

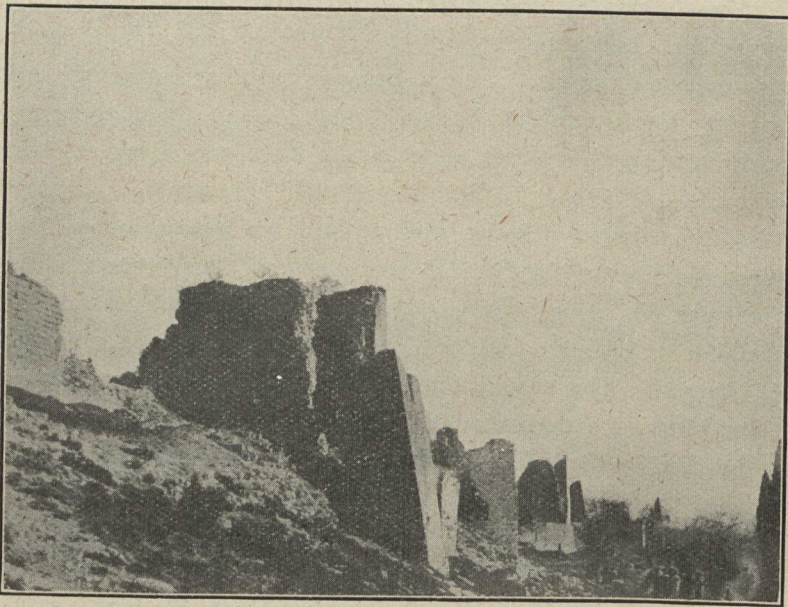
of Christian churches, Mahomet came to the great altar over-laid with solid gold. Here he commanded a muezzin to repeat a Moslem prayer where a few hours before the Emperor had performed his last devotions. He wandered through the neighboring palaces, repeating as he entered this appropriate couplet from a Persian poet.

"The spider has wove his web in the Imperial palace,

"And the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

The degenerate Greeks yielded readily to his iron hand, and the scourge of Mohammedanism settled down upon a people who for generations had known power, freedom and culture, but in whose veins, the warm stream of heroic blood had run dry, and in whose mind, the vision of country, home, and God had become dim.

The night is falling and the sun casts its bright, red mantle on the towers and walls of Stamboul and gradually a shadow, as it were, of Islam steals up the dome



THE BATTERED LAND-WALLS NEAR THE GATE OF ST. ROMANUS.

of Aya Sophia and the last rays gleam on a crescent of fire where once shone a Cross of Light, and from the minarets, those fingers of the prophet pointing but dumbly heavenward, a weird cry breaks the quiet evening air—

"Allah is the One great God

Mahomet is the Prophet of God"—

and beneath the darkening skies a newly-lighted lamp reveals a plain marble slab where sleeps a pious, heroic man—the last of the Caesars.—W. A. KENNEDY.