

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.

A SPECIAL PRIZE.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a prize of ten dollars gold for the best original poem having reference to her Majesty Queen Victoria, suitable for publication for May 21st, the length not to exceed a hundred lines. Any person may compete and the Publisher reserves the right of using any sent, whether awarded the prize or not. All competitions to be sent in not later than May 14th.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best original poem suitable for Dominion Day, (July 1st) to be sent in not later than June 15th.

The proper name and address to accompany each poem sent. Address all directly to Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto.

THE AWARD.

The following neat little poem on "Kindness"—beautiful in sentiment and phraseology—is awarded the prize for this week. It was selected and sent by Mrs. Annie Innes, 378 W. Monroe St., Chicago, to whom the prize will be paid on application.

A large number of beautiful poems, original and selected, have been sent in, many of which cannot be published for want of space. TRUTH will endeavor to supply as large a variety of the best every week as this page can contain:—

"Kindness."

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry, and parched soul
The moistening teardrop calls.
Oh! if they knew, who walked the earth,
Mid sorrow, grief or pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere Paradise again.

The wealthiest, and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts,
Return again and live.
Oh! what is life, if love be lost,
If man's unkind to man;
Oh! what the Heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,
In mimic glory shine,
By words of kindness in the heart,
It fleet the source divine.
Oh! then be kind, whose thou art
Thou breakest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life
And sweeten even death.

Life's Answer.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hope's delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toll'd heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me, when the billows smite
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,
He tempers all.

Safe to land, safe to the land,
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

Answered Prayers.

I prayed for riches, and achieved success;
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!
My cares were greater and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory, and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men;
But ah! the hurra, the hurra that came with fame;
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.
Oh! had that prayer been first!

Gentle Words.

A young rose in the summertime
Is beautiful to me;
And glorious the many stars
That glitter in the sea;
But gentle words, and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone!

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew, the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour.
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving hearts,
How beautiful is earth!

If we knew.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded, dusty way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We should pause where now we hasten;
We should oftener look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms are fainting
For the shade which we could fling,
If we knew what lips are parching
For the water we could bring,
We should haste with eager footsteps,
We should work with willing hands,
Bearing cooling cups of water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew what feet were weary
Climbing up the hills of pain,
By the world cast out as evil,
Poor, repentant Magdalene;
We no more should dare to scorn them
With our Pharisaic pride,
Wrapping close our robe about us
Passing on the other side.

If we knew, when friends around us
Closely press to say "Good-bye,"
Which among the lips that kiss us
First beneath the flowers would lie,
While like rain upon their faces
Fell our bitter, blinding tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We should whisper in their ears.

Earth's Noblemen.

The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follow king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whatever their task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their droops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rest the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main,
God bless them for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

A Temperance Appeal.

BY FONTENELLE.

"Good will bear ye for others!"
Those words our Saviour gave;
Then, let thy fallen brothers
Now be thine aim to save.
Those wretched, crushed, and lowly,
Bound down by liquor's chain,
With words, and tokens holy,
Strive to upraise again.

With trust reposed in Heaven,
Obey each needful call;
God's help to thee is given,
His care extends o'er all.
Behold Christ's crowning glory,
Ye aged, and ye youth!
He sets His shrine before thee,
Thy guide be Him and Truth.

Resolve with firm endeavor,
The wine-cup to forgo;
And nevermore, oh! never
Yield to that mocking foe,
Then, where seemed woe and sorrow
Upon Life's toilsome way,
The dawning of to-morrow
Will banish far away.

And sweeter joys possessing,
Will bide with him that roams
And countless untold blessings,
Will cluster 'round our homes.
O! fathers, sons, and mothers,
Behold the shining ray!
O! wayward youths, and brothers,
Pursue this heavenly way!

—For Truth

The Volunteers' Song.

Up and arm you, one and all!
Arm to guard our native shore;
Sons of freedom hear the call—
Arm you, as in days of yore!

Hearken not to them that say
Let us have no vain alarms,
War will never come our way;
Hearken not, but grasp your arms.

Up to guard your country, arm you;
Find a rifle every man;
If they say "We will not harm you,"
Make it "Neither will nor can."

The Separation.

A wall was grown up between the two—
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were wide apart,
Although they shared one bed, one bed;
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference worse than hate
Changed love, pure gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;
Too proud to mourn, too strong to grieve;
The wall pressed heavily on her heart;
Her white face told her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day
Twixt man and wife, twixt friend and friend;
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, not unkind though,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone—
Such things as these, before you know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

Truth.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

Before my dreamy sight
A beautiful vision passed;
A creature more divinely bright
Her shadow never cast.
Her throne seemed ivory,
While o'er her robes of white
Floated an azure drapery,
Glittering with heavenly light.

A chaplet crowned her head,
Composed of choicest flowers,
Culled where the saints in glory tread,
'Mid amaranthine bowers.
Each leaf and flower a gem,
Whose lustre from afar,
Sparkled upon her diadem
Like morning's loveliest star.

Eternal youth had sealed
Its impress on her face;
The roses on her cheek reveal'd
Of care and blight, no trace.
Her form, no pencil's touch,
Nor language can portray,
Its symmetry, its beauties such
As shine in heaven's own day.

In her right hand there gleamed
The Spirit's awful sword;
And at her side in glory beamed
The symbols of the Lord.
Celestial rainbows rose
And spanned her with their view,
Their blended shades, in soft repose,
A chastened halo threw.

Condensed in awful gloom,
The clouds her footstep were;
Dark clouds, like those which crape the tomb
When Hope sinks in Despair.
In solemn majesty
She stood—the clouds beneath
Were rolled onward, noiselessly,
By the Almighty's breath.

Ode to "Truth."

The following is from the pen of W. G. Rawbone Toronto, and was published in 1874:—

"Speak thou the truth, let others fence
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop,
Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight
Borne from thee by the swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not the path is plain;
His path within for those without
Is paved with toll and pain.

One fragment of His blessed word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole half-heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth;
Falling to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Show thou the light, if conscience gleam,
Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send His beam
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on! hold on!—thou hast the rock,
Thy foot is on the sand;
The first world tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified, at last appear
The true in Him that's true."

—For Truth.

Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer.

BY J. MRS. SMITH.

I.
O born in sin and formed of death,
Now formed anew by second birth,
We on *Our Heavenly Father* call,
God blessed for ever over all.

II.
Thy Name be hallowed through the world,
Thy Gospel's banner be unfurled,
Till all mankind, in righteousness,
Thy glorious Word and works confess.

III.
Thy Kingdom come in power and grace,
Till glory reigns in every place,
And force and fraud no more combine
To desecrate Thy temple's shrine.

IV.
With watchful zeal Thy Will be done,
By all that breathe beneath the sun,
As angels do Thy Will above
In flaming ministries of love.

V.
Give us each day our daily bread,
And all our needs with grace beaded,
And be our highest feast supplied
From Jesus and His crucifix.

VI.
Wash me in His atoning blood,
From sins that have Thy grace withstood,
And teach us others to forgive,
That in Thy smile our souls may live.

VII.
And, lest we err and turn aside,
Be Thou our Counsellor and Guide,
Shield from temptation; save we pray
From sin and Satan's subtle sway.

VIII.
Thine is the Kingdom ever all,
And each event Thou dost forestall,
And order with unquestioned right
All power and glory infinite.

IX.
And since Thou dost Thy servant bless,
Fulfilling all Thy promises,
With timely hand we ask again,
That Thou wilt add Thine own Amen.

Amen!

"Spring Song."

Spring is abroad!
There is life in the air,
There is life in the cloud;
On the earth everywhere
There is life and to spare,
Spring is abroad.

In the time of Spring,
If the sun but fling
A smile to the wintry sod,
Her heart will swell,
And in bud and bell
She will bloom her joy abroad.

And gentle deeds,
Like flowers, have seeds;
From beauty, beauty grows;
From eye to eye
Smiles multiply,
And joy's bright blossom blows.