

ADRIFT IN THE STREETS.

A City arab, half naked and starved,
Coiled up on the Adelaide flags ;
For a pillow the end of a doorstep—
Poor shivering bundle of rags.

Theatre goers were hurrying home,
The streets were becoming less gay ;
Occasional glances only were cast
Where that scrap of mortality lay.

But an outcast woman, plying for hire
Mid haunts where the dissolute roam,
Lifted this waif from his cold, stony bed,
With pity and carried him home.

Like a wilted flower whose bloom is shed,
Her nature society may crush ;
But just by her kindness measure yourselves,
Then hang down your faces and blush,

For high sounding name or social degree,
Can never such action surmount ;
No selfish achievement of rich or poor
At the last great judgment shall count.

But when past the milestones of time she flies,
And knocks at the beautiful gate,
With her arms around this innocent child,
Will the angels ask her to wait ?