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Poetry of the Hour.

I Heard a Voice.

By Theodosia Garrison.

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valiant soul I knew)
And the joy of his song was a wild
bird winging
Swift to his mate through a sky of
blue.

Myself—I sang when the dawn was
flinging
Wide his guerdon of fire and dew;
I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valiant soul I knew).

And his song was of love and all its
bringing
And of certain day when the night
was through;
I raised my eyes where the hope was
springing,
And I think in his heaven God smiled,
too.

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valiant soul I knew).
—The Metropolitan Magazine (Sept.)

Simple Questions.

I asked my papa why the world
Is round instead of square,
And why the piglets' tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air,
And why the moon don't hit a star,
And why the dark is black,
And jest how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back.

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh,
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray.
And then my pa got up an', oh,
The awful words he said!
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Jest sen' me off to bed!

The Wanderer.

James M. Kenyon.

Have you seen our little one?
Yesterday
In our midst she sweetly shone,
Radiant, star-like; there were none
But did love her; ah, they say
That we've lost her—that she's gone
Far away.

You would know her on the street,
Shining hair,
Eyes of blue, and dainty feet—
You would know her should you meet
Our lost darling anywhere;
God's own saints are not more sweet,
Nor more fair.

We have sought her to and fro,
But in vain;
Ah! if she could only know
How our hearts with tears o'erflow,
She would come to us again;
She would take away our woe,
Heal our pain!

Shall we ever see her more?—
Shining head,
Laughing lips and eyes of yore?
Shall we have her as before—
Our lost bird that lightly spread
The swift, viewless wings she wore,
And so fled?

Love's Immortality.

By Elsa Barker.

Among those things that make our love
complete
And high beyond all others I have
known,
This knowledge is not least: That
we have sown
Together seeds of beauty that shall
greet
Strange years in blossoms that the reck-
less feet
Of death shall not destroy; that we
have shown
To blinded eyes the visions of our
own,
And made our blood in other's veins to
beat

Why should we yearn for immortality
In some imagined heaven, when on
earth
Our flowers of song perfumed the
dusty road
And speak to passers-by of you and me?
Enough if we have justified our birth
By entering the immortal abode.
—The Metropolitan Magazine (Sept.)

Carneguy.

O. T. DeBrisay.

What you call 'im?—Carneguy?
I tink dat 'ees ees nam;
Dat feller's got whole lot money,
Spose more 'an oder man.

Well, sir, he's make one funny rule,
And ver good rule, dey say;
No need no more for go to school,
To learn to write l'anglals.

If you can speak, dat's all you care,
To write 'ees easy ting;
So long you put de letter dare,
And notice how it ring.

Mos' any man can write dat way,
No need for go to school,
And if you can't, well, then I say,
By gosh! you mus be fool.

But how you tink he fix la chose,
Wit Edouard and Laurier?
He build de bibliotheque, I sponse,
In every large city.

He spend one million—den some more,
Buy all de book he can;
By cripe! I tink the would be poor,
If he was 'noder man.

Some feller laugh about 'ees rule,
"It 'ees no good," dey say;
For sure, dey sooner go to school
And learn de proper way.

Some oder feller say de same,
But soon dey get some pay;
And den, although dey have big name,
Dey shout for Carneguy.

For me, my fren, I'm valry glad,
We have new rule to-day;
I write de English not too bad—
Tanks be to Carneguy.

Bread Upon the Waters.

A melancholy, life-o'erworned man
Sat in his lonely room, and, with slow
breath,
Counted his losses—thrice wrecked plan
on plan,
Failure of friend, and hope, and hearth
and faith—
This last the deadliest, and holding all,
Help was there none in weeping, for the
years
Had stolen all his treasury of tears.
Then on a printed page his eyes did fall,
Where sprang such words of courage
that they seemed
Cries on a battlefield, or as one dreamed
Of trumpets sounding charges; on he
read
With curious, half-remembering, musing
mind.
The ringing of that voice had something
stirred
In his deep heart, like music long since
heard.
Brave words, he sighed; and looked
where they were signed;
There, reading his own name, tears made
him blind.

Her Garden.

Edmund Burke, M. A.

The garden path winds here and there,
And leads unto her favorite seat
Where lilac plumes waved overhead,
And daisies blushed to kiss her feet;
While frail laburnums, April's fire,
O'er-topped the hawthorn and sweet-
briar.

I see her stoop and gently take
The lily from its lowly bed,
And for the fragrant southernwood
Pass by the tulip's flaunting red,
And hear her say with gentle zest,
She loved old-fashioned flowers the best.

She treads the winding path no more,
I seek alone that shady spot,
Where still in spring the lilacs bloom
And shines the blue forget-me-not:
While on a dainty apple spray
The thrush re-echoes his own lay.

Is it a flash of angel wings,
Or only swallows in their flight?
We tread the well-known path again,
I hear her footstep slow and light;
She comes to greet, and every flower
Breathes incense on that sacred hour.

Her smile dispels the shades of death,
Lit by the soul's Shekinah glow,
And bliss beyond all human speech
Our souls in sweet communion know;
So Hope remains with peaceful eyes,
And waits that other Paradise.