

bered my brother Jamie. She told me that he lived here only three years, and then God gave his spirit wings, and he flew away, just as our little canary bird flew away and left its cage. It was a silent cage now, for the bird that sang so sweetly had gone; yet if I was good and loved Jesus, and did his will, I should go to my brother in heaven, although he could never come back to me. All of these scenes come vividly before my mind, and that dear old garret is filled with hallowed recollections. We had no sweet singing canary birds now to warble in the warm sunshine, but we had what was far better—a dear little robin, that built her nest every spring upon a branch of the wide-spreading elm that shadowed our door-stone, and rewarded us for the few crumbs we daily scattered around the tree with sweet songs and chirpings, filling the air with melodious music.

We never wanted amusements, for sometimes our parents told us stories, both amusing and instructive, or we took long walks together, or went to gather wild flowers and berries, or nutting; and had it not been for my unfortunate habit of procrastination, I should have been one of the happiest little girls in the world. Thus do we see how one fault often mars the joy of our life.