

cobbler's room in an old house in St. Mary Street, Portsmouth. On a stool in the middle of the room, with an old shoe between his knees, there he sat, a gray-haired, venerable man, with spectacles turned up on his brow. Two ragged boys are before him, and the old cobbler is hearing them their lessons. Every now and then he bends down and does a little work at patching the old shoe—cobbler and schoolmaster he is all day long. A number of other boys and girls are about the room, which is littered with books, lasts, old shoes, and bird-cages.

His tender, compassionate heart, had been moved with pity for the poor ragged children who had been left to go to ruin in the streets, and he tried to bring some of them to his school. When they would not come to him, he went to them. He could not rest till he had tried his hand with some of the worst of them. He caught them in the streets, tried to interest them by telling them stories, and was often to be seen limping after some ragged boy, holding a fine roasted potato under his nose, to try to tempt him to go with him.

At last his little room began to fill, and in his simple, earnest way, this devoted man reclaimed many hundred little outcasts, and gave them a good start in life with such education as he could give them. To this noble work did John Pounds apply himself till the day of his death; all the while toiling hard for his bread, with but little notice or approbation from the busy world around him, and no recompense, save the pleasure he enjoyed in the good he was doing, and the love of those to whom he had been such a true friend.

On New Year's Day 1839, this poor cobbler died, leaving behind him a name which will not soon be forgotten; for, by this ragged academy of his, he became the true *Founder of Ragged Schools*.

"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

A LESSON FROM A BEE.

"There's a bee hummin' in that clover-bed, yonder; you can't hear it when you're talkin'; but if you jest keep still a minute (Uncle True made a little pause) you can hear it as plain as a church bell, and I think it is jest as pooty a noise—leastways it tells me more."

"Indeed!" said I. "I should like to know what it tells you."

"Well, in the first place, it tells me honey's to be got out o' all flowers, even the leafiest and the homeliest. The bee gets it in the onlikeliest places, you see; he don't turn up his nose at a mullien-stalk, no more'n he does at a garden pink; and I shouldn't wonder if the Lord has put just as much honey in one as t'other. But if he was a bee with an aristocratic turn o' mind, and wouldn't look for honey any-wheres but in garden pinks and damask roses, it's my opinion that he'd go home to his hive empty-handed the biggest part of the time. And I suppose the Lord has put about as much honey in one man's road as another's—if he only knew how to look for it, and don't despise mullien-stalks.

"Then the bee shows me it's a man's business to hive up honey—not just to go round amusing himself with the flowers, and taking only what tastes good and what he can eat at the time, but to store it up against the winter of old age and trouble. I mean the honey of wisdom, marm, that begins in the fear of God. And besides all that, the bee shows me that a man should go to his honest day's work with a joyful spirit, singing and making melody in his heart, and not be going round with a sour face and a grumbling tongue and a cross-grained temper, jest as if he thought the Lord who made him didn't know what was good for him.

"But it's time to jog along, marm, for this old chair and I haven't been late to church since we took to going thar to-