The Millheim Journal.

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What She Dreamed Of.

'I don't see what ails the girl!' said Mrs. Popley, scratching her nose with the extreme end of her knitting-needle. 'I s'posed she'd be perfectly contented. Took out of the very edge o' the work-house, as it were, and made sort of town folks here, with a corner bed-room to herself and a fringed towel on the bureau, as a lady couldn't hev no nicer! And here she is, a frettin' and cryin' half the time.'

'They're a fault-findin' set, anyhow,' said Dorcas Jones. 'Ain't no use tryin' to satisfy them. I've giv' it up, long ago. Hired gals is hired-gals!'

'But she ain't a hired-gal!' protested Mrs. Popley. 'I've took her all the same as my own.'

'More fool you!' remarked Miss Jones.

But she keenly observed Marietta Tyson (commonly called 'Maritty') when she brought in the teapot, and the plate of hot biscuit for supper.

'A tall girl, with eyes as black as cherries, and cheeks for all the world like they had been painted,' muttered she to herself. 'She's pretty, I'll allow. I wouldn't take no such hired-gal into our house, with John Henry around. Men are so queer. 'I'd ruther do the housework myself, until I drop.'

Dorcas Jones's visit was rather prolonged, and it was nine o'clock—a portentously late hour for those country wildernesses—when at last the redoubtable John Henry escorted his aunt home, and Mrs. Popley came into the kitchen, where Maritty sat moodily by the fire.

'Maritty,' said she, 'is everything ready to lock up and go to bed?'

'Yes, Mrs. Popley.'

The old lady came to a dead standstill.

'Maritty,' said she, 'you've been crying again.'

Maritty jumped up and threw her arms around Mrs. Popley's neck.

'I can't help it!' she sobbed. 'Oh, I can't help it. I am so unhappy!'

'What troubles you, Maritty?' said the old lady kindly.

'I—I want to be a lady!' sobbed Maritty. 'I want a house of my own, with a piano in the best room, and a carpet on the floor—that's what I want!'

'Hush!' said Mrs. Popley. 'What's that?'

Maritty turned scarlet.

'It's the wind rattling the old lay-lock bushes against the wooden shutters,' said she.

'No, 'tain't,' said Mrs. Popley. 'It's somebody knocking. Open the door, Maritty!'

'It's rats!' persisted the girl, who was now as pale as ashes. 'I—I often hear them when I'm here all by myself.'

'Nonsense!' cried Mrs. Popley. 'Do you s'pose I don't know rats when I hear 'em? Open the door, I say, or I'll open it myself!'

And she did open it herself, for Maritty had sunk trembling on a chair, her face covered by both hands.

A little old man stood there under the dew-dropping lilac-bushes, his white hair gleaming in the starlight, a certain imploring look in his faded eyes.

'Good gracious!' said Mrs. Popley, 'It's a tramp; and Popley gone to the city!'

The old man, however, did not seem to hear her.

'Maritty!' he said in a faint, subdued voice—'where's Maritty? I want to speak to Maritty.'

'I wonder,' said Mrs. Popley, in a sudden panic, 'if we'd better loose the dog? Oh, Maritty! you'd better cut across the fields and tell John Henry Jones and his aunt to come back! They can't be gone far.'

But Maritty had recovered herself all of a sudden. She rose and came to the door.

'No,' said she, 'tain't necessary to do that. It ain't a tramp—leastways it ain't a tramp that will do you any harm, Mrs. Popley. It's—my father.'

'Your father, Maritty!' gasped the good old woman.

'Yes,' the girl doggedly answered. 'He's on the town at Mudville, poor father is. I told you, didn't I,' with a hard mirthless laugh, 'that we weren't a very prosperous family? And they ain't very good to him, nor he don't get any too much to eat; and so I've taken the liberty every night to give him the sour milk, that was left in the pail. Father's dreadful partial to sour milk, and I didn't think it any harm, and——'

'Harm!' cried the old woman. 'Tell him to come in—tell him to sit down right away. Give him some of the raspberry short-cake and a glass o' milk outen the night's milken'. But why on earth didn't you tell me, Maritty? Why did you keep this a secret from me?'

The girl looked up with glittering wet eyes.

'Did you s'pose I wanted folks to know how low the Tyson family had fell?' said she bitterly. 'Father had a farm of his own once, and he'd 'a had it now ef he hadn't underwrit for his brother and lost it all. And that's why I want to be a lady, with a house of my own—to give father a home.'

Old Mr. Tyson slept in the kitchen-chamber that night, rather to his own bewilderment; but he had reached that stage of docile servility in which he accepted all things as a matter of course, and understood very little about it.

Maritty told him that 'it was all right,' and he implicitly believed her, and troubled himself no further on the subject,

'I've a mind to let the poor old creatur' stay here,' said Mrs. Popley. 'There's the kitchen-chamber ain't never used for nothin', and I shouldn't never feel what he eats and drinks, and he might do odd jobs about the barn.'

Mr. Popley, however, who had by this time returned, shook his head.

'Maritty's very well, said he; 'but we can't keep open house for all her people. There ain't never no knowin' where this things' goin' to stop. I guess, Phœbe Ann, we'd better let him go about his own business, and tell Maritty not to feed him at our back-door no more. I don't quite approve of the principle.'

When Miss Dorcas Jones heard of this new development she chuckled within herself.

'Ain't I glad that Maritty Tyson ain't our hired-gal?' said she. 'I don't s'pose John Henry would fancy that sort of a girl, but there ain't no accontin' for a man's whims. And she has got a pair o' handsome black eyes of her own—for them as fancy black eyes. I prefer blue, for my part;' with a glance at the cherry-framed glass opposite, which reflected her own faded blue orbs with painful accuracy.

That very day, however, just on the verge of twilight, when the sweet fern thickets were distilling their pleasantest odors and the yellow glow in the west was turning to crimson, John Henry Jones met Maritty Tyson in the high-road.

'Could you lend me your one-horse wagon,' said she wistfully, 'for a couple of hours to-morrow?'

'Yes,' the young farmer answered, 'with pleasure. Shall you want me to drive?'

'No!' the girl replied with decision. 'That would cost too much; I want to go cheap.'

'Oh, I shall not charge anything for the driver—or the team, either!' he said, shrugging his shoulders and smiling. 'When do you want to go Maritty?'

'I—I don't know!'

'You don't know, Maritty?' he echoed in a tone of surprise.

'Yes—and no!' retorted she. 'I've got to make enquiries first. I'm going to Bridgeport to get work in the factory.'

'In which factory?'

'In any of them. It don't matter which. They're always glad to get hands, folks tell me.'

'But you don't understand factory work.'

'I can learn,' she insisted. 'And I've father to care for now. I sha'n't let him go back to that place. I've got all my wages saved up, and it'll keep me until I secure a place in the factory—me and father,' she added. 'And the time shall come yet when I'll be a lady, with a house of my own, and a piano, and a carpet on the best room floor, and a cushioned rocker for father?'

John Henry surveyed her with admiring eyes.

'You're looking a long way ahead,' said he.

'Perhaps,' with a shrug of the shoulders. 'But every day I live is going to bring it nearer.'

'You'll have to work dreadful hard to get all that!'

'I mean to work, and to wait. Can I have the wagon, John Henry, at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon? I think that time will do as well as any.'

'I don't believe you can.'

Her eyes flashed.

'I don't care for myself; I can walk. But there's father. No matter, though!' she cried quickly. 'I'll go and see if I can get Mr. Pratt's cart.'

'Stop a minute, Maritty!' said John Henry. 'I ain't as quick of speech as some folks; but I'd like to discuss this 'ere matter with you a little.'

'I hain't no time for discussion, said Maritty.

'Yes, you have,' said John Henry composedly.

* * * * *

Miss Dorcas was slicing up apples for a pie that evening when Maritty Tyson came in. She viewed her with unsympathetic eyes.

'So you've lost your place?' said she.

'I have left Mrs. Popley—yes,' said Maritty quietly.

'And you are a fool for your pains!' declared the uncompromising spinster. 'Where do you expect to get a better place?'

'Here!' said Maritty calmly.

'Here!' echoed Miss Dorcas. 'What on earth be you a-talking of? I don't want no gal. And I wouldn't hev you if I did. Come, clear out! John Henry will be coming directly, and——'

'John Henry is here now,' uttered a calm voice at the back of the irate old lady's chair. 'And if anybody is to clear out, Aunt Dorcas, it must be you! Maritty is coming here for good and all. She's my wife. We were married at the parsonage half an hour ago. I've liked her this long while, but I never had courage to speak out my mind before. And her father is coming to-morrow. We'll fix up the corner chamber upstairs for her father, Aunt Dorcas. See, Maritty,' he added with honest pride, 'there's a carpet on the floor, just as you've always longed for, and here in the parlor there's the piano mother bought for poor Jennie, who died before ever she learned to play on it. And you shall be a lady, dear, with a hired girl to wait on you and your father, and there's nothing money can buy that shall be denied you. Speak up, Aunt Dorcas!' he went on, with kindling eyes and rising color. 'Either welcome my wife or leave the house! And don't be long in taking your choice, either!'

'Oh, I'm sure she's kindly welcome!' stammered Aunt Dorcas, with a spasmodic click in her throat. 'Walk in, Mrs. Jones. Lay off your hat and shawl, and I'll get the tea directly.'

And Maritty, with her soft dark eyes fixed tenderly on her husband's face, smiled to herself.

'Me and father have got a home now,' she murmured. 'With a piano and a carpet and all, even down to the cushioned rocker in the corner. Just what I always dreamed of! It seemed such a long way ahead. And yet all the time it was so near!'

Why Uncle Mose Got Fat.

The Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter recently met one of the male members of his flock, and at once addressed him:

'Why Mose,' he said, 'how stout yuse gittin'. Yuse gittin' mighty fat an' corpulent in mighty fine order, I tells yer. Dar's nuffin' lean about you, fizzically, but spiritually yuse thinner dan a rail. You don' lean on de Lord enuff'

'I kin 'splain all dat ar,' said Mose.

'How does yer 'splain it, Mose?'

'I did lean on de Lord an' ebbery Sunday I listened to yer preachin', an' I got as poah as Job's turkey.'

'But how does yer 'splain it? How does yer count fer de transformation?'

'Why, doan' yer see? You furnishes de 'ligion an' I does my own fattenin'.'—*Texas Siftings.*

Why Poverty Reigns in Syracuse.

It is said that since her marriage Ella Wheeler Wilcox gives all the money she earns by writing poetry to the poor. That's nothing; so do we. —*Syracuse Herald.*

—SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE; Or The Bible System of Giving.

Essay

READ TO THE MITE SOCIETY OF THE ST. JOHN'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGATION OF MILLHEIM, PA., BY B. O. DEININGER, JUNE 2ND, 1887.

The first grand thought that calls attention in the consideration of our subject is, that God is the one, almighty creator of the universe. This fact stands out prominently in whatever direction we turn. On this point both nature and the sacred scriptures give abundant and convincing testimonies 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." (Gen. 1; 1.) "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, faintheth not neithey is weary? There is no searching of His understanding." (Isa. 40; 28.)

And as God by His sovereign power called all things into being, so does He in infinite wisdom and tender mercy, govern and control all for the good of His national creatures. What we call the laws of nature are in reality the laws of nature's God. The wonderful, harmonious working of the planetary system, as each moves in his own grand cycle, the changing seasons, the gentle dews, the early and the latter rain, the beautiful productions of the earth, the fearful storm, the dreadful earthquake, and over and above them all—man, immortal, with all his hopes and fears, his longings and aspirations, are all in the hollow of His hand, under the shadow of His wing, who "laid the foundation of the earth."

"He can create, and He destroy."

"Thou even thou, art, Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth, and all things that are therein; the sea, and all that is therein, *and thou preservest them all.*" (Neh. 9; 6.)

"He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm;
O God, amidst the raging storm,
We're safe beneath Thy care."

Since God is the creator and preserver of all, so is He the sole and absolute possessor and owner of all. His right and title none dare dispute. He is the supreme, sovereign Lord of the universe. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and that dwell therein." (Ps. 24; 1.) "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." (Ps. 50; 10)

But while God is the common Father of all mankind, it is the christian's happy privilege to be God's in an exclusive and peculiar sense. We are His by the right of creation, by merciful preservation, and above all by the glorious redemption wrought for us through His only beloved Son, our dear Saviour and Lord. "We are his people, and the sheep of His pasture." (Ps. 100; 3.) "For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." (Rev. 5; 9.)

All this shows most conclusively that God has the first and best claim upon us. Our time, our talents, our means, our all are His. All other ties of wtcher kin or friendship, are less sacred than our relation to Him; all other duties and obligations must be made subject and secondary to what we owe our God.

The question then arises: What can we do for God and the promotion of His cause? We should give *Our Hearts.* It is not sufficient to be mere nominal members of the church and observe the outward forms of religion before the world, if the heart be a stranger to God. The heart must be regenerated first and reconsecrated to the cause of God and the work of the church, time and again. "My son give me thine heart." (Prov. 23; 26.) The inspired writer here indicates unmistakably the grst and fundamental step in the christian course, and in the words of the blessed Saviour as to which is the great commandment of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." (Matt. 22; 37,) we have the progressive consummation.

Our Time and Talents. Christ's beautiful parable, recorded in Matthew 25; 14 to 30, plainly teaches that each one is entrusted with a talent, "every man according to his feveral ability." My talent, your talent, may be but the single one pound, but we have no more right to bury even that than had the unprofitable servant, who for his sins of omission was cast into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The Church of Christ in her various departments of work, has need and room for all. The congregation the, church council, the Sunday school, the prayer meeting, the Bible class, the missionary society, the mite society, the quire, all need men and women who for the love of Christ and immortal souls will freely give their time and talents to the cause of God. No one has a right to to refuse work in any place or position if regularly called by the voice of the church.

There is yet another line of unofficial church work, much neglected, rarely referred to from the pulpit, in other religious meetings, or in the social circle, that demands our time and talents. Do you anticipate to what I refer? Ask yourself the questions: When have I visited the aged, the infirm, the frail? When have I read the sacred Word of God, so full of richest consolation and promised, or prayed at the bed-side of the sick and dying? When have I visited the poor, the downcast and distressed, and ministered to their material or spiritual wants? What have I done, by precept and example, to bring others, and especially the young of my own family, in to the fold of Christ? Do I "occupy" with the pound entrusted to me, or did I bury it, like the unprofitable servant? Do I give my time and talents to God and His cause, or is my pretended christian life a fruitless one? These questions, so important and direct, deserve our most serious and prayerful consideration.

Our Means. The obligation to give our means for the cause of God. although readily admitted, is yet very imperfectly, understood. People are slow to learn this particular duty. With many ir is a real burden instead of a pleasure, as it should be. If we view the matter in the plain light of the Bible, and conform our selves to its precepts we will learn to regard giving to God as a a high privilege, and not as a harsh duty, as is too often the case. We give not our own, for in an absolute sense we own nothing, but of that which God entrusted unto us as His stewarts. We may be faithful servants to our trust and received the promised reward both here and hereafter, or we may barter away our soul's salvation for a little filthy lucre, which we can enjoy but for a short season at best. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings." (Mal. 3; 8.) In the light of eternity and of our souls' eternal welfare, how important that we should have clear, sound, scriptural understanding of this important subject, seasoned with the grace of God in the heart, to prompt us to do our whole duty.

We should give cheerfully, liberally, seasonably.

Our duty to give is a duty we owe to God, and for that reason more sacred and binding than all other obligations of this kind. If we have a debt to pay on a certain specified time, we are very solicitous to redeem our pledged promise and maintain our business reputation. We make our arrangements to suit the case, and collect our dues if we can. If all other means fail we resort to borrowing in order to cancel the obligation. Our credit and financial standing must be saved at all hazards. But do we manifest any such promptness in discharging our obligations to God, our greatest benefactor and creditor? If the contributions for God's cause were given cheerfully, liberally and seasonably, what world of sorrowful labor it would save the church council. What an amount of importuning, argumentation, even downright begging would then be as unneccessary as it is now common and discreditable. What agony and worry over deficiencies and balances due would then be avoided. Then could we lift "up holy hands without wrath and doubting," (1 Tim. 2; 8.) and "pray for the peace of Jerusalem," Ps. 22; 6,) for the prosperity of Zion." And how graciously and bountifully would the Father in heaven answer such prayer!

"*We should remember the poor.*" (Gal. 2; 10.) How often is this divine command neglected, forgotten or ignored—not only by the congregation collectively, but also by the individual members of the church. How little does our religion manifest itself in practical works of charity to the poor. Our own wants, both of necessity and luxury, must be satisfied to the full, but the poor we leave to themselves and to God. Our almshouses and poor laws are a standing reproach to the church. The state is compelled to do from sheer necessity, what the church should do, as a sacred duty; and our giving is very incomplete according to the Bible standard, until as God's people we do more for God's poor. This command is more full of rich promise than perhaps any other in the sacred Scripture. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." (Ps. 41; 1.) He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." (Ps. 19; 17.)

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of them, ye have done it unto me." (Mat. 25; 40.) "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." (Jas. 1; 27.)

A Story About a Successful Man.

Here is a story about a well-known railroad man which a Chicago railroader, who used to work with him, relates. It is about William M. Clements, who leaves the Erie Express to become general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad east of the Ohio River, and is from the columns of the New York *Sun*:

Clements' career has been a remarkable one in many respects, and he certainly is a remarkable man in every respect. Prior to the war he was a freight conductor on the Baltimore & Ohio, and he first met John W. Garrett, then president of the road, near Wheeling, W. Va. Three rear cars of Conductor Clements' train were derailed one day near Wheeling, and Clements took the red signal and went back to flag an express, which he knew was following. He sent the engineer and fireman ahead to stop all trains coming from that direction and to get assistance, hurriedly calling out to a stupid brakeman: 'Pull the train ahead about a hundred yards.' The rear cars had commenced to burn from the broken stove in the caboose, and Clements wanted to save the valuable freight in the others. The brakeman climbed aboard the engine, but was too stupid to open the throttle. The whole train was burned, causing a loss of over $73,000.

When Clements returned to the scene with some of the passengers from the express which he had stopped half a mile away, he looked at the burning cars, and, stepping up to the stupid brakeman, floored him with one powerful blow. A stout quiet-looking passenger walked up to Clements said: 'Why did you desert your train? You could have sent that man back with the flag and saved these cars yourself. It seems to me that you don't know your business.'

Clements is a broad shouldered six footer, and when he glared at his audacious critic many people supposed there would be another knock-down. 'Why, you d— fool!' he replied, contemptuously, 'do you suppose I was going to trust that man. I knew he was a fool, like yourself, and that's the reason I let him monkey with the cars while I went back to look after human lives.'

'Conductor, do you know who I am?'

'No; and I don't care a d—!'

'I am John W. Garret.'

'Well, I don't care if you are. If you value freight more than human lives, I don't. And I burn up a dozen trains before I'll let one of your Cheap John brakemen kill a few dozen people.'

Clements stalked away and busied himself directing the wrecking crew engaged in clearing the track. Old man Garrett looked quietly on without uttering another word. The following week Clements was made a passenger conductor, whereas every one supposed that he would be discharged. He rose steadily until he became master of transportation of the whole road.