

A TRANS-ATLANTIC GRAVE:

'Neath an old Steeple Tower in my native land,
 All in shade of a shelt'ring tree,
 In a single green grave, sleep a blessed band—
 One in love— though in number three.

As a year just ago, by that grave I stood,
 Is it strange that my tears fell fast,
 As I thought of the sleepers, so true and good,
 And dear to my soul in the past.

For the one was the Father whose prayers, as light
 Even throb in my bosom still,
 And the precepts of whom taught me truth and right,
 And to love God my Maker's Will.

Also one was a Sister, the gentle bride,
 That came home, not to wed, but die:
 And the nuptial knot that had never been tied,
 Gave place to a better on high.

And the last was a Brother, companion sweet—
 Oh! of many a joyous day;
 And whose wise, gentle words often held my feet,
 Which my heart would have drawn astray.

Is it wonderful then, that I love that grave?
 'Tis to me full of sacred dust:
 And baptized in the Blood that was shed to save,
 It is safe in God's holy trust.

O ye hallowed dead! all your ills are through—
 At your grave, let me cease to sigh;
 For I know I shall meet with my Lord and you,
 In the sweet, blessed 'By and By.'