

Underneath the same stone lie also the remains of Martha, my second daughter. She was a lovely child, the darling of her mother, and seemed to partake much of her sweet, open temper; which of course endeared her so much the more to me. She died of a consumption, the foundation of which was laid by the small-pox, which she took in the natural way about ten months before. During her tedious affliction, she suffered much; and although resigned in a good degree, yet she was considerably affected at the thoughts of death. She would often repeat her little hymns and prayers, particularly these words,—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee."

The manner of her repeating these lines convinced me that she felt them; and I was led to request that the Lord would manifest to her infant mind, in a way he knew, such a degree of that glory to which I saw my child hastening, as would at once comfort her in her pain, and encourage my poor heart, the wounds of which were ready on this occasion to bleed afresh. The Lord graciously condescended. About two hours before her spirit got the signal for dismission, she was uncommonly restless, and would not be left for a moment. She was perfectly sensible to the last; talked about various things with a loud voice, distinct and clear. She then suddenly stopped; and, after a short pause, cried aloud, "It is me he means; Sally, (calling the maid,) it is me he means: I say he calls for me. Come, Sally, be quick and bring me my white

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