



"Posts' Corner" Prizewinners.

As previously announced, we herewith publish the result of our new contest. I regret to say that with the exception of a very few papers the poems sent in were of a very poor class. On the other hand, the few good ones were so nearly equal in merit that choice was difficult. We have awarded the prizes as follows:—1st, Mrs. John Ridley, Langley Prairie, B. C. 2nd, Miss Ada Smithson, Greystock, Ont. 3rd, Miss M. R. Ferguson, Smith's Falls, Ont. The books will be ordered and forwarded at as early a date as possible. UNCLE TOM.

First Prize Collection sent by "Quo Vadis."

The Flowers.

Buy my English posies—Kent and Surrey May,
Violets of the Undercliff, Wet with Channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devoncombe, Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies, And I'll tell you heart's desire!

Buy my English posies!—You that scorn the May,
Won't you greet a friend from home, Half the world away!
Green against the draggled drift, Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root And I'll know where you were
soured!

Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me,"
Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free;
All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing rain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—Here's to match your need,
Buy a tuft of royal heath, Buy a bunch of wood
White as sand of Myusenbergh, Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies, And I'll tell you whence I hail!

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Unrined and thorned the aching berg prows the speckless sky;
Slew below the Wynberg first trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—You that will not turn,
Buy my hot-wood clematis, Buy a frond o' fern
Gathered where the Eskine leaps Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas crocus, And I'll say where you were born;

West away from Melbourne's dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Gore Lyan—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South
Main—
Take the flower, and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—Here's your choice unsold!
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom, Buy the Rowan's gold
Fung for gift on Faun's face, Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle And I'll give you back your home!

Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the catkins twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flare upon the plain—
Take the flower, and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—Ye that have your own,
Buy them for a brother's sake, Over Seas, alone,
Weed ye trample under foot Floods his heart a-brim—
Bird ye never needed, Oh, she calls his dead to him!

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas,
Wee for us if we forgot, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-bench, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling is known to most people as the most prominent poet and author of our time. Born in India, of English parents, and reared in an artistic and literary atmosphere, he may rather be called an Imperialistic than an English poet. The poem above quoted is characterized by Mr. Howell as the sweetest and tenderest in the "Seven Seas," a late volume of Kipling's. In his article in Munsey's magazine, entitled "The Laureate of the Larger England," he says: "I do not forget the beautiful, the exquisite, verse of William Watson, when I praise that of Rudyard Kipling; and it seems to me that I am sensible of a vaster promise, a more assured future in his work; and there is no one else to name with him. He is by virtue of his great gift the laureate of that larger England whose wreath it is not for any Prime Minister to bestow; but wherever the English tongue is written or spoken, those who are native to it may claim a share in his recognition. He stands for the empire of that language which grows more and more the only English empire which has a common history and a common destiny."

The Mother.

I.
It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me when the birds did sing;
Earth, in clammy, wedging earth,
They barked my bed with a black, damp girth.
Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.
Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.
For though in the undergrave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white,
Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow.
The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew.
The water ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.
Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.
I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.
Though they had buried me dark and low,
My soul with the seasons seemed to grow.

II.
I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more.
From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.
But under the sod in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.
I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest,
Was broken in wallings on my dead breast.
I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling;
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth bed,
To the world of sorrowing over-head.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud;
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;

But I stole past the grave-yard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;

And I keened me a voice, though my lips were dumb;
Hush, baby, hush! for mother is come.

I passed the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath
Like waves that break on the shores of death.

I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm,
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark, and so deep, for mother is there!
O, come with me from the pain and care!

"O, come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is hanked with a blossoming girth.

"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber song.

"A slumber song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth song lies!

"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there.

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;

Dead to hate, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown,
That God doth know of it high on His throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers,
That sun winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

—William Wilfred Campbell.

William Wilfred Campbell is a Canadian poet. Of this poem it is said: "The poem of 'The Mother' is his sufficient patent of nobility among poets. When it was published in Harper's magazine it attracted, perhaps, more attention than any single poem written by an American ever received. The editors of the American magazines and some of the daily newspapers wrote editorials devoted to its merit, and the London Athenaeum gave a long article on it. It is regarded as one of the great productions of this generation of poets."

Light.

The following exquisite poem, by William Pitt Palmer, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent of European critics to be the finest production of the same length in our language:

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiopian breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art, in the truthful heart,
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams
I bid their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains
Their lonely virgins kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast, man.

Equal favor I show, to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
Even the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend;
Nay, the flower of the waste, by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks eve for his lover,
And sinks to his balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in the dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountains and plain glow with beauty again
As they bask in their maternal sheen;
Oh, if such the glad worth of thy presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with Deity's smile.

Second Prize Collection sent by "Cassandra."

The Cloud.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born 4th of August, 1792; he was one of the most eminent of English lyric poets, and devoted himself to composition, *Prince Athanasius*, *Rosalind and Helen*, and *Laon and Cynthia* being among the foremost; and to philanthropic work among the poor.

He went to Italy in 1818, where he remained until the accident occurred in which he lost his life.

His poems are highly finished and musical, and bear the impress of his own intense feeling and great imagination.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder—
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the gentile that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the hills, and the gorges, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirits he loves remain;
And I, all the while back in heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rains,
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack;
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings,
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
It ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above;
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only angels can hear,
May have broken the roof of my tent's thin roof,
And stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Life strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banners unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air chained to my chair
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below,
I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky.
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

The Builders.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was the greatest of American poets. From 1835 to 1854 he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University. His poetry is marked by refined taste, beauty and elegance of expression and purity of sentiment. His chief cause of success is probably his tact in the use of the language.

Resignation and the Psalm of Life and many other of his minor poems are very widely known and appreciated. He was born in 1807, and died in 1882.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time:
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the older days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—Longfellow.