

Nearly over Jordan, Tottie,
 Sounds as from the other side ;
 Like a far off distant echo,
 Thy last faint whisper died.

Looking round yet, Tottie tell us,
 What glad sight is it you see ;
 Could we now obtain your knowledge,—
 But on earth this cannot be.

Now 'tis over, thanks we give Thee,
 For this dear release from pain ;
 For the child which Thou didst lend us,
 That child Thou hast re-called again.

Thou didst say of little children,
 Suffer them to come to Me ;
 They who would Thy Kingdom enter,
 In some things must children be.

"That is very nice. Where did you get it, child?"

"Get it? Why, Burney, it is just the things they were talking about last night. I just thought it over this way, and then transmitted it on paper this morning."

"Who is it for, Gussie, child?"

"For no one, Burney, just for myself."

"Oh, Gussie, was the child very ill before it died?"

"Yes; only about an hour it did not feel or know any one, apparently."

"Oh, they gave me a note for you," and Gussie handed it to Burney.

"Why, child, it is for yourself."

Gussie took and read it. "Oh, Burney, I never thought but it was for you. I put it into my pocket without looking at it."

"Please accept this small sum, with my gratitude, for your service of song, which helped my pet as she crossed the cold river of death."

"Ten shillings, Burney; may I do what I like with it?"

"Certainly child, but what would you do with it? That is not enough to raise a gable roof on this shanty."

"No, Burney, I like the shanty well enough now, but I want to keep myself in paper, pens and ink."

"But it is a great waste, and what is the good, Gussie?"

"I know it, Burney, but it is a great pleasure to me, and I have something to do when you are out."

"Very well, Gussie, child; but, see, here is a bit you did not read."

"Oh," said Gussie, "that is a poem about a fly."

"A fly, why that is a small thing to waste paper on, but read it till I hear what could be said about a fly."

Gussie reads :