

BIOGRAPHIC.

"The fame is quenched that I foresaw.
The head has missed an Earthly wreath;
I curse not nature, no, nor Death;
For nothing is that errs from law."

—TENNYSON.

Lloyd E. Marsh was born in Elliot, Fillmore County, Minnesota, June 27th, 1865.

The family moved to Conover, Iowa, in 1866, where in the month of November the father died, leaving a widow with a young family to rear. This task has been performed with a credit that a witnessing public is pleased to acknowledge.

Mrs. Marsh moved with her family to Vernon Springs, Howard Co., Iowa, after the death of her husband, and it was here that when a boy, Lloyd received his preliminary schooling at the public school. This was supplemented by a three years course of training at the Cresco high school, in Howard County. One year more at the high school and he would have graduated. This however was denied him, as he went to teaching in a district school in the same county, where he taught two years.

In 1887 L. E. Marsh came to North Dakota, and taught a school for one or two terms near Clifford.

He went into the grain business after this and was engaged by Cargill Bros. He managed an elevator for them at Page City.

After leaving the employ of Cargill Bros., Mr. Marsh taught a term of school in Eger township, Steele Co., after which he became principal of the Hope, N. D., graded school, which position he has so ably filled for over three years.

In the summer of 1891 Mr. Marsh married Miss Lang and there was born unto them a few months ago, a son.

For three years or more he has been persistent in reading law. Last autumn, he commenced a course in law calculating to graduate and after admission to the bar to open a practice. He was already a technical lawyer in the general principals and groundwork of law. Not only had he confined his reading to law, but the major portion of his practical education was obtained by his own endeavors and constant application. His reading was of wide range, combining the necessary researches in his educational work, with heavy scientific, philosophic, legal and religious reading. If you wished an enjoyable conversation he was ready on almost any subject.

While in the regular routine of his daily labor, he is called to leave us. On Friday morning not feeling very well he called on Dr. Philip and told him he was not feeling well. The doctor, after examining him found his pulse and his temperature normal. He went to the school room and called the school as usual, started his work, but not feeling well enough to continue closed the school and went home. Late in the afternoon the doctor was called and found his temperature had risen to quite a degree. The doctor suggested that it was scarlet fever. His wife with the child went to her people, to escape the possible danger. On Saturday morning it was announced that Mr. Marsh had scarlet fever in a very malignant form. Despite every possible effort on the part of medical aid, on Sunday evening at 10-5 o'clock, Feby. 19th,—death relieved him. His contest with death was of short duration. Mr. Lang was in constant attendance, and Mr. Marsh's mother continued faithful and constant to the end of his life. She nursed him into the word, she watched and was with him through life and cared for him in his departure; such is mother's love.

The Masonic brethren engaged a nurse and were anxious that Mr. Marsh should want for nothing. He leaves a sorrowing widow and a son and a heartbroken mother.

OBITUARY.

"Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete."

Though dead, still in the memory of the Craft lives the virtues of the worthy. Brother Marsh possessed a character worthy of emulation. He lived at peace with all men. He exemplified everything by the rule of RIGHT. He acted on the SQUARE. He kept himself within due bounds towards all mankind. His Faith in God, his Hope in Immortality and his charity toward all were in themselves volumes.

Mrs. Marsh has raised a family of sons of whom any mother could be proud. They are all of them steadfast members of the Masonic body. And truly these brothers could well be proud of such a mother. A spirit of reciprocity was ever in existence between mother and children. This is commendable.

In the prime of life, on the threshold of manhood, with the general expectations of a grand future, and with the ambition of climbing high at the Bar; L. E. Marsh could picture an ideal home for himself and family. But with such suddenness the Scythe of Time does gather the harvest. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, are all, sooner or later, gathered into the land where our fathers have gone before us. That silent monitor awaits no man's convenience. Let us be prepared to welcome his advent, and take the silent journey, seeking greater light in the larger lodge space above where the Supreme Architect of the universe presides. When called to depart, may our trestle board have approved designs! May our character be a perfect Ashlar, like unto that of our departed brother's.

We are all born to die. We follow our friends to the brink of the grave and standing on the shores of a vast ocean; we gaze with exquisite anxiety until the last struggle is over and we see them sink into the fathomless abyss. We feel our own feet sliding from the precarious brink on which we stand, and a few more steps, and we will be whelmed beneath death's awful wave to rest in the stilly shades; a darkness and silence will reign around our melancholy abode. But is this the end of man and the aspiring hope of all faithful Masons? No! blessed be God we pause not our feet at the first or second steps; but true to our principles, look forward for greater light. As the embers of mortality are faintly glimmering in the sockets of existence, the Bible removes the dark cloud, draws aside the sable curtain of the tomb, bids Hope and Joy to rouse us, and sustains and cheers the departing spirit; it points beyond the silent grave and bids us turn our eyes with faith and confidence upon the opening scenes of our eternity.