

## THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.\*

Where shall the weary rest?  
The child of sorrow, where?  
In Jesus' arms, for ever blest,  
Soon shall he banish care!

When shall the sufferer's pain,  
The groan of anguish cease?  
In heaven the saints no more complain,  
But all is endless peace!

When shall temptation's power  
No longer break repose?  
There comes a near, a blissful hour,  
Which no disturbance knows!

When shall this aching heart  
With every lov'd one dwell?  
In worlds above they never part,  
There never say, "Farewell!"

Where is the blest abode  
Whence none shall ever roam;  
There, in the presence of our God,  
Is our eternal home!

Lord, in that happy land  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Grant us among thy chosen band  
To live in joy with thee!

## TRAVELS IN THE EAST.†

## Voyage from Smyrna to Constantinople.

April 15th.—Our steamer started from Smyrna for the Dardanelles, and skirting along the coast of Troy, arrived off Tenedos on the afternoon of the same day. This island is celebrated for its vineyards and its vineyards cover almost its entire surface. Sailing from this pretty Isle we passed Lemnos with Mount Athos covered with snow behind it; and a part of the island although on the coast of Greece and 80 miles distant from it!

We now approached the Dardanelles and found English and Foreign Ships waiting for a fair wind to enter them: not so our party, who fully enjoyed the advantages of steam and laughed as we went. We soon entered the narrows (1½ miles wide) and passed many fine forts and batteries on the bank until we came abreast of the celebrated city of Sestos and Abydos, in which are seen the great guns for throwing stone balls, one of which killed and wounded twenty of Sir John Duckworth's men during his passage.

The views on both sides, indeed along the whole of this entrance, are extremely beautiful. After I had seen Africa and Europe looking at each other across 15 miles of water,—here Asia and Europe almost touch each other, it being scarcely a league between Sestos and Abydos. At 4 P. M. we were off the city of Gallipoli, situated at the end of the Dardanelles and at the entrance into the sea of Marmora; the weather cold but fine, and we all repaired to our cabins to ensure our early rising on the following morning at Constantinople.

April.—At six o'clock, our boat was about to start from the castles of the seven towers, and

the "Church of England Hymn Book." Compiled and arranged by the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, B. D. Robert Kaye Greville, L. L. D.

Not a Notation.—Selected from his Journal for the Colonial Churchman.

as we approached, the whole line of the city of Constantinople opened upon us,—a more gorgeous sight can not be imagined. The Seven Hills crowned by magnificent mosques and the tall graceful minarets glittering in the sun:—those of Sultan Achmet and the venerable St. Sophia closed this much of the scene. On rounding the golden horn, the Bosphorus, the Seraglio, and three distant cities, burst upon you, each washed by bright blue seas, covered with pleasure boats and foreign shipping; the banks lined with palaces of the Sultan and the public buildings: in the waters of the golden horn lay 12 sail of the line and 18 frigates of the Sultan's fleet. Here we anchored and soon landed in Pera (the Frank city) and found a pretty comfortable Inn kept by a French woman, called the English boarding house. After breakfast, we immediately began lionizing, and ascended the tower of Pera, a building overtopping the whole city and used as a watch tower in case of fires.—From its top you look down upon so many beautiful objects, that it would take a great many letters to give you even a faint idea of them. Thence we visited the college of dancing Dervises, a set of Fanatics, who after prayers and numerous prostrations, began to whirl themselves round until it is painful to look at them.

During the week we inspected all the beautiful marble tombs of the Sultans, and the magnificent mosques, each of which you may call a gem of different coloured marbles; that of St. Sophia being supported by columns of verde antique of inestimable value, built by St. Helen the mother of Constantine the Great, and alas! now the head mosque of the Mahomedan world!! This sanctum we linked ourselves into, as no christian is allowed to enter it;—thus up to the 20th we employed ourselves in viewing the wonders of this vast city and the capital of the Moslem world. The bazaar is a grand feature of it, being in fact an arched city in itself, every trade having its depot beautifully arranged, from the goldsmith to the embroiderer in pearls of the ladies' slippers. As the eye ranges down streets of these commodities, you compare it with the Soho bazaar which our Cockneys think so very fine, and which would be lost in a single street of this magnificent establishment.

On the morning of the 20th April, we went to see the Sultan move in procession to the mosque, it being their Sunday and our Friday. At twelve o'clock, the procession moved from his palace, it opened by five horses in saddles and housings of blue and gold embroidery; then came the Sultan on horseback, surrounded by his guards on foot. He was dressed in a frock coat with a collar composed entirely of diamonds, European trowsers with gold lace down them, a long black beard and a red cap; next the officers of his empire followed by a Regiment of his guards, all in European costume; not a robe of the Turk! not a turban! This said Sultan 10 years ago killed in one day 40,000 Janissaries in Constantinople and as many more in the provinces!! I think therefore I can say, that in him and Mahomet Ali of Egypt, I have beheld two of the greatest monsters in the world. Yet these are Sovereigns and surrounded by pomp and glitter, and their terrible creed shuts out remorse from their hearts. They respectively look back at the Janissaries and Mamalukes as rats or other vermin which it was expedient to destroy!! We will talk over these subjects some future day, I hope, at our leisure, and draw some consoling reflections from the purifying doctrines and exalted faith of our own blessed religion.

The world will allow of a rebuke approaching to ecstasy, on almost any occasion but that, which, above all others, will justify it.— Cecil.

## EVILS OF EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.\*

"No thought we were much disposed to boast of the exertions we made in the cause of charity, and with the view of educating and relieving the wants of the lower orders; and he hoped we had some right to say we did so, but we could not do too much in making ourselves acquainted with their state, and we should consider that we still had a great deal to do by way of education. It was the duty of us all to set our shoulders to the wheel and do what we could for that purpose; and this circumstance was never to be lost sight of. We had begun for some time doing what we could, the extent to which education had gone, and certainly so far as had been ascertained, education had not produced the satisfactory result that we were led to expect some 25 years ago. He did not believe, if they examined the reports of crime in different counties, and the statements they had from the different gaolers, where care was now taken to ascertain the degree of information persons had obtained, it would not be found that the best educated were always the least guilty. God forbid that he should say anything against education, for he believed, if one thing more than another produced happiness, it was the wide and deep effusion of education through the breadth and depth of the land—if education was properly understood—but it must be education founded on sound principles of religion; but if you taught people science and mechanics, and neglected that which was more essential, then all was a radical and fundamental error. They must exert themselves in giving the means of religious instruction if they meant to meet the injuries now pressing upon us. In this country there was great inequality in station—there were great riches drawn into close approximation with great power. Education had gone far enough for people to understand what the meaning was of physical power, and if it was meant to make that physical power turn to the right account, you must combine the education that you gave with the inculcation of religious principles. He had taken the liberty of making these observations, going perhaps beyond the duties of a Judge, but the occasion seemed to him to warrant them, and they were not so much addressed to the grand jury as to those around."

## ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

"I do remember, that being chaplain to the Hon. Sir Lionel Tolmach, Bart, about the year 1660. I heard him relate to some person of quality, how that in his younger days he was at Rome, and well acquainted with a certain Abbot; which Abbot asked him, 'Whether he had heard any news from England?' He answered, 'No.' The Abbot replied, 'I will tell you then some—Archbishop Laud is beheaded.' Sir Lionel answered, 'you are sorry for that, I presume.' The Abbot replied again, 'that they had more reason to rejoice, that the greatest enemy of the Church of Rome in England was cut off, and the greatest champion of the Church of England silenced;' or in words to that purpose. In witness whereof I have herunto set my hand, this 23th day of Sept. 1694. JONATHAN WHISTON, Vicar of Belbenden in Kent."

The testimony of the learned and worthy John Evelyn, Esq. fellow of the Royal Society, concerning the same matter:—

"I was at Rome in company with divers of the English fathers, when news of the Archbishop's suffering, and a copy of his suffering made upon the scaffold, come thither. They read the sermon, and commented upon it with no small satisfaction and

\* From a late charge of Judge Coleridge to the Grand Jury at Dervises, England.