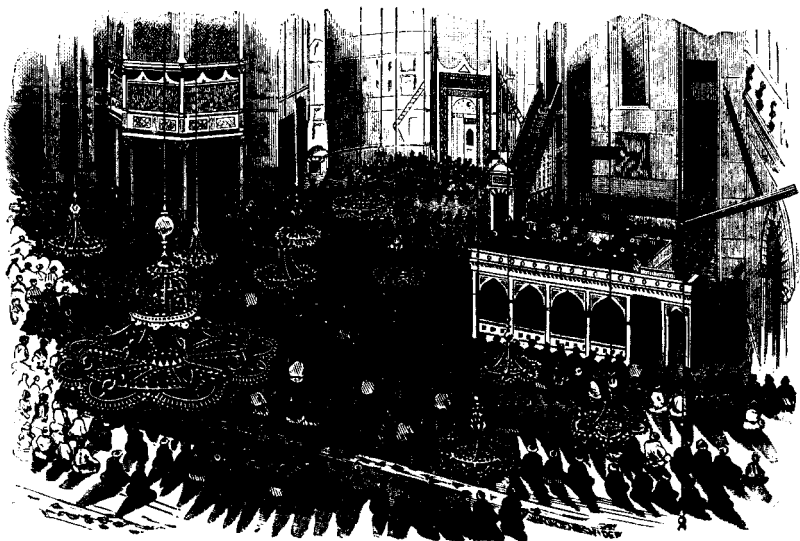


carry over-shoes, which we put on at the door, instead of being obliged to take off our boots and put on slippers. A firman from the sultan admitted us without difficulty. We admired the one hundred and seventy columns of marble, granite and porphyry, many of which were taken from ancient temples, and gazed up at the lofty dome where the four Christian seraphims executed in mosaic still remain, though the names of the four archangels of the Moslem faith are inscribed underneath them. Behind where the high altar once stood may still be faintly discerned the figure of our Saviour. Several little Turks were studying their Korans, and sometimes whispering and playing much like school-boys at home.

The mosques of Suleiman the Magnificent, Sultan Achmed and Mohammed II. were visited, but next to St. Sophia the mosque which interested me most was one to which we could not gain admittance — a mosque some distance up the Golden Horn, where the Sultan is crowned and where the friends of Mohammed and mother of the former sultan are buried. It is considered so very sacred that Christian feet are not allowed to enter even the outer court. As I looked through the grated gate a stout negress passed me and went in. The women go to the mosques at different hours from the men.

Not far from here is a remarkable well which enables a fortune-teller to read the fates of those who consult her. Mr. R.—, who has lived for thirty years in Constantinople, and speaks Turkish and Arabic as fluently as his own language, told me he was once walking with an effendi



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.