

## Acrostic

Jane, — Sister mine, my thoughts oft turn to happy moments fled,  
And o'er my spirit, sweet, soft tones a holy influence shed;  
Now gentle, kind and loving, I feel my heart rejoice,  
Each sad thought flees, my sister, at the music of thy voice.

Glad, happy, when beside thee, those tones fall on my ear,  
I scarce find words to tell thee how I love my sister dear;  
Vain even now my efforts; but this record make I here: —  
As fleeting years of joy and grief in light and shadow come,  
No less can be that love, for in my heart my sister claims her home.

From her loving brother  
John.

Melbourne, 3<sup>rd</sup> November 1865.