

Poetry.

EACH MOMENT CALLS.

By MARY E. MACINTOSH.

One by one the sands are falling—
Falling from the glass of life;
One by one the moments calling,
Urge us onward to the strife—
Urge us to gird on the armour,
And press forward to the van,
Where the battle waxer warmer
For thy good, O brother man!

Glancing backward o'er the ages,
See we those with front sublime;
Bards inspired, and ancient sages,
God-like men of every time,
Who have struck the chord of glory
With a master's skillful hand,
And have left their lives' bright story
As a garden to the land.

These have rent the clouds asunder,
That would else impede our way,
And revealed to us the wonder
Of this new, complete day!
For to-day clasps all the treasures
Of the backward, gliding years—
All the profits, all the pleasures,
All the conflicts, all the fears.

May it be our great endeavour
To press onward with the best;
Nothing daunted, may we never
Give ourselves a moment's rest,
Thinking that the hours will linger
For some noble work undone!
Time, with fixed, unerring finger,
Points us to the setting sun.

When the last brave word is spoken,
When the day for us is o'er,
When the glass of life is broken,
And the sands shall run no more;
When our deeds have been rewarded,
Both the evil and the good;
May we each have left recorded
He has done the best he could.

The Fireside.

QUARRIES UNDER JERUSALEM.

Passing out at Damascus gate, we turned sharply to the right, and in a few moments reached a point in the north wall just opposite the rocky terrace, underneath which is the cave where Jeremiah is said to have been imprisoned, and where he is also said to have written his Lamentations. The city wall at this point is built upon a high rock, the outer face of which is cut away to form a sort of bastion, about fifty feet in height. In the side of this smooth rock, is seen a small door, which opens to the quarries. The Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Philadelphia, has the honor of having discovered this place. A few years since he was hunting in the neighbourhood, when his dog suddenly disappeared through a small hole in the rubbish which was piled up against the wall. The dog not returning, he sent for implements, and soon penetrated to a large chamber in the solid rock, which led to other chambers; and subsequent investigation satisfied him and others that these were the identical quarries from which the stone for this ancient temple and other buildings was taken. For centuries they have remained unknown, no writers upon Jerusalem mentioning them since Josephus, and he only speaking of certain caves in which the Jews took refuge under the city. A few who have written within the past few years, make mention of them, but give no information whatever upon the subject. This is the more singular, since these quarries are the most wonderful relics of the ancient city of Jerusalem now to be seen. I am told that Dr. Barclay has described them in a book on Jerusalem; but they have never been fully explored, consequently their exact extent has not been ascertained. As we were accompanied by Dr. De Haas, the American consul (who, by the way, has superior insight in his careful knowledge of Jerusalem and its surroundings), we had no difficulty in effecting an entrance at the door. As we passed through, the air within was quite warm, but seemed pure and wholesome. Lighting our torches and candles, we proceeded for about one hundred feet in a narrow passage, which had been dug through the rubbish, stooping low to avoid coming in contact with the rock above. We then came to what appeared to be the brow of a hill, with a vast rocky dome above us, the darkness of which our light could not penetrate. From this point we descended to an angle of about forty-five degrees for some thirty yards or more, when we found ourselves in a succession of vast chambers and galleries, varying from ten to thirty feet in height, the top supported by huge columns, left here and there in an irregular manner by the workmen.

By placing lights to mark our return path, we had no difficulty in exploring the place to the full extent of our time and strength. The whole, from the very entrance, is cut from the solid rock—the marks from the workmen's tools being seen upon every square yard of the surface. The rock is a soft, white limestone, in some places like a pure marble, and hardens when exposed to the air. It is the same stone that is seen everywhere about Jerusalem in the buildings and walls, especially those blocks which show the beveled edges, peculiar to the ancient Jewish masonry. Many of the chambers are each from fifty to seventy-five feet square. Often when we supposed we had reached the terminus in a given direction, a low passage would appear, which led us into equally vast chambers beyond. At other times we would pass down what had the appearance of a rough hill-side, which terminated in a rude stair-case; descending which, we would enter immense apartments directly underneath those we had already explored. The general direction of the excavations is south-east, or toward the temple area, where it is supposed there was an opening, through which the blocks were elevated to their proper position in the sacred structure. We must have passed nearly, if not quite, half a mile in a direct line from the entrance, and yet there was no sign of the end; but other chambers, connected by lofty passages, extended still beyond us as far as our light could penetrate. Without doubt, this entire ridge, from the Damascus gate to the temple area, and east of the Tyropoeon Valley, upon which a large part of the present city is built, is honey-combed by these ancient excavations. The floor is strewn with the stone chippings usual in a quarry; and in many places, huge blocks, partly dressed, are scattered about. There are no marks of drill, the quarrying having evidently been done by chisels only. The usual process was to cut out the blocks in a vertical position, and, on every end, we could see them being elevated out in this manner, some of them being almost ready to separate from the surrounding rock. By the side of these were the little niches hastily cut in the rock to support the lamps of the workmen; and in the deep cuttings which separated the blocks, could be seen abundant marks of the tools. We could scarcely persuade ourselves that many centuries had elapsed since the hand of man had labored here; it seemed more probable that the workmen had only left their toil for an hour, while they enjoyed their noon-day rest. Occasionally upon the smooth surface of the rock, rude figures, cut in relief, are seen; and numerous inscriptions and emblems give a rough representation to the largest columns. Water is constantly dripping down in several places, although the quarries are for the most part very dry; and in the course of our wanderings, we stumbled upon two or three quite spacious reservoirs, partly filled with water. No signs of these chambers ever having been used as dwellings, are seen; and no communication

with the outer world has yet been discovered, save the narrow opening which we entered. To me, these vast quarries are of the deepest interest. Whatever changes may have taken place in the city above, these chambers, excavated from the solid rock by the old Hebrew workmen, remain exactly as they were in the days of Solomon, when Jerusalem was in the height of its glory and power. Along these vast passages walked the wise king and his cunning master-builders; and here many a workman, as he followed strictly the pattern shown him, "wrought wiser than he knew," a block for some place of honor in the sacred temple which was rising above him without sound of hammer. And when the top-stone was set with shoutings of "grace, grace unto it," and the glorious day of dedication had come, many an humble Hebrew wept for joy, and thanked God that, although he had labored long, shut out from the light of day, and utterly ignorant as to the result of his toil, he had still been permitted to do something towards the completion of the magnificent house which Jehovah himself now deigned to take up his visible abode.

CHARLEY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

By MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

It was almost Charley Henderson's birthday. In one single day more he would be fourteen years old—almost a man! Indeed, he was quite as tall as his mamma now, and as the evening day drew near, he felt very important. Very much pleased, too, for birthdays were festive days in the Henderson family, and the children always received birthday gifts from their parents.

So, on the morning before his birthday, Charley sang his book-strap over his shoulder, and set off for school in high glee. When he came home at noon he seemed cheerful still, but very quiet and thoughtful. And when he returned at night, the thoughtful mood had deepened, until at supper he sat by his spoon in his chair, gazing into his cup in a brown study, instead of drinking his tea.

When his mamma called attention to his reverie, and asked what was the matter, he laughed and said "Nothing." But when he had finished his tea, instead of taking a romp with his sister Nelly, as usual, he went to his father's library, and announced that he had something to tell him.

"Well, let us hear it," said Mr. Henderson, laying aside his paper, with a smile.

"To-morrow will be my birthday, papa," said Charley, by way of a beginning.

"Yes, Charley, you will be fourteen years old to-morrow."

"Well, papa—I—fact is, papa, I want to know if you are going to give me a birthday present?"

"Oh! you mustn't tell secrets!" was the smiling answer.

"But, sir, I really want to know—I have a reason."

"In that case I suppose I shall have to say Yes, Charley. It is your custom, you know."

"Yes, sir; that is why I expected it. Is it bought yet?"

"No, not yet, Charley."

"Well, then, may I tell you what I would rather have than anything else in the world, just now?"

"Certainly, you may tell me. What is it?"

"Money, papa."

"Money, Charley? Why, what is your head now for?"

"No bad purpose, indeed, sir. And I want a good deal, too. More than my birthday gifts would cost, I expect."

"Indeed? Pray what great sum do you need, my dear?"

"Ten dollars, papa, just ten dollars."

"Well, I am quite curious to know what you would do with it?"

"I wouldn't put it into any bad use, indeed I wouldn't," cried Charley, eagerly, "and I would go without one single present if I could have it."

"Exactly, my dear, but let us hear what wonderful thing you would do with it," said his father.

"I would take it to pay Jim Harrison's school bill, so he would come to school next term."

And Charley anxiously watched his father's face, to see the result of his disclosure.

"I thought Jim Harrison was in school," said Mr. Henderson.

"He is now, papa. But you know Mr. Burton's rule—half the money the middle of the term, and the other half the last. And if you don't pay your bill you have to stop."

"And I suppose Mrs. Harrison could not pay," said Mr. Henderson.

"Just so, papa. She didn't have the money at the middle of the term, and Jim says she's been trying ever since to save it and couldn't, they are obliged to have so many things. Jim told me all about it to-day. And papa, if he could go next term and learn a little more about accounts, they would take him a clerk in the post-office. That is a good place, you know."

"Yes, very good," replied his father. "Well, they promised to take him. Oh! papa, I shall be so sorry if he has to stop! Can't you give me the money, please, papa?"

"Stop a bit, Charley. If I give you this money you will receive no birthday gift." "Why, yes I shall, papa! The money itself will be the very best gift you can possibly give me!" cried Charley.

"But when to-morrow comes and passes, and you receive none of your customary presents, I am afraid you will repent of your sacrifice."

"No, sir, I shall not. The presents I should get would only amuse me, and perhaps not that very long. And I shall see Jim in school everyday, for the next ten weeks, to remind me of what I did get. No, papa, I shall not be sorry. I have been thinking about it all day."

"Very good, Charley, you feel sure you have not decided too hastily, and will not regret your sacrifice, I will give you the money."

"I am sure I shall not, papa."

Mr. Henderson drew out his pocket-book and laid two clean, bright, crisp five-dollar notes in his son's hand.

Charley trembled with eager delight.

"Oh! papa, a thousand thanks!" he cried.

"You have made me so happy! I wish I could make you as happy!"

"I am happy in seeing you willing to make so unselfish a sacrifice," said Mr. Henderson, laying his hand on Charley's head. "But now, how do you mean to use your money?"

"Oh, papa, I intend to fix it so he cannot help accepting it, and so he will not know where it comes from, either."

Charley proceeded to unfold to his father the plan he had already arranged in his own mind. Meanwhile, let us go to the humble cottage of the hard-working widow and her son, and watch its unfolding for ourselves.

They lived in a tiny brown house upon the very edge of the village—a low, old, brown house, containing but two rooms. The night was chilly and a bright wood fire blazed in the small fireplace, and a cloud of steam was drawn, having a light lamp upon it. At one side of the room was a low trundle-bed, in which two little girls were already asleep. The whole apartment, though poor and plain, was perfectly clean and tidy, and so was the simple calico dress of Mrs. Harrison, who sat on one side of the little stand, busy with her sewing. Jim sat opposite to her with a book upon his knee. "But though the book was open, he was not reading—his eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon the fire."

Presently Mrs. Harrison looked up to take a pin from the little cracker cabinet, bristling with short needles and crooked pins, which lay upon the stand. Her glance rested upon Jim, and she said, cheerfully:

"A penny for your thoughts, Jim?"

"Not worth a penny, mother," answered Jim, with a smile and a sigh. Mrs. Harrison echoed the sigh, but she did not smile, for she knew that Jim's thoughts were with his beloved school, where he must have the next week.

Many minutes, while her fingers sped the busy little needles, she had been mentally trying to contrive a way to pay Jim's school bill, and let him keep on with his studies. But the winter was hard—food and clothing they must have; and her needle could barely earn a subsistence for a family of four. She could not see any way to provide for the need.

She resumed her sewing without saying any more, and Jim returned to his book. Presently there was a quick rap-tap! at the door, and, wondering who it could be, Jim rose at once to open it.

Nobody was there. Jim peered out into the darkness, but no one was to be seen. There was some one waiting outside the little gate, a few steps into the street; but Jim's vision did not extend half so far into the dark, starless night, and thinking some rude boy had rapped in jest, he was about to close the door, when he saw a yellow envelope lying upon the doorstep.

He picked it up, and the figure outside, having seen by the light from the doorway that he had found it, hastened down the street, while Jim shut the door, and carried the letter to his wondering mother.

"Somebody was there, for they left a letter," said he. "I wonder if it can be for us?"

"Yes, it is for you," said his mother, who had turned the envelope over, and read the words written upon its back, "This is for Jim." These words were printed in large letters with a pen.

"For me!" cried Jim, when he too had read the rude address. "What can it be, I wonder?" He hastily tore it open, and there lay out, not a letter, but two fresh, clean "greenbacks."

For a moment they looked at each other in surprise. Then Jim found his voice.

"Why, this is fairly work, mother! Who can have done it? I wonder if there is any more writing? Yes, here is something inside, printed like the other. It says, 'For Jim Harrison's school bill.' Oh, mother, I can go to school, now! I do believe this was sent on purpose!"

"No doubt of it, my child."

"But who could have done it, mother?"

"Whoever did, evidently wishes to remain unknown. It is something that we have it. We know One who sent it."

"Who, mother?"

"God, my dear boy. See Jimmy, how good he is! He gives us trouble from one hand, and applies the relief with the other. We know he moved some kind heart to send this."

"Yes, mother, said Jim. After a moment, he thoughtfully added, "I didn't think any one knew I had to quit school except Charley Henderson, and he could not have got so much money."

"He may have had something to do with it," said Mrs. Harrison. "Let us not seek to know what our kind friends have wished to keep from us. We can ask God to bless the generous heart whose secret it is, and he knows, if we do not."

"Yes, mother, but I should like to thank them, any how. Oh, I am so happy! I can go to school! I can go to school! Oh, mother, I never was so happy in my life!"

Jim went to his humble pillow that dark, cold night, a happy boy; and on the other side of the village there was one who was, it possible, even happier. Charley Henderson had crowned his birthday with a generous self-sacrifice; and even before it was complete, he learned the sweet lesson that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Happiness has been well called a sweet perfume, for we never sprinkle it over other hearts, but that its breath comes back to gladden our own.

AN ANTIQUARIAN OLD LADY.—An old lady whose home is in the country, and who had been in Cincinnati for several years, came in yesterday to do some trading, her principal business being one of the few events in her life, the purchase of a new bonnet. She hadn't had a new bonnet since she was in Cincinnati the last time, and that was seven years ago; nor had she seen any of the new-fangled contrivances—"lights like air"—which the women wear now-days in the places of bonnets. And as a new bonnet was the entering wedge to what she was on the alert at once to see what the fashion was. Imagine her consternation, then, in standing on Fourth Street, watching the people as they passed by. For a time she was perfectly speechless, and then she was observed to throw up her hands and exclaim—

"For the lands sake! are the women all crazy, gaudin' through the street with nothin' on their blessed heads! What's become of all their bunnets?"

She went into a millinery store and accented a "gentlemanly and obliging" young lady in attendance—

"You see I come the hull way from Clarion county to buy a bonnet. I've worn this one 'gins' on eight years. It's a little out of fashion, I reckon, and I want one that is right in style. I didn't know what the women was wearin', so I stood out here a blessed hour to see 'em pass, and I hope never to see my old man again if I saw one with a bunnet on durin' the hull time. Some have a doll's handkercher laid on top of the head, others a hat looked for all the world like oyster patties trimmed with blow'd glass, and I declare to goodness if one woman with a big rutabaga turnip on the back of her head, in a fly net, wore a 'y' gown."

"Captain, a feller drove right up on our side 'gins'."

"When informed that the styles she had seen were the latest thing in the bonnet line, the old lady's astonishment increased, and she was thoroughly bewildered by the time she had examined each of the varieties embraced in the milliner's collection, particularly when she learned the accompanying prices. She declared it was enough to drive one crazy to see such vanities as women are running to now days. "Twant so when I was a gal," said she. "Woman wears bunnets in them days that kivered their heads and tied 'em under the chin in stead of fast'n 'em to the back of the hair."

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