

home and never after robbed a garden ; but I was ignorant and did not know good from evil.

The next day was a glorious one, and afforded me much pleasure ; the blue sky was serene and calm, not a breeze shook the leaves on the trees, the rays of the sun shone bright and clear, and all was happiness and joy. I joined my little sister in a favorite walk through the fields, which were clothed with many grassy flowers, such as daisies, dandelions, butter-cups and others whose name I did not know, all were beautiful in color, and then there was the green foliage of the trees which gave us shelter from the heat of the sun in the cool shade ; at that moment we shewed our merry faces and gathered out the white daisies and yellow butter-cups from the grass with our hands, and soon afterwards we rested ; we loved to see the white butterflies which continually fluttered from flower to flower ; we sat on the fresh, rich, soft green carpet, and directly a dark-brown horse came and smelt us, we began to be frightened, and noiselessly and quietly seated ourselves in order to let the horse know that we were not afraid, as it would express its passion and feeling towards us, it went away and did not hurt us. Soon after we got home accompanied by a little white dog and the flowers which we had brought in our hands to my dear brother, Thomas Francis, who sewed and fastened them to a thread, for a necklace, and encircled them around my sister's neck.

I am sorry to say that my dear little sister, named Janet, died of measles on the 18th of June, 1846 ; it was Sunday morning, her face was pale and cold, laid in a coffin. I showed my love and kissed her several times, but immediately my sight was drawn to a jug which stood on the window, it contained clusters of flowers of many colors, they were very beautiful to look at and had a delightful fragrance ; after a short interval I ran with gladness to it and took all the flowers, and intended to cover her whole body and head. I never fell out with her, and loved her very much in all my young days. In a short time her coffin was screwed firmly and shut up and carried into the cab ; I took a seat on the roundy box with the company of my father, brother and Mr. Wilson, a Missionary, on our