THE SISTER'S LOVE.





To urge him on in vain she tried, Alike in vain for help she cried.

Arranged for the Piano Forte

W. J. WETMORE, M. D.

AND

DEDICATED TO HIS PUPIL

MISSE.M. B.

OF

Rutger's Female Institute.

NEW YORK, PUBLISHED BY SAME C. JOLLIE Nº 300 BROADWAY.

Buttered according to Act of Congress in the year 1850 by Samt C. Jollie, in the Clerk's Office of the district court of the south district NY.

## THE SISTER'S LOYE,

THE WORDS AND MELODY BY

## S.BEMAN, ESQ.

ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

## W.J. WETMORE, M.D.

The following sad story of a Sisters Love, was cut from a Canada paper, where
it is said to have occurred in the winter of
1848

Mrs M' Grath, a widowed mother, was sick at home, and alone. Her two only children, one a lad of 14, with his sister a girl of 16 winters, were returning from market late at night, with a basket. Their way for three miles lay across the bleak chaos of mountains, of the District of Quebec, where there was neither road nor dwelling. A dredful snow storm came on. The children were found frozen to death in each others arms. The girl wore a shawl, and small woollen scarf; One of these was found wrapped around her brother's feet and legs, the other about his head and neck; while his two hands were folded in her bosom. She it appears was trying to preserve his life, while her own was fast ebbing away.

## NEW YORK, Publishedby S. C.JOLLIE 300 Broadway.

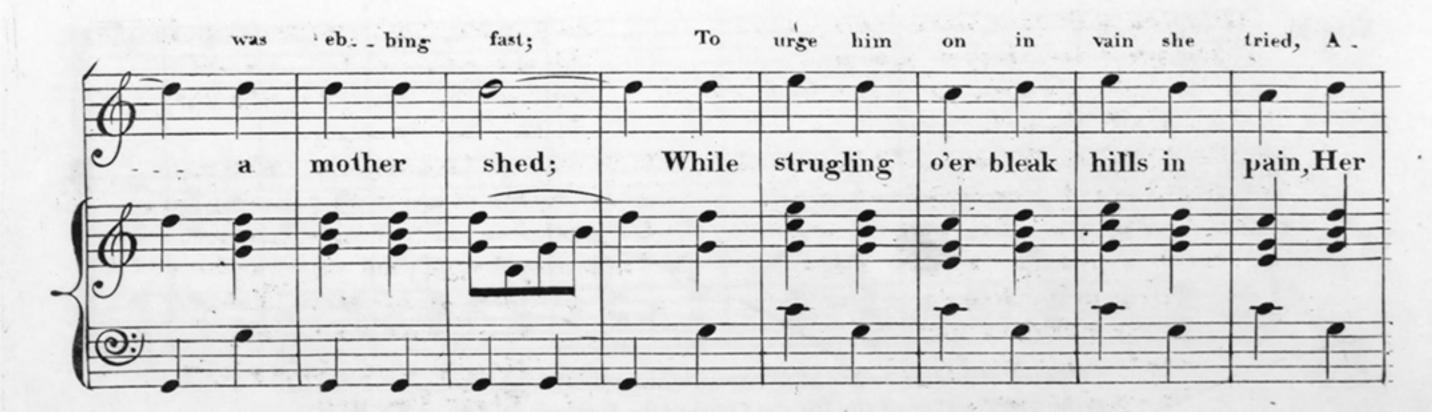


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How few a "Sisters Love" have known,
Or what its virtues mean;
In life its strength can ne'er be shown,
In death 'tis only seen.

Around his feet she wrapp'd her shawl, Around his neck her scarf—her all; Within her bosom pure and white, His frozen hands she folded tight.

> Their dying breath These children gave, Enclasp'd in death, No hand to save.

On dark and pathless mountain height,
Death prov'd a "Sisters Love,"
But how the mother pass'd that night,
Is only known above.

How oft the darkness she did try, Their forms to see with piercing eye, Or strain'd a lonely mother's ear, Their steps amid that storm to hear.

Cold night-snows made,
One grave for them;
Hoarse wild winds play'd
Their Requiem.