

Her converse was neither
 Weak, common, nor dry;
 On leaving her home you
 Felt nearer the sky.

Whilst I linger to-day
 By the name of this friend,
 My thoughts and desires
 All heavenward tend.

For her unselfish deeds
 On the parchment appears
 And is sealed with fair seals,
 Composed of love's tears.

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Another dear name
 I must add to this scroll,
 A name that's engraved
 On my innermost soul.

A name that to many
 May not be long missed,
 Although its twelve letters
 Glorifieth this list.

And the margin beside it,
 O could you but see,
 You would never ask why
 It is treasured by me.

And you would not ask why
 I shall love it full long,
 Why I give it chief place
 'Mongst these pages of song.