

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER LITTLE

UNTO ME

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## "I Want Jessie."

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

I READ to-day of a lame boy, whom you may name WILLIE, and his little sister JESSIE. Willie could not walk without crutches. Of course he was unable to run and romp with other boys, and so he kept at home a good deal, and spent most of his time with sweet little Jessie, his only sister.

I cannot tell you how much Jessie and Willie loved each other. She was a "winsome wee thing," with a smiling face, soft voice, and gentle ways, and she loved her lame brother very, very dearly. Willie was quiet and gentle too, and he paid back his sister's love in the same pure golden coin.

But Jesus wanted Jessie to dwell with him on the banks of the beautiful river above, so she died, and left lame Willie all alone. How bad he felt! His cheeks grew very pale. He shed no tears, but his heart was nearly bursting with its big sorrow.

As he was very quiet, his father and mother said very little to him about Jessie. They thought he would forget her. They were very much mistaken.

He thought of little besides. He would go to the little nook

in the garden where Jessie and he used to play, and sit for hours as you see him in the picture, thinking, thinking, thinking. But all his thoughts were about Jessie. Going in-doors he would say:

"Mother, do you think Jessie can remember now?"

"Yes, my child," his mother would reply.

"Do you think she loves me still, mother?"

"No doubt of it, my boy."

"But, mother, do you suppose she sings the same hymns we used to sing together?"

"Very likely, my child."

"And do you think she will know me if she meets me there *without any crutches*?"

His mother told him she thought so, and then he would go into a quiet corner and sing over Jessie's favorite hymns. When wearied with singing he would go to Jessie's drawer, and gaze on the toys



her little fingers had handled, but with his own things he played no more.

Thus Willie thought of Jessie day by day, until his strength began to ebb away, his appetite to fail, and his life to fade. He did not appear to be sick. He felt no pain. Still he grew weaker, and it soon became very clear to his friends that he was dying.

He begged to be placed on the same bed, and upon the very spot where Jessie died. Sometimes he would moan in his slumber. Then when his mother asked, "What do you want, Willie?" he would reply:

"I only want Jessie! Do you think she has forgotten me? I want to go to Jessie."

Just before he died he broke forth into something very like a shout. His mother asked, "What is it, my son?"

"O, I thought Jessie had come," said he.

"No, that cannot be; but, my child, you are going to Jessie. You will soon see her."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I know. But I wish I could carry her something. And yet I know she has better things there."

Thus longing to meet Jessie, and to go to Jesus, the lame boy died. His crutches stand in the corner of his mother's chamber, leaning against the bureau which contains little Jessie's things, but he needs them no longer. He is not lame now, but, clothed in pure white, he sings with Jessie and the angels such sweet songs as little ones who love Jesus learn when they sit at his beloved feet in heaven.

This love which Willie felt for Jessie was very beautiful. I admire it greatly. I wish every brother and sister loved as well. Not that I think every brother ought to wish for death if his sister dies, as Willie did. Willie was a cripple, and very delicate. His feelings were too strong for the frail body in which his spirit was lodged. Had he been a healthy boy he could have loved Jessie just as much, and yet have lived to be a man. He would have borne his grief in a more manly spirit, as I would have you bear big sorrows if they come to you. But

I do want you all to love each other as truly and dearly as did Willie and Jessie. Will you ask God to give you such loving hearts?

## Little Emma.

EMMA H. once went to visit a young playmate whose father was a pious man. The day after she returned home, as the family sat down to the breakfast-table, she turned to her own father, and said in a very grave voice:

"Papa, would you ask a blessing like Mr. F. does?"

"Not now, dear," said Mr. H.; "I am not in the habit of it."

"May I, papa?"

"Certainly, if you wish to, my child."

Then Emma clasped her little hands, and bowed