

OUR BROTHER FRANKLIN IS NO MORE.

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Our Brother Franklin is no more!  
His bright and genial smile,  
His cheery voice, his large true heart,  
So warm and free from guile,  
Are lost to all; and all now feel  
A grief which nought can smother,  
Alas! He's dead! and we have lost  
A Loving Friend and Brother.

He ne'er again in earthly Lodge,  
Will show a brother's love,  
Nor teach how faith and good works lead,  
To that Grand Lodge above.  
And never more will point the way,  
How best to help each other,  
For he is dead, and we have lost,  
A Loving Friend and Brother.

His friendly clasping of the hand,  
His greeting and kind word,  
His wisdom, counsel, and advice,  
Are no more felt or heard.  
For he so friendly, kind, and true,  
Who ne'er could wrong another,  
Now sleeps in death, and we have lost,  
A Loving Friend and Brother.

But grief like ours must yield before  
The friendless and forlorn,  
A shattered home, a stricken wife,  
And orphans left to mourn.  
Oh! still the orphans' bitter cry,  
Sustain the widowed mother,  
Be kind to them! t'will prove we loved,  
Our Loving Friend and Brother.

Jan. 22, 1867.

BRO. SAMUEL SMITH.