

The Family.

THE STRANGER ON THE HILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded door-way still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—Oh, painful proof,
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imaged more shade than sun,
The swing from the lough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bluish brook where the hazels grow:
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poised and shoot,
And heard the robin have its wing,
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more!

Dear kindly with these orchard trees,
And when your children crowd their knees
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart:
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the tree—the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their flowing herds,
The wood—the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all,
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

Thomas Buchanan Read

STANLEY'S STRUGGLES.

The current issue of *Scribner's Magazine* contains a long article by Henry M. Stanley, dealing with some of the most interesting and exciting incidents of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. Besides the text there are more than twenty illustrations from photographs and sketches by Mr. Stanley. The great explorer writes earnestly on every page, and to many readers it will seem remarkable that a man so accustomed to self-dependence should express himself so strongly, even reverently, regarding a higher power than such men are likely to acknowledge. Says Stanley: "I feel utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence, who, for some purpose of His own, preserved us."

The march through the awful forest, of which Stanley's letters are so full, occupies considerable space. Says the author—

"Ah, it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling on blindly through that endless forest, following one white man, who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself! They were in a veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. But what matter? Death comes to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on, broke through the bush, trampled down the plants, wound along the crest of spurs zig-zagging from northeast to northwest, and descending to a bowl-like valley by a clear stream, lunched on our corn and berries."

"During our mid-day halt one Umari, having seen some magnificent and ripe figs at the top of a tree sixty feet high essayed to climb it, but on gaining that height a branch, or his strength yielded, and he tumbled headlong upon the heads of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say, none of them were very seriously injured. Umari was a little lame in the hip, and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest."

"At half-past three, after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness of arums, amoma and bush, we came to a dark amphitheatrical glen, and at the bottom found a camp just deserted by the natives, and in such hot haste that they had thought it best not to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most stressful hours! Two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans awaited us in this camp."

"My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and amoma every day since June 28th, were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was fairly served a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours; there was nothing left of my faithful animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it."

"No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of 600 feet, and pent in the never ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured stream, and the twin cataracts which ever rivalled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, who were doomed to remain inactive,

to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers; to watch the leaping waves colliding and twisting into uprising columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times and past generations; then think of the night with its palpable blackness: the dead black shadows of the wooded hills; that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness, that misery engendered by loneliness, the creeping sense of abandonment: then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men."

"And what of us, trudging up those wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest upland, to trample on and on, whither we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us and for those no less brave and trustful whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible canyon?"

Everybody seemed doubtful whether any relief from the miseries of the trip would come. One incident of the trip is graphically recalled as follows:—

"We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our counters reaching some settlement on this day or the next and the time it would take them to return, and they desired to know whether in my previous African experience I had encountered anything so grievous as this."

"No, not quite so bad as this," I replied. "We have suffered, but not to such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way into Iluru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbur we certainly suffered much hunger and also while floating down the Congo to trace its course our condition was much to be pitied, we have had a little of something and at least large hopes, and if they die, where are we? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be? Moses drew water from the rock of Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if anyone will minister unto us?"

"Just then there was a sound as if a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly, we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vise as of iron."

"There, boys," I said, "truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past, and my comrades were seen gazing in delightful surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea fowl. It was not long before the guinea fowl was divided and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share; and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings."

"Resting a while to debate upon our course we heard a sonorous voice singing in a language none of us knew, and a lusty hail and an argument with what appeared to be some humor. As this was not a land where aborigines would dare to be so light-hearted and frivolous this singing we believed could proceed from no other people than those who knew they had nothing to fear. I fired a Winchester rapidly in the air. The response by heavy loaded muskets revealed that these were the Manyema whom we had been so long seeking, and scarcely had the echoes ceased their reverberations than the caravan relieved its joy by long continued hurrahs."

"We descended the slope of the clearing to a little valley, and from all sides of an opposite slope were seen issuing lines of men and women to welcome us with friendly hails. We looked to the right and left and saw thriving fields, Indian corn, rice, sweet potatoes and beans. The well known sounds of Arab greeting and hospitable tenders of friendship burst upon our ears, and our hands were soon clasped by lusty, huge fellows, who seemed to enjoy life in the wilds as much as they could have enjoyed it in their own lands. These came principally from Manyema, though there were no less stout slaves, armed with percussion muskets and carbines, echoed heartily their superiors' sentiments and professions."

"We were conducted up the sloping clearing through the fields of luxuriant grain by troops of men and youngsters, who were irrepressibly frolicsome in their joy at the new arrivals and dawning promise of a holiday. On arrival at the village we were invited to take our seats in deep, shady verandas, where we soon had to answer to hosts of questions and congratulations. As the caravan filed past us to its allotted quarters, which men were appointed to show, numerous were the praises to God uttered by them for our marvelous escapes from the terrible wilderness that stretched from their settlement of Ipoto to the Basopo Cataract, a distance of 197 miles—praises in which, in our inmost hearts, each one of our sorely tried caravan most heartily joined."

HOME, OR HOMELESS

BY MONKEY DAVE.

But if I do that I can't go to the seashore, and I do like the seashore. But who are you I should like to know, Susan Martin, that you set up your likes and dislikes against your plain duty laid out before you?"

Miss Susan settled herself more comfortably in the chair in the cozy corner of her cozy sitting-room and took another inward glance at the young girl upon whom her thoughts were running:

"Only the daughter of my cousin's cousin. Most folks would say that wasn't very near, but it's nearer than blank strangers. And what if it wasn't? Aren't we all the children of one Father? Yes, Susan Martin, if you take your summering at some quiet place in the country you can take that poor girl with you and give her rest—perhaps life—who knows? For I'm sure she looks ready to drop into her grave."

And Miss Susan rocked and mused, the summing up of her musings at the end of an hour amounting to something like this:

"Sea-breezes, waves, sometimes murmuring as if they'd like to hush you to sleep, as a mother does her child, sometimes speaking in an awful voice, as if they felt they must remind us of the power of the Lord who holds them in the hollow of his hand; and sailboats, and ships and steamers, and plenty of life and stir, and bathing and merry-making—all at the seashore for plenty of money. Country—air full of clover and honey bees and new hay, noises of cows, and sheep, and poultry, stir of farming, and people busy with real work, and all cheap. Yes; the cows and honey-bees have it."

"Harriet, father wants us to take one or two summer-boarders. What do you think of it?"

Harriet was on her way to the pantry with a pile of freshly-washed supper dishes, and she took time to set them on the shelf and return to the kitchen before replying:

"I don't like it at all, mother."

"Why not, dear? He says he shall have a girl do the hard work, and that will make things come a little easier on you than they do now."

"I don't care," said Harriet, discontentedly. "I don't want to be waiting on city-folks full of fine airs and thinking themselves ever so much better than we are, just because we work and they ain't good for anything."

"All city-folks are not so."

"Most of 'em are."

"Well, perhaps that sort wouldn't come to us. Mr. Grey has been talking to father and telling him how well it pays, and father thinks it would be a real help, seeing there are so many repairs to be made this fall."

"Yes," said Harriet with a softened voice, for she loved her father, "and he was growing old."

"I won't say a word against it," taking her milk pail and tying a handkerchief over her head.

Out among the cows and honey-bees Harriet set down her pail and leaned against the fence, full of discontented thought:

"Yes, father's growing old, and things don't seem to get any easier, that I can see. And I stay here and drudge and drudge, while if they would only let me go away, I know I could earn three times as much. I'm sick and tired of this humdrum life."

The latest sun-rays touched her, and the patient cows came near the barn, as if wondering at her delay as she worked herself up to the belief that she was a very unfortunately-situated girl.

"I know who's coming," said her mother a few days later: "it's a young lady and an oldish one."

A young lady! Harriet would have preferred anyone else. A young lady to be every day and every hour making her feel the difference between them! But there was no help for it, and she could not avoid smiling to herself as she caught the first sight of the much dreaded guests. Miss Susan Martin was full of the kindly smiles and chat which proclaimed that she had room in her warm heart for every one who cared for a place there.

And the young lady, how many pictures Harriet had drawn in her mind of the stylish personage who, by her airs and graces, was to be a source of annoyance to the farmer's daughter:

"Poor soul! She's clean strong out. A living pity to see a girl like that!"

Pity indeed! Harriet had never seen anyone so utterly forlornly broken down and miserable. The young girl looked up at her strong, active frame and rosy cheeks with a gaze of appealing wonder, and Harriet felt like picking her up in her arms and carrying her as she went wearily up to the roomy spare room which the ladies were to occupy.

For days after she came, Emily Barnes seemed to have little ambition further than to sit on the wide old morning-glory shaded porch, languidly taking in the sweetness of the summer air. But there came an evening when she followed Harriet down through the back yard as the cows came lazily through the green lane.

"Have you always lived here?" she asked Harriet.

"Yes, I was born here," said Harriet. "I've never been away from it more than a week in my life."

"You were glad to get back to it, weren't you?"

"No, indeed, I wasn't," said Harriet.

half-laughing, half-discontentedly. "I'm tired enough of staying here. If I saw any way of getting away for a while I'd be glad. I don't like farm work. I'd like to get something else to do, but father thinks girls ought to stay at home."

"Home!" said the other, a world of homesick longings seeming to fill her eyes as she looked about her. "Why, child, you don't know what a blessing it is to have a home—and such a home!"

Harriet smiled, for the girl spoke as an elderly person might speak to a child. But a close observer might have seen that, although the face was young, its expression was old.

"Perhaps if you tried you would say it was dull to live on a farm. I don't object to work. It is only right that I should support myself. But I'd like to do it in some other way."

"There can't be many better ways," said Emily, looking thoughtfully at the beauty of the country surroundings. "I almost wish you could try how I live, so that you might know how well off you are."

"And how is that?" asked Harriet.

"I clerk in a store in the city."

"In a store! Oh, I wish I could!"

Harriet gazed at the other in envy. In the few short visits she had made to the city she had looked with longing eyes at the girls whom she had seen in the beautiful stores. What a charmed life it must be to stay in such places; to handle such fine things; to be always so nicely dressed; to be in the delightful stir and excitement! How different it must be from the monotony and drudgery of farm-life! But, as she looked again at the worn-out frame and weary expression of the city girl, a doubt crept into her mind.

"Don't you like it?" she asked.

"Would you like it?" said Emily.

"You would stay in that one spot all day long, when it is hot and dusty and crowded. You would have to submit to all the whims and ill-humors of customers, because if you offend one the floor-walker, who keeps watch to see what the clerks are doing, would be likely to tell you that you could leave at the end of the week. You would get just enough pay to hire a room in a fourth story, where no breath of fresh air ever came. You would have to spend your money for nice dresses, when you had barely enough to eat. You would wear out your life and heart and courage, and die, unless some good friend like Miss Martin held out a hand to you and brought you to a paradise like this. Why," she said, speaking with more energy than she had before shown, "you girls in the country don't know how thankful you ought to be!"

"I wonder if she isn't right?"

Harriet's eyes followed Emily as, after watching her milk one of the cows and piling off a few clover-tops to offer them, she slowly walked back to the house.

The country girl finished her work in a more thoughtful mood than was usual with her, and then took a comprehensive glance about her.

"A home! Yes, and it's pretty and homelike, too; and father and mother and Harry and John in it. And green fields, and trees, and flowers, and fresh air—all the things that Emily makes out as such fine things to have. If it's all as sweet and beautiful as Emily says, I wonder what the Lord thinks of my being so discontented? Yes, I am more than half inclined to believe that Emily is right."—*Well Spring.*

TRIALS OF HONESTY.

It is not always easy to be strictly honest. This is true of many people, who find no difficulty in being honorable when engaged in business. They have no disposition to cheat a patron out of a cent in money matters. It is easy for them to deal squarely with everyone whom they have occasion to transact business with. The sharp trial of their honesty does not come here; but it comes under such circumstances as this: A person goes to their home for a visit whom they do not really care to see. As they meet him at the door, they are tempted to say, as they have said hundreds of times before to others, "I am glad to see you." And without much thought about it at the time, perhaps, they do meet this visitor with such a salutation. And then, as he is about leaving, they say: "Now, do come again and make us a good visit," when the truth is they were not glad to see him when he came, but were glad when he went away, and did not want him to come again! Now, this is dishonest. It is telling a falsehood; and thousands of people do it, who would charge one with slander if he were to say that they were dishonest in dealing with their fellow men. But some one says: "It is only a matter of ordinary politeness and decent usage, to speak to a visitor in the manner indicated."

Well, I say that a person can be truly polite, and treat those who call upon him or her decently, without telling a falsehood, even indirectly. No one should appear to be polite at the expense of honesty. If you be not glad to see a person, when he comes to your house, then don't say that you are. And if you do not want him to come and make you a visit again, don't say that you want him. Your excuse about acting politely towards him, does not atone for your want of truth in the matter.

Then, too, another trial of honesty

comes upon us, with reference to the invitations which we have to pass judgment upon a certain person or thing. It is expected, oftentimes, that we will say a very favorable word in behalf of a certain person; and, if we be not very careful, we will say the favorable word, when we know at the same time that, if we do say it, it would be directly contrary to our honest conviction of the truth. And yet, rather than give offence, or be accused of uncharitableness, how many there are who say of a certain one that he is a "fine man," when they know, if others do not, that he is far from being such a man! But, you say, it is very hard to refrain from speaking favorably of such an one, under the circumstances. Yes, it may be so; and this is the same as saying that it is very hard to be honest under certain circumstances. But, is it not far better to be honest under all circumstances, than to be otherwise under any circumstances?—*C. H. W., in the Wisconsin.*

RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

It appears that the Chinese Government is at last disposed to enter upon the construction of railways on a large scale. Heretofore the principal objection to the innovation has been the supposed necessity of relying on foreign capital, foreign materials and foreign engineers. The short line constructed under such conditions, about fourteen years ago, between Shanghai and Wusung, proved a failure, and the track and plant were taken up and removed to the island of Formosa. Much more encouraging results attended a subsequent experiment—the railway, some ninety miles in length, which runs in a north-east direction from Tientsin, the seaport nearest to Peking.

This line was laid largely with native capital, and the plant and rolling stock were, to a large extent, produced on Chinese soil. Much stress is laid upon this precedent by the native advocates of railways, among whom the best known to Americans is Li Hung Chang, the enlightened and progressive Viceroy of Chih Li. He and his coadjutors have succeeded in convincing the Imperial Government that railways are indispensable to the protection of the country from foreign aggression, and for the development of its natural resources. Their plan is to meet the expense of construction by loans to be offered exclusively to native capitalists, and while, at first, it would be necessary to import rails from Europe, the intention is to dispense with foreign materials as soon as the mineral districts of China can be turned to account.

An agreement has been reached with regard to the terminus of the first trunk line. This is to start from Tientsin (which, as we have said, is the port of Peking) proceeding thence in a southwestern direction to the Hoang Ho, and, after crossing that river, traversing the great plain of China to Hankow, on the Yang-tse-Kiang. The route followed is a long established one for the transmission of government messages. Hankow has been selected for the southern terminus, because it is a centre of distribution for foreign goods throughout the interior. Even in 1888, notwithstanding the disadvantages of inefficient and tardy transportation, the trade of Hankow amounted in value to over \$45,000,000. The chief engineering difficulty to be surmounted by the projected railway will be encountered in crossing the shifting bed of the turbulent Hoang Ho, which is appropriately known as "China's Sorrow."—*Selected.*

OUR MISTAKES ABOUT EACH OTHER.

Nor one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-estimates would in all probability be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy spectacle our eyes and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere pot metal, and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black books" are no further off from Heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censors who condemn them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other; and in estimating character, the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates. If we all saw ourselves as the world sees us, multitudes would despise themselves without sufficient cause, and not a few be puffed up with pride for which there would be no honest foundation.

It is not just or fair to look at character from a standpoint of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into the Hudson and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood panic-stricken on the bank. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting-room may be a tender husband and father and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good-humored person, who is all

smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as the nether millstone in the place where his heart ought to be. Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for those whose misjudgments of their fellow mortals lean to the kindly side—such mistakes go to their credit in the great account.

He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve is seldom a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is guided is the goodness of his own heart. It is only the base who believe all men base—or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil.

Public men are seldom or never fairly judged—at least while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice, but they rarely get it while alive, either from friends or foes.—*New York Ledger.*

The Children's Corner.

A LOST DAY.

Who's seen my day?
'Tis gone away
Not left a trace
In any place.
If I could only find
Its footfall in some mind
Some spirit waters stirred
By wind of deed or word—
I should not stand at shadowy eve
And for my day so grieve and grieve.
—*Selected.*

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

"Oh dear! how fussy mother is!" exclaimed Luella Raymond. "Why couldn't she go away leaving me happy, instead of telling me to put on that hateful gray dress?" No one was by, so nobody answered.

Mrs. Raymond had just left with her husband for the morning train, intending to spend the day in the city ten miles distant. The whole of the previous day she had worked steadily on a new lawn dress for Luella. It was very pretty, with blue figures on a white ground, and the little girl thought it very becoming. She had been hoping to wear it that morning, for she was to make a few hours' visit to her nearest friend, Hattie Mackay. But the sun had risen behind a cloud, showers were perhaps near at hand, and Mrs. Raymond had said kindly but firmly, "Put on your gray flannel dress, my dear, and take your rubbers along."

"I don't believe I'll do it, anyhow," this daughter went on thinking. "Dr. Mackay always comes home to dinner, and he's very particular about Hattie's looks, so of course he'll notice mine. Rubbers too! Mother knows that I can't bear to wear them. Why can't I do as I please, just as Hattie does?"

Luella little dreamed that poor Hattie had cried herself to sleep, many a night, just because she had no mother to tell her what to do.

A sudden burst of sunshine strengthened the wrong resolution. Luella put on her new dress and started off without her rubbers. It was going to be pleasant, after all, and surely mother would have changed her mind had she been at home.

Saying this over and over to herself could not make the beautiful walk to Dr. Mackay's seem anything but long and tedious, neither could it bring any happiness when she had reached the house of her friend. Luella was almost glad when it was time to start for home. Somehow things had been going wrong all the while, somehow Hattie had seemed less friendly than usual—Luella suspected that she was jealous on account of the new dress; and somehow, the games had not seemed worth playing nor the story books worth reading, nor even the gold-fish in the pond worth watching. Yes, Luella was glad that it was time to return.

The threatened shower had not come, yet there was a dark cloud in the sky and a low sound of distant thunder as she said "Good-bye" to Hattie. After a while drops of rain began to fall; they came faster and faster. Soon she was in the midst of a heavy thunder-shower. The new thin dress, drenched and limp, its beauty gone hung closely about her. Her wet feet grew cold and heavy. How thankful she would have been then for the despised rubbers and heavier clothing!

Every step cost an effort, while bright flashes of lightning and loud rolls of thunder made her start repeatedly. At the height of her distress she heard a kind voice calling, "Jump in here, Luella; I will take you home."

Could that be Dr. Mackay? It seemed too good to be true, but, certainly, there he was. Sheltered in his phaeton, Luella reached home just as her father and mother drove up to the door.

Her mother gave one look of surprise, but spoke no word of reproof. Her glance, though, said plainly, "How could you, my child?"

Luella remembered it the next day when she lay hot and fever tossed upon her bed. She thought of it often through that long week in which the doctor made daily visits. She repented of her disobedience. In the quiet hours during which she was growing better. At length she said one morning, "Mother, will you forgive me?"

"Mother" understood her meaning, and answered with a kiss and a smile. Let us hope that Luella asked pardon, too, of Him who has said, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."—*Mary J. Porter.*