

THREE LINKS OF A LIFE.

From Will Carleton's FARM LEGENDS, Canadian Edition published by Belford Bros., Toronto.

I.

A word went over the hills and plains
Of the scarce-hewn fields that the Tiffin drains,
Through dens of swamps and jungles of trees,
As if it were borne by the buzzing bees
As something sweet for the sons of men ;
Or as if the blackbird and the wren
Had lounged about each ragged clearing
To gossip it in the settlers' hearing ;
Or the partridge drum-corps of the wood
Had made the word by mortals heard,
And Diana made it understood ;
Or the loud-billed hawk of giant sweep
Were told it as something he must keep ;

As now, in the half built city of Lane,
Where the sons of the settlers strive for gain,
Where the Indian trail is graded well,
And the anxious ring of the engine-bell
And the Samsons Steam's deep, stuttering word
And the factory's dinner-born are heard ;
Where burghers fight, in friendly guise,
With spears of bargains and shields of lies ;
Where the sun-smoked farmer, early a-road,
Rides into the town his high-built load
Of wood or wool, or corn or wheat,
And stables his horses in the street ;—
It seems as to each and to every one
A deed were known ere it well be done,
As if, in spite of roads or weather,
All minds were whispering together ;
So over the glens and rough hill-sides
Of the fruitful land where the Tiffin glides,
Went the startling whisper, clear and plain,
" There's a new-born baby over at Lane !"

Now any time, from night till morn,
Or morn till night, for a long time-
flight,
Had the patient squaws their child-
ren borne ;
And many a callow, coppery wight
Had opened his eyes to tree-flecked
light,
And grown to the depths of the wood-
land dell
And the hunt of the toilsome hills as
well
As though at his soul a bow, were
slung,
And a war-whoop tattooed on his
tongue ;
But never before, in the Tiffin's sight,
Had a travail bloomed with a bloss-
som of white.

And the fire-tuned logger no longer
pressed
His yoke-bound steeds and his fur-
nace fire ;
And the gray-linked log-chain droop-
ed to rest,
And the hard face softened with sweet
desire ;
And the settler-housewife, rudely
wise,
With the forest's shrewdness in her
eyes,
Yearned, with tenderly wondering
brain,
For the new-born baby over at Lane.

And the mother lay in her languid bed,
When the flock of visitors had fled—
When the crowd of settlers all had gone,
And left the young lioness alone
With the tiny cub they had come to see
In the rude-built menagerie ;
When grave Baw Beese, the Indian chief,
As courtly as ever prince in his prime,
Or cavalier of the olden time,
Making his visit kind as brief,

Had beaded the neck of the pale-face miss,
And dimpled her cheek with a farewell kiss ;
When the rough-clad room was still as sleek,
Save the deaf old nurse's needle-click,
The beat of the grave clock in its place,
With its ball-tipped tail and owl-like face,
And the iron tea-kettle's droning song
Through its Roman nose so black and long,
The mother lifted her baby's head,
And gave it a clinging kiss, and said :

Why did thou come so straight to me,
Thou queer one ?
Thou might have gone where riches be,
Thou dear one !
For when 'twas talked about in heaven,
To whom the sweet soul should be given,
If thou had raised thy pretty voice,
God sure had given to thee a choice,
My dear one, my queer one !

" Babe in the wood " thou surely art,
My lone one :
But thou shalt never play the part,
My own one !
Thou ne'er shalt wonder up and down,
With none to claim thee as their own ;
Nor shall the Redbreast, as she grieves,
Make up for thee a bed of leaves,
My own one, my lone one !

Although thou be not Riches' flower,
Thou neat one,
Yet thou hast come from Beauty's bower,
Thou sweet one !
Thy every smile's as warm and bright
As if a di mond mocked its light ;

Thy every tear's as pure a pearl
As if thy father was an earl,
Thou neat one, thou sweet one !

And thou shalt have a queenly name,
Thou grand one :
A lassie's christening's half her fame,
Thou bland one !
And may thou live so good and true,
The honor will but be thy due ;
And friends shall never be ashamed,
Or when or where they hear thee named,
Thou bland one, thou grand one !

E'en like the air—our rule and sport—
Thou meek one,
Thou art my burden and support,
Thou weak one !
Like manna in the wilderness,
A joy hath come to sooth and bless ;
But 'tis a sorrow unto me,
To love as I am loving thee,
Thou weak one, thou meek one !

The scarlet-coated child-thief waits,
Thou bright one,
To bear thee through the sky-blue gates,
Thou light one !
His feverish touch thy brow may pain,
And while I to my sad lips strain
The sheath of these bright-beaming eyes,
The blade may flash back to the skies,
Thou light one, thou bright one !

And if thou breast the morning storm,
Thou fair one,
And gird a woman's thrilling form,
Thou rare one :
Sly hounds of sin thy path will trace,
And on thy unsuspecting face

Since we've had the young Professor here,
Have not had much of you !

But lovers be lovers while earth endures ;
And once on a time, be it known,
I helped a girl with eyes like yours
Construct a world of our own ;

And we laid it out in a garden spot,
And dwelt in the midst of flowers,
Till we found that the world was a good-sized
lot,
And most of it wasn't ours !

You're heavier, girl, than when you come
To us one cloudy day,
And seemed to feel so little at home,
We feared you wouldn't stay ;

Till I knew the danger was passed, because
You'd struck so mortal a track,
And got so independent an' cross,
God never would let you back !

But who would ever ha' had the whim,
When you lay in my arms an' cried,
You'd some time sit here, pretty an' prim,
A-waitin' to be a bride !

But lovers be lovers while earth goes on,
And marry, as they ought ;
And if you would keep the heart you've won,
Remember what you've been taught ;

Look first that your wedded lives be true,
With naught from each other apart ;
For the flowers of true love never grow
In the soil of a faithless heart.

Sat in an unfrequented place,
Hiding e'en from the dark his face ;
And a solemn silence rested long
On all, save the cricket's dismal song.

But the mother drew the girl to her breast,
And gave to her spirit words of rest :
Come to my lap, my wee-grown baby ; rest thee
upon my knee ;
You have been travelling toward the light, and
drawing away from me ;
You turned your face from my dark path to
catch the light o' the sun,
And 'tis no more nor less, my child, than children
ever have done.
So you joined hands with one you loved, when
we to the cross-road came,
And went your way, as Heaven did say, and who
but Heaven to blame ?

You must not weep that him you chose was all
the time untrue,
Or stab with hate the man whose heart you
thought was made for you.
The love God holds for your bright soul is more
to get and give
Than all the love of all the men while He may
bid them live.
So let your innocence staunch the wound by
another's guilt ;
For Vengeance' blade was ever made with neither
guard nor hilt.

Who will avenge you, darling ? The sun that
shines on high.
He will paint the picture of your wrongs before
the great world's eye.
He will look upon your sweet soul, in its pure
mantle of white,

Till it shine upon your enemies, and
dazzle all their sight.
He'll come each day to point his
finger at him who played the
knave ;
And 'tis denied from him to hide,
excepting in the grave.

Who will avenge you, darling ? Your
sister, the sky above.
Each cloud she floats above you shall
be a token of love ;
She will bend o'er you at night-fall
her pure broad breast of blue,
And every gem that glitters there
shall flash a smile to you.
And all her great wide distances to
your good name belong ;
'Tis not so far from star to star as
'twixt the right and wrong.

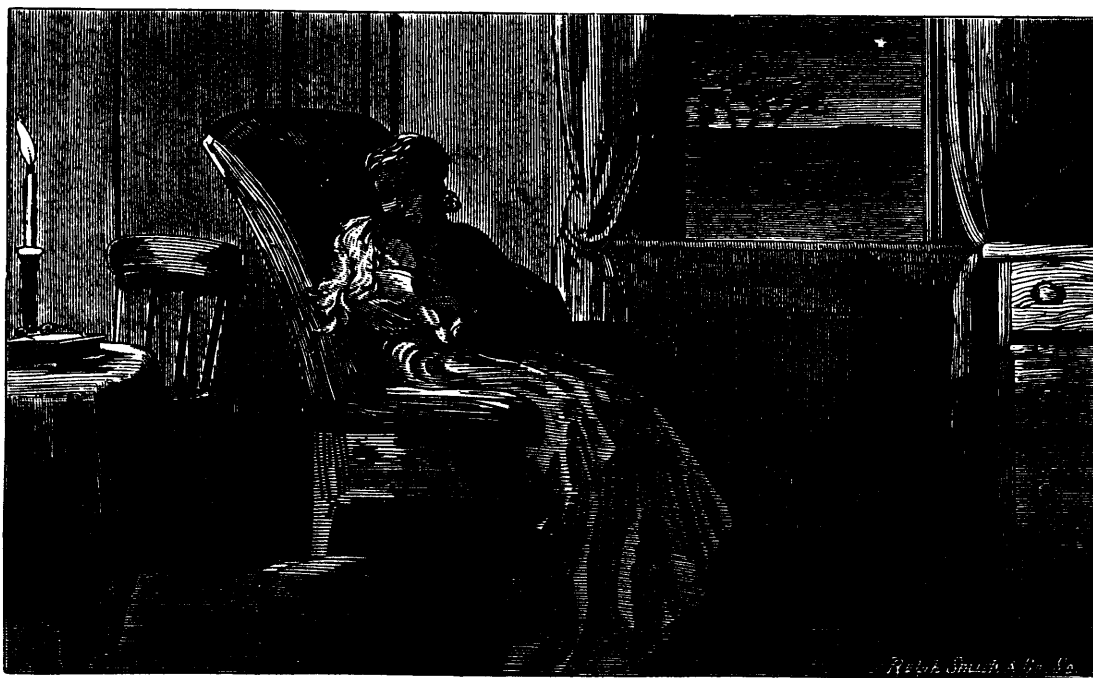
Who will avenge you, darling ? All
the breeze that blow.
They will whisper to each other your
tale of guiltless woe ;
The perfumes that do load them your
innocence shall bless,
And they will soothe your aching
brow with pitying, kind caress.
They will sweep away the black veil
that hangs about your fame :
There is no cloud that long can
shroud a virtuous woman's name.

Who will avenge you, darling ? The
one who proved untrue.
His memory must undo him, whate'er

his will may do ;
The pitch-black night will come when he must
meet Remorse alone ;
He will rush at your avenging as if it were his
own.
His every sin is but a knot that yet shall hold
him fast ;
For guilty hands but twine the strands that fetter
them at last.

Lay thee aside thy grief, darling !—lay thee aside
thy grief
And Happiness will cheer thee beyond all thy
belief !
As oft as winter comes summer, as sure as night
comes day.
And as swift as sorrow cometh, so swift it goeth
away !
E'en in your desolation you are not quite unblest ;
Not all who choose may count their woes upon
a mother's breast.

Catarrh is a common disease, so common that
snuffing, spitting, and blowing of the nose, meet
us at every turn of the street. Your foot slips
in these nasty discharges on the sidewalk and in
the public conveyance ; and its disagreeable odor,
contaminating the breath of the afflicted, renders
them offensive to their associates. There is the
highest medical authority for stating that with
fully one-half, if not two-thirds, of those afflicted
with Consumption of the Lungs, the disease
commences as Catarrh in the nose or head, the
next step being to the throat and bronchial
tubes—lastly to the lungs. How important then
to give early and prompt attention to a Catarrh !
To cure this loathsome disease correct the system
by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical discovery,
which tones it up, cleanses the blood, and heals
the diseased glands by a specific influence upon
them ; and to assist, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Re-
medy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This is
the only way to reach the upper and back cav-
ities where the discharge comes from. No danger
from this treatment, and it is pleasant to use.
The two medicines with instrument are sold by
dealers in medicines.



" E'EN IN YOUR DESOLATION YOU ARE NOT QUITE UNBLEST ;
NOT ALL WHO CHOOSE MAY COUNT THEIR WOES UPON A MOTHER'S BREAST."

Hot lust will rest its tarnished eyes,
And thou wilt need be worldly-wise,
Thou rare one, thou fair one !
O that the heaven that smiles to-day,
My blest one,
May give thee light to see thy way,
My best one !
That when around thee creeps The Gloom,
The gracious God will call thee home,
And then, increased a hundredfold,
Thou proudly hand Him back His gold,
My best one, my blest one !

II.

A word went over the many miles
Of the well-tilled land where the Tiffin smiles,
And sought no youthful ear in vain :
" There's a wedding a-coming off at Lane !"

They stood in the shade of the western door—
Father, mother, and daughter one—
And gazed, as they oft had gazed before,
At the downward glide of the western sun.
The rays of his never-jealous light
Made even the cloud that dimmed him bright ;
And lower he bent, and kissed, as he stood,
The lips of the distant blue-eyed wood.

And just as the tired sun bowed his head,
The sun-browned farmer sighed and said :

And so you'll soon be goin' away,
My darling little Bess ;
And you ha' been to the store to-day,
To buy your weddin'-dress ;

And so your dear good mother an' I,
Whose love you long have known,
Must lay the light o' your presence by,
And walk the road alone.

So come to-night with mother and me,
To the porch for an hour or two,
And sit on your old father's knee,
The same as you used to do ;

For we, who ha' loved you for many a year,
And clung to you strong and true,

Look next that the buds of health shall rest
Their blossoms upon your cheek ;
For life and love are a burden at best
If the body be sick and weak.

Look next that your kitchen fire be bright,
And your hands be neat and skilled ;
For the love of man oft takes its flight
If his stomach be not well filled.

Look next that your money is fairly earned
Ere ever it be spent ;
For comfort and love, however turned,
Will ne'er pay ten per cent.

And, next, due care and diligence keep
That the mind be trained and fed ;
For blessings ever look shabby and cheap
That light on an empty head.

And if it shall please the gracious God
That children to you belong,
Remember, my child, and spare the rod
Till you've taught them right and wrong ;

And show 'em that though this life's a start
For the better world, no doubt,
Yet earth an' heaven ain't so far apart
As many good folks make out.

III.

A word went over the broad hill-sweeps
Of the listening land where the Tiffin creeps :
" She married, holding on high her head ;
But the groom was false as the vows he said ;
With lies and crimes his days are checked ;
The girl is alone, and her life is wrecked."

The midnight rested its heavy arm
Upon the grief-encumbered farm ;
And hoarse-voiced Sorrow wandered at will,
Like a moan when the summer's night is still,
And the spotted cows, with bellies of white,
And well filled teats all crowded awry,
Stood in the black stalls of the night,
Nor herded nor milked, and wondered why.
And the house was gloomy, still, and cold ;
And the hard-palmed farmer, newly old,