



Poetry.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

Without haste without rest / Bind the motto to thy breast / Bear it with thee as a spell;

Select Tales.

THE BEGGAR BOY

A TALE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

Merrily jingle the sleigh-bells to the swif, / yet noiseless rush of the foaming steeds. / From the abodes of wealth, throughout / Luxurious New York, gleam myriads of lights—

nestled in the long fair curls meandering / so wilfully beneath the flowery band, / prepared from the choicest treasures of the / conservatory. That waving golden hair / stole away the boys' hearts most mercilessly,

his brief tale of sorrow, interrupted often / by the passionate sobs of Alice and the / easily developed pity of her playmates.— / Through Mrs Howard's fastidious charity / shudders to hear that his wretched home / is in the "Five Points," yet even her / stateliness softens insensibly at the plaintive / notes go on, revealing the destitution of / that home, its chill and darkness, unwarmed / by a mother's tenderness, unillumined by / a father's care.

—hands—never—kept—hold of me! Oh / —you—never—did—so before—and it / was hard—you would not take to me then, / when—you were having—me all alone. / This was a sore grief, but she good / gentleman told me not to cry—for—she / had gone 'home' with the angels—and / then I remembered my dream and wonder / ed if that one I saw—had really taken / my little sister from me!

After unremitting efforts and much de / lay Mr.—succeeded in effectually quiet / ing the opposition and difficulties cast in / his way by the unnatural mother, whose / rum decadened instincts failed to take in / the blessing he brought with him to her / children, and immediately thereon, put in / to execution his plan of aid. He deter / mined to have the child's finely sensitive / nature strengthened by a healthful train / ing, and with a moral force of hope, renew / if possible, its saddened springs.

scene, our hero found, indeed, "the former / things had passed away;" but whilst many / a brilliant circle missed his presents, he / was seen of those who sought him not, of / ten intent upon the alleviation, the reform / of some despairing wretch amid those dens / of pestilence and vice, he so well remem / bered—so well! Those little lives bound / close together in a holy, sorrowing love, / till one, so heavily laden, went to its rest, / leaving the other so weary and lone. It / is long, long ago—yet memory hallows / even that spot. There he sees the meek / face in its last peaceful sleep; there he hears / the olden cry—"Hot corn!—here's your / nice hot corn?"

hero was, alas, devoid of the attributes of / a lion, the vanity which he possessed in / common with all mortals, not being suf / ficient to put at interest the stock of adu / lation offered, his simple-mindedness and / absorption in higher social interests, threat / ened ultimately to effect his overthrow.— / This young girl led him magically back / through the long mists of years to his first / entrance in the fairy realm of Hope! 'Tis / the same sweet face, only a deeper light / within the eye, a softer radiance in the / smile. He had guarded its image as a / bright ideal; faded 'tis true, but ready to / awaken at a call. It now grew vivid and / the man loved what the boy had worship / ed.





