

I thanked the philanthropic little fellow, and passed round the dangerous spot.

"Don't step there" was the theme of my meditations during the remainder of the walk.

A thousand times since has the clear voice of that kind-hearted child rung in my ear, reminding me of my duty to those around me, and urging me to repeat, wherever it promises to be useful, "Please, sir, don't step there."

When I see a youth entering the path of the Sabbath-breaker I would cry, "Don't step there!"

When I see a boy tempted to go with youths who drink, smoke, or gamble, I would cry, "Don't step there!"

When I see boys or girls commencing a course of disobedience to parents, I would say, "Don't step there!"

As on the path of life we tread,
We come to many a place
Where, if not careful, we may fall,
And sink in sad disgrace.

Some idle habit, word, or thought,
Some sin, however small,
May make us stumble in the path,
And, stumbling, we may fall.

Our fellow-travelers on the road,
We'll watch with anxious care,
And when they reach some dangerous spot,
We'll warn them—"Don't step there;"

TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.

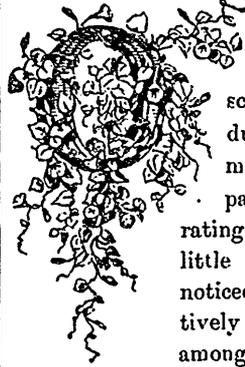
NEAR the foot of our street stood an Italian with a hand organ. Ten or twelve boys gathered around him, more filled with mirthfulness than courtesy. One, less noble than the rest, said to his fellows, "See! I'll hit his hat."

And, sure enough, he did. Catching up a snow ball he threw it so violently that the poor man's hat was knocked in the gutter. A bystander expected to see some manifestation of anger. The musician stepped forward and picked up his hat. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gracefully, and said: "And now I'll play you a tune to make you merry."

Which do you think was the gentleman or Christian?

A GAMIN.

BY DR. BARNARDO.



NONE evening the attendants at the ragged-school, which we had conducted for three years, had met as usual, and at half-past nine o'clock were separating for their homes. A little lad, whom we had noticed listening very attentively during the evening, was among the last to leave, and

his steps were slow and unwilling.

"Come, my lad," we said, "had you not better go home? It is very late. Mother will be coming for you."

"Please, sir, let me stop!"

"No, I can not; I think it's quite time for you to go home now. Why do you wish to stop?"

"Please, sir, do let me stay. I won't do no 'arm."

"Well, but had you not better go home? Your mother will wonder what keeps you so late."

"I ain't got no mother."

"Where is your father?"

"I ain't got no father."

"You haven't got a mother or father, boy! Where do you live?"

"Doesn't live nowhere."

"Now, my lad, it is of no use your trying to deceive me. Come here, and tell me what you mean. Where do you come from? Where are your friends? Where did you sleep last night?"

In calling the child to our side, we never for a moment believed that his tale was true. Our own three years' experience among poor boys and girls had indeed revealed to us much of the privation and suffering which at an early age often fall to the lot of the children of the poor. We had encountered hungry, ragged, and some times ill-used little ones, but never before had we met with a genuine Arab boy.

We thought the race existed only on paper, and that the stories about their condition and