

Once they were little things like me,
 And lived on earth below ;
 They could not praise, as now they can,
 The Lord who loved them so.

“ I am so fond of hearing hymns sung, but I cannot sing them much now, I feel so weak. That pretty hymn of ‘ Maggie, to her sister in Heaven,’ I love to hear it. In the Sunday School they all learn to sing, and if my dear brother and sisters went there, (and I do hope that Mamma will send them), they will learn to sing ; and they have such nice voices. Do you think I shall never be well again and able to go to school and to church ? Perhaps not ; but it may be that God will give me strength again, and I may go out and see all the flowers, and hear the birds so beautiful as they sing ; but God knows best, and if he wishes, he will make me well. I am not afraid to die.”

On a Sunday morning she asked if I was going to church, and if it was the day for the Sacrament. “ I often think about it, dear Grandma. Will you pray for me in church ? I wonder when I shall be able to go again with you : perhaps never ; but I must not think it hard to lie here in bed, and never be able to be dressed.