

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM ASIA TO EUROPE.

WE sailed from Beyroot on the morning of May 1, in the "Espero," of the Austrian Lloyd Line. The first opportunity that we have had for seeing the domestic life of the natives of the Levant was on board this ship. The natives travel as deck passengers, and literally live, cook, eat, and sleep on deck, all the forward deck, as well as the entire left side of the vessel, except the state-rooms, being given to them. Here were grouped Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Italians. The women were all fenced off to themselves, with a subdivision for the Nubians and Abyssinians. Every individual had a separate bed, a simple comfort usually, which also was used to squat on during the day. Here the women stained their finger-tips, smoked cigarettes, quarreled and gossiped, while the men slept nearly all the time when they did not smoke the nargile. Meal-time was always exciting, as grouped in companies around a single dish they all helped themselves with their fingers. Such things as knives and forks might as well have never been invented, so far as these natives were concerned. They simply tore off as much meat as they wanted for a mouthful and put the rest back in the dish until they wished some more. Such as I saw appeared to get along quite amicably together. I am told that whenever one wishes to show another a spe-

cial favor he picks out a choice bit with his fingers and puts it in the mouth of the other. It was thus that the Shah of Persia paid his compliments to the Princess of Wales at some state dinner. Occasionally we had a distinguished Turk on board, who smoked his silver nargile on the promenade deck and dined at the table; but the rule was to provide their own food and eat and sleep on deck.

As we sailed from Beyroot we saw the sites of Tyre and Sidon, as well as of Sarepta, and got our last glimpses of snowy Lebanon. When we awoke the following morning the "Espero" was anchored at Larnaka, on the island of Cyprus, where we spent the rest of the day. The old towns of Salamis and Paphos, where Paul and Barnabas preached, are entirely destroyed. Larnaka is located not far from the site of Salamis. The general appearance of the town is about that of a respectable Syrian town, with its mosques and whitewashed houses. It has a population of some six thousand. The whole island was once densely populous, but does not now number over one hundred and fifty thousand. Remains of a former civilization are found everywhere. General Cesnola, while American consul here, made extensive discoveries of old pottery, forming about the most complete collection of the kind ever made. His brother, who is here now, has also excavated with large success. They consist mostly of lamps, vases, bottles, etc. The Americans of our party, calling at the consulate to learn the most recent war news, were each presented with an antique lamp, such perhaps as were common in Palestine, and would be suggested to our Lord's hearers by the parable of the Ten Virgins. It is very evident, in seeing one of these tiny lamps, that they were very foolish virgins who took no oil in their vessels with their lamps.

Aside from one or two collections of antiquities,

all that we visited was the Church of St. Lazarus and a Franciscan monastery. The latter had some tolerable paintings in the chapel, and some very well-fed monks in their cells. They seemed very good-natured, and evidently enjoyed our call, although all the ladies of the party were of course forbidden to enter the monastery proper. On our way to the monastery we visited a Greek school, where several hundred boys were receiving instruction. The walls were covered with Greek mottoes, such as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," "Fear God, and honor the king," and "Love one another." They were quite bright little fellows, and one recited the Lord's Prayer and the Nicene Creed with a ready tongue. We inferred from the examples in arithmetic on the walls that they are quite in advance of the native schools in Syria, where they pursue the uniform custom of all the Orient of studying aloud.

The old church that we visited contains many columns and pieces of sculptured marble much older than itself, and perhaps belonging to an early Christian edifice. It appeared strange to have the tomb of Lazarus pointed out under a church in Cyprus. While, of course, nothing can be depended on in these traditions unless they are very ancient, yet there really appears some reason why Lazarus, whom Christ raised, might have finally found a grave in Cyprus. His life was sought before Christ was crucified, and doubtless much more afterward. When, after the persecutions which followed Stephen's death, all but the apostles were scattered abroad, it would not be strange if Lazarus was either with the men of Cyprus who, converted on the day of Pentecost, when driven from Jerusalem, went as far as Antioch preaching the word, and thence to their native island; or that he subsequently found a home in what was probably a

Christian stronghold. I was unable, however, to learn the date of the tradition about his burial here. Cyprus needs not his bones to consecrate it. As the birthplace of Barnabas, and the scene of his and Paul's labors, it will be as favorably known in Christian history as the worship of the goddess of love at Paphos was disgraceful to the island, making the very name of a Cyprian the synonym of lust. This was one of the first points touched in that grand missionary tour of Paul and Barnabas, which, beginning at Antioch, embraced nearly the whole of Asia Minor.

Rhodes is a day and a half's run from Cyprus. With a light cargo, and the screw of our ship nearly two feet out of water, the little swell of the sea, hardly perceptible otherwise, was enough to make most of the passengers disinclined to read, write, or eat, and the ship's cabin wore rather a deserted look, as most of them preferred their state-rooms. Early on the morning of the 4th of May we sighted, at the same time, the headlands of Asia Minor and the white tops of the Taurus Mountains, as well as the island of Rhodes, and we knew that we were about to enter the Archipelago, and to have a smoother sea. That which was first seen in approaching Rhodes was the invariable castle, which belongs to every respectable town in the Archipelago. This one had a peculiar interest, as the one so long and bravely defended by the Knights of St. John during their occupancy of the island after they were expelled from Jerusalem.

The boat which took us ashore passed into the old harbor within the walls of the fort, where once stood the famous Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. As it was only about one hundred feet high, it is very doubtful about vessels passing under it, or that it ever spanned the harbor. It was destroyed by an earthquake fifty-six

years after it was set up, and the very site where it stood is now disputed. The walls of the fort bear the coat-of-arms of the Knights of St. John. The same designs appear in the entrance to the Grand Master's house, now used by the fishermen as a place to dry their nets. An old church with a richly-sculptured door-way is now a mosque. One entire street, where the more distinguished of the order lived, has on nearly every house a marble slab with the usual coat-of-arms. Turkish soldiers now occupy as a barrack what was once a splendid hospital of the order. Very happily no vandalism has been shown in the needless destruction of these remains. The most of the ruins were occasioned by the explosion of a powder-magazine not many years ago. We stopped only a few hours at Rhodes, as Paul probably did while on his way to Miletus.

The sail on the Archipelago was peculiarly fine, especially recalling our ride on the Inland Sea of Japan. It needed, however, a better state of cultivation on the islands to make them as attractive as those of Japan. In some instances the slopes were quite green, but more commonly barren. Nearly every village had its mosque, while occasionally we saw a steeple. Passing Kos the same evening after leaving Rhodes, we saw in the distance, just at sunset, "the isle that is called *Patmos*." First a long line near the water's edge, at length some of its promontories standing out boldly, rose the memorable island where Jesus Christ appeared to his beloved disciple in visions of transcendent glory and mystery. Brighter than this evening sun had John seen that shining face, and well might he declare, "The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Here he had received the messages for the seven Churches clustered so near together just over on the main-

land in Asia Minor. Here in rapt visions he had seen the moon become as blood, and the stars of heaven fall to the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind, and the heaven depart as a scroll when it is rolled together. Here he had heard the trumpet sound, and saw the seals broken, and the books opened, and the vials poured out. Here, too, he had seen the gates of pearl, and the crystal river, and the celestial city. Next to Palestine itself is *Patmos* sacred for what was revealed and suffered there.

Nearly opposite *Patmos* on the main-land is *Miletus*, the place of the parting of Paul and the elders of the Church at *Ephesus*, who sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more. We passed *Samos* during the night, and touched the following morning at *Chios*, at both of which places Paul appears to have touched on his way to *Miletus*. The country looked more beautiful in the morning, as we were evidently approaching more cultivated districts. A most pleasant sail on the Bay of *Smyrna* showed fertile slopes waving with ripening harvests or green with orchards of figs. The population appears to be comparatively dense in all this region. Villages abound, respectable towns are frequent, until we reach *Smyrna*, a full-grown city of two hundred thousand souls.

We had contemplated a trip to *Ephesus*, running down by the cars from *Smyrna*, and had made all arrangements to order the extra train for that purpose, when we learned that our ship would sail the same evening at an early hour, and that we must give it up. We not only desired to see the city where had stood the great Temple of *Diana*, but where Paul and John had spent some of the most fruitful years of their lives, and laid the foundation of that friendship which was one of the human elements in their inspired Epistles to the *Ephesians*

There is much of interest to be seen there in the famous excavations made by Mr. Wood, revealing ruins of a very ancient date.

Smyrna is quite a lively city, with more of a European look, especially along its magnificent quay, than any city that we had seen since leaving Alexandria. It is evidently a place of considerable commerce, as seen by the number of vessels in its harbor and the busy aspect of things in the city. Cotton has long been one of its principal articles of export. It has served, too, as the place of shipping the great loads of goods of different kinds brought in by the caravans from all parts of Asia Minor, as well as from Persia and the whole Valley of the Euphrates. It is, in fact, the second city of the Turkish Empire proper. Smyrna figs are well known in America. We saw the manufacture, on a large scale, of fig-boxes that will make many a boy's mouth water, as stored with the sweet fruit they will fill some grocer's window in the United States about Christmas. Its bazaars are somewhat remarkable for the number of foreign articles which are found mixed up with the native goods, an index, perhaps, of the intermingling of European ideas. The Franks' street had many stores and stocks of goods creditable to any city of its size in America. One would hardly think of himself in Asia while passing through it.

One could hardly think of himself *out* of Asia, however, to see the human pack-horses. I think that we saw many men carrying several hundred pounds each. Boxes of goods, bales of cotton, barrels of wine, or several well-filled trunks, were common loads for one man. He always wore a sort of pack-saddle with arms extending over his shoulders and fastened around them, while the saddle was so made that when the man was slightly bent it had quite a horizontal surface, on which the loads were

placed. Usually they were borne in this way without even being fastened on. The effect of such heavy loads was to make the man's body well-nigh double, and to give the more vigorous of these human beasts of burden a prematurely old look, at least while at their work. It is here as in all the older nations of Asia—human muscle is cheaper than horseflesh, and the laboring classes are so accustomed to this style of work that they would be greatly outraged at any interference with their business, of which they have a sort of monopoly. True, we saw an occasional cart or other vehicle, but the rule was for all kinds of freight to be borne along the quay on the backs of men, and that, too, with a railroad track extending nearly its whole length, where it could be rolled on hand-cars. So slowly do the old habits of these Asiatics yield to the suggestions of European civilization.

Smyrna will always be interesting as the scene of Polycarp's labors and martyrdom. As we approached the city from the bay an old castle overlooking the town was pointed out as the place where he was burned to death after his memorable refusal to deny Jesus of Nazareth, who had never forsaken him. Smyrna, like Nazareth, is built largely on the side of a hill, houses rising above each other nearly to the top. We gradually made our way through the crooked streets up to the castle itself. Old as it is, the material of which it is built is taken from yet older ruins, marble slabs in many instances being placed under coarse limestone rocks in the castle-walls. It tells a story of war and ruin on its very face. From the number of excavations being made on the hill a couple of hundred yards from the castle, and the quantities of broken pottery being dug out by the rude picks and spades of the native laborers, it would seem probable that the old city of Smyrna once stood upon this site. It has

been more than once destroyed, and it is natural to account for the old material in the walls of the castle as having come from its ruins, built in perhaps by its conquerors, or even by themselves, as returning to their old quarters they made a place of defense. No place is designated within its walls as the spot of Polycarp's death, but a quarter of a mile distant, along the same ridge, his grave is pointed out under two cypress-trees. His bones were gathered up and buried somewhere, and the Moslems say that this is the spot, and have built over it a large plaster tomb, such as is common in their cemeteries, only larger, and have put on it an Arabic inscription. They have, moreover, put Polycarp in their calendar of saints, as the numerous shreds of cloth about his tomb, signs of votive-offerings, certify. It is the custom of the Moslem Turks to plant their cemeteries with cypress-trees, one at least on the occasion of every death. They make beautiful groves, and are believed to prevent malarial diseases.

From this hill we had a splendid view of the plain toward Ephesus, with the modern railroad track and the remains of an old Roman bridge or aqueduct side by side; of fertile fields and large orchards of figs; and then, looking toward the bay, of the city itself, beautiful for situation, the joy of Asia Minor. Our walk back led through the Jews' quarter, and it being on Saturday afternoon we saw them in their holiday dress. Many of their residences showed that some of them had been quite prosperous, although just without the walls which inclosed a fine house and a beautiful garden were the humbler homes of their poorer brethren. So, especially in all Asia, are poverty and wealth found together. We were much pleased with the fine faces of the Jewish women, who were all seated in their doorways. There was a type of beauty about them that we have seen in no other Hebrew faces. This may

be from intermarriage with the Greeks. None of the Jews have adopted the style of veiling their faces, so common to the Moslem women.

All the seven Churches of Asia were located near together, but only ruins or miserable villages mark the sites of the others. Smyrna is a prosperous city, while all the rest have long since been destroyed. Is this because in the messages to the angels of the Churches only Smyrna was left unrebuked? No, for Philadelphia, too, had only words of sympathy and approval. That is doubtless the right view which regards the blessings and curses of those messages to refer to the Churches and not to the cities. Doubtless curses were pronounced on *cities* by prophets and by Christ, and every word has been fulfilled. But in this instance, if I am right in my conjecture that the old city of Smyrna stood up near the castle, modern Smyrna may be regarded as an almost wholly different city, although bearing the old name. Moreover, its general situation is what has recovered it more than once from its ruins. It was doubtless a large place when the early Christians found it so hard to maintain an existence there. It is the natural and proper outlet to the sea of all Asia Minor. Navies could ride in its beautiful bay, and ships of all kinds may always be found there, while the others of the seven cities are all inland, and have none of its natural advantages.

We were not able to leave Smyrna until early the following morning, so that our disappointment at not visiting Ephesus was the more keen, since we could have gone after all. Just about noon on Sabbath we reached Mitylene, the place where Paul stopped on his way back to Jerusalem. The service of the Church of England was read, but on account of the confusion and noise of disembarkation at the time none of the ministers on board felt like attempting to preach. The situation of the town is

rather beautiful at a distance; with Mount Olympus in the same picture, its gardens and orchards had an attractiveness worthy of the place where Sappho "loved and sung." Two old castles and the remains of an aqueduct helped to make the scene more picturesque. The view from the ship was perhaps finer than from any point on shore.

By a recent order of the Sublime Porte no vessel of any kind can enter the Dardanelles at night; so that we took it very leisurely after leaving Mitylene, not reaching Tenedos until daylight of Monday. The name which Homer gave the place in his immortal Iliad, as the point to which the Greeks withdrew their fleet when they pretended to give up the siege of Troy, has long since supplanted its original name. It is a very compact place, built mostly around a fort near the water's edge. The fact that it is visible from *one* of the supposed sites of Troy is what has given Dr. Schleiman's claim to have discovered this as the true site almost the weight of certainty. The Plain of Troy we could see with great distinctness as we ran by. It shows some cultivation, and a respectable town or two near the *Ægean* Sea.

But more interesting even than Troy to the Christian is Troas, which we passed before reaching Tenedos. Off from the sea-shore in this historic place Paul, in a vision, saw the pleading form as he heard the man of Macedonia call, "Come over and help us!" Hitherto the continent of Europe had not heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, save perhaps as some Roman soldier told his breathless comrades at Rome of the strange events on the black Friday of Christ's crucifixion. Now begins the new era, as, hearkening to the voice, the apostle crosses the *Ægean* to give idolatrous Europe its future religion, which, even in barbarous Britain, was to transform into Christian citizens half-naked savages, who "pre-

ferred the flesh of the shepherd to that of his sheep." We soon had our first view of Europe, as the west shore of the Hellespont, or Dardanelles, rose before us. Approaching it as we did, from the west, after our long tour of nearly five months in Asia, we had first seen with some thoroughness Asiatic civilization. We had seen the finest monuments which that civilization could build—its temples, its mosques, its tombs. We had looked into its religion, its educational facilities, its domestic and social life, and the general condition of the masses of the people. The best that the Oriental civilization can produce I have already attempted to faithfully describe. Save where European ideas have been introduced, Asiatic courts are, without exception, controlled by bribes; women are not trusted away from home unless veiled, or as beasts of burden; education, wherever attempted, is of the most rudimentary kind, and the condition of the people is one of such intolerable oppression that they are liable to be compelled to pay the same taxes any number of times. Yet just across this narrow Hellespont reign in Europe laws of justice, with the ermine, as a rule, unspotted; woman is respected by confidence being placed in her character; education reaches the highest known limit; and there is appeal against all kinds of oppression.

Christian civilization appears in early times to have taken no very deep root in Asia, while it struck deep into the soil of Europe and transformed no less savage races. The debt Europe and America owe to Asia they are now beginning to pay. The exotic civilization of former centuries is slowly becoming the permanent civilization of the future. The voice that Paul heard from Macedonia now calls from all Asia, "Come over and help us!" Conscious of a better life, and struggling to enter on it, she pleads for instruction and help.

If the Christian religion can make so wide a difference between these two continents, lying the one on either side of the narrow Dardanelles, what words can express the obligation to share with Asia this religion and its fruits?

Constantinople, May 10, 1877.

LETTER XXXVIII.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE has the most remarkable water-approaches of any city in the world. You cannot reach it from any direction by water save as you pass through a narrow but deep channel so fortified that without its consent no vessel dare enter it. Our approach was by the Dardanelles, or the old Hellespont, a narrow channel often less than two miles in width, which connects the Ægean Sea with the Sea of Marmora. No foreign vessel-of-war has for many years been allowed to enter the Dardanelles save by a firman of the sultan. The fortifications do not appear to be of the first class, but with the addition of new guns being put in position behind earth-works just thrown up, they could command the straits very effectually.

The other water-approach is by the famous Bosphorus, connecting the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. This channel is yet narrower and hardly less deep than the Dardanelles. If Xerxes bridged the Hellespont and Leander swam it in the ardor of his love, the Bosphorus is none the less historic as having been crossed by the Turks in order to their conquest of Constantinople. The place where they crossed is still pointed out near the old Phœnician towers, which give so picturesque a look to the hills which they crown. While at Constantinople we rode nearly the entire length of the Bosphorus