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J. H. PARSONS, Manager.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Dear Mr. Butler,—We all, sooner or later, imagine that we are the poet of the day; the craze has just attacked me badly, but it is to be hoped I'll recover—therefore I withhold my name. "What's in a name" anyway—unless it is good at the bank.—Yours Pre. A. D. which is a name within a name.

It is not the custom of any paper to publish anonymous contributions—editors always insist on the name of the writer being sent in confidence, as a guarantee of good faith, but being as our correspondent has such a bad attack of versephobia we comply with his or her request to publish them, lest more serious consequences should result.

Indeed, one of our chief reasons for doing so is that by the handwriting and other ear-marks, we shrewdly suspicion that the author is a lady, and we have never refused the ladies anything they asked, in reason. Besides, if we knew the identity of this fair writer, who knows but what we might fall head and ears in love with her, notwithstanding the influence brought to bear on us by a not over handsome or affectionate wife, supplemented by a broomstick or a rolling pin. So, perhaps, it is all for the best, and as long as the press can stand the strain we will welcome the production of this Pre-Adamite lady.

EDITOR.

My Answer.

Is it many days since parting
Is it many days or years?
For the days and months are clouded,
And the future a mist of tears.

Years have made us one together,
How I loved you, my eyes told.
Hold me close against your heart, dear,
Shield me from the outer cold,

Years and years we've been together,
And you loved me I could see;
But I dare not trust the future
In your keeping, least it be

Marred and shattered like another
Who like me, would venture all—
And lost. She warns me, love be silent
I can't answer to your call.

All your life you have been falling
Lower, lower, day by day—
Yet with all this I would gladly
Give my hand to you and say,

Take me, take me, I am yours, dear,
Love will lead a better way—
But the barrier between us
Love is powerless to sway.

Love and life and hearts and children,
God and Heaven—all are vain,
When the lips are once polluted
With the wine glass' crimson stain.

Need I tell you all my suffering
Thro' the dreary, gray-toned years—
Thousands, thousands thus have suffered
Shame and agony and tears.

Do not plead, your voice enchants me,
Filling me with wondrous pain
Rousing all the old time longing,
And my heart says, once again

I must go to you, be near you,
Rest my weary heart on thine,
Just to feel your warm arms round me
Just to know that you are mine.

Then to go back to the darkness,
And endure again alone

All the heart-aches and the longings,
While my white lips make no moan.

Let me go my way alone, dear,
And the sacrifice from me
God may take, and bless you, darling,
And some day may set you free.
PRE. A. D.

Out Under the Stars.

Out under the stars
They have made his bed, he sleeps,
Out under the stars, we have roamed
And laughed—I weep.

Out under the stars—
We have gazed at them, and
thought—

Thought of the morrow, the years to
come,
But naught of what they taught.

Out under the stars
The earth is fair, the soft winds blow
Out under the stars, my darling,
Some time I'll go,—PRE. A. D.

Waiting.

Only another life that's gliding on
Beyond the troubled waves,
Only a few more weary days and nights
There silence, and a weeping 'mong
the graves.

Only an aching in the hearts that love
A pain that pales the brow.
Only a sense of loss he cannot know
That tells us that he's dying even
now.

Only another—O, yes, only
Another one whose gone!
And the hopes and tears gone with him
And the hearts of those who mourn.
PRE. A. D.

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