

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.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Rosedale, Toronto, acknowledges the receipt of \$5, per Mr. Jarvis, award for prize poem published in TRUTH of April 4th.

THE AWARD.

The following poem, selected and sent by Mr. J. H. Macdonald, Boom P. O., Nova Scotia, is awarded the prize for this week.

The Ideal and the Real.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

He shall be tall and kingly,
With lips that o'er touch wine,
With eyes so dark and piercing—
This hero knight of mine.
He shall be strong and steadfast
To battle for the right,
And all the world shall honor
My brave and gallant knight.

The lord of stately mansions,
And crowned with earthly fame—
I waited for his coming,
Nor knew him when he came.
No crown of earthly honors,
Nor riches did he bring;
His eyes were blue and tender,
And Love's hand crowned him king.

The years are long and many
We've journeyed side by side,
And he is still my lover,
And I am still his bride.
Would I have been as happy
With my grand knight ideal,
As with the love, and honor,
And truth, which crown the real?

—For Truth.

The Truth.

BY DR. HARRIS.

Sweet snow-white dove of light,
Aye hovering o'er life's battle field,
Nor ever stained by murky night,
Where differing din hath faith beguiled;
Thy liberty that dares to scan
Thy scope beyond the clouds,
Which prejudice and passion fan
To weave in shrouds!

A glimpse of thine approach
Bids hope and love in consort soar,
And duty climbs thy courses to watch,
To see what life hath still in store
To gild the fame of higher aim,
When honor's keenly edged,
When zeal is couraged by the fame
Of justice pledged.

And science, circling round
The giddy pinnacles of thought,
Oft seeks thy resting-place on ground
Where knowledge is with needance fraught,—
Till poisoning ken begets a pride
Insolent of faith,
And pique and pride thy beauty hide
With warring breath.

'Tis heaven's ether-wave
Beholds the come of thy flight;
This world is but thy shadow's grave,
Whose golden fringe illumines our night;
In wonderment we thread life's maze,
And feel our faith the force
That stems the ripple of thy rays
To guide our course.

wee.

The Answered Prayer.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."

BY MISS ATWOOD.

In a far-away hospital fever ward
A white bed gleamed in the moonlight clear:
Fever-stricken a boy there lay,
These words on his lips from day to day,—
"Darling mother, I want you here."

Fever coursing through every vein,
Flushed and throbbing the aching brow,
Still moaning on in unconscious pain,
Always and ever the sad refrain,
"Mother, oh, why are you absent now?"

Far away in her distant home
Kneels his mother in tears and prayer;
Her boy lay dying, she could not go
To close his eyes, and her load of woe
Seemed more than she could bear.

But she carried her load to her Master's feet,
Where each burden sore was laid,
"Stand by him, Lord, in the hour of death,
As one whom his mother comforteth,
Oh, comfort my boy," she prayed.

Silent forever that sad refrain;
Lingers instead a smile of joy;
Gone forever the restless pain,—
Hear the words of the dying boy,
Whispered words through the gathering gloom:
"Darling mother, you could not come
To watch by your dying son,
But Jesus himself is watching me—
His arms are holding me tenderly,
His wonderful love it comforts me,
Just as your own has done."

Hands that are tender, soft and white
Wrapped that form for its last long sleep;
Eyes that were full of motherly light,
Over that still face bitterly weep.

Surely in all that love was done—
Sweet flowers scattered fresh and rare,
Speak of the victory faith had won,
Shall we not call it "The Answered Prayer?"
Gore's Landing, Rice Lake, Ont.

The Oldest Christian Hymn.

[In Book III, of Clement of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the primitive church. It is there (150 years after the apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit:]

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through dubious ways
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst Thyself abase!
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love,
And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain—
Help from above.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song,
Jesus, Thou Christ of God!
By the personal word
Lead us where Truth hath trod;
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praise on high,
And joyful sing,
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

—For Truth.

Rest.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I.
My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed;
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

II.
'Tis hard to toil when toll is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

III.
The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer—
For rest—sweet rest.

IV.
'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

—For Truth.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

VI.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

VII.

'Twas always so when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My weary little head; 'e'en then I prayed
As now, for rest.

VIII.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

Hamilton, Ont.

By The Dead.

"She is dead," they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her; thy love is clay."
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.
Over her eyes, which glared too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch, they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell.
About her brow and her beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose.
And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence and scent of eglantine,
And jasmine, and rose, and rosemary;
And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it. Alone again, he and she.
He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.
He and she; yet she could not smile.
Though he called her the name she loved so well.
He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?
Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense!
But to heart and soul distinct, intense!
See, now! I listen with soul, not ear,
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it the greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?
Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
O perfect dead! O dead, most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear—
I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.
There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.
I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed;
I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,
The very strangest and saddest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring!"

Ah, foolish word! O, most kind dead!
Thought he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?
'The utmost wonder is this: I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
And am your angel who was your bride,
And know that dead, I have never died."

Twilight.

A translation for "Truth" from the French of Victor Hugo.

BY MRS. J. N. CAD RUX.

Child, go and pray—for see! the night is here!
Through cloudy rifts the golden lights appear!
The hill's faint outline trembles in the mist,
Scarcely heard a distant chariot—hail!
The world's at rest; the tree beside the way
Gives to the evening wind the dust of day.

Twilight unlocks the hiding place of stars;
They gleam and glow behind night's shadowy bars.
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The moonlit water lies in shining rest;
Furrow and footpath melt and disappear,
The anxious traveler doubts the far and near.

It is the hour when angels stoop to earth
To bless our babes amid our careless mirth.
The little ones with eyes upraised in prayer,
With tiny, folded hands and white feet bare,
Ask at this twilight hour a blessing dear
Of Him who loves His little ones to hear.

Then, while they sleep, a cloud of golden dreams
Born in the calm of day's declining beams,
Waiting in shadow till the hour of night;
Fly to each couch and scatter visions bright,
As joyous bees seek honey-laden flowers.

O, cradled sleep! O, prayers of childhood blest!
O, baby voice, speaking a loving breast!
Thy happy prayer the darkness maketh light,
Turneth to songs the solemn sounds of night,
As 'neath his wing the bird hides his head,
Thou sheltered by thy prayer thy cradle-bed.

Beyond.

BY T. J. GROW.

Beyond you mountains, blue,
Rising to obscure the light,
Leth a land where the sun shines fair,
Where the perfume of flowers is borne by the air,
Where the maidens are fair and their hearts are true,
And the young moon shines the liveliest night—
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue
Leth a beautiful land;
The inhabitants there are like forms of a dream;
All things holy and just as they seem—
Where no shadow arises to darken the view;
And the hand that is taken is friendship's hand,
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue,
Range of my imperfect sight,
Are the forms of dreams of the day, that rise
In moments of joy, when cloudless skies
And verdant fields are fresh and new,
When spring puts on her garments bright,
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue,
Bounds of my childish dream;
When shall I pass to this wonderful land?
When shall my brow by its zephyrs be fanned,
Cast out the false and hold to the true
Of this land unexplored, its flowers and streams?
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue,
Beautiful, far-off land!
My heart that is longing and looking to thee,
Would cast off this burden which clings to me,
And far o'er the mountains the long way pursue;
But the burden still clings and my heart is not free—
I see thee in dreams, cannot reach with my hand
Beyond you mountains blue.
Spring Hill, Virginia.

—For Truth.

"There Shall be no more Sea."

BY MARY KNOWLES.

We stood on the shore, and you clasped my hand,
The billows rolled up to our feet, then back,
Leaving shells and sea-weed strewn on the sand.
We watched the storm-tossed fishing smack,
While the white sea gulls flew and fro o'er head;
Your clasp grew firmer as you softly said,
"And there was no more sea."

When the morn came, the sea was calm and bright,
The little rippling waves danced to and fro,
The tall white cliffs gleamed in the warm sunlight,
And the fishing smack lay peacefully below,
"See," I said; "it came safely home to land."
You answered not, but wrote upon the sand,
"And there was no more sea."

I stand alone, alone upon the shore,
While you are far, far away, and Oh, how
I long to feel you clasp my hand once more,
But the sea—the cruel sea parts us now.
I think of the words you wrote on the sand,
And I pray, "God grant in that peaceful land
There shall be no more sea."

Rev. xx. 1.
Rosedale, Ma.

Upward and Onward.

Battling in the cause of Truth,
With the zeal and strength of youth;
Upward raise your banner higher,
Onward urge your plianx nigher
To the centre of the strife.
Strike where virtue finds a foe,
Strike while love directs the blow,
Where the foes of man are life.

Be your watchword Truth and love,
Be your star the strength above;
'Mid the pure remain the purest,
'Mid the faithful be the surest.
Temperance your banner star;
Ask not rest nor pray for peace
Till the demon foe shall cease
Life and all its joys to mar.

Warriors in the cause of right,
Earnest in your zeal and might,
Joying in your high endeavor,
Onward press and falter never,
Till the victory be won.
Shout until the field you gain,
Press to those who still remain,
Battling till the work is done.

Late to Church.

Loud sang the bobolinks, and round
The milkweed flowers the bees were humming;
I sauntered on, but soon I found
Behind me there was some one coming;
I did not turn my head to see,
And yet I knew who followed me,
Before Tom called me—"Kitty! stay,
And let me share with you the way."

We did not mind our steps grow slow,
Or noticed when the bell stopped ringing,
Or think of being late, but lo!
When we had reached the church, the singing
Was over, and the prayer was done,
The sermon fairly was begun!
Should we stay in, should we stay out,
I press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle
I followed—all around were staring—
And here and there I caught a smile;
I tried to think I was not caring;
And yet I blushed, I knew, and showed
A face that like a poppy glowed;
For every one seemed saying, "Kate,
We all know why you are so late!"