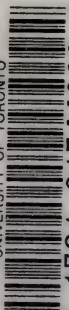


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WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and
wife.'

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth,
because

He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, 'My son :
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years.' But William answer'd short;
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.'



For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me —
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
“God bless him!” he said, “and may he never
know

The troubles I have gone thro' !” Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before.'

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary'. There was silence in the room ;

And all at once the old man burst in sobs ;

'I have been to blame—to blame. I have
kill'd my son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear
son.

May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children.'

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,
And all the man was broken with remorse ;
And all his love came back a hundred fold ;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's
child
Thinking of William.



So those four abode
Within one house together; and, as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.





FROM

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