

ensures. Even the nooks and crannies of the river side have furnished the Home with human material. In those damp, gloomy streets the night police recognize the rays of the explorer's lamp and the sound of his well-known step as he approaches with a kindly salutation. The Thames police acknowledge that he is a greater adept than the magistrate in the art of transforming wrong-doers into good and thrifty citizens.

One night, when the streets and wharfs bordering around a certain spot on the Middlesex side of the Thames were found to be unusually free from "water-babies," "mudlarks," and other minor divisions of the London boy genus, our friend, who was out "on tramp," might have dismissed his attendant, extinguished his light, and have retired home to bed without laying hands on one candidate to fill six vacancies, occurring at the Home, but for a happy idea. Looking down towards the river bank, he descried an unladen barge, and he thought it might be just possible that the interior was metamorphosed into a lodging-house by the missing boys. Away they went to board the vessel, and on holding a lamp over the dark, damp hold, there were the persons they sought, heaped one above another to secure all the warmth that was to be had. There they were surely enough, a pile of rags and misery. Probably there was not one "green" boy among them; for had they gone beyond the City bounds they could not have been more securely shielded from the scrutiny of Z 99. On arousing the sleepers, six of the number were selected and led forth willing captives to Stepney-causeway. A ray of hope indeed broke in upon them when the bull's-eye lantern suddenly revealed their secret retreat. It may have been the first ray of hope they ever knew, while the words of the friend who found them may have been the first expressions of encouragement to which they had listened.

To perambulate London streets during the hours between midnight and six A.M. is a sure and speedy method, though a sufficiently novel one, as some will think, of becoming correctly acquainted with the wants and woes about which all know too little, and none too much. Whithersoever one may turn, the same tale of poverty, and of poverty's attendant pains, is heard, while the phases so differ that something new is ever occurring. The lad who is discovered covering and shivering behind a board placed against a wall may be, as one such has turned out to be, the son of a drinking father, who has driven his son into the street by way of diversion. Go further, and it may be that other lads, huddling closely together beneath a barrow, are real subjects of indigence, some of whom eagerly catch at that magical word "*Home*," while others, as lovers of "liberty," prefer present suffering to any comforts the helping hand can offer. This temper may be a strange infatuation, but then it is the infatuation of juvenile prejudices and ignorance.

While the majority of the poor street boys are only too glad to be admitted into the Home, some refuse to leave their native walks, and others, from various causes, require some amount of coaxing before they consent to enter on new courses. In the brushmaker's room we particularly noticed a handsome, intelligent-looking lad, very busy and very cheerful. The Doctor and this boy recognized each other in a genial manner, just as the rescued and the rescuer might be expected to do. Motherless, and the son of an inveterate drunkard, this lad, until quite a recent date, was accustomed to nothing better than a life of street wandering, and had no higher aim in life than that of drawing sundry coppers from the pockets of casual passengers. A photograph of "Jem," as he appeared in those days, is shown—those dark, despairing days; but one might defy an expert to recognize in the picture the "Jem" of to-day.