A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

Oh, it is not the tear at this moment shed, When the
That can tell how beloved was the soul that's fled, Or how

cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
depth in our hearts we de plore him:
'Tis the
tear through many a long day wept, Through a life by his loss all

shad ed, 'Tis the sad remembrance
fondly kept, When all other griefs have faded.