

The father takes up the late journal once more.
 But, Ah ! he's unhappy, and cannot find rest,
 His mind is distracted, and troubled his breast.
 For once more he hears that most 'tiful cry :
 " A penny, dear Sir, or my mother will die ! "
 The two pleading eyes of the poor beggar-boy
 Look up at him sadly and mar all his joy.

" I wish," he now murmurs, " I helped the poor child,
 " His eyes were like Willie's, so bright, yet so mild.
 " But, Oh ! 'tis a bother to stop in the street
 " To pick out a coin for each beggar we meet.
 " And then, there are hundreds of children as poor
 " Who must get accustomed stern want to endure.
 " Besides, on each charity fund that I know
 " Each year, many hundreds in alms I bestow."
 So, throwing himself on a soft easy-chair,
 He tried to assume an indifferent air :
 " When I do *my* share, what is it to me
 " If all are not rich as I'd like them to be ! "

Next morning his countenance turned dreadly pale
 While, casting his usual glance at the " mail ",
 A paragraph struck him with horror, and dread :
 " A boy, found last night, crushed and mangled—is dead."
 He went on to read—" Willie Hart was his name,
 He begged upon Sixth Street."—

" My God ! 't is the same."
 " Brought home to his mother, who died with the fright,
 " Alone, cold and hungry, on Christmas-eve night."
 Thus briefly do papers such accidents state:
 Four lines are sufficient to tell a sad fate.

His burning hot temples the millionaire pressed;
 And groans then escaped from his strong, manly breast.
 " My God ! Oh, forgive me. I know 'tis the child
 " Who asked for a penny, in accents so mild.
 " To be certain, I'll go there." And then he withdrew,
 But on reaching the garret, he found all too true
 The pale, bleeding form still lay on the bed
 Beside his poor mother, who also was dead.
 Some people related, who witnessed the scene,
 That Willie was killed by a runaway team.