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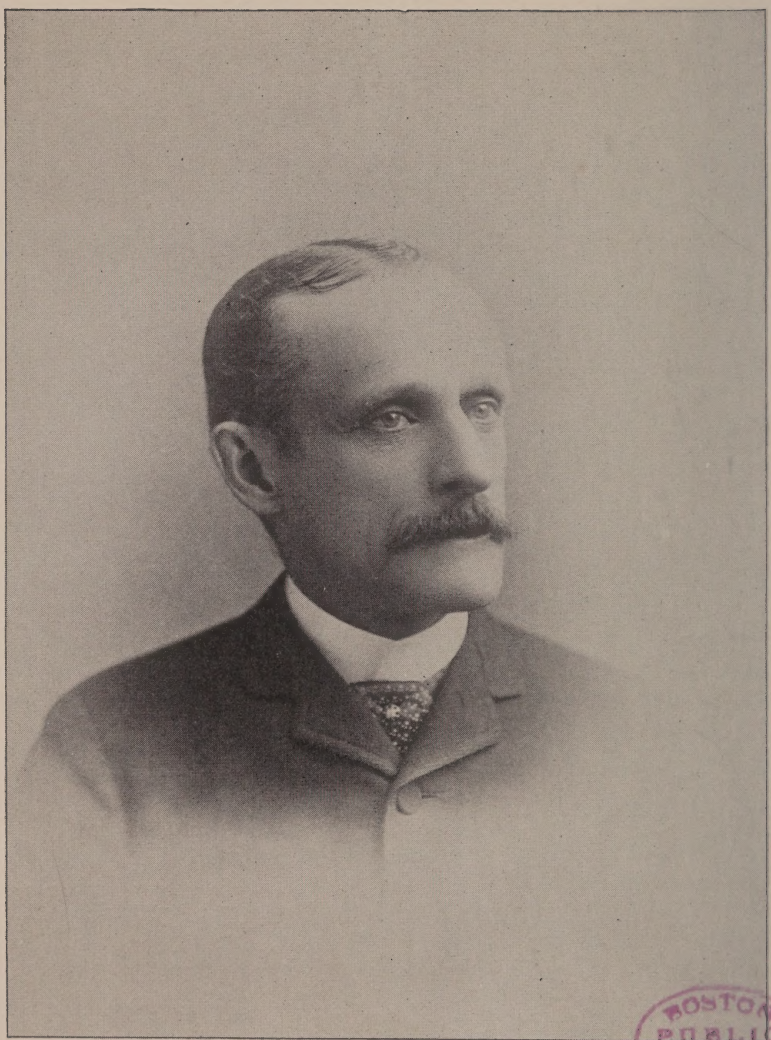

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Franklin S. Pratt.

CONSECRATION

OF THE

Burial Lot at Mount Auburn

BY

COLUMBIAN LODGE,

F. & A. M.,

OF BOSTON.

St. John Baptist's Day, Friday, June 24, 1892.

BOSTON:
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COLUMBIAN LODGE
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PROCEEDINGS.

AT the Regular Communication of Columbian Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, which was held in Sutton Hall, Masonic Temple, Boston, on the evening of Tuesday, May 1st, 1890, being the One Thousand four hundred and seventy-ninth meeting, the business of the evening having been concluded, and before the Lodge had begun work, Bro. FRANKLIN S. PRATT, a Member of the Lodge since December 11, 1866, arose, and in a few appropriate words expressed his interest in the Lodge, and his attachment to the Brethren, and then requested the Marshal, Bro. ROBERT C. NICHOLS, to hand to Worshipful Bro. J. GEORGE COOPER an enclosure, which he gave him.

When the Marshal had complied with the request of Bro. PRATT, and the enclosure was opened and read, the Worshipful Master announced to the Lodge that it contained a Deed to a large and beautiful Lot at

Mount Auburn, with a provision for its perpetual care, which Bro. PRATT had freely and generously conveyed to Columbian Lodge, its Master, Wardens, and Members, for the use of the Lodge forever, as a burial-place for such of its members as might express a desire to be placed there at death, or for those without near relatives who might die in circumstances which would make it the duty of Columbian Lodge to render to their remains the last rites of the Order.

This munificent gift was a most gratifying and pleasant surprise to the Brethren, as no one present, the Worshipful Master excepted, had received any intimation of the liberal and generous plans contemplated by Bro. PRATT.

The announcement was received with applause by the Members, and on motion of Bro. ROBERT C. NICHOLS the Worshipful Master was requested, by a unanimous vote, to present to Bro. PRATT the Thanks of the Lodge, from the East. Worshipful Bro. COOPER performed the duty assigned him, in a very feeling and sympathetic manner, voicing the sentiments of the Lodge in words which met the most sincere and cordial approval of all the Brethren.

On the further motion of Bro. NICHOLS, the Executive of the Lodge were instructed to prepare a suitable Minute to be presented to Bro. PRATT, expressive of the sentiments of the Lodge, which was also ordered by a unanimous vote.

At the following Regular Communication, held on June 5, 1890, the Worshipful Master, Bro. J. George Cooper, presented the following

MINUTE.

In Columbian Lodge, Boston,
June 5, 1890.

The Committee charged with the preparation of a suitable Minute in behalf of the Lodge, in reference to the gift of

Brother Franklin S. Pratt,

having attended to that duty, fraternally offer the following:

In the beautiful Cemetery at Mount Auburn there are many Monuments which testify to that love which our Ancient Grand Master, Solomon, King of Israel, tells us "is stronger than death." These mementoes stand in everlasting silence, yet they are forever eloquent witnesses to the devotion which placed them beside the graves of those who, "though lost to sight, are still to memory dear." As we read the simple lines which record the virtues of the departed, we feel our sympathy kindle; and when the eye falls upon some touching tribute to a loved one, we feel no surprise that affection has striven to preserve the remembrance of those traits which once brightened the home and illumined the lives of those who were left, with a radiance that even the bitter waters of death could never quench. But *these* sacred tablets are erected by the hands of those whom natural affection had bound heart to heart.

As the visitor to that quiet sleeping place shall hereafter stand by the Monument which Columbian should place on its lot, on some not distant day, and read the inscription which shall recite that *Fraternal* and *Masonic* love prompted the heart of our Brother PRATT to bestow upon our Lodge the largest gift it has ever yet received, and to provide the last resting place for some Brother whom it is more than probable he has never seen, and whose only claim upon him was that he had knelt at the same altar and assumed the same indissoluble vows, — can such an one fail to realize that the Masonic friendship and the Fraternal ties of the Members of Columbian Lodge are not mere empty words, — sounding phrases which are only spoken to the ear, — but rather have the profoundest significance. As the old Greek Poet said, "They are full of voices to those who understand them." Like the stars of heaven, they may have no language which the uninitiated can decipher; but it is none the less true that "their sound has gone out through all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world."

Such a Memorial can never be passed with indifference or contempt. It needs no "hieroglyphic bright" to attract attention. The simple story will be an inspiration in itself, and will constantly teach a lesson to the outer world of that Charity which is the greatest of those three blessed graces, so impressively taught in the limited fellowship which gathers in the sanctuary of the Lodge.

Your Committee remember that, by an unanimous vote, the grateful thanks of the Lodge were rendered to Brother PRATT, through our Worshipful Master, at the last Communication; and they do not therefore recommend the adoption of a similar Vote again, but they suggest that this Minute be

spread upon the Records, and a copy transmitted to Bro. PRATT; and they further recommend that a Committee be appointed to place upon the Lot a suitable Monument. Without wishing to guide the Lodge, and fully recognizing that a more careful consideration may propose some far more acceptable design, they suggest that possibly a rough ashlar, suitably inscribed, would be appropriate, as typifying the modest way in which this liberal gift was offered, without display, or even an intimation to any one but the Master, that so generous a deed was even contemplated by the donor.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. GEORGE COOPER,
For the Committee.

The Minute presented by the Worshipful Master was adopted by a unanimous vote, and on motion of Wor. Bro. E. BENTLEY YOUNG, it was voted that it should be handsomely engrossed, and a copy sent to Bro. PRATT.

In accordance with the foregoing vote, the Minute was beautifully engrossed by Bro. STUDLEY, and suitably framed; and at the convenience of Bro. PRATT, the Committee waited upon him and presented it.

It was not long before this generous gift of our Brother bore fruit. At the Annual Meeting in the following December, the Worshipful Master made another very gratifying announcement to the Lodge. He had referred the unfinished business of erecting a suit-

able Monument to the incoming Executive, as a special Committee, and he was pleased to say further, that their labors would be lightened by the kindness of another liberal Brother, whose name he was not at liberty to give, who had kindly volunteered to bear the entire expense of providing such a Monument as the Committee might approve. In view of the interest which Bro. PRATT had in the matter, he had added him to the Committee.

This announcement was a surprise not less gratifying to the Members than the original gift of Bro. PRATT, and on motion the appointment was duly approved, and Wor. Bro. COOPER, the retiring Master, was also added to the Committee.

The Committee thus appointed gave the subject their immediate attention. Bro. WILLIAM WHITE, the Senior Warden, and Wor. Bro. LOCKE, the Master who succeeded Wor. Bro. COOPER, were very solicitous to obtain a suitable "rough ashlar," which should carry out the suggestion made in the Minute approved by the Lodge. It was finally decided to obtain, if possible, a boulder, "in its rude and natural state;" and after extensive correspondence, and several journeys to inspect those which were offered, one was at last obtained and ordered to be placed upon the Lot. On its face was placed a handsome Tablet of bronze, inscribed with the name of the Lodge, and date of its foundation, together with the Square and Compasses, as the most

fitting emblems of the Order, the simplicity of this device being that most acceptable to the donor.

At the Regular Communication of the Lodge in June, 1892, Wor. Bro. Isaac H. Locke announced to the Lodge that the Monument had been erected, and the Lot was ready for consecration. The Committee in charge were prepared to present their report, by exhibiting it to the Brethren; and as an event of so much interest in the history of the Lodge deserved special notice, he proposed that the Lodge should celebrate the approaching Feast of Saint John Baptist, on the 24th of June, 1892, by appropriate Ceremonies of Consecration. He had requested Wor. Bro. E. Bentley Young to deliver an Oration at the Lot at Mount Auburn, and Rt. Wor. Bro. Marvin to read a Poem; he had also invited the Chaplains of the Lodge, the Rev. Bro. Geo. J. Prescott, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, of Boston, and his Assistant, the Rev. Bro. S. Stanley Searing, Assistant Chaplain, to take charge of the religious ceremonies, and to officiate in the Consecration.

Arrangements were accordingly made to carry into effect the suggestions of the Worshipful Master. A Dispensation was obtained from M. W. Bro. Samuel Wells, Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, authorizing the Lodge to form in procession, in regalia, and repair to the spot, and on the afternoon of Friday, the 24th of June, a large number of Brethren, — up-

wards of seventy being present,— took special cars to Mount Auburn, where a Procession was formed under the direction of Bro. NICHOLS, the Marshal, and marched to the Lot, where the ceremonies of Consecration were carried out in accordance with the plans of the Master, as they had been announced to the Lodge.

The afternoon was perfect; the sunlight streaming through the trees which shade the spot, was tempered by fleecy clouds; many of the Brethren had invited their wives to be present, and the group of ladies and other friends, who had been attracted to the place by their regard for the Lodge and its Members, and their sympathy and interest in the occasion, brightened the scene, and made the event one to be long remembered by those who were privileged to be present.

At the Lot, seats had been provided by the Committee in charge, and arranged around the place so as to accommodate all the Brethren in attendance, and the ladies and their friends took places behind the Members. The boulder was appropriately decorated for the occasion, with twining plants and flowers.

The services of Consecration began with a Musical selection, sung by the Temple Quartette, and were followed with Prayer and appropriate Collects, offered by the Assistant Chaplain, the Rev. Bro. S. STANLEY SEARING. Another selection was sung by the Quartette, and then Wor. Bro. E. BENTLEY YOUNG delivered the Oration, followed again by music; Rt. Wor. Bro. W.



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T. R. MARVIN read a Poem, after which the Chaplain, the Rev. Bro. GEORGE J. PRESCOTT, offered the Prayer of Consecration. The Lodge then united in singing:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Bro. PRATT was then called upon, without previous notice from the Master, and responded in feeling words, expressing his deep attachment to Freemasonry and to Columbian Lodge, and the pleasure which he felt in offering the Lot for the use of the Lodge; the

Worshipful Master next introduced the donor of the Monument, Bro. JOHN H. COLLAMORE, whose name until then had been unknown to most of the Brethren, who also made a suitable response. The Chaplain, the Rev. Bro. PRESCOTT, pronounced the Benediction, the Procession was re-formed, and the Lodge returned to Boston as it had come.

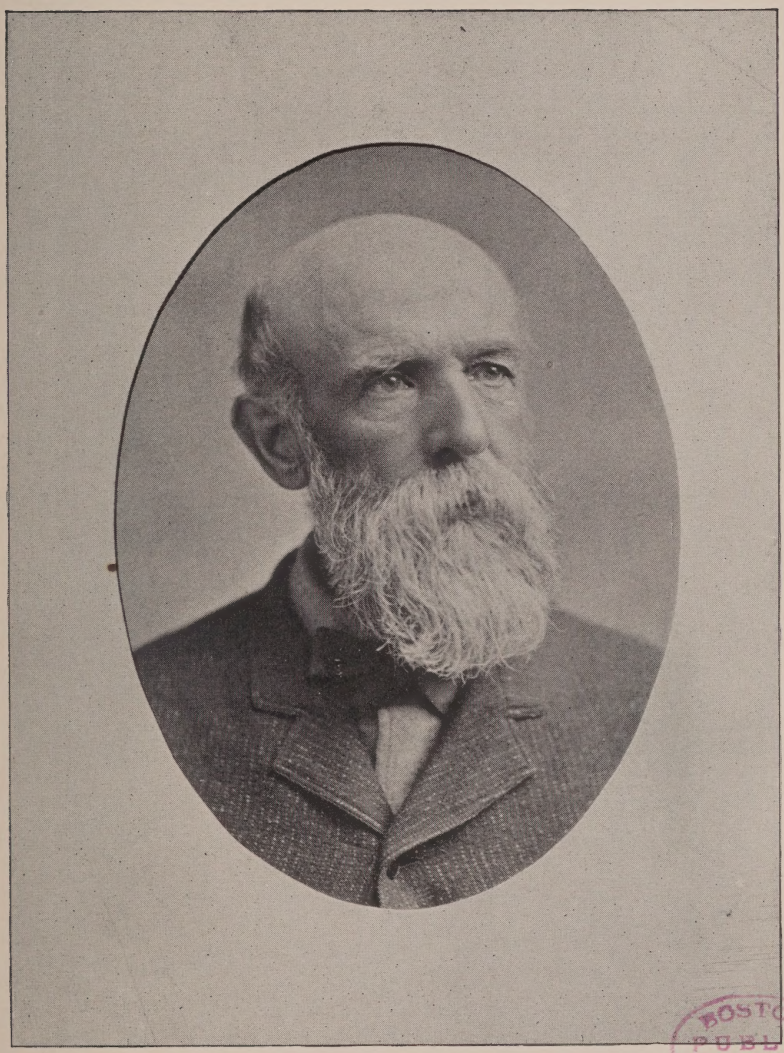
Previous to retiring from the Cemetery, on motion of Bro. ROBERT C. NICHOLS, the Thanks of the Lodge were tendered to the Orator and Poet for their services, and the Executive were requested to ask for copies of the Oration and Poem, that they might be printed and distributed to the Members of the Lodge.

These will be found on the following pages.

Respectfully submitted,

ISAAC H. LOCKE, W. M.
WILLIAM WHITE, S. W.
J. FOSTER BUSH, J. W.

Committee.



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John H. Collamore

ORATION.

ORATION.

Brethren of Columbian Lodge:

We are met to-day under peculiar circumstances. This burial lot, now the property of Columbian Lodge, we are to consecrate forever to the purposes for which it was designed. This monument we are to dedicate to the perpetuation of that fact among men, so long as the Lodge shall have an existence. Our presence, in such goodly numbers, testifies to our belief in the appropriateness of the ceremonial; it further testifies to our recognition of the courteous consideration of the Brothers who gave the lot and erected the monument, and thereby manifested their appreciation of and devotion to the purposes for which our noble Fraternity was organized in the beginning.

Vain are all our pretensions as Masons, if we forget the demands of the sick, or the unfortunate. The generous Brother who gave the lot has not been unmindful of them. His heart beats true to the obligations he has assumed. Masonry is, with him, a vivid thing, holding him fast, and leading him into action that shall inure to the benefit of his brother-man. Here, through his kindness, in this beautiful city of the dead, may we as a Lodge, deposit the remains of a departed Brother and say over him our impressive burial service, thus exemplifying the teaching of our ritual, which bids us not only "soothe the unhappy, sympathize with their misfortunes, compassionate their miseries, and restore peace to their troubled minds," but provide, if need be, "decent sepulture for their remains."

Happily and appropriately has his generosity been supplemented by the donation of the monument; and so to-day, we, as a Lodge, may justly rejoice in the possession of this property which is formally set apart by these ceremonies.

How attractive the spot in which to bury our dead! No cemetery more reposeful, perhaps, in all the world than this! Poets have been inspired to sing

its praises; orators have alluded in melodious phrase to the quiet beauty of this peaceful resting-place. These graceful trees; these delightful stretches of grass; these monuments to the dead; beautiful, many of them, as works of art; more beautiful, all of them, as testifying to the deep-seated belief which binds us together and makes us all, whether in heaven above or on earth beneath, one great family of worshipers of the Supreme Ruler of all things:—these beautiful surroundings, I say, make this, our burial lot, especially attractive and interesting. No neglect will ever be known in this spot. No Masonic Brother will be forgotten here. Unfortunate he may have been while on earth, but more than fortunate at last in finding a resting-place where his memory will be perpetuated so long as Masonry shall endure.

The great and noble are buried here. They walked the earth admired by their fellow-men. They did, perhaps, great deeds in behalf of humanity, or were sources of inspiration to others, by speech or song. But now they rest from their labors. They sleep in peace. With such, our Brothers shall rest, as great at last as they. For death, we are told, reduces all to

the same level. "Naught exists after death but the good one has done."

"All things that are on earth,
Shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God,
Which shall live and last for aye."

Such is the resting-place in the future, for the dead of our Lodge who may have no place of their own in which to lie. Kind hands shall care for them here; warm hearts shall throb for them, as the last words are spoken. The emblem of green shall be silently deposited with their remains, in token of our belief in the immortality of the soul; for they and we must meet some time again to renew our intercourse, or our faith is in vain.

We dedicate this lot to-day, then, for a specific purpose. That purpose, no doubt, will be recognized in a general way by those who may know its location. Hundreds, yea thousands, will pass along these gravelled walks in their search for something of interest in this historic Auburn, but this lot will mean no more to them than many others, unless they know something of the institution to which it belongs. Their



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eyes may rest upon this great boulder as do ours at the present time. If, by chance, they note the Masonic emblems engraven upon its surface, they may, if familiar with their significance, conclude that Masonry has selected this spot for burial purposes; but they will be certain to exclaim upon the selection of the *rock* for monumental purposes. Strange monument indeed! and yet strikingly appropriate, when we stop to think to what it testifies.

Nature unadorned reflects the power and grandeur of God, as nothing else can do. Where is the man who does not stand in awe of God's majesty, when all nature twists and writhes in the angry embrace of the tornado; when the lurid lightning of the tempest illumines earth and sky, and the terrific thunder shakes the earth in the immensity of its power?

This boulder, in time past, must have been set free from the mantle of ice by which it was transported during the glacial epoch, from some region far away in the north, only perchance to tear its way down some mountain's side, rending tree and earth in its progress to a lower level; there to rest an awful memorial of the power of God to accomplish His designs.

This boulder, then, transported from its resting-place to this tranquil spot, is a symbol of God's resistless will; it tells of the futility of man's purposes, when opposed to God's; it teaches one to bow in lowly adoration to the Supreme Ruler, and acknowledge Him in all His ways. It is appropriately placed in this, our burial lot, to testify to our recognition of the God in nature, and our belief in, and reverence for His goodness. Here it rests peacefully, mighty though it may have been in the past in the energy it has manifested. So too shall our Brothers rest peacefully in this hallowed spot, great though their influence may have been in life.

Our ritual, Brethren, abounds in important and valuable lessons. Gems of wisdom sparkle among its teachings. The initiate listens to the impressive words of the Master, as he passes the threshold of the institution. The ceremonial to which he is subjected teaches him that a recognition of, and a belief in God is essential, if he would subscribe in truth to the tenets of Masonry. But this is not enough; he must carry into practice all of the important teachings of God's Holy Book, if he would become perfect in his new sphere of action. He

must be true to his relations in life. He must be a good citizen, a kind parent, a considerate brother in society affiliations. He must respond promptly to the calls of charity; must, in short, do all in his power to elevate the condition of man, and relieve distress, not only among his own Brethren, but in the world at large.

Such are among the earlier teachings of our institution, and this gathering to-day goes to show that we are not merely Brothers in name, but in very truth are ready to put into practice the moral lessons we have received in our passage through the Masonic institution. Our principles are founded on the noble utterances of the ages all along. They are all that is necessary to make us a power for good in the world.

Have we reached the zenith of our power and influence? Must our great institution fall from its present high estate? There are those who believe it. They, no doubt, would have it so, being jealous of its vast membership and great influence. Looking at the question broadly, however, there are many reasons which go to show that Masonry, in its essence, must live.

Its adaptation to the wants of human nature is one proof of its power of endurance. Were it not so adapted, its membership would not have increased so rapidly in recent years.

Its antiquity, also, proves its power of perpetuation. Designing men have cried out against it, but it stands to-day upon a firmer base than ever before in its history.

Again, its wealth must not be overlooked. Where money is abundant, there is power, either for good or evil. What institution has a better foundation than ours, in this respect? What society meets with a more liberal response from its constituency, when appeals are made for pecuniary support. Its large funds, devoted to charitable purposes, prove it to be a power for good rather than evil. It does not seek advancement by neglecting the calls of charity. On the contrary, it responds nobly to such demands whenever made.

Its membership, too, is composed of many of the great and good in the land. Time does not permit me to enumerate the names of the jurists, statesmen, clergymen and scholars, who are enrolled under its banner. Such men would not suffer themselves to

be identified with Masonry, were its purposes not pure and productive of good.

Those who originated Freemasonry builded better than they knew. It was verily founded upon a rock. It has risen from this firm foundation to proportions gigantic. Like a mighty tower it reaches unto the clouds, attracting the attention of the world and exciting the admiration of thousands.

In vain have the influential, in their day, assayed to accomplish its overthrow. In vain must all future attempts of the same nature be. It is destined to go on, increasing in power, in membership, and hence in ability to ameliorate the condition of mankind, until it shall count within its folds more than a million of men; until it has securely gained the confidence of all fair-minded men; until its claims as a moral and relief-affording Fraternity are acknowledged without dispute. Talk not of the fall of mighty Rome to the Masonic devotee. Ambition and corruption caused *its* overthrow.

Sallust says:—"Non exercitus, neque thesauri, praesidia regni sunt, verum amici." "The safety of a kingdom is not in its armies, nor its treasures, but its friends." Masonry counts its friends by thousands.

It builds upon the foundation of friendship pure and loyal. Its constituency is devoted to it in all sincerity, and it must endure.

It is well for us, Brethren, upon occasions like the present, to turn for a few minutes to the consideration of what the association, to which we belong, really is. We have passed to-day one more prominent milestone in our history as a Lodge. This act of dedication speaks in no uncertain manner of our aims and purposes; and it is because of this event in our history, that I have thought it proper to allude to the claims of Freemasonry for permanency as an institution in the land.

We are soon to go forth from this fair city of the dead, to take up the duties of life in our respective avocations. Shall it not be with still greater confidence in the power of our Fraternity to adapt itself to the needs of mankind; with a more sincere devotion to its interests, and an emphatic approval of the acts of our Brothers whose generosity has called us together to-day, to perform these ceremonies of consecration? Above all, has not the time spent here this afternoon served to bring vividly to mind the endur-

ing nature of the bond that unites us,—"brotherly love, relief and truth."

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string,
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high."

POEM.



POEM.

"*In silentio et in spe vestra fortitudo est.*"

How silently the speeding shadows fly,
That fall with quivering light across our path;
Now gliding softly through the whispering leaves,
Making a tesseled pavement of the sward;
Now fading from our sight, without a trace
To show where late they lingered:—So our lives
Speed to their evening. Then the darksome clouds
That gathered o'er us, on our pilgrim way,
Hiding the future from our wistful eyes,
Put on their gorgeous dyes—purple and gold,
Robing their monarch, sinking in the West;
Giving faint glimpses through the gates ajar,
Of that fair clime where earthly sorrows cease,
And trials ended, weary hearts find rest.

In every human life some rain must fall;
Some piercing pang, some anguish deep, and pain,

Attend our steps, whate'er the winding road
That leads us onward. How shall these be borne?
With faltering hearts, and weak and trembling hands,
Or courage bold, and dauntless mien, and strength
That like the rock, defiant of the storm,
And levin-brand, and tooth of time, stands firm
Through centuries' flight, stern and unmoved, and calm?
Attend the lesson of yon silent stone.—
"In patient courage, and in hope endure."

In the beginning, when, formless and void,
The universe in darkness lay, and like
A dove, the Blessed Spirit brooded o'er
The watery waste, and face of chaos wild,
Jehovah's fiat came; "Let there be light!"
And straightway, forth from out the Orient
Came myriad golden arrows, tipped with flame;
A rosy flush; and then upon the world new made,
Outburst the glorious sun, in kingly power,
And like a bridegroom, from his chamber sprang:
Before his radiant beams the coward mists
Affrighted, fled; and some were in the sea
Engulfed. While sullenly, half-conquered, some
Rose to the firmament, to bide a time,
When from their wandering bands, ruin might pour,
With flaming thunderbolts, and deluge dire
Upon the world, that smiling turned to greet
Its Maker. On that sunrise fair, serene,

The first that lit Creation with the dawn of day,
No eye of mortal man rejoicing gazed;
Not yet had God His miracle entire
Achieved; not yet complete perfection crowned
His mighty act, when with sweet harmonies
The morning stars together sang, and all
The Sons of God shouted with joy, to see
His finished work, and hear His voice declare
His labor ended — "Very good," at last.

Slowly the waters backward rolled. The hills,
"Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun," appeared.
Then, lifted high, a frowning cliff beheld
The verdant plains, and giant palms, whose leaves
Concealed the monsters that beneath them basked;
While birds with plumage bright, on joyous wing
Made morning musical with songs of love;
And Eden waited for the last great work,
Jehovah's image. Pure and sinless now
Behold him standing in that Paradise.

We may not linger. On the scene so fair
There came the blight of sin. The mossy rock
Beheld the Fall of man; the guarded gate;
The flaming sword that kept the Tree of Life;
And our first parents driven from their home.

On all the universe the sentence fell
Of death; and no created thing might win

Release from that dread edict. Fading flowers
And falling leaves, and crumbling stones, and all
The direful train of ills, disease and pain,
Pronounced its doom. The stars withdrew their light;
And nature shuddered in her wintry chains.
Forth from the north the glacier glides, to wrap
In icy shroud that universe so fair,
Remorseless moving on its sluggish path
No power restrains it. From its ancient home
The Rock is torn, and downward falling, rolls,
Lost from the sunlight, hopeless of release.

Not hopeless. For the glorious promise comes
The Woman's Seed shall yet the serpent's head
Tread in the dust; and man, redeemed and saved
O'er death itself shall triumph, in that day
That yet shall dawn upon a ransomed earth.

Once more the Glorious Lord of Life and Light
Pours forth His radiant beams. Once more we see
Fair nature smile: beneath the warmth of spring
The flowers spangle all the dewy mead;
The acacia blooms; the "darkness flies away;"
From winter's chains the sparkling streamlet breaks;
And from its icy tomb, where long it lay
Forgotten, comes the rounded Rock, once more;
Perfected in its prison: symbol fit
Of endless life.

However dark the night
That closes round us, morning comes at last,
And angel faces smile, that now, unseen,
Await our coming in the land of light.

Oh, Brothers, shall not we the lesson learn,
As here we stand, beneath these bending trees,
Beside the Rock — the ashlar, rude and rough,
Whose tablet bears the mystic emblem bright
That whispers Immortality? Oh Death,
Where is thy sting? Thy victory, boasting Grave?
The Rock of Ages stands unmoved, through all
Time's changes; and unshaken still shall stand
Till time shall be no more. Behind it lie
The fleeting shadows. But upon it falls
The Father's smile—the light of Heaven's own peace.