

THE SINGING COBBLER.

ONE fine summer's evening, whilst crowds of people passed through the streets on their way to hear the music, a shoemaker, sitting under a shade before his shop door, was busily engaged with a shoe. He rested from his work, singing one of the most beautiful psalms, scarcely lifting his eyes from the sole, which occupied his whole attention, and quite indifferent to the crowd that passed before him, when a young man stopped suddenly and addressed him: "Well my friend, you seem quite happy and contented!" The speaker was a student. His marked features, his black eyes, his high nose, and his dark complexion, showed that he belonged to the Hebrew race. The cobbler lifted his eyes and answered cheerfully,—

"Happy and contented I am, in truth, sir; why should I not be so?"

"I don't know; but all are not as you. Your poverty might distress you. I suppose you have only to provide for yourself?"

"You are mistaken there, sir," he answered; "I have to feed a wife and seven children with the work of these hands. I am a poor man, it is true; but I can sing and do my work."

"I must confess," said the young man, "that I am very much surprised to see a poor fellow like you so contented with his lot."

"Stranger," said the cobbler, putting down his