

The Poet's Page.

—Written for Truth.

Twilight.

BY ALFRED DAVIDSON.

Beautiful twilight, how short thy vespereign!
 Source manifest to view when thou doth wane again;
 Mantling the azure dome one moment to reside
 With beautifying power infant of even-tide,
 Then nature smiling seems to be on all around,
 Wrapped in majestic garb serenely and profound.
 What influencing power is it belongs to thee,
 What in thy gentle light is it we love to see?
 "Beautiful twilight!" Lips breathe the sentence oft,
 Whisp'ring to self alone with admiration soft,
 "I love to watch thee spread like some seraph's wing,
 Thought pure and holy thou doth to fancy bring.
 The feathered songster seemingly waits for thee,
 Then from some rural perch swells forth his notes of gloe,
 Telling his joyous tale until I seem like he,
 Charmed by beauty's lyre singing a praise to thee;
 Peace steals upon my soul, and I forget that life
 Is a vast field replete with sorrow, pain and strife,
 Joy fills my breast, and I dream on, nor heed the rude
 Shadows that gather ruthlessly to intrude.
 And thou art waning, sweet moment of delight,
 Deeper the gloom descends, alas! this form is night.

—Written for Truth.

A ravell'd rainbow overhead
 oes down to life its varying thread,
 o'er blue, joy's gold, and fair between
 Hope's shifting light of emerald green,
 With either side in deep relief
 A crimson pain, a violet grief.
 But be thou sure what tint so e'er
 The broken wreath beneath may wear,
 It needs them all, that broad and white,
 God's love may weave the perfect light.

Lost in the Corn.

A TRUE STORY.

BY V. ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

There are lilies pale and tall,
 Pansies purple, gold, and white,
 Roses on the garden wall,
 Summer blossoms blooming bright.
 What cares Molly for all these
 Garden flowers? What are they,
 When in harvest-fields she sees
 Colours twice as fair and gay?
 Marigold and meadow-sweet,
 Corn-flowers blue and poppies red;
 And the golden corn ears meet
 O'er Molly's golden head.
 Ah! the fields were ripe for reaping
 Where they found their lost child sleeping.

They are calling Molly now
 In the garden, by the gate.
 Where the heavy sunflowers bow,
 "Molly, Molly, it is late!"
 Far, far off their voices sound.
 Through high walls of waving wheat,
 Molly wanders round and round
 On her little aching feet;
 And the evening shadows fall,
 And the gay lark's voice is dumb;
 Faint and fainter grows their call,
 "Molly, Molly, Molly, come!"
 And the fields were ripe for reaping
 Where they found their lost child sleeping.

It is harvest time to-day,
 And the poppies droop and die,
 And the lark has flown away,
 And the reaping folk go by.
 Hush! Among the golden wheat
 Lies a tangled golden head,
 Folded hands and quiet feet,
 Faded flowers, blue and red;

And in vain your kisses fall,
 Lily pale her lips and dumb,
 And she wakes not though you call;
 "Molly, Molly, Molly, come!"
 Ah, the fields were ripe for reaping
 Where they found their lost child sleeping.

Life's Changes.

BY J. M. C.

Of dear loved friends and distant home
 The shipwrecked mariner will dream.
 No turns the heart whose hopes are toss'd
 By darkening tempests, and are lost
 On life's meandering stream.

On fancy's wings my spirit soars,
 It cherishes scenes to greet—
 I feared a mother's gentle voice,
 That made each kindred heart rejoice,
 Brought counsel mild and sweet.

I see each dear familiar face
 As in youth's happy day,
 When gathered round the cheerful hearth,
 And hearts were full of joyous mirth,
 Swift flew the hours away.

The playmate of those golden hours,
 The friend whose deep and true,
 That gave to life a zest, a charm,
 Which kept the youthful spirit warm,
 Arise in strong review.

But ah! the wind of cold deceit
 Has withered many a flower
 Of brightest hue and rarest bloom,
 That shed its lustre round the home
 Of life's first vernal hour.

The same bright stars still deck the sky,
 With radiance ever bright,
 The moonbeams too still softly play
 O'er all the earth, yet even they
 Shed not so sweet a light.

The rippling stream though mournfully
 Pursues its ample range;
 Those noble cedars of the grove,
 Where sung the birds their songs of love,
 On all is written—Change.

And one by one those friends have fled
 From home, perchance from earth,
 And vain delusive Hope no more
 Can weave their garlands as of yore
 With joys of heavenly mirth.

A Wail from the Wreck.

S. K. G.

There was a storm last night; the minute
 gun boomed like a knell along the startled
 shore:
 Hither the tempest bore
 Weird ories which roused from slumber
 many a one:
 And yet so gloriously rose the sun,
 It might have been a dream, and nothing
 more.

It might have been, but the rocks were
 high,
 And where she foundered there the brave
 ship lay,
 Their own dismantled prey;
 Majestic still, and as if loth to die,
 Rearing her riven mast against a sky
 Bright with the dappled clouds of early
 day.

Down came the fisher-folk, awe-struck and
 sad,
 And saw the sun-kissed ripples round her
 glide,
 And men and women sighed;
 But the fair morning made the children
 glad;
 For them the distant wreck small meaning
 had,
 Until one simple token they espied:

Only a wave-worn doll! which mutely
 brings
 Tidings of death that spared not innocence,
 But ruthlessly dragged it hence.
 There is a time when the most trifling
 things
 Speak to the heart, and touch its inner
 spring
 With a strange power, a piteous eloquence.

To these poor puppet lips have much to
 say,
 Even the children know their story well;
 Do they not dumbly tell
 Of other lips, more rigid now than they?

Lips that were laughter-loving yesterday,
 Overwhelmed and buried in the treacherous
 swell.

Ocean! Thou dost resemble cruel earth;
 Thy wiles our dearest and our best de-
 stroy;
 They stifle hope and joy,
 Then hide the act with mockery of mirth.
 Thou takest that which hath the greater
 worth,
 Thou givest back, perchance, a broken
 toy.

And there are those who in the dark
 abyss
 Of a more mighty, more mysterious sea,
 Bounding eternally,
 Wrecked all too soon, their goal untimely
 miss;
 They leave behind them some such wail as
 this,
 And only ruin marks their memory.

Alas, for lives thus wasted! lives laid low,
 Eaten by sudden terror of the night!
 God claimeth as a right
 That for our time we something better
 show.
 Earth's hoarded baubles crumble ere we
 go;
 Good deeds alone are lasting in His sight.

The New Birth.

BY HERMAN MERRIVALE.

God spake in a voice of thunder,
 Of old from Sinai's hill;
 And the mystic words of wonder
 Thrill the believer still;
 He sees in the vault above him,
 With the eye of faith alone,
 Gemmed round by the souls that love him,
 The great Creator's throne.

He sees,—in the day of danger,—
 The column of cloud that led
 From the land of the alien stranger,
 His Israel whom He fed;
 And knows,—tho' his footsteps wander
 Astray in a twilight land,—
 That his home is building yonder,
 By the one unerring hand.

He sees,—in the night of peril,—
 The pillar of fire that shone
 From the halls of pearl and beryl,
 To light God's children on;
 And feels that straight from heaven
 When the eye of sense grows dim,
 Still a grander sight be given
 To all who trust in Him.

On the page of the mighty Ocean
 He reads the mightier still,
 Who curbs its restless motion
 By the law of His royal will;
 And while in its course diurnal
 It murmurs, or sings, or raves,
 He lists to the voice Eternal,
 In the language of the waves.

He marks the plants around him
 The throbs of a life their own,
 While the wordless worlds that bound him
 Whisper their undertone.
 From the hawk and the hounds yet clearer
 He hears the secret fall.
 Which nearer to him and nearer
 Brings the great God of all.

In the leaves that blow and periah
 In the space of a single hour,
 As the loves that meet we cherish
 Die like the frailtest flower,—
 In the living things whose living
 Withers ere they bloom,
 He reads of the great thanksgiving
 Which breathes from the open tomb.

The bright spring leaves returning
 To the stem whence autumn's fell,
 And the heart of summer burning,
 To change at the winter's spell,—
 The year that again repasses,—
 The grain that again revives,—
 Are signs on the darkened glasses
 That bar and bound our lives.

I know the glass must darken
 To my vision more and more,
 When the weak ear strains to hearken,
 When the faint eye glazes o'er;
 But the glass shall melt and shiver,
 Once kissed by the fighting breath,
 And the light beyond the River
 Shine full in the face of Death.

Strong-set in a strong affection,
 We look to the golden prime,
 When a mightier resurrection
 Shall burst on the doubts of Time;
 And the thoughts of all the sages,
 Like the waves of the fretful main,
 At the base of the Rock of Ages
 Shall foam and fume in vain.

Winter.

BY O. C. AURINGER.

O winter! thou art not that haggard Lear,
 With stormy beard and countenance of
 woe,
 Having again, or dumbly crouching low,
 In hoary desolation mocked with fear.
 To me thou art the white queen of the
 year,
 A stately virgin in her robes of snow,
 With royal lilies crowned, and all aglow
 With holy charms and gems celestial
 clear.
 Nor dost thou come in barren majesty,
 Thou hast thy dower of sunbeams thrice
 refined;
 Nor songless, but with cheerful minstrelsy
 Ring from the singing harp-strings of the
 wind,
 And ah, with such sweet dreams—such visions
 bright,
 Of flowers, and birds, and love's divine de-
 light!

—[Century Magazine.

ALBUM VERSES.

Comprising Choice Poetical Selections
 for Autograph Albums, Christmas
 and other Cards, and
 Valentines.

Cling to those who cling to you.
 In the end there'd be but precious few
 When they are tried and true;
 So cling to those who cling to you.

Dear girl, I will write in thy book one
 line,
 'Tis only to show you my friendship is
 thine;
 As long as the heart in my bosom shall
 beat,
 The throbs of pure friendship for thee 'twill
 repeat.

Farwell: how oft that sound of sadness,
 Like thorns of sorrow pierce the heart,
 And hush the harp tones of its gladness,
 And tear the bleeding chords apart.

Farwell! and if by distance parted
 We see each other's face no more,
 Ah! may we with the faithful-hearted
 Meet beyond this parting shore.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
 Reaching heaven but one by one,
 Take them lest the charm be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Be content with thy lot,
 Though it may be small,
 Each must have their share,
 One cannot have all.

If we only do all the good we can.
 Though our ways lay far asunder,
 If our souls grow purer and our lives more
 grand,
 We shall surely meet up yonder.

I most sincerely wish that you
 May have many friends, and who
 No matter what you're passing through,
 Will stick as close as good strong glue.

Life's a jest, and all things show it,
 I thought so once, and now I know it.

Will one wandering thought of thine
 Rest its rapid flight on me?
 Or to forgetfulness consign
 The friend that loves to think of thee.

Ah! sure thy fancy oft will dwell
 On scenes which once were dear to
 thee;
 And when these lines you chance to
 read,
 You smiling will remember me.

Industry is fortune's right hand,
 And frugality its companion.