

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.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. D. Stewart, Esq., Chief of Police, Hamilton, acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of \$5, the prize awarded for best poem published in TRUTH of April 25.

J. H. Macdonald, Boom, Nova Scotia, also acknowledges the receipt of \$5 for best selected poem published in TRUTH of April 11th.

THE AWARD.

As TRUTH is now issued one day previous to "Queen's Birthday," it was thought desirable to offer a special prize for the best poem relating to Her Majesty. Though the notice given was short, over thirty poems have been sent in, a number of them possessing good literary merit. The committee decided in favor of the following, by Rev. J. H. Chant, Methodist minister of Collins Bay, Ont., to whom \$10 will be paid on application. Several others are also here given, which, we are sure, will be read with pleasure.

Queen Victoria.

BY REV. J. H. CHANT.

We do not sing of vast domain—
Empire as vast as ours are seen;
And o'er their millions despot reign;
We sing the praises of our Queen.

We think of her, when, but a maid,
The message came, "The King is dead!"
And at her feet a crown was laid;
In great distress of mind, she said:

"In my behalf, I ask your prayers."
Then falling on her knees to pray,
She told the Lord her fears and cares,
And sought from Him strength for her day.

He seemed to say, "Child, do not fear;
I will uphold thee with my hand,
And I will make thy pathway clear,
Thy throne establish in the land."

'Twas thus began Victoria's reign,
And God has made her throne secure;
Her enemies shall plot in vain,
For it is destined to endure.

But while she sits on regal throne,
And acts full well a royal part,
She reigns not on the throne alone—
She reigns to-day in England's heart.

Her queenly heart with pity throbs
For every suffering subject's woes;
In lowly cot, 'midst groans and sobs,
She like a ray of sunshine goes.

As sweet perfume by outward gale
Is carried far o'er sea and land,
So queenly virtues never fail
To reach true hearts on every strand.

In every land her name is blest,
She is beloved by old and young;
From pole to pole, from east to west,
The song, "God Save the Queen," is sung.

Through sorrows deep her path has led,
And tender ties have sundered been;
Bright hopes were buried with her dead,
And love has kept their memory green.

By grief secluded from the world,
For many years she lonely trod;
And oft her life has been imperiled,
But she has leaned upon her God.

And as she wept, a nation's tears
In heartfelt sympathy were shed;
Forgetting their own griefs and cares,
They wept beside the royal dead.

With grateful hearts her natal day
We loyal Britons hail again,
And join with millions as they pray,
"God bless our Queen—long may she reign!"

And when at last life's glories fade,
And robes of state are laid aside,
And nature's debt to dust is paid,
And charms no more earth's pomp and pride,

May angel bands her spirit bear
Up to the palace of the King,
Where she a fadeless crown shall wear,
And the new song with rapture sing.

—For Truth.

All Hail to the Morn!

BY MRS. M. A. MAITLAND, STRATFORD, ONT.

All hail to the morn when to England was born
A sovereign the noblest and best;
Whose honor and name, whose glory and fame
Resound from the east to the west;
Whose sceptre of might never swerved from the right.

But in wisdom has ever been swayed,
Whose arm to the foe would fain overthrow,
Has been prompt to uncover the blade.
All hail to the happy May morning that gave
Victoria to rule o'er the land of the brave!

Long, long on her brow may as proudly as now
Rest the crown she so nobly has worn;
Long, long o'er her lands may the "Aye, ready,"
Bears the flag they so bravely have borne;

And may the same hand that has sped on the land
The cause of the just and the true,
Aye favor the breeze to the Queen of the Seas,
Aye compass her "jackets of blue."
All hail to the happy May morning that gave
Victoria to rule o'er the land of the brave!

May the Sovereign of Love from His kingdom above,
With true riches abundantly bless
Our monarch revered, by her virtues endeared,
"A Queen, but a woman none less."
May each year to her bring with the blossoms of spring,

A nation's good-will and regard;
Till her sceptre and crown are in honor laid down,
And the righteous has found her reward.
All hail to the happy May morning that gave
Victoria to rule o'er the land of the brave!

—For Truth.

Queen Victoria.

BY ALEXANDER M'LEACHAN, JR.

This is an age when ancient things
From pride of place are buried;
And intellect, as well as kings,
Is ruling in the world.
An age not overawed by towers,
Or aught an heir inherits;
And princes, potentates and powers
Must stand on their own merits.

Appointed by the Powers above,
Hail! Sovereign of the free,
Who reignest over us in love,
And hence we honor thee.
A loyal people's love sincere
Is guardian of thy throne,
For thou art to the nation dear
For virtues of thine own.

We honor thee with loyal men,
For thou art good and true,
Because thou art indeed a Queen,
"And yet a woman, too."
Not to thy titles or thy fame
Bows any loyal and true man;
He honors thee, yes, in the name
Of every virtuous woman.

Not that thou reignest o'er kingdoms great,
The highest in command;
But because thou art, apart from state,
First lady in the land.
The day of abject loyalty
Is gone, forever gone;
Men won't bow to depravity
Tho' seated on a throne.

Surely thy tears of sympathy
Thy jewels far outshine,
For tears that flow for others' woes
Come from a source divine.
The power thou wieldest was built by wise
Heroic hearts and sagac,
Through many years of toil and tears,
The outcome of the ages.

There Bacon's wisdom is enshrined,
Burst a mental treasure vast,
And a long line of bards divine
A halo round it cast;
That power's unswerving in thy hands,
And long, long may'st thou be
Great Empress of the smiling lands—
Great, glorious and free!

Queen Victoria's Birthday.

BY B. MOORE, QUEBEC.

In vain the poet tunes his lyre,
And breathes his soul in song,
And vain his efforts to aspire
To rouse the rapturous throng
Whose loyalty assumes the sway
On Queen Victoria's natal day.

No eloquence is needed now,
Nor yet the poet's lore;
The people in devotion bow,
And gratefully adore
That God whose goodness they have seen
Long focused in their noble Queen.

We hail with heartfelt loyalty
The Twenty-fourth of May,
And in a rapture full and free,
Applaud the natal day
Of our loved Queen, the gift of heaven
To all who prize the blessing given.

Queen, Empress, all her titles are
Less than her human heart,
Which gives a lustre, brighter far
Than crowns or works of art
Above her rank we love to trace
Her piety, love, truth and grace.

A loving mother's watchful care
Prepared her in her youth
To seek the Lord by earnest prayer,
To love and hold the truth.
Thus through life's changes God has been
The leader of our loving Queen.

As wife and mother she has proved
An honor to her name.
A queen so loving, so beloved,
Of such unflinching fame
Has never sat on any throne,
And this loved Queen we call our own.

Her vast dominions own her sway,
All nations speak her worth;
Then let us hail her natal day,
And celebrate her birth.
And about, "Long live our gracious Queen,
To be what she has always been."

For forty-seven years her name
Has been a household word,
And still she gains increasing fame,
As all with one accord
Declare she is, and still has been
A loving, wise, and model Queen.

In vain we search through ancient lore
A better Queen to find;
All other queens she stands before,
And leaves them far behind.
A virtuous court, a stainless throne
Belong to her—to her alone.

What tho' some wretched rebels may
Their disaffection show,
Our sentiments declared to-day
Must silence every foe.
Our million-voiced great shout shall be
Victoria, love, and loyalty.

God bless our Queen, long may she reign
To share her people's love;
And after death, O may she gain
A brighter crown above—
A crown begemmed with every grace
Which in her virtuous life we trace.

And may her few declining years
Be peaceful and serene;
Nor war's alarms, nor anxious fears
Disturb our dear old Queen.
Until at last the angels come,
And bear her blood-washed spirit home.

—For Truth.

Song for Queen's Birthday.

MISS JENNIE LYON K. TORONTO

Hail, glorious Twenty-fourth of May!
It is Victoria's natal day;
And 'midst the cannon's roar
From those who call her Queen and friend,
We hear a thousand prayers ascend
To bless her as of yore.

For many years fair Albion's Isle
Has prized her gentle words and smile,
And watched her Christian course;
So now throughout her closing years
It mourns her widowhood and tears,
And weeps their mutual loss.

Then hail, bright, glorious morn of May,
That ushers in this natal day;
For Victoria has ever been
Throughout her useful, noble life
A perfect daughter, friend and wife,
A true mother and good Queen.

—For Truth.

Victoria.

BY MRS. C. JEWETT, EAST DENMARK, MAINE.

Across the sea, across the sea,
We send our greetings unto thee.
Our loyal greetings, gracious Queen,
From the far land thou hast not seen.

Long have we held thy name,
And thy unquelled fame,
Thy stainless honor, thy renown,
Our nat on a joy, our nation's crown.

In all thy wide domain
There stands no nobler name;
No sweeter and no truer life
As mother or as wife.

A Queen in very truth,
First in thy earnest youth,
Then in thy golden prime,
Now in that after-time.

When from life's deepened root
Hath sprung the ripened fruit,
That gives thy history's later page
The aided dignity of age.

Something still of gracious sweetness,
Of thy royal hor's completeness,
Crown, as nothing lesser could,
All thy noble womanhood.

Baby fingers at thy breast
All the heart of England pressed,
Widow's tears from out thine eyes
Darkened all the English skies.

India's Empress, England's Queen,
Lofly titles, still I deem,
But the nobler, truest, best,
Loved and cherished east and west.

With its honored place bespoken,
Deep in English heart of oak
Is Victoria, widowed wife,
Crowned with years of staleness life.

And to-day we send to thee
Greetings fair across the sea,
Wish thee joy and length of days,
And that God in pleasant ways

Still shall guide thy feet aright,
Walking ever in His light.
May thy years grow and increase,
May the end thereof be peace.

And when that sad day shall come,
That shall mark thy journey done,
May He bless thee with His rest,
Pray thy people in the West.

—For Truth.

Our Good Queen.

BY MRS. J. CRAWFORD, NEWCASTLE, ONT.

Once more this day returns to us,
Clothed with earth's choicest green;
And flowers fair, both rich and rare,
On every side are seen.
And perfume-laden breezes sigh,
Ecstatic as they play,
Seeking with blessings bright to crown
Our good Queen's natal day!

Then shout for Queen Victoria!
Long may she live and reign!
And many years bring back to her
Her natal day again!

Her reign with blessings has been fraught,
And subjects free and glad
Praise her laws good and merciful—
Such laws no other Britain had!
But more than this we honor her,
We hold her dear as life,
The queen and crown of womanhood,
Pure mother, perfect wife!

Then shout for Queen Victoria!
Long may she live and reign!
May many years bring back to her
Her natal day again!

Then shout aloud for our good Queen,
And all our hearts be gay,
As here we meet to celebrate
Our sovereign's natal day.
Thank God for Queen Victoria!
The best the world has seen!
And may each heart put forth its prayer,
God guard our gracious Queen!

Then shout for Queen Victoria!
Long may she live and reign!
And many years bring back to her
Her natal day again!

—For Truth.

The Natal Day

BY MRS. W. HAVENS, HAMILTON.

The Queen! the Queen! our gracious Queen
We'll raise on high our voices,
And let it by our smiles be seen
That every heart rejoices!
Her natal day we'll celebrate
With ardor and devotion,
And Britain's festal tumult
In our Canadian nation.

"Now let Old England's flag be spread,
That flag long famed in story;
And as it waves above our head,
We'll think upon its glory!
Our noble Queen! we'll fire the gun
And set the bells a-ringing.
And 'then, with hearts and voices one,
We'll all unite in singing,

"The Queen! the Queen! God bless the Queen
And all her royal kindred;
Prolonged and peaceful be her reign,
By a sorrow never hindered!
May high and low, the rich and poor,
The happy or distressed,
O'er her wide realm, from shore to shore,
Arise and call her blessed!"

—For Truth.

The Queen's Birthday.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

All hail! most gracious Queen,
On this thy natal day;
Full many thou hast seen,
Dear Twenty-fourth of May.

From every clime on earth
Thy sons send greetings full,
And proudly own their birth
Beneath thy sovereign rule.

In many scenes of life
Our hearts round thee entwine;
As mother, Queen, or wife,
Thy virtues nobly shine.

Let rebels point with scorn,
Or cowards quake with fear;
Thy subjects, British born,
In memory, hold thee dear.

God spare thee many years,
In trouble send relief;
At last, a nation's tears
Shall wet thy grave in grief.