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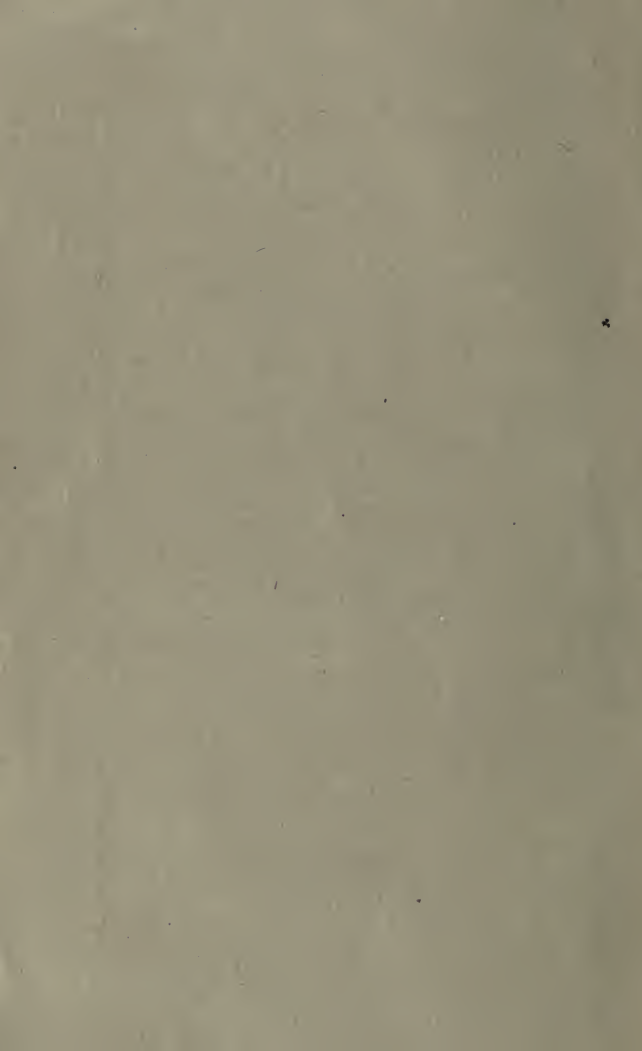
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The brethren having assembled at the Lodge-room, the Master opens the Lodge in the third degree of Masonry, and states the purpose for which it has been called together.

The service is then commenced, as follows :

Master. What man is he that liveth and shall not see death ? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave ?

Response. Man walketh in a vain shadow ; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them.

Master. When he dieth he shall carry nothing away ; his glory shall not descend after him.

Response. Naked came he into the world, and naked must he return.

Master. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Solemn music may here be introduced, after which the Master, taking the SACRED ROLL in his hand, says:

Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like theirs.

Response. God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.

The Master then records the name and age of the deceased upon the roll, and says :

Almighty Father! into thy hands we commend the soul of our beloved brother.

Response. (Repeated thrice, giving the Grand Honors each time.) The will of God is accomplished! So mote it be! Amen!

The Master then deposits the roll in the archives, and repeats the following prayer:

Most glorious God ! Author of all good, and Giver of all mercy ! Pour down Thy blessing upon us, we beseech Thee, and strengthen our solemn engagements with the ties of sincere affection ! Endow us with fortitude and resignation in this our dark hour of sorrow ; and grant that this afflicting dispensation from Thy hands may be sanctified in its results upon the hearts of those who now meet here to mourn ! May the present instance of mortality remind us of our own approaching fate, and draw our attention toward Thee, the only refuge in time of need ; that when the awful moment shall

arrive at which we, too, must quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of Thy mercy may dispel the gloom of death; and that, after our departure hence, in peace and in thy favor, we may be received into Thy everlasting kingdom, to enjoy the just reward of a virtuous and pious life. Amen!

Response. So mote it be.

Solemn music may here again be introduced, during which a procession is formed. If the body be not in the Lodge room, the procession will move to the house of the deceased, and thence with his remains to the place of sepulture, in the following order:

The Tyler with a drawn sword;

Stewards with white Rods;

Musicians,

(If Masons; otherwise they will follow the Tyler;)

Master Masons;]

Junior Deacon; (Holy Writings) Senior Deacon;

With blue Rods;

Secretary and Treasurer;

Junior and Senior Wardens;

Past Masters;

The Master;

The Reverend Clergy;

The Body;

With the insignia placed thereon;

Pall Bearers; Pall Bearers;

Mourners.

The Brethren should not leave their places during the procession. Upon arriving at the place of burial, the members of the Lodge will form a circle around the grave; the clergyman and officers of the Lodge will proceed to its head, and the mourners will be placed at its foot. The services will then be resumed by the Master, as follows :

Once more, my brethren, have we assembled to perform the last sad and solemn duties to the dead, The mournful notes which betoken the departure of a spirit from its earthly tabernacle have again alarmed our outer door, and another has been taken to swell the numbers in that unknown land whither our fathers have gone before us.

Our brother has reached the end of life. The brittle thread which bound him to earth has been severed; and the liberated spirit has winged its flight to the undiscovered world. The silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain; and the wheel is broken at the cistern. The dust has returned to the earth, as it was; and the spirit has returned to the God who gave it.

While we deplore the loss of our beloved brother, and pay this fraternal tribute to his memory, let us not forget, my brethren, that we, too, are mortal; that our bodies, now so strong and vigorous, must ere long, like his, become tenants of the narrow grave; and that our spirits too, like his, must

return to the God who spake them into existence. "Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." The Almighty *fiat* has gone forth—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;"—and that we are all subject to that dread decree, the solemn cause of our present meeting, the daily observation of our lives, and the mournful mounds which indicate this population of the dead, furnish evidence not to be forgotten.

Seeing then, my brethren, that life is so uncertain, and that all earthly pursuits are vain, let us no longer postpone the all-important concern of preparing for eternity; but let us embrace the present moment, while time and opportunity are offered, to provide against that great change when all the pomps and pleasure of this fleeting world will pall upon the sense, and the recollection of a virtuous and well spent life will yield the only comfort and consolation. Thus we shall not be hurried, unprepared, into the presence of that all-wise and powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known; and on the great day of reckoning we shall be ready to give a good account of our stewardship while here on earth.

With becoming reverence, then, let us supplicate the Divine Grace to insure the favor of that Eternal

Being whose goodness and power knows no bounds; that, on the arrival of the momentous hour when the fading taper of human life shall faintly glimmer in the socket of existence, our Faith may remove the dark shroud, draw aside the sable curtains of the tomb, and bid Hope sustain and cheer the departing spirit.

This city of the dead, my brethren, has an overwhelming emphasis in its solemn silence. It tells us of the gathering, within its embrace, of the parents' fondest hopes; of the dis severance of all earthly ties to the departed ones who gave us birth; of the darkness into which the bright prospects of the loving husband and the devoted wife have suddenly been engulfed; of the unavailing grief of the affectionate brother and the tender sister; of the dread sleep of death which here envelopes the subjects of many an early, many an instantaneous call into eternity, given in the midst of health, of gayety, and of brightest hopes.

And our departed brother, where is he? All that remains of him, here on earth, is now inclosed in that narrow coffin, a lifeless mass of clay. The deep, the agonizing sorrow of those to whom he was most near and dear—the scalding tears which have been shed upon his last earthly tenement—the manly and fraternal grief of his brethren of the Mystic tie—are all by him unheeded. His every

faculty has fled; the purple current which sustained his life has ceased to flow; the tongue, which was wont to give utterance to the emotions and feelings of the heart, performs no more its functions; the eyes, which so late reflected the movements of the intelligent principle within, are now closed in death;—unfitted to remain longer upon earth, we lay him reverently beneath its surface. A little, narrow spot is all that he now can fill; the clod will hide him from our view, and the places which have known him here will know him no more forever.

We consign him to the grave—to the long sleep of death; and so profound will be that sleep that the giant thread of the earthquake, even, shall not disturb it. There will he slumber until the Arch-Angel's trump shall usher in that eventful morn, when, by our Supreme Grand Master's word, he will be raised to that blissful Lodge which no time can remove, and which to those worthy of admission will remain open during the boundless ages of eternity. In that Heavenly Sanctuary, the Mystic Light, unmingled with darkness, will reign unbroken and perpetual. There, amid the sun-beam smiles of Immutable Love, under the benignant bend of the All-seeing Eye, in that temple, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens — there, my brethren, may Almighty God, of His infinite mercy, grant that we may finally meet, to part no more.

The following invocations are then rehearsed by the Master, and responded to by the brethren.

Master. May we be true and faithful, and may we live and die in love !

Response. So mote it be!

Master. May we profess only that which is good, and may we always act in accordance with our professions!

Response. So mote it be!

Master. May the Lord bless and prosper us, and may all our good intentions be crowned with success!

Response. So mote it be!

Master. Glory be to God in the highest! on earth, peace and good will toward men!

Response. So mote it be, now, henceforth, and forevermore. Amen!

The apron is then taken from the coffin and handed to the Master ; the coffin is deposited in the grave; and the Master continues:

This Lamb-skin (or white apron) is an emblem of Innocence, and the peculiar badge of a Mason. It is more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle, and, when worthily worn, more honorable than Star or Garter, or any other order which earthly power can confer. This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased brother. (*Drops it in*

the grave.) By this act we are reminded of the universal dominion of Death. The arm of Friendship cannot oppose the King of Terrors; the shield of Fraternal Love cannot protect his victim, nor can the charms of innocence avert his fatal touch. All, all must die. This grave, that coffin, and this circle of mourning friends remind us that we too are mortal, and that ere long our bodies also shall moulder into dust. How important then it is for us to know that our Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

(Taking the sprig of Acacia in his hand.)

This Evergreen, which once marked the temporary resting place of one illustrious in Masonic history, is an emblem of our enduring faith in the immortality of the soul. By it we are reminded that we have an immortal part within us, which shall survive the grave, and which will never, never die. By it we are admonished that, though like our brother, whose remains now lie before us, we too shall soon be clothed in the habiliments of death, and be deposited in the silent tomb, yet, through the loving goodness of our Supreme Grand Master, we may confidently hope that, like this evergreen, our souls will hereafter flourish in eternal spring.

[The brethren here move in procession around the grave, each depositing therein a sprig of evergreen.]

The Secretary then drops the Roll upon the coffin; and then the public Grand Honors are given.]

The ceremony is then continued by the Master, as follows:

From time immemorial it has been the custom among the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a brother, to accompany his remains to the place of interment, and there to deposit them with the usual formalities of the Craft.

In conformity to this usage, and in accordance with the duty which we owe to our departed brother, whose loss we now most deeply do deplore, we have assembled in the character of Masons to offer up to his memory, before the world, the last sad tribute of our affection; thereby demonstrating the sincerity of our past esteem for him, and our steady attachment to the principles of our beloved Order.

The Great Creator having been pleased, in His infinite wisdom, to remove our brother from the cares and troubles of this transitory life, thus severing another link in the fraternal chain by which we are bound together—let us, who survive him, be yet more strongly cemented by the ties of union, friendship, and brotherly love; that, during the brief space allotted to us here, we may wisely and usefully employ our time, and, in the reciprocal

intercourse of kind and friendly acts, mutually promote the welfare and happiness of each other.

Unto the grave we have consigned the body of our deceased brother—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust:—there to remain until the last trump shall sound on the resurrection morn. We can trustfully leave him in the hands of a beneficent Being, who has done all things well; who is glorious in His holiness, wondrous in His power, and boundless in His goodness; and it should only be our endeavor so to improve the solemn warning now before us that, on the great day of account, we too may be found worthy to inherit the Kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world.

To the bereaved relatives of him we mourn, who now stand heart-stricken by the heavy hand which has thus been laid upon them, we have but little of this world's consolation to present. We deeply, sincerely, and most affectionately sympathize with them in this afflicting dispensation; and we put up our most fervent prayers that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" will look down with compassion upon the widow and the fatherless, in this their hour of desolation, and will fold the benevolent arms of His love and protection around those who are thus bereft of their earthly stay.

The Master, or Chaplain, will then repeat the following prayer:

Almighty and Eternal God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and before whom all men must appear at the Judgment-day to render an account of their deeds while in this life—we, who are daily exposed to the flying shafts of death, and who now surround the grave of one who has fallen in our midst, do most humbly beseech Thee to impress deeply on our minds the solemnities of this day, and to grant that their remembrance may be the means of turning our thoughts from the fleeting vanities of the present world to the lasting glories of the world to come. Let us be continually reminded of the frail tenure by which we hold our earthly existence; that in the midst of life we are in death; and that however *upright* may have been our walk, and however *square* our conduct, we must all submit as victims to the great destroyer, and endure the humble *level* of the tomb. Grant us Thy divine assistance, O most merciful God, to redeem our mis-spent time; and in the discharge of the important duties which thou hast assigned us in the erection of our moral edifice, wilt Thou give us *wisdom* to direct us, *strength* to support us, and the *beauty* of holiness to adorn our labors and render them acceptable in Thy sight. And when our *work* on earth is done, and our bodies shall go down to mingle with their kindred dust, may our immortal souls, freed from their cumbrous clay, be received

into Thy keeping, to rest forever in that spiritual house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Amen!

Response. So mote it be!

The Master then approaches the head of the grave and says:

Soft and safe to you, my brother, be this earthy bed! Bright and glorious be thy rising from it! Fragrant be the cassia sprig that here shall flourish! May the earliest buds of Spring unfold their beauties o'er this your resting place, and here may the sweetness of the Summer's last rose linger longest! Though the cold blasts of Autumn may lay them in the dust, and for a time destroy the loveliness of their existence, yet the destruction is not final, and in the Spring they shall surely bloom again. So, in the bright morning of the world's resurrection, your mortal frame, now laid in the dust by the chilling blast of Death, shall spring again into newness of life, and expand in immortal beauty, in realms beyond the skies. Until then, dear brother, until then, farewell!



(*Benediction.*) The Lord bless us and keep us—the Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us—the Lord lift upon us the light of His countenance and give us peace.

Response. Amen! So mote it be.

Thus the services end. The procession will re-form and return to the Lodge-Room, and the Lodge will be closed in the customary manner.

The public Grand Honors of Masonry are given thus:—Cross the arms upon the breast, the left arm outermost, the hands being open and palms inward; then raise them above the head, the palms of the hands striking each other; and then let them fall sharply upon the thighs, the head being bowed. This will be thrice done, and, at funerals, the action will be accompanied with the following ejaculation:—"The will of God is accomplished. So mote it be. Amen."








FUNERAL DIRGE.

● AIR—"Pleyel's German Hymn."

1. Solemn strikes the fun'ral chime,
Notes of our departing time;
As we journey here below,
Through a pilgrimage of woe.
2. Mortals now indulge a tear,
For mortality is here;
See how wide their trophies wave
O'er the slumbers of the grave.
3. Here another Guest we bring !
Seraphs of celestial wing,
To our fun'ral altar come;
Waft a Friend and Brother home
4. Far beyond the grave there lie
Brighter mansions in the sky;
Where, enthroned, the Deity
Gives man immortality.
5. There, enlarged, his soul will see
What was veiled in mystery;
Heavenly glories of the place
Show his Maker "face to face."
6. God of life's ETERNAL DAY!
Guide us, lest from Thee we stray,
By a false, delusive light,
To the shades of endless night.
7. Calm, the GOOD MAN meets his fate;
Guards celestial round him wait.
See, he bursts those mortal chains,
And o'er Death the vict'ry gains!
8. Lord of all below, above,
Fill our souls with truth and Love;
As dissolves our earthly tie,
Take us to Thy LODGE ON HIGH!

NOTE.—It is customary to sing only the 1st, 3d and 8th stanzas. On funeral occasions the first two of these may be sung on entering the burial-ground, while moving in procession; and the last during the ceremonies at the grave.





A CLOSING HYMN.

AIR—"Home, Sweet Home."

Farewell, till again we shall welcome the time,
Which brings us once more to our fame-cherished shrine;
And tho' from each other we distant may roam,
Again may all meet in this, our dear love'd home;



Home, home—sweet, sweet home;
May ev'ry dear brother find joy and peace at home.

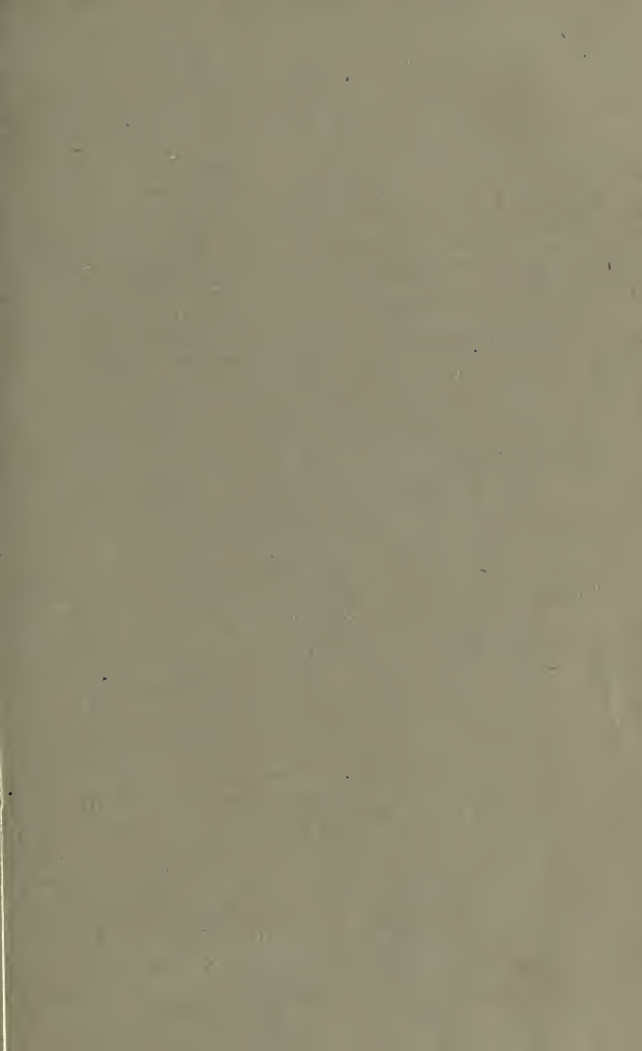
And when our last parting on earth shall draw nigh,
And we shall be called to the Grand Lodge on high,
May each be prepared when the summons shall come
To meet the Grand Master in Heaven our home;

Home, home—sweet, sweet home;
May ev'ry dear brother in Heaven find a home.

ODE FOR THE THIRD DEGREE.

AIR—"Pleyel's German Hymn."

1. Ah! when shall we three meet like them
Who last were at Jerusalem?
For three there were, and one is not—
He lies where Cassia marks the spot.
 2. Tho' poor he was, with kings he trod;
Tho' great, he humbly knelt to God.
Ah! when shall those restore again
The broken links of Friendship's chain?
 3. Behold! where mourning Beauty bent
In silence o'er his monument
And wildly spread in sorrow there
The ringlets of the flowing hair!
 4. The future sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in Mystic Tie,
And raise their hands, alas! to Heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.
 5. From whence we came, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
Till three shall meet, who form'd like them,
The Grand Lodge of Jerusalem.
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With blue Rods;

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Response. So mote it be!

Master. Glory be to God in the highest! on earth, peace and good will toward men!

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The apron is then taken from the coffin and handed to the Master ; the coffin is deposited in the grave; and the Master continues:

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The Great Creator having been pleased, in His infinite wisdom, to remove our brother from the cares and troubles of this transitory life, thus severing another link in the fraternal chain by which we are bound together—let us, who survive him, be yet more strongly cemented by the ties of union, friendship, and brotherly love; that, during the brief space allotted to us here, we may wisely and usefully employ our time, and, in the reciprocal

intercourse of kind and friendly acts, mutually promote the welfare and happiness of each other.

Unto the grave we have consigned the body of our deceased brother—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust:—there to remain until the last trump shall sound on the resurrection morn. We can trustfully leave him in the hands of a beneficent Being, who has done all things well; who is glorious in His holiness, wondrous in His power, and boundless in His goodness; and it should only be our endeavor so to improve the solemn warning now before us that, on the great day of account, we too may be found worthy to inherit the Kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world.

To the bereaved relatives of him we mourn, who now stand heart-stricken by the heavy hand which has thus been laid upon them, we have but little of this world's consolation to present. We deeply, sincerely, and most affectionately sympathize with them in this afflicting dispensation; and we put up our most fervent prayers that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" will look down with compassion upon the widow and the fatherless, in this their hour of desolation, and will fold the benevolent arms of His love and protection around those who are thus bereft of their earthly stay.

The Master, or Chaplain, will then repeat the following prayer:

Almighty and Eternal God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and before whom all men must appear at the Judgment-day to render an account of their deeds while in this life—we, who are daily exposed to the flying shafts of death, and who now surround the grave of one who has fallen in our midst, do most humbly beseech Thee to impress deeply on our minds the solemnities of this day, and to grant that their remembrance may be the means of turning our thoughts from the fleeting vanities of the present world to the lasting glories of the world to come. Let us be continually reminded of the frail tenure by which we hold our earthly existence; that in the midst of life we are in death; and that however *upright* may have been our walk, and however *square* our conduct, we must all submit as victims to the great destroyer, and endure the humble *level* of the tomb. Grant us Thy divine assistance, O most merciful God, to redeem our mis-spent time; and in the discharge of the important duties which thou hast assigned us in the erection of our moral edifice, wilt Thou give us *wisdom* to direct us, *strength* to support us, and the *beauty* of holiness to adorn our labors and render them acceptable in Thy sight. And when our *work* on earth is done, and our bodies shall go down to mingle with their kindred dust, may our immortal souls, freed from their cumbrous clay, be received

into Thy keeping, to rest forever in that spiritual house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Amen!

Response. So mote it be!

The Master then approaches the head of the grave and says:

Soft and safe to you, my brother, be this earthy bed! Bright and glorious be thy rising from it! Fragrant be the cassia sprig that here shall flourish! May the earliest buds of Spring unfold their beauties o'er this your resting place, and here may the sweetness of the Summer's last rose linger longest! Though the cold blasts of Autumn may lay them in the dust, and for a time destroy the loveliness of their existence, yet the destruction is not final, and in the Spring they shall surely bloom again. So, in the bright morning of the world's resurrection, your mortal frame, now laid in the dust by the chilling blast of Death, shall spring again into newness of life, and expand in immortal beauty, in realms beyond the skies. Until then, dear brother, until then, farewell!


(Benediction.) The Lord bless us and keep us—the Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us—the Lord lift upon us the light of His countenance and give us peace.

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Thus the services end. The procession will re-form and return to the Lodge-Room, and the Lodge will be closed in the customary manner.

The public Grand Honors of Masonry are given thus:—Cross the arms upon the breast, the left arm outermost, the hands being open and palms inward; then raise them above the head, the palms of the hands striking each other; and then let them fall sharply upon the thighs, the head being bowed. This will be thrice done, and, at funerals, the action will be accompanied with the following ejaculation:—"The will of God is accomplished. So mote it be. Amen."









FUNERAL DIRGE.

AIR—"Pleyel's German Hymn."

1. Solemn strikes the fun'ral chime,
Notes of our departing time;
As we journey here below,
Through a pilgrimage of woe.
2. Mortals now indulge a tear,
For mortality is here;
See how wide their trophies wave
O'er the slumbers of the grave.
3. Here another Guest we bring!
Seraphs of celestial wing,
To our fun'ral altar come;
Waft a Friend and Brother home
4. Far beyond the grave there lie
Brighter mansions in the sky;
Where, enthroned, the Deity
Gives man immortality.
5. There, enlarged, his soul will see
What was veiled in mystery;
Heavenly glories of the place
Show his Maker "face to face."
6. God of life's ETERNAL DAY!
Guide us, lest from Thee we stray,
By a false, delusive light,
To the shades of endless night.
7. Calm, the GOOD MAN meets his fate;
Guards celestial round him wait.
See, he bursts those mortal chains,
And o'er Death the vict'ry gains!
8. Lord of all below, above,
Fill our souls with truth and Love;
As dissolves our earthly tie,
Take us to Thy LODGE on HIGH!

NOTE.—It is customary to sing only the 1st, 3d and 8th stanzas. On funeral occasions the first two of these may be sung on entering the burial-ground, while moving in procession; and the last during the ceremonies at the grave.





A CLOSING HYMN.



AIR—"Home, Sweet Home."

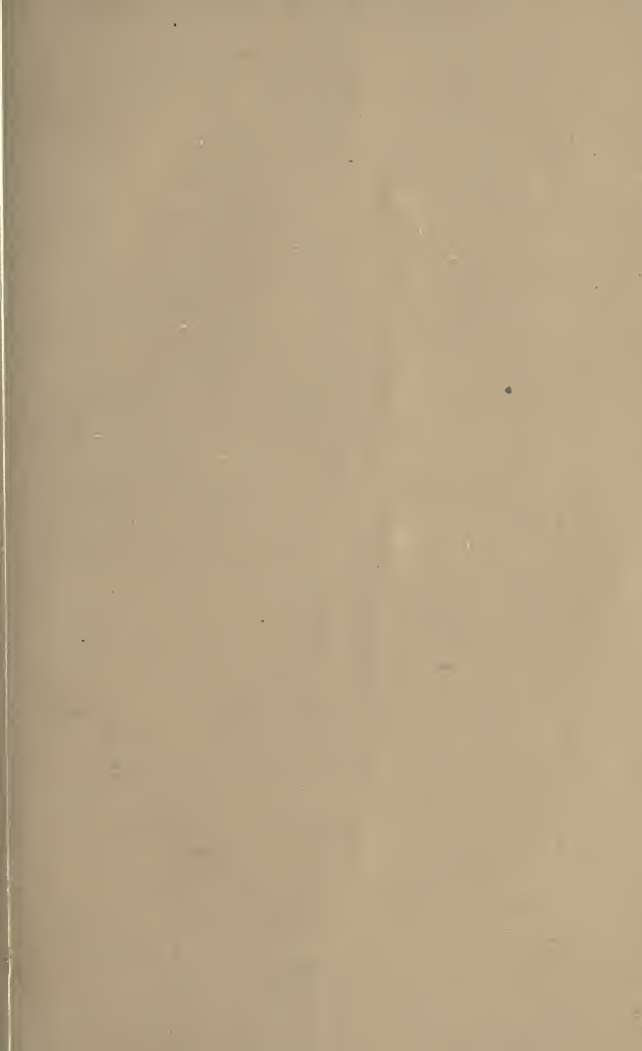
Farewell, till again we shall welcome the time,
Which brings us once more to our fame-cherished shrine;
And tho' from each other we distant may roam,
Again may all meet in this, our dear love'd home;
Home, home—sweet, sweet home;
May ev'ry dear brother find joy and peace at home.

And when our last parting on earth shall draw nigh,
And we shall be called to the Grand Lodge on high,
May each be prepared when the summons shall come
To meet the Grand Master in Heaven our home;
Home, home—sweet, sweet home;
May ev'ry dear brother in Heaven find a home.

ODE FOR THE THIRD DEGREE.

AIR—"Pleyel's German Hymn."

1. Ah! when shall we three meet like them
Who last were at Jerusalem?
For three there were, and one is not—
He lies where Cassia marks the spot.
 2. Tho' poor he was, with kings he trod;
Tho' great, he humbly knelt to God.
Ah! when shall those restore again
The broken links of Friendship's chain?
 3. Behold! where mourning Beauty bent
In silence o'er his monument
And wildly spread in sorrow there
The ringlets of the flowing hair!
 4. The future sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in Mystic Tie,
And raise their hands, alas! to Heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.
 5. From whence we came, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
Till three shall meet, who form'd like them,
The Grand Lodge of Jerusalem.
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868



FUNERAL SERVICE

OF

PACIFIC LODGE,

No. 136, F. & A. M.

SAN FRANCISCO.



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No. 417 Clay Street, bet. Sansome and Battery.

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FUNERAL SERVICE.

No Mason can be interred with the formalities of the Order, unless he shall have been raised to the Third Degree. Fellow Crafts and Entered Apprentices are not entitled to Masonic obsequies, nor can they join in processions on such occasions.

All brethren in attendance at a funeral should be decently clothed in black, with crape upon the left arm, and with white gloves and aprons.

The brethren having assembled at the Lodge-room, the Master opens the Lodge in the third degree of Masonry, and states the purpose for which it has been called together.

The service is then commenced, as follows :



Master. What man is he that liveth and shall not see death ? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave ?

Response. Man walketh in a vain shadow ; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them.

Master. When he dieth he shall carry nothing away ; his glory shall not descend after him.

Response. Naked came he into the world, and naked must he return.

Master. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.



Solemn music may here be introduced, after which the Master, taking the SACRED ROLL in his hand, says:

Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like theirs.

Response. God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.

The Master then records the name and age of the deceased upon the roll, and says :

Almighty Father! into thy hands we commend the soul of our beloved brother.

Response. (Repeated thrice, giving the Grand Honors each time.) The will of God is accomplished! So mote it be! Amen!

The Master then deposits the roll in the archives, and repeats the following prayer:

Most glorious God ! Author of all good, and Giver of all mercy ! Pour down Thy blessing upon us, we beseech Thee, and strengthen our solemn engagements with the ties of sincere affection! Endow us with fortitude and resignation in this our dark hour of sorrow; and grant that this afflicting dispensation from Thy hands may be sanctified in its results upon the hearts of those who now meet here to mourn! May the present instance of mortality remind us of our own approaching fate, and draw our attention toward Thee, the only refuge in time of need; that when the awful moment shall

arrive at which we, too, must quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of Thy mercy may dispel the gloom of death; and that, after our departure hence, in peace and in thy favor, we may be received into Thy everlasting kingdom, to enjoy the just reward of a virtuous and pious life. Amen!

Response. So mote it be.

Solemn music may here again be introduced, during which a procession is formed. If the body be not in the Lodge room, the procession will move to the house of the deceased, and thence with his remains to the place of sepulture, in the following order:

The Tyler with a drawn sword;

Stewards with white Rods;

Musicians,

(If Masons; otherwise they will follow the Tyler;)

Master Masons;]

Junior Deacon; (Holy Writings) Senior Deacon;

With blue Rods;

Secretary and Treasurer;

Junior and Senior Wardens;

Past Masters;

The Master;

The Reverend Clergy;

The Body;

With the insignia placed thereon;

Pall Bearers; Pall Bearers;

Mourners.





The Brethren should not leave their places during the procession. Upon arriving at the place of burial, the members of the Lodge will form a circle around the grave; the clergyman and officers of the Lodge will proceed to its head, and the mourners will be placed at its foot. The services will then be resumed by the Master, as follows :

Once more, my brethren, have we assembled to perform the last sad and solemn duties to the dead, The mournful notes which betoken the departure of a spirit from its earthly tabernacle have again alarmed our outer door, and another has been taken to swell the numbers in that unknown land whither our fathers have gone before us.

Our brother has reached the end of life. The brittle thread which bound him to earth has been severed; and the liberated spirit has winged its flight to the undiscovered world. The silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain; and the wheel is broken at the cistern. The dust has returned to the earth, as it was; and the spirit has returned to the God who gave it.

While we deplore the loss of our beloved brother, and pay this fraternal tribute to his memory, let us not forget, my brethren, that we, too, are mortal; that our bodies, now so strong and vigorous, must ere long, like his, become tenants of the narrow grave; and that our spirits too, like his, must



return to the God who spake them into existence. "Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." The Almighty *fiat* has gone forth—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;"—and that we are all subject to that dread decree, the solemn cause of our present meeting, the daily observation of our lives, and the mournful mounds which indicate this population of the dead, furnish evidence not to be forgotten.

Seeing then, my brethren, that life is so uncertain, and that all earthly pursuits are vain, let us no longer postpone the all-important concern of preparing for eternity; but let us embrace the present moment, while time and opportunity are offered, to provide against that great change when all the pomps and pleasure of this fleeting world will fall upon the sense, and the recollection of a virtuous and well spent life will yield the only comfort and consolation. Thus we shall not be hurried, unprepared, into the presence of that all-wise and powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known; and on the great day of reckoning we shall be ready to give a good account of our stewardship while here on earth.

With becoming reverence, then, let us supplicate the Divine Grace to insure the favor of that Eternal

Being whose goodness and power knows no bounds; that, on the arrival of the momentous hour when the fading taper of human life shall faintly glimmer in the socket of existence, our Faith may remove the dark shroud, draw aside the sable curtains of the tomb, and bid Hope sustain and cheer the departing spirit.

This city of the dead, my brethren, has an overwhelming emphasis in its solemn silence. It tells us of the gathering, within its embrace, of the parents' fondest hopes; of the dis severance of all earthly ties to the departed ones who gave us birth; of the darkness into which the bright prospects of the loving husband and the devoted wife have suddenly been engulfed; of the unavailing grief of the affectionate brother and the tender sister; of the dread sleep of death which here envelopes the subjects of many an early, many an instantaneous call into eternity, given in the midst of health, of gayety, and of brightest hopes.

And our departed brother, where is he? All that remains of him, here on earth, is now inclosed in that narrow coffin, a lifeless mass of clay. The deep, the agonizing sorrow of those to whom he was most near and dear—the scalding tears which have been shed upon his last earthly tenement—the manly and fraternal grief of his brethren of the Mystic tie—are all by him unheeded. His every

faculty has fled; the purple current which sustained his life has ceased to flow; the tongue, which was wont to give utterance to the emotions and feelings of the heart, performs no more its functions; the eyes, which so late reflected the movements of the intelligent principle within, are now closed in death;—unfitted to remain longer upon earth, we lay him reverently beneath its surface. A little, narrow spot is all that he now can fill; the clod will hide him from our view, and the places which have known him here will know him no more forever.

We consign him to the grave—to the long sleep of death; and so profound will be that sleep that the giant thread of the earthquake, even, shall not disturb it. There will he slumber until the Arch-Angel's trump shall usher in that eventful morn, when, by our Supreme Grand Master's word, he will be raised to that blissful Lodge which no time can remove, and which to those worthy of admission will remain open during the boundless ages of eternity. In that Heavenly Sanctuary, the Mystic Light, unmingled with darkness, will reign unbroken and perpetual. There, amid the sun-beam smiles of Immutable Love, under the benignant bend of the All-seeing Eye, in that temple, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens — there, my brethren, may Almighty God, of His infinite mercy, grant that we may finally meet, to part no more.

The following invocations are then rehearsed by the Master, and responded to by the brethren.

Master. May we be true and faithful, and may we live and die in love !

Response. So mote it be!

Master. May we profess only that which is good, and may we always act in accordance with our professions!

Response. So mote it be!

Master. May the Lord bless and prosper us, and may all our good intentions be crowned with success!

Response. So mote it be!

Master. Glory be to God in the highest! on earth, peace and good will toward men!

Response. So mote it be, now, henceforth, and forevermore. Amen!

The apron is then taken from the coffin and handed to the Master ; the coffin is deposited in the grave; and the Master continues:

This Lamb-skin (or white apron) is an emblem of Innocence, and the peculiar badge of a Mason. It is more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle, and, when worthily worn, more honorable than Star or Garter, or any other order which earthly power can confer. This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased brother. (*Drops it in*

the grave.) By this act we are reminded of the universal dominion of Death. The arm of Friendship cannot oppose the King of Terrors; the shield of Fraternal Love cannot protect his victim, nor can the charms of innocence avert his fatal touch. All, all must die. This grave, that coffin, and this circle of mourning friends remind us that we too are mortal, and that ere long our bodies also shall moulder into dust. How important then it is for us to know that our Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

(Taking the sprig of Acacia in his hand.)

This Evergreen, which once marked the temporary resting place of one illustrious in Masonic history, is an emblem of our enduring faith in the immortality of the soul. By it we are reminded that we have an immortal part within us, which shall survive the grave, and which will never, never die. By it we are admonished that, though like our brother, whose remains now lie before us, we too shall soon be clothed in the habiliments of death, and be deposited in the silent tomb, yet, through the loving goodness of our Supreme Grand Master, we may confidently hope that, like this evergreen, our souls will hereafter flourish in eternal spring.

[The brethren here move in procession around the grave, each depositing therein a sprig of evergreen.]

The Secretary then drops the Roll upon the coffin; and then the public Grand Honors are given.]

The ceremony is then continued by the Master, as follows:

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