An incident illustrating
the thoughtfulness of a child of
four years—
Stories for children
original manuscript

No. 6, No. 29
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One day while I was chatting familiarly with a little boy of four years as he sat upon my knee and looked up into my face with a thoughtful expression, I tried the experiment of asking him a few puzzling questions.

He is now a grown man of good standing in the community where he lives and might object to my restiting his name. So I will call him Hugh.

I said: "What kind of a place is Heaven, Hugh?"

"Oh. Mamma says it's "lovely place."

"Who go there, Hugh?"

"Oh. lots of children, lots of people."

"Bad people; wicked children?"

"No, no. 'good ones. They go there."
“Must they be very good, Hugh. Very pure, like the whitest dress?”

“Yes, I think you’re pure, so good just like mamma’s nice dress.”

“Have you ever done anything wrong, Hugh?”

“Yes, I have. Everybody does wrong.”

“But Hugh, I’m talking to you, have you ever done wrong.”

“Yes. I was naughty this morning. Mamma said I’m a bad boy. I took a rabbit away from little sister. She cried and struck me and I pushed her over and ran away.”

“Well, Hugh, if you’ve done wrong and there is a little dark spot on your heart, how can you go to that pure place which you call Heaven?”

Hugh remained still, looking down for a minute, then raising his head fixed his large blue eyes upon mine and said in a very quiet voice just above a whisper “Jesus will save me.” Then he covered his face with his hands and sobbing, lay his head upon my breast.

Can a grown man make a better
answer? He who understood all hearts
inquired of His disciples: Who is the greatest
in the Kingdom of Heaven? And Jesus called
a little child unto Him and set Him in
the midst of them and said,
Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted
and become as little children ye shall not
enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

If, limiting our vision, we declare that this
beautiful Kingdom is a spiritual one and
has for every person who comes into it, its
bounty in this life, still how very plain
becomes the method of entering there—into
these gardens of sweet fellowship, precious
sympathy and perennial affection. We enter
and the Lord Himself removes
all the dark spots from our hearts and,
in His own inimitable way, brings us into
complete union with Himself and with each
other. He only asks of us to endeavor to exercise
toward Him the simple trust of a little
child.