

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 touching, original poem, from the pen of Mrs. Jarvis, of Rosedale, Toronto, has been awarded the prize this week. It is to be hoped that many ladies will give it a careful study.

The Work-Girl's Rest.

BY MRS. EDGAR JARVIS.

She is lying there the sighing
Wind and moaning of the surge
Long through shattered pane have clattered,
Sounding like a funeral dirge.

On the cover, folded over,
Lie her hands across her breast;
Sickness sought her, and it brought her
For those aching fingers rest.

For the tolling and the moaning
Which those pale, thin fingers know,
God will take them yet, and make them
Soft and white as falling snow.

Fewer years are, yet her tears are
Bitter drops, and numberless;
Through sin, surely, walked she purely,
And the bitterness is less.

She, earth's weakness owns, with meekness,
Of her share she has no doubt;
But, thus cowering, feels the atoning
Blood of Christ can wash it out.

Never should she (ah! how could she?)
On a husband's sheltering breast,
Soothed by kisses and caresses,
All her own, find peace and rest.

No! the maiden dreams of Alden,
And the love which there hath birth;
Thus much darts she, nought else cares she,
Love is not for her, on earth.

Ah! what is it, that exquisite
Look of rapture in her eyes?
Heaven neareth, and she heareth
Angels' harps beyond the skies.

Now she sleepeth, and watch keepeth
Azrael above her bed.
No more sorrow—no to-morrow—
She is dead!

Far from sickness, pain and weakness,
Far from everything that harms
Spirits bear her, growing fairer
Every moment, in their arms.

Till at portal of th' immortal
Gate of which she oft had dreamed—
All of Jasper, angels clasp her,
Singing songs of the redeemed.
Rosedale, Toronto.

—For Truth.

Canada.

BY CRAWFORD C. SLICK.

Fair Canada, our native land!
A poet's song for thee;
A song that will through ages stand,
To immortality.

A song of home, of humble strain,
Thy far-off sons to cheer;
With love for thee in every vein,
A song of reverence dear.

The mighty lakes, the crystal stream,
To Canada belong;
Thy rock-bound coasts and rural scenes
So seldom prated in song.

No purer land the earth contains,
Here burns the patriot's fire;
Here Christian hope forever reigns,
And tunces the sacred lyre.

Though winter's frost has clipped thy green,
Yet, soon will smiling spring
In beauty look upon the scene,
And bid all nature sing.

Long may you boast the great and good,
Thy poets be men of worth;
Thy motto: Freedom, Brotherhood,
To gild thy name on earth.

May peace and plenty be thy store,
With health and sweet content;
May never tyrants rule thy shore,
Thy greatness ne'er be rent.

Then over wide Atlantic's foam,
O'er every mount and glen,
We'll ring the virtues of our home,
And of our noble Queen.

Farmersville, March 23rd 1885.

The Warrior's Dream.

BY MRS. JOS. SAULTER.

'Tis midnight's lonely hour,
The earth with darkness crowned,
The stars their silent vigils keep
Above the battle-ground—
A ground where many heroes lie,
Whose course on earth is trod;
Where others, ere the night shall pass,
Will flee to meet their God.

Amid the dying and the dead
A wounded soldier lay,
With broken limbs and bleeding breast—
His thoughts far, far away.
They've wandered to his loved home,
A cheerful little cot,
Where dwells within, those cherished ones,
Whom he had ne'er forgot.

He dreams the war is o'er,
Its horrors are forgot;
And once again he stands within
That old familiar cot.
Again he sits within its walls,
With Nettie by his side;
He gazes round with anxious eyes
For Frank, his darling child.

His Nettie takes him by the arm,
With allenced breath and streaming eyes,
Beside a tiny, well-known couch,
Where little Frank now dyes his lies.
He takes his little hand in his,
And whispers in his ear:
"Look up, my precious one, look up,
For papa now is here."

He sees him turn his angel head,
And whispers, "Ma, don't cry;
I told you that papa would come
Before poor Frank should die.
And, papa, I must leave you,
I know 'twill give you pain;
But promise me, before I die,
You'll not leave me again."

"Dear mamma, I must leave you;
But we will meet again,
Where papa ne'er can leave us
For cruel war again!"
He gently placed his little hands
Across his lovely breast,
And softly closed his soft blue eyes—
His soul was then at rest.

The warrior wakes, his dream is o'er.
With broken heart and tearful eyes
He clasps his rifle to his breast,
Then turns his weary head and dies.
He died a noble death,
In furious battle slain;
He fought for country and his God—
His loss was endless gain.

Around that cot far, far away,
The winds are howling wild;
A mother, broken-hearted, sits
Beside her dying child.
He is her only treasure now:
The hard that they should part—
The death should snatch that flower away
From its young mother's heart.

The little one now crossed his hands
And gently turned and sighed,
Then said, "I dreamt papa had come
To see me ere I died."
His marble brow grew cold,
His last long breath was given.
That night the warrior and his child
Together met in heaven.

Toronto.

Light and Shade.

BY MISS CARRIE MUNSON.

I looked on a deep bow-window
While the moonbeams glinted in,
Painting the sleeping flowers
With a brightness soft and dim.

Their shadows are lying before them,
Like the hours that are past and dead,
The brightnesses mingled with darkness
One hardly knows when it has fled.

So the moonbeams and shadows they teach us
Though sorrows and troubles are ours,
That the brightnesses will mingle with darkness,
As well with us as with flowers.

Cobourg, Ont.

—For Truth.

The Drunkard's Reflections.

I sit alone; the friends of youth
Are gone, with friendship, love and truth,
And deepening shadows spread their gloom
Around my lonely, empty room.
Where poverty and darkness meet,
And desolation is complete.

One thing remains, an idol dear,
For it I part with all things here;
For it my choicest joys I've given,
My earthly goods, my hopes of heaven;
For this has made me what I am,
A helpless wreck, a ruined man.

Oh, fatal draught! oh, deadly cup!
In thee all joy is swallowed up;
Through thee all blessings turn to blight,
By thee all day is changed to night;
I owe to thine insidious art
A wasted life, a broken heart.

Thou, thou hast been my curse and lane;
Thou, thou hast turned my path to pain;
Thy voice changes love to hate,
And makes me poor and desolate;
For thou hast spread for me the snare
That blinds my soul to deep despair.

From this dire fount of sins and woes
A lava tide of sorrow flows;
Rolling its burning, blasting flood,
Spreading through all the earth abroad;
Blighting all things along its way,
Filling with gloom man's brightest day.

What curses has this demon brought!
What changes has this tempter wrought!
Once all was sunny, fair and bright,
Now all is darkness, sorrow, night;
I start as from a horrid dream,
I wonder, are things as they seem.

Am I the babe a mother blessed?
Is this the brow that she caressed?
Are these the hands once clasped in prayer,
While her soft kisses smoothed my hair?
Am I the bright, light-hearted boy,
My father's hope, and pride, and joy?

Am I the proud, ambitious youth,
Jealous for honor, virtue, truth?
Did I the halls of learning tread,
For me were costly banquets spread?
With friends and friendships was I blest,
In happy homes a welcome guest?

Did blushing beauty seek my side,
And stand before me as my bride?
Did benedictions crown my head,
When I the solemn promise said,
And gained the choicest joy of life—
A friend, a helper, and a wife?

Oh, woe is me! deceived, beguiled,
The serpent stings where Eden smiled;
The joys of paradise are fled,
The flowers of hope are faded, dead;
The fatal cup has swallowed all,
And holds me in its fearful thrall.

She who once blessed my happy life,
My friend, my comforter, my wife,
Is gone—her calm and beautiful brow
Lies cold in death's deep pallor now;
And the fair babes that blessed our home
Forsaken and neglected roam.

All, all are gone, and still I go,
Dragged onward down this path of woe;
I struggle vainly to be free,
But see no joy or hope for me;
Before me yawns the opening tomb,
Beyond it waits the eternal doom!

Oh, that the thoughtless ones might flee
The fatal spell that ruined me;
Heed not the siren though it sings,
But fear the sadder ere it stings,
And breathe to heaven one silent prayer
For those now struggling with despair.

—For Truth.

A Soldier's Sacrifice.

BY "MALARKO."

'Tis upon the field of battle; on the field of Water-
loo!

Where Napoleon's brave and Wellington's are fight-
ing hard and true;
Where the iron hail sweeps in volleys, straining cloth
with cartridge red;
Where battalions charge and falter 'mid the dying
and the dead.

Fiercely rages that mad battle! Charge on charge
has been repelled!
Not a man is spared from duty; all the ranks are
doubly swelled,
And the cannon's boom grows deeper, and the rifles
rattle loud!

While a host of gleaming sabres penetrate the bank
cloud
But there comes a lull in battle, and the struggling
lines withdraw.

Like combatants, who discover each the other's
strength with awe,
Both stand glaring, watching closely, advantageous
points to gain,
Where success may crown their efforts on that awful
battle plain.

Lines are changing old positions; wheeling here and
whirling there;
Every patriotic heart pulsating with a will to do and
dare.

Strong battalions form in masses, bold dragoons
form into line,
Then await expected mandates on the crest of that
telling
Where Napoleon dashed his lancers to the depth of
the ravine,
Which is more renowned for slaughter than his can-
non-shot, I ween.

Here, among the British Life Guards, two fond com-
rades, side by side,
With stern faces, pale, yet noble, watch the battle's
surging tide.

But their lips speak not a murmur, nor do bosoms
quail with fear;
They are ready for the conflict, tho' a warrior's doom
is near.

'Tis then, 't is when honest warriors think of home and
limb on high;
'Tis the time when prayers are uttered—when a man
prepares to die;

But these comrades think of Beale—Beale Deloit
o'er the main,
Clarence is the maiden's lover; 't is his love her—
love in vain

So each thinks of this sweet maiden, in the turn of
his own mind,
Until many blessed fancies round their throbbing
hearts are twined;

Then with eyes upturned to heaven, and with lips
employed in prayer,
They implore the kind Creator to protect her with
His care.

Suddenly, Napoleon's lancers charge across the open
field;
"Forward," Wellington has uttered, every trooper's
heart is stirred.

With a shout that fain would daunt even the can-
non's hollow roar,
Every Life Guard bares his sabre, dashes forward to
his doom.

Sabres flashing! chargers dashing; warriors tramp-
ing under foot;
Troopers yelling! brave hearts willing! Which bat-
talion will retreat?

Slashing, clashing, screaming, rearing, horses
plunging, frantic all;
Wounded, dying, moan together, "Will the French
or British fall?"

Boom! the heavy cannon thunder! Boom! the
shrieking shells explode!
Boom! boom! the grape shot scatters,
and with haste the gunners load.

Oh! the awful din of battle! oh, the rush of tramp-
ling feet!
Oh! the thousands dead and dying! oh, the fate
brave warriors meet!

What is this? The Life Guards fleeing? Well, per-
haps 't is better so,
Wellington has set a new movement that will turn
the battle's flow;

But the fierceness of that conflict has laid many
troops low,
Are the comrades with the fleeing? Yes, there's
Philip on his back,

But he seems so idle uneasy, turning ever to look
back.
See! he falters—wheels his charger! dashes wildly
back alone!

Back to where he finds his comrade standing by his
fallen side,
Bravely wielding his bread-eater 'gainst four troop-
ers pressing.

While on every hand draw nearer the bright lances
of his foes,
Right into this very centre dashes Philip at full
speed.

Little thinking of his own life, little caring for his
stead;
Mindful only of sacred Beale, and the sorrow she
must feel.

If brave Clarence falls a victim 'neath his adversary's
steel,
Twice and thrice his sabre flashes, dealing death at
every stroke.

Once again he wields the weapon—'tis the last! his
sword is broken
And the fumes now are hidden in the rolling battle
smoke.

Al! is over, and the maiden's faithful heart is free
from pain
Clarence lives, but not the Philip a life-blood ebb upon
the plain;

And the comrade kneels beside him with pale fea-
tures, tear-dimmed eye,
Listening to the words low spoken, in a deep, path-
etic sigh:

"Faithful comrade, I am dying. Oh, I feel life eb-
bling fast.
Just a while of painful breathing, then my suffering
will have passed.

Raise me in your arms, my comrade; staunch this
bleeding at my breast—
Give me water, water, water!—oh, its moisture
brings me rest.

Lay my head upon your shoulder; wipe the froth
from off my lips;
Take my hand within your strong one, pressing tight
the finger-tips.

That is better, comrade, thank you; I am resting
now with ease.
Send this ear a little closer, listen for a moment,
please.

I have something I must tell you ere my soul has
taken flight;
Something that may bring you solace in the lonely
camp to-night.

One more swallow of the water, noble comrade—hold
me so—
I must hasten, for I weaken, life's dim light is burn-
ing low.

Say to Beale, when you meet her, that I knew she
loved you best;
Tell her too that I have loved her, though my love
was unexpressed.

Say I knew that your body had been found among
the slain,
Her sweet life would have been shadowed with a deep
and bitter pain;

Say I loved her, oh, so dearly that I gladly gave my
life,
That she might be spared from sorrow—that she
might yet be your wife.

Tell her this, my comrade, tell her—tell her—Clar-
ence—do you hear—
All is dark—I cannot see you—ah, I felt that sea-
ding tear.

Do not weep—my trials are over—farewell comrade—
—this is death."
And he passed to meet his Maker, leaving a name upon
his breath.

When that awful war was ended, and the tinards
came home again,
Finding many hearts with happiness, and many more
with pain.

Beale came to meet brave Clarence, and he told of
Philip's love.
And the weapon maiden whispered, "Brother, we
shall meet above."

Toronto, March 13, 1885.