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## JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

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A TURKISH LADY.

It was a bright morning in the early part of last May, when our good ship, the *Hungaria*, approached the mouth of the Bosphorus. The decks were crowded with passengers of many nationalities, all on the look-out for the first sight of the famous city of the East. Faces, that had scarcely been seen through-out the voyage, now made their appearance; and some of the Turkish women came forth arrayed in their most gorgeous attire, to do honour to the occasion.

After a time we discerned on the left a confused mass of buildings, fringing the shore and clustered on the tops and slopes of hills. To the right appeared the dark forms of the Princes' Islands, behind which, during the last war, the British fleet lay anchored, ready for action. Beyond them, in the distance, rose