

# The Millheim Journal

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## THE VOICE OF NIGHT.

How beautiful the heavens look to-night!

So calm, transparent, and the starry crowd.

These exquisite embodiments of light,

Could ye not almost fancy they were proud

Of their own loveliness that they had bliss

In beaming forth on such a night as this?

Forever and forever there is set

In the enduring sky a seal and sign.

A voiceless evidence of God's will which yet

Unchanged shall live when this frail form

Of mine Hath mouldered from the bosom of the earth.

Leaving no record of its mortal birth.

The elements of which we are composed

May perish, they are finite; but the soul

Bursts from the frame in which it laid inclosed

Beyond the grasping reach of time's control

That spirit which within us swells and speaks,

Shall find the immortality it seeks!

O thou, Creator, God! and can it be

That man is heir to thine own glorious

Heaven?

Tis so! the light which is sublimity,

The essence which is thought by Thee were

Given!

The fear and heaviness of doubt are o'er.

I muse and feel, and tremble and adore!

## An Unexpected Request.

A bright fireside, with fender and fire-irons

shining like gold, windows hung with

drapery of Turkey red, walls of crimson-

colored paper, starred over with gold, and

a little walnut stand of books opposite—Mrs.

Milford's parlor was a cabinet gem in its

way. Not that the Milfords were rich.

On the contrary, Merton Milford was a

bank clerk, on a salary so small that it

sometimes became an almost insoluble

problem to make both ends meet.

Almost, we say, but never quite; for

Lucy Milford had learned the lesson of

household economy, and it was her pride

to be able to say that they had never been

in debt. Yet Lucy had a woman's taste

and a woman's cravings after the beautiful

and the costly; and on this special evening,

as she sat by the fire leaning one cheek on

her hand, her foot mechanically agitating

the rocker of her baby's cradle, she was

thinking of the possible—the unattainable.

"If we were only rich," thought Lucy as

she gazed across the room, "how I would

like a Persian patterned carpet, instead of

this staring red and green ingrain. And a

little oil painting, or a bunch of water-

color flowers over the table, where the

map of the city hangs now. And then I

could afford a Valenciennes cap for the

baby, and a real poniesilk for myself, and

I could surprise Merton with half a

dozen silk handkerchiefs, and I would send

papa a new meerschaum, real sea-foam,

with an amber mouth-piece and odd carv-

ings on the bowl, and mamma should have

an Indian-bordered shawl, and—

"It's Merton," said Mrs. Milford, starting

up; and Merton it was.

"Hallo, Puss," said Merton, coming in,

flushed and breathless. "And how is the

little kitten?"

"Citterly is well," said Mrs. Milford. "Shall

I order tea, dear?"

"Yes."

The little maid-servant—Lucy Milford

only kept one—brought in the urn, and

when she had tipped out again, Mrs.

Milford looked her husband in the face.

"Merton," said she, "something has hap-

pened. I can read it in your eyes. What

is it?"

"What a little fortune-teller you are, to be

sure," said he. "Yes, something has hap-

pened. I've got a telegram from

Fortley, and old uncle Jesse is dying.

Uncle Jesse, the rich old miser. And

Wirt informs me that his last will, made in

a fit of pique against the directors of the

a country house, sighed she.

"With burglars and mildew and spiders

thrown in, eh? Nonsense, my dear, non-

sense! The city is the place to live in."

"And we can have papa and mamma to

live with us, can't we?"

"Well, I don't know exactly about

that," said Milford, thoughtfully stroking

his moustache; "I'll buy 'em a snug little

place, if you say so, my love; but I never

did believe in fathers and mothers-in-law

living with their children. Every house-

hold is complete in itself. That's my

notion."

"Oh, Merton, how can you talk so!" cried

Lucy in a pained voice.

"Oh, well, Lucy, there's no use in sen-

timentalizing on these points," retorted her

husband, a little brusquely.

"I don't care to be rich if I can't enjoy

the pleasure of my money," said Mrs. Mil-

ford, pouting.

"So you may enjoy them if you only will

be reasonable about it."

"And I've always thought so much of

having mamma with me."

"Better leave off thinking of it then," said

Milford, lighting a cigar and leaning back

in a chair, the better to enjoy it.

"I suppose I can have as many servants

as I please, now?" hazarded Mrs. Milford,

wisely steering the conversational barque

away from the shoals of dispute.

"Twenty, if you like, my dear," replied

Merton.

"And a housekeeper, like Mrs. Miller's?"

"Not a housekeeper," said Mr. Milford,

sinking his head. "No fine ladies for me,

disguised as dependents. As many ser-

vants as you like, no one to domineer over

them—a proxy for yourself."

"I will have a housekeeper," said Lucy,

excitedly.

"No, you will not, my dear—not in my

house."

"And can we have a cottage at Bright-

on?"

"Why do you say Brighton?" gravely

questioned Merton. "To my mind, Puss,

Brighton is nothing more than a hot-bed

of folly and flippery. At Hastings' now!"

"I don't care for Hastings," said Lucy,

moody; "the air never did agree with me,"

Lucy burst into tears.

Mr. Milford got up and strode out of the

room.

"Merton, Merton!" cried the wife, "where

are you going?"

"To the billiard room at the corner," said

Milford, hotly. "I can find friends enough

there, I dare say, to give me the sym-

pathy my wife seems inclined to with-

hold."

Lucy cried bitterly. In all the bright

years of their married life they never had

any serious differences until now. Was it

possible that riches were destined to bring

them only a mead of misery instead of the

expected rind of happiness? Next came

a feeling of bitterness and resentment. She

would show Merton that she was not to be

treated like a child. He came home, but

Mrs. Milford feigned to be asleep. She

did not come down to breakfast next

morning, making an excuse of a slight

headache, the effect of last night's tears,

and Milford ate and drank alone.

"Humph!" commented he, swallowing his

coffee in a succession of dyspeptic-breeding

gulps. "A pretty sort of a life this."

"For three days Lucy cried and Merton

sulked. At the end of that time he came

home with a curious expression on his face.

"Puss," said he.

Lucy looked up, her sensitive face bright-

ened at the old, caressing pet-name.

"I've just had a second telegram—Uncle

## An Autumn Night's Dream.

The year was waning. The leaves of the

cherry trees hung red and yellow, or

dropped slowly to the ground. The

ivy on the church gables was in flower,

and the honeysuckle on the mossy chancel

had put forth its second blossoms.

Chimney-swallows and house martins con-

gregated in scores upon the lichened

church roof, warming their wings in the

mid Autumn sunshine for flight to glow-

ing lands beyond the sea, and starlings

musered in hundreds upon the Dows that

swelled around the churchyard in mighty

waves of perfect calm.

But the birds had gone to sleep for the

night—all except the hooding brown owl—

as a travel-brouzet, travel-stained man

walked over the dows, dragging his feet

warily in spite of the springiness of the

thick turf, beneath a full moon which

made the shallow little chalk bottomed

sleep pools flash with silvery radiance. It

was a very still night. There was scarce

the faintest sigh of a breeze to stir the

bramble sprays. The hooting of the owl,

and now and then the drowsy tinkle of a

sheep bell were the only sounds floating

over the great land sea of huge waved

peace; but there was no calm in the

traveler's breast.

On he plodded toward the churchyard.

There, after all his wanderings, he had

come back to find, was his only home, if

kindred make a home; but it was a home

in which he could hear no hearty shout,

receive no clinging kiss of welcome, the

lips of all his kindred were sealed in ev-