

addressed them just before graduation. This preacher tore, in the course of his remarks, not only his "passions," but himself nearly to tatters; and the boy declaimers, who had been admonished to be moderate and colloquial, caught the infection of madness from him, and bettered his instructions so far as to make their performance a ridiculous exhibit of crude boisterousness.

The clergyman, whether he wills to be so or not, is a staple example to his hearers, not only in moral and spiritual regards, not only in matters literary, but in vocal and bodily expression also and especially. Is it not, in every sense, well worth his while to bring himself into full obedience to expressional law?



A Maine Man on the Bosphorus

By H. A. Vaughan

There is no doing justice to reminiscences. To be rightly judged they must be read in full. Like other forms



The Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D.

of literary art, they have their principle of unity, but at the approach of scissors and paste it disappears and leaves only *dissecta membra* behind. The most distinctive characteristic of the biography of the passing generation—of such biographies, for instance, as Oliphant's, Burton's, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's—is the marvelous versatility, the kaleidoscopic and cosmopolitan multiformity, of the careers it depicts. Let the reader turn

to the more modest depiction of early Puritan training and missionary adventure which the ex-President of Robert College, Constantinople, has recently written,¹ and he will find the same mark of distinction. Here speaks a New Englander of the old school, who has exercised his inventive genius in a dozen different trades and professions, has embarked upon as many apparently rash enterprises, and has managed, convinced, and governed men of a dozen different nationalities by the use of half as many different languages.

Cyrus Hamlin was born in Maine, of a family which had fought its way to local distinction in the Revolution. There was no such career open for Cyrus and his brother Hannibal, but a New England farm offers battle-ground sufficient for the development of any man's muscle, and the two boys, left fatherless in babyhood, began their battle with life early. There was a charm in the family training of those days, in its homeliness, its strenuous simplicity, its strong yet equable affection, and its unwearied unselfishness, which the self-indulgent parental affection and lax good nature now in vogue will find difficult to rival. When the kitchen was nearer the sitting-room than it is to-day, and the man-of-all-work was a member of the household, living seemed to the small boy of the period a sturdy and substantial business. These privileges alone were worth all the advantages of modern toy-shops, nurseries, and capricious petting. Dr. Hamlin tells a story to the point, which every dispenser of demonstrative sympathy might well take to heart.

"I was between three and four years old," so begins the narrative. "A woman was weaving cloth at the head of the stairs; I was playing near her, and rolled down, bump, bump, to the bottom, making spots black and blue. Just as I came down, John Atherton, a jovial workman, cutting our hay, came in with a honeycomb from a bumblebee's nest, the most delicious honey ever made. He gave me the honey to stop my crying, and told me he would give me another if I would tumble downstairs again. I tumbled down twice more that day, and I can remember his

shouts of laughter; for I was all black and blue, and my mother stopped the play at once. I had no design of tumbling down, but probably I played round at the top of the stairs, so that, if there was to be a tumble, I should be at hand; and I had three honeycombs."

There was, however, undemonstrative sympathy and unambitious sentiment in plenty. The farewell to the farm, when the boy of sixteen started out to make his fortune, betrays it. "With hearts ready to break," he confesses sixty years after, "we parted with New England reserve and self-possession. Such experiences always nerved the New Englander up to the quality of tempered steel. The only part bordering on pathos was when my mother, with a tremor in her voice, gave me a Bible and asked me to read it every day. And then I slipped out to the barn to bid my dumb friends farewell with 'a lantern dimly burning.' I kissed the noble oxen and the favorite cows—those good, virtuous, heavenly-minded cows—a sad farewell. I never confessed that weakness until I was old enough to defend it. And thus my farm life closed."

Every element of the farm life had had its place in the boys' affection. They had loyally refused to abandon their old and battered jackknife for the most enticing new one; their dogs had been their constant companions, and the names of all their cows, even, are immortal in Dr. Hamlin's memory. As for the mother, scissors and paste can never depict her. One story, however, may give a hint, if not of her, at least of her influence.

It was muster-day, the greatest of all Maine holidays, when the small boys watched the militia, and, while they watched, munched the gingerbread and buns their few pennies could buy from the stands along the way. Young Cyrus, his chores done, started off with seven cents in his pocket and with his mother's good-by message sounding in his ears: "Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution-box at Mrs. Farrar's."

As I was trudging along [so runs the somewhat Launcelot-like confession], I began to question, "Shall I drop in a cent, or two?" I wished mother hadn't said one or two. I finally decided on two, and felt satisfied. Five cents would furnish all I could eat, and more too; but after a time conscience began to torment me: "Five for yourself and two for the heathen. Five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So I said four for gingerbread and three for souls. I couldn't make a stand there very long, and I said three for gingerbread and four for the souls of the heathen. I would have drawn the line there but for my foolish pride. The boys would find out that I had only three cents! But I was at Mrs. Farrar's open door, and there was the contribution-box, and I had the seven cents in my hand. I said, "Hang it all! I'll dump them all in and have no more bother about it." So I did, and went away contented.

I played shy of the refreshment-stands; and by three or four o'clock I had sated myself with military glory and made for home. I had been on my feet from early dawn, with absolutely nothing after my early breakfast.

I burst into the house and called out, "Mother, I'm as hungry as a bear! I haven't had a mouthful to eat to-day."

"Why, Cyrus! have you lost the money I gave you?"

"No, mother; but you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me eight cents or six cents, I would have divided it half and half. But you gave me seven. I couldn't divide it, and so I dropped it all in together."

"You poor boy!" she said, smiling in tears, and soon I had such a bowl of bread and milk as I had never eaten, and no monarch ever ate.

What was the meaning of mother's tears?

New England was then a paradise of kitchens and churches. Religious zeal and inventive skill in practical affairs were yoked together. On the farm, young Hamlin cut down standing timber and carved it into ox-bows; in college days he turned plain metal into the first working steam-engine made in the State of Maine, and in later life he was his own contractor and builder, mastered and then taught to his Armenian disciples the arts of bookbinding, printing, and stove-making, and manufactured a bakery of such proportions that it was soon provisioning, under his directions, an entire British camp and hospital with bread.

It was more chance than temper that made Dr. Hamlin an irregular quartermaster rather than a regular soldier

¹ *My Life and Times*. By Cyrus Hamlin. Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.

of the British camp. He is a born belligerent. He would have made the best of fighting chaplains. He loves to do battle, whether it be with the rough-and-ready hazers of his Bowdoin days, or the sinewy and dexterous diplomatists of the Turkish court. He enjoys a predicament. "A Yankee's faith in himself," he tells us, "often gets him into trouble, but it doesn't leave him there." In hot rage he strikes a brutal bully a staggering blow with his cane. Instantly half a dozen ugly looking Turks bear down upon him, for he, an infidel dog, has struck a true believer in the face. He is not long dismayed, faces them, and, though himself a lawbreaker, so boldly accuses them of illegal connivance at brutality and so threatens them with legal penalties that they are cowed into an absurdly misplaced submission. Eastern diplomacy is long even in the telling, and the reader must turn to Dr. Hamlin's story itself if he would learn how Admiral Farragut, with a charming innocence of such intention, frightened the over-wily statesmen of the Sultan into granting American missions unasked-for privileges; how curious Turkish magnates visited Dr. Hamlin *incognito*; how shrewdly but how vainly Armenian patriarch, Jesuit priest, and Russian ambassador plotted against him. Nor can I tell here of pupils and disciples; of the profane English sailor rescued from cholera and inspired to be an evangelist; of the poor lad Zenope, determined against friendly counsels and all attractions of wealth and fame to be a teacher among the poor Armenians; of Stepan and Simon and their two long pilgrimages of a thousand miles in search of Bible teaching. Nor have I even hinted at the course and sequence of Dr. Hamlin's life; how he left his farm home to be a silversmith; how, just when business prospects were most enticing, he was led by the counsel of his friends to study for the ministry; how, after nine years' preparation, he settled in Constantinople, and, during his thirty-five years of missionary activity there, founded Bebek Seminary and Robert College, to which modern Bulgaria owes much of its recent progress toward enlightenment, and instituted manual training and practical sciences among the poor Armenians; nor how he has spent these last twenty years in tireless activity in this country, and at last, "coming down," as he says, "from the heights of poverty," is passing his days of retirement on a New England freehold, master for the first time of a house and garden-plot. The American Puritan, like his English cousin, carries his home habits with him wherever he goes. No number of years on the Bosphorus could have obliterated a line or rounded off a corner of Dr. Hamlin's character. His New England sturdiness, homeliness, strenuousness, remain till now, as he gratifies his love for rural life, the mechanical occupations of house and barn, and the simple pleasures of domestic life. His volume is a depiction of American Puritanism, tested and triumphant at home and abroad.



Sensitiveness

Time was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

—Cardinal Newman.

The Wandering Jew

By R. W. Raymond

In Two Parts—II.

"Yes," said the Wandering Jew, in his usual tone of complacent sadness, "I went to the Chicago Exposition; and I will confess that, notwithstanding the disappointments of many lifetimes, and the unparalleled acuteness and impartiality which I have acquired as an observer, I was for a while deceived into the belief that here at last was the beginning of the great end of the world. You will not wonder, perhaps, that even I should be thus deluded, when you hear my experiences. You must remember that, in my long sojourn amid the mountains of Asia and the polar snows, I had heard nothing of the preparations for this great celebration, and consequently it burst upon me suddenly in its full glory.

"I reached the place in the evening, and, passing with the crowd through one of the gates, found my way first to the side of a sheet of water, where I took passage in an electric launch. Of course, I have traveled in my times by all means of conveyance known to man; but I frankly confess that I had never felt or imagined before the calm delight of this wondrous voyage. Now and then we passed a gondola—trivial reminder of the old Roman galley, with one slave at the oar instead of a hundred—and in the contrast I realized that even to one like me, a purely philosophic beholder, who takes no part in the affairs of men, there is a certain fatigue in seeing others labor, and a certain rest in feeling that the work of the world is doing itself without special exertion by anybody. It seemed like the lifting of the ancient curse of toil pronounced upon Adam.

"Gliding over the smooth surface of the lagoon and through the canal, with palaces dimly seen on either hand, we reached the Grand Basin, illuminated with thousands of starry lights that traced the outlines of the shores, or set forth in skeleton beauty the domes and columns of the surrounding buildings. As if this were not enough, the great electric fountains of the Court of Honor shot forth from time to time their mysterious jets of mounting, changeful splendor. Over the water came melodious songs, and, high above, the stars looked down with twinkling surprise, to find themselves, for the first time, outshone by the work of man. I cannot express to you the feeling of rest and contentment which came over me. I felt as happy as if I were going to die.

"Nor was I disenchanted when I visited the scene the next morning, and discovered more clearly by the light of day its manifold wonders. I have seen Jerusalem, Rome, and Athens in their glory; I have studied the ruins of the Egyptian temples; I have looked upon the Alhambra and the Taj Mahal; but all these together would not equal for majesty and grace and harmony the picture presented in this White City by the inland sea. As I looked upon it, I said to myself: 'Truly, the end of the world is at hand, for Art has done its utmost here, and nothing is left to do!'

"I mingled with the multitude. Never before had I beheld such throngs, unless arrayed in war. I had come to think that only hatred and anger could bring men together. But here I saw the largest armies outnumbered by the hosts of peace. On every face good will, in every heart a happy sense of brotherhood; pleasure enlivening all, knowledge inspiring all, sympathy pervading all. 'Yes, yes,' I said, 'it is the end!'

"Then I went through one magnificent structure after another, and inspected the treasures contributed from all lands. You will of course understand that, in a person of my unique experience, the things themselves could arouse little wonder. I am familiar with the arts and sciences as they are known in every country, with one exception. I will confess that I find it impossible to keep up with American inventions. In order to do that, I should have to stay in the country all the time, and read the 'Scientific American' and the 'Patent Office Gazette,' besides calling at least once a week on Mr. Edison. But I am obliged to keep traveling, and, no matter how often I may manage to turn up in this country, I always find something to surprise