

CHAPTER VIII.

LANDING AT CONSTANTINOPLE AND COMMENCEMENT
OF MISSIONARY WORK.

SO soon as "pratique" was given — leave to land — the steamer was assailed by hundreds of caiques, every man vociferating for a passenger. We saw amid the insane, vociferating multitude a gentleman standing erect in a Maltese boat nearly as broad as long, and making towards us. I said to wife: "That is Mr. Homes!" I knew him from the portrait we saw in his father's house in Boston. Mr. Homes, of the firm Homes & Homer, hardware merchants, was known to all missionaries of the American Board. Every missionary and his wife must spend one night at his house before sailing, and he gave a razor to the man, and an elegant pair of shears to the lady. We were right glad to greet him. He apologized for his boat by saying that "Dr. Goodell enjoined him to take no other, lest we should be upset."

The snow was melting, the eaves were pouring upon our heads, the streets were flowing with slush and filled with crowds of strangely dressed people;

but, with Mr. Homes to guide us and clear the way, we reached father Goodell's, and we had a reception as warm and cordial as though we were absent children just arrived at home. They had been waiting for us more than a year. A room with a lovely outlook was ready for us. In the evening Dr. and Mrs. Schaffler came in. We had a praise meeting and a social meeting, and the next day we settled down to study with Avedis Der Sahakian as teacher.

Threats and plots of persecution were rife, but all things were otherwise undisturbed. The government was making great efforts to reduce Mehmet Aali of Egypt to submission, but his victorious son Ibrahim was subduing Syria.

Two or three days of bad weather kept us all from an afternoon airing. The Goodells, old and young, were longing for a game of blindman's buff before dinner, which was at six p.m., but they were afraid it would shock our feelings of propriety. As for us, we were longing for anything like indoor gymnastics. Dr. Goodell incidentally remarked upon the necessity of keeping our health during this rainy weather. We might perhaps for the children's sake even be reduced to blindman's buff, if we could find nothing else.

"That would be splendid," I replied. "I go for blindman's buff such a day as this."

I had no thought that she would attach any meaning to the word. She knew and talked Greek better than English. The only precocious thing about her was her jolly laughter and her apprehension of the ludicrous. Neighbors used to come in to make her laugh for the fun of it till we had to object.

One day she took my stovepipe hat and used it very improperly, and then laughed and danced up and down with glee, as much as to say, "Have n't I played a huge joke on my papa?" You can't punish a child till you stop laughing yourself.

Henrietta second had considerable will, but she always caved in at last, and on the whole we considered her quite a model child. The rest came along about equal to her, only they were not the *first*. She was very much a child after her dear mother's own heart.

I have presented in these pages the likenesses of the four missionaries residing at Constantinople in 1839. They were to be my beloved and honored associates for many laborious, anxious, yet happy years. They are too well known to the Christian public to need any remark here. Mr. Homes was designated to the Mohammedans. He became a profound Oriental scholar. He rendered important and highly valued aid to other departments of the mission; but there was no access to the mind of

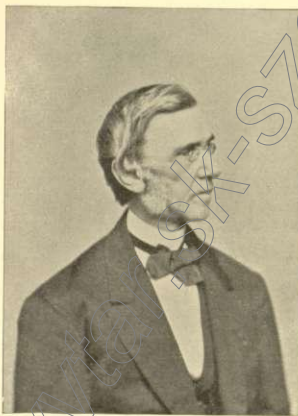
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MY LIFE AND TIMES.

Islam, and after some years he retired. He became the distinguished and honored librarian of the New York state library in Albany.

From: Cyrus Lambin : My life & times



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