

## CHRISTIAN-FAMILY.

Miss M. STUMP, Editor.

## The Little House on the Hill.

O Memory, be sweet to me—  
Take, take all else, at will,  
So thou but leave me safe and sound,  
Without a token my heart to wound,  
The little house on the hill!

Take all of her best from east to west,  
So thou but leave me still,  
The chamber where in the starry light,  
I used to lie awake at night,  
And list to the whipporwill.

That violet-bed, and rose-tree red,  
And the purple flags by the mill,  
The meadow gay and the garden-ground,  
But leave, oh, leave me safe and sound,  
The little house on the hill!

The daisy lane, and the dove's low  
plane,  
And the cuckoo's tender bill,  
Take one and all, but leave the dreams  
That turned the rafters to golden beams,  
In the little house on the hill!

The gables brown, they have tumbled  
down,  
And dry is the brook by the mill;  
The sheets I used with care to keep  
Have wrapped my dead for the last  
long sleep,  
In the valley, low and still.

But memory, be sweet to me,  
And build the walls at will,  
Of the chamber where I used to mark,  
So softly rippling over the dark,  
The song of the whipporwill!

Ah, Memory, be sweet to me!  
All other fountains chill,  
But leave me that song so weird and  
wild,  
Dear as its life to the heart of a child,  
In the little house on the hill.  
—Alice Cary.

## Cities of the Bible.

## TYRE.

As we read the historical record of this once proud mistress of the Mediterranean, a glamour of the past steals over us, and the wail of the prophets of Israel over her destruction, rings through our ears as a grand old song, though we shut out the sternness of their warning; we fail to grasp the greatness of the fall of what was once as the garden of God, now lying between the sea and sky, a place for the spreading of fishermen's nets; we blind ourselves to the fact that upon pride and sin, fell destruction and ruin, and that in the fall of Tyre we have but another proof of the reality of this truth, which is so oft repeated in the simple touching words of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah. At first the site of this famous city was on the mainland, out of which the best authorities say the Phœnicians were first driven by Joshua into a large island not far off, that this island was joined to the mainland, or was in reality a sort of peninsula. It was at one time besieged for five years by Shalmanezzer, the king of Assyria, and afterward was taken and laid waste by Nebuchodnezar in fulfillment of Scripture prophecy. Thus were the boasted towers of Tyrus laid low by the axes of the king of Babylon, and the power of the luxurious city situated at the entry of the sea was gone forever. She had said, "I am of perfect beauty." Ezekiel compared her to a ship which the merchandise of the whole world had contributed to adorn, and foretold the time when the lament should arise for the city which was destroyed in the midst of the sea.

Seventy years after this destruction the city was partially rebuilt, but another prophecy of Ezekiel (xxvi) was accomplished in the sea overflowing not only the neck of land but the peninsula itself, thus covering the mystery and idolatry of the old and famous city with the beating of the changing waves which tell no tales. However there yet remained a small adjoining island once connected to old Tyre by Hiram, afterward inhabited. This is the island to which Alexander the Great built a causeway when he

captured the city, taking for this purpose the stones, timber and rubbish of the ruined city on the mainland, as it was said by the prophets, "They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust in the midst of the water."

Scarcely more than forty acres of this once large and populous city now remain above the water, this is supposed to be perhaps a hundredth part of the original large island ruled in the zenith of her glory by Hiram, the friend and ally of Solomon.

The people of Israel and the Phœnicians were nearly always at peace, though the narrow valley lying between the mountains of Lebanon and the sea was never a possession of the Jews. A great many of the Jews dwelt in Tyre, Hiram himself being of Jewish descent. Once, at least, the two nations were united by marriage, when Ahab married the daughter of Ethbaal. It is with horror and a loathsome fascination that we read of the wickedness of Ahab and the curse heaped upon his nation through the foul idolatry and covetousness of his haughty queen Jezebel; but the end came to all her greatness, and the proud princess of Phœnicia fell from her palace window to be torn in pieces, and her blood lapped from the ground by ravenous dogs.

Carthage was founded as a colony from Tyre 143 years after the building of Solomon's temple. At the time of Christ its population was about equal to that of Jerusalem, probably 100,000. The modern town is for the most part rudely built and contains perhaps three or four thousand inhabitants. All the great nations of antiquity have there left the curious works of their architects' hands. Upon the great sea wall of old Tyre is still lying a stone in its original position, where it was placed more than 3000 years ago, bearing the peculiar work of early Phœnician art upon its surface. Over it have fallen the wonders of Grecian sculpture, and still above them have crumbled the massive marble pillars of Roman architecture. Tyre has been used as a marble quarry for ages, and its best materials carried away to enrich other cities. The dye, called Tyrian purple was once a source of great wealth to Tyre, and was found in a shellfish on the coast near the city, each fish affording only one drop of the precious color. Glass and sugar were also largely manufactured. Much of our knowledge of the city of Tyre is gathered from the account of William, who was bishop of Tyre at the time of the crusades, A. D. 1124. Once this wreck of a city had no rival and the cities and nations of the earth were her merchants; now has the inspired prophecy of Israel's seers come to pass for, "The merchants among the people shall hiss at thee, and I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God."

MAY WELLING.

## Mother's Story for Her Boys.

Once upon a time, up among the mountains stood an old castle, half hidden by the forests that surrounded it from the great world that rolled on below. Within dwelt a young mother, and her two sons, whose father was away at the head of his army fighting the battles of his king.

The castle looked very lonely up among the pines, with only its gray turrets visible above them. But that was on the outside; within, a busy little world went rippling on, each day with deeper tone, whose inmates had quite enough to do in the care and training of the lads.

Both father and mother loved their children well, and sought to have them instructed in all the lore and grace of the land. And for this purpose the best teachers were brought

to the castle, into whose hands the lads were given to be disciplined according to the fashion of their time. "For," said the father, "life is one long conflict, and the world is a field of battle; my sons must be trained soldiers. No cowards, no idlers for me, but courageous thinkers and workers, to take their places in the ranks, when they are men."

Thoughts of his sons when they should be men—good men—knights and clad in all their brave attire, standing by his side, strong to suffer and to do, would lighten their father's heaviest moments, and brighten his darkest ones. And the pleasant vision gave his martial bearing firmer dignity and grace. "Ah! my brave boys," said the proud father, "betimes shall the armorer begin thy suits of mail: no hasty works, no careless links shall peril your fame."

He spoke with the armorer. And while their coats of mail were fashioning, he would say with every setting sun, "nearer, one day nearer to their manhood are the lads."

But the mother knelt at night beside her sons, and kissing the curls back from their warm, moist brows, would murmur over each fair sleeper: "Mine, mine now, so innocent, so pure—oh, that I could keep them ever thus! But it cannot be; every setting sun takes them one day farther from me. Was it meant that knowledge must always bring woe, and action, peril? Ah! little ones, would that your mother could weave some panoply of surer defence than suits of steel; some little 'Joseph's coat,' all wrought of divers colors, of many loves, that, warm beneath the linked steel of the world's defences, would keep my children both innocent and safe."

And thus night after night as she knelt in prayer, the same wish took possession of her soul and would not away. For every setting sun reminded the mother, that one day nearer to the battle of life were the lads, and another day's march beyond the innocence of infancy and the protection of home.

It was evening. The mother stood on the parapet, looking over the valley. The purple and gold of another sunset were paling out of the western sky, and gray was glooming in. The tops of the pines were trembling with the light step of the passing breeze, mourning for the sweet south wind that only kissed them and passed on. The birds had folded their wings; and the flowers had offered up their incense.

"Nature wears the color of the spirit," said the mother, "and this is her voice to me. Stars will gather the gold of the setting sun, and dispel the gloom of night. The whispering pines will thrill to a fresher wind, and the folded wings are but resting for higher flights. The flower exhales its life in love, its mission finished, leaving a perfect plant folded away for another blooming. And I who have had my beautiful morning, shall I cloud my noon with the dread of night? Not so; perfect love casteth out fear."

Again, as was her wont, she knelt beside her slumbering boys; she put her arms around them; so young, so light and slender, she could fold both to her heart now, and sip such sweet kisses from the dewy lips. Then the moonlight stole softly in, to weave fitful tracing over fair smooth braid and curly head, and the rhythm of the breeze was sweet and low.

An aged man of noble mien stood before her; his aspect was so benignant, that his sudden appearance gave her no alarm. Taking a roll from the folds of his robe, he said: "Arise young mother, thou that sleepest, awake: thy prayer is heard; even thus thou shalt weave a garment of sure defense around thy children. The angels are thy helpers. Teach thy sons the word of the Book. Be patient, steadfast in thy labors, faithful to thy trust. Thine

eyes cannot look upon the work, it is invisible; it can be seen only by results in coming years; but be not faithless, but believing, and the Master will bless thy labor."

Then lifting his hands, over the little group in blessing, he passed away as silently as he came.

"Have I slept?" said the lady. But there beside her, and brightly shining in the moonlight, was the Book, all bound with velvet and edged with gold, whose printing, letter by letter, had been the saintly work of a life in some dim old cloister.

It was written on vellum, in letters of gold; and delicate vines, and wreaths of flowers, and tufted birds, in quaint device, in richest color of scarlet and blue, and purple, and green, and gold bordered the beautiful words.

The mother pondered her treasure well; and her children's eyes and hearts were daily fed with its fair face, and its goodly truths. At times it tasked all her power to keep them interested; for children soon weary, and ever asking for something new.

But her faith and patience never wavered. In her heart she knew that while she taught them the words of the Book, all unseen, unheard, the angels were silently weaving their protection for the coming year.

"The days go by so fast," said the mother, "I have no time to love; it is not long now that I shall have them beside me. My little children, would that I had learned earlier how to help them."

And so the days went by, each one bearing its own burden; oftentimes the last laden with the cares, or crowned with the joys, as it may be, of all that had gone before it. And the lads who had learned at their mother's knee the love of the Golden Book were grown to men.

It was their last eve before their entrance into the world of action. Their mother went to kneel beside them once again, as they lay in peaceful slumber.

"Have I been faithful to the trust reposed in me; have I done what I could?" And, once more, she laid her head beside her sons, thinking, as she did so: "If never again, oh! what would comfort me?"

The moonlight stole softly in, silencing fair braids, and creeping slowly up in curly heads. And the rhythm of the night winds chanting through the pines, floated in with the low sweet lull of some far off melody; so calm, so soothing in its tone, that its key-note might have been struck in Heaven.

Suddenly the room grew all with light and two angels stood before her; oh, wondrous beauty for a mother's eye, sweetest music for a mother's ear!

Surely she had seen those faces before, had heard those voices, but where or when?

Oh sunny days, happy days; in the untroubled deeps of the dear eyes of her children, when learning the lessons of the Sacred Book. And the voices were their voices, in times of perfect love and truthfulness.

And they said: "Well done, thou good and faithful mother; look with joy upon thy work."

Then she saw their shining robes, all interwoven and luminous with line upon line, rule upon rule, precept upon precept, from the Golden Book.

"See thy work hath been faithfully done." And the mother's fears were all dispelled with tender words. "Not one of these little ones shall be lost, for their angels do ever stand before the face of our Father."

And when the lads went forth, belted knights to the world's conflict, away from their mother's presence, without a fear she gave them her blessing, and bade them go.

"Remember the words of the Golden Book," she said, "and keep your armor bright."

Then the youths passed out from the home of their childhood. Through tidings of good report or evil, the mother's heart never failed, her faith never wavered, and when some nobler deed was done, some greater evil overcome, and men said: "How bright these knights their armor keep!" their mother only smiled, and said: "The unseen armor shineth through, and the innocence of childhood."

They passed unscathed through the heat of battle. "No weapon formed against them could prosper," for through the words of the Book and the might of prayer, their armor was kept ever bright. And its light so encompassed them that in time men grew to calling them "Knights of the Happy Sphere." And whithersoever they went, they carried with them noble endurance, undaunted prowess, and gentle courtesy.

And all through the words of the Golden Book and a mother's patient love, "who did what she could."—Anon.

## Source of Our Great Lakes.

Among the most interesting of the scientific papers presented at Buffalo was the one of Professor Newbury, in regard to the origin of our great lake-chain. He tells us that at one time Ontario, Erie and Huron apparently formed portions of the valley of a river which subsequently became the St. Lawrence, but which then flowed between the Adirondacks and Appalachians, in the line of the deeply buried channel of the Mohawk, passing through the trough of the Hudson and emptying into the ocean eighty miles southeast of New York. Lake Michigan was apparently then a part of a river course which drained Lake Superior and emptied in the Mississippi, the straits of Mackinaw being not yet opened. After that it would appear, came the "cold period," when huge ice glaciers were formed in the mountains above what is now the lake-chain, and moving southward, scooped out the lakes from a plateau previously existing there, gradually broadening their basins by grinding away their southern margins with an inconceivable power. At length the intense cold period passed, and the glacier which had before flowed over the water shed in Ohio was so far reduced as to be unable to overtop its summit, but, deflected by it flowed along its base, spending its energies in cutting the shallow basins in which Lake Erie now lies.

The Professor goes on to say that this melting of the glaciers was accompanied, perhaps occasioned, by a sinking of the Continent, which progressed until the waters of the Atlantic flowed up the valleys of the St. Lawrence to Kingston, and up Ottawa to Arnprior. The valley of the St. Lawrence and the Hudson were connected by way of Lake Champlain, and thus the highlands of New England was left as an island. It is also possible that the seawater penetrated to the lake basin through the valley of the Mohawk and through that of the Mississippi, but of this we have no evidence in the presence of marine fossils. The theory of the formation of the great lakes has always been an interesting subject, and the late Prof. Agassiz made a special study of Niagara. According to the opinions of some experts, this so-called "new world" of ours was really the "old world"—that is, the first to become reasonably fit for the abode of primitive man.—Ez.

Modesty is one of woman's greatest charms, it is that charm that distinguishes her from the rest of her sex; in every society, she is known, and universally admired and respected.

Christ is not a reed, shaken in the wind; but a rock.—W. F. Besser.