

Soon had he sunk beneath the fiendish force  
Of boist'rous elements in their rude course.  
They saw him cold, and faint, and hungry too—  
No brother stopped to ask what he should do ;  
But each seemed eager by some kindly act,  
To veil his agony, by calling back  
His mind from brooding over all his ills,  
Where nestled that vile care-worm which oft kills.  
His tale was sorrowful—'twas shortly told,—  
Misfortunes, losses,—all he did unfold ;  
How he had left his wife and little child—  
Distracting thought—it almost drove him wild.  
Pleak were his prospects ; bleaker far the night,  
The lightning glanced—he started with affright :  
Worn out and weary, still he trudged along,  
And as he neared their temple grew more strong ;  
Like to the men of old, he saw afar,  
And followed in its wake, his guiding star ;  
In want he came, his wants were all supplied ;  
In plenty went, and storm and flood defied ;  
Lodges, like gems, reflect their light on earth,  
Fraud's greatest enemy—the friend of worth.  
Thus, then, our Order, in the hour of want,  
Is Charity and Hope's sweet-sealing plant.

O Hope ! O Charity ! ye Heaven-born pair !  
Soothers of sorrow—beauteous and fair ;  
Man, but for your kind offices, would be  
The veriest wretches on life's troubled sea ;  
Does fortune frown ? in thee we find a prop,  
Thou blest and blessing, ever-living Hope ;  
Faith, thy kind sister, spreads her spell around,