

A Quiet Mind.

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,
Through thinking, few or none.

The Angel of St. Jude's.

BY JANET ARMSTRONG.

PART I—CONTINUED.

The poor man tried to speak, but could not. He was trembling from head to foot with the agony of his emotion. How could he tell all to this little lad who loved him so—whom he loved so dearly.

Again the child cried through his tears: "If even the dying thief could be forgiven, couldn't you, Mr. James?"

"God grant it! dear little lad," he answered, brokenly. "I will see this rector who speaks such words of hope—I will talk to him: and now let us find the place in the little book where the words of your anthem are."

The child wondered that the place was found so readily, wondered that Mr. James seemed to have no difficulty in explaining what St. Paul meant in that beautiful chapter, and wondered most of all how Mr. James ever could have done anything wrong; he was so good now.

When they had finished their talk, Mr. James went into the little kitchen and broiled the steak for their dinner, and took the potatoes out of the oven and put the simple meal on the table, with the pitcher of milk and the Sunday cake, for there was always a little cake for the child; and after dinner he always took the boy out of the town for a short walk by the green fields, carrying him when he was tired.

This afternoon they stopped on their way in front of St. Jude's, and looked up silently at the great stone-angel that the boy loved so, and as they turned away, Mr. James said again to the child: "I will see the rector, my dear; you may tell Mr. Saintsbury that James the Cobbler will be very glad to see him any afternoon when he has the time."

On that memorable Easter Day, when Mr. Saintsbury, as well as the little lame boy, had had a vision of angels, and comprehended in a newer, deeper way the meanings of things heavenly, the child's face came again and again to the rector's memory. When the music of the anthem floated through his mind, he saw the little face with the glory on it looking up at him in his pulpit, or he saw him standing in the doorway gazing up at the great angel; and always there was the curious likeness in the high-bred little face to some one he had known. So he was very glad when the boy stopped him a few days later as he was coming away from the church and gave him Mr. James's message, for he hoped to learn something more about the child.

He had even taken the trouble to call and see the grandmother, but had found her very reticent about the child's history and very unwilling to be talked to about him. She was so different, too, from her grandson that it was difficult to believe that he belonged to her at all.

He had also made some enquiries about the cobbler, but had learned nothing more than these facts: that no one knew anything about him, excepting that he had come to Braide five years before, had rented the lower story of the house in which he still lived, and had made and cobbled shoes ever since. That he was very reserved, made no friends, was supposed to have had a superior education, and was very good to the poor.

The afternoon that the rector called, Mr. James was cobbling shoes and hearing the child's lessons as usual; but when he saw Mr. Saintsbury he sent Arthur home, and, putting away

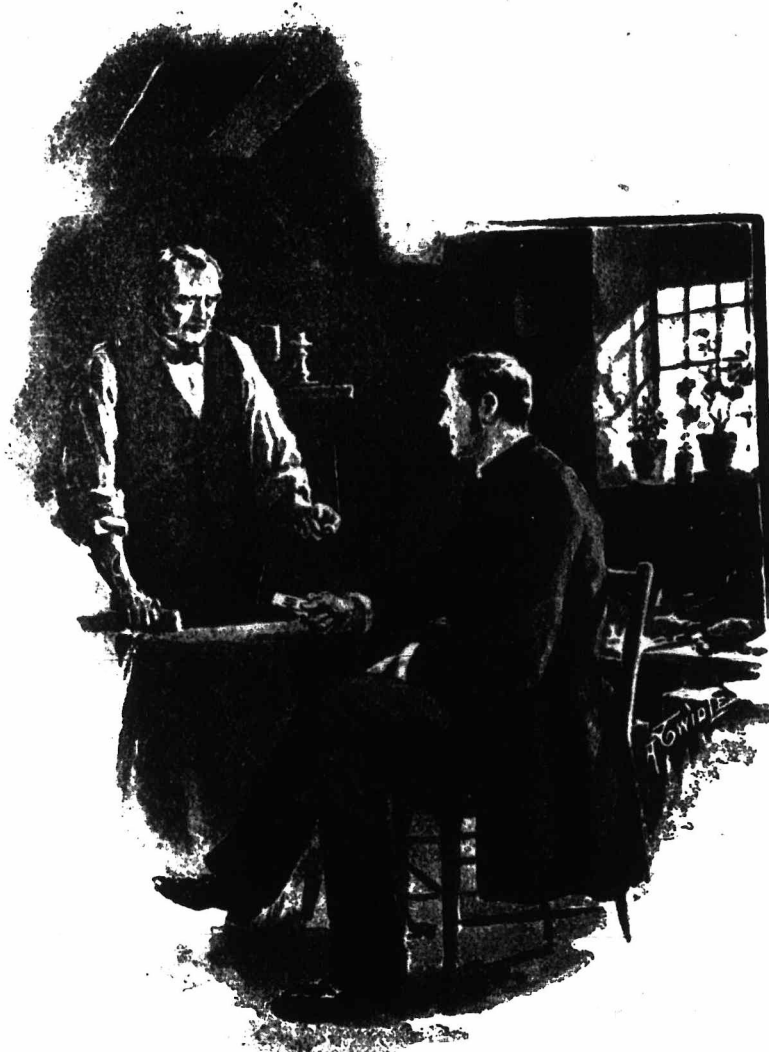
his work, pulled down the blue blind in the window of his shop, which he always did when he wished to inform his customers that he was not at home.

The rector began after a little while, as all good rectors do, to talk to the cobbler about the state of his soul, and find out why he never came to church; and Mr. James told him of his Easter Day's conversation with the boy, and how he had tried to explain to Arthur why he could not rejoice with them, and how the little lad had made him feel for the very first time for twelve long years that there was a Burden-bearer who could carry even his heavy load—that there was hope even for him.

"I thought then, Mr. Saintsbury," he said very humbly, "that I would like to talk to you about these things, and also about the child. But first I would like to tell you my own miserable story."

He rose and went into the next room and took down from the wall the card with the number on it, and laid it on the table before the rector.

"Do you see that card, Mr. Saintsbury?" he said. "That number, 411, was my only name for seven long years. I am a convict from Portland Island—a ticket-of-leave man. I could not



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explain that to the child," he went on, his face white and drawn with pain. "He loves me! the little lad loves me!—the one human being on God's earth who cares for James the Cobbler."

He covered his face with his hands and shook with emotion. He had told his disgrace, and now perhaps the rector would go away and tell the child.

"My friend," said the rector, laying his hand on the cobbler's bowed head, "my friend, tell me your story, and perhaps I can help you. Your load is too heavy for you to bear alone."

"You have called me friend," Mr. James said brokenly, "a convict, a man alone in this big, crowded world! I will tell you my story, and I feel sure you will respect my confidence."

"It is no matter what my real name is; even to you there is no reason why I should disgrace a respectable family by claiming relationship with them. I am, and always shall be, simply James the Cobbler now; but my father was once a prosperous London merchant, and I was brought up in a luxurious home. Like many another tradesman who makes a fortune, my father determined that I should be a barrister, and to that end I was sent to Oxford. But in my second year my poor father, who had become involved through

the failures of other firms with whom he had business relations, became a bankrupt, and soon after died. I was, of course, at once recalled from college, and as it was necessary for me to get something to do immediately for the support of my poor mother and invalid sister, I obtained, through the influence of Lord Stanhope, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, the position of paying teller in the bank at Wingfield, of which he was a director. There we lived peacefully for some years, and by the strictest economy I was able not only to support my family, but also to pay the interest on a life insurance of four thousand pounds, for I had to make some provision for them in case of my death.

"One day a friend came down to Wingfield on business of some kind, and looked me up at the bank. He was an old college chum of my prosperous days, with whom I should have had nothing to do in my straightened life, and he brought back old days by his talk, and finally persuaded me to go back to London with him as his guest, and spend my bank holiday there. He did not mean to ruin me—he did not ruin himself; but he took me to several places of amusement, and among others to a small private club of which he was a member. They were playing one of those dreadful games of chance that are so fascinating to some people, when we came in, and one man won and won until he had quite a pile of gold lying before him. I know I should not have played; my friend refused to do it; but the sight of that pile of gold so easily made, seemed to make me mad. I, who had not played for anything since I had left college, staked everything I had with me, about fourteen shillings, and doubled it. Then I was urged to try again, and I won, I cannot tell how much; but after a while I began to lose, and finally lost, not only all I had gained, but even the few shillings I had started with."

"I will do my friend the justice to say that he refused to lend me anything, and tried to drag me away; but I would not go—I was mad. The other men offered to lend me money, and I accepted their offer, and played until, finally, when I staggered out into the night with my brain still wild with excitement, I was indebted to two comparative strangers for the sum of fifteen pounds, and had nothing with which to pay my debts. My friend was enraged with me for having been such a wicked fool, and would not even speak to me, so I knew I could not borrow anything from him, and I returned to Wingfield the next day, not knowing where I was to obtain the means of paying a debt which had to be paid immediately—not only because it was what is foolishly termed a debt of honour, but also because if it were known that I had been gambling, even if it was only once, I should and very rightly, have lost my position in the bank. And for the same reason I could not borrow from any one. I had nothing laid by, for the few pounds I had been able to scrape together had been spent for an illness that winter that had left still more delicate my poor, frail sister."

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(To be Continued).

—Each one of us who knows the love of Christ is ordained to be as Christ to others; that is, to be the messenger to carry to them the gift of Christ's grace and help, and to show to them the spirit of Christ, the patience, gentleness, thoughtfulness, love, and yearning of Christ. We are taught to say, "Christ liveth in me." If this be true Christ would love others through us, and our touch must be to others as the very touch of Christ Himself. Every Christian ought to be, in his human measure, a new incarnation of the Christ, so that people shall say: "He interprets Christ to me. He comforts me in my sorrows as Christ Himself would do if He were to come and sit down beside me. He is hopeful and patient, as Christ would be if He were to return and take me as His disciple."