BUTLER'S JOURNAL, DECEMBER, 1896.

THE POET AND THE EDITOR.

A Celestial Ballad.

BY PETER PEKUPPUK.

The Poet came to the Editor's door One dark November night, While the rain poured down in torrents, In a sad and woful plight.

His clothing was drenched by the rain, His stomach by the gin:-The Editor got out of bed And let the Poet in.

He naturally invited him To share his humble fare-Went to hang up his hat and coat, And offered him a chair

Beside the cook-stove's cheerful blaze To dry his dripping form, But no-he wanted more within

To keep his vitals warm.

And issuing an order, he Went forth into the night To get a long-neck' which he said Would bring him round all right.

The Editor's wife, not liking this Got up and locked the door, And vowed by all was good and great

He'd get in there no more. With fragrant breath and bleary eye And voice and manner wild : To raise a fuss and make a muss And scare her and the child.

Expostulations were in vain, For who will dare gainsay That when a women takes a whim

She's sure to have her way,

So outside he was forced to stand And shiver in the cold, And denied all means of entrance

To the Editor's warm fold.

But he was not inclined to take It, quietly, and go About his business, though each plea

Was answered by a "No."

So wrathfully he stamped and raged And shook the door amain-But fruitless his endeavors, for

He could no entrance gain.

His eager cries and loud replies Alarmed the neighbors round,

And all King Street with nimble feet Were soon upon the ground.

To find out what was wrong when they Had heard the hue and cry :-

But like the priest and Levite they Indignant passed him by.

Midnight from out the tower struck And then one, two and three: But the poet bravely kept his post Bold and persistantly.

He made apologies and said That him he never blamed.

And something of his better self Came back to eye and tongue And so a pleasant time they had In converse sweet and long.

MORAL.

So, gentlemen, whene'er you go To call upon a friend-Hoping a pleasant time to have And happy hours to spend.

For your's, as well as for his sake. Be sure and take good care Not of yourself a fool to make By "loading up for bear."

A Plaint.

(BY THE EDITOR.) (Written for the St, Croix Courier, from Grand Lake Stream, Mc., November, 1874.)

I sigh for the vanished years; For the days of youth now fled : For the hopes that bloomed in my morning hours,

That now lie withered and dead.

For tha flowers gathered by the way Full-flushed with rsoy bloom, That mouldering, now lay hid away, Asleep in the earth's cold tomb.

I sigh for the friends, now gone, Whose love I used to share, Who oft my weary heart beguiled Of sorrow, pain and care.

Some rest in the churchyard, their damp, cold bed

Affords a quiet sleep;

And over their graves are the red leaves spread,

Where mourners go to weep.

Some are estranged and pass me o'er With a look of scorn or strife: While some, amidst distant scenes afar,

Have faded out of my life. Oh, I sigh for the winter, almost here

With its cold and icy breath:

For the trees, which stand with their branches bare,

In the chill embrace of death.

And I liken my life to the winter drear, With its winds and its driving snows;

And my thoughts are as wild as the hurricane

That over the Northland blows.

And my hopes lie buried in the past As the drifts cover up the flowers; And I ne'er can hope to behold again The joys of those vanished hours.

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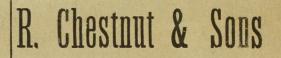
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Until two good Samaritans Who pitied his sad plight Accorded him a shelter At the lock-up for the night.

The wooden board could ill afford A pleasant place of rest, But like a true philosopher, Of it he made the best.

Till daylight sprinkled o'er the hills With mists of morning gray And the police unlocked the door And sped him on his way.

But still, their hospitality They could not well extend To one who had accompanied him-His very "bosom friend."

So to "Old Rye" he bade good-bye With low and and mournful sound, As Rideout took it from his breast And dashed it on the ground.

Returning to the Editor Repentant and ashamed,

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