

John Saint John and Anna Grey.

As most precious friends and comrades her rich nature learned to prize.

Garb she wore of deepest mourning till they laid her down to rest
On the hill where kith and kindred bore the clods on brow and breast—

Mourning with no gleaming trinket to relieve its heavy fold,
But she shone, with an adorning rarer far than gems and gold.
Long in death the mournful widows slept by their beloved dead,
Ere the fair and gentle Anna hid in dust her whitened head.
On the consecrated hill-side where is heard the sound of waves,
And the whispering of the forest from amid the grass-grown graves,
To her quiet rest they bore her one sweet pensive Autumn day,—
Side by side in death they slumber, John Saint John and Anna Grey

THE END.

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