

when the doctors tell her she is a great deal better, surely it must be true.

I could not sleep last night when I went to bed, partly because I was thinking so much of dear little Amy, partly of poor Mrs. Lindsey; and then came other thoughts that kept me awake.

I tried to make a little prayer for Amy to say, but I did not succeed in that. So then I tried to make a hymn for her, and put in some of the things Aunt Alice has told mamma about her in her letters.

I am going to write it down here for Mamma to see, but as it is only the second hymn I ever tried in my life, I hope she will not expect it to be very good. Dear little Amy is five years old now, but I was obliged to make