

## Poetry.

POSTS

diff'rence

### TO THEE.

I bring my sins to thee,  
The sins I cannot count,  
That all may cleanse be  
In thy once-opened fount.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee;  
The burden is too great for me.  
My heart to thee I bring,  
The heart I cannot read;  
A faithless, wandering thing,  
An evil heart indeed.  
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee;  
That fixed and faithful it may be.  
To thee I bring my care,  
The care I cannot flee;  
Thou wilt not only share,  
But take it all for me.  
O loving Saviour! now to thee  
I bring the load that wearies me.  
I bring my grief to thee,  
The grief I cannot tell;  
No words shall need be,  
Thou knowest all so well.  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O suffering Saviour all to thee.  
My joys to thee I bring,  
The joys thy love has given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,  
Who hast procure them all for me.  
My life I bring to thee,  
I would not be my own:  
Thine ever, alone!  
My heart, my life, my all I bring  
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

—Sunday Magazine.

## Miscellaneous.

### JOHN POUNDS.

John Pounds was a poor man, without birth, or fortune, or talents of any kind; yet, with the slender resources at his disposal, he succeeded in accomplishing much good. In his passage through the world, he has left footprints not to be effaced. He possessed one force which is never barren of lasting benefits, and without which all others may be unfruitful—goodness of heart, with love of his neighbor.

John Pounds was born at Portsmouth, England, and lived there from 1766 to 1838. The son of an artisan in the royal dockyard, he began life by working with his father; but lamed by a fall, at the end of fifteen years he was obliged to renounce his calling, and was apprenticed to a cobbler. Was he entirely without ambition, or had he but a moderate aptitude for his calling? At any rate he never got beyond mending old shoes, and remained a cobbler all his days.

But his faculties were neither altogether absorbed nor paralyzed by his work; while his hands were occupied by their task, his soul remained free and wanted employment likewise. John at first only half indulged the need of sympathy and benevolence which filled his heart: just as an essay of his kindness and influence, he surrounded himself with animals whom he tamed, and with whom he shared some of his genial and sociable humor.

Birds, cats, and guinea pigs lived with him and with each other in perfect fraternity. He might be seen plying his cobbler's tool, with a cast perched on one shoulder and a canary warbling on the other.

He did not stop here. Touched by the sad fate of one of his nephews, a poor child, lame like himself, he took him in, and undertook to bring him up. He not only constructed for him an ingenious apparatus for his wearing, which in great measure corrected the defects in the conformation of his legs, but he undertook his instruction in those branches of knowledge indispensable to every man however humble his condition. Encouraged by the success of the lessons he gave him he began to ask himself why other children should not profit by the same advantages, since it was in his power to bestow them; and immediately he put into practice his generous thought. His second pupil was the son of a poor woman who sold sweetmeats in the streets; soon new scholars came in, one by one, recruited from the most abandoned of the neighborhood; till last the class came to number forty children, ranged the girls on one side, boys on the other, in front of Master Pounds' chair; and the cobbler's shop could contain no more. It must be owned that these little vagabonds, accustomed to freedom and the open air, were not attracted solely by the charm of learning; and that the flames of certain roasted potatoes distributed by the artful John among his hearers mingled their seductive influence. But what matter! Once having nibbled the bait, they were caught; afterwards they had no wish to escape. Pounds did not merely appeal to their appetites; he addressed their hearts, and enthralled them by that mildness which all, young and old, appreciate when it makes us feel are beloved.

Of course, the instruction given by John Pounds was quite elementary. His gains did not furnish him with the means of buying books; for teaching to read, he had to content himself with some old alphabets and torn fragments of handbills; for writing and accounts, a few slates were enough.

Saint Beuve was supping one evening at a restaurant, and close by him the great friar Lectoria was seated. Perhaps it was malice, or perhaps it did not see the latter; but St. Beuve, who was conversing on the subject of religion with a friend, trooped the remark that he could not believe in God because he had to form his ideas upon the defects in the conformation of his legs, but he understood his instruction in those branches of knowledge indispensable to every man however humble his condition. Encouraged by the success of the lessons he gave him he began to ask himself why other children should not profit by the same advantages, since it was in his power to bestow them; and immediately he put into practice his generous thought. His second pupil was the son of a poor woman who sold sweetmeats in the streets; soon new scholars came in, one by one, recruited from the most abandoned of the neighborhood; till last the class came to number forty children, ranged the girls on one side, boys on the other, in front of Master Pounds' chair; and the cobbler's shop could contain no more. It must be owned that these little vagabonds, accustomed to freedom and the open air, were not attracted solely by the charm of learning; and that the flames of certain roasted potatoes distributed by the artful John among his hearers mingled their seductive influence. But what matter! Once having nibbled the bait, they were caught; afterwards they had no wish to escape. Pounds did not merely appeal to their appetites; he addressed their hearts, and enthralled them by that mildness which all, young and old, appreciate when it makes us feel are beloved.

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## THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Mr. Pounds," a lady said to him one day, "how I wish you were rich! How much good you would do!" "I don't know, ma'am," he answered, "but this I do know—that there can't be in all England a happier man than I; and I am sure everything is for the best."

He led this life of toil and devotion up to the age of sixty-two. He had but one fear—that old age should take away his strength and his faculties so far as to make him incapable of continuing his work. On Christmas Eve, 1858, he expressed this anxiety to one of his relatives, to whose house he had gone, with the request that he would make him a cake of which he brought the ingredients, intending to distribute it the next day among his children. "I have but one wish now," he said; "that when I grow too old to maintain myself and to work at my school, I may die suddenly just as a bird drops off its perch."

His desire was granted. Eight days afterwards—on New Year's Day—John Pounds had an attack of apoplexy: he fell to the ground as if thunderstruck, while at the house of a gentleman, to whom he was talking about his school, holding in his hand one of his pupil's slates which he was showing him. The children, who were waiting for their beloved master, saw him brought back a corpse instead. In the little room, usually resounding with joyous voices, there was an outburst of cries and sobs. It is said that for many days afterwards groups of his scholars were still wandering up and down in front of his house: they could not believe that the door would open to them no more, and that they would never again see the smiling face of their friend at the threshold.

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