

HOME & SCHOOL

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Can You?

Can you make a rose or a lily—just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall,
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?

Can you run like the brook and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?

Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make one father on Robin's breast?

Oh, my dear little boy, you are clever and strong,
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things like a "grown up" man!

Look at me, darling, I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.
—St. Nicholas.

Turkish Homes.

Boys and girls in Turkey know very little about homes rich as we have in America, where fathers and mothers and children sit down for a pleasant time together, where there are games and music and books and a thousand things to enjoy. Mothers and sisters are expected to stay in a room by themselves, and not trouble the fathers and brothers, unless they can do something to make them comfortable. This is in wealthy families. In poor families men, women, and children, and animals all live in one room. Here the fathers and brothers spend most of their time in smoking and talking, while the women of the family do all the work—digging in the fields, as well as attending to the cooking and washing, and caring for the animals in the house.

One great thing that missionaries are trying to do is to make over these homes—to show the people how to live pleasantly and happily together. Perhaps the best way to show how this is done is to give a description of two homes which Miss West tells about in her book called "The Romance of Missions." She says something like this:

"One day I went with Aroosiag to the great house of one of her relatives. We very soon saw that we were not welcome. After sitting by the side of the lady of the house awhile, and trying to make her talk a little, we rose to go. Then she invited us to 'walk the house,' which meant to go over the house and look at it. This is a very common thing to do in Turkey; and the missionaries are much annoyed

sometimes by crowds of women who insist on going into every room and examining everything they can lay their hands on.

"We went up the stairway and were shown into a room where a daughter, a girl about fourteen years old, was sitting before a low embroidery frame weaving flowers in a girle for her betrothed. Four young girls were sitting near her, helping her with their needles to get ready for her wedding. These were her pupils in needlework; but not one of them could read.

"We were crossing the large central hall, where there were large huge bags of cocoons for the silk factory, when the master of the house came up the

stairway and swept by us in lordly style. He was very large, and was enveloped in a costly fur-lined robe. He had a rich cashmere shawl for a girdle, and a smaller one wound around his fez like a turban; and a large ring shone upon the little finger of his right hand.

"Seating himself with a very tired air upon the cushions in one corner of the room, he called his servants in loud tones, 'Sarkis! Apraham!' Everybody seemed to fly the moment he spoke. One poured water over his hands, and wiped them with a towel; another brought his *chibouk*, or long pipe; and another hastened to bring refreshments. Presently the 'bride'

came in with a little tray, on which was a small glass of *rakee*, or brandy, and another of water. This he could take from no hand but hers. She presented it with a profound *salaam*, touched his hand with her lips, then gracefully drew back and stood with crossed hands, while he held the liquor to the light, 'exclaimed 'Geunk!' ('Life!') and drank it all without stopping. The 'bride' stepped forward, took his hand, pressed it to her lips, then to her forehead, to her lips again, and then drew back as before, meekly waiting his commands.

"This young bride was a tall, slender, gypsy-like girl of fourteen or fifteen, with clear dark complexion, large black

him. When he had finished, a second glass of *rakee* was brought by a servant girl; and a *salaam* was given with every act of service.

"We made our formal farewell, and were about to leave, when a servant stopped us in the hall and insisted that we were to go into another room, where refreshments were given us—honey, cheese, bread, apples, melons, and sausages. We gave our parting *salaams* at last, and left the house of the Eastern nabob, over which the angel of peace could never fold her wings, for the more humble yet happy place where Christ's disciples lived."

The other home Miss West describes is the one where her pupil Aroosiag lived with her Christian father and mother.

"After the evening meal of roast chicken, fried egg-plant, boiled chestnuts, and the usual bread and honey, I gave the boys a lesson in singing, and sang some English songs as specimens, which greatly pleased them. The father listened attentively, and then asked if he could learn to sing; so I gave him a simple exercise in singing.

"We were sitting around the *ojak*, or fireplace, in the winter-kitchen, watching the cheerful blaze of the long crooked sticks standing upright in the open chimney. We had nuts and apples; and I was reminded of an old-fashioned fireplace where I used to visit when I was a child.

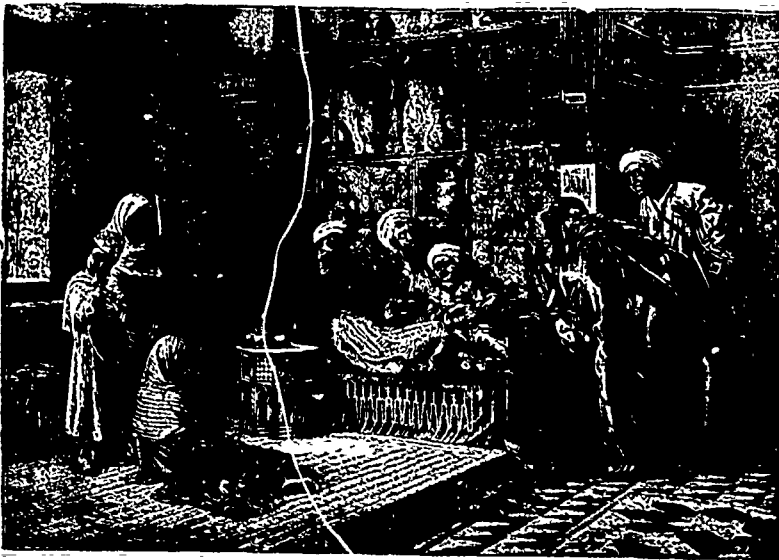
"'O Varzhoobi! tell us about it,' said the boys, when I spoke of my native land.

"'If you please,' said the mother, smiling as she glanced at the eager group around me.

"'If you please,' they answered; and they listened with open mouths and eyes while I described the farmhouse, the great barns, the cows, the fowls, the bees, and the birds. Then I told them of the home of my childhood—the of the village, with its pleasant houses and its shady gardens, where the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang, and the children played so happily. Our conversation ended with a talk about heaven and the life in that beautiful place.

"'When we get to heaven,' said the little mother, 'I shall sit by you just so, drawing nearer to my feet and taking my hand.

"'Yee, and leave me off here?'



A SCENE IN A TURKISH HOME.

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eyes, and raven hair. On her head was a broad gold band made of three rows of gold coins, and on her neck was another one with pendants. Poor creature! She looked so sad that I asked Aroosiag who she was. She told me that she had just been married to the oldest son of the family, and he was an idiot. She had been sold by her mother for gold.

"After awhile the master of the house condescended to talk to us a little; but I could think of no one but the churlish Nabal in the Bible, who was 'such a man of Belial that a man cannot speak to him.' I could imagine him venting his anger on everything within his reach if anything displeased