

unfortunate Turks whose onerous duty forbids them sleeping in the night.

Sad sights meet one even in the most favoured lands on earth. Sin and death follow humanity everywhere. Over the calm waters of the Golden Horn, the corpse of a poor woman was being rowed to its resting place. One man rowed the boat, another steered, between them lay the dead body clad in the common every day gown which she had worn. Her relatives and friends preceded the corpse, in two boats. The scene was sad enough. Thousands were rowing on the same water in all the activity of life. She had left her cares, her joys and her beautiful city forever. As they lifted her out of the boat and laid her in the grave, one could not help feeling that no ray of light, no word of comfort, no solid hope could have cheered her soul in the valley of death. Up the Bosphorus, on the European shore, are the splendid palaces of the Sultans, scenes of crime and terrible murder. Far up on the elevated brow of the hill, is the palace of the present Sultan, surrounded by strong walls, and guarded by faithful soldiers. Near the water is the mosque to which he comes every Friday to pray, attended by eight or ten thousand soldiers, conspicuous among whom is his trusty Nubian regiment. Beyond is Robert's College, a handsome building, with mansard roof, and square balconies at each of its four corners. It is a centre of light, amid Greek ignorance and Mahommedan bigotry, that will diffuse the knowledge of the Lord Jesus among the multitudes that know not Christ and His salvation. On the Asiatic shore is Scutari, where the American Presbyterian missionaries reside, some of whom have spent many years in Greece and in Constantinople, whose labours have been abundant and whose success has been great. There also are the boys' and girls' schools, supported by generous Christian ladies in the United States. The scenery along the shores of the Bosphorus is