

The Post'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 Post'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.

MRS. H. INNES, 378 W. Munroe St., Chicago, acknowledges, with many thanks, a cheque for \$5.00, the prize for her selection of poetry on "Kindness," published in TRUTH of May 9th.

RD. STEWART, Chief of Police, Hamilton: "I have to acknowledge the receipt of \$5.00 for poem lately sent you, and which was awarded a prize. Many thanks for your promptness."

MRS. WM. NORRIS, 20 Alexander St., City: "Many thanks for the \$5.00 received for prize poem, published in TRUTH of May 16th. And allow me to say, I look upon the paper as a delightful companion in the home circle, pleasantly instructive and decidedly useful. Should a week go by without my receiving it, I know I should feel very much disappointed."

THE AWARD.

The following original poem, from the pen of Mr. R. Jamieson, Perth, Ont., is awarded the prize this week, and the amount will be paid on application to this office.

The Editor again regrets that a number of prizes cannot be awarded, as a number of poems, original and selected, have been sent in of much more than ordinary merit. TRUTH has, undoubtedly, a larger number of really good poetical contributors than any other journal in Canada.

—For Truth.

The Dying Hero of Batoche.

BY R. JAMIESON, PERTH, ONT.

In Saskatoon, at close of day,
A wounded soldier dying lay;
The sands of life had nearly run,
His star was sinking with the sun.

With comrades brave, a valiant band
As ever fought on sea or land,
This noble youth had left his hall
In answer to his country's call.

Long, weary marches he had made
Through drifting snows, through wood and glade,
O'er prairies vast and ice-bound lakes,
Through marshy pools and thorny brakes.

At last the covert foe is seen
In thickets close and dark ravine;
A vantage ground by nature formed,
Which by our heroes must be stormed.

For days he fought through wood and dell,
While comrades round him bleeding fell;
Still on he pressed in foremost rank,
Nor ever from his duty shrank.

Their pits, well formed to test our strength,
The rebel forces set at length,
And from this stronghold there defy
All but the boldest chivalry.

Galled by the foemen's deadly fire,
And burning with true patriot's ire,
Each chafed to let the rebels feel
The potency of burnished steel.

From rank to rank the word is passed
And glittering swords in sunlight flashed,
While bayonets bristling, fixed secure,
Forebode a bloody conflict sure.

The signal's given—through storms of lead
Our gallant soldiers forward sped—
Mid ringing cheers they dash below
With headlong fury on the foe.

The rebels from their trenches fly,
While scores are left to bleed and die;
Batoche is won—but, sad to tell,
Many a brave one with it fell.

'Twas in this charge our hero fell—
While leading nobly, fighting well,
A bullet from a rebel gun
Had laid him low—his work was done.

A comrade stayed to staunch his wound,
And raised him from the gory ground;
"Stop not," he said, and waved his hand,
"Go, follow with our conquering band."

They bore him from that field of fame,
While still the shouts of victory came;
He heard them, and with mistletoe eye,
"Thank Heaven," he said, "I now can die."

Forgiveness.

"Forgiveness is a simple word,
Yet eloquent, though brief;
It gently falls into my heart
Like dew upon a leaf.

"Forgiveness is a loving word,
That bids all tumult cease;
A well-spring in a desert w'd,
An olive branch of peace.

"Forgiveness is an angel word,
A flower of sweet perfume;
A pillow for a dying bed,
And glides with light the tomb.

"O! let us then forgive each one
Ere life's frail scene is riven;
Forgive me, Lord, and then I'll find
Forgiveness brings me heaven."

"Here am I!"

BY MISS FLETCHER.

"Allah! Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain
The long night through,
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like
honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter; said, "Call loud-
er, child of pain,
See if Allah ever hears or answers 'Here am I' again,

Like a stab the cruel devil through his brain
And pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness
sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child, why
thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervour? Is thy soul of pray-
er afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard
the 'Here am I';
And I thought, 'God will not pity, will not turn on
me his eye.'"

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise'
Elias; go
Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him from his
gulf of woe;

"Tell him that his every longing is itself an answer
cry;
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my an-
swering, 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undecied;
And in every "O, my Father!" alcmbers deep a
"Here, my child!"

—For Truth.

Jeannie.

BY EMILY M. ARCHER.

She was an artless, winning child,
Whose blue eyes, beaming softly mild
Through their long, silken lashes smiled;
While o'er that brow, so arching fair,
Wavelets of sunny, auburn hair
Were fanned by summer's passing air.

I watched her chase with playful gloe
From bush to bush the honey-bee;
I saw her cull, with fond delight
The gems of nature fluted bright—
Fair flowerets "orgonally arrayed,
And blossoms that love the shade.

Beside me soon was gently laid
The simple bouquet she had made.
With admiration fond I gazed,
Fen as to mine were sweetly raised
Those orbs of deepest azure hue,
As yet undimmed by sorrow's dew.

Yet was it mine to break the spell
And the faithful spirit tell
A tale, the "ever her youthful gladness
Vould cast a shade of mournful sadness.
"Jeannie," at length I softly said,
"Come, rest beside me; lay thine head
Upon my knee." The glowing cheeks
Blush deeper as my loving spoke:
"I'd like to stay," she said, and yet—

"Mother will miss her little pet
I must away, for well she knows,
That every day her Jeannie goes
To pluck the violet and rose—
To gather from some leafy spot
A wee blue flower—Forget-me-not—
Is that the name you call it by?
But Auntie, dear, what makes you sigh?
Mother is sick, but Auntie, say,
Won't she get well again some day?
She always teaches me to pray
That God may take her pain away,
And I am very, very sure
That He will hear my prayer, and cure
Her every pain, and make her well."

She did not see my bosom swell
With inward grief: she little knew
Her prayer was answered, all too true!
With lingering steps I slowly led
Through garden walk and flower-bed,
By blooming bower and trellis'd shade,
Where crimson roses and leaflet made
With fragrance delicate and sweet
The scene delightful. Calm retreat!
How sad that o'er thy highest bloom
Should hang the silence and the gloom
Of lone bereavement. Cruel loss!
Even such is life. The marble cross
As solemn symbol of demise
Mid wreathing gems is seen to rise.

And so I thought as onward still
My footsteps wandered—pleasure's thrill
Is dashed with pain, for cold and chill
In marble death, all calmly slept
The form beloved. While he drooped wept
Around her couch, and gazed upon
The features fair, where sweetly shone
The purity of peaceful death.
I tried to tell in whispered breath
Of earth's most solemn scene. Sweet child!
She looked up in my face and smiled
As all unconscious of the fate
Of orphanage, so desolate
Blest innocence! in thought, for soon,
But all too late, will sorrow shroud.

Thy fair young life, as brightest June,
Is dimmed by many a thunder cloud
That bursts in tempest, fiery, wild,
Yet God can overrule, my child,
The fury of the angry blast:
Thou summer cloud be overcast,
The stifled storm subsides at last,
When far more bright, and cool, and clear
Becomes the heated atmosphere.
So may thy spirit sorely tried
By life of care, be purified,
Till sorrow's cloud and tempest past,
It gains that Heavenly home at last.

Clare, Landragh, Ireland.

Trusting.

These lines were found under the pillow
of a soldier, who was lying dead in an hos-
pital, near Port Royal, S. C.:

I lay me down to sleep,
Without a thought or care
Whether the waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
its cunning now—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager now,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
At last—at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

Friends in Heaven.

BY BERN R. RYKHOED.

A brown-haired, blue-eyed we one,
Grown weary, and tired of play,
Climbed up on my knee to ask me
In her simple, childish way,
"Have you any friends in Heaven,
That you sometimes want to see?"
Can you guess how the question thrilled me
Like a minor melody?

I thought, as I sat in the twilight,
With that wee one on my knee,
Of my little blue-eyed baby
Whose summers numbered three.
She went from my arms to Heaven
One spring-time years ago,
And left in my heart that sorrow
That only mothers know.

I thought how the baby's father
Grew locoome, and longed to hold
Once more on his breast our baby
With hair of sun-set gold.
And one summer eve he left me
To search for our baby of three,
And I know full well he found her,
But he never came back to me.

Do I ever want to see them?
Oh! child of the violet eyes,
My heart has gone on before me
To the hills of Paradise.
Some day I shall feel their kisses
Drop down on my weary heart,
Mine only, and mine forever,
Though earth and Heaven apart.

Prescott, Ont.

Truth.

—For Truth.

BY NATHANIEL WHELAN, W. I. A.

Oh, Father, thine am I,
Yet still through man's dim ways
I hope for Truth and cry,
Thy hand, Oh God, and gaze

Out on the clash of deeds;
All, all for Truth, men say;
'Tis not Thy hand that leads
Souls grappled in the way.

But when the full-orbed sun
On man and tree doth glow,
With life for every one,
And makes the winds to blow,

And brings the worm that kills,
The chilling blast to freeze,
The sufferings and theills
Of everything that breathes.

The hand of Truth I see,
We, weeping here in doubt,
Nor looks, nor bended knee
Shall wipe our sorrows out.

But when our summer's o'er,
When chilly Death doth come,
Truth stands at Heaven's door,
Thou, Lord, hast brought us home.

An Ill-Kept Secret.

Spring has come, though nobody yet knows it—
Nobody but I and peat Moss Brier,
Hilar rose, and Mrs. Willow Tree.
They are secret-keepers, but they show it,
For each blushes red as you pass by her,
Blushes guilty red for all to see.

And the Robin knows it also, bless him!
He came back as soon as he suspected,
He hops and flicks and winks and chatters,
Till the voracious owl that flies would guess him!
Full of secrets which he fears suspected,
Secrets touching other people's matters.

And the Tulip knows it and the Crocus,
For I heard them whisper to each other
In the drowsy darkness where they hide them:
"Some one knocked! Who was it knocked and
woke us?"
Surely, mother, I long has come, my brother,"
And they roused the Daffodils beside them.

And the winter gueses. Dark and grimly
Frowned his icy face, and fierce his growling
As an angry lion crouched to bite her,
As the dainty spring, all fair and trimly,
Brushed him by, and fled before the howling
Winds and cold sleet which he flung to fright her.

We all know it, and each glad tale-bearer
Speeds the happy news, too good for keeping.
Winter scowls with wrathfully and curses;
Robin goes loud to each wayfarer;
Willow blushes, Crocus can't help peeping,
And I tell the secret in these verses.

—For Truth.

The Son of a King.

BY REV. R. WRSCH, ST. IGNACE, MICH.

My Father in Heaven is King of all kings,
Before him bow seraphs, with their folded wings;
His riches are great beyond all compare,
And in these vast treasures I have a rich share.

Chorus.—I'm the son of a King, of Him I do sing,
And Christ is my Brother, I'm the son of a King!

My Father's high palace is built of pure gold,
Its walls are of Jasper, its splendours untold;
Its foundations dazzle with all precious stones,
Its gates are twelve pearls, and each saint has a
"rone.

Chorus.—"I'm the Son," etc.

He gave His own Son a ransom for all,
To save Adam's race from the curse of the Fall;
In Heaven exalted for us He now pleads
Through both water and fire His own he doth lead.

Chorus.—"I'm the Son," etc.

I once was a rebel, a sinner, a slave,
But Christ's blood hath loosed me, from sin He now
saves;
I'm on my way home, with shouting I go,
And look with disdain upon all things below.

Chorus.—"I'm the Son," etc.

A wanderer on earth I walk in disguise,
Yet the child of a King I'm bound for the skies;
An exile, a stranger, a pilgrim, I sing,
Hallelujah! I now shout the son of a King!

Chorus.—"I'm the Son," etc.

Though oft clad in homespun, or russet, I sing,
Despite a coarse garb, I'm the child of a King;
Beneath this disguise there is purple I know,
Hallelujah again! as onward I go!

Chorus.—"I'm the Son," etc.

Before me there rolls the Jordan of death,
O Jesus, I'll praise thee with my latest breath;
He shouts me a welcome; He says I'm His own,
I rush through the river, and fly to the throne!

Chorus.—"I'm the son of a King, of Him I do sing,
And Christ is my Brother, I'm the son of a King!"