



The Family Circle.

OUT OF TRIBULATION.

Dost thou feel the slings and arrows
By outrageous fortune cast?
Do they cloud thy sky with sorrows,
And embitter all thy past?

Art thou growing weary-hearted
With the strife that will not cease?
Dost thou think thy soul hath parted,
For all time, with joy and peace?

Think not thus. Though toils environ,
Others have the same withstood;
'Tis by constant blows that iron
Grows more powerful for good.

Every tree is fuller fruited,
For the wound of pruning shears:
Every tree is firmer rooted,
For the tempests of the years.

If the fire that burns thee sorely
Be indeed a fiery cross,
It refines thee, slowly, surely,
Cleansing all thy gold of dross.

And the perfect man is builded
Faster in the evil day;
Every loss a cornice gilded,
Every care a stronger stay.

So that, though the world grows colder,
And thy bosom friends be less,
Thou to every true beholder
Shalt increase in comeliness.

So that, out of tribulation,
Thou shalt have more perfect light,
And a fuller compensation
For the darkness of the night.

—The Quiver.

MILLY.

BY JENNIE HOWARD BEMAN.

"Way down upon de Swanne Ribber,
Far, far away;
Dar's whar my heart an' turnin' eber,
Dar's whar de old folks stay."

Clear as a bird-song, the voice floated in through the open, vine-shaded window, where sat Edith Morgan and her aunt, Mrs. Hayward, who had just come from Massachusetts, to visit at this comfortable Western home.

"Why, Edith!" exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, "have you a little Negro here? I thought old Hannah was all you took West." Edith flushed slightly, but smiled, saying: "No, Auntie; your critical ears deceived you this time. That was our Milly."

"Indeed! A voice like that in a white child is worthy of cultivation. Does she sing other songs with equal pathos?"

"I must confess, Auntie," replied Edith, "that her music is mostly confined to Negro melodies, which she has learned from Hannah; but she sings them all with great fervor. Really, Auntie, I hardly know what to do with Milly. I have hoped your coming might help me out of the quandary. Since mamma's death, she has been under no control at all. Papa thinks whatever she does is just right, and so, of course, permits her to follow her own inclinations." Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Milly herself. She did not look like a "tom-boy," for she was a sweet-faced, demure little maiden.

"Milly," said her sister, "Aunt Hayward thought you were a little darkey when she heard you sing." An irresistible smile broke over the pretty face, and the red lips parted, revealing two rows of pearly teeth. She held out two little sunburned paws, saying: "Not quite so bad as that, Auntie, though I am tanned 'most black enough, Edith says, and my head is 'most woolly enough." And she shook back her tangled curls.

"How would you like to go back to Boston with me, and take lessons in singing?" asked Mrs. Hayward. Milly opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Why, Auntie, I don't need to learn to sing. I always knew how. I thought you had heard me."

"You see how she is," said Edith. "When she makes up her mind to anything, there is no changing her. She never storns or acts naughty, like other children; but she will say, with the air of a sage: 'No, Edith, I can't! I ought not to!' or, 'Yes, Edith, I must! I ought to!' and there she will

stay. Papa says she is made of the same metal as heroes and martyrs, and I don't know but he is right."

Mrs. Hayward remained in her brother's home from early June until August, and every day Milly grew more and more into her heart, till the childless woman felt that she must have the little Western flower to brighten her city home. But Milly was firm in her refusal.

"I cannot leave papa!" she would say. "He has the first claim on me."

One day in the summer, she had gone some distance from home, to pick berries, when there arose one of those terrible storms so common in some parts of the West; lightning and rain, accompanied by a furious wind. While the family were in great distress over Milly's absence, she came galloping home on a pet cow. When questioned, she answered:

"I heard Brindle's bell just before the storm came on, and I knew the cows were all going down to the Fork to drink and their path leads right through the berry-path. So I waited a minute or two, till they came filing along, and then jumped right on Brindle's back. I knew by the clouds that we were going to have a blow; and I thought she was so big the wind couldn't carry her off, and I meant to hug her tight and lie low, so I wouldn't blow away. And you see I succeeded. My berries are all right, though," she added, gayly. "I hid them in an old hollow cottonwood tree, and I'll go and get them after the storm is over."

"Were you not frightened?" asked Edith, as she helped Milly change the drenched clothing.

"Yes, Edie, I was," she answered, soberly, "and I prayed a little prayer; but I didn't forget to cling tight."

At length the time came for the Boston aunt to go home. It was arranged that Edith should accompany her father, as he drove with his sister the thirty miles to the city, where she was to take the eastern-bound train. They were to remain a day in town, for the purpose of shopping, returning on the third. As Mr. Morgan kissed his pet daughter good-bye, he said playfully: "Now, Pussy, you must take good care of things while papa is gone."

"I will, papa," was the earnest reply.

"I dislike to go away," continued her father. "Everything is very dry and there have been fires west of us; but Patrick and Hannah are faithful and you are worth a half dozen any day."

"Don't worry, papa, dear," said Milly, gayly. "Just go and have a good time. We shall be all right."

The morning of the third day was clear and pleasant. A breeze from the opposite direction during the night had blown away the smoke, and with it went the fear from the heart of the poor old black woman. Pat, too, was in good spirits, though, in his way, he had been as lugubrious as Hannah. So they all went to work with a good will. Pat was re-shingling a barn; Hannah was baking, for she declared she must do "heaps o' cookin'" before "Mars' Morgan and Miss Edith" should come; and Milly was acting as little maid of all work to the sable cook. She washed dishes, buttered pie-plates and cake-tins, occasionally leaving her work to dart into the sitting-room, to assure herself that everything was in order for the home-coming of her loved ones.

"Gwine to ride up in de chariot
Sooner in de mornin'!"

she sang. But hark! What was that? A cry of terror or distress. She flew to the door, followed by Hannah. They saw Patrick crawling toward the house on his hands and knees.

"The prairie is on fire!" he shouted, adding, immediately: "Howly Mother, be merciful! for it's helpless I am intirely."

The prairie was, indeed, on fire, though at some distance. Pat, from his perch on the barn, had spied it, and, in his haste to get down and give the alarm, had slipped on the ladder and fallen to the ground, severely spraining an ankle.

"Ye must burn a sthreak, Miss Milly, and jist as quick as iver ye can, for the fire is a-coomin' like an express thrain."

Milly understood—she had often heard of it—and already the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.
"Out forinst yon wire-fence. I'll dhraw wather, and Hannah must carry it till ye, to shprinkle the ground this side yer fire."

And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Milly did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The fright had a wonderful effect on Hannah's rheumatic limbs, and she carried water on the double quick.

On came the great fire, nearer and nearer, Milly could hear the roaring and hissing of the flame, the trampling and snorting of horses, and the bellowing of cattle, as they raced for life.

At the right and left of her fire they passed, but the child scarcely noticed them. She dimly saw, through the smoke, several gaunt prairie wolves dash by; but it seemed perfectly natural and she had no thought of fear. She was saving her home.

With wet blankets she whipped back the fire, when it threatened to come where it should not. At last, she had the satisfaction of seeing so wide a belt of burnt land between her home and the great fire that she felt sure they were safe, and she started to seek a refuge from the blinding smoke in the house her efforts had saved; but, borne on the wind, far up in mid-air, came sailing a blazing mass of straw, and, to Milly's horror, it fell on the house-roof. With almost superhuman swiftness, she ran toward the new scene of danger. Up the stairs she darted, catching, as she ran, a broom. From a dormer window she climbed out on the roof, and with her broom shoved the flaming straw to the ground, where it was quenched by Pat.

Hannah was by this time at the open window, with water, for Milly to pour on the now blazing roof. She caught a pail and dashed the contents on the flame, unheeding that her own clothing was on fire; but Hannah saw, and, seizing a bed-quilt, she climbed out of the window, almost as quickly as Milly herself had done, and wrapped it about her pet, to smother the flame. Hannah had done her best, but before she reached her the calico dress was burned literally off, as was nearly all her clothing. The blaze was easily extinguished, but it had done its work.

Their hearts clouded with terror and foreboding, Mr. Morgan and Edith drove toward home that afternoon over the blackened desert, that had been so beautiful but two days before. The shadow lifted as they came in sight of the cozy farm-house, standing safe in an oasis of green.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Morgan, and Edith responded "Amen!"

But when they reached home they found sorrow enthroned, awaiting them. Milly—wise, gentle, brave Milly—burned almost past recognition, lay upon the bed, her charred curls blackening the pillow. The father and sister saw that it was too late for remedies. Milly was dying! She did not appear to suffer, but lay unconscious, though at intervals she murmured little snatches of the hymns she loved best. Suddenly she sang, and her voice was clear and strong as ever:

"De chariot! de chariot! its wheels roll in fire."

A long silence followed, broken only by the labored breathing of the little martyr. Then she sang, softly and slowly:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin'—for to carry—"

The heart-broken watchers listened to catch the remaining words; but they never were sung, unless, it may be, the strain was finished in the upper home.

Unseen, the mystic chariot had swung low.—*New York Independent.*

SOWING THE WIND.

BY DR. JOHN HALL.

"My child!" says Mrs. A—, "I do not wish you to go with the Thompson children. They are very good, no doubt, but they are not just the kind for you. There are the De Lancey's now; they are such nicely brought up children; I wish you to be friends with them." And so the simple, unaffected children of Mrs. A— get their first lesson in worldliness. They are to cut the Thompsons whom they like, and they are to cultivate the De Lancey's whom they do not like, but whom mother recommends for reasons which the youthful mind readily guesses.

Ten years pass. Mrs. A— is in widow's weeds. She is consulting a friend of her late husband as to what she shall do with Charley. Listen to her once more.

"I would be glad to get him sent away anywhere. Young De Lancey has led him into such a reckless and extravagant life,

that he cares for nothing, and will do anything now to get money. He is my greatest sorrow. Ah, sir! a living sorrow is the worst grief." Poor Mrs. A—! It is her sad harvest-time.

"Well, for my part, I don't approve of such strictness. I like my children to enjoy themselves, and I see no harm in a play. I feel as good, for my part, in a theatre as I do anywhere else." Mrs. B— was sincere, and probably correct in this remark, and she acted upon it, and now and then took her boy Harry to the theatre. It was very nice to both, and she brought him safely home. And when Harry went to business in New York, which could boast of a stage such as his native city poorly rivalled, he saw no harm in spending his nights in the same manner. He made friends; he found his way to the bar-room, to other rooms, and to such company as they presented. He needed money. He had little principle. Any time that might have been given to sober reflection is impossible.

Several years pass, and here is a distracted line from Harry:

MY DARLING MOTHER,—It breaks my heart to say good-bye to you—but I must. I am ruined; and if I stayed, would be arrested. I go off to-night—where, you will hear if I have any better luck.

I am your unfortunate son, HARRY.

That is Mrs. B—'s melancholy harvest. "Money! at all risks. I must make money, and keep it too, when I have it." So said Mr. D—, a young man of steady habits, with a cold, gray eye and a narrow forehead. He came from the village of Westfield, where his parents lived; but he did not go to it; to go cost money. He gave no gifts; it cost money. He made no friends; they cost money. He joined no church; it cost money. He supported no charities; they took money. And so Mr. D— sowed the whole field of his life with wind.

Forty-five years pass. Mr. D— is old and sick. He has sore trouble of mind. His one servant is faithful, but wants his money, he suspects. His "man of business charges high," and he is now getting a will made by a sharp attorney who scented the prey from afar, who will do anything he is asked while his client lives, and pays himself when he is dead. And there he is dying. Sympathy from man he never sought. He sought money. Grace from God he never sought. He sought money. And there he lies without love from earth or hope from heaven. The harvest is as the seed.

But one has not always to wait so long. Here is a corner of a harvest-field for example. "I am very sorry to say it," says old Mrs. G—, "but I have little comfort in my children. They did not marry the kind of persons I would like; and when people marry, they generally go with those they join; and somehow, they do not think much about their mother." Now let us go back fifteen years. Then after a period of hard work to bring up the children, Mrs. G— having attained to some means and comfort, resolved to have "society" and "life" for her children. She drew about her people of like mind, old-fashioned morals were laughed at in her parlors, and "modern" ways were introduced. Some pious friends drew off in consequence, but their place was more than filled by others. The associations so formed grew closer. One daughter married in haste, and soon obtained a divorce. The sons united themselves to women who do not believe in the old-fashioned obligation to honor one's mother, especially when it is a mother-in-law. And the youngest daughter is "engaged" to a man of "varied accomplishments," who is a scoffer. They will be married as soon as he can get something to do. The seed was sown in worldly ambition; the harvest is gathered in heartless disappointment. Oh parents, who make your children pass through the fire of fashionable folly, in the hope of advancing them in life, ye know not what ye do.

A STRAW VILLA.—At the forthcoming American Exhibition, Earl's Court, London, there is to be exhibited a villa made of straw-timber—that is to say, of straw compressed into an artificial wood. The villa will be two and a half stories high, of artistic design, and both fire-proof and water-proof. Every part of it—walls, foundations, floors, roofing, chimneys—is to be made from straw.