

work, and taking hold of his arm with a serious expression. "I am a son of the King."

The student turned his head and went away, saying to himself, "the poor man is evidently mad! It is his madness that makes him so happy. I thought I should hear from him the secret of his happiness, but I have lost my time."

A week passed by, and the student having again occasion to pass down the same street, found the cobbler sitting in the same place, singing as cheerfully as before. The young man, in passing, lifted his cap with a sneering salutation, exclaiming, "Good morning, Mr. Prince."

"Stop, my friend," said the cobbler, putting down his work; "a word of explanation, if you please. You only left me so suddenly the other evening because you thought I was mad."

"I must say I believed it," answered the other.

"Well, my friend, I am not mad. What I said I said in earnest. I am a son of the King. Would you like to hear a song on my royalty? I will just sing one."

The young man did not doubt that to accept the offer would afford him some amusement and great satisfaction to the poor man, and he therefore asked him to sing. The cobbler began to sing a hymn on this verse: "Thy kingdom come." When he finished he asked the young man if he understood it; but he seemed still to be under his old impression.

"I must, then," said the old cobbler, "explain to you in detail concerning the kingdom of Christ and the glory of the King."