

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

LITTLE PIM'S TWO WISHES.

Little Pim was a child whom, if you had known, I am quite sure you could not have helped loving.

I loved him very much. Ah, poor child, he had no mother, and I was only his nursery governess.

What talks Little Pim and I had in the twilight, sitting on the low window-seat, and watching the stars appearing, at first one by one, and then so many at a time that Pim and I would have to give up counting them, and just stop and admire in silence.

When Pim and I first met he knew nothing at all about the Lord Jesus or His tender love for Little Pim. True, he was then but four years old; but *now* our evening talks were always about Him, and though Pim was only such a little boy, he seemed far already on his heavenly way. His simple, childlike faith grasped the truth of the full and free salvation wrought at such tremendous cost for him, in a way that many an older seeking soul has failed to do. It helped me the better to understand how *simple* the way of salvation really is,—just 'come,' 'believe,'—and Little Pim at four years old could do that! and why it is 'hid from the wise and prudent' and is 'revealed unto babes.' It is we, I thought, who make difficult what the Lord has made so easy and clear. As a 'little child' he would have us pass 'through things temporal,' and, with the spirit of a 'little child,' to enter the eternal glory above.

Thus, in teaching Little Pim, I was myself being taught by him.

One warm, still summer evening, Pim and I sat in our usual seat. He sat up in my arms, and looking first at me, and then at the quiet skies, said wistfully—'I do wish I were home, "over there," Miss Bessie.'

'Why, my darling?' I answered, holding him close and kissing him. 'I want to thank the dear Lord Jesus for dying for me,' he slowly said, 'and for loving me, when I didn't love Him.' For this was the grief of Little Pim's life, that for four whole years the Lord had loved and cared for his then unloving Pim.

Oh that it could be the case with many—many of us, that we had only *four* wasted years to reproach ourselves with! Let the young, fresh, bright, loving years of our life be given to Him, 'who hath made all things for Himself.'

'Oh, Miss Bessie,' he went on presently, 'what must the glory be on the other side? We can only tell such a little by looking at the stars; they are only little bits of glory, but in heaven it will be *all* glory! Sing to me.'

I had not sung long when I felt Little Pim's head drop heavily on my shoulder, and, looking down, a sudden fear struck chill to my heart. I carried Pim into the nursery, and laid him on his little bed—he had fainted.

And when, after what seemed a long long time, he opened his weary blue eyes, it was only to look at me and say the one word, 'Papa,'