TO MY SISTER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Ellie, there's a timid lustre
Dreaming in thy soft, dark eyes,
Like a tender starlight trembling
In the midnight's mystic skies;
And thy features are as faultless
As if carved by Grecian art;
And men bow before thy beauty—
But I love thee for thy heart.

There are thoughts of winged brightness
Hiding in thy spirit's cells,
As young humming-birds of summer
Hide among the lily-bells.
May no sudden autumn drive them
Radely from their fairy nests;
To fly on through chill and tempest,
With worn wings and bleeding breasts.

Last night in the dreary darkness,
When the haunted winds went by,
Feverish fires burned in my bosom,
Till I thought that I must die;
And I felt that it was fearful
To go out alone, alone—
Through the shadow and the silence,
To the eternal and unknown.

Yet the dimness and the mystery
Of the lands beyond the grave,
And the deep and thundering echoes
Of each dark and chilling wave,
That seemed breaking near to sweep me
Down in Death's unsounded sea,
Could not fright this heart, my sister,
From the angel-thought of thee.

We have heard the fairy legends
Of the twilight's dreamy time,
From the same sweet lip together
Falling like a magic chime;
And we've left our home and wandered
Through a waste of Upas dew,
Yet mid wind and blight and blackness,
I have ever found thee true.

It were more than death to leave thee,
Idol of an ardent heart;
And I often ask the angels,
May we never, never part.
Yet the years must bring us changes,
And wherever thou mayest go,
Ellie, may thy fate be brighter
Than thy sister hopes to know.