

THE MAGIC OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. *What a good thing is a Sunday school in a bad neighbourhood!* It is like a gas light in some dangerous corner; it makes darkness visible. It is a "Washing and Ironing Society." It makes the people clean and tidy. It is a "Mechanics' Institute." It draws out the mind of the people. It is a society for "the reformation of manners," producing a more thorough change than could be effected by a thousand laws. It is a society for "keeping holy the sabbath day"—which, by a certain indefinable charm, draws men from the abodes of sin to the house of the Lord. It is a society for "securing the salvation of souls," the great usefulness of which will never be known until the final reckoning day. Think of this, dear reader, and try to place a good Sunday school in every bad neighbourhood.

2. *The worse any place is, the more it needs our help,* and the greater should be our promptitude to benefit it. Think of your blessed Lord. He came to seek, in order to save; it was because our case was too bad for any creature to help us, that he came himself. Had he waited until sinners had sent for him, he would never have come; so it is with multitudes of persons in our large towns. Their case is desperate; and if some mighty effort is not made for them they will be lost. Try to enlist every godly person in your congregation to help you. All cannot be teachers, though many could teach who have not tried—yet all can help. The children are in a deep dungeon; do you go down and fetch them up, and ask the aged saint to hold the ropes; do you go down and bring them up, and present them alive—and ask the ladies to give them clothes. You will not work in vain.

3. *The most unlikely places, if properly worked, will yield a rich reward.*

I saw some of these ragged boys with Testaments under their arms, and they went into the narrow street as *colporteurs* of the Bible Society. Some of the children obtained copies of the hymns which we sung, and they carried them to the narrow street as distributors for the Sunday School and Tract Society. Some of them went home with part of a sermon in their head about the love of Christ, and they became "home missionaries." There are golden materials in the most unlikely places; and Sunday school teachers are the chief operatives to work up these materials into gems, to be placed in the Mediator's crown! O, why should not every large congregation have several Sunday schools!

4. *All tax payers should be particularly urged to help in this laudable work, as a matter of economy.*

It will raise the neighbourhood from its degradation, and lead to habits of industry and sobriety, and prudence and saving. They will gradually feel that a good character is of great worth; and to seek it and maintain it is one grand object of life.

Let this object be gained, and how many taxes will be saved!

5. *All police officers should be called upon to help.*

If the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, they may sleep quietly in their beds at night, and have very little unpleasant service to perform in the day. In fact, the more we study human nature, and think of the advantages of early training, the more we should urge, by every possible means, the establishment of Sunday schools in the most squalid and neglected neighbourhoods. Let every teacher say, Amen.—*Sunday School Journal.*

THE FOUNDER OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

John Pounds, the cripple and the cobbler, yet at the same time one of nature's true nobility, was born in Portsmouth, in 1766. His father was a sawyer, employed in the royal dock-yard. At fifteen, young Pounds met with an accident, which disabled him for life. During the greater part of his benevolent career, he lived in a small weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary's Street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen every day, seated on his stool, mending shoes in the midst of his busy little school. One of his amusements was that of rearing singing-birds, jays and parrots, which he so perfectly domesticated that they lived harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Often, it is said, might a canary-bird be seen perched upon one shoulder, and a cat upon the other. During the latter part of his life, however, when his scholars became so numerous, he was able to keep fewer of these domestic creatures. Poor as he was, and entirely dependent upon the hard labour of his hands, he nevertheless adopted a little crippled nephew, whom he educated, and cared for with truly paternal love, and, in the end, established comfortably in life. It was out of this connection that his attempts and success in the work of education arose. He thought, in the first instance, that the boy would learn better with a companion; he obtained one, the son of a wretchedly poor mother; then another and another was added, and he found so much pleasure in his employment, and was the means thereby of effecting so much good, that in the end, the number of his scholars amounted to about forty, including a dozen little girls.

His humble workshop was about six feet by eighteen, in the midst of which he would sit, engaged in that labour by which he won his bread, and attending, at the same time, to the studies of the little crowd around him. So efficient was John Pounds's mode of education, to say nothing about its being perfectly gratuitous, that the candidates were always numerous. He, however, invariably gave the preference to the *worst*, as well as the poorest, children; to the "little blackguards," as he called them. He has been known to follow such to the town quay, and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato, if they would come to

his school. His influence on these degraded children was extraordinary.

As a teacher, his manners were pleasant and facetious. He amused the "little blackguards" while he taught them. Many hundred persons, now living usefully and creditably in life, owe the whole formation of their character to him. He gave them "book-learning," and taught them also to cook their own victuals and mend their shoes. He was not only frequently their doctor and nurse, but their playfellow; no wonder was it, therefore, that when, on New-Year's day, 1839, he suddenly died, at the age of seventy-two, the children wept, and even fainted, on hearing of their loss, and for a long time were overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. They, indeed, had lost a friend and benefactor. Such was the noble founder of the first ragged school.—*Howitt's Journal.*

THE FISHERMAN.

I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and re-passing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said,—

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are cod-fish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

I inquired, "With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams too?"

"O no," said he, "they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes," said he; "I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in!"

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."—*Christian Mirror.*