

## The Poet's Page.

## Out in the Cold.

BY ALICE E. MARY.

Out in the street, the white-winged blast,  
With maniac howling, hurried past.  
Across the face of the stormy moon,  
The dark clouds sped, to the wild wind's tune.

Bitterly cold was the cruel air,  
Tauntingly bright, the gas-light glare.  
Mockingly snug looked the gentleman's coat,  
That the blast and cold unavailingly smote.

Pressed on the street, the hurrying throng,  
Home with the storm's wild rave along;  
Brightly the lights in the windows gleamed,  
As the storm in its fury wildly screamed.

Out in the cold stood poor wee Jack,  
With tattered coat on his upraised back,  
The fierce wind played with his curly locks,  
Midnight pealed from a score of clocks.

On the cheek, by his blue, thin hand concealed,  
The big drops rolled, but quick concealed,  
As trembling, freezing, there he stood,  
As past him pressed the human flood.

Loud came the biting blast again,—  
Out on its yell, went his moan of pain.  
Over his features, plucked and wan,  
The fatal glare of the gaslight shone.

Was there one, in the crowd that passed  
Who one kind look at the orphan cast?  
Was there one whose pitying heart  
Gave, at the sight, a generous start?

Was there one whose home was warm,  
Who felt no cold nor pitiless storm,  
That gave one thought to the homeless child,  
His wind and snow and frost reviled?

No, not one. For how can the proud  
Stop in the cold, midst the common crowd,  
Or waste a thought on a freezing boy,  
And mark their pleasure and noble joy?

How can the rich, so warmly dressed,  
Feel the pain that pierces the orphan's breast?  
How can the proud and rich ones care?  
Well they know their child is not there.

God of the opulent, God of the poor,  
King of the Land where skies are blue,  
The rich have no time to waste on these  
Who know what it is to starve and freeze.

'Tis to Thee are left such cases below  
The rich and high, for the sight of woe  
Stems the tide of their cultured pleasures,  
And jars their feeling like uncouth measures.

Then, O God, must their servant be,—  
They leave the vulgar work to Thee,  
And pliously matter, as they pass by the side,  
"The good Lord is merciful, He will provide."

TOKYO.

## Burns.

BY COL. R. WILK.

Our monarch's thirtieth year but new,  
Was five and twenty days begun,  
Then then a West o' Jancar' win  
Hew himself in on Robin—Burns

Free then till now, nae lad o' Kyle,  
Or any other British ile,  
Can match the hearty honest style  
O' our ain rovin' Robin.

An' a' wha thole in porritch auld,—  
Ken naething o' a gowden fauld,  
Leel honest men can ae be boud;  
An' so says rovin' Robin.

Wha like the stroll by burn and brae,  
An' pu' the bonnie flowers o' May,  
Or by the banks o' Doon to stray,  
Will think o' Roarin' Robin.

Or mournin' o'er unhappy lot,  
Wi' puir bairn's tottering roon' the cot,  
Will thank kind heaven Rob was a Scot—  
Oor grand, proud rovin' Robin.

Fen should some duddy auld condemo,  
Kidd Robin as the worst o' men,  
Just tell the carle—ye dinna ken  
If he'll compare wi' Robin.

Hypocrisy be hated sair,  
An' cowardice a great deal mair,  
An' a' the tricks o' such made, laze  
Did aye o'er rovin' Robin.

He lik'd to see a bonnie lass,  
An' a' the tricks o' such made, laze  
Did aye o'er rovin' Robin.

He crack'd wi' nature every day,  
An' a' the tricks o' such made, laze  
Did aye o'er rovin' Robin.

He thir'd God made be lik'd weel,  
Had p'ly cryn for the deil,  
Non though at hame be made men equal:  
For very kind was Robin.

Just read his heavenly-scented lay—  
Father and bairn met to pray  
In the midst o' Saturday—  
Including rovin' Robin.

The big ha' fiddle—family pride,—  
The Scotchman's heartily gude,  
Was on his treble to hear the rife—  
Was saved by o'er Robin.

Whate'er was honest, gude and pure  
He was its champion firm and sure,  
Palehood or cant could not endure,  
So honest was oor Robin.

The throille whistling in the wude,  
The laverock sittin' mid the alude,  
The jolly boggan in his duds,  
Were a' beloved by Robin.

He taught the puir to lift their helde,  
To measure men by their ain dede,  
To tak' the life and no the crede,  
Was aye the test of Robin.

He mourn'd for the puir pipilin' hare,  
Wha' start'd frae his grassy lair,  
Or t' wail'd in the poacher's snare  
Lid oor ain rovin' Robin.

He a' was couthe, kind and free,  
When 's and Allan met to pree,  
E'en wi' a chappie in his e'e,  
'Canty was rovin' Robin.

Scan 't the warl' roun' and roun',  
Frae cottage up to nation's croun,  
There linae a' o' mair renown  
Than oor ain rovin' Robin.

He sang in sonnet, clear and loud,  
In coole cot or city crowd,  
The honest man's the only gowd,—  
Did manly rovin' Robin.

An' Robin will remembered be,  
In Scotia auld and 'cross the sea,  
An' never till the day we de,de,  
Will we forget oor Robin.

Brookville, Ont.

## A Glow-Worm.

FRANK D. SHERRMAN.

Close by the margin tuft of grass  
Weighed down with dew and damp,  
I found you as I chanced to pass,  
Your trimmed and shining lamp  
Illuming with greenish light  
The dusky road with dusky light.

A velvet ring set round with gems  
That softly shone below  
The pale blue chlorey's tall stems,  
As if the path to show  
To some belated beetle who  
Went stumbling homeward in the dew.

A phosphorescent beacon there,—  
A solitary guide  
For insect ships that sail the air  
On breaths of fragrant tide:  
Or were you from some rose on high—  
A star dropped from the summer sky?

## A Valentine.

FROM THE "CENTURY."

Awake, awake, O gracious heart,  
There's someone knocking at the door;  
The chilling breezes make him smart,  
His little feet are tired and sore.

Arise, and welcome him before  
Adown his cheeks big tears start;  
Awake, awake, O gracious heart,  
There's someone knocking at the door.

'Tis Cupid come with loving art  
To honor, worship, and adore;  
And lest, unwelcomed, he depart  
With all his woe, mysterious lore,  
Awake, awake, O gracious heart,  
There's someone knocking at the door.

## The Frosted Pane.

She stood and wrote, "I do not love;"  
She stood and thought—perhaps the same:  
Yet while her hand the sentence wrote  
Her blushes went, and came.

Her breath came sweet and warm and fell  
Upon the hopeless words that swept  
The glamour from an olden spell  
That o'er my boyhood crept.

I looked, and lo! the hopeless words,  
Cold as the frost whereon they lay,  
That pierced my startled heart like swords,  
Themselves were swept away.

"And shall those words remain effaced?"  
I asked, "I cannot write again  
The words my hand alone has traced  
Upon the frosted pane."

## Nature's Nobleman.

BY GEORGE ARTHUR WALL.

Room for a nobleman to pass  
In costly robes? In trappings gay!  
A top tricked out before the glass?  
No, clad in sober gray,  
A nobleman in heart is he,  
With mind for his nobility.

His crest, a soul in virtue strong;  
His arm, a heart with candor bright,  
Which gold tribes not to what is wrong,  
Nor blind to what is right;  
The patent of his country race—  
Rebeld it in his open face!

He cringes not on those above,  
Nor trembles on the worm below,  
Misfortune can not cool his love,  
His battery make it grow;  
Staunch to his friends in woe or weal  
As is the magnet to the steel.

He envies not the deepest sage;  
He scoffs not at the meanest wight;  
And all the war that he doth wage  
Is in the name of right;  
For broad estate and warring sword  
He sees the poor man's willing hand.

He is not rich, and yet, indeed,  
His wealth; nor poor, has stock, though small;  
Nor rich, he gives no much to need;  
Not poor, for on him fall  
Such blessings from relieved distress,  
To crown his path with happiness.

Room for a lord, ye truckling crew,  
Who round earth's great ones fawn and whine  
Fall back! and gaze on something new:  
A lord, at least, in mind—  
That bravest work in Nature's plan,  
An upright, independent man!

## Mariana.

STUART STERN, IN THE "CENTURY."

"He cometh not!" she said.

He never came whose step and loving call  
I waited long to hear,  
But thou hast come, last Messenger of all,  
A friend well-nigh as dear!

Peace! if not joy!—yet peace itself were gain,  
That must supremely bless  
The soul sore travell'd that in vain, in vain  
Hungered for happiness!

Draw closer, oh, thou voiceless Guest and pale,  
Whose drooping form burns low:  
Thy face is hid, but through the sombre veil  
Thine eyes dark light I know!

Nay, closer still!—I yearn on brow and heart  
Thy cool, strong hand to feel:  
Fetted with wounds, and throbbing with a smart  
Thy touch alone can heal.

I go with joy! Lead me to him at last—  
How dim the path and lone—  
Him, whose far footsteps, echoing through the past,  
Path never met mine own.

## "The Riddle of the Elves."

The elves they sat in the rocky shaft,  
And chatted away all night and laughed.

They asked these riddles one by one,  
Which if not gold, have a golden tone—

And when the morning breezes blew,  
Away flew the elves or melted into dew.

"What gold in no mine may ever lie?"  
"The gold of the sun, that comes from on high."

"What borrows her silver from foreign gold?"  
"The silver moon that o'er us rolled."

"What tear wells up from the hardest breast?"  
"The spring that hathlain in the rock at rest."

"What's the widest bridge that can span a lake?"  
"The ice bridge—built of a single cake."

"What flood may ne'er from the home depart?"  
"The dream that flows through the human heart."

"Who is it mourns in his gayest gown?"  
"The tree when in autumn its leaves fall down."

"Who sees not the inside of his own home?"  
"The snail, who never departs therefrom."

"Where has he made the smallest king?"  
"The kingfisher is but a small, weak thing."

"When does the weak tread down the strong?"  
"Man crushes the earth as he walks along."

"What is stronger than firm set ground?"  
"The plough, that tears it with many a wound."

"What is stronger than iron or brass?"  
"The fiery flame that melteth the mass."

"What is stronger than the fiercest fire?"  
"The watery stream that can quench its ire."

"What is more strong than the waves that flow?"  
"The wind that driveth them to and fro."

"What is stronger than wind and air?"  
"The thunder—they tremble when it is there."

"Why does not water flow up hill?"  
"Because to flow downward is easier still."

"Why are the fishes dumb away?"  
"Because they've no clever things to say."

"Who can answer these riddles true?"  
"Whoever knoweth a rhyme thereto."

"And wherefore do I now give o'er?"  
"Because I wish to hear no more."

—Sunday Republican.

## The Chrysanthemum.

FROM CORRI'S LADY'S BOOK.

When shone the moon, brightest,  
Upon the garden bed,  
I saw the maiden, whitest,  
T'ill her dainty head.

Cold lay the frost and peler  
The cheek that felt his kiss,  
As a white icicle doth veil her,  
She veiled her brows with this.

Silent the withered garden,  
Strewed with the Frost King's poll,  
Saw where the owl, his warden,  
Hooteth to cheer himself.

Treading 'he high and lowly,  
Seeking for one most pure;  
Only a virgile holy  
The frost kiss might endure.

All the impassioned flowers  
Fanned by his blighting breath,  
Blackened within their bowers  
In the embrace of death.

Pamorous kisses, killing,  
Fell on each glowing breast  
Of the frail beauties, stilling,  
Lulling them into rest.

Saintly and still and queenly  
Stands the white maiden there,  
Wearing his gifts, serenely,  
As maids their jewels wear.

She and the Frost, her lover,  
In the wan, waning light  
Of the mild moon above her,  
Watch through the quiet night.

## The Sparrow's Fall.

Wild rocked the leafy dell,  
On east wind's cruel crest,  
The trembling fledgling fell  
From out the sheltered nest.  
Flutter'd—earth, one spasm,—dead,  
Ah, who can blind that broken thread?

Wild swept the storms of life,  
Was heard no passing knell;  
Yet midst fierce passion's strife,  
One human fledgling fell.  
Fell to earth's dust to grovel there  
In stain and soil, and dull despair.

Fell from a dream of bliss,  
A hope of rapture lost,  
The sweetness of youth's kiss,  
The shelter of a nest.  
No one to care, to warn, to call,  
Save He who notes the sparrow's fall.

The drooping eyes looked up,  
Was comfort in that thought,  
Was sweetness in the cup,  
With bitter evil fraught.  
"God knows," she groaned, "God knoweth  
well,  
How wild that storm wherein I fell.

He heard the chill wind blow,  
He sent the storm and snow,  
The bitter pain, the woe,  
He careth for each one;  
His ear is opened, let me call  
On Him who marks the sparrow's fall."

## Jennie's Sacrifice.

BY SARAH F. ROSE.

'Twas Christmas time in eighty-three,  
And the children were together,  
Each one was merry as could be,  
As merry as the weather.  
The Christmas tree had all been planned,  
And every present too,  
The children now were at a stand  
About what they next should do.

Then up spoke gentle Allie Lee;  
"Let us do something new,  
We'll begin this very Christmas tree,  
We'll all be in it too."  
"I can guess your plan," said Mable Ma,  
"It is flannel for the poor."  
"No, no," quoth black-eyed Betta Fay,  
"It must be something newer."

Allie smiled and looked at eager Bess  
"Tis nothing you can give,  
I'm sure you all could never guess  
As long as you should live.  
It's this: let's all be very kind  
To our schoolmate, Jennie Payne,  
And let us room to better mind  
When she is cross again."

"She's the crossiest girl that's in my class,"  
Said the girl by Allie's side,  
"I know I shall not take her 'case'"  
Slangy Harry Golden cried  
And Margie said: "She's always mad  
If we chance to get alone her."  
"Never mind," And Allie's eyes were sad,  
"Let's show her that we love her."

"The nut which has the sweetest meat  
Lies 'neath the prickliest bark,  
And, comrades, would it not be sweet,  
To win a smile from her?"  
"Well, let us try," said Helen Maud,  
"Tis really something new."  
And at length the children all agreed  
To see what they could do.

The year passed by with silent feet,  
'Twas Christmas, eighty-four,  
Again the children were to meet  
About their tree once more.  
To-night they met with Mable May,  
Allie Lee and Jennie Payne  
Were coming up the slippery way,  
Ne'er thinking of the train.  
That was coming swiftly o'er the ties,  
Bright on with light and main.  
A glance! A terrible surprise!  
God help thee, Jennie Payne,  
Up in her arms she caught her friend  
And threw her far away,  
With strength God-given to the end,  
Outdo her, ye who may!

Poor Allie jumped upon her feet  
As swift the train sped by,  
An officer from the nearest street  
Came hurrying swiftly nigh,  
And Jennie, crushed and bleeding child,  
Was carried to her home,  
And Allie rushed her sobbing wild  
As through the bloody foam  
Upon her lips poor Jennie spake:  
"I'd gladly die, you see,  
For one who coaxed her friends to make  
Life pleasant for me."  
Do you think the friends of Allie Lee,  
As they think of it again,  
Were sorry that they tried to be  
Kind to cross Jennie Payne?

—Waverly Magazine.