

## The Port's Page.

## A Fanny.

BY MISS E. M. MICALLE.

A sweet little child was straying  
Along the beach one day,  
Headless that time was passing,  
In its innocent childish play.

As it gathered the tiny pebbles,  
Then threw them into the sea,  
Laughing and singing so gaily,  
As happy as happy could be.

Me thought, as I watched that picture  
Of beautiful childhood's mirth,  
How lovely it would be to see  
As free from care upon the earth.

But childhood's dream is soon over,  
We awake to troubles and care;  
Seeing such trials are needful,  
Our sinful hearts to prepare.

For that glorious land of promise,  
That bright golden city afar,  
Where all are so joyful who enter,  
And sorrow and sin cannot mar.

Nee-pawa, Man.

## If.

If never thy footsteps  
Went pattering across the floor,  
If never thy fingers  
Came tapping at the door,  
If never childlike voices  
Made music for the ear,  
If all were men and women  
In this sublimity sphere,  
Now easy 'tis to see  
The kind of world 'twould be.

Oh, then, impatient mother,  
With temper sadly "riled,"  
At some petty fault committed  
By thy heedless child,  
Do not too severely chide,  
For soon the day may come  
When no roguish little eyes  
May brighten up thy home.  
Then how easy 'tis to see  
The kind of home 'twould be:

## The Canadian Highlander.

BY SKELTON MARGAT, L.L.B.

Thanks to my aires, I'm Highland born,  
And trod the moorland and the heather,  
Since childhood and this soul of mine  
First came into the world together:  
I've "paddled" barefoot in the burn,  
Roamed on the braes to get the gowan,  
Or clomb the granite hills to pluck  
The scarlet berries of the rowan.

## II.

And when the winds blew loud and shrill  
I've scaled the heavenward summits hoary,  
Of gray Ben Nevis or his peers  
In all their solitary glory.—  
And with the enraptured eyes of youth  
Have seen half Scotland spread before me,  
And proudly thought with flashing eyes  
How noble was the land that bore me.

## III.

Alas! the land denied me bread,  
Land of my aires in bygone ages,  
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce,  
And countless heroes, barons and sages.  
It had no place for me and mine,  
No elbow-room to stand alive in,  
Nor room of kindly mother earth  
For honest industry to thrive in.

## IV.

Thus paraded out in wide domains,  
By cruel law's resistless fiat,  
So that the herded hordes of deer  
Might roam the wilderness in quiet,  
Untroubled by the foot of man  
On mountain side, or sheltering corrie,  
Least sport should fail, and selfish wealth  
Be disappointed of its quarry.

## V.

The lords of aerie deemed the clans  
Were anachronisms of the past,  
And that the grime, the sheep, the heaves  
Were worthless animals than yemen,  
And held that men might live or die  
Where'er their fate or favor led them,  
Except among the highland hills  
Where noble mothers bore and bred them.

## VI.

In army of silent tears,  
The partner of my soul to me,  
I crossed the seas to find a home  
That Scotland cruelly denied me,  
And found it on Canadian soil,  
Where man is man in life's brave battle,  
And not, as in my native place,  
Of less importance than the cattle.

## VII.

And love with steadfast faith in God,  
Strong with the strength I gained in sorrow,  
I've looked the future in the face,  
Nor feared the handshakes of the morrow;  
Assured that if I strive aright  
God will not fail to have beginning,  
And that the break, if not the goal,  
Will never fail me in the winning.

## VIII.

And every day as years roll on  
And touch my brow with age's finger,  
I learn to cherish more and more  
The land where love delights to linger.  
In thoughts by day, and dreams by night,  
I find in memory recalls, and bleas-  
Its heathery breezes, its mountain peaks,  
Its straths and glens and wildernesses.

## IX.

And Hope revives at memory's touch,  
That Scotland, crushed and landlord-ridden,  
May yet find room for all her sons,  
Nor treat the humblest as unbidden.—  
Room for the brave, the stonoch, the true,  
As in the days of olden story,  
When men outvalued grouse and deer,  
And lived their lives;—their country's glory.  
London, Eng., Dec. 12, 1881.

## The King's Party.

"The King has a children's party to-night,  
Your little girl is invited guest;"  
A great fear froze to my very brain,  
A great pain smote at my very breast.  
"There are plenty of little ones out in the cold,  
Why not gather them in?" I said;  
"Leave you my little one safe at home?"  
But ever she shook her shining head.

What dress shall she wear to the King's high Court?  
I tossed her little dresses about,  
Till they lay like a heap of sparkling dew.  
I came to a little robe, so white,  
It looked like a snow-drift laid with care;  
This shall she wear to the King's high Court,  
With its dainty rucks and lace rare.

What gems shall I set in her silky hair?  
So bring me the casket (sealed with pearl);  
The diamonds shine like the morning dew,  
But they shine too much for my little girl.  
I came to a dainty string of pearls,  
That were fit for a king's own child to wear;  
These shall she wear to the King's high Court,  
On neck and arms, and golden hair.

What flowers shall I put in her waxen hands?  
So bring me some valley lilies fair!  
For they droop their heads as she did here,  
When she knelt to say "Our Father's" prayer.  
And o'er her bosom strewn many a bud,  
That lies in its cascket cool and sweet,  
That went to sleep in the early morn,  
And never felt the dust and the heat.

"That shoes shall I put on your darling's feet?  
So bring me her satin slippers bright;  
The tears would come from my burning heart,  
As I thought of her dimpled feet so white;  
Dear little feet that would never ache,  
Rambling o'er his pastures green;  
And a great peace came to my aching brain,  
As I thought of her garments, always clean.

"Your child is robed for the party," they said,  
And I went to look at my darling's face;  
It was lying cold, and white, and still,  
Among soft pillows of snowy lace.  
I knew that up in the King's high Court  
The angels were singing glad and low,  
And that it was over my little girl,  
So I left her up in heaven to grow.

## My Old Straw Hat.

A PARODY ON "THE OLD ARM CHAIR."

I love it, I love it, and what of that?  
What child me for loving that old straw hat?  
I've gazed on it with unquenchable pleasure;  
I've preserved it long as a sacred treasure;  
I've guarded it long with a tender care;  
'Twas the gift of a maiden so loved and fair—  
Her fingers have woven each delicate plait,  
And a sacred thing is that old straw hat.

I love it, I love it, and who will say  
That I now should cast that old hat away?  
It hath circled my head where the sea-winds blow;  
It hath sheltered my head from the mountain snow;  
From noonday sun it hath sheltered my brow;  
And thus ye when old I'll desert it now?  
In sunshine and storm, and in wintry weather,  
That old hat and I have been friends together.

I'll cling to it fondly yet many a day,  
Till my eyes grow dim, and my locks are gray;  
And when Death's cold shaft to my bosom hath sped,  
It shall moulder, unseen, in my earth-bound bed.  
It tells me that life's parting made run fast;  
That earth's choicest gifts not long can last;  
And I joy that a lesson so pure as that,  
May be gleaned from the tale of my old straw hat.

## Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Lured on who've crossed to the further side;  
The gleam of their money robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see;  
Over the river—the mystic river—  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the homelike yet;  
His brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearfully entered the phantom barque—  
We felt it glide from the silver mists,  
And all our compasses grew strangely dark.  
We knew she was safe on the further side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the river—the mystic river—  
My childhood's hat is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,  
Who cross the stream and are gone for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their barques no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flashing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail—  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before;  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be;  
When over the river—the peaceful river—  
The angel of death shall carry me.

—Since these lines were written, the author has  
crossed "Over the River."

## A Kiss and a Smile.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile—  
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while,  
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,  
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good night!"  
The mantle of slumber is veiling the light—  
And may be—God knows—on each sweet little face  
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"  
It may be the last you will say it for aye!  
The night may be long ere you see them again,  
The motherless children may call you in vain.

Drop sweet benedictions on their little heads  
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;  
A guard of bright angels around them invite—  
Their spirits may slip from their moorings to-night.

## The Years To Be.

O, grandeur of the years to be,  
O, future all sublime,  
Fulfilled within thyself we see,  
The promises of time.  
Their bloom within thy balmy air,  
The rarest flowers of speech,  
And action in thy sun shall bear  
The sweetest fruit for each.

We sow the goodly seed to-day,  
Thy many hands all reap,  
We sow the golden grain away,  
Thy harvest soon shall reap.  
Who in to-day the seeming field,  
Slight recompense shall earn;  
Thy harvest time shall only yield,  
The glorious return.

Thy nights with never stars shall blaze,  
Thy sun shall brighter glow,  
No gladder, grander yesterdays  
Thy consciousness shall know:  
Thy song shall be a psalm grand,  
Born proudly on the breeze,  
Re-echoed o'er every land,  
And waited o'er the seas.

We plant to-day a single tree,  
Or drop a single seed,  
And millions in the years to be  
Shall praise the simple deed;  
The thing we do outreaches far  
Beyond our furthest thought,  
The toiling of the present age  
With freest blessing fraught.

With thy new light, "O Year to Be,"  
Shall beam a brighter morn,  
And manhood with thy dawn shall see  
Its truest being born.  
The earth will ring thy coming in,  
With gladdest zeal on foot,  
For then shall gloriously begin  
Humanity's best work.

—Rural New Yorker.

## Alone.

BY T. P. R. STEWART.

I.  
The fire sits on the walls  
And glitters on the piano;  
Lo! Memory's wand recalls  
The happy past again.  
I sit alone.

A tender welcome-light  
O'erlooks the fading green,  
And the leaves' sad flight  
And Autumn's golden sheen  
I roam alone.

Alas! the wild winds sweep  
O'er Winter's moon white,  
Like wreaths of restless sleep,  
Or hollow sounds of night.  
I sigh alone.

II.  
The hyacinth doth creep  
And spring-time flows bloom,  
O'er desert once before  
Within the dreaming tomb;  
I weep alone.

The distant church-bell sounds  
O'er fragrant meadows broad  
And silent sleeper's mounds;  
All pass to worship God.  
I go alone.

Soft doth the music steal  
Out o'er the flowering soil,  
No grief those sleepers feel  
Forevermore. O God,  
I am alone!

—Chicago Current.

## The Oats.

(From the Omaha Herald.)

Hear the warbling of the oats—  
Merry oats!  
Oh, I love to hear the music of their midnight night  
spasms!  
And they wait around and frisk all,  
In the joy air of night,  
In a way so weird and brisk all,  
While their shapely tails they whisk all  
With a Cataline delight—  
Keeping time with their tails,  
Like a lot of Rudio falls,  
To the concert-entertainment, sung in sundry sharp  
and flats.

Of a canticle of oats,  
Rate, rate, rate,  
Rate—  
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!

Hear the turbulent Tom oats,  
Daddy oats!  
How the catapulte back interrupts their fandang  
chats!  
In the darkness of the night,  
How their ghoulsh outcries unite  
Portland oats!

From their anasthetic throats  
An intense  
Oataphonic ditty flows  
To the turtle cat that glows—  
On the fumes—  
Ah, the tabby cat that hoots, while the glow  
To the surging canticle of their wild, cantu-  
hal notes!

Hear the hoarse grandfather oats—  
Aged oats!  
How they make us long to grasp a score of rattling  
good bricks!  
They have caught a bad catarrh,  
Caterwauling at the moon!  
(See it? Caught a bad cat it?)  
You may hear them from afar,  
Holl it like a littlish it,  
Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the aged tabby cat,  
In a futile, mad appealing to the dead, old tabby cat:  
Shrieking higher, higher, higher,  
Like a demon in a dream—  
While the little kitten cats—  
Infant cats—  
Sing as emulous, sweet ditty of their love for aim  
and rate!

That's  
But a rudimental spasm of the capers of the oats!

## Joy.

JEAN INGLOW.

Take Joy home.  
Upon this place in thy great heart for her,  
And give her time to grow and cherish her;  
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,  
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad;  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?  
There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head;  
The lovely world and the over-world alike  
Bling with a song eternal, a happy tale:  
"Thy Father loves thee."

—For Truth.

## Birthday and Autograph Verses.

Brightest rose round thy pathway  
Ever may God's hand entwine,  
May thy life be free from sorrow,  
And its choicest blessings thine.  
Many happy Birthdays follow,  
Each one brighter than the last;  
Thus may Time deal gently with thee,  
Till Life's pilgrimage is past.

May sunshine gild  
Thy natal day,  
And every cloud  
Be swept away.  
May love surround  
Thy pathway here,  
And every joy  
Be thine this year.

The truly brave are those who room  
An act, ignoble, base, to do;  
Whose deeds are fair as purpling morn,  
And thoughts are pure as sparkling dews.  
Who firmly stand with courage strong,  
And fear a wound less than a stain.  
Who all the right, repulse the wrong,  
Nor break a link in Honor's chain.  
Be this thy guide in calm or storm,  
Midst princely wealth, or homely cheer,  
A fairer wish pen cannot form,  
Oh, may it be thy portion here!

You ask me to inscribe a line;  
Upon this page a thought to trace.  
That Time's relentless hand may not,  
In coming years, the words efface.  
Thy dear friend, to trace the world's  
Though words, when traced, but ill express  
The heart's full wish, I wait above,  
That God, thy life, will guard and bless.

Alas to be useful, good, and true,  
Nee stray from Honor's shrine;  
"Kath Dury's" crown, a tender gleam,  
Inwoven with our lives, in some—  
Each day, friend, make it thine.

## JACO

## "Materfan"

Jacobs  
and cordia  
feared he i  
To meet i  
has kindly  
familiar in  
kind, moti  
decidedly  
seems, for  
been deli  
slightest d  
feeling or  
Not too h  
so write, l  
any just o  
But has b  
judgement  
pain than  
world whi  
lady cou  
ponder o  
familiar i  
late Sir A  
volume c  
tude," to  
college he  
for sayin  
ou very e  
essence, a  
to show i  
by a lon  
kindred i  
has not ti  
rate, how  
himself g  
indicate  
me, but  
Materfan  
a frightl  
sides, in  
shut one  
likely wa  
in the b  
reference  
womanh  
"For th  
"Fallen  
"And th  
Now J  
beat or ti  
but he d  
ready qu  
takes pla  
permane  
temptib  
last is in  
nally inc  
ing reac  
tera on  
them, ne  
thus leav  
theatign  
easy vict  
Havin  
pool on s  
"For th  
turns re  
and are  
and are  
and are  
to be lo  
them all  
Canada  
none lo  
say the  
Jacobs  
they ar  
such in  
than Ja  
It is  
ing in  
those