

## 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.

## SPECIAL OFFER.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a special prize of ten dollars for the best original poem for "Dominion Day" (July 1st). The contributions are not to exceed 100 lines each, and to be sent in, addressed to Publisher of TRUTH, not later than June 15th.

## THE AWARD.

The award for the following beautiful poem is given this week to Edward Storr, Esq., Superintendent of the House of Commons Reading Room, Ottawa, to whom \$5 will be paid on application.

A large number of excellent poems, both original and selected are in, which we would very gladly publish if space only permitted.

## Heaven's Rewards.

Light after darkness,  
Gain after loss,  
Strength after weakness,  
Crown after cross;  
Sweet after bitter,  
Song after tears,  
Home after wandering,  
Joy after tears.

Sheaves after sowing,  
Sun after rain,  
Bright after mystery,  
Peace after pain;  
Joy after sorrow,  
Calm after blast,  
Rest after weariness,  
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,  
Gloom after gloom,  
Love after loneliness,  
Life after tomb;  
After long agony  
Rapture of bliss;  
Truth was the pathway  
Leading to this.

## Forgive and Forget.

BY BESSIE CRUICKSHANK.

Oh, forgive and forget,  
For this life is too fleeting  
To waste it in brooding  
O'er wrongs we have met.  
It is better, far better,  
To smother our anger,  
To teach the proud heart  
To forgive and forget.

In the path we must tread,  
Leading down to the valley,  
Are crosses and trials  
To lift and to bear;  
And the chalice of life,  
From which we are drinking,  
Oft bears to our lips  
Drops of sorrow and care.

But this life is so short,  
Be it sunshine or shadow,  
That we cannot afford  
To brood o'er a wrong.  
Let us lift up our burdens,  
And bear them on bravely,  
We'll lay them down shortly,  
It cannot be long.

## No Prayers To-Night.

BY A. D. STEWART.

No prayers to-night! No golden head  
To lie in my lap with its glittering light,  
But a broken heart, and a sigh instead.  
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No leaping tongue, no dimpled hands  
To sing and strike in keen delight;  
No hair to plait in glistening strands;  
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No prayers to-night, no bright eyes shine,  
No cradled head to catch my sigh;  
No rosy lips pressed close to mine;  
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No trusting love, no pearly tears,  
No smile, no laughter loud and bright;  
No little voice to whisper fears;  
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No prayers to-night—an aching heart,  
A life that is full of care and blight,  
A life that has sorrow in every part;  
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

## Kindness.

One short word in kindness spoken,  
Costing scarce a moment's breath,  
May bind up a heart that's broken,  
Save a sinking soul from death.

Cups of cooling water given  
To the weary by thy side,  
Shall be meted back by heaven,  
Sparkling from life's crystal tide.

Help no matter who may ask it,  
All are workmanship of God,  
There's a gem in every casket,  
Purchased by the Saviour's blood.

Work for Jesus, strive to win it,  
He hath bought for thee a crown,  
Thine to place bright stars within it,  
At his feet to lay it down.

## The Lesson of Patience.

A weaver sang gaily at his loom,  
While weaving a fabric gay,  
When the pattern he was copying 'rom  
Was tossed by the wind away.

He paused awhile in dull despair,  
Hot tears o'er his pale face ran;  
Then put the unfinished work aside,  
And another web began.

This lesson of patience to our hearts  
How often hard fate doth teach?  
When the things we have been striving for  
She places beyond our reach.

Though we reel beneath the cruel shock,  
And our hearts grow faint with pain,  
We must gather up the broken threads,  
Go on with life's work again.

For we cannot pattern out our lives;  
God hath his own bright design,  
Which we will not know till life's finished web  
Is laid at his feet divine.

## Compensation.

BY NETTIE KERR.

Child of frail mortality complain not thou of God,  
Because some thorns and briars now are strwn along  
thy road;  
What, though He give thee here below, but toll and  
tribulations?  
Hereafter He will— it right, and grant the com-  
pensation.

Confide in Jesus' watchful care, and trust a Father's  
love,  
To lead thee through this wilderness, to endless rest  
above;  
To gain in Heaven of happiness the perfect consum-  
mation,  
According to his righteous plan of equal compensa-  
tion.

## Legend of the Forget-Me-Not.

When flowers first bedecked the earth,  
In Eden's happy bowers,  
The Lord, 'tis said, in cool of day,  
Came down among the flowers.

To each He gave a fitting name;  
To each a loving word;  
And blessed the garden He had made,  
Beholding it was good.

Again He came in cool of day,  
And walked among the flowers;  
But one, he saw, a blossom fair,  
Was sad in Eden's bowers.

The loving Lord bent tenderly,  
And raised its drooping head;  
When "Lord my name I have forgot,"  
The blue-eyed blossom said.

No unkind word the Master said;  
"Forget-me-not," said He;  
And smiling on the sad, sweet flower,  
"Lo! this thy name shall be."

## Sabbath on the Prairie.

BY MINNIE A. NICHOLL.

The year's first blushing roses  
Were decking the prairie breast,  
And the summer garb of beauty  
Made fair the wild north-west.  
It flushed in the sedgy hollows,  
It smiled in the woodland dell,  
It whispered in low, soft zephyrs  
That breathed o'er the lake and fall.

How it glowed in the mystic star-shine  
Of the clear blue northern sky;  
How it crimson'd and flushed in grandeur  
In the sunset's sweet good-bye!  
And gaudy birds from the southland  
Made brilliant the poplar grove;  
And plaintive calls came sounding  
From the haunts where the plovers rove.

With dream-notes in the gloaming  
The wind-lutes swept the boughs,  
Sweet songs from the distant stretches,  
Where the moose and bison browse.  
And we lay in our camp and listened,  
And thought of the wilds untrod;  
Of the misty, lonely future,  
Of the homes on the stranger sod.

And swift, o'er the dreary distance,  
Our eager thoughts would stray  
To the homes and scenes, to the loves and  
hopes,  
Of the yon'time, far away!  
We slept to dream of the morrow—  
"I'll be Sunday at home," we said,  
"But our church must be the prairie  
With the blue sky overhead!"

The Sabbath dawned in beauty,  
With a calm, whose breath of peace  
Made a solemn, grand cathedral  
Of the wild, vast wilderness.  
The woods were the soft-toned organs,  
And the winds through their alleys dim,  
Now raised some high, glad anthem,  
Now chanted some low, sweet hymn.

And we came from our tents together,  
And stood on the lone hill side,  
To join the songs of Nature  
That Sabbath morning-tide.  
"With one consent let all the earth,"  
Swelled on the sunny air;  
And then, how each home-sick heart went  
In that strange hour of prayer.

And the text the preacher gave us  
Was, "Rejoice in the Lord always,"  
Alike in the summer sunshine  
And the gloom of winter days;  
And the clouds of our gloom were banished  
Like the mist from the morning air,  
We had strength for the untrod future,  
For God is everywhere!

## The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's saah  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash,  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;  
Though heaven alone records the tear,  
And fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who glides her husband's sword,  
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder.  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words, and tries,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Shed holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

## Samson and Delilah.

BY S. MOORE.

What is Samson's boasted strength  
Before Delilah's art?  
He must yield to her at length  
And tell her all his heart.  
She has got his secret now,  
Got his head upon her lap,  
And ope the locks which shade his brow,  
Then wakes him from his nap.

Wakes him from his pleasing sleep  
And sells him to his foes:  
Now, too late, he comes to reap  
The harvest of his woes:  
Mock'd by cruel enemies,  
Fetter'd with the captive's chain,  
He mourns the loss of both his eyes  
And groans with inward pain.

Samson's is no lonely case;  
We have Delilah's still—  
Men who could a lion face,  
Yet bend to woman's will;  
Men, tho' physically strong,  
Made a woman's willing slave,  
To vice and ruin urg'd along,  
And dragg'd down to the grave.

If you wish your strength to keep,  
Beware of Samson's nap,  
Never lay your head to sleep  
Upon Delilah's lap;  
She will ply her cunning art,  
Making you her easy tool;  
And when you've told her all your heart,  
She'll spurn you as a fool.

## Dew Drops.

BY ELECTRA.

I wandered through the garden walk,  
And marked a beautiful rose;  
That deep within its graceful leaves,  
I held the dew drop close.

And gaily bright the flower bloomed,  
Upon its fragile stem;  
Sweet fragrance filled the air around,  
Dew drops its diadem.

But when the sun with mid-day power  
In majesty rode by;  
I thought to see the queenly flower  
Quite dead, or withered lie.

Amazed with rapt delight, I scent  
The fragrant-laden air;  
From the sweet rose, with strength renewed,  
More graceful and more fair.

Thus with the Christian on life's road,  
Should grace like morning dew;  
Sustain him for the mid-day strife,  
And all his powers renew.

## Right and Wrong.

BY MRS. JAMES M'INNIS.

Virtue and vice can ne'er agree,  
As right and wrong still onward glide,  
Swift currents in the human sea,  
Forever warring side by side.

It is warfare strong and deep,  
Whose fairest passions swell the strife,  
Where youth and age their pulses beat,  
With all the strength of earnest life.

No tolling slave in darkness mines  
Can feel a deeper sense of woe,  
Than manhood, in his strength sublime,  
When crime has laid its ventures low.

Has laid each high and daring plan,  
Matured by years of toil and care,  
Which marks the true and noble man,  
Beneath the spell of dark despair.

Oh! then be earnest in the right,  
And shun the paths which lead to crime,  
And prove the strength of human might,  
Along the battle fields of time.

For virtue brings a rich behest,  
And blooms unfading in the soul,  
When truth is sought with earnestness,  
And vice is held in strong control.

## Some Other Day.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Of all the words that grown folks say,  
The saddest are these, "Some other day,"  
So easily, carelessly, often said,  
But to childish ears they are words of dread,  
To hope a knell, and to wish a doom,  
A frost on expectancy's tender bloom;  
For even the baby who scarce can crawl  
Knows a promise like that is no promise at all,  
And that out of sight and of mind away  
Is that nipping mirage "Some other day."

The years flit by, and wishes fade,  
And youth in the grave of age is laid,  
And the child who bent his youthful will  
Is a child no more, but is waiting still,  
For the pleasure deferred, the lost-out game,  
Though it came at last, is never the same;  
The bubble has died on the manning cup,  
The draught is dull as we drink it up;  
And old hopes laugh at us as we say,  
"At last it has come, that 'other day.'"

Ah! little hearts which beat and fret  
Against the bounds by patience set,  
Ours is but universal fate,  
And the old as the young all have to wait.  
You will learn like us to be stout in pain,  
And not to cry when your wishes prove vain,  
And the strength that grows from a thwarted  
will,  
And that service is done by standing still,  
And to bravely look up into Heaven, and say,  
"I shall find it all there, 'Some other day.'"

## Oh! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

SENT BY ANON. M. ODEW, MINERAL ROCK, C.B., N.S.

[This poem was a favorite with President Garfield; it was a cause of great regret, he said, that he did not know the authorship.]

Ho, reapers of life's harvest!  
Why stand with trusted blade  
Until the night draws round thee  
And day begins to fade?  
Why stand ye idle, waiting  
For reapers more to cut?  
The golden morn is passing,  
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
And gather in the grain;  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again.  
The Master calls for reapers,  
And shall He call in vain?  
Shall sheaves lie there, ungathered,  
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,  
And crush each error low,  
Keep back no words or knowledge  
That human hearts should know.  
Be faithful to thy mission  
In the service of thy Lord,  
And then a golden chaplet  
Shall be thy just reward.