

COMMEMORATIVE.

Let the hope of that future,  
Which God doth invest  
With a glory and shadow  
A fear and a zest,  
Be quickened with toil,  
And be chastened with prayer,  
That thy god may bud forth,  
That thy branch yet may bear  
Such fruit as refreshes  
The pilgrims of years,  
Who toil in this valley  
And pathway of tears.

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COMMEMORATIVE.

THE night of the grave hath shut over  
The promise and light of thy soul;  
And the green turf, which hides friend and lover,  
Hath closed with thy bell's mournful knoll.

With thy hope and thy fame, it was morning,  
The bud of thy youth had put forth;  
Disease had not spoken its warning,  
Nor calumny wounded thy worth.