

"Gussie, child," said Burney, "you just sing a few minutes before we leave."

Gussie did sing; but when she stopped, the weak voice said:

"Sing more, petty; sing full, Tottie."

"Ah! Miss Gussie," said Grandma Barton, "if you could only stay with us to-night, and sing now and then, your voice seems to calm her so. It would be such a relief to us."

"Gussie has never been used to sitting up at night," said Burney, "and I fear it would make her sick. What do you think, Gussie?"

"I would like to stay; and I will come home early in the morning. It will not hurt me."

"You will not have to walk in the morning, Miss Gussie," said William. "Some one will drive you home."

Burney went away, after telling Gussie:

"If I leave in the morning before you get home, just lie down and rest, child, till I come in."

Dear little Tottie. It was affecting to hear her weak voice repeat the one thing, over and over: "Walk ful Tottie; sing ful Tottie." Near night she changed a little. "Drink of watty ful, Tottie." She took a taste, then pushed it away. "No more drink a watty ful, Tottie; sing ful Tottie." At one time she dozed a little, and all tried to have her sleep. No sound was heard but that of Gussie singing the child's evening hymn: "Jesus, gentle Shepherd, hear me." All at once she looked up, and in a pleased tone, said: "Ea, ma, ma!"

"Poor child," William said; "I thought she forgot ever she had a ma. How pleased she looks. Does my darling see her ma?"

"How do we know," said Mr. James Barton, "but these sinless ones are permitted to see such glad sights as they cross the Jordan."

"Walk fas'; walk fas', ful Tottie; hully, hully; fas'; sing no more; walk ful, Tottie. Sing, petty, sing."

They all sat down with her. Soon the little face began to assume the hue of death. After lying still a few minutes, she looked up bright and amazed-like, and in a clear, though weak voice, called: "Papa, papa." She even tried to raise herself up, as a child would lean towards the approaching father. "Papa, oh! papa." Soon all was over.

"Over Jordan at last. Of such are the kingdom of heaven," said the minister.

"Yes," replied William; "I will have one babe in heaven, waiting there with her mamma for me."

The little children had all stood round and saw their sister die. Now, it was washed and dressed in its white gowney, and laid in its crib bed. After worship they all came and kissed Tottie good-night and went to bed.

"I thank God for the gift of this child, and I thank Him for taking it back to Himself," said Mr. Barton, as he patted the cold cheek of Tottie.

It was now near midnight. The family sat conversing a long time, giving each other the benefit of their thoughts, which Gussie's memory kept for her poetic brain. It was the first death she had

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