

# HONEY AND SCHOOLS

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1890.

[No. 6.

## Homes of Cliff-Dwellers, Arizona.

COLUMBUS supposed that he was discovering a new world when he set foot on this Western continent, but, though new to him, it was old to the races which had lived upon it for centuries before he came. These races lived in caves, in houses built in the fissures of cliffs from two hundred to a thousand feet high, and in "pueblos," villages built very much on the plan of the Colosseum, at Rome, only each story had many houses upon it, and the way of entrance was by ladders to the top, and then by short ladders from terrace to terrace within the pueblo.

The cliff-dwellers interest me the most—perhaps because, as a girl, I realize how very hard it must have been for the women to live in such houses. The illustration shows you how these houses are built into the fissures of the cliffs. Some think they were places of refuge for the people during war-times, but others think they lived here year in and year out.

Both cave-dwellings and cliff-houses have a round tower connected with each set of apartments. This tower—or *estufa*—is supposed to be connected with some form of worship. The tower has no entrance except through a tube of masonry about twenty-two inches in diameter, and from ten to thirty feet long. Each person had to crawl through this tube to enter the sacred tower. Think of this when next inclined to grumble at the distance you must travel to get to church.

One of these cliff houses is described as sixty-feet long by about fifteen feet at its widest part. The walls are a foot thick, and flush with the edge of the precipice. This particular house had about twelve rooms, with the *estufa* in the centre. The walls between the rooms did not reach to the rock roof; so that the owners could pass from room to room by ladders reaching to the top of the partition wall.

The cliff-dwellers understood the art of weaving and the manufacture of pottery. Fragments of bowls, cups, jugs, pitchers, urns, and vases—in indefinite variety—may be found in nearly every heap



ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLING IN ARIZONA, U. S.

of *débris*. Some of their drinking vessels were made to represent a man on horseback, the place to drink being the man's hat, while the handle might be either the legs or the tail.

These cliff-dwellers lived in Arizona, in Colorado, and in New Mexico. As to how they came to live in these cliff-houses, there is a legend which claims that they are a far more ancient people than even

the ancient Britons. The Pueblo, Zuni, and Moquis Indians, are descendants of the cliff-dwellers. We know this because of the similarity of their dwellings, occupations, dress, customs, and worship. (See cuts on pages 44 and 45.)

## He Climbed the Tree.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us. One of the most cheerful and courageous, because one of the most hopeful of workers, was William Carey, the missionary. When in India it was no uncommon thing for him to weary out three pundits who officiated as his clerks, in one day, he himself taking rest only in change of employment.

Carey, himself the son of a shoemaker, was supported in his labours by Ward, the son of a carpenter, and Marshman, the son of a weaver. By their labours, a magnificent college was erected at Serampore; sixteen flourishing stations were established; the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficent moral revolution in British India.

Carey was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin. On one occasion, when at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker. "No, sir," exclaimed Carey, immediately, "only a cobbler."

An eminently characteristic anecdote has been told of his perseverance as a boy. When climbing a tree one day, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. He was confined to his bed for weeks, but when his strength had grown again, and he was able to walk without support, the very first thing

he did was to go and climb that tree. Carey had need of this sort of dauntless courage for the great missionary work of his life, and nobly and resolutely did he do it.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind.