

ting there by the Home fire in the early morning, he spoke of what he had endured as well as of the temptations he had escaped. If poor and ragged, he was at least honest. He had been locked up in a police-cell for sleeping on door-steps, but never for any greater offence. He had persistently refused to join a thieves' company when invited to do so, though starvation, sore feet, and the pain of wandering hopelessly over London might have been pleaded as excuses for his heeding the tempter. Nor was this all. Tommie once endured a master temptation, and in God's mercy came off completely victorious. One day, after having tasted no food during some forty-eight hours, he was sauntering along Whitechapel, when, in a fit of desperation, he stretched forth his hand to seize a "faggot" from a stall. Why did he not steal and eat? Certain Bible words, learned in a ragged-school class, rushed into his mind, and proved stronger than the pangs of hunger. Tommie actually ran away, lest nature's cravings should overcome his principles. At length a sickly faintness stole over him, and perhaps he would have sat down to die had not a passing stranger ministered to his relief. Tommie was indeed a conqueror. There was real heroism in what he did, and already he began to taste the reward. In spite of his rags, wan face, and shrunken, hunger-pinched limbs, he could stand erect, look his friend in the face, and speak a truth of which a true English boy is justly proud—I am not a thief, sir!

A lad of the roving, independent caste, was once encountered by Dr. Barnardo and his Arab guide while the two were abroad exploring the environs of Whitechapel. The time was midnight; and "luck" was so far smiling upon the newly found youngster that he had appropriated a barrel for a bedroom. He accosted his late "pal," the Doctor's companion, with looks and tones betokening both commiseration

and condescension. The occupant of the barrel was free, though he might not know whence the morrow's food would come, while the other had no better rendezvous than a home or a refuge. Highly did the hero of the cask appear to prize his advantages. Would he not turn over a new leaf, reform, and be industrious? Well, to tell the truth, he preferred retaining his personal freedom; but if in the coming winter time he should experience a harder run for life than usual, he would at least think about the matter, turn it over in his mind, and he might possibly entertain the gentleman's offer! Yet even in the face of such facts we may not hastily accuse these boys of ingratitude. Educated persons do not always judge correctly of one another's motives; how much less may we expect infallibility in this respect from untaught, wandering, London Arabs. It is not according to their nature to dissociate the solicitude strangers appear to entertain for them from sinister, or interested motives. The policeman is their dreaded foe, and to their sore dismay School Board agents have lately appeared on the scene. Life is a hard struggle when accepted on these terms, so that when a better friend than either policeman or School Board gentleman comes to light, it is not surprising that street youngsters harbour suspicion until the truth is fully ascertained. In a great measure the truth about Dr. Barnardo's motives has long ago been learned by the poor of London; for, as a recognized boys' friend, the Doctor is, perhaps, better known among the denizens of metropolitan slums than any other philanthropist in his walk of life. Into the repulsive recesses of the vilest lodging-houses he has penetrated at dead of night, and from rooms, or rather dens, reeking with filth, and swarming with vermin, has selected youthful woe-begone subjects, eager to forsake their way of life for courses of industry, and for the home comforts which industry