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BOOTS & SHOES.

An Hour at the Old Play Ground.

BY HARY MONFORD.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where were school boys in olden time,
When manhood was a dream,
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side,
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the silted path,
"Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot, this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill;
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still!
The birds sing yet among the boughs,
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
The same hall panned in the path
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how oft the bars of life,
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

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"I don't want to steal," said the homeless child.

"O you fool!" muttered the brutal tempter, and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment—a great sob came up in his throat—O what have I done to be treated so?—There never, never was a God, or He would not let me suffer so—and that because he refused to be wicked. I don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest bereavements suffered more than that sad little child. His heart was literally swelling with grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if there was great and sore injustice somewhere.

He started to cross the street. A dark, blinding pain still made his poor temples ring.

"Back! back! Good heavens!—The child is under his feet! Back! back!"

"Oh, mamma, it is our horses run over a poor little boy. Oh, mamma, mamma."

"Is he hurt much, coachman?" The woman's face is pale as ashes. "Yes, he is hurt badly, take him right in; don't wait; carry him right in and up stairs. It was your carelessness; the child shall be attended to."

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw he had borne all he could, and so took the little broken heart there to heal. How very white and quiet! "O, a sweet face! a sweet, sweet face!" murmured the woman, bending over the boy, and tears fell upon his forehead, but he did not feel them.

"O, the poor little boy!" sobs Nelly, "the poor little boy! I wish he had kept on the side-walk; I wish he had staid at home with his mother."

Alas! in this world there was no mother to keep him.

The doctor came, said he was not dead, but would very likely die.—There was a hospital near; the poor thing had better be sent there. But the good woman would not allow that. She would care for him herself, she said: he had been injured by one of her horses, and she felt it was her duty to attend him. Besides, it was likely the child had no mother.

Such a boy as he, with a face so sweet and girlish, so pure and lovable, would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Besides, (and here her tears fell) there was a little mound not yet green over just such a child. No, no, it was not in her heart to put the poor wounded boy away. Let him stay whether he lived or died.

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but he did not know himself. His glance fell wearily on his hands. There were white bands around his wrists, with ruffles on them. The bed was snowy white, too, and a crimson-light fell over every thing.

"Dear God! I am in heaven," murmured the child; "yes, God will take care of me now."

What visions of loveliness glanced forth from the shadow behind the bed? The rich curls fell around a face of exquisite beauty; the beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him.

"O yes, there is an angel!" he said softly, "I am glad. They won't knock me over again; they won't want me to steal apples here; and perhaps I shall never die again. Now I want to see my mother."

"My dear boy, are you better this morning?" asked a low, soft voice. He turned slowly, wearily.

"Is it mother?" he murmured.

"O yes," and there were quick sobs and tears; "yes, my little child, I will be your mother, and you shall be my son. Will you love me dearly?"

"Yes, I do love you, mother; is it heaven?"

"Heaven, no, darling, it is earth; but God sent you here to our hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her. Kiss him, Nelly."

Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up his face. The past was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more moody crusts, oaths, harsh words, and blows. No more begging at basement doors, and looking half-famished to envy a dog gnawing a bone in the streets.—No more fear of rude children, who never knew where their own hearts laid; no more sleeping on doorsteps, and listening in terror to the drunken quarrels of the vicious and depraved.

Yes, the past was gone, and in the rosy future were love, even God and the angels. Certainly sweet spirits had guarded that child, and guided him out of seeming evil into positive good. Surely henceforth he would put his hand trustingly in theirs, and turn his face heavenward. Yes, it was so to be. The dear, teachable child—a jewel picked from the mire, a brand snatched from the burning—was yet to illumine the dark paths of this world with his holy, heavenly teaching. Like a dove he was to go forth over the waters, and find the olive-branch with which to garland his glad tidings. Blessings, then, on all who hid their eyes from to-day's little children, making their homes

arks of refuge. Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing, for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eternity, than the soul of a little child.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

Have you a Grandmother?

"Have you a grandmother, dear little one? Is the warmest corner and the softest chair in your sitting room filled by one whose locks are blanched, and whose brow is furrowed by years? If so, then you are a blessed child, and ought to be very thankful to the God who has spared this dear loving heart to guide you, by sweet lessons and gentle example, in the paths of peace. Do you not pity little ones who have no grandmother? Who do you think—when their mother is busy or away—strokes the weary little head, ties up the bleeding finger, warms within her own half-frozen hands? Who interests herself in all their tiny affairs, from the flight of a kite to the strapping of a skate? Oh, nobody but "grandmother" can stoop from age and wisdom to be again a child for your dear sakes.

A few months ago, the children in my house had two grandmothers, both as gentle, loving, and good as any who bore the name. One still lives, honored and beloved by the fold of grandchildren among whom she dwells; but the other—pure in heart, merciful, meek, and a peace-maker—she is not, for God has taken her! No more can be done to comfort her; no sweet messages exchanged, no kisses ever more pressed on her pale, soft cheek! She is dead, and her place is vacant; but her memory to those who love her still is worth more than mines of gold.

This dear grandmother made very little noise in the world; but she left a wider void than many whose names are known to fame. Children miss her gentle tones, while the poor and broken-hearted mourn a real friend.

Thus the children here have one grandmother on earth and one in heaven. May they and all of you, little readers, deal very tenderly with the aged, who are so kind to you, and whom God commands you to honor, for they will soon pass away from your love and care.—*Reaper.*

Select Miscellany.

A Gloomy Future for England.
A short cotton supply in England is contemplated with gloomy forebodings. The *London Chronicle*, of the 9th ult., says: "The beautiful harvest has saved thousands from utter want, and it would be impossible to over estimate the advantages it will be the means of conferring on the poorer classes during the remainder of this and the greater part of next year.—But for this we might well shrink from contemplating the future. For, let our home demand be what it may, it cannot bring trade to the flourishing position it occupied prior to the outbreak of hostilities in America. The many thousands who depend upon iron and cotton manufactures for their daily bread most inevitably undergo many hardships next winter, and unless we can by means obtain supplies of cotton, still greater calamities will surely overtake us. We do not perceive any means by which this end can be gained,—unless, indeed, the Confederates change their determination, and all impediments to our commerce be removed.—It is needless for us to point out the extreme unlikelihood of any such change being made; but it is upon a slender foundation such as this, that we must build our hopes, or accept the alternative of looking forward to "cotton famine," abandoned mills and starved operatives.

A Model Lieutenant.
The Buffalo Advocate contains an interesting account of a model Lieutenant, now in camp at Arlington Heights, from which we make the following:

He has already held numerous prayer meetings with his men, and in this way, as well as by his private and friendly counsels, has rendered most important service to the moral and spiritual welfare of the regiment. From a private letter we learn that, not long since, he was out in charge of two hundred and fifty men who were engaged in felling trees preparatory to some military defense for the troops. The men, understanding the usage of the officers to allow spirit ratings to all who engaged in such fatigues, called and demanded their liquor. It required a firm nerve to refuse them; but it was done, and with an emphasis and a heart which showed them that he was in earnest, and desired only their good. "I'll be broke of my commission," said he, "sooner than I'll make my men drunk!" Our young Lieutenant is brave also. While out on a scout on Friday, the 29th ult., with one hundred men, he was suddenly surrounded by a large number of the enemy, who were leveling their muskets for a shot. The Captain, in the excitement and alarm of the moment, hastily commanded to "Right dress!" But Lieutenant W. seeing at a glance all who hid their eyes from to-day's little children, making their homes

cried out with emphasis, "Fall to the ground, every man of you!" Every man fell, the volley of musketry passed harmlessly over their heads, and before the rebels could reload, they successfully retreated until another company came to their relief.

No "Pent-up Utica."

Every body has heard the lines, "No pent-up Utica contracts our powers, But the whole boundless continent is ours."

But very few people know the author, or in what poem they occur.—The Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal says they were written by one Jonathan Mitchell Sewell, a Portsmouth poet, as an epilogue to Addison's play of Cato, on the occasion of its performance by an amateur company in that city in 1788. The whole production was one of decided power. The spirit of the Revolution entered into every expression. We give a few lines:

"And what now gleams with dawning rays at home
Once blazed in full-orbed majesty at Rome,
Did Rome's brave Senate nobly strive 't oppose
The mighty torrent of domestic foes,
And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare
The desperate perils of unequal war?
Our Senate, too, the same bold deed has done,
And for a Cato armed a Washington!

"Rise, then, my countrymen, for fight prepare,
Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!
For your grieved country nobly dare to die,
And empty all your veins for liberty;
No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours!"

Utica, a city older than any in the vicinity of ancient Carthage, was the place where Cato died. This fact, with the above extracts, will sufficiently explain one of the most expressive quotations in our language—a quotation which has been frequently made by the most distinguished orators, Daniel Webster among them.

Napoleon's Coat of Mail.

Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo,) he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named 18,000 francs (720l.) as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the Emperor.—"Now," said his imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so, "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same?" and he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreat, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?"—"Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum."—"There is an order for them," said the Emperor; "and there is another for an equal sum, for the freight I have given you."—*Leamington Advertiser.*

The Latest from Artemus Ward.

Artemus Ward commences his contribution to this week's Vanity Fair with the following cheering paragraph:

Notwithstanding I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter themselves that the undersigned is dead. On the contrary, "I still live," which words was spoken by Daniel Webster, who was a able man. Even the old line Whigs of Boston will admit that Webster is dead now, howsoever, and his mantle has probably fallen into the hands of sum daler in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any particuler extent, now days. The regiment of whom I was kurnal thinerly concluded they was better adapted as Home Guards, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the mastery advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run. It was well done. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well done.

Defer not repentance till another day. God has promised pardon upon your repentance, but he has not promised life till you repent.

A Baltimore Lady Taken Down.</