

wishes, or complains. There no labor wearies, and no outward circumstances thwart exertion; nor losses, disappointments or betrayals sadden and dishearten. He is at rest.

In vain we endeavor to put away out of our sight the ghastly image of death, while every day and minute bring it nearer to us, as they brought it nearer to him, until unexpectedly the blow falls, and the news flashes over the land that we are dead. The years glide with swifter feet away from us as we grow older—like, the Scriptures say, unto the waters which run into the sea, and never turn backward to their spring—and momentarily we draw nearer to the great abyss of Eternity, soon to plunge into that ocean which casts back none of its dead upon its shores, and across whose illimitable expanse no voices of the lost ones come back to us to whisper consolation.

*Et quasi aquæ dilabuntur in terram, quæ non revertuntur.*

Illustrious Brother Worsham was a native of the State of Virginia—born at Broad Rock, Chesterfield County, Virginia, on the 7th of March, 1812. The larger portion of his life was spent in Tennessee, from which he was created a member of the Supreme Council in the year 1863. He removed from Tennessee to Arkansas not many months before his death.

No report of his sickness had reached us, and it is only known to us that he died of malarial fever. He had been in ill health—afflicted with rheumatism; he had recovered, and was supposed by us to be in good health, until we were startled and shocked with the information that he had died.

Illustrious Brother Worsham was elected Treasurer-General in May, 1870, having always been a zealous and devoted Mason. Not a scholar, or of a learned profession, nor ever holding public office, he had led an active life of business and labor, in which his integrity, and generosity, and fidelity to all trusts and confidences had gained him the esteem of all who knew him. But though not learned, he had read, and he well understood and fully appreciated and valued the varied instruction, the pure morals and profound philosophy and religious truths of the degrees of our Rite, and had its interests and advancement greatly at heart. Everywhere in Masoury he was a zealous and untiring worker.

A perfectly honest man, he was firm, stable and loyal in his friendships—true, honest and sincere. Tenaciously adhering to his conscientious convictions—sometimes, perhaps, with over-tenacity—he never hesitated, through pride of opinion, to admit an error when convinced of it. Quick and impulsive, he was kind and genial also, and his answers were never long-lived. Of pure and blameless morals, he was not in the least a Pharisee, and Truth and Charity were his distinguished characteristics.

He deserved the rank and place he had attained, and the love and confidence of his brethren of the Supreme Council, which he had in overflowing measure. As all our intercourse with him was pleasant, he leaves us no other than pleasant memories, and we shall sadly miss him when we meet again. Alas! there are others who will miss him more—the wife of his bosom, whom he idolized, and the children to whom he was exceedingly endeared. May He, who is the Father of the widow and the orphan, have them in His holy keeping!

Very dear Brethren, those of us who yet survive, and may soon follow him, need your sympathy, for we are sad and lonely. We seem, in the still watches of the night, to hear the voices and see the faces of our dead, whose bodies lie buried far apart, unconscious and unregardful of the sunshine and the rains alike. We are left to bear the burden alone, and we faint and are weary under its weight. One by one our helpers in the great task that we undertook fifteen years ago are passing away, and each blow recoils upon the survivors and disheartens them. So, when a great wind passes through the woods and overthrows part of the trees, those that remain standing are shaken and scarred, stripped of their leaves and maimed, with many branches torn away.

We live our little life, plant trees, that our thankful children or the unthankful stranger may recline under their shade; and build houses for others to inhabit, after we shall be forgotten;

*Mors sola fatetur  
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*

But it is better so to live and toil than that we alone should reap the fruits of our labors. We shall see our brother no more, nor clasp his hand, nor hear his kind