

## Acrostic

J ane, — Sister mine, my thoughts oft turn to happy moments fled,  
A nd o'er my spirit, sweet, soft tones a holy influence shed;  
N o w gentle, kind and loving I feel my heart rejoice,  
E ach sad thought flees, my sister, at the music of thy voice.

G lad, happy, when beside thee, those tones fall on my ear,  
I scarce find words to tell thee how I love my sister dear;  
Y am even now my efforts; but this record make I here:—  
A s fleeting years of joy and grief in light and shadow come,  
N o 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.