

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Psalm 116:15

In a hospital for consumptive children, a girl lay dying. We will call her Mary. She was eight years old. Her consumption was gone, but another disease had come.

Usually, during this last illness, she lay in a coma, but when awake, her mother would try to amuse her with paper dolls, toys, and the like.

During almost the last of these periods of consciousness, her mother ended the play-time by bringing out her rosary and beginning to pray over it. She tried to get the child to do the same, but Mary wanted "The Prayer".

"The Prayer"? What prayer? The "Our Father"? The "Hail Mary"? No, and no again.

The mother was stumped, so she looked up a nurse. Mary had been attending some sort of a Bible class at the hospital, and perhaps the nurse would know what was the prayer she had learned there. But she didn't. Though eight years old physically, Mary was but 4½ mentally, and there was much she didn't understand. She could not understand her own size, for instance. "Why me so big?" she would ask. "Why me so big?" And when they tried to teach her Bible verses and the 23rd Psalm, she had to be prompted continually. There had been praying, but no prayers. The nurse pondered. The 23rd Psalm—could it be? Mary hadn't mastered it, but the nurse could think of nothing else. It was the only hope!

And then—the miracle! Together, the mother and nurse listened while Mary, after once starting, recited the whole Psalm straight ~~through~~ <sup>through</sup> to the very end without one hesitation or error.

And then she said, "Me happy!" - - "Me Happy!"

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