

## Selected Poetry

### CHEER UP!

Cheer up! The swallows soon you'll see  
Beneath the eaves. You'll hear the honey  
bee!

You need not mourn that primroses are over;  
Now spring is done we'll have sweet sum-  
mer's clover.

The cherry's gone? Then here's a yellow  
plum!

And in the autumn you'll have apples come.

You dread the winter? Winter is not yet;  
And when it comes you'll smile without re-  
gret,

Because you'll see warm firelight on the  
rafter

And high hung mistletoe; and hear low  
laughter.

Flowers and the bee, and every bird a-wing  
Have each their season—

You can always sing!

—BILL ADAMS, in the *London Magazine*.



### PAST AND PRESENT.

True love, remembered yet through all that  
mist of years,

Clung to with such vain, vain love—wept  
with such vain tears—

On the turf I sat last night, where we two  
sat of yore,

And thought of thee till memory could bear  
to think no more.

The twilight of the young year was fading  
soft and dim;

The branches of the budding trees fell o'er  
the water's brim;

And the stars came forth in lonely light  
through all the silent skies;

I scarce could see them long ago, with look-  
ing in thine eyes.

For oh! thou wert my starlight, my refuge,  
and my home;

My spirit found its rest in thee, and never  
sought to roam;

All thoughts and all sensations that burn  
and thrill me through,

In those first days of happy love were calm-  
ed and soothed by you.

How wise thou wert—how tender—ah! but  
it seemed to be

Some glorious guardian angel that walked  
this earth with me:

And now, though hope be over, and love too  
much in vain,

What marvel if my weary heart finds naught  
like thee again?

Beloved, when thou wert near me, the happy  
and the right

Were mingled in one gentle dream of ever  
fresh delight;

But now the path of duty seems cold and  
dark to tread,

Without one radiant guide-star to light me  
overhead.

If there were aught my faith in thee to  
darken or remove—

One memory of unkindness—one chilling  
want of love!—

But no—thy heart still clings to me as  
fondly, warmly true,

As mine, through chance, and change, and  
time, must ever cling to you.

If thou were aught to shrink from—to blush  
with sudden shame—

That he who won the beating heart the lips  
must fear to name!

But oh! before the whole wide world how  
proudly would I say:

"He reigned my king long years ago—he  
reigns my king to-day."

And so I turn to seek thee through all the  
mist of years,

And love with vain devotion, and weep with  
vainer tears;

And on the turf I sit alone, where we two  
sat of yore,

And think of thee till memory can bear to  
think no more.

—MARY of the Nation, in *Irish Readings*.



### TREASURE-TROVE.

There's a letter come this minute

From across the boundin' sea,

And it has a treasure in it

That delights the soul of me.

Not a shinin' bit o' gold

Does this blessed letter hold,

But a priceless gem as ancient as the world  
is old.

'Tis meself, to-morrow mornin',

Will be proud to let ye see

This most precious gem adornin'

Of the Sunday hat of me.

'Tis a little sprig o' green

Of the sort I've often seen

My grandfather wearin' in his ould caubeen.

Then here's to the trefoil,

An' may it grow in a free soil

That knows not the dominion of a Saxon  
King or Queen;

The Shamrock of old Erin!

That the patriot's still wearin'

Where the whole world may see it, in his  
ould caubeen.

T. A. DALY, in *Can:oni*.



### THE GOLDEN GOD.

The golden God! He sits upon his throne!

The many millions worship at his feet,

And he, alone to them, all gods in one,

Controls their minds and hearts through  
self-conceit.

To him they come like helpless, whim'ring  
slaves—

Would drag their souls if need be in the  
mire

For that which he could give if he would  
give—

The riches that their selfish hearts desire!

Love, honor, morals—these they cast away  
And grasp with greedy hands the bur-  
nished gold.

Where are those golden virtues fools are  
they!

They boast that they are rich! What  
have they sold?

Rich is the man, indeed, who earns his bread  
In honest toil by giving work for wage.

To him the richest thing in life is love—  
Yielding to him a harvest in old age!

What bondage could be greater than those  
chains

That bind a man in slavery to his lust?  
The golden god may have his sway awhile

But he in turn shall crumble into dust!  
—CATHERINE ELIZABETH HANSON, in the

*Irish World*.

### ROSES.

Last night, against the wall of the moon,  
I heard a crowd of roses speak—

If you will listen at the lips of June,

Oh, you will hear what the roses seek,  
For spring comes late, but summer soon,

And a red rose lives for a lover's cheek.

'Twas under the roof of the radiant moon  
I heard a white rose softly sing

A strange, wild song with a ghostly tune,  
Of a girl's white feet gone wandering.

For never a white rose weaves a rune,  
But the ear of a dead girl's listening.

Though spring come late, and summer soon,  
And June make summer's gift complete,

The life of a rose is sadly fleet,  
And fleet are the dancing feet of June.

If you will listen when the wind is sweet,  
You'll hear the roses speak to the moon.

—J. CORSON MILLER, in the *Commonweal*  
(New York).

### SEA WISDOM.

What do I know about the sea?

First, let me tell you this:

The edges of the very sky

Accept the last wave's kiss.

What do I know about the sea

That lies beyond the slip?

Why, greater than to walk with kings

Is the sea's fellowship.

What do I know about the sea?

I know that in the storm

True sailors rise to doughty deeds

That heroes' selves perform.

Oh, I went down to sea in ships,

And there my soul did find

Despite rough speech and rougher ways,

That God's great hand was kind.

The sea is strong, the sea is deep,

Its waves are wide to scan—

Oh, I went down to sea, a fool!

The sea made me a man!

—HARRY KEMP, in the *Saturday Evening*  
*Post* (New York).

Geo. A. Coughlan

(Late J. W. Finch) WHOLESALE and RETAIL BAKER and PASTRYCOOK.  
32-34 and 36 FREDERICK ST., DUNEDIN. "Quality first." A trial will convince.

Dunedin