

by telling her that her dear mother was gone to live with God in heaven. Her affection for her only remaining parent was most beautiful: she clung to him, as a child always should to a tender father, with the most confiding love. I could often fancy as she sat on his knee that she held him tight as if afraid he would leave her too. Whenever he appeared dull, she would kiss him, and show him some of her playthings, thinking thus to dissipate the sorrows of his heart. Dear children, I wish all who read this little book would try and imitate Elizabeth Jones, and by their affectionate attentions to their parents, show how much they love them.

Although from the time I first knew this dear child, I had seen much in her to love and admire, it was not till she became a resident in our family, in October, 1836, that I discovered those peculiar traits in her character which made her so especially dear to our hearts. Never shall we forget her readiness to do any kind action. Her tender manner when we were not quite well was remarkable. She would move gently about the room, and perform all the little offices of a nurse as far as she was capable. Often would she say, "Aunt, when I am a woman, I will make tea for you, and help you a great deal." Although so young, she was very observing, and took great