

## 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.

Quite a large number of excellent poems, original and selected, have been sent in for competition in this page from, which those now appearing have been selected. "My Child" has been awarded the prize. It was sent by Frank P. Beynon, St. Catharines, Ont., to whom the prize will be paid on application.

## My Child.

BY REV. JOHN TIERNEY, D.D.

I cannot make him dead:  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And through the open door  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call:  
And then I think me that he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;  
A satchel'd lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair;  
And, as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin-lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er him prayer I kneel;  
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watch'd over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes—that he is not there!

When, at the cold, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To him who gave me my boy—  
Then comes the sad thought—that he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,  
Whatever I may be saying,  
I am, in spirit, praying  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his warlike lock'd—*he is not there!*

He lives! In all the past  
He lives; nor, to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dream I see him now;  
And, on his angel brow,  
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!  
Father, thy chastening rod  
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
That, in the Spirit land,  
Meeting at thy right hand,  
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

## Poor, Tired Mother.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,  
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in paradise,  
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,  
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throngs;  
"And," said father, leaning lazily back in his easy chair,  
(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere),  
"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er  
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed, shining shore!"  
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the red  
She was painting on a wa'er-jug, and murmured,  
"Yes, indeed,"  
And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,  
And "Yes, indeed!" repeated with a most ecstatic look.  
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,  
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—  
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—  
And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,  
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,  
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."

## A Loving Heart.

Strangers may cast a glance of scorn;  
For that we are not to blame,  
And foes deride us or berate,  
Can we not do the same?  
But when there falls from lips we love  
The taunt that leaves a smart,  
Oh! how unkind the hasty word  
That pains a loving heart.

All-fortune is a willful dame;  
She tries us many ways.  
Strips us of riches and of fame,  
And brings us gloomy days.  
No hurt is that to what we feel  
When our dearest stands apart!  
Oh! I then be chary of the slight  
That pains a loving heart.

Give me a little corner  
Where the sun shines in all day,  
And eyes that beam with love for me,  
And a heart that's true alway.  
A brighter jewel does not shine  
In all the world's great mart.  
Now this, and only this I ask  
To claim one loving heart.

—For Truth.

## Only a Drunkard.

BY MRS. PHILIP KAMER.

Only a drunkard, the proud world said,  
Nor even turned her haughty head  
To glance at the heap of grief and woe,  
Half hidden by the drifting snow.

Only a drunkard—each tone a sneer,  
As she turned aside from the scene to dream,  
Scorning to heed the dying man,  
Of one whose heart was turning to stone.

Scorning to reach out a hand to save  
One o'er now at the brink of the grave;  
Too selfish to yield one moment up  
To a fated prey of the deadly cup.

Too heartless to hear the widow's wail,  
Or to list the cry of the infant pale;  
Too heartless to pause, as the blast swept by,  
To see a fallen human die.

I cannot stop in reckless glee,  
And a drunkard's soul is naught to me;  
Such work as this, I verily ween,  
Belongs to the church so joyous and clean.

Only a drunkard, the church replies,  
As she dashes a tear-drop from her eyes,  
Then, draws her mantle of saltily grace  
About and with pious face.

Returns to her self-appointed task  
Of answering idle queries asked,  
Of teaching doctrines most abstruse,  
And collecting cash for varied uses.

'Tis harvest time, and with laborers few,  
In the whitening fields there is much to do;  
To the world belongs such work as this—  
Strange! she such a duty plain will miss.

I have work to do in foreign lands;  
In tropic forests on golden strands;  
Beside, many houses I'm pledged to raise,  
To fill with prayer thanksgiving and praise.

The thought of stooping to such as these,  
Is one that fails my fancy to please.  
And more, the Bible has plainly said, 'T  
No room in heaven for a drunkard dead.

Only a drunkard—the scraps repeat,  
As they hover about the mercy seat;  
While the heavenly host with heads bowed low,  
Silence their harps in pitying woe.

Only a drunkard—'twas the voice of One,  
The Father's well beloved son;  
What though his sins be red like blood,  
I cleanse them in the atoning flood,  
Till, white as snow, his soul shall be,  
And he shall reign henceforth with me.

The fat passed the hosts above,  
Harped forth their gladdest song of love;  
While far and wide the scraps cried,—  
For such as this the Savior died.

Kingwood.

—For Truth.

## The Shadow on the Wall.

(The Widow's Story.)

BY MARK L. DOUGHERTY.

My home a humble cottage is,  
The ceiling low and poor;  
The furniture the meanest kind,  
No carpet on the floor.  
No pleasant scenes around it spread,  
No woodlands cool and sweet,  
No brooks with sparkling water bright,  
Naught but the dusty street.  
But a happier home is near it,  
A mansion large and tall,  
And out its shadow reaches,  
Even to my cottage wall.

The mistress of that Eden bright,  
A lady rich and fair,  
With eyes as black as darkest night,  
And long and raven hair.  
Oh, oft she walks at even,  
And seems beneath the tree,  
An angel dropped from heaven,  
From all life's sorrow free.  
But I turn from twinkling gas-jets  
That light the brilliant hall,  
With heavy heart to watch the play  
Of a shadow on the wall.

I have no pretty gems of art,  
No books nor time to learn;  
The bible rests upon the stand,  
But seldom its leaves I turn.  
For from daylight unto darkness,  
My weary round I go,  
From summer's blazing sunshine,  
To winter's cold and snow.  
No music books or pictures,  
Like the lady at the hall,  
Naught but the weary shadow  
Facing up and down the wall!

—For Truth.

## There's Light Above Us.

BY OSWALD ROSS JOHNSON.

When the light of day departing  
Draws the curtain of the skies,  
And the gloomy clouds of autumn  
Hide the star-light from our eyes;  
Then, in sympathy with creature  
Ours hearts grow gloomy too,  
Till some angel lifts the curtain,  
And the light comes pouring through.

So, in times of deep bereavement,  
When our household sun has set,  
Oft our spirits mourn in darkness  
O'er the joys we can't forget.  
Till an angel lifts the curtain  
That enshrouds our hearts in gloom;  
Then we raise our eyes in wonder,  
For there's light above the tomb.

Yes, o yes, there's light above us,  
And the clouds that check our view  
Shall be girt with golden edges  
When that glorious light comes through;  
And the brightest radiant faces  
Of the "loved ones gone before,"  
Will be sweetly smiling on us  
From the banks of yonder shore.

Upward, therefore, ever upward  
Let us lift our hopeful eyes,  
And we oft shall catch sweet glimpses  
Of the upper paradise:  
And our dear ones, looking downward  
From the fragrant fields above,  
Oft shall drop us flowers of Eden  
As mementoes of their love.

Yes, and when our pilgrim footsteps  
Shall approach the final goal,  
And the shades of death shall gather  
Like a mist around the soul;  
Then, on angel-pinions flying,  
They shall meet us on our way,  
And conduct us safely homeward  
To the blessed realms of day.

Whitby, Ont.

## Expected Letters.

BY MRS. J. L. VETTERSTON.

How the heavy moments drag, and old time appears  
to lag;  
And the shortest days in winter seem as though  
they ne'er would end.  
Even sunshine seems less dear, moonlight evenings,  
too, seem drear,  
When we fail to get a letter we're expecting from  
a friend.

How we think the coming mail travels slow as a y  
snail,  
And arrives, at last, to cheat us of the joy we  
hoped 'twould send,  
Postmaster, smiling grim, says—so very kind in him,  
"Very sorry that I haven't got that letter from  
your friend."

But at length the day does dawn, perhaps a very  
cloudy morning,  
And the heart-ache, "blues," and other ills around  
us do descend!  
Then with sad, desponding heart, we on hopeless  
errand start,  
And feel blissful ecstasy indeed—there's the letter  
from our friend.

Eager then we break the seal, ah! what bliss it does  
reveal;  
How much hope and love and sympathy gives  
raptures without end;  
O, few know the hope to live that so small a thing  
will give,  
Awaiting and getting a long letter from a friend,  
Cobourg, Ont.

—For Truth.

## Sleep, Old Pioneer.

BY MRS. WM. MACKIE.

When the spring-time touch is lightest,  
When the summer's eyes are brightest,  
Or the autumn sings most dear;  
When the winter's hair is whitest,  
Sleep, old Pioneer!  
Safe beneath the sheltered eave,  
Late enough you crept;  
You were weary of the toil  
Long before you slept.  
Well you paid for every blessing,  
Bought with grief each day of cheer;  
Nature's arms around you pressing,  
Nature's lips your brow caressing,  
Sleep, old Pioneer.

When the hill of toll was steepest,  
When the forest frown was deepest,  
Poor, but young, you hastened here;  
Came where solid hope was respect—  
Came—a pioneer.  
Made the western jungles view  
Civilization's charms;  
Grasped a home for yours and you,  
From this less tree arms.  
Till had never cause to doubt you—  
Progress' path you helped to clear;  
But to-day forgets about you,  
And the world rides on without you—  
Sleep, old Pioneer.

Careless crowds go daily past you,  
Where their future fate has cast you,  
Leaving not a sigh or tear.  
And your wonder works outlast you,  
Brave, old Pioneer!  
Little care the selfish throng,  
Where your heart is hid;  
Though they thrive upon the strong,  
Resolute work it did.  
But our memory-eyes have found you,  
And we hold you grandly dear;  
With no work-day woes to wound you—  
With the peace of God around you—  
Sleep, old Pioneer.

Winterbourne, Ont.

## A Transfigured Guest.

BY MRS. BRENNER.

Dark sorrow came and stood beside my hearth,  
With veiled face and sable-shrouded form;  
At her approach gay health and buoyant mirth,  
Fled trembling, and my household embers warm  
Grew ashy white and chill; without a storm  
Began to blow, and clouds across the sky  
Swept heavily; the sunlight seemed to die.

In silence sat the veiled intruder down,  
And gazed upon me; I could feel the gaze,  
Through the dark folds I thought I saw a frown  
Upon her brow. As through the gathering haze  
The storm-worn mariner sees, with dread amaze,  
The cliffs rise dark and threatening in his way,  
So did I look at Sorrow's face that day.

And yet, "Draw not thy veil away," I cried;  
"I can not bear to meet thine awful eyes;  
If henceforth at my hearth thou must abide,  
And in the lore of suffering make me wise,  
At least be merciful; keep thy disguise!  
So dread the pangs thy hidden features give,  
I cannot see thy face unveiled, and live."

Day waned, and slowly waned the dreary night,  
And still I sat beside my shrouded guest,  
Her gaze restless held my shrinking sight;  
Her voiceless lips woke terror in my breast.  
A trembling seized me, and my heart, oppressed,  
Broke, the dread silence with a shuddering cry,  
"Oh, let me see thine awful face, and die!"

Then Sorrow rose, her sable garment fell  
About her feet, and slowly, fold on fold,  
She put away her veil; I could not quell  
The fear that made my very heart grow cold.  
At length unveiled, she faced me, and, behold!  
No grisly phantom was my silent guest,  
No shape of terror, but an angel blest.

The light of peace was in her steadfast eyes;  
Celestial love and pity made a blaze  
Of glory all about her. Tapt surprise  
Possessed my soul, and strength for feeble days  
Was in my born beneath her tender gaze.  
I cried, "Henceforth we will not dwell apart!"  
And clasped the Angel Sorrow to my heart.

Georgetown, Ont.

—Harper's Monthly.