

TO A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A REPROACH.

You scorn the world that worships you ;
 (You worshipped it while it was far) ;
 You treat it when it comes to sue
 Like haughty, autocratic Czar,
 And when it bows before your feet,
 With bitter sneers its smiles you meet.

Too large-limbed were you for its dance ;
 You should not wear its cramping dress.
 Your strength might carry mighty lance,
 And gaily forth to combat press.
 Your breath came deep and strong and clear ;
 You panted in thin atmosphere.

Your roots that struck so strong and deep
 A vigorous foothold all around,
 You trimmed them close, they only creep
 With feeble claspings through the ground.
 Your kingly head with branches topped, —
 By your own hand your crown was lopped.

You cut away your strongest roots,
 You stunted all your honest growth ;
 How can you hope to bear rich fruits ?
 You strangled blooms and seed cups both.
 And this you did with open eyes,
 To please a world you now despise.

Your soul was sent you half divine ;
 You starve and waste its angel grace ;
 And so you "dwindle, peak, and pine,"

And soul dies out within your face.
 O Hercules ! you distaff hold,
 Nor fight the Nemean lion bold.

Your individual force and power
 Is rubbed out by the frictions small
 Of every foolish, idle hour,
 Of every shallow, idle call.
 God stamped you with his finest die ;
 You've blurred his noble image : Why ?

If you had chosen a career
 Where your great gifts you might have used,
 And, careless of neglect or sneer,
 Such paltry favors had refused,
 You then would own a fulfilled life,
 Whose honors were hard won in strife.

You surely then would own a friend,
 And not this host of flatterers fond,
 Whose fleeting loves but condescend
 To claim some trivial, careless bond
 That binds them to the brilliant man
 Who any moment shame them can.

Why do you choose what you despise ?
 Join now the crowd of working men,
 And lend to them your speech, your eyes,
 Your robust strength, your thought, and then
 You will not loiter on the street,
 Nor scorn the busy crowd you meet.

EMILY E. FORD.