

Sister, I miss thee.

Sister, I miss thee in those hours of quietness,
When round me sit the beautiful and gay;
Then oft my spirit comes a pang of sadness,
And from the scene I fain would turn away,
Bright eyes may sparkle, and soft words may greet
Companions may be smiling—wear their smile,
Yet if there be no answering eye to meet me,
My heart, 'midst all their joy, is sad the while.

Sister, I miss thee when day cares are pressing
Upon my mind, usurping every thought;
Oh! 'tis sweet to have those I love in the sight,
That come a sister's cheering influence wrought
To me, even without the power of soothing—
The soul-born strife and bustle, rankling

When love and peace a loved one round are
bustling.
When loves are brightened by a sister's prayers.

Sister, I miss thee when the day is waning—
When comes the love-inspiring vapour hour,
A breathing stillness all around us reposing—
The heart given over to inspiration's power.
Once, in such moments, with a glowing feeling,
You wandered, gazing, and low musing with me,
But now around me musing we are strolling,
And all my thoughts, dear sister, are with thee.

Sister, I miss thee when the day is waning—
Cannot thy fancied image from me part;
Forms are the fairest, and gay hearts the lightest,
But when the day is waning, all is dark.
But to that hour Hope points her cheerful finger,
When home returning, I again shall greet
A smiling sister, and with her shall linger,
A morn and eve, again in converse sweet.

MARRIAGE SCENE IN INDIA.—Bayard Taylor writes from Bombay as follows:

Last night, on my way home from the Botanic Garden, I was struck by a singular sight—a girl in the streets of the native town. First came a very large number of beautiful children, in open carriages, the pearls and spangles on their dresses glittering in the light of torches, which were born upon long poles, and then in rapid file, to sound a mournful music. Behind them, two boys, jeweled robes, on horseback, with sabres hanging golden fringed mantles above their heads. The music—a piercing melody of flutes, drums and fife—came next, and then the bridegroom mounted on a white horse. He was a man of about twenty, in a splendid robe of white silk, embroidered with gold. His hands and forehead were covered with gold leaf. He was a living El Dorado, but so grave and motionless on his horse, looking straight before him, that he might have been taken for a dead body. A servant holding a silver tray, spangled with diamonds, walked on each side of him, and behind him came the dowry borne on men's heads. It was contained in twenty or thirty boxes, arranged so as to form a quadrangle, with a temple in the centre of all.

DRAMA.—A modest young lady, on being asked by a gentleman why she had a covering over her "breastless bosom," replied "I don't want to see its dressers draw."—"I have nothing left; said a sister, and I'll keep a paper with it." What paper will you buy? said a friend curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance. "A paper of tobacco," replied the lover.

The Parisian ladies who do not like the emperor, have adopted a novel way of expressing their contempt. When he goes to the opera, they look at him through the wrong end of their glasses.

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If man goes to strangers, he shows he is a citizen cut off from other islands, but a contumacious that joins them."

A Dutchman played up a long volume of public documents on the back of which was stamped "Tab. Doc."

"Dyke," said he, "what kinder books will dry living next?"—"All I like, here is no pup dog."

If you grant a favor forget it: if you receive one remember it.

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