

## 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.

## A SPECIAL PRIZE.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a prize of ten dollars gold for the best original poem having reference to her Majesty Queen Victoria, suitable for publication for May 24th, the length not to exceed a hundred lines. Any person may compete and the Publisher reserves the right of using any sent, whether awarded the prize or not. All competitions to be sent in not later than May 14th.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best original poem suitable for Dominion Day, (July 1st) to be sent in not later than June 15th.

The proper name and address to accompany each poem sent. Address all directly to Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto.

## THE AWARD.

The piece for this week is awarded to the touching little poem, "A Year Ago," from the pen of A. D. Stewart, Esq., Chief of the Police of Hamilton, Ont., to whom the money will be sent on application to this office.

## A Year Ago.

BY A. D. STEWART.

A year ago the bells were ringing  
Across the hills and o'er the sea;  
A year ago the birds were singing,  
And all their song brought joy to me.

A year ago the ship was sailing,  
The gallant ship so tried and true,  
That left me sobbing here and wailing,  
And bore my darling from my view.

Ere many moons had waned, he told me,  
Home homeward on a flowing tide,  
Close to his heart again he'd fold me  
And wander never from my side.

But ah! whilst I was waiting boldly,  
And dreaming of his love for me,  
The moon was looking coldly, coldly,  
And he was drowning in the sea.

The birds are singing now as lightly  
As when we parted on the shore,  
The sun is shining just as brightly,  
But joy to me comes nevermore!

## Fair Canada.

BY JOHN INEIS.

Tune—"God Save the Queen."

God save our native land,

Free may she ever stand,

Fair Canada!

Long may we ever be

Sons of the brave and free,

Faithful to God and thee,

Fair Canada.

From every hostile band,

Free us at thy command;

God save our land;

Thee we are sons of toil,

We'll defend our soil,

From they who would depoll  
Our own dear land.

Fair as an opening flower,  
Planted in Heaven's bower,  
Fair Canada,  
Stretching from sea to sea,  
Great will thy future be,  
Land of the brave and free,  
Fair Canada!

28 Colborne Street, Toronto.

## The Song of the Thirsting.

(Rev. 21, 6.)

BY MRS. PENNALL.

The Honey-birds  
We are thirsting, golden-bowers,  
Give us of your honey. St. Luke, xii, 6.

The Flowers  
Drink, pretty birds, in sunny hours,  
Without toll or money. St. Matt, vi, 20.

The Dew  
We are thirsting, pearly dew-drops,  
For your kiss of love. Job, xxxviii, 20, 23.

The Dew  
We are coming, beautiful flowers,  
Sent you from above. St. Luke, xii, 27, 28.

The Earth  
I am thirsting, clear blue heaven;  
Drop the golden grain. Ps. lxxv, 9.

The Heaven  
Tender showers God hath given,  
He sends the gracious rain. Job, xxxviii, 11, 13.

The Son  
Lo! I thirst for man's salvation,  
Dying on the cross. St. John, xix, 28.

The Father  
Thou hast won by love,  
Thou hast won by love. Heb. ii, 9.

The Christian  
I am thirsting, O my Saviour,  
For true righteousness. St. Matt, v, 6.

Jesus  
He that hungereth thus, and thirsteth,  
I will surely bless.

All Creation  
We are thirsting, heavenly Father,  
For thy gracious love. Isa., xli, 17, 18.

The Creator  
Blessing, mercy, never-fading,  
I pour down in love.

## Canadian Spring

(An Englishman's opinion of the deceitful Sir.)

BY R. L. U., LONDON, ONT.

Of changeable spring's delusive charms beware!  
How bright 'twill be the day, the balmy air  
Is but the sickle beauty's half-fair breath,  
With dire disaster fraught, disease, and death.

Beware! If thou thy faith upon her pin,  
She will thy faith betray, and take thee in.  
With blandishments to-day she tempts thee out,  
To-morrow strikes with rheumatism and gout.

Even sagacious birds she will deceive,  
Tempted on the b-l-y breeze, to leave  
Their hibernating haunts in southern clime,  
She for their souls provides a hoary time.

The mavis in the leafless woods, is singing  
Lays sweeter far than strains of Orpheus lute;  
By gone at sun enticed, wild flowers are springing,  
Adventurous buds allured away to shoot.

Could I but warn the unsuspecting bud  
Of harm o'er hanging its devoted head.  
For, slipped by frost (who holds enchain'd the  
floods)

'Twill 'neath to-morrow's sun be blackened, dead  
And even take the crown by force.

The squirrel, the robin, and the rook, she brings  
To listen, while the frost-proof robin sings  
The dying winter's dirge, but half in doubt,  
Whether 'twould be wise to venture out.

A sad coquette is our Canadian spring.  
Let not her wily wiles disaster bring,  
Nor matricious charms, nor tender smile  
Thee from thy winter's safe retreat beguile.

Above, the sky is blue and clear and bright,  
The vernal equinox is here, with shortened night,  
The sun's envenoming beams their warmth diffuse—  
These are the fascinations she will use.

Unhappy wight! who bows in homage there,  
The fair enchantress is as false as fair,  
Thou'lt flit by, as thousands were before—  
Reel the Circe's wiles or rue it evermore.

Holding in cold embrace the woods, the streams,  
Mocked by smiling Sol's illusive beams,  
Relentless monster frost, with folded arms  
Bids defiance to the Sun's charms.

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Yet she is harbinger of summer still,  
Her part in Nature's drama she must fill.  
To sing her praises I would fain essay,  
But swift-winged Pegasus has borne my muse  
away.

## Nought is Lost.

MARY A. HUNTER.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew,  
Which trembles on the leaf or flower  
Is but exhaled to fall anew  
In summer's thunder shower;  
Perchance to shine within the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day;  
Perchance to sparkle in the flow  
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost—the tiniest seed  
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,  
Finds something suited to its need,  
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.  
The language of some household song,  
The perfume of some cherished flower,  
Though gone from outward sense belong  
To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,  
Uttered they are not all forgot;  
They have their influence on the mind,  
Pays on but perish not.  
So with our deeds; for good or ill,  
They have their power, scarce understood,  
Then let us use our better will,  
To make them rise with good.

## The Old Bard.

BY S. MOORE.

It happened in the olden time  
Ere it was deemed a sin to rhyme—  
Or canting critic learned the art  
Of torturing the poets heart—  
A lonely minstrel on his way  
Sang to himself a rustic lay.  
The people caught the soothing strain  
And listened to the bard's refrain,  
And begged that he would stop awhile  
And sing, their sorrows to beguile.  
The bard attuned his much-loved lyre,  
And ran his fingers o'er the chords;  
Slow, soft and sweet, then higher, higher,  
And soon his thoughts got vent in words.  
He sang of lavished beauties spread  
Beneath, around and o'er his head,  
The blossoms of the fertile soil,  
The honest men of cheerful toil.  
He sang of chaste, self-blushing love,  
Pure as the light that shines above,  
The maiden fair, the modest youth  
Whose bosoms glow with love and truth.  
He sang of virtuous love matured,  
The choicest balm of life secured—  
The sweets of matrimonial bliss,  
The love revealed in every kiss.  
O! happy state, divinely sweet  
With every hallowed joy replete;  
Where man and wife in heart agree,  
A love-united family.  
Beneath this great o'er arching dome  
The fair spot on earth is home.  
Home, where our Eden is complete,  
Where all the social virtues meet.  
O! sweetest spot to mortals given,  
Faint type of that loved home in heaven.  
A shadow dimmed the poet's face  
While singing of our ruined race—  
Two cold dark deeds of wickedness,  
Oppression, sorrow and distress,  
The tyrant's frown, the suffering slave,  
The traitor, thief and painted knave;  
The savages of alcohol  
Destroying body mind and soul;  
Drink with its twice ten thousand woes  
To rob the soul of its repose;  
Accursed drink, earth's greatest blight,  
Thy fruits our moe't revolting sight,  
On I say when shall the world be free  
From this degrading misery?

The poet breathed a softer strain,  
And sang his dulcet notes again;  
And looking upward to the skies,  
While tear drops glistened in his eyes,  
He sang of patient faith's reward,  
The meed of every honest bard;  
And pointing to the pilgrim band,  
He sang the glories of that land  
O'er stretched beyond the misty gloom  
Which mortals see around the tomb.  
And then he soothing the suffering poor,  
Who meekly, patiently endure;  
These noble heroes in the strife  
Who triumph o'er the life of life;  
Who onward urge their rapid course  
And even take the crown by force.  
The poet raised his gleaming eyes,  
Which seemed to penetrate the skies,  
When musing as if lost in thought;  
But what he saw he told us not.  
For suddenly he ceased to sing;  
His muse had dropped her weary wing,  
And then he bowed his hoary head,  
And then was numbered with the dead;  
And with his lyre upon his breast,  
They laid the dear old bard to rest.

## The Unheard.

BY W. J. CROW.

Many the songs that are sung but as many sweet  
songs that are voiceless;  
Silent yet thrilling for life, and their essence is  
sweeter than singing;  
Sweet as the music of birds when the morning awakes  
and yet noiseless;  
Sweet as the hymns that are heard when the great  
wide cathedral is ringing.

Music of words and of sound, there's a music, a  
rhythm of motion;  
Music too grandly sublime for humanity's heart to  
approve it;  
Sweetness we can't comprehend, there's a vastness of  
love and devotion,  
Faithless the world cannot see, heartless the world  
does not love it.

Many a poet has lived—lived and died without pen-  
ning, inditing  
Songs that arose on his soul—songs of sweetness be-  
yond earthly pain;  
Gazing with rapture and faith as the vision from hea-  
ven was lighting—  
Lighting his soul till all nature with melody sweetly  
was singing.

Many a poet has lived—lived and died without break-  
ing the silence,  
When if the song had been sung—had been given, the  
world all would praise it;  
Men would break out in one voice, throughout earth,  
to its farthest islands;  
Whom they call mad ere he sings; and the song not  
another can raise it.

Thus is the praise of the world, and its judgment as  
likely to error.  
Merit, if clamoring on, will at length give a measure  
of praise;  
Silence, though ever so sweet, and expression brings  
not the need nearer;  
Crowned though the singer may be, yet its after he's  
under the daisies.

Voiceless and silent, alone; there is many a noble  
heart breaking,  
Bearing with pain and with alight, that the world  
puts on them: unthinking;  
Creatures above common clay, with their faults and  
their virtues partaking  
Less of the earth that is earthly; man nearer to deity  
linking.

Not in the tear drop alone, nor in mourning is seated  
deep sorrow.  
Loud is the scream of the eagle, the song of the  
thrush is diviner;  
So, in the heart that is silent, hope may be dead for  
to-morrow,  
Sorrow may heavier lie than is shown mirrored from  
the heart of repiner.

To these, the unheard and unknown, is the song that  
I raise dedicated.  
Nothing is given in vain, even sorrow will bring the  
heart nearer—  
Nearer to heaven than joy; to the Creator bring near  
the created  
Till He lifts up the cross from the heart, of our load  
becoming the bearer.

## A Friend For Me.

BY MRS. A. TODD.

The friend who with a flattery tongue  
Pretends so true to be,  
But is a false deceitful one,  
Is not the friend for me.

The friend who, in the hour of grief,  
A comforter to be,  
And strives the mourner to relieve,  
O that's the friend for me.

The friend who when distresses come,  
Will then in terror flee,  
Again in search of pleasure roam,  
Is not the friend for me.

The friend who long will true remain,  
Through want and poverty;  
Through storm and sunshine still the same,  
O that's the friend for me.

## Our Volunteers.

BY MRS. J. STREET.

When snow falls white and chill, o'er prairie wastes  
at will,  
And storms press thickly down,  
As far from home's red fire, fond mother and proud  
sire

O sweet wife, manhood's crown;  
When years his spirit bold, for sounds from love's star  
fold

To soothe his straining ears,  
Then Jean—tender, kind, speak to his inner mind,  
Comfort our volunteers.

When slowly marching on, praise silvery echoes  
gone,  
Duty his guiding star:  
Bearing hunger and thirst, with long roads at their  
work.

The battle scent afar,  
Of present joys bereft, and many a bright scene  
clef.

And framed in stony tears;  
Then, O spirit divine, into life's grimness shine,  
Gladden our volunteers.

When the moving columns halt, and form with scarce  
a fault  
Firm 'neath their leader's eye,  
While thro' each living line, runs the awful thought,  
the time

Draws near when some must die,  
If with hearts fierce and hot, they should meet the  
raining shot.

And the enemy appears,  
Then, God of might and right, amid the cruel fight,  
Cover our volunteers.

Should one, the thought is woe, be wounded, bleed-  
ing, low,  
Crushing each feverish moan,  
Suffering the piteous pain, longing, tho' all in vain,  
For one hour's rest at home

When earth has floated past, and death with iron  
cast  
Into his presence near,  
Then Saviour, who didst bleed, to thy pierced bosom  
lead,  
O save our volunteers.

Twas to their country's call, they answered, one and  
all,  
Nor hate—nor empty fame,  
To defend the scattered, weak, to faint hearts, courage  
speak.

Check slaughter, plunder, flame,  
So as their cause is just; if meet the foe they must  
This thought our spirit cheers;

Trusting we look to Thee, the God of victory,  
To crown our volunteers.