

Trusting in Jesus, he calmly died ;
Soon by the side of his child he slept ;
While May, with the friends that the Lord raised up
Till after her baby's birth was kept.

A fine little daughter it proved to be,
With sweet blue eyes, and complexion fair ;
Like Harry, they said ; but May saw it not,
Except in the tint of her golden hair.

When she grew stronger, she moved once more
To the village of M——, for she loved it so ;
And all were ready, with greetings warm,
For the friend who had left them three years ago

And often now, as the years roll on,
As little May sits on her mother's knee,
She speaks of the father and brother's graves,
The graves she will take her some day to see.