

come here. Oh, God! when I think of my poor mother and the way she was so cruelly murdered, I feel like dropping down dead, and that my happiness in this life is blasted forever.

"James tells me that William has preserved one of the bones of my poor mother's arm, and if so, when he comes to St. Thomas let him bring it with him, so that I may kiss the loving arm that never failed to throw its protection around and provide for all of us in the darkest days of our need.

"If my father's little pet dog that he got from Harry Phair is alive, I trust that you will send him to me, and I will keep him till he dies of old age. Oh! my dear brothers, I feel so lonely and heart-broken. I trust you will try, some of you or all of you, to pay me a visit at as early a day as possible; for the God above knows that in this trying hour I yearn to have you with me—all that is left of my poor brothers.

"I sincerely hope and pray that you may be successful in bringing to justice those parties who have left me so lonely by their cruel and bloody deed.

"Your loving sister,

"JENNIE CURRIE."