

Jerusalem City. Locteen. Feb<sup>ry</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> 1841.

Dearlly Beloved Child,

I was on the 24<sup>th</sup> of February, taking a view of my children, and thinking if I could leave them, I have nothing more to say, to those whom I so dearly loved, those who were so precious in my sight, & whom I delighted to be with; <sup>and</sup> upon these reflections I paused and considered; is there not some one who will feel slighted, thinking Mother has not noticed them quite so much as they would be glad to have her; I immediately I thought of you my little one.

O do not feel slighted my dear little child, for I have not one slighty feeling towards you, but can truly love & bless you in the way which you are going. My dear child if you will always be faithful be assured you never shall want for crosses, and if you will cheerfully bear your crosses, in true subjection of spirit, you never shall want for heaven. For there is perfect heaven in the good way of God; Do you not think so. You say there is; then always keep in it, and you will be a shining light in the house of Israel. No gems of the mountains can their beauty compare with those of my good children. Now as this is the last time that I shall have an opportunity of writing or saying any thing to you individually, I will give you my sweetest love & my blessing to comfort & strengthen you, thro' this vale of sorrow, which you now inhabit; and may you farewell, in peace. May you be blest; & may you have comfort to strengthen you through all dark & trying scenes; yea in my love may you forever forever farewell and always remember little one, that your Mother has not forgotten you.

From Mother Lucy, To Amy Deed.