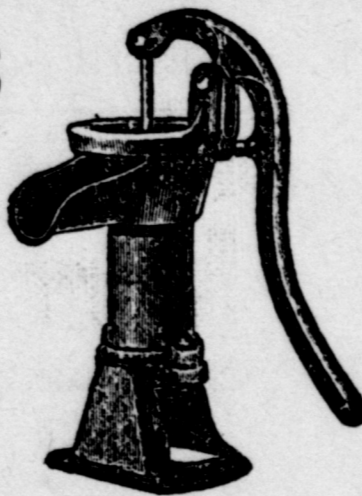


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Poetry.

TO THE SMALL POET'S CHAMPION.
Oh, bard of Spring! Oh, bard of Spring!
Why take things so to heart?
At you we did not mean to fling
The bitter inky dart.
'Twas on that poetizer dread
Who's howls disgrace the powerless dead,
That we alone would put a head.
And, sir, how could you think that we,
Who'd ne'er your ditty seen,—
For ere we spoke of bards so free,
It published had not been,—
Referred to thee? Your lines were good,
By all we'd have this understood,
So be not in an angry mood.

We quoted but the public's voice,
When of the Spring time bard
With whom all nature does rejoice,
We spoke with small regard.
But no particular bard meant we,
We had no reference, sir, to thee.
This one with half an eye can see.
Your Muse's smouldering fires you arouse,
It seems your chosen lot
The low grade poets to espouse,
And for us make it hot.
Spring's gentle zephyrs mild and tame
To fan its embers to a flame.
Should bear a hand within the game.

For at your will we know are they
Like to a magic wand,
Your pen points and they must obey,
It brings them right to hand.
Oh zephyr like, dear sir, be mild,
And, don't we beg of you, go wild,
It grieves us much to see thee riled.
You say a headstrong little worm,
If on thee, we should sit
Or tread, you'll prove and twist and squirm.
We doubt this not a bit.
For, oh, you are chock full of fight.
Thy genius, like the glowworm's light,
Will steer us clear of thee all right.

David to play perhaps you think?
You trust that, soon or late,
You pen the sling, the stone your ink,
To dent our graceless pate.
But Sampson you had best to play;
The weapon with which he did slay
His foes much better can you sway.

But, champion, ere another blow,
Or throw at us you take,
Tell us, for, oh, we fain would know,
Tell us, for mercy sake!
Tell us, what means this, we entreat:
"And if his temper is but sweet,
We think the fool is best to meet."

What is it, pray, that he should meet?
Is is another fool?
If so to him 'twould be no treat,
For does not poetry's school
By scores, yes, hundreds, turn them out?
For most the babbling spring song leut,
Is seen among the many rout.

And tell us, most respected sir,
What does this couplet mean
Your morals are we slow to slur,
But sounds this not obscene?
"And one above will shove his nose
To prove that others can compose."
Expound, pray do, in rhyme, or prose.

Who is it that will shove his nose?
Why should he shove it? hey!
This paper that lots can compose,
It's self well proves we'd say,
For it prints poems both "show" and tall,
And poems that are not poems at all.
They simply are overflow of gall.

Bring you the Bible do you say?
No; that we will not do;
But England's grammar we straightway
Will forward unto you.
Peruse it, ere you strive to wean
From folly with your wit so keen,
Us, that we may know what you mean.

*Short and tall: short and long, tall
necessary to rhyme with at all.
"And there is one to shove his nose
To show that others can compose."
A. H.

See "To my Critic," in issue of May 10th.

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.
In the "Clarion Office."
(SELECTED)

"I come to pay"—the stranger said;
Said the editor, "Say no more,
But sit you down in the office chair,
For my heart is sad and sore."
"I came to pay"—the stranger said,
Said the editor "Say no more,"
But rest you here, and I'll give you lunch
As I never did before.

For checks are few and money's tight,
And bills grow more and more;
So sit you here, my welcome guest,
And eat of my humble store"

"But you mistake," the stranger said,
"For as I said before,
I came to pay"—"Rest, rest, my friend,"
Said the editor, "say no more"

The care was gone from the editor's brow
And a pleasing smile he wore,
And the stranger fed till the beans were gone
And the cider flowed no more.

Then straight the editor from the safe,
A pond'rous ledger bore,
"Nay, nay," said the stanger, "not for me;

I tried to say before,—
I came to pay respects to you,
And the loan of a "V" implore"
Then the editor's face grew black as night
And a fearful oath he swore.
And down the stairs in one fell swoop,
That stranger sought the door:
And left the trail of a sanguined nose,
Upon the office floor.

THE COLWELL CREEK.
Had I a gift poetical,
This charming vale I'd seek,
And I would sing my sweetest song
In praise of Colwell's Creek.

The morning sun's advancing rays
Spread o'er the western hills,
And all the fragrant valley with
The soul of music thrills.

Above the meadows, damp with dew,
Like an orchestra in flight,
The boblinks, on wings of song,
Salute the morning light.

How fair at noon that meadow banks
Beneath the linden trees,
And ancient elms that murmuring rise
Obstructive to the breeze.

How pleasant drifting with thy tide,
Where the golden lilies grow,
And, floral-draped, the leaning trees
Their mettled shadows throw.

At evening purple-fringed the clouds
Escort the sun to rest,
And lend from the sunset sky a tint
To linger on thy breast.

'Mid scenes like these I love to stay,
For there's a double charm
Attaches to the Colwell Creek,
And to the Hendry farm.

I wonder not that ye halt and tarry
In circling eddies slow,
For sweet remembrances ye carry,
Of the "happy long ago."

When rippling on this pebbly beach
Thy crystal waters smiled,
And held in wavering duplicate
My mother as a child.

WICKHAM.
TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge), a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,
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IN MEMORIAM.
Lines in memory of Stanley Miller, who died April 29th, 1899, aged 23 years.

I mourn for him, he was my child,
Lord pity my distress.
Thy rod seems heavy, yet, my God,
Thy name I'll ever bless.
My Saviour's ever kind to me,
I love Him fond and true.
He don't forbid my father's heart
To love my Stanley, too.

How patiently my darling lay,
How gentle was his moan,
But he's gone where the Rose of Sharon bloom,
And left me here alone.
God's angel bade my pain-racked child
On earth no longer stay,
Wiped his fever'd brow with soft white wing,
And bore his soul away.

Can he be dead or has a dream
My throbbing brain beguiled?
Or shall I in this world again
No more behold my child?
His red lips still their cheek caress,
They hear his plaintive moan,
They felt his arms around their necks
Saying "Comrades, take me home."

But his tender voice is silent, now,
I listen oft in vain
To hear the sound of kindly tones
I'll never hear again.

His body's gone, 'tis laid away,
It sleeps beneath the sod.
But he tunes his harp with an angel hand,
In the Paradise of God.

In golden fields beyond the tomb,
There will my darling dwell,
A flower of immortal bloom;
Now Stanley, dear, farewell.

I leave you in your Saviour's arms,
On that eternal shore,
Where loved ones parted here below,
Shall meet to part no more.

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