

## The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

—WILL BE—

GIVEN EACH WEEK,

For the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

—For Truth.

## Love, Honesty, and Truth.

BY S. MOORE.

The wisdom of the cultured sage,  
The zeal of earnest youth  
Are dimmed when lacking Heaven's gifts,  
Love, Honesty, and Truth.

These are the gifts which sweeten life,  
The choicest graces given  
To elevate the sons of earth,  
And raise them up to Heaven.

Possessed of these ennobling gifts,  
Truth, Honesty, and Love,  
We view a candidate for bliss  
In brighter worlds above.

The glory of our hoary age,  
The dignity of youth,  
Are gilded by this treble gift,  
Love, Honesty, and Truth.

This world would be a paradise,  
A type of Heaven above,  
If every one possessed these gifts,  
Truth, Honesty, and Love.

These priceless gifts are free for all,  
And all the best may prove  
Which flows from these enriching gifts,  
Truth, Honesty, and Love.

Quebec.

—For Truth.

## Kate.

BY F. LYNN.

Some kates are very good, we know,  
And some, again, are not;  
So we will scan them, con and pro,  
And choose from out the lot.

The first we meet's Miss Kate—Kate,  
A girl of sense is she,  
Who points the way to wisdom's gate,  
And makes the mind to see;

She teaches all, both friend or foe,  
And higher leads us on;  
So we must rank her with the pros,  
But never with the con.

And now comes Miss prevari—Kate—  
Untruthful, shuffling lass;  
To cast, cheat, or to misstate,  
She sins her great sin, as;

We'll not detain her—let her go,  
And quickly pass her on;  
We'll set her down against the pros,  
And tally one for con.

Miss vindictive—Kate next meets our sight,  
And claims our admiration;  
Establishing the cause of right,  
Avenging deviation;

We have a wholesome love for her,  
And greatly we respect her;  
We set her down among the pros,  
As human rights' protector.

Domestic—Kate's a quiet lass,  
Who's heart is in her home;  
Who finds her care and pleasure there,  
And seldom far would roam;

She is a fond, warm-hearted girl,  
And we have cause to thank her—  
She is a very gem, a pearl,  
And with the pros we rank her.

Communism—Kate would next appear—  
She is a gossip great,  
Who brings us good news, sometimes bad;  
But, honest-hearted Kate;

We all, at times, must bow to her,  
In joyfulness or woe,  
For tidings she hath brought to us,  
And rank her con and pro.

The last we meet's Miss rustl—Kate,  
An untaught, country maiden,  
Who's seen but little of the world,  
That little honey-laden;

We call her rude and plain, yet we  
Must to ourselves acknowledge,  
She holds a charm which ne'er can be  
Attained thro' school or college;

She hides a true and loving breast  
Beneath that rustic cover—  
She is the Kate I love the best,  
And this is why I love her.

Markham, Ont.

—For Truth.

## The Pioneer.

ED. KING.

The air is calm and cold the morn,  
And trees with glist'ning frost are docked,  
Day has not yet begun to dawn,  
While solemn stillness rules unchecked;  
But for the clear sound that's ringing  
From the clearance, near the shanty,  
Where the woodman's axe is swinging,  
He must toil, for food is scanty,  
And he works for independence  
In this his peaceful, backwoods home.

His morning meal he eats the while,  
And then, with thankful heart, again  
Resumes his labor with a smile,  
Thinking of fields of waving grain,  
That will take the place of the wood.  
At noon the shanty he wends,  
In there he eats his humble food,  
Alone and far from all his friends;  
Yet he is quite contented there,  
Peace oft goes with solitude.

The glorious sun no longer shines,  
Now day is over, night is nigh;  
His weary toil he now resigns,  
While shining stars have filled the sky.  
The settler views his progress made  
During the day that has gone by,  
Returning thanks for Heavenly aid  
From his Preserver there on high;  
And thus his daily course is done,  
Bringing him nearer to his God.  
De Cewaville, Ont.

## Sunset.

BY MRS. C. JEWETT.

Once, when the earth was younger,  
And the people better by far,  
An angel flew out of Heaven,  
And left the gate ajar.

Ever and ever so little,  
But it let the glory through,  
And the angel never minded,  
As swiftly on she flew.

Then all the people wondered  
What made the sky so bright,  
Because the glory shined  
Dazzled their feeble sight.

Only the little children,  
Whose heart had known no sin,  
Could pierce the clouds of brightness,  
To the beautiful land within.

They saw the "Golden City,"  
They saw the "Crystal Sea,"  
They heard the dear Christ saying,  
"Let the children come to me."

And Christ still loves the children,  
And oft these gates ajar  
He sets, for his little angels,  
At the close of day, ajar.

East Denmark, Maine.

## The Sparrow in Canada.

DR. J. M. HARRER.

Wee birdie, twitterin' in the blast!  
Hail! there's a crumb to break your fast:  
I'm fear't ye find nae rich repast  
In Winter's mead,  
Whase hawsel's aft a' wain's foraste  
O' his ahead.

Gin ye were wile, ye'd tak your flight  
To southern skies fu' warm and bright,  
As soon's the flowers by frosty blight  
Are cranreuch-cled,  
When nature thro' the lingers' night  
Gets cauld in bed.

Perchance ye think the life's the best  
That's stercer'd by instinct's shrewd behest,  
Tho' yearly tosed on drifin' crest  
O' Polar saw—  
Tho' shiverin' whiles and sairly press'd  
In poorth's maw.

But then your fate's an allen's here  
But hopes frost-crust'd, dark, and drear:  
Tis faith's short-sight that pays a dear  
For instinct's whim:  
Ye'd better sit and chirp wi' cheer  
In sunnier clime.

Bright bygone scenes your cheep brings back,  
As memory's stores my thoughts ransack,  
Watchin' the rays o' life retrace  
Thro' two score years,  
Frae boyhood on to manhood's track  
Beguiled wi' care.

Fu' weel I mind your kith at home  
When unkempt youth took tent to tame  
Ane o' your kind, and filled his wame  
Wi' drummock feed:  
Your forbears then had roth o' frame  
Nathless their breed.

But hae your lot's booset wi' faes,  
Whase creed's as cauld as winter's claes,  
Wha ken nae guld but that which pays  
A quid pro quo:  
Ye've chirped their crabbit greed a-bleeze  
To mak yougo.

They ca' you faithless, feckless, rash,  
You twit'er spite, you chirp an' h:  
You're guld for naethin'—hatchin' fash  
For thrifty folk,  
Whase corn ye steal and fruit-trees hash  
Untill ye boko.

Few daur to sing your praises noo  
As syne we did when first ye flew  
Aroun' our streets in search o' brew  
Among the drays,  
When philanthropes about you throw  
New-tangled mair.

Na, na, puir thing, ye've had your day:  
Sae tak advice and wing your way  
Whaur Nature's stores nae stint betray  
To beast or bird,  
Whaur Certe's bounteous gifts display  
A weel-kept herd.

Our social toot's a golden rule  
That tips wi' gold Society's fool,  
To leave him in the lurch, puir fool,  
As soon's they're re,  
To let him starve in shame and dool—  
In tear-wet mire.

And men and birds, 'twixt hope and fear,  
Maun bow before the neecient sneer,  
To see at truth the kiddy fear  
And tapele turn  
A weel planned life, bestrunk and eere  
Thro' senseless scorn.

The parish's prospect, even Death  
Whiles glides owre wi' fickle faith,  
To hide his gruesome dart beneath  
The worl's smile:  
When that's withdrawn he staps the breath  
Wi' wither'd will.

Sae birdie, jist mak up your min'  
To tole the Canuck's heartless grin,  
Or dight your neb, flee up, and rin  
To southern shore,  
Whaur dearth o' food ye'll never fin'  
Nor help implore.

Or stay and dee, for that's your fate,  
Sinse whilom treas, become sedate,  
Nae langer o' your virtues prate,  
But at you laugh,  
Hopin' that Achty-Five will date  
Your epitaph.

## THE EPITAPH.

Here lies puir birdie, starved to death,  
Brocht owre frae Alldon's fragrant heath  
By freens word-pledge'd to guard frae scaith  
A harmless bird—  
Fausse-hearted freens that harried faith  
And brak their word.

Let's hope the weid may teach us a'  
To build our faith beyond the law,  
That greets our rise wi' loud celat,  
Its end to save,  
And's jist as gleg to see us fa'  
Or in our grave.

Quebec.

## Recollections of Childhood.

Sweet memories of childhood are very poetical, and the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" has told us how charming were his own early associations. But we have here the recollections of a bad boy, which are not so pleasing, though expressed with much poetic license:

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood.

When dread retrospection presents them to view;  
The dunce-block, the rules by which I was tortured,  
And e'en the old slipper in fancy I view.  
Quite dependent with terror I shied it,  
And still it like a cataract fell;  
The paper call'd foolscap, how oft did I try it,  
And also the slipper that aliped me well;  
The old leather slipper, the well-worn slipper,  
That dreadful old slipper that aliped at me well.

That dreadful old slipper I hail with displeasure,  
For oft before noon I was found to yield,  
And felt 'twas the opposite of pleasure,  
The dreadfulest torture a schoolman am could wield.  
How ardent I sized it, with eyes that were glow-  
ing.

And quick on my well-tanned jacket it fell,  
Then soon on this trembling youth overflowing,  
How slippery and cheerless it rose and it fell;  
That old leather slipper, the well-worn slipper,  
That dreadful old slipper that aliped at me well.

—For Truth.

## Contentment.

F. ALFRED PATRICK.

How oft we sigh and wish for wealth?  
How oft we seek for pomp and power?  
How oft, when blessed with life and health?  
We sigh and wish for something more.

How little we appreciate  
Thes' blessings God has freely given!  
How slow we are to seek the grace  
That makes our earth below a Heaven.

How rarely do we strive to be  
Endowed with Heaven's great boon, content!  
How oft, when old, look back to see  
Our life's best years with grumbling spent?

How vain our earthly hopes! How vain  
Ambitions of our youthful day!  
Our lifetime, then smooth-rising, plain,  
Seems now storm-tost as Blacky's Bay.

And why? the question's often asked,  
And e'er still gives answer, why?  
But let's not that our life is passed  
Unthinking now to live or die?

Oh, let us then that blessing seek,  
Which maketh rich, yet adds not sorrow;  
Through which, when tempted, tired, and weak,  
We may of Christ, our helper, borrow.

We then shall find our life, a life  
That yieldeth profit, awe, and pleasure;  
That brings (reward of Christian strife)  
True happiness in flowing measure.

Hderton, Ont.

—For Truth.

## In Memoriam.

BY S. MOORE.

Brave General Gordon! thy exalted name  
Now stands the highest on the list of fame;  
A soldier skilled in all the arts of war,  
A hero, too, the bravest of the brave,  
Khartoum's brave defender, sold, betrayed!  
Oh! would that we had sent the timely aid,  
Ere doomed to thy unknown and lonely grave;  
And only send the succour when too late,  
Thy deeds in China spread thy fame abroad,  
And we had learned thy honored name to bless—  
A Christian hero trusting in his God,  
Whose onward path was one of marked success—  
But thine is now the crown of righteousness.  
Quebec.

## To a Sprig O' Heather.

J. M. H.

My bonnie spray o' pink and green,  
That breathes the bloom o' Scotia's braes,  
Your tiny blossoms blink their e'en,  
To gle me glimpses o' ither days—  
The days when youth o'er-ran the hills,  
A-daffin wi' the life that's free,  
'Mild mairland music and the rills,  
That sing the psalm o' liberty.

Your wee bit threads o' crimpit fringe  
Ance shed their fragrance in the mieu,  
Whaur allance bears the burnie bringe  
And o'er the scur its prattle sen';  
And now your bonnie flowerets blink  
To mind me o' the burnie's sang  
To move my heart perchance to think  
O' mirth that through the bye-gone rang.

Erewhile the hillside breezes kiew'd  
The dew-drops frae your coronet,  
Or made you smile, as thro' the mist  
The peep o' day dispelled the wet;  
And now your bloom's the token sweet  
O' freenship in a brither's heart  
That smiles to see our cares retreat,  
When freenship acts a brither's part.

—The above verses were written on receiving a St.  
Andrew's Day remembrance from Mr. William  
Drysdale, Montreal.  
Quebec.

## The Farmer's Wife.

See the faithful wife, from sun to sun,  
Tame the burden up that's never done;  
There is no rest, there is no pay,  
For the household good she must work away:  
For to mend the frock,  
And to knit the sock,  
And the cradle to rock,  
All for the good of the home.

When the autumn is here with chilling blast,  
The farmer gathers his crop at last,  
His barns are full, his fields are bare,  
For the good of the land he no'er bath care,  
While it blows,  
And it snows,  
Till the winter goes,  
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,  
Is the children's and the husband's stay,  
From day to day she has done her best,  
Until death alone can give her rest.

For after the test,  
Comes the rest,  
With the blest,  
In the farmer's heavenly home.

## Master Sparrow.

Every morning Master Sparrow  
To my quiet dwelling comes,  
Where he makes a hearty breakfast,  
For I give him nice soft crumbs;  
In return, he often preaches  
Little sermons unto me;  
And if you could only hear them,  
"Words in season" they might be.

Master Sparrow is not handsome,  
Very plainly is he dressed;  
Far from home he never travels,  
Nor can build a pretty nest;  
He is not a skillful songster,  
And has fewer friends than I see,  
But his life is free from sadness,  
And a care he never knew.

And yet Master Sparrow daily  
Has his every meal to seek.  
For he cannot on the Monday  
Get enough to last the week;  
And sometimes in depth of winter,  
When the snow is on the ground,  
E'en the needed little morsel  
Is with difficulty found.

Master Sparrow's wants are always,  
By his Maker's hand supplied  
And the lark, and thrush, and goldfinch  
Are provided for besides;  
Oh, if God so kindly feeds them,  
Keep them ever in his view,  
Will you not believe, dear reader,  
That he surely cares for you?