

The Poet's Page.

Falling Leaves.

BY J. Z. WILLIAMSON.

Poor falling leaves! I have watched you
Falling slowly, with heavy heart;
And as you patter around me,
Tears come to my eyelids start.
Heavily the rain is falling;
And my soul is filled with pain;
O winds! Thy desolate sobbing
Hath awakened old dreams again.

Short-lived, but ah! how lovely
Were all the peaceful summer hours;
Sweet golden days in the wild woods,
Reposing 'mid fairest bowers.
The trees were grand in their beauty,
Ah! the earth was never so fair;
The hills and vales rung with rapture,
Cared by the soft perfumed air.

I revelled as a child of nature,
By hillside, cool streamlet and sea;
Tamer and lower were the voices
That whispered'd in love unto me,
Of a time that had no seeming,
When life was all joyous and gay;
And the years with roses laden,
Passed soon like a dream away.

But I knew when the Autumn shrouded
The world in a strange, and fell,
And heard in the lonely woodlands,
The hollow, mysterious wall
Of the wind, in sad moaning
By forsaken bower and stream,
Searching the dim recesses
Where the Summer had dwelt supreme.

Whence comes these weird, sad longings?
Ah! wherefore this dreary pain?
I'm tired as a weary child,
And would rest and forget again.
But the drip of the weeping rain,
And the moan of waves on the shore,
And the pitiful falling leaves
Will cease in my heart, nevermore!

The New Year.

BY ALFRED DAVIDSON.

Again time takes in the day—
Another year has passed away,
Another link is formed, and we
Are nearer to eternity!
Time glides along, and leaves behind
Marks on the whole of humankind;
It heeds no mortal's stern mandate,
But ceaseless onward steals apace.
What resolutions have been made
By thousands that have oft essayed
To conquer evils that have wrought
Sad havoc with their scanty lot.
Prepare on this eventful day
To start anew and with their way.
What loving vows have been committed,
Pledges to a loving heart's united;
What sweet endearing words they've heard,
For that eventful hour deferred;
As they with lovers' tact devise
Plans for the future and its joys.
We see the Old Year, bent and gray,
Feeble and weary, take his way,
As with a welcome voice we greet
The New to take its condescend.
While many a prayer ascends to Heaven,
To Him by whom all things are given;
For He alone all things doth know,
What and on whom He should bestow.
We pause, and wonder whether we
A twelve-month more of this shall see;
The moments each one flitting by,
But hark! as the hour we each must die.
So let us live, nor be downcast,
This brief year may not be our last,
But to be sure why not prepare
That glorious life and light to share;
From every soul presentment springs
That man was made for better things.
To be secure the better then,
To be at peace with God and men,
Then years that reign and pass away
Will never bring us endless day.

Fulfillment.

Desires that human mind retains
Are not in vain;
The flowers that droop in winter cold
Will bloom again.

The forms we loved so gladly here
Will reappear;
The ray of hope, by darkness wooed,
But shines more clear.

Though all the powers of life give way,
Love holds its sway
And brings the darkened, prison soul
The light of day.

The sequence of all good in store
We've known before—
Love—rags through eternity,
Forevermore!

He Leadeth Me.

In pasture green? Not always; sometimes He
Whom knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and afright,—

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,
So whether in green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And ever my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valley where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway leads
He gives to me no helpless, broken need,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the bliss hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

One and Two.

If you to me be cold,
Or I be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do.
The clouds will flit with the moon
The sun will kiss the sea,
The wind to the trees will whisper,
And laugh at you and me.
But the sun will not shine so bright,
The clouds will not seem so white
To one as they will to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I shall be true,
And let the old love go on,
Just as it used to do.

If the whole of a page be read,
If a book be finished through,
Still the world may read on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
For other lovers will come
The pages we have passed,
And the treacherous gold of the binding
Will glitter unto the last.
But I have a lovely look,
And one may not read the book,
It opens only to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the reading go on,
Just as it used to do.

If we who have sailed together
Flit out of each other's view,
The world will sail on, I think,
Just as it used to do.
And we may reckon by stars
That flash from different skies,
And another of Love's pirates
May capture my lost prize;
But ships long time together
Can better the tempest weather
Than any other two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
That we together may sail,
Just as we used to do.

Don't be in a Hurry.

Don't be in a hurry to answer yes or no;
Nothing's lost by being reasonably slow;
In a hasty moment you may give consent,
And through years of torment leisurely repent.

If a lover seeks you to become his wife,
Happiness or misery may be yours for life;
Don't be in a hurry your feelings to confess,
But think the matter over before you answer "Yes."

Should one ask forgiveness for a grave offence,
Honest tears betraying penitence,
Pity and console him, and his fears allay,
And don't be in a hurry to drive the child away.

Hurry brings us worry; worry wears us out;
Easy-going people know what they're about,
Hesitant haste will bring us surely to the ditch,
And trouble overwhelm us if we hurry to be rich.

Don't be in a hurry to throw yourself away;
By the side of Wisdom for a while delay.
Make your life worth living; nobly act your part,
And don't be in a hurry to spoil it at the start.

Don't be in a hurry to speak an angry word;
Don't be in a hurry to spread the tale you've heard;
Don't be in a hurry with evil ones to go;
And don't be in a hurry to answer "Yes" or "No."

There's no Pocket in a Shroud.

You must leave your many millions,
And the gay and festive crowd,
Though you roll in royal billions
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince or peasant,
Whether rich, or poor, or proud—
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll leave all this world of glory,
With a record long and loud,
And a place in song and glory,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches,
Neither vain, nor cold, nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden riches
In a clime without a cloud.

Nearing the End.

BY JAMES A. LOAN.

I'm knowing old; the hopes and fears
The waned an ever varying strife
No more a waken smile and tears,
Disturbing my serene life.

The silent love, the jealous threat,
Which turned and raged without surcease,
Have left me; and a gentler glow
Of sweet contentment brings me peace.

Strong passion owns my reason's sway;
Calm pleasure comes where love's bestowed;
And quiet friendship soothes my way
Along life's peaceful autumn road.

No unknown future threatens ill;
No fierce ambition drives me on;
I gaze from life's sublime hill
On dangers past and victories won.

What though my natural powers decay—
My lessening time makes less demand;
The labor done, at close of day
The farmer resting views his land.

And sees his harvest waving fair,
Thy ridgy rows with plenty filled;
See fruitful fields erst barren bare,
The barrens bare his hands have tilled.

So looks life's landscape to my eyes;
My earthly work is nearly done,
A calm comes to me from the skies
As I slowly sink life's setting sun.

Country Courting.

(Somerville Journal.)

Soon the wintry winds will whistle
The town and country o'er,
And the young man and his miss'll
Not stand in the entry door;

But beyond, within the parlor,
They will seek love's blissful goal,
While the fire still keeps a burning
Up the old man's costly coal.

And his love will sweetly snicker
And say: "Dear Albert, don't go!"
But the lights brightly flicker
As he makes quick tracks through the snow,
For he has heard the tread of an irate parent's
foot
And thinks it wiser a distance 'twixt them at once
to put.

Prayer and Potatoes.

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily good, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body; what doth it profit?"—James II. 15-16.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they are gone; of bad or good
Not one was left, for the old lady's food,
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, or to whom shall I go
For potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon—the way,
The deacon so—, to worship, and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.
And she said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never thought once of potatoes.
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered "potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray,
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to go with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience and wisdom and grace,
But when he prayed, "Lord give her peace,"
She audibly sighed "give potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead
The same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled; knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
About those "carnal p. potatoes."
So ending his prayer, he started for home;
But on the door closed behind him, he heard a deep
groan,
"O give to the hungry, potatoes!"

And that groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room:
"Oh give to the hungry, potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed;
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her all-eyes she had not yet shut;
But there she sat in her old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air,
And entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped for joy;
Her face was haggard and wan no more,
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."
And he knelt him down on the sacred floor,
Where he had poured the goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips were said.
No longer untrammelled, but free and full,
He poured out at the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded aloud "amen,"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying "universal,"
Then practice your prayers with aims and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants and their needs;
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance, for all these are good,
But don't forget the potatoes.

Heaven!

BY AUNT FRANCES.

A traveller stranded on a rocky shore,
The winds howl past, the surges toss and roar;
Closely he wraps him in each tattered shawl
Of once gay life, then drops his weary head.

No storm is here around his sand-washed feet,
Spring clover blooms, and violets blue and sweet;
From rifted clouds, shines down his mother's eye,
And music breathes thro' every liquid sight.

But travellers we, whose life with Christ is hid;
We work and wait, then hush! a sudden bid,
Come higher! see a glory winking round,
Swoon with the joy, and wake mid heaven's profound.

—For Truth.

Scotland and Liberty.

BY REV. JAMES FREEMAN POSTER.

All hail, Scotia hall, thou home of the brave—
Thou art like a gem on the breast of the sea,
Where the storm-gods wash thee with bright dashing
waves.

And kiss thy loved strand, O, thou land of the free,
Thy heather-clad mountains that rear high their
head,
And bathe their bleak summits where fierce tempests
play.

Have crowned on the tyrant and filled him with dread,
And chased from thy glens the oppressors away.
Thou land of the Bruce, where freedom sat crowned,
And where the broad claymore gleamed bright in
the sun.

Oh, where's now the valor that made thee renowned,
And made thee admired for the deeds thou hast
done?
Do not thy proud hills like God's sentinels stand
To guard well thy freedom from tyrant and knave?

Does not the old ocean still wash thy rough strand?
And God still protects thee by mountain and wave.

Since freedom's thy birthright by Heaven's decree,
"Is sealed in thy mountains, it gleams in thy lake,
Then, Scotia, awake thee from bondage, be free,
And wipe from thy history slavery's stain."

Oh, why shouldst thou nurse in thy bosom the
brood,
That live on thy vitals, but heed not thy pain,
What though they're noble and bluish in blood,
And think it but piteous that flows in thy vein.

Shouldst thou crouch like a slave and cease to be
free,
Because he hath claims that are founded on night?
Nay, thou art a man, and there dwelleth in thee,
A spirit that only should bow to the right.

The God who made all, from the dust of the earth,
And gave each a will that was equal and good,
N'er speaks to the mind of distinctions in birth,
But tells us we were made of one flesh and one blood.

Fair freedom sits crowned on thy far distant hills,
Yet, thy glens echo wide, the tale of thy woes;
And grief sits in tears and laments by the rills,
And pours out his woes to the stream as it flows.

Thou those glory-crowned hills are sacred by blood,
Once shed where Christ's banner waved high in
the gale;
When peasants and nobles oppression withstood,
And dyed with their blood every mountain and
vale.

And shall law and wrong in this age of the world,
Crush it in the dust, whose fires ne'er would
be still?

But who from his throne the oppressor they hurled,
And taught nations manhood on ocean and field
Nay, but rise Scotia rise, assert thy just right,
Content with the spoilers who make thee their
spoil.

By reason and courage, by wisdom and might,
That thou too with them hast a right to the soil.

Sound loud every voice from the Pentland to Tweed
Thy laws need reform, and thy sons need redress;
And make them secure that oppression and greed
Shall never again have the power to oppress;
Then every true Scot that roams the wide earth,
However far distant and lovely the strand,
Will think with delight of the home of his birth,
And speak to the praise of his own native land.

Let Skye dry her tears, and her fair sister Isles,
That now weep in sorrow upon her fair breast,
Remember that Sol came his last beaming smile
Upon these fair islands, sweet gems of the west;
Let her sons remain noble, pious and brave,
The time is at hand when oppression will flee,
And aged Atlantic will find it a grave
Away from the desolate shores of the sea.

Ponder the Following.

To render evil for evil is beast-like;
To render good for good is man-like;
To render evil for good is devil-like;
But to render good for evil is God-like.

Inscribed on a Kentucky Gravestone.

(From the Republic.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Here lies the body of Amasa Crump
Waiting the summons of the awful trumpet.

Amasa was not learned in city ways,
He dwelt in old Kentucky all his days.

When he had reached the age of fifty-one
He made a journey on to Washington.

There on one morning he arrived quite well
And took a room in a first-class hotel.

At 10 p.m. Amasa Crump desired
He should be called at 7, and retired.

Before he got into his bed, also
Colonel Amasa Crump blew out the gas.

When they came to call him up at seven
Amasa Crump was, we all hope, in heaven.