

## Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

#### RAGGED JIM'S LAST SONG.

ONE Sunday night, both dark and cold,  
A trembling boy, in garments old,  
Stood 'neath the gas-lamp's glare ;  
His beaming eyes were bright and blue,  
His pale, wan face, though kind and true,  
Was mark'd by early care.

He heeded not the passing throng,  
Who hurried on their way, along  
The streets both damp and dim ;  
For though the church bells seem'd to say,  
" O, come and sing ! O, come and pray !"  
Their voice was lost on Jim.

That Sabbath night poor Jim had come  
From his abode, a cheerless home,  
All desolate and drear,—  
When, as he hurried down a street,  
He heard a hymn both clear and sweet,  
And to the place drew near.

" 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."

Jim's heart was touched, he knew not why,  
And soon the lad began to cry,  
But his were tears of joy ;  
It seem'd so strange that One so great  
As Christ should care for his sad state,  
For him,—a ragged boy.

But soon they sang about a thief  
Who turn'd to Jesus for relief,  
Who pray'd with his last breath,  
And pardon found through Jesu's grace,  
Whilst gazing at the Saviour's face,  
When at the point of death.

Just then this cold and weary lad,  
Whose heart was desolate and sad,  
Began the hymn of praise,—  
" I will believe ! I do believe  
In Christ, Who never will deceive,  
To Him my thoughts I'll raise."

Verse after verse these children sang,  
And following each the chorus rang  
Upon the still night air ;  
Whilst Jim, entranced, ne'er sought to  
move,  
But thought of Jesu's dying love,  
And felt, that God was there.

When all was quiet once again,  
The poor lad humm'd the sweet refrain,  
And hasten'd on his way ;  
He long'd to find some quiet place  
Where he could seek the Saviour's face,  
And to his Maker pray.

At last he reach'd his dwelling poor,  
And passing through the open door  
Enter'd a squalid room ;  
His mother, with a care-worn face,  
Sat dozing in the cheerless place  
Amid the evening's gloom.

Jim's coming fill'd her with surprise,  
And when she saw his tear-dim'd eyes,  
She said, " What ails you, lad ?"  
But when his answer reach'd her ear,  
Her heart was fill'd with awful fear ;  
She thought her son was mad.

For he exclaim'd, " I will believe  
That Jesus died for me ;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free."

Then,—thinking not of garments old,  
Of trembling limbs or piercing cold,  
He hurried up the stair ;  
Beside his bed on bended knee,—  
Though 'twas so dark he could not see,  
Jim knelt in earnest prayer.

He said, " O, Lord, teach me to pray,  
For Christ's sake take my sins away !"  
And as he came to God,  
Seeking forgiveness through our Lord,  
He felt the truth of Jesu's word,  
And lost his sinful load.

Jim felt so happy, that blest hour,  
And sang once more with all his power,  
" Lord, I believe in Thee ;  
Thy blood has wash'd my sins away,