

partition in the empire was made in 395 A.D. when his two sons Arcadius and Honorius became emperors of the East and West respectively. The Eastern portion survived the Western by several centuries.

With Constantinople as the capital the Eastern church gradually acquired a distinct and peculiar importance, but in another way the Western church began to take on a rigidity and self-imposed authority that was impossible in the Eastern church which had been brought up on Plato and Aristotle and not under Roman law and discipline. The absence of a meddling ruler and an imperious court at Rome was just the opportunity for the Roman bishop to more firmly assert and establish himself in that pre-eminence which he had hitherto assumed. This, however, was never recognized by the Eastern church which was more democratic in spirit and government. Whatever doctrinal questions may have been involved, this difference in spirit between Roman and Greek is responsible in large measure for the subsequent rupture. All attempts at reconciliation were of a political character and only increased the bitter feeling toward Rome on the part of the Greeks whose national life was entirely bound up in the Orthodox church.

But the time was coming when the safety and liberty of the Greeks and even of Europe would depend upon the reunion of the old Roman Empire. From the wild inlands of Asia, the Turk had begun his march of victory towards the West. In 1326, Diocletian's capital Nicomedia, had yielded to the invader and a Moslem dynasty had established itself at Broussa, near the shores of the sea of Marmora, and midway between the two cities. Nicaea had also fallen. The fiery star and crescent had been carried across the Dardanelles, and planted on European soil, and, on the death of Amurath, 1452, the whole of Asia Minor including even the province of Bithynia which bordered the Bosphorus was in the hands of the infidels.

For his son, an ambitious young Sultan of 22 years of age, across the blue waters of a narrow strait lay a prize of rare beauty and wealth. It was worthy a fearless attack, and a heroic defence. Thirteen miles of walls flung themselves in grim silence around the city proper, and on the opposite bank of the Golden Horn lay the two great suburbs of Galata and Pera which would inevitably fall to the master of Stamboul. How often must Mahomet have stood and looked at that city! What impatience and ambitions must often have stirred him as he stood at sunset on the Anatolian shore and gazed upon the piled-up domes of St. Sophia, the imperial palaces, the great monuments in the hippodrome as they stood upon the hills and seemed to form a great ragged screen to shut out a conflagration in the west! The dark majestic outlines, golden-crested against the amber sky, the still translucent atmosphere, and the silent play of soft lights above the blue waters must have often touched the soul of this Eastern prince, a man of feeling, yet of blood. It was not to be expected that fired with an ambition to do that which had been the hope of his father, he could long resist the temptation to try the issue with an heroic emperor feebly supported by a people divided against itself. Nor did the Sultan long wait for an excuse but a record of what it really was has not been preserved. According to Mijatovich, his mind was