

No home, no school, no Bible she had seen,
 How bless'd besides poor Topsy we have been!
 Yet boys and girls among ourselves, I've known
 Puffed up with praise for merits not their own.

The copy by some clever school-mate penned,
 The witty saying picked up from a friend,
 Makes many a miss and master look as fine,
 As if they coined the words or penned the line.

But none can keep such borrowed plumes as these,
 For some one still comes back to find the keys,
 And so they are found out, it comes to pass,
 Just like poor Topsy at the looking-glass.

TOPSY BRINGING FLOWERS TO EVA.

Poor Topsy, trying to be kind,
 Has brought a bunch of garden flowers
 To Eva, when she lies reclined
 Through the bright summer's sultry hours.

For sickness hangs on Eva now,
 She can no longer run or play,
 Her cheek is pale, her voice is low,
 And there she lies the livelong day.

Yet Eva does not fear to die,
 She knows a better home remains
 For her, beyond the great blue sky,
 Where comes no sickness, tears, or pains.



TOPSY BRINGING FLOWERS TO EVA.

"Oh mother dear, let Topsy stay,"
 Says Eva in her gentle mood,
 "She brought such pretty flowers to-day,
 Indeed she's trying to be good."