

## Poetry of the Hour.

## We Are Better Off.

Rockefeller, so they say,  
Powerful and great,  
Had a birthday Saturday,  
He is sixty-eight.

Dun and Bradstreet give John D.  
A tremendous "rate."  
He is rich as he can be,  
—But he's sixty-eight.

John D.'s face is hard and grim,  
Hair has left his pate,  
Indigestion sports with him,  
And he's sixty-eight.

Fame like his is out of reach,  
I may not be great,  
But my appetite's a peach,  
—And he's sixty-eight.

Then, too, I have poet's hair,  
Think of John D.'s fate,  
For his cocoon is bare,  
—And he's sixty-eight.

Envy the sublime John D.  
Nay, I joy to state,  
I am only thirty-three,  
—He is sixty-eight.

—Toronto News.

## The Diver.

I have plunged into life, O God,  
As the diver into the sea,  
Knowing and heeding naught  
Save thine old command to me  
To go and seek for thy pearl,  
Hidden wherever it be.  
And the waters are in my eyes;  
They clutch at my straining breath:  
They beat in my ears; yet, "Seek"  
My heart still whispereth,  
And I grope, and forbear to call  
On the easy rescuer, Death.  
For thy pearl must be here in the sands.  
If ever a warrant there be  
For that old command of thine  
To plunge into life and see.  
So I search, for I trust in thy truth,  
O thou Lord of the Truth, and of me.  
—Lily A. Lang, in Harper's Magazine

## A Ballad of Vegetables.

By Joseph Meehan.

A potato went out on a mash  
And sought an onion bed;  
"That's pie for me!" observed the  
squash.  
And all the beets turned red.  
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried;  
"Your love I cannot be;  
The pumpkin be your lawful bride—  
You canteloupe with me."  
But onward still the tuber came,  
And lay down at her feet:  
"You cauliflower by any name  
And it will smell as wheat;  
And I, too, am an early rose,  
And you I've come to see;  
So don't turnip your lovely nose,  
But spinachat with me."  
"I do not carrot at all to wed,  
So go, sir, if you please!"  
The modest onion meekly said,  
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!  
Go, think that you have never seen  
Myself, or smelled my sigh:  
Too long a maiden I have been  
For favors in your rye!"  
"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed:  
"My cherryshad bride you'll be;  
You are the only weeping maid  
That's currant now with me!"  
And as the wily tuber spoke  
He caught her by surprise,  
And, giving her an artichoke,  
Devoured her with his eyes.  
—Philadelphia Record.

## Childless.

Oh the endless, endless sorrow of to-morrow  
And the endless, useless heartbreak after  
yesterday that's gone,  
Is the only mocking guerdon of the  
arms that bear no burden,  
And the breast no baby fingers beat  
upon.

For I'm ever calling, calling for the tiny  
footsteps falling,  
And the music-haunted clamour of their  
voices on the stair,  
Then they die away and leave me, but  
the ache remains to grieve me,  
And the silence and the shadows still  
are there.

—Mollie A. Cassels.

## The Singers.

One fought through error to the truth—  
there clung  
The stain of mire to his robe.  
And so, when won the light at last, he  
sung

The chastened song of Job.  
Another to the voice was ne'er untrue  
He'd heard his childish heart within—  
And, lo! he sang of joy unmixed with  
rue,

To hearts to his akin.  
Which sings of truth 'the clearer of the  
twain?

Whose song will echo from the past  
To gladden hearts unborn, as gladdens  
rain  
The parching earth at last?

—William Wallace Whitelock.

## The Broken Chord.

Very weary, weary was he—  
Weary of glare and weary of din;  
All night long to a thoughtless throng  
Playing his violin.  
But now, at last, he has fallen asleep,  
Sound as a babe on its mother's lap.  
For he never heard, though it hung by  
his bed,  
A string of his fiddle snap.

Ah! never mind; it is only a string—  
They often break, giving no warning;  
Let the child sleep, for he can mend  
The broken chord in the morning.

Very weary, weary was he;  
Sore of soul, and heavy of heart;  
All life long to a heedless throng  
Playing his loveless part.  
But now, at last, he has fallen asleep,  
Sound as a babe in slumber lapt,  
And no one heard when the silver chord  
Of his weary life was snapt.

Ah never mind; it is only Death—  
It often comes, giving no warning.  
Let the child sleep, for God will mend  
The broken chord in the morning.  
—From "A Broken Silence," by S. K.  
Cowan, M.A.

## Gladness and Sadness

'Twas a clipping from a paper,  
Telling of some funny caper  
On the stage.  
And I read it every letter,  
Thinking I had seen no better  
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over  
With no purpose to discover  
What was there,  
But in smiling contemplation  
Of the author's new creation  
Rich and rare.

As I looked I knew I started;  
From my lips the smile departed,  
For I saw,  
Printed there in uncut column,  
Notices of death, sad, solemn,  
Full of awe.

And I thought, Come grief or pleasure,  
Meted out with equal measure,  
I may laugh,  
But some other one is weeping,  
For the tear's the smile's unfailing  
Other half.  
—George H. Tudhope.

## In The Open.

I have thrown the throttle open and  
am tearing down His track;  
I have thrown it out to full-speed and  
no hand can hold me back!  
'Tis my arm controls the engine, tho'  
another owns the rail.  
But for once I'm in the open and the  
yard-lights pass and pale!

Green lights! Red lights! He has hung His  
lanterns out!  
Caution here! Danger ho! and what's the man  
about?  
'Tis true he owns the engine to do as he has  
done.

But how about the Final Word—when he ends  
the run?

So from siding on to junction point now  
I shall have my day;  
I have stopped to read no orders, but I  
take the right-of-way.

Down the open grade I thunder and  
around the curve I swing.

For my hand is on the throttle and my  
heart shall have its fling!

Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!  
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block  
His track?

There creeps into the Terminal the man who had  
his day.  
But I wonder, O my Soul, just what His God  
will say?

—Arthur Stringer.



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