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LITERATURE.

POETRY.

MOVE ON, LITTLE BEGGAR.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

" Move on, little beggar, move on;
Why are you standing here?"
The man meant not to be harsh,
But his words struck a chill and a fear.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
Why am I standing here?
And why does he speak to me thus?"
Said the child, as she dashed off a tear.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
Once he dare not speak to me so:
When I'd father and mother kind,
'Twould not have been thus, oh, no

" Move on little beggar, move on.
The words they strike hard on my heart,
With no one to care for me now,
No dear brother to take my part.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
I'm wet with the rain and cold;
No shelter have I from the storm,
And my clothes are all tattered and old.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
In church and shop and hall,
Wherever I go, on my ear
Those words are sure to fall.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
If on door step I sink me down,
A policeman is sure to come by,
And say those words with a frown.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.,
If the world is one great, long road,
I'll be glad when they drive to the end,
And can no more use that good.

Move on, little beggar, move on.
The fever has moved them all;
Those who loved me have all gone first,
So I to a beggar did fall.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
Oh, why did they leave me alone,
With such things to break my heart,"
Said the child with a sob and a moan.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
Kind heaven, oh, hear my prayer,
And take me away up above—
Those words are not spoken up there."

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
The prayer was heard full soon;
Through the hospital wards they rang
Before the wane of that moon.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
Delirium echoed them high;
And the kind-hearted nurse shook her head,
As she heard that loud, pitiful cry.

" Move on, little beggar, move on.
'Twas Death now gave the command;
And the angels carried the child
Away to a happier land.

Quebec, Sept., 1867.

THE REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time;
And through the shade,
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?