

**KATIE, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Katie, and Other Poems by Anonymous

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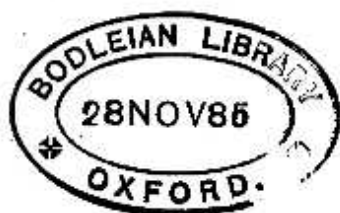
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P R E F A C E.

IF these poor husks of words do hold some grain
 (I know not whether :—the gladiator reads
 But ill the arena's varied chance ; he needs
All for each pass, nor, till his foe lie slain,
Can wait on thought), if these, I say again,
 Do hide but here and there some tiny seeds
 Of truth, welcome the hand the flail that speeds,
Scattering the husks : I have not writ in vain.
Oh critic, lift the lusty flail, my sheaf
 Threshing, till all the floor with husks be spread :
 The gentle wind will kiss them into bed
Beside the passing summer's mouldering leaf :
 But, if one grain thou find'st in all my store,
 Sow it, perchance that one may bring forth more.

Sept. 6th, 1885.