



IN THE LADIES APARTMENT.
(From the painting by Dianna Coomans.)

They Turned Her Out in the Street.

While attending the Assizes at one of the northern circuits in New Brunswick in 1889, the painful facts which suggested the following poem were brought to the knowledge of the author. The Hon. Judge Wetmore, of the New Brunswick Supreme Court, in addressing the Grand Jury, referred to the matter as follows: "This poor girl has been grossly imposed upon and had no friends to look after her; was an outcast in society and the hand of humanity refused her in her bereavement. Many are in positions where there are no temptations. No persons with wily advances endeavour to draw them from the paths of rectitude; in their comfortable homes, with friends to advise them, there is very little fear of them going astray; but if they were placed in circumstances of danger on every side, without home or friends, without early education or training, they might also become victims of deception. Her circumstances must have been known to the community, and she should not have been left to die like a dog. She has been unpardonably overlooked, neglected, exposed to the weather and scorn of mankind, treated as no human being should be treated in a civilized country, and I have been informed her clergyman even turned his back upon her in her sad hour of need and forbade others to shelter her. I think it was the peculiar business of the overseers of the poor to have cared for her, and they have been criminally derelict in the discharge of their duty. If she had been properly looked after this would not have happened, and I think the overseers of the poor should be indicted for their neglect."—*St John Daily Telegraph*.

They turned her out in the street at night
They turned her out in the street.
Her sorrow was heavy, her garments light.

They turned her out in the street.
In form a woman, in years a child,
Her weeping eyes were large and wild,
For her hopes were ruined, her fame beguiled,
As they turned her out in the street.

Within the parlour was life and light,
As they turned her out in the street.
The cheerful fire was burning bright,
As they turned her out in the street.
She caught a glimpse of the daughters fair,
As they gathered around their mother's chair,
And all was warmth and comfort there,
As they turned her out in the street.

Without a friend, without a home,
They turned her out in the street;
Sick and helpless, the town to roam,
They turned her out in the street.
The pane was frozen, the mercury low,
Wildly drifted the wintry snow,
As they slammed the door and bade her go,
And turned her out in the street.

The frost benumbed her shivering form,
As they turned her out in the street;
And her sighs were drowned in the blinding storm,
As they turned her out in the street.
She thought she heard the tempest cry,
You deserve to die! You deserve to die!
And sought a place in the snow to lie,
As they turned her out in the street.

In a country cottage a mother prayed,
As they turned her out in the street;

Her spirit broken, her heart dismayed,
As they turned her out in the street;
That God would cherish her hope and pride,
Her only support (she had none beside),
And homeward to mother her steps would guide,
As they turned her out in the street.

And her sighs and prayers were heard above,
As they turned her out in the street,
By the Father of mercy and truth and love,
As they turned her out in the street;
And she dreamt her child was free from care,
Robed in a garment white and rare,
And joined her again in the evening prayer,
As they turned her out in the street.

And the morning came, and the storm passed by,
Where they turned her out in the street;
And the sun shone out from a clouded sky,
Where they turned her out in the street;
And a stranger driving along that way,
In his costly furs and his cozy sleigh,
Was sure he heard a spectre say,—
They turned her out in the street.

And peeping out from the drifted pile,
Where they turned her out in the street;
Was a woman's face with a heavenly smile,
Where they turned her out in the street;
A face so sad, a form so bare,
The cold snow matted in her hair,
And her prayerful eyes in a vacant stare,
Where they turned her out in the street.

St. John, N.B.

FRED. DEVINE