

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

True husband and true father ; add to this
A friend as true ; yet more than all of these
Wert thou my friend, who to the bitter lees
Drained thy sad cup of life.—The sphere of bliss
That holds thee now a fitter home will be
Than this half-hearted world for one like thee,
Whose sterling coin of words was minted out
From the pure metal of thy dauntless soul
And bore Truth's image ; who didst fly the goal
That most men seek, and put to utter rout
The swarming host that track the steps of those
Who follow Duty's path.—Behold the close !—
A grave bedewed with manly tears ; a name
Spotless and bright,—the sum of all true fame !