

# INTECH (1984) associates

1025 Hargrieve Rd., Unit 3,  
London, Ontario N6E 1P7

Phone: (519) 686-1970  
After Hours: 657-0390

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

### TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,  
Trip lightly over wrong;  
We only make grief double  
By dwelling on it long.  
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?  
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?  
Why cling to forms unsightly?  
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,  
Though this day may be dark,  
The sun may shine to-morrow,  
And gaily sing the lark;  
Fair hope has not departed,  
Though roses may have fled;  
Then never be down-hearted,  
But look for joy instead.

### THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.  
(Continued.)

"I shall be sold out by the sheriff if you don't do it," he said, after a hurried statement of his affairs and the pressing need for money that was upon him.

Richard was silent for a long time, trying to see what was best for him to do.

"Let the tavern go, Jacob," he said, at length. "It has cursed you from the beginning, and will curse you tenfold in your boys, if you keep it. A sheriff's sale, if it must come to that, will in my opinion, be the most fortunate thing that can happen to you. There are a hundred other ways to make a living. Let the tavern go, and then I will help you in every way that I can. But I should do wrong and hurt you and yours if I should put a single dollar into that wretched, soul-killing concern."

Jacob started up all on fire with anger. He shook his clenched fist in his brother's face, and cursed him for "a mean, selfish hound."

A sheriff's sale did not take place, but Jacob gave up his inheritance in a compromise with his sporting creditors—gamblers—and went off to a new place, two or three hundred miles distant, and set up another tavern, but in a style far below that in which he kept the "Red Lion."

Years passed and no certain news from his brother and family came to Richard. Once or twice he wrote to him, but got no answer. A lonely man, working on steadily and patiently in his mill, the years crept over him and vied with the dusty atmosphere in which he dwelt in sprinkling his hair with gray. He was spoken of far and near as the kind old man at the mill; and the gossips for once had the truth, when they told the story of his disappointed love, and the mistake of Katy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty years have gone by since Jacob Cragan sold out the "Red Lion" and moved away. One evening, late in November, Richard sat in his solitary home, while the wind and rain sobbed and sighed without, feeling more lonely and disquieted than was usual with him. His thoughts had all gone out of his control, back through more than thirty years, and the image of Katy, for whom a tender feeling had never died out of his heart—the image of Katy, in all the freshness and sweetness of girlhood—

stood smiling and happy before him. He was stirred with feelings that he had believed dead and buried long ago. Then he thought of the fatal cavern which had been given to his brother and how it had blighted all their lives.

"If I had kept it and closed it," he said in a kind of bitter self-accusation, "it might have been so different!"

He started and listened. A voice had faintly touched his ear. He rose up and moved toward the door. The voice came to him again, and then a low answering voice. He threw the door wide open and let the light stream in. Then he saw two women, closely wrapped up, coming in from the road through his little gate.

"Richard! oh, Richard!" one of them cried faintly, and tried to hurry forward, but stumbled and fell on the wet ground. In an instant she was lifted in his strong arms and carried into the house.

The voice—how like the old voice that had been for all these years as the sound of music in his soul; but the face, when he looked on it, alas! how changed. Old, shrunken, faded—even haggard! What a wreck! What a transformation!

"I have come here to die, Richard."

"I have no right, but—"

Sobs choked the voice.

"Hush, Katy." Then, "Where is Jacob?"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes," in a steadier voice.

"How long since?"

"Not long; a month. This is Katy, my youngest child. You never saw her before."

Richard looked into the girl's face, as the light fell upon it, and trembled. He was back again through thirty years, and Katy, in the sweet May-time of life, stood before him.

"Dear child," said the old man, as he took her hand and kissed it very tenderly.

The story that Richard heard that night was sad and sorrowful to the last degree. Both of his brother's sons grew up to be miserable drunkards and died in the prime of manhood. His oldest daughter married their bar-keeper, who broke her heart and then deserted her. She was dead. Three children were left and were now with the husband's parents, who were low people and not fit to have charge of them.

"There is room here for all," said Richard Cragan, when the sad history was told. He asked no particulars about his brother's life and death, and Katy did not intrude them.

A week later and the last day of another mortal life was closed. Dark and stormy had been the years that preceded this dying day; but as the sun drew near the western hills the clouds broke suddenly and golden rays came flooding the earth and brightening all the air. All that Richard Cragan could do to soften the pillow on which lay dying his early and only love was done.

"They shall be mine," he said—"Your Katy shall be my Katy, and the children out West shall be my children."

And smiling in gratitude and calm content, the woman died—died with

a single, sweet draft from a cup that love had filled for her years and years ago, but which she pushed aside for another that held only gall and worm-wood.

Richard Cragan kept his word to the dying one. Katy's daughter and grandchildren were taken to his home. Their presence gave new life to the old mill, and a new grace and charm to his dwelling that filled his soul with a sweetness once dreamed of, but never tasted before.

It was a pleasant sight to see them all together in the waning summer afternoons, gathered about the mill door, after the great wheel was still, and the air no longer jarred by the rumble of machinery. There was peace and sweet content; and hope for the young lives over which, when their morning broke, dark clouds hung and threatened.

### Correspondence.

Notice.—We wish it distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

#### An Open Letter to Dr. Addison.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—My attention has been directed to your poem entitled "Wine Medically Considered." I have read it with some care, but find it difficult to attach any definite meaning to the disjointed thoughts scattered throughout it. It appears to me a mistake that you should attempt to place before the public your valuable medical knowledge in the form of verse. Didactic poetry has never been in high favor, and it must necessarily become exceedingly insipid when medical instruction is the aim of the poet.

The first line "Bacteria in yon treacherous fount," is misleading, for the organisms producing fever are not found in pure water, as fount implies, but in stagnant water impregnated with the products of all kinds of offal. So with "Bacilli" and "micrococci." It is well known that the primary cause of fevers, cholera and other epidemic diseases, is improper sewerage. No "treacherous fount" is bringing death to the citizens of southern France at the present time, but the accumulation of filth and dirt is.

The following verse, in my opinion, is peculiarly meaningless:

"Oh, destiny cruel round our path  
To call sweet buds of hope to-day,  
And then create the tankering worm  
To eat each blossom all away."

Allow me to place opposite this the opinions of two men who endured great troubles with Christian fortitude.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."—[Cowper.

"Trouble springs not from the dust,  
Nor sorrow from the ground,

But ill on ill by Heaven's decree  
In man's estate are found."—[Job.

Here we have nothing of "cruel destiny," but a loving trust in the absolute justness of the author of all good.

The love of life is one of nature's laws. By it nature protects herself. It wrings our hearts with indescribable anguish to part with our loved ones, because God has planted such feelings in our breast, but those very feelings prove that separation is only for a short space. In support of this statement I shall quote the eloquent words

of Dr. McCosh:

"There are affections, pure and holy springing up on earth, but not allowed to be gratified on earth, but which, we hope to be satisfied to the full in heaven. There are attachments and profitable friendships firmly clenched only to be violently snapped asunder by the stroke of death, but which we expect to have renewed in a place where there are no breaches. Do not these swelling feelings which agitate the bosoms of friends when one of them is summoned away, seem to show that the divided waters are yet to meet? Then we see from time to time intellectual powers cultivated to the utmost, but blasted in the flower when they seemed to promise a large fruit. May we not believe that in a universe in which nothing is made in vain, and nothing of God's workmanship lost, these powers have been nurtured to serve some great and good end in a future state of existence?"

Turning from the philosopher to the poet, I find Longfellow (and he parted with his dearest earthly treasure in noon of his life), pouring out his whole soul on this subject, in the following lines:

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,

And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,

Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions

Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists  
and vapors

Amid these earthly damps,  
What seems to us but sad funereal tapers,

Maybe heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

O, doctor, do you not think your lines are cold and comfortless? Longfellow tells us "there is no death," but you talk of "desolation everywhere." Dear doctor, excuse me for speaking so plainly, but I must say that the sentiments of those good Christian men vibrate in unison with my every thought and feeling, while yours produces only discord. I love to think of "transition" from a world of sin and sorrow to a realm of endless felicity, but "desolation" always fills me with gloomy forebodings.

Dismissing your pessimism and turning to the wine question, I find you saying:

"If fermentation's in the blood,  
And heart and health and strength decline,

Lo, to such process turn, behold  
Salvation to the sick in wine!"

Here again I place opposite your poetry extracts from high authorities.

Prince Henry (after drinking alcohol):

Speak! speak!

Who says that I am ill?

I am not ill! I am not weak!

The trance, the swoon, the dream is o'er!

(Continued on fourth page.)