

The Poet's Page.

The Dying Christian.

BY THOMAS SPARROW.

Heel this mud wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall,
That I my willing flight may take
To Him who is my all.

Hurled and groaning then no more,
My happy soul shall sing,
As up the shining way I soar,
"Death thou hast lost thy sting."

CAN, Ont.

The Goodness of God.

BY THOMAS SPARROW.

Good Thou art, and good Thou doest,
Thy mercies reach to all;
Chiefly those who on Thee trust,
And for Thy mercy call.

New every morning are,
As Father when their children cry;
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our needs supply.

CAN, Ont.

Men of Temperance, Awake!

BY W. A. RICHARDSON.

Ye men of temperance, durst ye sleep
While fellow beings fall and die?
Awake, your faithful vigil keep,
The foe to peace and good defy.

Awake! Awake! and gird ye on
The armor ready for the fight.
Awake, your God will look upon
Your work, and help you in the right.

Awake! before the night sets in
And you must leave the work undone;
Awake and fight the accursed sin,
Till through the clouds appears the sun.

Awake for soon 'twill be too late
To rescue many a fellow-man;
Awake and save them from their fate,
Anse! for by God's help you can.

Awake! rum's battle field is strewn
With many a loved one—young and fair;
Stand firm, as from the flint-rock hewn,
For temperance both to do and dare.

Awake! and sleep not at your guns,
No faithful soldier this will do;
Advance! he gains the race who runs,
Fight, trusting God, He'll bring thee through.

Be brave! ne'er let thy courage fail,
Let "Forward, March," your motto be,
Till saved ones gladly tell the tale,
"Rum's Army's vanquished, we are free."

Awake! and fight the foe till death
Relieves thee of the noble fight,
Awake! stop but to gain your breath,
Die nobly fighting for the right.

SIDNEY, C. B.

A Christian's Wish.

BY W. A. RICHARDSON.

What shall I wish for the friend of mine?
What shall I wish for thee?
Shall I wish thee gold or jewels fine,
Or wealth from "death the sea"?
Ah no! for these are empty things,
For short on earth they stay;
Gold of itself will soon take wings
And fly far, far away.

II.

Shall I wish that fame with all its praise
May in this world be thine,
Or worldly honors with its joys
Around thy pathway shine?
Ah no! for fame will vanish when
This frame in death grows cold,
And honor perish as the lamb
Without the shepherd's fold.

III.

Shall I wish that stern affliction's tide,
May never near thee come,
Or that sad grief's portentous storm
May never round thee roam?
Ah no! for oft affliction's shaft of woe
Is sent to us for good,
It lifts the sorrowing soul to heaven
To lean upon its God.

III.

I would wish for thee far wealthier things
Than fame, or gold, or health;
I would wish for thee what soon will prove
The Christian's mine of wealth,
That wealth which stands in time to come
And never fades away,
But shines forever pure and bright
Through never-ending day.

V.

I would wish for thee a thornless crown,
Beligion's fadeless flower,
I would wish for thee a Christian's hope
To scatter all life's hours;
That hope which looks beyond the gloom
Of this our earthly home,
To that bright world where all shall meet,—
Yes, every wanderer come.

SIDNEY, C. B.

Edgar Allan Poe.

BY F. LYNNON.

In passing o'er the bards who bore the noblest gifts
Below,
The spirit turns from Robert Burns to Edgar Allan
Poe;
All who respect high intellect, the highest and the
best
Can plainly see, for Poesy, with Poe the homage
rest;
He won a name of highest fame for true poetic fire,—
No counterpart in Musc's art has Poe's immortal lyre.

To Griswold's shame he blurred the fame, and dimmed
the memory
Of grandest mind of poet kind—the bard of Balti-
more;

Could Griswold write with half the might or half the
plaintive swells
Of he who wrote, with charmed note, "The Raven"
and "The Bells"?
We answer "no," and feel it so; then why should he
condemn
The brightest star that shone afar in Heaven's high
diadem?

No theme could be more grand to me, more sweet
for bard's true song,
Than one who knew, his whole life through, but suf-
fering and wrong;
He had his sins and shortcomings—which who of us
has not?

The faults of Poe should long ago be buried and for-
gotten;
Pursued thro' life with bitter strife, and e'en in death,
by those
Who knew not half the poet's worth—his mean, [ma-
lignant] foes.

With busy pen he wrote for men who now malign his
name,
Who should have set his name erect upon the niche of
fame.

In evil hour he lost the power to fight the secret foe,
Which sealed the fate that did await poor Edgar
Allan Poe;
He yielded to the ghouls who drew him from the
path of right

Into a den of drunken men, who throw him out at
night,
Amid the ale, into the street, and left him there to
die;

They left him there, in frosty air, till morning sun
was high.

The city through who pressed along, and cared not if
he died,
Like priest of old, by Jesus told, "passed on the other
side."

Until, at last, by chance there passed, a stranger
where he lay,
Who took him in, and cared for him, nor asked for
any pay;

But all too late—the poet's fate was sealed forever-
more;
And passed away from us for aye the author of "Len-
ore."

Markham, Ont.

Rest at Eve.

BY IDA SHAFER.

All around the dusk of evening,
Like a somber curtain falls;
And the scene from glowing embers,
Dances o'er the pictured walls.
All day long have I been weary,
All the long day waited for rest;
And it comes with gathering twilight,
That is why I love it best.

In the day with naught to cheer me,
Oft by anxious care oppressed;
Is it strange if melancholy
Keeps a dwelling in my heart.
Oft at times while grief is gnawing,
Oft at times when tears are rolling,
While my firm lips uncomplaining
Guard the portals of my soul.

But at eve when falls the stillness,
And the laborer's toil is o'er,
I forget my melancholy;
Then sad visions come no more.
Now glide back those buried pictures,
That in memory live and shine.
Stored away the hoarded treasures,
Of that inner life of mine.

Many a form now gone forever,
Many a half-forgotten face,
While I ponder in the gloaming,
By the ingle-side I trace.
On the hill I see the farmhouse,
Where my early days were spent,
Ere my life had felt a sorrow,
Ere my heart known discontent.

Oft in my vine-wreathed window,
Brightly streamed the morning sun,
Waking from their drowsy couches,
All the children one by one.
From our doorstep around the footpath,
Down the sunny, sloping hill,
Till it met the crossing footpaths
From the noisy splashing mill.

In the mill-pond water-lilies
Grew far out beyond the brink,
Where the thirsting eager cattle
Came down for their sunset drink.
There we merry hearted children
Bathed their naked little feet,
Waiting far to pluck the lilies
Growing there so pure and sweet.

Or we played with careless laughter,
By the barn's wide open door,
When they brought the golden harvest
To the clean swept threshing floor.
When at eve they hung the sickles
In the gnarled old apple tree,
Then we hastened all together
Round our good kind father's knee.

—For Truth.

Oh those scenes, those scenes of childhood,
How their memory lingers yet,
As I ponder, looking backwards,
On the past with fond regret.
Vain regret, they are gone forever
With the friends beloved of yore,
As I tread life's weary pathway,
Those dear friends I meet no more.

They have passed the pearly portal
To the regions of the blest.
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.
Then I'll meet them in the palace
Of the king whom we adore;
Far beyond the hills of Buolah
Death shall sever friends no more.

Medicine Hat, N. W. T.

"The Mither at Hame."

BY MARY KNOWLES.

She went to the school for the first time,
And looked around with childish pride,
As she took her seat at the desk
By her elder sister's side.

The blue eyes shone with quiet delight
As she toyed with pencil and slate,
The little face beamed with smiles
At the sight of each little play mate.

The classes formed and work commenced,
And then began the noise and hum,
All forgot her, even her sister,
For she was busy working her sum.

She looked up in her sister's face,
Then scribbled again once more;
Then timidly glanced round the room,
And towards the school-house door.

The pencil dropped from the wee hand,
Then the slate on the desk was laid,
As if by magic the din was stopped,
And all looked at the little maid.

The little form swayed to and fro
With the stifling sobe that came,
The quivering lips just framed the words,
"Oh tak me to mither at hame."

Ah! how many in life's wide school
Find midst toil, pleasure or fame,
The face missed most in the crowd,
Is the dear old mither's at hame.

Rossmore, Man.

Earth's Covering.

BY J. B. LEARD.

When summer comes earth's all astir,
And, let us feel the soothing heat,
God clothes her in a garb of green
With beauty fraught, and odors sweet.

And when her beauty faded grows,
And autumn mars her lovely face,
God covers her with winter's snows,
That her defects we cannot trace.

Tyron, P. E. I.

Legend of The Canadian Robin.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Is it man alone who merits
Immortality of death?
Each created thing inherits
Equal air and common breath.

Souls pass onward; some are ranging
Happy hunting grounds, and some
Are as joyous, though in changing
Form be altered, language dumb.

Beauteous all, if fur or feather,
Strength and gift of song be theirs;
He who planted all together
Equally their fate prepares.

Like to Time, that dies not, living
Through the change the seasons bring
So men, dying, at giving
Life to some feeble root or wing.

Bird and beast the savage cherished,
But the Robins loved the best;
O'er the grave where he has perished
They shall thrive and build their nest.

Hunted by the white invader
Vanish ancient races all;
Yet no ruthless foe or trader
Silences the songster's call.

For the white man too rejoices
Welcoming spring's herald bird,
When the ice breaks, and the voices
From the rushing streams are heard.

When the Indian's head-dress fluttered,
Pale the settler would recoil,
And his deepest curse was uttered
On the Red Son of the soil.

Later knew he not, when often
Gladness with the Robin came,
How a spirit-chance could often
Lead to dear affliction's flame.

Knew not, as he heard, delighted
Yellow notes in woodlands die,
How his heart had leaped, affrighted
At that voice in battle cry.

For a youthful savage, keeping
Long his cruel fast, had prayed
All his soul in yearning sleeping,
Not for glory, chase, or maid;

But to sing in joy, and wander
Following the summer hours,
Drinking where the streams meander,
Feasting with the leaves and flowers.

Once his people saw him painting
Red his sides and red his breast,
Said, "His soul for fight is fainting,
War paint suits the hero best."

Went, when passed the night, loud calling,
Found him not, but where he lay
Saw a Robin, whose thrilling
Carol seemed to say:

"I have left you! I am going
Far from fast and winter pain;
When the laughing water's flowing
Hither I will come again!"

Thus his ebony locks still wearing,
With the war-paint on his breast;
Still he comes, our summer sharing,
And the lands he once possessed.

Fading in the white man's regions
Foesmen none, but friends whose heart
Loves the Robin's happy legions,
Mourns when, silent, they depart.

Two Lads.

I saw two boys, the both were fair in face,
They had set out foot to foot in life's race;
But one said to the other, "I say now, my brother,
You are going a little too slow;
The world will look on, and say, 'See Jose John,
We must put on more style, now, you know'."

So he tipped a plug hat on one side of his pate,
And strutted along with a Jockey Club gait;
And he carried a cane, and said, "It is plain,
I am too fine a fellow to toll.
I can gamble and bet, and a good living get;
But my hands are too pretty to soil."

I saw him pass on with a strut through the street;
Saw him stopped by a score of "good boys for a
treat.
While the calm "Jose John" went quietly on,
And kept his lips free from the bowl;
Worked at whatever came, turned from sin and from
shame,
And wrote "Purity," "Truth," in his soul.

I saw two men: one was fair to behold;
The other, a drunken sot, bloated and bold.
One stood on the mountain and drank of God's foun-
tain,
The other drank beer in the street.
Yet both started alike, but one made a "strike,"
Which ended, you see, in defeat.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where are the birds that sweetly sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers, that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?

The lips that smiled
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Bright eyes upon—

Where, O where, are lips and eyes?
The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs,
That were so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?

The sneering face
Of sister frail,
The plot that worked
Another's hurt—

Where, O where are the plots and snarls,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who, whilst living, oft-times wept
A hundred years ago?

By other men,
They knew not then,
Their lands are tilld,
Their homes are tilld—

Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

Suggestive.

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 all the hurts, the hurts that come with fame
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through
brain
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.

BURNS.—In the poem on "Burns," which
appeared in TRUTH of 14th inst., a few er-
rors occurred, which we desire to correct.
In the opening verse, second line, *fire*
should be *free*. In the fourth line of the
same verse, *himself* should be *hansel*. The
first line of the third verse, *portentous* and
should be *portentous*. In the sixth verse,
daddy and, being a proper name, ought to
be capitalized. The second line in the four-
teenth verse, the word *sittin* should be
littin. In the sixteenth verse, first line,
piridin should be *hiridin*. In the seventeenth
verse, third line, *chappy* should be *drappy*.