

He Knows.

Through all my little daily cares there is
One thought that comfort brings whene'er it comes ;
"Tis this—" God knows." He knows
Each struggle that my heart makes to bring
My will to His. Often when night-time comes
My heart is full of tears because the good
That seemed, at morn, so easy to be done,
Has proved so hard; but then remembering
That a kind Father is my Judge, I say,
"He knows." And so I lay me down with trust
That His good hand will give me needed strength
To better do His work in coming days.

The Angel of St. Jude's.

BY JANET ARMSTRONG.

PART I—CONTINUED.

"There isn't much to tell about me," the child said, with a pleased smile. "I am only Arthur Grier, the lame boy, and I live with grannie over there in St. Jude's Place, and grannie does fine sewing for orders that come to her from the shops, and she says I am an orphan, and that my mother died when I was a very little baby. But I can't tell you anything about my father," he said, with a worried look, "because, somehow, grannie never speaks of him at all; I don't think she could have liked him."

"And Mr. James," the rector said, "we must not forget Mr. James."

"Oh, Mr. James!" the boy said, brightening up again; "Mr. James is the cobbler who lives in our street. He makes shoes, too, but every one calls him 'James the Cobbler,' and that is what the sign says in the window. Mr. James is so good to me, Mr. Saintsbury! He teaches me everything! for grannie says I am too delicate to go to school, but she lets me go into Mr. James's, for that is only next door, and he hears my lessons while he mends the shoes. He always mends the shoes in the afternoon, and Mr. James knows more than any one in the world: he is teaching me Latin now! At least more than any one I ever knew before," the boy added, colouring a little, for he remembered that the rector must be a very learned man.

"And on Sundays I take my dinner with Mr. James, and grannie takes hers with one of her friends, and it is on Sunday that Mr. James teaches me what he calls *morals and manners*. He is very particular about the way I say things: he calls it my English; and he tells me all the things I must be—honourable, and truthful, and brave, and not to hurt any one who is smaller or weaker than I am, and always to be polite to people, because—" The child hesitated a moment, and then said, in a lower tone, "because Mr. James says I was born a gentleman and must never forget it. But grannie would not like to hear me say that; she says she hates gentlemen, all but poor ones, and that they are very nice. She says my grandfather, her husband, you know, was a poor gentleman. He was a curate, and he used to preach," the boy added with some pride.

They had nearly gotten to Mr. James's little house now, and could distinctly see the blue curtain with the big black boot, and "James the Cobbler" in gilt letters on it, which was pulled all the way down to-day because it was Sunday. Mr. Saintsbury thought he would like to meet this remarkable cobbler who taught Latin on weekdays and morals and manners on Sundays; but the child shook his head and said: "I don't think he would like it, sir. You see he never cares to see people at any time, and this is one of his bad days, so it would not do; although, of course, he would be proud to know you some day," he added, very politely.

Arthur paused a moment or two before going into the cobbler's, and looked down the street after Mr. Saintsbury's retreating form with a pleased smile, thinking how kind the rector had been to him, and then glancing over at St. Jude's, the memories of the morning swept over his mind again. He turned eagerly toward the door, and hurrying into the house scarcely returned the greeting of the cobbler and sank down on the

little chair that was always waiting for him, trembling again with the morning's excitement.

"Mr. James," he began, "I heard something this morning that has made me so happy, so glad, that I don't think I shall ever mind being lame again, or the pain, or anything. You know this is Easter Day, and all the way to church I was wondering what it was that made everything so glad. The birds sang it, and the flowers seemed to want to tell me, and the bells—how they did ring! You must have heard them over here. And the music and the flowers on the altar seemed to be telling me too, but I didn't understand what they all meant until the anthem began, and then all at once I knew. I can't explain it to you exactly, for it began, 'Behold, I show you a mystery!' but it went on to say that when the trumpet sounded on the last great Resurrection Day, that the dead would rise, and you and I and everybody would be changed into something glorious! And it said over and over again that the trumpet should sound and we should be changed. I thought of my angel, Mr. James, with the trumpet in his hands, and I knew that I would one day be like him—tall, and strong, and beautiful! No crutch any more, no pain, no tired feelings in the spring: changed like my angel!

"And I thought of you, Mr. James, and your



"Saw out in the sunlight the child leaning on his crutch."

poor head and back where the load lies that hurts you so; and I knew that when that Easter Day came you would never feel the pain any more, and I was so glad, so glad!

"Mr. Saintsbury made it plainer to me afterwards, for he preached such a wonderful sermon! and he explained how it was on account of the first Easter Day, long ago, that the great day was coming when we should be changed to glorified beings like my angel. And he told me why the flowers sang the 'Song of the Resurrection'—that is what he called it—and it seemed to me that I had heard it when I saw the primroses around the church. You won't mind feeling badly on Easter Day now, Mr. James, will you? for it won't last long, and then, we shall be changed!"

He had talked so rapidly, and been so absorbed in his thoughts, that he had not noticed Mr. James, or he would have seen the tears stealing slowly down the cobbler's cheeks, behind the hand that was held over his eyes, and he would have seen how Mr. James had shivered now and then as if with pain. But although the boy had not noticed the cobbler's emotion, he saw and felt that what had made him so glad and happy had not helped Mr. James in the same way, and he was so disappointed.

"Perhaps I don't explain it all in the right way," he said, taking the cobbler's hand in his.

"Mr. Saintsbury could have made it so plain, and he wanted to come in; but I said I knew this was one of your bad days, and I would rather he would come some other time. Mr. Saintsbury walked home with me, Mr. James, and he was so kind, and said he wanted me to be his little friend, and he meant to know me better. You will let him come to see you some time, won't you, Mr. James? He could make it all so plain, and I cannot even remember the words of the anthem."

"Arthur," said Mr. James, huskily, "go into the next room and get me the little black book you will see lying on the table—I think I can find the anthem there—and we will read it together."

The book was easily found, for it was the only one on the little table Mr. James had referred to, and on the wall above it was the number 411 pasted on a bit of paper that had a black edge all around it. Arthur had once asked Mr. James what the number meant, and the cobbler had answered that it was "a reminder," but he had looked so sad, and had such a very heavy load on his mind afterwards that the child never referred to it again.

When he brought the book into the room, he seemed to notice for the first time that the cobbler looked very old and white, and felt so sorry that he could do nothing for this load and weight that were oppressing him so.

Before opening the book, Mr. James made the boy sit closely beside him on his little chair, and, taking the child's hand in his, said: "Arthur, you are nine years old now, and I think you can understand what I am going to tell you and keep my confidence. You are my little friend. You have been the only gleam of sunshine in my life during the five years I have lived here. Some day you may be ashamed you ever knew me, but I think you will even then appreciate the fact that I meant to do you good—that I had your best interest at heart. Do you see this little book? It is my mother's Bible, and twelve years ago I broke her heart by doing something very wrong, very wicked, which you would hardly understand if I told you. She died on Easter Day, and that is why I am always so sad in the springtime, and the load on my back that hurts me so, is the weight of my wrong-doing long ago which crushes me even now; and the weight on my mind is the memory of the dead and its awful consequence. Now you know why I can never be changed to a bright, glorious being such as you will become: why the load will always be there."

The boy was weeping over the cobbler's hand. He could not think evil of his friend. And when he spoke there was still hope in his young voice.

"I cannot think you have ever done anything so very wrong, Mr. James," he cried, through his tears, "you have been so good to me, so kind to every one! You mend so many shoes for nothing! And if you ever did do anything wrong, Mr. James, I know you have been sorry ever since."

"God knows I have," groaned the cobbler.

"And Mr. Saintsbury said this morning that it was not only the poor maimed bodies like mine, you know, that were to be changed like my angel, but that even those whose souls were marred by sin, if they were truly sorry, would on that day put on a beautiful garment and be changed and glorified because of Him who had died for them. And he said that even those who had stolen could be forgiven, like the dying thief, you know, who is now in Paradise. And, oh, you could never have done that, Mr. James," the child cried, weeping passionately over his friend's hand.

(To be Continued.)

—It is hard to conceive how there can be real worship of the heart without a corresponding lowliness of attitude on the part of the body. To remain sitting in a pew or on a chair when petitioning the King of Kings, is not indicative of earnestness on the part of him who prays, nor of humility, nor of self-abasement; and prayer offered in such a spirit is not likely to be accepted.