

doing at a greater length than I had intended. "Can it be possible," I said, when I got through, "that I have talked an hour and fifteen minutes?" "Why," said my friend, the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Berlin University, "it did not seem more than ten minutes." This I took to be a very high compliment till I found that he had been sound asleep most of the time. We passed by night through the Sea of Marmora, which takes its name from the splendid marble quarries on an island of the same name, and with the early morning approached the famous city of Constantinople.

BROUSSA—(See *frontispiece*).

Broussa is a large Turkish city in Asia Minor, a few hours' journey from Constantinople. A recent traveller says, "Broussa is, without exception, the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It covers an immense area on a sloping plateau about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, at the foot of Mount Olympus. It contains fifty-two mosques, with their bubble-like domes and white minarets, and other fine buildings, interspersed with mulberry orchards and luxuriant gardens. Mount Olympus has well-marked zones of vegetation, first chestnuts, then oaks and hazels,

beech and pines, and junipers, and then the snowy summit. An instance of Turkish misgovernment is seen in the railway stretching from Broussa to the Sea of Marmora. The earthwork was so miserably planned and executed that the whole line had to be completely remodelled. When the rolling stock arrived it would not fit the rails, and the pier at Moudania is already toppling over."

The cultivation of the mulberry and feeding of silkworms is one of the principal industries. The long trains of camels are picturesque objects. But the general cultivation is poor in the extreme, not half of the land being under tillage, and there is that appearance of thriftlessness which is so general in Turkey. Its population is about seventy-five thousand, of whom eleven thousand are Armenians and six thousand Greeks, the rest being Mohammedans. Its mosques number two hundred. Some of these are very fine. The "Green Mosque" is lined with exquisite enamelled tiles and arabesque carving of the most beautiful description. It is built of marble and has a cupola of emerald green; hence its name. The whole country bubbles with hot springs, which are supposed to be of medicinal value.



SMYRNA.

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
Join in the chorus grand sent up to heaven;
Telling again the glad good news for all,
How God unto the world His Son hath given.

—Amy Parkinson.