Some twelve or thirteen miles further up the Dardanelles is Abydos, where is still pointed out Byron's house, and also that of the Bride of Abydos, now occupied as quarters by our British officers stationed here. Behind this is Xerxes' Hill, commanding a magnificent view extending from one extremity of the Dardanelles to the other, and embracing the openings of the sea of Marmora on the one hand and the Mediterranean on the other. From the top of this hill the Persian monarch is said to have viewed his vast army, reaching from one continent to another across the straits, and to have wept at the thought of the ravages which time would make in it. And it is scarce possible now to feast the eye on the beauties of nature in this quarter without reflecting that the waters which are now ploughed by the fleets of Britain and France, have borne on their bosoms other fleets and other armies, which have not only themselves long since perished, but which represented dynasties and empires that are now numbered among the things that were. May our countrymen not be found trusting in an arm of flesh, but making the Lord their stay! May their visit to these Eastern waters be the prelude of happier times, because times more pervaded by Gospel light, to these lands for which the great ones of earth have so often struggled! Physically and spiritually may that cultivation speedily be given which alone seems necessary that this region may become fruitful as the garden of the Lord!

PARISH OF URRAY.—INDUCTION OF THE REV. WILLIAM MACDONALD.—On Thursday last the Presbytery of Dingwall inducted Mr. Macdonald minister of the parish of Urray. Impressive discourses were delivered on the occasions by the Rev. Messrs. Morrison of Alness, and Sutherland of Dingwall—the latter gentleman giving the charge and thereafter addressing the congregation, whom he congratulated on getting a minister of good report, and who, he trusted, would rightly divide the Word of Life among them. Several clergymen from other Presbyteries were present. There were also several lay gentlemen pre-