

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

me. As to the rest of the world, however, I was, as I have said, not surprised by the exhibits themselves, but at the finding of them gathered in this remote place. Why should the nations with one accord bring their tributes from afar?

"I asked this question of a learned-looking professor who was expounding to a group of his pupils the exhibit of the South African diamond-mines. He replied with a line of poetry:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way.

"They have all followed the star,' he said; and I thought of the wise ones who followed the star of Bethlehem. Yes, this must be the beginning of the end!

"I visited the Midway Plaisance, and strayed from one camp of outlandish strangers to another, being myself, of course, everywhere equally at home. That is my sad consolation for not being at home anywhere. As I speak all languages fluently and with an excellent accent, and am familiar with all manners and customs, I experience no difficulty in holding communication with any tribe; and I found that these barbarians, from Dahomey to Samoa, had been brought together by one common purpose, namely, to be seen of their civilized fellow-men. That they charged their fellow-men a trifle by way of entrance-fee did not alter the essentially benevolent nature of their motive. With joy I reflected upon the new era in human intercourse thus inaugurated. How simple it would be hereafter to penetrate any desired part of the savage world! The natives, taught by the experience of the Midway Plaisance, would no longer gather to oppose with useless slaughter the advance of the trader or explorer. They would simply sell him his entrance-ticket at the gate, charging him half-price for mere standing-room, and double price for a seat on the stage.

"I visited the great show of wild animals, and beheld the lion lying down with the lamb; that is, I suppose the lion would have lain down peaceably enough with the lamb, if there had been any lamb!"

As Ahasuerus pronounced these words I fancied that I detected a tone of irony, as if he were making game of me. In fact, more than once during his strange monologue I felt a passing doubt of his sincerity. On the whole, he seemed to be taking pleasure in speaking seriously part of the time, at least; and when he did so, it was evidently his pride to do it in handsome style, so as to make an impression. But then, either because he was ashamed of having been in earnest, or because of a malicious enjoyment in spoiling the effect of his own eloquence, he would add something that sounded like satire. The most peculiar thing about it, however, was that he never changed his manner, or gave any token, by smile or otherwise, that he was personally moved by what he was saying. He ran on like a phonograph into which a lot of remarks had been spoken, and which repeated them by clockwork, just as they came, without having any real opinions of its own, and taking satisfaction only in the perfection of its own performance.

But still I said nothing; and the Wandering Jew continued:

"I heard, too, that in the Art Palace at Chicago there was held one great convocation after another, to bring forth the combined wisdom of the world. One of them was the Parliament of Religions, concerning which strange things were reported, but I saw them not with my own eyes. Nor did I quite know how to interpret this novel assembly, until I bethought me that one thing at least was true; namely, if the representatives of all sects could abide together and actually talk of their differing creeds for many days, without destroying, torturing, or even scolding or slandering one another, then the end of the world must be at hand!

"Once more I returned to the fairest spot of all, and stood at sunset before the dome of the Administration Building, looking eastward down the Grand Basin. The flush of the red evening sky was behind me, yet its luster stretched forward beyond the long shadows, to tip with glory the colossal golden statue of the Republic, towering

serene and triumphant from the tranquil water, a sublime symbol of Power in the midst of Peace; and, still beyond, the sunlight shone upon the forms of the heroes of humanity that stood upon the stately Peristyle, and the noble emblem of victorious progress that surmounted all. And at my feet the great fountain, bearing the effigy of a happy State sped upon a prosperous voyage, poured forth, as from an unseen source of illimitable abundance, floods of pure bright water, furnishing to basin and lagoon and canal an ever-fresh supply.

"As I gazed upon the scene, I almost fancied that I was a part of it, forgetting my peculiar relation of a mere waiting looker-on in the affairs of the world. It brought before me vividly a prophecy with which I was familiar.

"I will observe, in passing, that I am thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures, not only those of the Old Testament, but also those of the New, the writers of which, for the most part, I have personally met. I have naturally spent much time in the study of the prophecies for the purpose of getting light upon my own future lot. And I confess that everything in this great display had impressed me as the fulfillment of some prophecy. The highways had been cast up; the wilderness had been made to blossom as the rose; wild beasts were tamed and wild men greeted with brotherly welcome; the bells of peace were ringing, and the woe of the world had vanished. But here before my eyes was the glad fulfillment of the latest and most exalted prophecy of all. For here was the Holy City itself, appearing suddenly, as if let down from heaven by the very hand of God, containing no temple, because it was itself a vast temple, pervaded everywhere with the presence of the Spirit, knowing no alternation of the darkness of night with the brightness of day, because the night was as fair as the day. And here were the nations walking in the light of it, and the kings of the earth bringing their glory and honor into it; and the pure stream flowing forth from the throne in the midst of it, to fill all the channels by the side of which stood, here the majestic trophies of industrious man, and there the evergreen trees of inspiring, renewing, nourishing, and all-healing Heaven, while everywhere sounded the blending melodies of happy souls floating upon the love-lit waters of the River of Life!"

He paused, half like a music-box at the end of its tune, doubtless an orator waiting for applause. In spite of my doubts as to his sincerity, I had been deeply moved by his last rhapsody, and I did not hesitate to confess it.

"You were right," said I, "although you went too far in fancying that this new reproduction of the vision of John was a final and complete fulfillment. It was, indeed, but a repetition of the promise, yet in such grander, clearer form as to convince us that the future universal gladness is not only coming, but is nearer to-day than ever before. You must remember that we are warned not to say too confidently, Lo, here! or Lo, there! is the actual consummation. We should rejoice in progress, not evermore demand attainment."

Apparently he was pleased to have extracted from me an expression of my own opinion. I almost fancied that I could hear him mutter to himself, "So! Now I will demolish your delusions and exhibit to you my superior wisdom!"

"Young man," he began "(you will permit me to call you young, though your son may speak of you as the 'old man'), you are not to accept a passing thought from me, however well expressed, as the declaration of my deliberate conclusions. It did not take me long to perceive that this, too, was but a dream, like all the rest. That same night I read of savage rioters clubbed by the Chicago police under the very shadow of the Parliament of Religions; and in a few days more the Great Exposition of brotherly love ended in murder. My brief delusion was over. I awoke to find the world as woeful as ever, and as far from the promise of a coming Redeemer. Not the Scriptures, but the newspapers, give us the facts as they are. I have a peculiar sympathy with reporters. They seem to me, though each for one short life only, to ransack the world as I do, simply observing. And they seem also, in this occupation, well-nigh to have lost, as I have, the