

The mother rose to light the fire,
Thinking poor Jim must needs require
A hearty breakfast now ;
Downstairs she went, in haste to toil,
And soon she made the water boil,
And caused the fire to glow.

Ere long a round of toast was made,
And by a cup of coffee laid,
Which she prepared for him ;
Just then the old church clock struck
eight,
And thinking it was very late,
She loudly call'd for Jim.

Again she call'd, but all was still ;
And o'er her spirit came the chill
Of fear and nameless dread ;
Then quickly up the stairs she went,
And trembling in her anguish bent
Above the lowly bed.

She raised the clothes poor Jim had worn,
Then moved the blanket, old and torn,
And there, so still, he lay,
With hands tight clasp'd as if in prayer,
With upturn'd face, now cold and fair,
Once more he seemed to say :—

"I will believe ! I do believe !
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

But never more was she to hear
His youthful voice, so soft and clear,
Singing of heaven's bright home :
His soul had gone to share that rest
Where all are holy, all are blest,
For Christ had whisper'd, "Come."

At night, outside the garret door,
Within the egg-box on the floor,
Shiv'ring and tired and cold :
At morn, among the white robed throng,
Who sing the everlasting song,
Who walk the streets of gold !

For ever safe beyond alarm,
And far above the reach of harm,
By God, through Christ, forgiven ;
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
Of aching hearts and scalding tears,
The lad was safe, in heaven.

No more would he, with aching feet,
Pass slowly through the noisome street
Wherein that dwelling stood ;
Never again could he be found
Treading the hard and frosty ground
In search of work or food.

For Death had raised the drunkard's boy
From earth to heaven, from grief to joy,
From night to endless day ;
The mighty power of Jesu's blood
Had made the wand'rer meet for God,
And wash'd his sins away.

Beside that lowly bed of death,
With tearful eyes, with gasping breath,
The mother knelt in pray'r :
With the Great Father, full of love,
Who reigns supreme—on earth, above,
'Tis best to leave her there.

—*Christian Miscellany.*

PHIL ROBSON, THE SINGING CARPENTER.

I once lived in a village where spiritual life, except in one instance, seemed almost extinct. The village consisted of a saw-mill, four public houses, a smithy, a carpenter's shop, the doctor's house, a toll bar, a bridge and rows of laborers' cottages. Nobody showed much knowledge of Christ, except the carpenter, Phil Robson who was better known, however, as the "Singing Carpenter." Phil was of a merry heart. "Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." This did Phil all the day. He sang like the lark. "It does me good, sir, to sing," said Phil to me one day ; "it cheers me, sir, and makes life pleasant : just like this day which is so bright and heavenly." And then off started Phil with one of his songs ;

O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

In a few moments Phil came back, and sat down beside me in the sun. His bronzed face, white shirt, and his throat as bare as a sailor's, made him look very picturesque, and not the less so because he sat under an old cedar, whose branches were overspreading his well made head.

"You see, sir," said Phil smiling, "I was converted through singing."

"Indeed, Phil, how was that?"

"I'll tell you sir. I was always fond of singing. My mother—yonder she is in the garden, with my pet Lilly—says I used to sing in my cradle. Anyhow, I remember singing as long as I remember anything at all. Well, sir, when I was younger I used to go to the 'Jolly Farmers,'