

charge of a little nephew, who was lame like himself. As he could not afford to send him to school, nor clothe him properly, he thought he would be his teacher. Then he said to himself, "I may as well have two scholars as one,"—and he asked the child of a very poor man to come to his shop, and learn his letters. The two little scholars got on so well that he next invited a third, and a fourth, till at last he had a class of *forty* poor ragged children, and of these there were about twelve little girls.

It must have been strange to see John Pounds, with his ragged group around him! One minute he would be knocking the sole of a shoe, another hearing a boy repeat his A.B.C. Now he would be stitching away with both his hands, and then teaching a little scholar to repeat a text of Scripture.

He might have had many more scholars than his shop would hold, but he could not find money to pay for a larger place, so he chose the worst and most ragged, in the hope of doing most good. He would sometimes follow a very poor boy in the streets, and offer the bribe of a roasted potato if he would come to his school.

Was not this John Pounds a happy man? Certainly he was. He was far more happy than many rich men; for the smiling faces of his scholars, and his consciousness of being a useful man, always filled him with joy. And then he was always so kind, and had such cheerful and merry ways of teaching, that the young people could not fail to be pleased and improved. After their lessons were over, he would sometimes have a game of play with them—and, if they had nothing to eat, he brought them some food. He also taught them to cook their food, and to mend their clothes and old shoes, so that it was no wonder they loved him very much.

John Pounds died in the year 1839. He was then an old man, and had kept on his school almost to the last day of his life. "When he was buried," says one account of him, "there was neither hearse, nor coach, nor fine trapping; but some of the poor scholars were there, with weeping eyes and grateful hearts, following their kind teacher to the grave."

What an interesting beginning was this of a work which is now carried on so vigorously, and on so extensive a scale, in all towns of our land! Since the pious cobbler began his ragged school, there have been many other persons who have taken a kindly interest in the good work. They have got together those who did not know a letter, nor had ever been in a school. All that many such poor children knew was to lie, and curse, and