

The Poet's Page.

—For Truth.

New Year's Wishes.

BY MISS M. PORTER.

What shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth,
Songs in the spring-dew,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would these ensure thee
A happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found,
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light,
Hope that abounds,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Set at His feet,
Smile of His countenance,
Radiant and sweet!
Joy in His presence!
Christ ever near!
These will ensure thee
A happy New Year!

Exeter, Ont.

—For Truth.

Canada.

BY MORAN LANDREY.

Thither where the keen frost lingers
Long on the maple trees,
And the voice of the happy skaters
Floats on the icy breeze.

And here where the snow-flakes glisten,
The merry sleigh bells ring,
Each tinkle giving greeting to
The welcome Winter King.

While the summer is emerald verdant,
It's sky a cloudless blue,
And its placid lakes also reflect
The self-same heavenly hue.

Oh! well may this land be fitted
To cradle the brave and bold;
The hardy sons of Canada,
Dread naught of heat or cold.

I might go to the southern gardens,
So bright with flowers and song,
Where summer reigns throughout the year,
But still my heart would long

For the happier clime of Canada,
It's drifts of pure white snow,
It's long looked-for summer sunshine
And warmth of golden glow.

For surely to love the summer
One needs feel the wintry wind,
And after the glare of the sunlight
One needs some shade to find.

Thou the South be the land of music,
Sunny days would not bring rest,
For my life would always murmur
"Our Canada is best!"

—For Truth.

Treasures.

BY MRS. E. M. KICKLE.

Only a faded flower,
Only a trace of hair,
Only a tiny glove,
Lying so quiet there.

Only a crumpled note,
Faded now many a year;
All useless—but alas!
To me how fondly dear!

They take my memory back
To days that have gone by,
And my sweet angel wife
Now dwelling in the sky.

This rose she loved and gave
Me just before she died,
Which with her tress of hair,
I in my bosom hide.

But I am weary here,
Without my loved one nigh;
Thank God for the sweet hope,
Of meeting by and bye.

The Mists Will Roll Away.

The way is dark, the arching sky
Has lost its soft and tender hue,
And looking up we almost doubt
If ever it wore an azure hue.
Our path is dim, we cannot see
One glimmer of the radiant sun;
The warmth and light are safely hid
Beneath that veil of sombre dun.

Ah, once the sky was blue for us,
And sunbeams danced about our way,
And happy little singing-birds
Made music for us all the day!

Once round our path the flowers bloomed,
And by the sun's soft beams were kissed;
Now, are they there? We cannot see—
Our path is shadowed round with mist.

IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE?

—For Truth.

A PHILOSOPHIC REVERIE ON THE SUBJECT OF IMMORTALITY, BY DR. C. F. MULVANY.

Ave et Vale: Catullus' elegy on the death of his brother.
Resurgens. Christian epitaph.

I.

If "Ave et vale," "Farewell and for ever!"
In that darkest of hours from which nothing can save,
Be the ultimate voice of Love's baffled endeavour
From the portals of Life to the gates of the grave.

II.

Yet Truth we must seek, though it point to the Darkness,
Where nothing is ours of the glad days gone by.
Leave solace unproved for that Truth in its starkness!
Yet, pause we, ere Reason makes final reply.

III.

Yes, pause we! If Forces we know are persistent,
If Attraction, Heat, Motion, survive in their place;
If the sum of each force be the same through the distant
Wild waltz of the worlds through all Time and all Space.

IV.

Can the highest of Forces, the Thought-Force, the Vital,
When evolved to the utmost, pass placeless away?
Can the wrong done on earth have no meed of requital?
Shall the Man be but waste on his funeral day?

V.

But waste! What became of the brave, the true-hearted,
For the lost Cause, the true Cause, who perished in vain?
Has the might of the martyrs and heroes departed,
The Faith, death-defiant, but passed with the pain?

VI.

We know not! The Silence is deaf to our question!
At no final answer can Reason arrive;
Nor, in absence of proof, need reject the suggestion
That Somewhere each Force of the soul may survive!

VII.

That Somewhere, though Where our poor wisdom can show not,
Those energies work that were noble and pure;
That the Aims that were highest their purpose forego not,
That the love-chain, death-broken on earth, shall endure!

VIII.

That when closed on the field of defeated endeavour,
The earth-mists are wiped from the generous eyes;
That the just Cause, earth-thwarted, has failed not for ever,
That the high quest of Wisdom still higher shall rise.

IX.

Have they changed? Have the little ones bloomed to maturity?
Have the old, whom we loved, in new youth found array?
What heart does not crave for some final assurance,
Some balm for the worst wound we meet in life's way?

X.

We know not! The wings of our spirit fall broken
And bruised from the bars of our cage when they soar;
And the last word of Reason and Hope has been spoken
In the whisper that bids us Endure and Adore.

XI.

Though unproved, we avow in our heart we believe it.
Faith lives, though we own, the old fallacies fail;
Though not as the school-men we see and receive it,
And solace from Sophistries cannot avail!

XII.

Though adult in manhood, we dare their denial,
Still hoping through Night till the darkness be done,
That some life shall crown and requite the earth-trial,
Though the proof of our faith be unknown but to One.

The mist is floating round us so
We scarce can see a step ahead—
Each feeble footprint that we leave
Is made with falling fear and dread;
Above, around, beneath is dark—
How shall we walk this way?
How long before the clouds will part,
And show us glimpses of the day?

Oh, heart, faint not! Thou'lt see the path
Is dark and drear, tho' misty and broad,
The sky is blue behind the dun,
The sun is bright behind the cloud.
And One is there whose mighty hand
Can charge the darkness into day:
Ah, trust his love; in His good time
The clouds and mists will roll away.

My Legacy.

BY MARY D. KIRBY.

A rare and precious legacy
The fair, sweet summer left to me:
Rare pictures, gems, I think them all,
Which I have hung on memory's wall,
And in my heart the summer lives—
With all the joy that summer gives.

Green hill-sides dotted o'er with trees,
Tall grasses bent with playful breeze,
Wide meadows starred with daisies white,
And over all the sunshine bright,
Oh, winter has no power to chill
A heart that holds warm summer still!

But more than all its birds and flowers,
Far more than e'en its golden hours,
The gracious summer left to me,
In its most priceless legacy,
A sweet true love, which cannot die,
However cold the winter's sky!

Close in my heart I hold the gift
Which from my life all clouds will lift.
Together love and I recall
The pictures hung on memory's wall.
My little love, with sweet brown eyes,
Who came to me 'neath summer skies.

The golden hours were bright to me
Only when they were shared with thee;
The flowers seemed sweetest and most fair
When thou their beauty delighted to wear.
And now my heart forever lives
Mid all the joys that summer gives.

—Harper's Weekly.

Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrades or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender ruth shall we have gained
Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep-hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living;
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—then when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

The Wish-Bone.

Slender and shining, prophetic bone,
We pulled it the future to divine;
Her bare pink palm, the bit in my own.
Told that wish and wish-bone both were one.

What did you ask for? "I whispered my Rose,
Looking up shyly with eyes so true."
"I wished," I answered, drawing her close,
"The woman I wish might look like you;"

"Her eyes as brown as a forest brook,
Her cheeks as pink as the sea-shell's tint,
A tender mouth and a saucy look,
And pale brown hair with a golden tint;

"In short, that my future wife might be
You, dear little Rose, and only you."
Hiding her face in my breast, said she,
"Isn't it funny?—I wished that, too."

—Detroit Free Press.

A Mother's Death.

Dark and dimly in the moonlight,
Through the hushed and silent room,
Falls the pale light of the candle,
As it flickers 'mid the gloom.
Hark! that still, weary moaning,
And that heavy, laboured breath,
Mother's lying weak and restless
On the cruel bed of death.

Fair and brightly breaks the morning,
When the clouds of night are fled,
But the first cold beam of daylight
Falls upon the silent dead.
Smooth the long and wavy tresses,
Cut a bright lock off to keep,
Fold the eyes and close the eyelids—
Never more the eyes will weep.

Days have passed, and friends are gathered,
Then a dark procession's seen,
Slowly moving through the churchyard,
Where the grass is growing green.
There's a red spot 'mid the greenness,
Where the Ash tree branches wave,
And around it stand the mourners,
For that spot is mother's grave.

Now the twilight shades are closing,
And the funeral day is o'er,
Oh, the home seems sad and dreary
Since the mother is no more.
And we think we hear her speaking
On the night winds passing moan,
For it all seems yet so dreamlike,
We can scarce believe she's gone.

Cloud Fancies.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

O sleepy clouds! that come and go
Across this arch of pale, soft blue,
From what vast urn a redundant flow
Are you sent forth to deck anew
The boundless fields that stretch afar,
Round noontide sun and evening star!

We love your noiseless path to trace,
Children of dew and circling air,
And wonder to what charmed place
Your forms of loveliness ye bear;
And if to other eyes you seem
So like a fresh, entrancing dream.

Do ye rejoice from your far height
To linger o'er some mountain stream,
And catch its flashing rays of light
That like ungathered jewels gleam,
Or on a snowy crest look down,
Enamored of its sunset crown?

Lo the wide plain of ocean spread
Unheeded in your dreamy flight!
Here their green lakes no power to ward
Your beauty with their emerald light!
But must ye pass—forever go
From morning hour and twilight glow!

While thus ye float in azure seas,
Taking all hues that beauty wears,
Ye are with song and light and breeze,
With summer flowers and autumn leaves,
Among God's precious gifts that make
An unexcelled feast where all partake.

—New England Poet.