

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE COBBLER WHO KEPT SCHOOL IN A WORKSHOP.

Did you ever hear of John Pounds? Probably not, and yet he was one of the world's benefactors. He was born in 1776, in Portsmouth, England.

In early life he learned the trade of a shipwright, but was so injured by a fall that he had to abandon this. He then mastered the art of mending shoes, and hired a little room in a weather-beaten tenement, where for a while he lived alone, except for his birds. He loved birds dearly, and always had a number of them flying about his room, perching on his shoulder, or feeding from his hand.

In the course of time a little cripple boy, his nephew, came to live with Uncle John and the linnets and sparrows. The poor child had not the use of his feet, which overlapped each other, and turned inward. The kind uncle did not rest until he had gradually untwisted the feet, strengthening them by an apparatus of old shoes and leather, and finally taught them to walk.

Then he thought how much more pleasantly the time would pass for the boy if he knew how to read and write, and so he began to instruct him. Presently it occurred to him that he could teach a class as easily as he could manage one pupil. So he invited some of the neighbouring children in, and, as the years went on, this singular picture might be seen:

In the centre of the little shop, six feet wide and about eighteen feet long, the lame cobbler, with his jolly face and twinkling eyes, would be seated, his last or last-tone on his knee, and his hands busily plying the needle and thread. All around him would be faces. Dark eyes, blue eyes, brown eyes, would shine from every corner, and the hum of young voices and the tapping of slate-pencils were mingled with the singing of the birds which enjoyed the buzz of the school.

Some of the pupils sat on the steps of the narrow stairway which led up to the loft, which was John's bedroom. Others were on boxes or blocks of wood, and some sat contentedly on the floor. They learned to read, write, and cipher as far as the Rule of Three, and, besides, they learned good morals, for much homely wisdom fell from the cobbler's lips.

Hundreds of other boys who had no other chance—for he gathered his scholars from the poorest of the poor—learned all they knew of books from this humble teacher. His happiest days were when some sunburned sailor or soldier would stop in his doorway, perhaps with a parrot or a monkey in his arms, saying, "Why, master dear, you surely have not forgotten me, I hope?"

John Pounds taught his little school for more than forty years, never asking or accepting a cent of payment from anyone.

At the age of seventy-two, on January 1, 1839, he suddenly died, while looking with delight at a sketch of his school which had just been made by an artist. For many days the

children of the place were inconsolable, and by twos and threes they came and stood by the closed door which in John Pounds's time had always been open to the needy.

A life like this, so lowly yet so useful, contains lessons for us all.

THE HUNTER-MAN.

Three little bears went out one day,
Before the sun got high,
To gather berries in the woods
To make a berry pie.

But there they saw a hunter-man,
Who had a monstrous gun;
He scared them out of all their wits,
And my! how they did run!

They never stopped till they got home,
And screamed it to their ma,
Who said 'twas very dreadful news,
And they must call their pa.

Old papa bear was very brave;
He took his gun straightway,
And hastened with them to the woods
That hunter-man to slay.

But when they reached the berry patch
He laughed aloud to see
That what had caused them such a fright
Was nothing but a tree.

And very much ashamed were they
To know that they had run
Because they thought an old tree-trunk
A hunter with a gun.

SHORT TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

I do not think it best
To wait till I'm a man,
But sign the temperance pledge
As early as I can.

Let's be tectotal boys
Till we grow up, and then,
'Tis my opinion, with God's help,
We'll be tectotal men!

HOW THE EYE IS SWEEPED AND WASHED.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterwards swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it.

It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass.

Along the edges of the eyelid there are a great number of little tubes, or glands, from which flows an oily substance, which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid.

There are also six little muscles attached to the eye, which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eyes, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time

we wish to view an object. Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion—as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects—yet the Creator has shown His wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globules, and by placing their eyes more in front of their heads, so that these little insects can see almost all around them without turning their heads.

A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly, says that the two eyes of a common one are composed of 8,000 little globules, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of an object! Having prepared the eye of the fly for the purpose, he placed it before his microscope, and then looked through both, in the manner of the telescope, at a steeple, 299 feet high and 750 feet distant, and said he could plainly see through every little hemisphere the whole steeple inverted or turned upside down.

BOYS IN PRAYER TIME.

One of the greatest mistakes that boys of the Sabbath school make is that they have nothing to do with public prayer. This is all wrong. Boys who will kneel by the bedside morning and evening, will not only fail to join in the public services of prayer, but actually whisper and disturb the service.

Do not do so. It is not simply mean and disrespectful to the superintendent and the teachers, but dishonouring to the Great God who hears and answers prayer. Consider a moment: The prayer in the Sabbath-school is always offered for you—for all present. It is an appeal to Christ, the very author of the Word you profess to have come to study. It is insincere to come to the house of God, which is set apart for His worship and for the study of His Word, and then to withhold reverent attention when He is addressed in prayer.

Many of you do not mean any ill; you are thoughtless. But it is wrong. Think of it, and have the true grace and manliness to close the eyes, bow the head, and lift the heart in time of public prayer.—*Child at Home.*

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corner of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I was the town, I would give the boys a good, spacious playground. It should have plenty of soft green grass, and trees, and fountains, and broad space to run, and jump, and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended, I would tell them to go home.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.