You'll never hear his voice again throughout the long, long day.

His poor tender now with no living child is blest
For the two that God had given now in the churchyard rest.

And when old age shall bow them down
And they are called to go,
We hope in better lands they'll meet where sorrows they'll not know.

In Autographs.

Every friend we meet with here,
Makes our lives to us more dear,
In sympathetic love like minds entwine
Linking their thoughts in a sweet design
Yet a stronger link connects the heart
Contained by those who love impart.