

Nobody's Children.

Where do all the children go when the sun has set, and the lamps are lit in all the cosy homes? Where do all the children go when suddenly their shouting ceases, and every wiggling boy and girl has disappeared from sight?

"To bed, of course! what a silly question! and you know mamma always sends us too early, when our games are only half done," you say.

To bed? But where do the children go who don't have any beds? You never knew such children lived? Then let me tell you who found out about them.

Thirty years ago a young man was in the great city of London, studying to be a doctor. While he was working in a large hospital among the sick people, he learned how many poor and ignorant and wicked people there were in some of the rough parts of London. He was so sorry for their wretched life that he wanted to do something to help them. All day he was busy in the hospital; in the evenings he needed to study; but two or three times a week he stole an evening from his work, and went with other student friends to teach school in the most wretched part of the city.

School at night? Yes, and such a schoolhouse! Not a great roomy brick building where many windows let sunshine into clean halls; but only an empty donkey stable! Boards had been placed over the rough earth. The rafters and walls had once been whitewashed, but were now dark with the smoke and dust of years. These young men, however, thought it a very fair place. The roof was whole and kept the rain out. The walls were sound, and kept the wind out. Good strong bars on the windows kept out disturbers of the peace—roughs, who did not want their part of the town improved. All round about this stable were houses, every room overcrowded, and the streets were full of little Arabs who had been crowded out. These children began to flow into the stable-school, and one night among the others appeared little Jim Jervis.

It was a raw winter night and a keen east wind was shivering through the dimly lighted streets, when, all the other scholars having left the room, little Jim still lingered, casting a longing look at the fire. He had neither shirt, shoes nor stockings. His small, sharp eyes were restless and bright as a rat's, his face was like an old man's though he was but ten.

Dr. Barnardo, tired with long struggles in teaching a pack of rowdies, sharply ordered the boy home.

Then Jim pleaded piteously to stay. "Please, sir, do let me stop I won't do no 'arm."

Stop in the schoolroom! The idea seemed absurd to Barnardo.

"What would your mother think?"

"Ain't got no mother."

"But your father?"

"Ain't got no father."

"Stuff and nonsense, boy; don't tell me such stories! You say you have not got a father or a mother. Where are your friends then? Where do you live?"

"Ain't got no friends. Don't live nowhere."

The doctor believed that Jim was lying, for he had never heard of the great tribe of Don't-Live-Nowheres, but he said: "Tell me, my lad, are there other poor boys like you in London without home or friends?"

He replied promptly: "Oh! yes, lots—'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count."

Now young Barnardo did not like to be hoaxed. So, being of a practical turn of mind, he bribed Jim with a place to sleep in, and as much hot coffee as he could drink, if he would take him there and then—or at least after the coffee had been drunk—to where the Don't-Live-Nowheres sleep. But when Jim had drunk as much coffee as he could swallow, he was lead on to tell the story of his life from five to ten, as follows:

"I got along o' a lot of boys, sir, down near Wapping-way; an' there wor an' ole lady lived there as wurst knowned mother, an' she let me lie in the shed at the back; an' while I wor there I got on werry well. She wor werry kind, an' gev' me nice bits o' broken vittals. Arter this I did odd jobs with a lighterman, to help him aboard a barge. He treated me werry bad—knocked me about frightful. He used to trash me for nothin', an' I didn't sometimes have anything to eat; an' sometimes he'd go away for days, an' leave me alone with the boat."

"Why did you not run away, then, and leave him?"

"So I would, sir, but Dick—that's his name, they called him 'Swearing Dick'—one day arter he trashed me awful, swore if I ever runned away he'd catch me an' take my life; an' he'd got a dog aboard as he made smell me, an' he telled me if I tried to leave the barge the dog 'ud be arter me; an', sir, he were such a big fierce un. Sometimes, when Dick were drunk, he'd put the dog on me, 'out of fun,' as he called it; an' look 'ere, sir, that's

what he did wunst." And the poor little fellow pulled aside some of his rags, and showed the scarred marks, as of teeth, right down his leg. "Well, sir, I stopped a long while with Dick. I dunno how long it wor; I'd have runned away often, but wor afeared, till one day a man came aboard, and said as how Dick was gone—'listed for a soldier when he wor drunk. So I says to him, 'Mister,' says I, 'will yer 'old that dog a minit?' So he goes down the 'atchway with him, an' I shuts down the 'atch tight on 'em both; and I cries, 'Ooray!' an' off I jumps ashore an' runs for my werry life, an' never stops till I gets up near the meat market; an' all that day I wor afeared old Dick's dog 'ud be arter me.

"Oh, sir," continued the boy, his eyes now lit up with excitement, "it wor foine, not to get no thrashing, an' not to be afeared of nobody; I thought I wor going to be 'appy now, 'specially as most people took pity on me, an' gev' me a penny now and then; an' one old lady, as kep' a tripe an' trotter stall, gev' me a bit now an' then, when I 'elped her at night to put her things on her barrer, an' gev' it a shove 'ome. The big chaps on the streets wouldn't let me go with 'em, so I took up by myself. But lor, sir, the perlice wor the wust; there wor no getting no rest from 'em. They always kept a movin' me on. Sometimes, when I 'ad a good stroke of luck, I got a thrippeny doss, but it wor awful in the lodging-houses o' summer nights. What with the bitin' and the scratchin', I couldn't get no sleep; so in summer I mostly slept out on the wharf or anywhere. Twice I wor up before the beak for sleepin' out. When the bobbies caught me, sometimes, they'd let me off with a kick, or a good knock on the side of the 'ead. But one night an awful cross fellow caught me on a doorstep, an' locked me up. Then I got six days at the workus, an' arterward runned away; an' ever since I've bin in and out, an' up and down, where I could; but since the cold kem on this year it's been werry bad. I ain't 'ad no luck at all, an' it's been sleepin' out on an empty stomick most every night."

"Have you ever been to school?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. At the workus they made me go to school, an' I've been into one on a Sunday in Whitechapel; there's a kind genelman there as used to give us toke arterward."

"Now, Jim, have you ever heard of Jesus?"

A quick nod of assent was the response. The boy seemed quite pleased at knowing something of what I was talking about.

"Yes, sir," he added; "I knows about Him."

"Well, who is He? What do you know about Him?"

"Oh, sir," he said, and he looked sharply about the room, and with a timorous glance into the darker corners where the shadows fell, then sinking his voice into a whisper, added, "He's THE POPE O' ROME."

Poor ignorant little fellow! Let the don't-live-nowheres sleep where they might, Jim must at once without losing a moment be rescued from that heathen darkness. So Dr. Barnardo turned to and told Jim as graphically as he knew how the story of our Lord.

The lad was interested, for the tale was new, and to him it might have been the story of a poor bloke in the next alley. But when it came to the crucifixion, little Jim fairly broke down, and said amid his tears, "Oh, sir, that wor wuss nor 'Swearin' Dick sarved me!"

At last, half an hour after midnight, they sallied forth on their quest for the sleeping quarters of the Don't-Live-Nowheres. Jim trotted along leading his new-made friend to Houndsditch, and then diving down the shed-like alley to the Change that leads by many passages from Petticoat Lane. Here they were at last, but where were the Don't-Live-Nowheres? Barnardo thought that he had caught Jim out. There was not a soul to be seen. He struck matches and peered about under barrows and into dark corners, but never a boy could he discover. "They dursn't lay about 'ere," said Jim in excuse, "cos the p'licemen keep such a werry sharp lookout all along on these 'ere shops. But we're there now, sir. You'll see lots on 'em if we don't wake 'em up."

"Where are the boys, Jim?" he asked much puzzled.

"Up tjere, sir," replied Jim, pointing to the iron roof of the shed of which the wall was a boundary.

How to get up was the next question, but Jim made light work of this. His sharp eyes detected the well-worn marks by which the lads ascended and descended—little interstices between the bricks, whence the mortar had fallen, or had been picked away. Jim rapidly climbed up first, and then by the aid of a stick which he held upon Barnardo, he too made his ascent, and at length stood upon the stone coping or parapet which ran along the side.

There, exposed upon the dome-shaped roof, with their heads upon the higher part and their feet somewhat in the gutter, but in a great variety of postures—some coiled up, as one may have seen dogs before a fire,

some huddled two or three together, others more apart—lay eleven boys out on the open roof. No covering of any kind was upon them. The rags that most of them wore were mere apologies for clothes, apparently as bad as, if not even worse than, Jim's. One big fellow who lay there seemed to be about eighteen years old; but the ages of the remainder varied from nine to fourteen. Just then the moon shone brightly out. I have already said it was a bitterly cold dry night, and, as the pale light of the moon fell upon the upturned faces of those poor boys the doctor realized in one awful moment the untold miseries of forlorn child-life upon the streets of London. What could he do to help it? At least he would save this one poor lad.

"Shall I wake 'em sir?" Jim asked.

"Hush," said Barnardo, "don't let us attempt to disturb them," and as one of them moved uneasily he hurried away.

Reaching the street, Jim said: "Shall we go to another lay, sir? There's lots more!"

But the doctor had seen enough for that night. He knew that the Don't-Live-Nowheres existed. From that night he determined to give himself, while life lasted, to save the Arabs of the street.

Some weeks afterward, Barnardo was at dinner at a great man's house, and told the other guests the story. They could not believe it. "Do you mean to tell us that this very night," they said, "raw and cold and wretched as it is, there are children sleeping out in the open air in London?" "I do," said Barnardo. "Can you show us them?" he was asked. Albeit somewhat shrinking lest the "lay" might that night be drawn blank, he stoutly declared he could and would. So cabs were summoned, and a score of gentlemen in evening dress fared forth toward Slamdome, piloted by Barnardo. Through the city they drove on and on and on, until they reached a space by Billingsgate Market, where he knew the lads slept by the score.

A strange sight it was, that of those west end revelers straying to Billingsgate seeking outcasts—and finding none. For there was not a boy to be seen. For a moment Barnardo's heart sank within him; but a policeman standing by told him it was all right. "They'll come out," he said, "if you give them a copper."

A halfpenny a head was offered, and then from out a great confused pile of old crates, boxes and empty barrels which were piled together, covered with a huge tarpaulin, seventy-three boys crawled out from the lair where they had been seeking a shelter for the night. Called out by the offer of a halfpenny, there they stood, beneath the light of the lamps, a sorrowful and mournful regiment of the well-to-do.

The rest of the story is thirty years long. With the help of those rich men, Dr. Barnardo started to work. A little house in a mean street was first opened. Two whole nights he spent upon the streets of London, "casting his net," and brought to shore twenty-five homeless lads, all willing and eager to accept his help. That little home of twenty-five boys has grown and grown until today Dr. Barnardo is the "father" of five thousand children.

One by one the different Homes have been founded, for babies, for boys, for girls, for cripples, for the blind—oh, so many places that it would make you tired to count them. But it does not make you tired to know that in these thirty years thousands of little children have learned to know how a pillow feels, what food, home and books are, what the Bible is.

And the more children Dr. Barnardo finds, the more he looks for. Just think! not overworked with directing the care of thousands of English children, he has offered to receive a thousand of the desolate little Armenians.—Condensed from Review of Reviews.

The first year of Christian Rudeavor in Tremont Temple Baptist church, Boston, has been a fruitful one. Several members of the society have united with the church. One of the first deeds of the society was the publication of a sermon on baptism by Dr. Lorimer. Two more of the pastor's sermons were published during the year, a total of eight thousand copies. The instruction committee of the society has maintained a Bible history class; under the direction of the assistant pastor, and it has also provided two courses of university extension lectures. Since Tremont Temple is particularly situated in the business district, the society has made every effort to apply business enterprise to its methods, and at the beginning of the year it issued for general distribution a beautiful calendar, advertising the church and society and time of meetings.

The Summer School of Science will open at Yarmouth on July 7th, and will continue until the 22nd. A large gathering is expected.

"Yes, mother. I will know me to break my
"No, my son, I never
And Mrs. Dunning
by as she looked down
in all Harry Dunning's
straightforwardly back

"Well, mother, you
sure. Now I'm off!"
And Harry sprang d
an arrow.

His chum, Alder
pull and "general fog"
were always accepted
Father and Mother M
had to perfection the
for young folks.

No wonder that Har
when, in the height of
hands of the clock poi
else looked as though
Harry's "honor bright
body guessed the strug
boy's heart, as he med
the merry game.

"Why can't I stay u
hard enough? And I
weeks!"

It was all true. Ver
his "good times" sinc
when little Day was a
port and comfort of hi
"It isn't fate," he h
nervous."

Then his cheeks rec
quickly.

"Who had a better n
fiercely, as though fig
invalid mother! And
She had been pale an
promised! Abruptly
good-nights, and sped
his refer as he ran.

"Day is worse," she
Run for the doctor—q

And Harry ran—ran
even when he belonge
pend on his speed, w
doctor, electrified by t
nessed old Jim, with
time, and drove off h
brought night-capped
caused many a conject
the "holfer."

The keen old man lo
Day; but he was a sk
the little girl was sh

"But let me tell y
minutes later it would
me, or any one else."

Harry listened silen
alone, he drew his mo
little sofa, and told h
"And, oh, mother,"
my promise, honor bri
scaped from being a m

"I have perfect con
said the happy mother
on her shoulder.—M
Herald.

Every B

There is no reason v
that matter—should n
is a simple matter to n
barometer which will
the weather. And the
happen to be going fis

Buy one ounce each
nia salts at some drug
thirteen drachms of a
and pour it into a long
be corked tightly and
getting inside.

Hang this baromete
and here are the weath
you about:

Absolute clearness o
If the liquid become
is a sign of rain.

If downy masses for
will freeze, or at least
more these masses rise
the cold become.

Little stars in the li
Threadlike objects
wind.—Christian Obs