

Jem's terror at this greatly amused the young ladies, and even Lilian's gentle mother said, smiling :

"You can never get that savage into church, child!"

"If he had a mother to go with him, I 'spect he'd like it" replied Lilian gravely, little thinking that her simple reasoning struck at the root of the trouble.

Everybody petted the sweet little pleader, for Lilian was the darling of the house, with her quaint loving ways. It was a wonder her small head was not turned with flattery and attention; but nothing seemed to spoil her rare spirit. There was something unearthly about her; every day the wondrous light deepened in her matchless eyes; her expression grew so spiritual that even strangers were struck with her pure beauty. When she was by, he thought of the heaven beyond the clouds, he tried to modulate his rough voice into choice phrases, and racked his brain for odd toys to please her fancy—for Jem had a rare gift at mechanism.

"I've helped you 'long some, haven't I, Jem Smif? You're a good boy now. P'raps you'll go to heaven some day, and see your folks. I hope I'll go there, too!" she said, one day, as she sat beside him on the doorstep. Her tiny hands were clasped in her lap, and she was gazing far off, as if she saw beyond things about her. It was strange talk for a child, but no one dreamed that her feet were near the portals of the heaven she talked of.

That very night the angel messenger came for Lilian. There was no pain or dread of death for the lovely child; there was a smile about the mute lips, and she lay as if in a peaceful sleep. The physicians called it "a sudden enlargement of the heart;" but Jem was speechless with awe and grief. Neither entreaties nor scolding could move him from his attic, where he fled to mourn alone the loss of his only friend. When Lilian was laid in the little casket, amid flowers, and they were preparing for the last sad rites, Jem appeared, pale and sad, but as neat as the dainty child could have wished.

"Do let me stay," he whispered, choosing a seat where he could see her

face; "I'm Jem Smith, *her* Jem Smith," with a sob. "She done what she could to help me 'long, afore she went to heaven. She's glad to be there, I know!"

Was Lilian "glad to be there?" Somehow, there was a bit of comfort in the boy's words to the mother, who sat beside him, shrouded in black, the first thought that soothed her aching heart. After the funeral, Lilian's mother was ill; when better, she sent for Jem. She liked to talk to him of her darling.

"She's glad to be there, I know; but it's so lonesome now she's left us for heaven," the boy would say, forgetting to be awkward and stammer as he spoke of the child. And the mother would be comforted and find her faith strengthened by the simple words. She who had often smiled at Lilian's interest in Jem, was now learning lessons of resignation from his simple trust. She began to like Jem for her sake, then for his own. She sent him to school, developed his abilities, and finally, when Jem had proved himself worthy, the lonely, childless widow called him son.

All this happened years ago. The neglected boy is now a cultivated Christian man, the support and pride of Lilian's mother. They often talk of Lilian, often visit the spot where sleeps the "little child" by whom Jem had been led in the paths of peace.—*Congregationalist*.

#### MRS. CARR'S LESSON.

"There!" said Mrs. Carr, putting wee Eddie into a chair with such vim that his eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered—he was too manly to cry; "don't you speak or move for half an hour! My nerves are all unstrung," she added, as she met a grave look from her husband.

These "nerves" made much unhappiness in Mrs. Carr's family. When they afflicted her, a dismal cloud hung over the house; Mr. Carr was snubbed; the children under strict military discipline; the kitchen girl scolded; the cat stepped upon, and the dog put on short rations. Mr. Carr worked hard to give his family every comfort, and these times were a sore trial. It grieved him most to note their effect upon the chil-