

the hymn for two years ago, that I might say she was only three, for I thought a great long time, but could not find any word except *speak* that would rhyme well to *weak*.

I'm very little, young, and weak,  
I'm only three years old to-day,  
But though I hardly yet can speak,  
Mamma has taught me how to pray.

And I can clasp my little hands,  
And raise my eyes, and bend my knee,  
And say my pretty prayers to God,  
Who is so very good to me.

I have been very ill in bed,  
I broke my little arm you see ;  
But then I said my prayers to God,  
And he has made it well for me.