



*And is this all, a name, a date,
Graved on the mouldering stone?
And since, like men, rocks have their fate,
How soon shall this be gone!*

*Nay, traveller, look on every side;
For all the smiling scene,
The fertile farms, the pastures wide,—
These keep their memory green.*

*They held their own 'mid fierce alarms,
With courage, prayer, and toil,
'Gainst savage foes and British arms,
Still masters of the soil.*

*No tombstone holds such men's renown;
But this their deathless fame,—
That children's children still hand down
A pure and spotless name!*

