

The Poet's Page.

Up and be a Hero.

BY ALEXANDER M'LAGHLAN.

Up my friend be bold and true,
There is noble work to do,
Hear the voice which calls on you,
"Up and be a hero!"

What, tho' fate has fixed thy lot
To the lowly sunset cot,
Though thou art not worth a great
Thou mayest be a hero!

High heroic deeds are done,
Many a battle's lost or won
Without either sword or gun,
Up, and be a hero!

Not to gain a worldly beight,
Not for sensual delight,
But for very love of right,
Up, and be a hero!

Follow not the worldling's creed,
Be an honest man indeed,
God will help thee in thy need,
Only be a hero!

There is seed which must be sown,
Mighty truths to be made known,
Tyrannies to be overthrown,
Up, and be a hero!

There are hatreds and suspicions,
There are social inequalities,
Worse than ancient superstitions,
Strike them like a hero!

In the mighty fields of thought,
There are battles to be fought,
Revolutions to be wrought,
Up, and be a hero!

Useless battles to be gained,
Spirits to be disenchained,
Holy heights to be attained,
Up, and be a hero.

To the noble soul alone,
Nature's mystic art is shown,
God will make his secrets known,
Only be a hero!

If thou only art but true,
What may not thy spirit do,
All is possible to you,
Only be a hero!

Light in the Future.

BY GEO. C. CRASSET.

The leaf may fade and wither,
The flower may fade and die,
The barren forest shiver
Beneath the wintry sky.

The heart of man may falter,
And hope may disappear,
A victim on the altar
Of gloomy doubt and fear.

But spring is surely coming
When winter's wrath is spent,
And faith relieves the mourning
Of hearts by trouble rent.

The mind may dwell with sorrow
Upon its cares to-day,
Forgetting that the morrow
May drive these cares away.

The future lies before us,
Its page we cannot read;
The mouth's fly swiftly o'er us,
The years in turn succeed.

And though we all may tremble,
Before the fading light,
Which must to us resemble
An everlasting night;

There'll come a glorious morning
To dissipate the gloom;
A bright and perfect dawning
To light the opening tomb.

"Suffer the Little Children."

Suffer the little children
To come unto Me, He said,
And laid his loving fingers
Upon each innocent head;

Of such is the Father's kingdom
In the land of light and grace;
And the God of the good, the great, the wise,
Loveth each little face.

Then a man with a wicked purpose
Rose up with a brimming bowl,
And cried, "I bid for the children—
A bid for every soul,"

"In behalf of Satan's kingdom,
It's mine, its sin, and its shame;
I will lead them into the darkness
Through lanes of sin and crime."

"And who speaks for Christ's kingdom?"
Cried an angel robed in white,
"And who will lead these children
Away from the realm of night?"

Then rose up a temperance worker,
A woman fair and sweet;
"I'll care for the little children,
I'll guide their tender feet."

Then she gathered them under her banner,
The little ones and all,
The sign was a cup of water,
The scene was a temperance hall.

A Wife's Appeal.

MRS. J. BATHUR.

You took me, William, when a girl, into your home
And heart.
To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful
part;
And tell me have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or played there was not joy for me when you were
sunk in woe!

No! I would rather share your tear than any other's
grief,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all
the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough hewn bench
a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in
your tone;

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears
grow dim—
I cry, "Oh, Parent of the poor, look down from hea-
ven on him;
Behold him toll from day to day, exhausting strength
and soul,
Oh, look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou can't
make him whole;
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids
smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our
child."

I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of
rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it
long,
And it may soothe them when I'm where the wretched
feel no wrong;

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind,
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for a life more gay—if such as I have got
suffice to make me fit to thee, for more I murmur
not.

But I would ask some share of hours that you on
clubs bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not
something know?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an
hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely
be,

If you will read, I'll sit and work; then, when you're
away,
Less tedious shall I find the time, dear William, of
your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious
hours,

And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage
flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and
kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my
mind your mind.

Ool. F. G. Burnaby.

[Killed at the Battle of Abu-Klea in the Soudan,
Jan. 17, 1885.]

Brave Burnaby down? Wherever 'tis spoken
The news leaves the lips with a wistful regret,
We picture that square in the desert, shrouded, broken,
Yet packed with stout hearts, and impregnable yet,
And there fell, at last, in close melee, the fighter,
Who Death had so often affronted before.

One deemed he'd no dart for his valorous slayer
Who such a gay spear thrust that ended a story,
But alas! for the heart thrust that ended a story,
Romantic as Roland's, as Lion Heart's brief,
Yet crowded with incident, gilded with glory,
And crowned by a laurel that's verdant of leaf!

A later-day Paladin, prone to adventure,
With little enough of the spirit that aways
The man of the market, the shop, the indenture!
Yet grief-drops will glitter on Burnaby's brow,
Fast friend as keen fighter, the strife-blow preferring,
Yet cheery all round with his friends and his foes:

Content through a life-story, short, yet soul-stirring
And happy, as doubtless he'd deem, in its close.

Thou that in every field of earth and sky
Didst hunt for Death, who seemed to flee and fear,
How great and greedy fallen thou dost lie,
Slain in the desert by a nameless spear!

"Not here, alas!" may England say, "not here,
In such a quarrel was it meet to die;
But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh,
To shake the Afghan mountains lone and stern!

Like Alas by the ships, abouted thou have stood,
And in some pass have stared the stream of fight,
The bulwark of thy people and their shield,
Till Helmund or Tigris ran with blood,

And back toward the Northlands and the Night,
The stricken eagles scattered from the field!

A Hard, Olose Man.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray;
Nothing of value he gave away;
He boarded and saved,
He pinched and shaved,
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard, earned shillings he tried to gain
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray,
The years went by, and his hair grew gray;
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the pound he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting and men but dust.
The bells were gay
And laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarreled now who had little cared
For Solomon Ray when his life was spared;
His lands were sold,
And his hard earned gold
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave;
All their gold some day
Will melt away
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

A Sermon for the Sisters.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I nebbber breaks a colt afore he's old enough to trab-
bel;
I nebbber digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grab-
bel;
An' when you sees me risin' up to strouctly in
meetin',
I'st fust climb up de knowledge tree and done some
apple-eatin'.

I sees some sifers pruzint, mighty proud o' what dey
wearin',
It's well you can't apples, now, you better be de-
clerin'!
For when you heered yo' markit-price, 't'd hurt yo
little feelin's;
You wouldn't touch a dime a peck, for all yo' fancy
peellin's.

O sifers—leste apples (for you're r'ally mighty like
'em)—
I lube de ol'-time rusesets, dough it's sildom I kin
strike 'em;
An' so I lube you, sifers, for yo' grace, an' not yo'
graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it
tastes.

Is dey a Sabbath schooler heah? Den let him form his
mudder
How Jacob in de Bible's boys played off upon dey
brudder!

Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he struck de pri-
son;
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat
ob his'n.

My Christian frien, dis story proobes dat eben man is
human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd a' been a 'oo-
man.

De coasidness ob showin' off, he found out all about
it;
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever
abouted.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to git
his riches
Dey didn't go for stylish coats or Philadelphia
breeches!

He didn't waze his money when experunce taught
him better,
But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a let-
ter!

Now, sifers, won't you copy him? Say, won't you take
a lesson,
An' mln' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy
dressin'?

How much yo' spen' upon yo'self! I wish you might
remember
Yo' preacher aint been paid a cent sence somewhar
in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sashon's kinder
bittin';
A-whisperin', an' 'sturb'in' all dat's near whar dey's
a-sittin';
To look at dem, and listen at dey onrespec'ful jab-
ber,
It turns de milk ob human kindness mighty nigh to
clabber!

When the Baby Came.

Always in the house there was trouble and conten-
tion,
Little sparks of feeling flashing into flame,
Signs of irritation,
So sure to make occasion
For strife and tribulation—till the baby came.

All the evil sounds full of cruel hate and rancor,
All the angry tumult—nobody to blame!
All were hushed so sweetly,
Disappearing fleetly,
Or quieted completely—when the baby came.

Faces that had worn a gloomy veil of sadness
Hearts intent on seeking for fortune or for fame—
Once again were lightened,
Once again were brightened,
And their rapture heightened—when the baby came.

All affection's windows opened to receive it,
Pure and fresh from heaven and give it earthly
name.
Clapping and caressing,
In arms of love, confessing
That life had missed a thing—till the baby came.

Homes that were in shadow felt, the gentle sun-
shine,
Smiling, as if anxious their secret to proclaim!
Grateful songs were swelling,
Of mirth and gladness telling,
And Love ruled all the dwelling—when the baby came.

Hearts that had been sundered by a tide of passion,
Were again united in purpose and in aim;
In the haunt secluded,
Peace divinely brooded,
Where discord had intruded—till the baby came.

Little cloud dispeller! little comfort bringer!
Baby-girl, or baby-boy, welcome all the same!
Even o'er the embers
Of bleak and cold December,
Some fond heart remembers—when the baby came.

Song of the Chattahoochee.

BY EDNET LANTIER.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry again to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow, or wide,
And flow from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall,

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes or ed abdo, abdo,
The willow waterweeds hold me thrall,
The waving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work daisy,
And the little reeds sighed abdo, abdo,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Following the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadow yelf to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overcanopied, with flickering meaning and
sign,
Said: Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hill of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

And off in the hills of Habersham,
And off in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone and the white broo
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone—
Crystals clear or a cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming ston
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Aval! I am fain for to water the plain,
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the
main;
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

The Light That is Felt.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly,
"Oh mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to light before;
And only when our hands welay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness evermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

How the World Goes.

BY ANDREW M. LANG.

While I in thought am sitting
With books all spread around,
What is the whole world doing,
How do earth's voices sound;
And what are men pursuing,
On what great mission bound.

Each has his thoughts of pleasure,
His thoughts of work and play,
And some life's gladness keeping,
(O singing all the day;
And some are weeping, weeping,
Quite baffled in life's fray.

By woodland and by river,
Men stroll and roam about,
With merry maidens laughing,
They dance and sing and shout;
The cup of pleasure quaffing,
They cast away all doubt.

'Tis thus the wild world goeth,
Each man his own way goes,
Still through the world's great highway,
Life a laughing current flows,
Still life grows vaster, vaster,
And to perfection grows.

Mistake.

W. W. STORY.

How your sweet face revives again,
The dear old time, my fear,
If I may use the pretty name
I called you when a girl.

You are so young, while Time of me
Has made a cruel prey,
It has forgotten you nor swept
One grace of youth away.

The same sweet face, the same sweet smile,
The same like figure too!
What did you say? 'Twas perchance
Your mother that I knew!

Ah, yes, of course, it must have been,
And yet the same you seem,
And for a moment, all those years
Fled from me like a dream.

Then what your mother would not give,
Permit me, dear, to take,
The old man's privilege—a kiss—
Just for your mother's sake.

A fellow who lived in our village
Was bent upon stealing and pillage
So he stole a sweet kiss
From a dear little miss,
Then went back to his farm and his tillage.