

They were prayerful and devout ;
Their life in general good throughout ;
On education they were bent,
And to the school their children sent.

Most things referred to are long past ;
We hope the good effects still last ;
Though things may not now be so bright
That still remain the truth and light.

Loved friends now in thy church yard lie,
But hope they live above the sky ;
In thee I loved companions made ;
Some passed away ; man's but a shade.

I often think of the days at school,
When played and romped we to the full ;
In class some strove the head to take,
While others would no effort make.

And once a week in Lodge we met,
On temperance our minds to set,
And business routine, being o'er,
Stump orators got on the floor.

And oft we had a keen debate,
Not followed by any hate ;
While each one strove to make his point,
The vote would sometimes disappoint.

And to the Sabbath School we went,
The people there the children sent ;
The minister's wife took the lead,
And with her class did gently plead.

And all the teachers labored well,
The love and grace of Christ to tell ;
The subject sought they to explain,
To youthful minds to make it plain.