

## *The Man in the Street*

peasant morality has the highest standard known to modern civilization, where Lenten fasts and vows of continence are most severe, where an expectant mother is sacred and given a dwelling apart until her infant is baptised, cannot succumb to the excesses of a mad gang of red fanatics. When the Russian giant, irritated beyond endurance, or tired of the slow process of assimilating these monsters, arises one day to shake them off, neither religion nor humanity will be the loser.

E. CHRISTITCH.



### *THE MAN IN THE STREET*

**D**RAB-COATED, weary-faced, tired-eyed,  
He goes his way along a dreary street,  
From his day's toil by the grey riverside,  
With aching brain and weary, leaden feet,  
A struggling clerk among so many others.  
. . . And yet, who knows? for in the angels' sight  
—And do not angels recognize their brothers—  
He freely walks in blaze of amber light :  
And he is armed . . . with shield of chivalry,  
With sword of silence and with silver mail,  
He wears the crystal crown of courtesy . . .  
And Michael, Prince of Angels, cries him Hail.

VIVIENNE DAYRELL