

ANSWER TO "THE MONEYLESS MAN."

[By Mrs. Florence Anderson Clark.]

There are places, not secret, where virtue has birth. Where charity dwells on this beautiful earth. Where mercy and kindness are joined hand in hand.

And pity's tear falls at the warm heart's command. There are doors that the least gentle knock will unbar. And others that swing on their hinges ajar.

Giving egress to angels who lovingly scan The woes and wants of the moneyless man. Does he work? Does he strive? Is he faithful and true?

Does he know what man has done and what he may do? Or does he creep on with the sluggard's slow pace.

And refuse to take part in ambition's proud race? Does he drink, while his neighbor, with whole heart and soul,

Is giving his strength to be first at the goal? If such be his crimes, pity him if you can— Content to be scorned as a moneyless man.

Labor, taught by the brain with its strong skillful hand. Has reared princely palaces over the land.

And the man who will work will, sooner or late, Cease to sigh, like a vagrant, at some rich man's gate.

With purple and crimson his walls may be hung, While the chandelier's slight o'er the table is hung!

With a heart brave and free, ere he measures life's span. He'll forget that he'er was a moneyless man.

There are churches whose loftiest turret and spire Have sprung from the depths of some poor boy's desire.

There are colleges, hospitals, founded by those Who knew at the outset stern poverty's woes;

But they labored, undaunted, with hand, heart and brain. And we know that such labor is never in vain.

That man with his millions, when first he began, Was known upon "Change" as a moneyless man.

Did he call on the ravens for meat and for bread? Or expect that his wife was by miracle fed?

While he spent all his leisure looking for banks That would lend out their gold for a poor devil's thanks?

Or a court where the law was so cheap and so free That a client was welcome with never a fee?

No—if he had been of this base, shiftless clan, He, too, would have died as a moneyless man.

Nor do the portals of paradise open for one Who has left any work that he could do undone!

Its honors, its blisses await the true men, Who, with ten talents trusted, have made other ten.

"He is worse than a heather who does not provide For his own," and the judge of all lives may decide

That brave, earnest labor being part of life's plan. Heaven has no rewards for this moneyless man.

OLMSTEAD, Ky., May 1, 1883.—Please publish the following poem, and tell me who is the author. I learned it from the New York Day-Book when a mere youth, and have never forgotten one line of it.

C. W. W. There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young;

When the buds of April blossomed and the birds of springtime sung.

Then the garden's brightest glories by the summer suns were nursed.

But, oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first.

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born;

Where we opened first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn.

From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore;

Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that shall look on us no more.

There is no friend like an old friend, who has shared our morning days;

No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise.

Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;

But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like our old love, that we courted in our pride;

And, though we're fading, fading and falling side by side.

Yet there are shadows all around us, with the color of our dawn.

And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times, they shall never be forgot;

There is no place like the old place, keep green the dear old spot.

There are no friends like our old friends, may heaven prolong their lives;

There are no loves like our old loves, God bless our loving wives.

Flirtation.

[Ethel Wheeler.]

What is flirtation! Really, How can I answer that? Yet when she smiles I see its wiles, And when he lifts his hat.

'Tis meeting in the ball-room, 'Tis whirling in the dance; With something hid beneath the lid Besides a simple glance.

'Tis walking in the hallway, 'Tis resting on the stair; 'Tis bearded lips on finger tips (If mamma is not there).

'Tis going out for ices, 'Tis buttoning on a glove; 'Tis lips that speak of plays next week And eyes that talk of love.

'Tis tucking in a carriage, 'Tis asking for a call; 'Tis lifted eyes and tender sighs, And that is—no, not all.

'Tis parting when 'tis over, And one goes home to sleep; 'Tis la, my friend, best joys must end— But one goes home to weep.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride, Bedecked in her snowy array, And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek.

And the future looked blooming and gay; And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart At the shrine of idolatrous love, And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth.

By the chain which her tenderness wove. But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn, And the chain had been severed in two,

She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief. And her bloom for the paleness of woe!

But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart, And wiping the tears from her eyes; And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,

And fastened it firm to the skies. There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee! pass under the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend O'er the couch of her slumbering boy, And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name.

While the dreamer lay smiling in joy. O! sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew, When its fragrance is flung on the air,

So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed As he lay in his innocence there! But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form

Pale as marble, and silent, and cold; But paler and colder her beautiful boy, And the tale of her sorrow was told.

But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart, And taken her treasure away; To allure her to heaven, he had placed it on high,

And the mourner will sweetly obey! There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee! pass under the rod!"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned On the arm of a dear cherished son, And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze.

And they saw the proud place he had won; And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair, And its path-way grew smooth to their feet,

And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end, And the whispers of fancy were sweet; But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave

Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid And the star had gone down in the darkness of night, And the joy from their bosom had fled.

But the Healer was there, and his arms were around, And he led them with tenderest care, And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—

'Twas their star shining brilliantly there! They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God: "I love thee, I love thee! pass under the rod!"

—[Mrs. Dana.]

We take pleasure in presenting this tribute to a "Kentucky Girl," from the pen of George D. Prentice:

HOMAGE TO BEAUTY.

Beautiful girl! I have wandered far Toward the rising sun and the evening star; I have roamed 'mid the northern wastes of snow

And strayed where the soft magnolias blow; But I gazed not on a face so bright As thine, sweet spirit of young delight!

Beautiful girl! thou art bright and fair As an angel-shape in the moonlight air; No shadow rests on thy brow of snow;

Save that of thy tresses drooping low; Love's own dear light is wandering oft O'er thy gentle lips of carnation soft.

Thy lovely cheek, where the rich, red glow Of the warm blood melts through the virgin snow.

So sweetly blending in one bright dye The woven beauties of earth and sky, Truth, holy truth, in its freshness dwells

Deep in thy dark eyes' shaded wells; And fancies wild from their clear depths gleam, Like shadows of stars from a trembling stream;

And thy thoughts are a dream of Eden's bowers, And thy words are garlands of flowers, bright flowers.

Beautiful girl! I have seen thee move, A floating creature of joy and love; As light as the mist on the sunrise gale,

Or the buoyant sway of the bridal veil, Till I almost looked to see thee rise, Like a soaring thought, to the free, blue skies,

Or melt away in the thin, blue air, Like a vision of fancy painted there. Thy low, sweet voice, as it thrills around,

Seems less a sound than a dream of sound; Softly and mildly its clear notes swell, Like the spirit-tones of a silver bell.

And the lip whence the fairy music flows, Is to fancy's eye like a spreading rose.

Beautiful, beautiful girl! thou art A vision of joy to a throbbing heart, A star sent down from the world of bliss,

And all undimmed by the shades of this; A rainbow pictured by Love's own sun On the clouds of being, beautiful one!

Beautiful girl! 'tis a weary year Since thy voice fell on my ravished ear; 'Tis a long, long year of light and gloom

Since I gazed on thy young cheek's lovely bloom. Yet thy gentle tones of music still Through the holiest depths of memory thrill

Like tones of a fount, or breeze, or bird, In the long-gone years of childhood heard, And oft in my dark and lonely moods,

When a demon wing over my spirit broods, Thine image seems on my soul to break Like the sweet, young morn o'er a gloomy lake,

Filling its depths as the shadows flee, With beauty and love and melody.

Beautiful girl! thou art far away, And I know not where thy steps now stray; But oh! 'tis sweet, it is very sweet

For the fairy realms of dreams to greet Thy cheek of rose, thy brow of pearl, And thy voice of music, beautiful girl!

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Breaking the News to Rupert.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Speak to me, Rupert." Kneeling by his side as he sat on a fauteuil in the parlor of Coast Cliff Castle that summer evening, Gwendolen Mahaffy placed her little white hand in the broad, front-brakeman-

on-a-freight-train palm of Rupert McMurtry and pleaded with her soft, brown eyes for the little boon that was so pitilessly denied her. She was there at his feet, a lovely, brilliant creature, with some of the witchery of the wildwood in her lithe, listless grace of limb and poise.

Looking down at the words with which this chapter opens were spoken, Rupert saw the pretty eyes dimmed with fears, the drooping mouth quivering in the intensity of its pain, and in an instant he had caught her in his arms. The sweet, flushed face touched his breast, the lovely eyes looked into his, half-startled, half-ashamed, and then, with a little sob of sweet content, she kissed him until his cheeks glowed like a girl's through their tan.

"We will never quarrel again, sweetheart," Rupert said, shifting his right leg slightly, so that the heiress could secure a more comfortable perch. "Never again must the black wraith of jealousy come between us; but through all the years that stretch away into the future we must sail together upon the shimmering sea of love, the snowy-white sails of our bark filled with the breath of a holy affection that can never know surcease or change."

"He is a lovely liar," said Gwendolen softly to herself after Rupert had gone, "and I must not let him get away." And then, seating herself at the piano, she began to play—gay dance music at first, but soon gliding into more mournful measures.

Soft adagios and exquisite sonatas filled the room with melody and stopped the street-cars. At last, with a sudden clang of sweet chords, she broke into a Breton love song—a touching little ballad that she had heard the peasant women sing at their spinning-wheels in the red, warm-looking light before their cottage doors.

It was a simple, but pathetic thing, and when she had finished the refrain— Go and start the kitchen fire, Turn the gas a little higher, Run and tell your aunt Maria Baby's got the cramp—

her eyes were dim, and she broke down in a passion of tears. As she sat there, sobbing as if her heart would break, she felt an arm stealing gently around her neck, and soon a bearded face was pressed to her cheeks. Looking up in alarm she saw that it was Rupert.

"Why are you weeping, my angel?" he asked, stroking with tender grace the blonde bang that was lying so trustfully against his vest. "Can you not tell me your sorrow?"

For an instant Gwendolen did not speak. Then, looking up to him with all the beautiful innocence of her North Side nature, she said, in low, broken accents: "I was thinking, precious, that if I ever did get married, and the baby had have a cramp, we could not start the fire"—and a look of frozen horror overspread the pure young face.

"Why?" asked Rupert in agonizing tones, "why could we not start the fire?" "Because," said Gwendolen, "you are too eternally lazy to have any kindling-wood ready over night."

Mistakes vs. Neighbors.

Why should not I make mistakes as often as my neighbors? Let me see, why not? I do not, that is certain, and there must be some reason for it. Oh! I see, they are all selfish and I am unselfish; they are dishonest and I am honest; they are idle and I am industrious; they are thoughtless and I am always thinking; they do not know and I do know; they, poor fools, are blind and I see. Now, have I not given the very best reasons why I do not make mistakes? My neighbor's mistakes about religion are so funny. He reads the Bible and never gets the right sense out of it. Well! I never could get done telling you of the mistakes my neighbors are making about everything. The strangest part of the whole matter is, I cannot get them to learn anything—they never will hear me when I tell them about their mistakes. Mr. A. is a farmer; I advised him about planting his corn, and he would not hear me, and his whole crop was a failure. Mr. B. is a country school teacher and I advised him about teaching Arithmetic and he would not hear me, and he has made a failure. Mr. C., the stock raiser; Mr. D., the merchant; Mr. E., the lawyer; Mr. F., the preacher, &c.—Oh! it is a long catalogue, not one of them would bear my advice, and see what a failure every one of them has made. Well, it is not my fault that they are not a success like me! Having eyes, people will not see; having ears, people will not hear; were not those the words of Jesus? Well it is the fact whether he said it or not. (Kind reader, finish the composition for yourself.)