

'Twas tinged with melody's own touch,
Which beautified his love ;
'Twill not have altered very much,
As Goodness rules above.

Twelve months in heaven, without one fear—
No doubt, no mystery :
I try to think what this first year
In heaven has been to thee.
I've wondered, father, oft if they
Who came to escort thee,
Went out their course a little way
To let thee look on me.

My English home I was not near
When thou didst calmly die ;
'Twas William's pen revealed it clear
'Mong letters just laid by.
The more those letters meet my sight,
The more they do refine ;
My heart gains culture from the light
That gleams in every line.

Through them, I stand beside thy bed
And watch thee in thy sleep,
And lean my cheek against thy head
And with the others weep ;
And visit often for awhile
Thy peaceful burial place,
Remembering the tranquil smile
That settled on thy face.