



The Corn Home from the Mill.

'Twas a low brown cabin, as if grown up from the ground,
For the chinks were filled with mortar, and green moss
had grown around.
All the air was filled with murmurs of the summer bird's
last thrill,
For the autumn leaves had fallen and the corn had gone
to mill.
On the rail-fence seven urchins at once had chanced to
light,
Perched up like so many ravens, only all their heads
were white;
Laughing, chattering—it were thralldom if they passed
one moment still,
They were very, very hungry, for their "Pap" had
gone to mill.

Then he thought of one bright being who had wandered
at his side,
Dropping golden grains in furrows that he followed on
to hide;
And upon the horse behind him, laughing, chattering,
never still,
With her golden curls all flying, he had carried her to
mill.
And throughout the next long summer how his heart was
full of pain,
With the thought of all the beauty he could not see
again;
With the thought of pale hands folded, as he covered up
the hills,
With the thought of golden ringlets as he rode off to the
mill.

All at once they heard the clatter of the wagon on the
bridge,
Where the winding waves of Mill Creek drained the
ditches of the ridge;
Then their glad shouts of "Hooray" all creation seemed
to fill,
When they ran to tell their mother, "Pap" was coming
from the mill.
All in time the blind old sorrel reined up at the cabin
door,
And the meal with glad assistance safely landed on the
floor;
And the good wife sweetly smiling, all the cake-pans
went to fill,
For the heart was very thankful that the corn had left
the mill.

But the children, laughing, playing, nor the Judge with
solemn brow,
Knew the scene just then enacted in the great house
down below;
Where the miller, white and dusty, busy with the grind-
ing still,
Smiled when Bess, the cottage maiden, brought his sup-
per to the mill.
How they, seated close together—watched the wheels
go to and fro,
And the waters dance and sparkle in the mill race down
below;
How he clasped her tight and closely, while she listened
very still,
Listened to the "old, old story," in the shadow of the
mill.

Supper over, every urchin with a piece of Johnny cake,
Went to eat it by the roadside, and the echoes there to
wake;
And the solemn Judge just passing, from the house upon
the hill,
Smiled to hear the information that the "corn was home
from mill."
Then a vision flashed across him of the days of long ago,
When he, too, through all the summer had to plow and
plant and mow;
When he made the dreadful scarecrow from the clothes
he could not fill.
When across the back of "Jerry" he had packed the
corn to mill.

Thus our lives flow on forever, echoes of each act and
word,
Will with joy and sad remembrance in the coming years
be heard.
Life is like a false thread winding through the mystic
future still,
We must work an unknown mission, like the waters at
the mill.

