

selves along the narrower lobbies, while they were scattered about promiscuously in the central hall. At the opera Tom had quite seconded the argument that it is part of a man's education to see the world, and now the words struck him with double force. Some of the men lying on the floor had honest looking faces, and some even respectable clothes, but the majority were of the lowest type, filthy, degraded, with faces full of hardship and sin.

"Come on, fellows, I've had enough of this," said Tom, before they had advanced ten yards and the others were of the same opinion, excepting Bob Hunter.

"You're a nerving lot," said he. "We want to be able to tell the fellows something about this when we go back. Come on, let's go through."

Much against their wills, the others followed, and they started down the aisle between the prostrate forms. How horrible and disgusting it was all to Tom. Yet all these creatures at his feet were human beings. Perhaps they had been brought up in homes of comfort, though they were homeless and penniless to-night. And Tom's heart filled with a sense of mingled pity and thankfulness that his lot was different.

Suddenly he caught sight of a patched sleeve that gave him a far deeper pang. It was only a piece of gingham, but by some of the humblest things of life our heart strings are pulled strongest. This poor man's shirt, for his coat was under his head, was patched with cloth of the same pattern that his mother most often chose for her kitchen aprons; and the recollection of her made his eyes moist, for perhaps this man had a wife like her, whose loving hands had so tenderly mended that shirt. Tom pulled out a dollar, and, kneeling down, he thrust it into the man's pocket, that a ray of hope might brighten his life when he awoke and found it there. As he did so, he saw the face, which was partially hidden by the patched sleeve, and the glimpse filled him with horror. The old man's beard was ragged, his hair unkempt and his face soiled, but it was the dear face that Tom knew so well.

"Father!" he gasped, in a tone which caused the other boys, now some distance ahead, to turn about in wonder. Then, white and frightened, he threw himself on his knees and peered into the face of the homeless at his feet.

"O, my father! my father!" he cried in a voice of agony. "Dear Lord, forgive me; it is for me that he is here."