

"I think he is in great trouble, poor boy," said Mrs. Foster, gently. "I will speak to him and see if I can comfort him."

"Oh, mother, I know who it is," whispered Ruby, as they drew near across the grass. "It is little Johnny, who cleans the boots next door. He brought me my ball out of their area once, and nurse says he is such a nice little boy, and he lost his little sister last week."

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Foster, sympathetically, and she stooped down and touched his shoulder. "Johnny, why are you crying so, my boy?" she asked.

Johnny got up and took off his cap to the lady, but the tears were rolling down his face.

"Oh, please, I do want my baby so!" he sobbed. "I did always take her out, and she was so fond of me. She loved me better than anybody in the world."

"And she loves you still," said Mrs. Foster, taking his hand kindly. "You must not think baby is here, Johnny. That is only her little body gone to sleep; your baby is in a far happier place even than her home."

"I know she has gone to be an angel in heaven, and that's just what I can't bear," sobbed Johnny. "She always did cuddle into my arms so, and I don't want her to have wings so as I can't carry her, and she's too little to want a harp and a gold crown. She'll be lonely and frightened up in heaven without me. I know she will. I want her to take care of."

"But, Johnny," said Mrs. Foster, very softly, for she was touched by the boy's love and grief, "you are making a mistake, my boy. Baby is not an angel, and she is not in heaven."

Johnny was so utterly amazed that he stopped crying for a moment.

"But everyone says she is," he gasped out.

"The Bible does not say so, Johnny. The Bible never tells us we shall be angels; it tells us we and angels are quite different. Do not be afraid, your baby will never have wings. Was she christened, Johnny?"

"Yes; her name was Beatrice Maud. I had meant to call her Maudie when she was big," said Johnny, his tears falling again.

"Then your little Maudie is one of Christ's own little lambs, as my baby is," said Mrs. Foster, with the sweetest smile he had ever seen. "She is not in heaven. We shall none of us go there till after the Judgment Day; we are not good enough for heaven when we die. Bue she is in a beautiful paradise, where she is very, very happy, and where she will wait till her brother comes to join her. Such a happy place, Johnny, full of babies and little children, where

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she will never be shy or lonely, or tired, or cold, or hungry. Don't you like to think your little Maudie is there, my boy?"

"But will anyone take care of her there? She's too little to take care of herself," said Johnny, eagerly.

He hung upon every word this sweet lady spoke. The strange little angel with wings he had been so afraid of seemed to have vanished away; he felt as if he had got his little sister quite close to him again.

"Do you remember, when our Lord was on earth, how He loved the little children, how he took them up in His arms. Himself? Don't you think He will take care of your little baby now—and mine?" said Mrs. Foster. "We know that He will, Johnny; and I will tell you what I think, too. You know that sometimes mothers die and leave behind the little children they are so fond of?"

"Mrs. Reed did, in our street," said Johnny. "She was a good woman, she was; her children fretted after her terrible. And she did always notice baby, too," he added, sadly.

"Don't you think our Lord might give the little children in charge to such mothers as those, so that they might have something to do for Him still? I do, Johnny," said Mrs. Foster, softly.

"Mrs. Reed would know baby," said Johnny, breathlessly. "And baby would know her. She wouldn't be lonely with her."

Johnny was comforted at last. He listened eagerly while Mrs. Foster told him gently that if he wanted to meet his little sister in paradise again, he must try to be a very good boy, and by and by a good man.

"When you are tempted to do wrong, you must think of her wait-

ing for you, and pray to God for help that you may be one day where she is; and so she will be a sort of guardian angel to you, but your own little baby all the same," she ended.

Johnny stood thinking. "Was that why you had a white funeral?" he asked, at last.

"To remind us of our little darling's purity and innocence, and that she was gone to be so happy with the Lord Jesus? Yes," said Mrs. Foster.

Johnny sighed deeply. "Thank you so much, ma'am," he said at last. "I wish I had known before. I shall tell mother; she will be so glad baby isn't an angel, I know. You are quite sure it is true, aren't you?" he ended, anxiously.

"Quite sure, my boy; for the Church teaches us that all her faithful members rest in paradise when they die, and what the Church teaches she learned first from her Lord, and can prove from His holy Word, the Bible," answered Mrs. Foster, with a quiet assurance, before which all the worst heaviness of Johnny's grief vanished forever.

—There is a poem which opens with the question of a lad, "What is life, father?" and that answers its own question in the words, "A battle, my child."

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small things.

—We imagine the Lord is coming in one way, and He comes in quite another; we expect Him at nightfall, and must wait until the fourth watch." But it is the Lord. We wait; He comes.

—Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

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