

## 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.

## THE AWARD.

The following little poem, entitled "After," selected and sent in by "E. W. E." Toronto, is considered to be entitled to the prize this week. The majority of poems sent in for competition are altogether too long. "After," besides being a very pretty little selection is just about the length we like poems to be. The full name and address must be furnished for publication by "E. W. E." before the money will be paid over. In all cases hereafter the sender's name and address must be attached to the poem sent in order to gain the attention of the editor.

## After.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;  
After the snow the emerald leaves;  
Silver stars when the day is gone,  
After the harvest golden sheaves.

After the clouds the violet sky;  
After the storm the full of waves;  
Quiet words when the winds go by;  
After the battle peaceful graves;

After the knell the wedding bells;  
After the bud the radiant tree;  
Joyful greetings from and farewells;  
After our weeping sweet repose.

After the burden the blisful mood;  
After the fight the downy rest;  
After the furrow the waking seed;  
After the shadowy river—'t is.

## Canada's Pioneers.

BY DR. DUFFY.

Our fathers! Where are they? those heroes of old,  
Whose brave hearts and strong arms were served  
For the strife.  
Mid dangers, to battle with sufferings untold,  
And with their "a-blood a nation to life?"  
They have gone from the scenes and the homes once  
Their own.  
Oft unwept, to their low narrow houses alone.

O brave pioneers, by whose hard handed toil  
The primal forests were quickly removed,  
And fields taught to yield up rich fruits from their soil,  
Where'er the wild beasts and the fierce savage  
roved;  
Strong of limb, stout of heart, bronzed with sunshine  
and rain,  
They have gone to their rest, but their labors remain.

Though their graves are unknown, and the marble  
speaks not  
Of the deeds they achieved—there are monuments  
reared  
More lasting than marble—more noble than what  
In the wake of the warrior too oft have appeared;  
Our beautiful country, each broad acre and town,  
Are memorials that tell of those men of renown.

Our arts and our science, our churches and schools  
Our government, based on foundations of right;  
Our high courts of justice, where equity rules,  
Our nation an honor, unsullied and bright,  
Of the wisdom that guided our ancestors tell  
When they founded this nation—may we build it  
as well.  
Kingston, Ont.

## A Dinner and a Kiss.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"  
The blacksmith's daughter said,  
As she took from her smoky kettle  
And lifted its shining lid.  
"There's not any pie or pudding,  
So I will give you this."  
And upon his toil-worn forehead  
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron  
And dined in happy mood,  
Wondering much at the savour  
Hid in his humble food.  
While all about him were visions  
Full of prophetic bliss;  
But he never thought of the magic  
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,  
Merrily studded away,  
Sleeping at sight of a squirrel,  
Catching some wild bird's lay,  
And I thought how many a shadow  
Of life and fate we should miss,  
It always our frugal dinner  
Were seasoned with a kiss.

## In Bohemia.

JOHN BOTTLE O'BILLY.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.  
For only there are the values true,  
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.  
The prizes of truth and state are won  
By shrewdness or force, or by deeds undone;  
But fame is sweeter without the feud,  
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.  
Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime  
From every class and clime and time,  
Aspiring only to be enrolled  
With the names that are writ in the book o' gold;  
And each one bears a mind or hand  
A palm of the dead Bohemian land.  
The scholar first, with his book—a youth  
Affame with the glory of harvested truth;  
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,  
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;  
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,  
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—  
And the player is king when the door is passed.  
The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last;  
I'd rather fall in Bohemia than win in another land;  
There are no titles inherited there,  
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;  
No gilded ducal native born  
To stare at his fellow with laden scorn;  
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;  
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;  
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,  
But for beauty and truth men's sons have made.  
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast  
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;  
But the history of soul soon learns to know  
The moistureless frost of the social show;  
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast,  
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;  
The organized charity, scribbled and lood,  
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;  
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,  
Where a friend in need is a friend in want;  
Where the only aim is to keep aloof,  
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.  
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the  
grasp of a friendly hand,  
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land.

—For Truth.

## The Woods are full of Them."

(I've ancient saying.)

## A BALLADE OF THE SPRING, 1885.

BY C. F. MULVANT, M. D.

The woods are full of weather-worn  
Fallen fragment tree-trunks left forlorn  
From last year's lumber harvest crop  
Of pines with thunder-splitten top;  
Of saplings that no leaves adorn;  
Of bitter barrenness and thorn;  
Of all things withered, trampled, torn—  
Of fallen flower and broken prop  
The woods are full.

And yet through boughs by winter shorn  
Spring pulses wake this April morn;  
And when the maple shoot we lope  
The sweet sap trickles drop by drop;  
And if her fore that nose need scorn,  
The woods are full.

## Canada.

P. WILLIAMS.

I love the land that gave me birth,  
Tho' cold her north wind blows;  
I love her ice-bound winter lakes!  
I claim a kinship to the flakes  
That form her virgin snows.

I've roved in many a southern clime  
Where orange blossoms wave;  
Where broad bananas fan the air;  
Where flourishes the citron fair  
Beside the azure wave.

I've lain beneath the myrtle's shade;  
Beneath the vining palm;  
Amid the oleander grove,  
Where summer perfumes ever rove,  
With many a fragrant balm.

I've pulled the luscious, fragrant pine,  
And culled pomegranates fair—  
The sugar apple of the south—  
And dates—those conquerors of the drouth—  
And cherimoyas rare.

I've seen beneath the crystal wave  
The coral insect's home,  
Bright flowers that with the rainbow vie,  
And beautiful shells that scattered lie  
Beneath the ocean's foam.

I've watched the molten tropic's sun  
Go down beneath the sea—  
Where Chimborazo cleaves the sky,  
Abtazo with many a sunset dye  
Reflected on our lee.

I've watched the ponderous sport of whales,  
In southern seas at play;  
I've watched the Chilean condor's flight  
To towering crag; where first the light  
Proclaims the dawning day.

I've seen the lightning flash from eyes  
Where midnight shadows lie;  
When Spain's proud daughter met my view  
With locks that mock the raven's hue,  
Whose pinions cleave the sky.

Bermuda's daughters too, I've seen,  
Whose beauties Moore has sung;  
And friendship's warm right hand I've met  
I feel the tingling pulses yet—  
From strangers roved among

But over turns my heart to thee,  
My bright Canadian home;  
And dearer growthy broad green lakes,  
Thy silvery streams, thy woodland brakes,  
With every step I roam.

The proud magnolia's bloom I love;  
The myrtle's perfumed shade;  
But, oh! how dear above them all,  
A single crimson leaf let fall  
By Huron's maple glade.

By Huron's sunnyshores I've left  
My dearest friends on earth;  
May God's own mantle from above  
Enfold them and the land I love—  
The land that gave me birth.

—For Truth.

## "Hold the Fort."

(Version in Medieval Latin—Mètre same as in the original)

BY C. F. MULVANT, M. D.

I.  
Ecce surgit signum Regis,  
Festis militibus!  
Debellantis sola gregis  
Lux et alma spes.

"Arceum fortes occupato  
Expectantes Me!"  
Respondemus "Jesu, grato  
Adjuvante To!"

II.  
Ecce furor internorum,  
Et Sathanus dux;  
Sed agminibus nostrorum  
Stat vexillum crux.

"Arceum fortes occupato  
Expectantes Me!"  
Respondemus "Jesu, grato  
Adjuvante To."

III.  
Ecce fulget triumphalis  
Regis purpura;  
Regis talia mox regalis  
Sit victoria.

"Arceum fortes occupato  
Expectantes Me!"  
Respondemus "Jesu, grato  
Adjuvante To."

IV.  
Pax illi per horam truce  
Adest nostra spes;  
Victor Christus cat per Cruem  
Festis militibus.

"Arceum fortes occupato  
Expectantes Me!"  
Respondemus "Jesu, grato  
Adjuvante To!"

## What did the Privates do?

Our dailies team with daring deeds,  
And books are filled with fame,  
Brass bands will play and cannons roar  
In honor of the name  
Of men who held commissions, and  
Were honest, brave and true.  
But still the question comes to me,  
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to guard the camp  
When the focs were hovering round?  
Who dug the graves of comrades dear?  
Who laid them in the ground?  
Who sent the dying message home  
To those he never knew?  
If officers did all of this,  
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to fill the place  
Of comrades slain in strife?  
Who were the men to risk their own  
To save a comrade's life?  
Who was it lived on salted pork  
And bread too hard to chew?  
If officers did this alone,  
What did the privates do?

Who laid in pits on rainy nights  
All eager for the fray?  
Who marched beneath a scorching sun  
Through many a tollsome day?  
Who paid the sutler double price,  
And scanty rations drew?  
If officers get all the prize,  
Then, what did privates do?

All honor to the brave old boys  
Who rallied at the call—  
Without regard to name or rank  
We honor one and all.  
They're passing over one by one,  
And soon they'll all be gone  
To where the books will surely show  
Just what the boys have done.

## Church Bells.

—For Truth

SUPPLEMENTARY TO K. A. POPE'S "BELLS."

An attempt to complete the poem which Pope left incomplete.

BY EDWARD S. GOULD.

Hear the holy Sabbath bell's—  
Christian bells!  
What a world of consolation in their utterances  
dwell!

They commemorate the day  
When the "stone was rolled away  
From the sepulchre," where lay  
The Lord of Glory, slain for sin not his own;  
Thore he burst the bands of death,  
With Omnipotence's breath,  
And majestically rose,  
Triumphant o'er his foes,  
To the right hand of God—Three in one—  
Where life maketh intercession  
For our manifold transgression,  
Evermore.

Now the bells are loudly calling, bidding  
every one repair  
To the sanctuary, where  
We may offer praise and prayer;  
Their reverberating echoes through the circumam-  
bient air,  
Are rolling, rolling, rolling,  
In tones that are calling, calling,  
And in tones that are appealing—  
To believers, consolation,  
To the scornful, condemnation,  
Evermore!

Still the bells are tolling, tolling,  
And their echoing notes are rolling  
Over vale and plain and mountain,  
Calling all men to the Fountain  
Where life and peace and joy are flowing evermore  
Evermore!

Now their tones grow louder, deeper,  
They might wake the dullest sleeper  
On this peaceful Sabbath morn,  
With their word of solemn warning—  
"Time! time! time!"  
Time! time! time!

Their ponderous tongues reiterate, monotonously,  
"Time!"  
Time! time! time!  
Till the ending of the hour ends the chime:  
Then each swinging Titan knells,  
As his music peals and swells,  
From the tower wherein he dwells,  
His final monosyllable of "Time!"

Whose monotonous cadences most fantastically  
rhyme  
To the rolling and the tolling of the bells.

—For Truth.

## His Literary Wife.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. JACK.

Yea, I'm an old time farmer, sir, it is a lonely life,  
But in the passion of my youth I took a scribbler  
wife;

I married her in spite of friends, it was my own  
affair,  
But I had faith my love for her would cure the ailing  
sire.

I soon found my mistake out, though, you'll under-  
stand, I'm sure,  
For half her nights and all her days were spent at  
literator.

No matter what the work might be, Mister, it made  
me gum,  
That blot upon our happiness, the inkstain on the  
thumb.

I couldn't begin to tell you the worry I've been  
through—  
It allus irritates old sores to open 'em anew.  
"Children?" yes, we have two; they're girls, and  
showed when they was small,

A very nice domestic, sure and not like her at all.  
And "Froxy" (named Euphrosyne) is eighteen come  
next spring—  
How she can bake, and darn and cook, yet like a  
maiden sing.

"Maude" was named for mother, she's sixteen, and  
so neat,  
You never find her stockings grow in holes about her  
feet.

I don't know how they learned it, but then mother  
had such skill,  
And blood will tell in families, her thrills're remember-  
ed still.

My wife? she's in New York just now; she stays  
there half the year;  
She says the "winter" is isolate, and dreadful dreary  
here.

And then she has Sorrels, or something of that kind,  
(A sort of grange for women of a literary mind.)  
And so the girls and I are left up in the mountains  
here;

We're never lonesome, are we, I? we've health and  
plenty cheer,  
My girls get married? that won't be for many and  
many a day;

They'll not leave father all alone, now he is old and  
gray,  
My life would be all darkness, without my girls was  
here.

"What! are you crying, Froxy? why, what's the  
matter, dear?"  
If anyone has hurtled a half of that bright head  
He'll have to answer for it to me. What is it, sir, you  
say?

You love her? little Froxy? I've loved her longest  
though.  
There's the whole world to choose from, leave my  
ewe lamb and go.

We've always been together—child, do you love him,  
too?  
So queer you look, and blushing. Good God I believe  
you do.  
What sir? you are an editor, and loved her poems  
first?  
Euphrosyne writing poetry? ill luck has done its  
worst.

And now you've giv' up business and bought the  
Price estate?  
You're bound to have her seems to me, be it Pro-  
vidence or fate.  
Chateauquey Basin, P.Q.