

II.

A kindly heart withal had he,
Unselfish, honest, frank and gay,—
Like sunshine of a summer day,—
Dispersing cloud so easily.

Sometimes the outward life deceives,
Our actions give us wrong intent;
Misunderstandings soon relent,
And friendship helps, where folly grieves.

My friend who's sleeping, resting now,
Needs not this feeble praise of mine;
About the memory can entwine
Forget-me-nots, his acts did sow.

Besides, I heard him often say,
Appreciation's flowers should bloom
In life, not o'er the senseless tomb,
Where fragrance only wastes away.

He liked to play this noble strain
Upon the moral harp: Speak praise
To those whom you at heart do raise
Aloft as good, who give you gain.