

seen, and it impressed her very much. Early in the morning she wished to go home, so Ben Lunt took her home in the light cart. Burney had a sick call, which took her out very early. About ten she returned. Rover was keeping guard at the door. So, going in quietly, lest she should awaken Gussie, there was the poor girl sitting by the table. On it lay some odd sheets of paper, over which Gussie's arms were crossed, the pen still in her hand and she fast asleep. The old saying was true: "Look long at a sleeping child and it will wake." Burney, with clasped hands, looked and wondered, till Gussie gave a sudden start and opened her eyes. Burney was not much of a scholar herself, and understood little of the art of composition. But just now she appeared vexed at the waste of paper, which Gussie was vainly trying to get out of sight. All at once she stopped, saying: "No! no! I will not; I cannot do it."

"Gussie, child; what are you trying to do, eh? What's wrong," said Burney.

"Nothing," replied Gussie, "but I will never try to keep anything secret from you again. My more than mother, you may read my very heart." And with a trembling hand she pushed the sheets of foolscap towards her.

"Gussie, child, you will have to read it for me, for I have forgotten my spectacles."

And Gussie did read thus:

### LITTLE TOTTIE.

From a stupor, see her waken,  
Oh, our patient, suffering child;  
Speak, dear Tottie, don't you know us?  
All the answer is a smile.

Each in turn, we passed before her,  
Each, in turn, pronounced our name;  
Looking round, and looking o'er us,  
We, from her, no notice claim.

"Dink a watty now, ful Tottie,  
Ea, mama, oh petty sing;  
Walk ful Tottie, sing ful Tottie,  
Hully, hully, more petty sing."

Did you wish to tell us, Tottie,  
Of the wondrous things you've seen;  
Was the glory so abundant,  
That we could not pass between?

Did you see the Saviour, Tottie,  
Waiting for your spirit, near;  
When you cried, "papa, papa,"  
Was it him you meant to hear?