

THE QUEST.

Thou little Child with naked feet
That walkest in the noisy street,
Whence comest Thou, and wither goest?
Say, if Thou knowest.

By muddy kerb and flaring gas,
I see Thy tiny footsteps pass ;
On sodden face and ragged singer
Thy wide eyes linger.

Thou stay'st not by the windows bright,
That flaunt their gaudy wares to-night,
From gold and gems that show so bravely,
Thou turnest gravely.

Nor dainty food, nor glittering toy
Allure Thy glance, Thou little Boy :
O, where bareheaded dost Thou wander,
On what dost ponder ?