

JOHN SANDERSON THE FIRST.

My sister! thus I think of you,—
My dearest on this earthly plane,
Since we have suffered mutual pain,
And, through our loss, made clearer gain,
I read your soul, I find you true.

I read your soul, and there I see
All noble thoughts, all motives pure,
Cabled to anchor strong and sure,—
Divinely forged, so must endure
Past all earth's doubt and mystery.

I read your heart, and there I find
The bud and leaf of endless spring,—
Glad impulse, ever on the wing
The largess of your love to fling
By hands that know but to be kind.

I read your life. Its open page
A running innocent may read,—
Most true, most pure, in word and deed,
No cunning schemes, no touch of greed,—
A life to dare an angel's gauge.

And so, while sister ties are sweet,
And you are mine by that dear bond,
You're mine far more since you respond
To claim of kinship far beyond
The line where mere relations meet.

My sister is my dearest friend,
And so my bonds are doubly dear,
And life holds naught from year to year
We may not share without a fear
That I shall fail or you offend.