

## 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.

### THE AWARD.

The following beautiful little poem, "Better Things," from the pen of Nettie Kerr, Wheeling, West Virginia—a frequent contributor to TRUTH's Poet's Page—is awarded the prize this week. The \$5 will be paid on application to the publisher.

### Better Things.

BY NETTIE KERR.

Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine,  
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.  
Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favors proud;  
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.  
Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day;  
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.  
Better be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at will;  
Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."  
Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;  
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.  
Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State;  
Better to suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.  
Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event;  
Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.  
Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;  
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.  
Better a death, when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;  
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

—For Truth.

### Nature's Harmonies.

BY MRS. JAMES McINNIS.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.—Psalm's xiv., 10.

Blossoming woodbine  
Scenting the air;  
Rippling sunshines  
On landscape fair.

Forest trees bending;  
Silently praise;  
Joyous birds blending  
Their warbling lays.

Fleecy clouds sailing,  
Spotlessly white;  
Verdant fields smiling,  
Mantled in light.

Stormy winds blowing,  
Doing His will;  
Zephyrs soft blowing  
His gentler skill.

Mighty seas telling  
Wonders so deep;  
To the waves swelling,  
Harmony keep.

Ransomed men joining—  
Clearer their voices—  
Nature's God hymning,  
Also rejoice.

Summer and brightness  
Faithfulness sing;  
Winter and whiteness  
Equal praise bring.

Wisdom, might, Godhead,  
Nature doth prove;  
Christ hath unfolded  
Infinite love!

MIDDLEBURY, N.B.

### The Dying Mother.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
Let me feel the sweet warm breath,  
For a strange chill o'er me passes,  
And I know that it is death.  
I would gaze upon the treasure  
Scarcely given ere I go;  
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers  
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,  
But a blessed shore appears;  
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,  
Let me kiss away thy tears.  
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,  
Strive from midnight unto day;  
It may leave an angel blessing  
When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
'Tis not long she can be there;  
See! how to my heart she nestles,  
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.  
If in after years beside thee  
Sit another in my chair,  
Though her voice be sweeter music  
And her face than mine more fair,—

If a cherub call thee "father"  
Far more beautiful than this—  
Love thy first-born, O my husband!  
Turn not from the motherless.  
Tell her sometimes of her mother,—  
You can call her by my name—  
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,  
If she errs, O gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,  
I will answer if she calls,  
And my breath shall stir her ringlets,  
When my voice in blessing falls.  
Then her soft black eye will brighten,  
She will wonder whence it came;  
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,  
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal  
Walks between two angels here,  
One records the ill, but blots it  
If before the midnight drear  
Man repenteth; if uncanceled,  
Then he seals it for the skies;  
And the right hand angel weepeth,  
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

It will be his right hand angel,  
Sealing up the good for heaven,  
Striving that the midnight watches  
Find no misdeed unforgiven.  
You will not forget me, husband,  
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod;  
Love the little jewel given us,  
As I loved thee—next to God!

### Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life,  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work out my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,  
That run through a single hour;  
But the morning dew must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their work and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing falling us once or twice,  
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet;  
And the lessons we once have learned  
Are never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears must fall,  
And the heart to the depths be riven,  
With storm and tempest we need them all,  
To render us meet for heaven.

—For Truth.

### Maxims in Rhyme.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

Truth and error oft may grapple, yet we know that  
Truth must win;  
God, who pardons greatest sinners, makes no com-  
promise with sin.

Should we cast aside the gospel, "What," I ask,  
"Can take its place?"  
No bright message equal to it ever yet has reached  
our race.

One may gaily, safely journey over oceans wide and  
vast,  
Only in the end to perish near his native land at last.  
Though our dearest friend be absent, he may love us  
none the less;  
Some poor deed we count a failure God may call a  
great success.

Many a sweet and noble spirit lowliest sphere  
adorns;  
Lilies thrive in shady places, roses grow on thorns.

Not in vain we toil and suffer through the swiftly  
passing years;  
He who guides the stars and planets hath a recom-  
pense for tears.

If my well-intentioned purpose be not destined to  
succeed,  
Though I seem to be the loser, Heaven, at least re-  
cords the deed.

None but disobedient children dread their Heavenly  
Father's rod;  
Men may get away from places, not from conscience,  
not from God.

Which is greater, gathering, singing, or the man that  
sowing, weeps?  
Harken!—"In God's solemn presence each His  
Master's favor reaps."

NICTAUX, N.E.

### When the Boys Come Home.

(A Song for our Volunteers.)

There's a happy time coming,  
When the boys come home,  
There's a glorious day coming,  
When the boys come home.  
We will and the dreadful story  
Of this treason dark and gory  
In a suburb of glory,  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter,  
When the boys come home,  
For our hearts will be lighter  
When the boys come home.  
Wives and sweethearts will press them,  
In their arms will caress them,  
And pray for God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest,  
When the boys come home;  
And their cheer will ring the loudest,  
When the boys come home.  
The full ranks will be shattered,  
And the bright arms will be battered,  
And the battle-standard tattered,  
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,  
When the boys come home,  
And their uniforms dusty,  
When the boys come home.  
But all shall see the traces  
Of battle's royal graces  
In the brown and bearded faces,  
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,  
When the boys come home,  
To bless them and to greet them.  
When the boys come home.  
And the fame of their endeavour  
Time and change shall not disprove,  
From the nation's heart forever,  
When the boys come home.

### Goin' Home To-day.

BY WILL CARLTON.

My business on the jury's done, the quibblin' all is  
through;  
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my  
verdict true;  
I stuck so long into my chair, I thought I would  
grow in;  
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there  
again.  
But now the court's adjourned for good and I have got  
my pay;  
I'm loose at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm goin' home  
to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since first day I come  
down;  
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in  
town;  
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine on Sunday rightly  
sets,  
But when I wear the stuff a week it somehow galls  
and frays.  
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and  
gray—  
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any  
one—  
As well as any woman could—to see that things were  
done;  
For though I milled, when I'm there, won't set her  
foot out-door,  
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the  
chores.  
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to  
stay,  
And I will put things into shape when I go home to-  
day.

The mornin' that I come away, we had a little  
bout;  
I coolly took my hat and left before the show was  
out;  
For what I said was naught wherast she ought to  
take offence;  
And she was always quick at words and ready to  
commence.  
But then she's first one to give up when she has had  
her say;  
And she will meet me with a kiss when I get home  
to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him,  
they can;  
It's fun to see him strut about and try to be a man;  
The gamiest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to  
see,  
And then they laugh because I think the child re-  
sembles me.  
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their  
prey;  
He'll turn my pockets inside out when I get home  
to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen  
thus—  
That God could pick that sweet bouquet and fling it  
down to us!  
My wife, she says that 'un'some face will some day  
make a stir,  
And then I laugh because she thinks the child re-  
sembles her.  
She'll meet me half-way down the hill and kiss me,  
anyway;  
And light my heart up with her smiles when I get  
home to-day.

If there's a heaven above the earth, a fellow knows it  
when  
He's been away from home a week, and then gets  
back again.  
If there's a heaven upon the earth, then often, I'll be  
bound,  
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs them  
all around.  
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it  
may,  
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-  
day.

### Canadian National Hymn.

The following is the hymn composed  
Lord Lorne and dedicated to Canada.

God bless our wide Dominion,  
Our fathers' chosen land;  
And bind in lasting union  
Each ocean's distant strand,  
From where Atlantic terrors  
Our hardy seamen train,  
To where the salt sea mirrors  
The vast Pacific chain.

O bless our wide Dominion,  
True freedom's fairest scene;  
Defend our people's union,  
God save our Empire's Queen.

Fair days of fortune send her,  
Be thou her shield and sun!  
Our Land, our flag's defender,  
Unite our hearts as one!  
One flag, one land, upon her  
May every blessing rest!  
For loyal faith and honour  
Her children's deeds attest.  
O bless, etc.

No stranger's foot, insulting,  
Shall tread our country's soil  
While stand her sons exulting  
For her to live and toil.  
She hath the victor's nurture,  
Here are the conquering hours,  
No foeman's stroke shall hurt her,  
"This Canada of ours."  
O bless, etc.

Our aires when times were sorest,  
Asked none but aid Divine,  
And cleared the tangled forest,  
And wrought the buried mine;  
They tracked the floods and fountains,  
And won, with master hand,  
Far more than gold in mountains—  
The glorious Prairie land.  
O bless, etc.

O, Giver of earth's treasure,  
Make Thon our Nation strong:  
Four forth Thine hot displeasure  
On all who work our wrong!  
To our remotest border  
Let plenty still increase;  
Let Liberty and Order  
Bid ancient feuds to cease.  
O bless, etc.

May Canada's fair daughters  
Keep homes for hearts so bold  
As theirs who o'er the waters  
Came hither first of old.  
The pioneers of nations,  
They showed the world the way;  
'Tis ours to keep their stations  
And lead the van to-day.  
O bless, etc.

Inheritors of glory,  
O our crymen! we swear  
To guard the flag that o'er ye  
Shall onward victory bear.  
Where'er through earth's far regions  
Its triple crosses fly;  
For God, for home, our legions  
Shall win or fighting die!  
O bless, etc.