

I stooped down and kissed the white, pure face, and then ran down stairs for his father.

'Papa,' he whispered faintly, 'if the Lord Jesus wants me very much, you won't keep me back from *Him*, will you?'

'I can't let you go, Pim, my boy,' the father answered, with broken and troubled voice, kneeling by his child; 'you are all the world to me, Pim.'

'But I shall only be there—in heaven—Papa,' Pim exclaimed; only waiting for you. I wish, oh, I *do* wish, Papa, you would promise to come to me there! Say you will, Papa?' The father got up and walked the room with restless steps in the darkness, and his angel-child lay there in the light. 'Pray for him,' whispered Little Pim to me. 'Papa!' The steps came near, and stopped at Pim's side, 'you are coming, I've asked God! and He will bring you to me; I must go now, Papa—say I may?'

'Oh, Pim! Pim! how *can* I?' But Pim's eyes were fixed on the quiet skies, and Pim's soul was fast passing away from our lingering grasp to Him who had 'need' of this little jewel to shine in the glorious courts above.

'I want to thank Him *so* much,' murmured little Pim, 'and say how sorry I am I did not love Him before. Come, Lord Jesus, Pim is *so* tired. I want to sing—for ever—and ever. Papa, come—Miss Bessie is coming—Pim waits—in glory for you.'

'I *will* come—Pim, my darling boy—I will come, God helping me,' cried the father in broken accents as he knelt beside his dying child. It seemed as if Pim had only been waiting for that; for when the words reached his ears, he raised himself in my arms, and clasped his thin hands as if in prayer, and said, 'Oh, come Lord Jesus—now—Pim is ready—Pim wants to go home—Papa, Miss Bessie, coming—Pim will be—waiting—at the gate—for—you.'

And Little Pim went from us to that glory he had so often dreamt of, and longed for. He went to fulfil his first great wish, and his heart's desire, that of thanking his dear Saviour for His wondrous love, and undeserved sufferings; and, in his death, his second wish, that of his father's salvation, received its fulfilment. So when I think of my little Pim and his two wishes, and *how* they were granted, I cannot wish my darling back, for I know that he is 'far better' now with Him on the 'other side;' though at times my heart aches sorely for his loving words and soft caresses, and my arms feel very empty without that slight form and golden head which had found so frequent a resting-place there. But we shall meet again—little Pim and I! for I know he is only *waiting* in glory—waiting in perfect rest and peace till in God's good time we join our Pim where we shall be one again, and 'for ever with the Lord.'

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As the sun ripens and sweetens fruits by shining upon them, without which they would be sour and unsavoury; so it is the sunshine of God's love and favour that sweetens all earthly blessings, without which they would be but crosses and curses to them that possess them.