ROBERT MORRIS' MESSAGE FROM THE GRAVE.

Brothers, in June or in December,
Honoring the memory of the dear St. John,
Then let some kind participant remember
The name of him who wrote this, but is gone;
Let some kind brother rise while all are silent,
And with deep pathos and fond friendship say:
He was a Mason, gentle, true and tender,
And loved all things that do not pass away.

He loved his friends; in them his heart found anchor,
Bound in affection as with hooks of steel;
And for his foes, he gave few signs of rancor,
But bore their slanders patiently and well.
He loved to make in simple verse that rhyming
Where ancient signs and emblems smoothly lie;
Where deeds of brother-love and truth are chiming
And Masonry is wed to poetry.

He loved the word of God; its hopes eternal
Grew sweeter as the end of life drew nigh;
A sinful man, but saved by Grace supernatural,
Trusting in Christ, he dreaded not to die.
At times a cloud the promises disguising,
And deep humility obscured the scene,
But the bright Son of Righteousness uprising
Dispelled the gloom and warmed his soul again.

He gave the widows and the orphans duly,
A portion of his hard-earned scanty store,
And though the amount might seem but trifling truly,
He gave so cheerfully it seemed the more.
His heart was in his work, to build the temple
In fervency, he toiled through many years,
To "build the temple," spiritual and mental,
He triumphs now -- is freed from toils and tears.

He's gone, the problem that so long he studied,
That mystery of the "world to come" profound
Is solved; his tree of life which only budded
Hear; now has full harvest in Celestial Ground.
In the Great Presence, with the wearied resting,
He has his wages and is well content,
Brothers, in silence stand; your love attesting--
This is the word your dying brother sent.