

viewing the termination of life in the instance of one of their friends or neighbours, men would pass, by a natural transition, to the contemplation of their own latter end. In Turkey, the places and rites of sepulture have an affecting prominence and solemnity connected with them, scarcely equalled in Christendom. In general, the dead are interred in very spacious cemeteries contiguous to towns and villages. There appear to be two cities placed side by side—the city of the living, and the city of the dead and the population of the latter far exceeds that of the former.

The Turkish cemeteries around Smyrna cover a very considerable space of ground. They may be recognised at a distance by the lofty and sombre phalæx of cypress trees, which are always the favourite attendant on Turkish graves. The Jews have also covered the face of a very large hill, rising above the city of Smyrna, with the stones which notes the place where the earthly remains of their deceased countrymen are deposited. There is a desolation and forlorn appearance presented by this spot, unsheltered as it is by a single tree, which is in striking contrast with the thick shade and beautiful order of the Turkish place of burial. It shows, that even in death, the Jew is not exempt from the contempt and oppression of which he could not divest himself whilst living.

The immense burying-grounds of the Turks on the Asiatic side of Constantinople have been much celebrated by travellers. There is also a cemetery of the Armenians close to Pera, where the eye beholds, to a wide extent, stone after stone glittering upon innumerable graves—whilst thick spreading trees extend their branches and their shade over them. A silent awe pervades the mind in the contemplation of the scene—and the feeling is often increased by the new arrival of corpses which are to be deposited by the side of their ancestors. In walking among these graves Armenian females are not unfrequently seen weeping over the last abode of a husband, a father, or a friend. The interment of a corpse according to the ritual of the Church of England is a striking solemnity in Turkey. On passing through the streets to the place of burial, innumerable eyes of strangers, of a diversity of nations, gaze fixedly upon the scene. All is still. The pur-

suits of business are suspended—a lucid interval appears to be imparted to the delirium of folly and sin—and when the muffled drum and martial step, which accompany to the dust the body of an English sailor, add their interest to the procession, the feelings of spectators are wrought up to no common pitch of excitement. During the reading of the burial service, more especially at Constantinople, where the English burial-ground is in a place exceedingly public, a solemn attention arrests all present, even though to few the language is intelligible. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Christians, appear to have forgotten their animosities, and, at the grave of death, to have recollected that a common fate awaits them all. However distinct they may be from each other in the enjoyments and attainments of life, and however they may differ in what is much more momentous, the prospects of immortality, still there is an awful uniformity, which unites in one inseparable communion the men of all ranks, of all ages, and of all religions—‘Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.’

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS.

SLANDER.

There is but one effectual way to cure slander, or rather to disarm and neutralize it, and that is by living it down. If you attempt to oppose it by positive agency, you but increase its malignity, and to a certain extent, are contaminated with its spirit. It is not in the power of a traducer to ruin the character of a truly upright man, who pursues the even tenor of his way, bent on having a good conscience, and acquitting himself in the eye of God.

It can hardly be expected runaway matches will end happily—as a female will seldom preserve gentleness and obedience to her husband, when she has exhibited such a want of them to the authors of her being.

What we know too roughly we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms.

As thrashing separates corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.