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Funeral ceremony and offices of a lodge



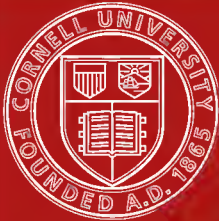
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FUNERAL CEREMONY

AND

OFFICES OF A LODGE OF SORROW

OF THE

Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite

OF

FREEMASONRY.

SOUTHERN JURISDICTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

OR . . . OF CHARLESTON.

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FUNERAL CEREMONY.

FUNERAL CEREMONY.

THIS ceremony, prepared for a Chapter of the 18th degree, may be used by any Body of the Rite, from the Lodge of Perfection to the Supreme Council inclusive, and may be readily made suitable for either, by such changes as may be made at the moment of the performance.

Therefore, wherever the Chapter or any of its officers are mentioned, those terms will be understood (for avoidance of repetition) to mean any body of the Rite, and the officers of such body, with their appropriate titles.

The mourning color of the Supreme Council is violet ; that of all other bodies of the Rite, black.

OFFICES.

The Funeral Offices of a Knight Rose Croix, when he is buried by the Chapter, consist of two parts.

The first takes place in the Chapter, or Church, or the house of the deceased ; and the second at the grave. The latter may, of course, if circumstances require it, be performed without the former.

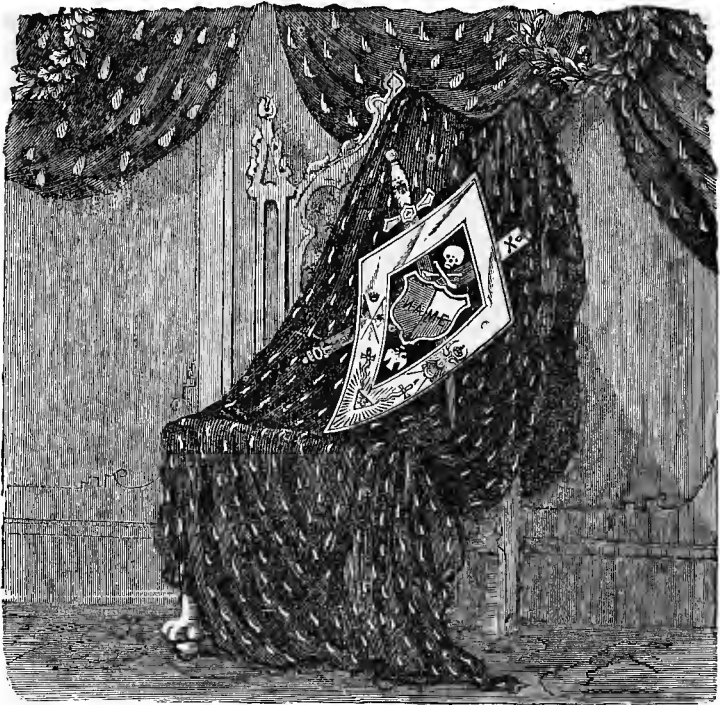
Both portions of the ceremonial may be publicly performed.

PREPARATION OF THE CHAPTER.

The Throne, Altar, and seats of the officers are hung with black ; [in the Supreme Council, with violet].

In the place formerly occupied by the deceased Knight, a chair is to be set, covered with black cloth, strewed with tears of

silver; and upon it an escutcheon, in blue, white, green and crimson, quartered, and bearing the name of the deceased in black letters. [If he was a 33d these are violet.] This is surmounted by a death's head, and cross-bones, and surrounded by a collar of the highest degree possessed by the deceased. At the base of the escutcheon, hangs the jewel of the Order, and behind it is a sword across its scabbard, the point downward. Below is a model of the escutcheon, complete :



The walls of the Hall are hung with black garlands, and with wreaths of ivy.

The candelabra, three in number, are black, covered with black, and hung with wreaths of holly leaves; and each containing eleven candles of black wax.

The three columns FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY, with the words visible, form an equilateral triangle, on the East, West and South of the Altar.

In front of the Throne, wreathed with evergreens, and (if they can be had), *immortelles*, is the column bearing the word IMMORTALITY, lighted. The other three columns are removed.

The coffin, containing the body, is to be placed near the center of the room, in rear of the Altar, its head to the West. It is covered with a cloth of black (or, for the 33d, of violet) velvet, fringed with silver, and sprinkled with tears of silver. On the coffin lie the apron and the cordon and jewel of the deceased, with a sword and a black sword-belt. Above the coffin hangs a sepulchral lamp.

Between the coffin and the West is a triangular pyramid of white marble, on a square base of three steps of black marble. Each step of the base is a foot in height, and the pyramid three and a half feet.

On the East side of the pyramid is painted the All-seeing Eye of Providence, within a circle formed by a serpent biting its tail.

On the West side is a skull, and over it a butterfly.

On the South side is a winged Genius, holding in his right hand a torch reversed and extinguished, and in his left hand a torch upright and burning.

Before the Altar is an antique tripod, covered with black crape, on which is a vase or censer, containing incense and alcohol. On the Altar is a silver vessel containing incense; and on each side of the tripod is a truncated column, on which is a basket filled with fresh flowers.

Near the Throne is the banner of the Order, cased in black crape.

On a table in the West will be a black passion-cross, upon which, at the junction of the shaft and bar, a crimson rose.

The Knights are all dressed in black, with gloves of black kid, the black side of the cordon and apron outward, and the jewel

and the hilt of the sword covered with crape. Each also wears, if it can be had, a red rose, in full bloom, in a button-hole on the left side of the coat. In the Supreme Council, the gloves are of white kid ; and the sword hilt is draped with violet.

On the Altar, or a table in the East, will be a golden vessel, containing crystals of salt.

PART I.

PART FIRST.

BEFORE the ceremony, labor will be resumed in the Chapter, according to the special formula given below. At this, of course, no persons not Knights can be present. If the ceremony is to be performed in a church or house, labors will be resumed in the Hall, and the Chapter march thence to the place in procession. If it is to be performed in the Chapter-hall, labor may be resumed in another apartment, while the spectators assemble.

TO RESUME LABOR.

When the proper moment has arrived, the Master, rapping once, will say,

⊙.: Brethren, Death again summons us to resume our labors, and assist at the sad ceremonies of interment. Be pleased to repair to your posts and stations and assist me.

As soon as all are in their places, ⊙ raps w, and says,

⊙.: Brother Senior Warden, be pleased to assure yourself that the Chapter is perfectly tiled.

⊕.: Brother Guard of the Temple, assure yourself that the Chapter is perfectly tiled.

This is done in the usual manner.

Ψ .: Brother Senior Warden, the Chapter is perfectly tiled.

⊕.: Wise Master, the Chapter is perfectly tiled.

⊙.: Perform your second duty, my Brother, and see that all present are Knights Rose Croix, calling to your aid the Brother Junior Warden.

[●] ⊕.: * Brother Junior Warden, assist me in the South.

The two Wardens pass along the columns, and in the usual manner verify the character as a Knight of each person present, and return to their places.

[●] ⊙.: * Brother Senior Warden, all in the South are Knights Rose Croix.

[●] ⊕.: * Wise Master, all in the North and South are Knights Rose Croix.

⊙.: Be seated, Brethren ! . . Brother Senior Warden, what is the hour ?

⊕.: Wise Master, it is the hour of Darkness and Sorrow. Another Star has disappeared, and the hearts of the Brethren are darkened with grief.

⊙.: Very Dear Brethren, whatsoever ease we can have or fancy here, continues but for a moment, and is shortly changed into sadness or tediousness. It goes away too soon, like the periods of our life, or stays too long, like the sorrows of a sinner ; we are like the shadow that departeth ; or like a tale that is told ; or as a dream when one waketh. Brother Senior Warden, what hath commanded us to assemble to-day ?

⊕.: Wise Master, the death of the Knight, our Brother O S

⊙.: So it must be with all men ! We also shall die, and end our quarrels and contentions by passing to a final sentence. Dear Brethren, all present are not Knights Rose Croix. For Death and the perishable remains of the Dead are with us. Brother Senior Warden, what do they teach us ?

⊕.: Wise Master, the uncertainty and brevity of human life, and the instability of human fortune ; that we, also, must soon turn into dust and forgetfulness ; and that we ought, by a present and constant fidelity, to secure the present and make it useful to the noblest purposes ; so turning our condition unto our best advantage, by making our unavoidable fate become our necessary religion.

⊙.: Brother Junior Warden, what do these guests demand of us ?

○.: Wise Master, the performance of the last sad offices of Charity and Brotherhood. Our Brother has fallen asleep, and we must lay him in the lap of his mother, interring him gravely and decently and with due observance of our appointed ceremonies, after the manner of Masons and the laws of the Chapter, and according to the customs of Knighthood.

⊙.: Since, then, we feel again the cruel fellowship of Sorrow, and the atmosphere of death is again around us, let us resume our labors, that we may do the last offices of love and Brotherhood to him who has only gone a little while before us to the silent land !

⊕.: Brethren in the Valley of the North, let us

assist the Wise Master to resume work in the Chapter, that we may do the last offices of Brotherhood and love to the dead!

⊙.: Brethren in the Valley of the South, etc.!

⊙ raps x . . . o; and ⊕ and ⊙, in succession, do the same, then ⊙ rises and says,

⊙.: Rise, Brethren! and to order!

All rise, and stand under the sign of the Good Shepherd.

⊙.: Brethren, submitting to the will of God, adoring Him as our Creator and Preserver, and trusting in His mercy as our Father, let us proceed to do what duty demands. In the name of God and of the Apostle Saint John, I declare the labors of the Chapter duly resumed. Let the funeral offices now proceed!

If the labors have not been thus resumed in the Hall of the Chapter, or if the corpse is at the deceased's home or the church, a procession will now be formed, and the Chapter will repair to the Hall, Church or House, as the case may be.

In the Chapter-room, the Officers and Knights occupy their wonted places. In the Church or House they arrange themselves as nearly as possible in the same manner.

When everything is ready, ⊙ raps once, rises, and says,

⊙.: DEATH and the DEAD are with us again, my Brethren, teaching us the brevity and uncertainty of human life, and the instability of human fortune, and demanding of us the last sad offices of Charity and

Brotherhood. Again we lament the loss of a Brother, who sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

It is a great act of piety, and honorable, to inter our friends and Brethren according to the proportions of their condition, and so to give evidence that we appreciate and desire to imitate their virtues. Solemn and appointed mournings are good expressions of our affection for the departed Soul, and of his worth, and our value of him ; and they have their praise in nature, and in manners and in public customs. Something is to be given to custom, something to fame, to nature and civilities, and to the honor of our deceased friends ; for that man is esteemed to die miserable, for whom none save those of his own household shed a tear, or pay a solemn sigh.

After we have wept awhile, let us compose the body to burial, and bear the loved head that sleeps, to his narrow bed, and over it pronounce the Ritual of the Dead ; all which, that it be done gravely, decently and charitably, we have the examples of all nations to engage us, and of all ages of the world to warrant ; so that it is against honesty and public fame and reputation not to do this office. We are to see that he be buried worshipfully,

“ Not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with honest obsequies,
And chant and rolling music, like a Knight.”

Music.

⊙.: My Brethren, the dead body of our beloved

Brother A M lies before us, overtaken by that relentless Fate, which is sooner or later to overtake us all ; and which no worth or virtue, no wealth or honor, no tears of friends or agony of loving ones can avert or delay ; teaching us the impressive lesson, continually repeated, yet always soon forgotten, that every one of us must ere long dwell in a house of darkness and dishonor, and our body be the inheritance of worms, and our soul must be what we have chosen to make it, even as a man makes it here, by living well or ill. The minutes of our time strike on, and are counted by Angels, until the period comes that must cause the passing-bell to give warning to all the neighbors that we are dead, and they must sometime be so ; and this nothing can excuse or retard.

Brother Senior Warden, what is our first duty in this sorrow that has fallen upon us ?

⊕.: Wise Master, to submit without murmuring to the dispensations of our Father who is in Heaven ; to pay Him the profoundest homage, knowing that all He wills is infinitely wise and just ; and to trust implicitly in His inexhaustible mercy.

The following sentences are now chanted, if that be practicable. If not, they are read.

CHANT.

⊙.: Domine, exaudi orationem meam ; et clamor meus ad Te veniat ! Esto nobis, Domine, turtis fortitudinis ! Salvos fac	⊙.: Hear my prayer, O Lord : and let my crying come unto Thee. Hide not Thy face from me,
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servos tuos, Deus meus, sperantes in Te! Mitte nobis, Domine, auxilium de Sancto.

In adjutorium meum intende, Domine! Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina!

in the time of my trouble : incline Thine ear unto me when I call ; O hear me, and that right soon.

My days are gone like a shadow : and I am withered like grass.

But Thou, O Lord, shalt endure forever : and Thy remembrance, throughout all generations.

The children of Thy servants shall continue : and their seed shall stand fast in Thy sight.

From pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With aching hearts and footsteps slow,
Through Life's sad vale of tears we go,
To where Death's dark still waters flow.

⊕.: I will seek unto God, unto God will I commit my cause ; Which doeth great things and unsearchable, marvelous things without number. God restoreth my soul ; He leadeth me in the path of righteousness, for His Name's sake.

○.: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

⊕.: It is good that a Man should both hope and quietly wait for the Salvation of the Lord. For the Lord will not cast off forever.

○.: But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doeth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

⊙.: Brother Junior Warden, what is the second duty, which this misfortune imposes on us?

○.: Wise Master, to inter the body of our Brother, after the manner of Masonry, knowing that when we do this for our dead friends, it is not done to persons undiscerning as a fallen tree, but whose souls yet live, and peradventure would perceive our neglect, and be witnesses of our transient affections and forgetfulness; and if not so, yet God sees us, and solemn reverence is due the dead, who are now nearer God than we that are yet for a little while imprisoned in the body.

The following sentences are now to be chanted, if practicable; and if not, are to be read.

CHANT.

⊙.: Benedictus Dominus
Deus Israël, quia visitavit et
fecit redemptionem plebis Suæ.

Ad dandam scientiam salutis
plebi Ejus, in remissionem pec-
catorum eorum.

Per viscera misericordiæ Dei
nostri; in quibus visitavit nos
Oriens ex alto.

Illuminare his qui in tenebris,
et in umbrâ mortis sedent; ad
dirigendos pedes nostros in viam
pacis.

⊙.: Blessed be the Lord
God of Israel: for He hath vis-
ited, and redeemed His people;

To give knowledge of salva-
tion unto His people: for the
remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of
our God: whereby the day-
spring from on high hath visit-
ed us;

To give light to them that sit
in darkness, and in the shadow
of death: and to guide our feet
into the way of peace.

Blessed be God! for He created Death,

Twin-born with Life; and Death is rest and peace;

Blessed be God, Who giveth Hope and Faith,

And the new Life that never more shall cease.

⊕.: Behold, the Eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, and upon them that put trust in His mercy, to deliver their Souls from Death.

○.: The Salvation of the Righteous cometh of the Lord, Who is also their Strength in the time of tribulation.

⊕.: Verily, there is a reward for the righteous, there is a God, that judgeth the Earth.

THE DE PROFUNDIS.

De profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures Tuæ intendentes; in vocem deprecationis meæ.

Quia apud Te propitiatio est; et propter legem Tuam sustinui Te, Domine!

Sustinuit anima mea in Verbo Ejus; speravit anima mea in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia; et copiosa apud Eum redemptio.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme, to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with Thee: therefore shalt Thou be feared.

I look for the Lord: my soul doth wait for Him: in His Word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with Him is plenteous redemption.

M.: W.: Very eloquent, my Brethren, are the pale still lips of the dead! With a pathos and impressive-

ness that no living lips can equal or even approach, though these may have been sanctified and made prophetic by coals from the Holy Altar, laid upon them by Angels, these lips of marble preach to us sermons that cannot be translated into words. Most eloquently they tell us how vain and empty are all the ambitions, hatreds and jealousies, the disputes and rivalries, the struggles for wealth and place and power, for rank and reputation, of human life. How indifferent now to praise or censure, to undeserved eulogy or equally undeserved blame, to all the prizes of human ambition, to all the glories of human greatness, to all the beatitudes of human love, is this cold and wax-like body, no longer united with a living soul!

Often as it has been said, it is yet always a solemn and impressive thought, that in the grave all men are equal; the Prince, and the Beggar that crawled to his Palace-gates, the Warlike and the Peaceful, the Fortunate and the Miserable, the Beloved and the Hated, the Honored and the Despised. There they mingle their dust, the atoms jostling each other as they hasten to enter into new forms of matter; while God and the Angels only can distinguish their souls.

Let the wealthy and those who covet riches, look upon these cold and motionless remains, and perceive that it will be but an ill recompense for all their cares and strivings, if, when the last hour comes to them, no more shall be left than this, that the neighbors shall say "He died a rich man:" for his riches cannot go

with him into the grave, neither profit him there ; but will greatly swell the sad account of his injustices.

Let the ambitious man look upon them, and throw not away all the days of his life, that one year may be reckoned with his name; nor labor only for a pompous epitaph and a loud title upon his marble ; for most fames are soon forgotten, like those of the Roman Consuls and Asiatic kings; and after a time the marble moulders into dust, and those beneath it lie unregarded as their ashes, and without concernment or relation as the turf upon the face of their graves.

Heavy are the griefs of our personal mortal life. Health decays into Sickness, Hope into Disappointment; Death draws near to our little troop of pilgrims; and, whenever we pitch our tent, he takes away some beloved head.

We live but to lose those we love, and to see our friends go away out of our sight, and new grave-yards become populous with the bodies of the dead, which, in our childhood were green-leaved woods or cultivated fields. Everywhere around us, as we look out into the night, we can see the faces of those we have loved, and who have fallen asleep before us, shining upon us like stars.

Let the proud and the vain consider how soon the gaps are filled that are made in society by those who die around them, and how quickly Time heals the wounds that Death inflicts upon even tender hearts ; and from this let them learn humility, and that they

are but atoms in the great mass, and drops in the immense ocean, of Humanity! Who remembers, until the spring brings new leaves, a single one of the many that fell from even one tree, and rotted under the winter's snows?

Those things that can outlast us, our works, our words, our immortal thoughts, our influences, and the effects of our good deeds, are more to the world that survives us than we ourselves are. We pass away and are forgotten; but these continue and live. Let the selfish, the covetous and the ambitious learn this lesson, and, heeding it, endeavor to leave something to live beyond their funerals.

○.: Our life is but a span long, and yet very tedious, because of the calamities that encircle us on every side. The days of our pilgrimage are few and evil, and he that liveth longest becometh most familiar with disappointments and sorrows.

⊕.: While we think a thought we die; and the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of Eternity. We form our words with the breath of our nostrils, and have the less to live upon, for every word we speak.

○.: As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

⊕.: We dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth. Our days upon earth are a shadow. Soon we go whence

we shall not return, to the land of darkness and of the shadows of death.

○.: Who knoweth not in all these, that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this, in Whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind? He doth not despise nor abhor the affliction of the afflicted, neither hide His face from him; but when he crieth unto Him, He hears. He will redeem our souls from the power of the grave.

Music,

after which, this

CHANT:

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Thou turnest man to destruction: again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them, they are even as asleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last: and be gracious unto Thy servants.

Comfort us again, now after the time that Thou hast plagued us: and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

After the Chant,

Slow, soft, solemn Music.

After which,

⊙ ∴ Brother Master of Ceremonies, let the Knights of the Chapter inclose in their ranks, by the Ancient Masonic symbol, this body, left to our care by the Brother who has gone to the Silent Land. [●●●].

The Knights repair to the Altar, and form an equilateral triangle, inclosing it, all facing inward. The apex of the Triangle is in the East, its base in the West. ⊙ is at the eastern angle, ⊕ at the northwestern, and ○ at the southwestern.

Clasping hands by crossing them over the breast, all sing the following

FUNERAL HYMN.

Our birth is but a starting-place ;
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death, for all, the goal ;
 There all our glittering toys are brought,
 That path alone of all unsought,
 Is found at last of all.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
 That into an ingulfing sea
 Are shortly doomed to fall ;
 The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
 O'er King and Pontiff, See and Throne,
 And swiftly swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide
 Rolls downward, and the small rills glide,
 To the salt sea's sad wave ;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the impartial grave.

See, then, how poor and little worth
 Are all the glittering toys of earth
 That tempt and lure us here ;
 Dreams of a sleep that Death must break—
 Alas ! before it bids us wake,
 From earth we disappear.

After the Hymn, ☉ says,

☉. My Brethren, it is an act of grace and wondrous mercy that we are admitted to speak to the Eternal God, to make plaint to Him as to a Father, to beg of Him remedy and ease, support and counsel, health and safety, deliverance and salvation. Wherefore, since this calamity has fallen upon us, and He hath commanded us in such cases to pray unto Him, let us ask of Him power and assistances to do our duty, and His favor for those who are afflicted in even greater measure than ourselves.

All kneel on the right knee, and ☉ or the Prelate reads the following

PRAYER.

Our Father who art in Heaven! Thou givest Thy graces and Thy favors by the measures of Thine own mercies, and in proportion to our necessities. It hath pleased Thee to call the Soul of our Brother from the prison of the body, and our hearts are sorrowful therefor, and very heavy. Look upon us, and upon those whom this Death has more sadly bereaved and distressed, in mercy and pity! Support us and them by the strength of Faith in all calamities, and refresh us and them with the comforts of a holy hope in all sorrows! Let not our weaknesses make us to sin in thought against Thee, nor any miseries of this world vex us into repinings and impatience. Unto those

who were of the household of our Brother, and are not yet comforted, make good Thy promise, that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy. Thou hast given us miseries and sorrows, chastening us thereby with a wholesome discipline, and offering us occasion for the exercise of all those virtues whereby we may become acceptable to Thee. We are weak and feeble, and easily led astray from the right path. Be thou our strength and our guide. It is not for us, O our Father, to intercede with Thee for our Brother whom Thou hast taken from us. He also is one of Thy erring children ; and Thou wilt judge him tenderly and mercifully.

Prosper our works to Thy glory and to all our innocent purposes ; preserve us from sin, and keep us in peace and holiness, and help us to serve Thee in thankfulness and obedience all the days of our life ; and after death dispose of us according to Thy good pleasure.

ALL : Amen ! So mote it be !

The Knights all rise, and sing the following

HYMN :

For us we know a rest remains,
 When God shall give our souls release
 From Earth and all Life's heavy chains,
 And turn our sufferings into peace ;
 A home for us and all who, here,
 Do serve Him faithfully and well,
 Where sorrow sheds no bitter tear,
 But Peace and Joy forever dwell.

After the Hymn, ☉ says,

☉.: When we have received the last breath of our Brother, and composed his body for the grave, then seasonable is the counsel of the Son of Sirach : “ Weep bitterly, and make great moan, and use lamentation, as he is worthy ; and that a day or two ; for so much, nature and affection exact ; but take no grief to heart ; for thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself.”

“ Thy Brother shall live again.” “ The seed that is sown, is not quickened, except it die ; and that which is sown in corruption and dishonor shall be raised in glory.” Our Brother is not here. This body over which we mourn, is not he, but only that which was his human and material part, until God laid His finger on him and he slept. He was mortal ; but he has now put on immortality. In what state and where he is, we do not know ; but only that he has not ceased to be, and that he is in the hands of his Father, who loves and pities him, as He doth all the children He hath made.

Music.

After which, ☉ lights the alcohol, and throws incense into the flame, and, all again kneeling, says,

☉.: O Merciful and Loving Father, who hast made our present life but temporary, and thus by the admirable Providence of Thy designs hast decreed that the pangs and sorrows of suffering virtue, the misery

of the oppressed, and the tyranny of the wicked shall not be perpetual, we thank Thee for the assurance and consciousness which Thou hast implanted in us, that Thou dost exist, and that we are not annihilated when Thou withdrawest from our body Thy breath of Life. And while the Earth, by Thy Will, takes into its bosom these mortal remains, and they are dissolved and unite with the clay, the air and the running water, to enter into new and ever-changing combinations, may we continue in firmly hoping and believing that the very Self of our Brother is with Thee, and immortal; and that Thou wilt pity and forgive his errors, and reward him for his labors in the cause of Truth and Virtue! Amen.

ALL: Amen! So mote it be!

⊙.: Rise, my Brethren!

2 hands ⊙ a lighted torch; which the latter raises three times, saying at each time,

⊙.: Brother! we mourn for thee; we call upon thee to answer us. Hearest thou our call?

After each of the two first calls there is profound silence; after the third,

Sad, wailing Music,

During which, ⊙ extinguishes the torch, and, when the music ceases, says,

⊙.: Our Brother answers not our call. Once he

lived and labored ; but now his star has set on this world, and he has passed into the light that lies beyond the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In vain we call upon him here. We shall no more hear his voice, until we also shall have awakened in another world. Let us, then, not mourning like those that have no hope, pay the last offices of pious duty to the Dead ; since he, like one who sails slowly away from the shore of a dear land, a little while ago familiar to him, and yet hears in the stillness of the night the murmur of the waves among its cliffs, may still hear the murmur of our voices, and see, as the angels do, these obsequies, and the evidences of our affection or neglect.

If the face of the corpse *can* be uncovered, ☉ now adds,

☉.: Brother Master of Ceremonies, reverently uncover the face of this that was the body of our Brother, that we may for the last time look upon it, and do that which remains to be done, before we cover it from our sight forever!

The Master of Ceremonies turns down the upper part of the lid of the coffin. If relatives or friends of the deceased are present, they are admitted, if they desire it, to look upon his face. Then each Brother advances and does so, each depositing a flower upon the coffin ; and, last, the Master, who then steps back to his place, and says,

☉.: Brother Junior Warden, perform your duty.

The Master of Ceremonies hands ○ the cross with the rose upon it, from the table in the West. ○ takes it in his left hand, advances to the head of the coffin, lays his right hand on the forehead of the corpse, or, if the coffin is closed, on the lid, over the head of the corpse, and says,

○.: All animosities and grudges and unreconciled differences among Masons cease at the dark river of death, over which our Brother has gone. If any Brother here hath suffered wrong at the hands of him whose lips can no longer utter words of regret or make atonement; if any Brother hath felt toward him dislike, ill-will or jealousy, I do by this Holy Symbol of the Rosy Cross adjure him, and these pale cold lips do eloquently entreat him, to forgive the wrong and cast away the animosity forever, that our Father who is in Heaven may forgive him his debts and trespasses, as he forgives those of his dead Brother.

Music,

during which ○ steps back to his place, handing the Cross to ⊕.

Music stops.

⊕.: Brother Senior Warden, perform your duty.

⊕ advances to the head of the coffin, holding the Cross in his left hand, lays his right hand on the forehead of the corpse, or on the lid of the coffin, and says,

⊕.: The memories and examples of the good and true Knights who leave us these as legacies, are the precious treasures of Masonry. Our praises of them

ought to be preserved like laurels and coronets, to reward and encourage the noblest things ; and it is an office and charge of humanity to speak no evil of the dead. Promises made to them are inviolable oaths. By this Holy Symbol of the Rosy Cross—[Kissing it, and pressing it against his heart]—all the Brethren of the Dead here present do by my lips solemnly promise to speak hereafter only of the virtues and excellences of him whose body we are about to commit to the earth, and to be silent as to his errors, his failings and his faults ; lest we ourselves should be spoken ill of by men, after we are dead, and become unentitled to the charitable mercies of God.

Music ;

during which ⊕ hands the Cross to ⊙, and steps back to his place.

Music stops.

⊙ advances to the head of the coffin, holding the Cross in his left hand, lays his right on the forehead of the corpse, or on the lid of the coffin, and says,

⊙.: Dead persons have religion passed upon them and a solemn reverence ; and whatsoever is matter of duty toward our Dead, God doth exact. What we do to the dead, or to the living for their sakes, is gratitude, and virtue for virtue's sake, and the noblest portion of humanity. Therefore, and because we are hereunto obliged by the Laws and Constitutions and

solemn Obligations of Masonry, we do, by this Holy Symbol of the Rosy Cross, solemnly give to him whose body lies here before us, our pledge, that we will protect and cherish those whom he has left behind him, who were near and dear to him ; will keep them from harm, relieve their wants, and perform in their behalf all the duties of Masons, Brethren and Knights of the Rosy Cross ; expecting God to exact of us the due performance of this pledge.

Music ;

after which, ☉ takes the jewel of the deceased, which, under the rules of the Order, is to be buried with him, and the lid being raised to permit it, lays it on his breast, saying,

☉.: As the regulations of the Knights Rose Croix require, I lay upon this heart now still and cold, the jewel which our Brother, living, always wore with honor. Let him be laid away to rest, wearing his jewel over his heart, as formerly a Knight falling in battle was buried in his spurs and armor. For he, too, was a Knight and soldier of the True Cross.

He lays the Cross on the coffin, over the breast of the corpse, and steps back to his place. Then he says,

☉.: Brother Master of Ceremonies, let the face on which we have looked for the last time, be now

covered from our sight! My Brethren, return to your places!

Music ;

during which the coffin is closed, the Brethren all returning to their stations and posts, and standing there. When the music ends, is sung the following

CHANT.

Thou, O God, art magnified in Sion : and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Thou That hearest the prayer : unto Thee shall all flesh come. My misdeeds prevail against me : O be Thou merciful unto our sins.

Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and receivest unto Thee : he shall dwell in Thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple.

Thou shalt shew us wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O God of our salvation : Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes ; laudate Eum omnes populi !

Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia Ejus, et veritas Domini manet in æternum.

Sit Nomen Domini benedictum, ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum !

Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus et super cœlos gloria Ejus.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen : praise Him, all ye nations.

For His merciful kindness is even more and more towards us : and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise the Lord.

The Lord our God hath done great things for us : whereof we are become content.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the sight of all the people : in the Courts of the Holy House in the midst of Thee, O City of our God.

Non mortui laudabunt Te,
Domine ; neque omnes, qui de-
scendunt in infernum.

Sed nos qui vivimus, benedi-
cimus Domino, ex hoc nunc et
usque in sæculum. Amen !

Blessed be the name of the
Lord : from this time forth now
and forever more.

From the rising up of the Sun
and to the going down of the
same: the Name of the Lord is
to be praised.

After the Chant, ☉, rising, says,

☉: My Brethren, the lessons which Death continually repeats to us, are impatiently listened to, and soon forgotten. So it has ever been since the making of the world, and so it will be until the end. Men will continue to live riotously and toil and plot, as if they were never to die ; and as unconcernedly see others carried to their graves, as the green leaves of an oak see a single leaf wither and drop untimely in the summer.

Surely, as we are so often constrained to forgive the dead, and bury our angers and animosities in the grave, we ought to learn to forgive the living, and to be charitable in our judgments of them ; for surely we do believe that it is the Very Word of God which says continually unto us that He will forgive us, only in proportion as we forgive our fellow-men. Daily and hourly we have need to ask Him to forgive us our trespasses. Ought we, then, to be implacable and unrelenting ?

Neither ought we to forget that only the lost souls can *always* hate. If we are to live at all, after this life in the body—if our souls, disembodied, are to

ascend toward their Source, and any state of beatitude awaits us ; there, at least, we must forgive all men ; for hate would make even Heaven a Hell. Surely it will be one day asked of us, what injuries we have forgiven, how apt we were to pardon all affronts and real persecutions, how we embraced peace when it was offered us, how we followed after peace, when it ran from us ; and if we shall sadly have to admit that we have not done so, by what title can we hope for the visitations of God's Loving-kindness ?

If we are not of enough worth and manhood to avail ourselves of the many opportunities to learn patience, fortitude and resignation, and to practice mercy, forgiveness, and all the manly and heroic virtues, which God affords us by the hardships and calamities of life and the injuries done us by others, surely we have little right to ask Him for benefits and blessings, which, indeed, we shall little have deserved.

Brother Master of Ceremonies, let the Knights now prepare to convey the body of our Brother to its resting-place.

PART II.

SECOND PART.

AFTER giving the order to the Master of Ceremonies, ☉ descends from the Throne. Eight Knights take their places by the coffin. The procession is then formed; 24 to follow immediately after the hearse; next, the Guardian of the Temple, carrying the Standard; and on his left, the Tiler. After them, two Brethren, each bearing a basket of flowers; then the Knights who are not officers; next the Experts; then the Secretary and Treasurer; next, the Orator and Almoner; then the Wardens and then the Wise Master. If there be any Brethren of higher Degrees, not members of the body, they immediately precede the Wardens; unless they are Inspectors General, in which case they immediately precede the Master.

The swords of all the Knights remain in their scabbards, the hilts covered with crape. In a button-hole of the coat of each Knight should be a red rose, taken from the coffin.

When all is ready, the eight Knights at the coffin carry it to the hearse. Four of them walk on each side of the hearse, to the grave; and there the eight take the coffin from the hearse, and bear it to the grave, where they set it down by the side of the grave, its head to the West. On it will still lie the apron, cordon, sword and belt and cross.

After any other ceremonies are performed, the Knights form a triangle, enclosing the coffin and grave, its base to the East, and its apex, where the Master is, to the West. The Wardens are at the other angles.

The Expert bears in the procession a half-burned and extinguished candle of crimson wax, which he will set down at the foot of the coffin. The Assistant Expert bears the escutcheon of the deceased, and sets it at the head of the coffin.

The Junior Warden bears the gilded vessel of SALT.

Then are read, the Knights all standing uncovered, the following :

FUNERAL OFFICES.

⊙.: If a man live many years, and rejoice in them
all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for
they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.

⊕.: ——— Who knows
What wind, upon what wave of altering Time,
Shall speak a storm and blow calamity?
————— For us the day

Once only lives a little, and is not found.
Time and the fruitful hour are more than we,
And these lay hold upon us, wrecking all
Our hopes, as doth the Equinoctial wreck
Vessels on desert isles and lifeless shores.

○.: Life is a deodand
Of illusions and falling tears ;
And a measure of sliding sand
Under the feet of the Years.

⊕.: Darkness before and after,
And Death beneath and above,
Sobs intermingled with laughter,
And loathing mingled with love.

○.: A day and a night, and no morrow,
A hope that endures for a span,
And travail and trouble and sorrow ;—
Such is the life of man.

⊕.: Life is a toil that tires,
A sigh, a sob and a breath ;
In our hearts are blind desires,
In our eyes fore-tokens of Death.

○.: We weave, and are clothed with derision ;
 We sow, but we never reap ;
 Our life is a watch or vision,
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

⊕.: We labor here with sighs, and weariness, and trembling hearts, and often hopelessly and to no end. We are clothed and fed with griefs, and lay our heads on thorny pillows and hide away in our souls sorrows known only to ourselves ; and unseen agonies eat our hearts. The days continually dawn that we would fain not behold ; and nights that weary us follow one another, while we quickly wax old and wither like frosted leaves.

○.: Our skies are early overcast, and the leaden clouds soon shut down over the purple promise of the dawn, to chill us with blight of mist and ruinous rain.

⊕.: Sweet springs are made for all the pleasant streams,
 But all at last are bitter with the sea ;
 One rose is fed with dust of many men ;
 One face is marred with flow of many tears :
 Then the rose fades, and rots to dust again,
 The tear-worn face is white and calm in death.

○.: Our life falls as a leaf, and is shed as the rain ; the veil of our head is Grief, and the crown thereof is Sorrow. We look for the dead eyes, and listen for the dead lips, and see and hear them in the heart ; and it consumes in remembering them.

⊕.: One after the other, we lie down and fall asleep. Here we wake no more. We go down into the darkness and there comes back from us to the living no word or sound. The night enfolds all, each in his turn ; a night without stars, except those of FAITH and HOPE.

○.: Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His Servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord ; and stay upon his God.

⊕.: The Heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner ; but my salvation shall be forever ; and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

⊙.: Since it hath pleased our Father who is in Heaven, to relieve from duty in this life of discipline and trial, our Brother, the good Knight, S F, and to leave in our charge this untenanted body, which was, only a little while ago, a part of himself, it hath become our duty sorrowfully and reverently to commit it to the Earth ; as after a little while it must come to pass that others shall do the same for every one of us.

This body, which is now mere lifeless and dead matter, soon to be resolved into atoms and particles, and form part of the air and the water, of men and women, of animal and bird and reptile, and of the grass, the flower, the fruit and the tree, was but a few

short hours ago a Temple, in which, mysteriously coalescing with it into one being, dwelt a living soul, like the Divine Presence in the Holy of Holies. In and with and through it, that soul revered God, and endeavored to serve Humanity. Now it lies before us, awful and majestic in its repose (for it was more than the house or clothing or prison of the soul), preaching to us with mute eloquence its solemn lessons, so often heard, so little laid to heart. Yesterday, or a day or two ago, it was instinct with life and power; and the soul, which could only through it make its thoughts effectual in action, could not conceive of itself as isolated from it, or as possessed of a separate identity; but saw only with its eyes, heard with its ears, and spoke with its tongue.

Reason in vain protests that the body is but the mere instrument made use of by the soul. Instinct and feeling, more potent than reason, compel us to see in the dead body of our friend more than the mere shell and garment in which he was clothed, and which he has now cast aside as worthless, as the beetle leaves and forgets his shard, and the butterfly the envelope of the chrysalis. The face that is now so white and waxen, so cold and still, is the face of our dead friend, and dear to us, and looked upon with reverential love. This is still in some sort our friend, who lies there in his coffin. We pity him and mourn for him, as if harm and misfortune had indeed come to himself; as if it were he who had died and ceased to be; although

we know that the soul, which was indeed all of himself, still lives and is immortal.

Out of the utter darkness of unconsciousness we emerge into the light of this life, borrow a body from the elements, fret our brief hour away, and vanish.

The Soul, like a bird, flies in at one window of the hall, flits quickly across it, and flies through another into the outer darkness. Into what state it departs, is not given us to know. Our human senses know of it no more. It returns not to commune with us ; it brings us no warning from the silent land. We only know that as we are, so it still is, in the hands of God, who invites us to call Him our Father and to trust in His Mercy and Loving-kindness. Surely, to His keeping we may be content to trust our friend and Brother; and while we commit these mortal remains to the earth, knowing that no atom of them will be annihilated, we may believe that the Diviner Soul is subject to no law of destruction or dissolution ; and that the Infinite Beneficence will deal more mercifully with it than man deals with his erring Brother.

Nor is our Brother wholly gone from us here below ; since his influences survive, the thoughts he uttered still live, and the effects of his action and exertion can never cease, while the Universe continues to exist. He has become a part of the Great Past, which gives law to the Present and Future ; and he still lives a real life, in the thoughts, the feelings and the affections of those who knew and loved him.

While, therefore, nature will have her way, and our tears will drop upon his coffin in sorrow for his departure and our own loss, let it comfort us to reflect that it is often a great gain to die, and that by the Omniscience of God it may be evidently seen to be a blessing ; as also that his memory will not be forgotten, but that he will be remembered with affection and regret by those who loved him ; and that by the wondrous gift of memory we can still see within us his features, hear his words and possess his thoughts.

Take back the arms and insignia of our Brother to the Temple, that there remaining, they may keep fresh in our minds the recollection of his virtues ; and that his memory and the memories of his excellencies may long live in all our hearts, as the mournful light that broods above the sun after he has set, and dwells for a little while in Heaven. His warfare with the calamities and sorrows, the reverses and disappointments, the wrongs and oppressions of this world, is over ; and his Knightly weapons and insignia are to be for us hereafter only memorials and relics.

The Master of Ceremonies takes the sword and insignia from the coffin.

Then ☉ takes the Rosy Cross from the coffin, and holding it in his right hand, says,

☉.: I adjure you, Brethren, by this Holy Symbol of the Rosy Cross, the emblem of Faith, Hope, Loving-kindness and Immortality, not to permit your duties to the Dead to cease with these sad ceremonies. I

adjure you to right his causes, to do justice to his memory, to defend his reputation. And I more especially charge you that you do watch over and give protection and assistance to any whom he hath left unprotected or destitute, or who, suffering wrong or injury, may appeal to you in his name! Thus let us all prove ourselves good Knights and true Masons.

Place gently now the body of our Brother in its resting-place!

The body is now lowered into the grave; and as it reaches the bottom, ☉ says,

☉. Give unto him eternal rest, O Lord! and may the immortal light illumine him!

Now is sung by the Brethren the following

HYMN.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death, for all, the goal;
 There all our glittering toys are brought,
 That path, alone of all unsought,
 Is found at last of all.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
 That into one engulfing sea,
 Are shortly doomed to fall;
 The Sea of Death whose waves roll on,
 O'er King and Pontiff, See and Throne,
 And swiftly swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide
 Rolls downward, and the small rills glide,
 To the salt sea's sad wave;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the impartial grave.

See, then, how poor and little worth
 Are all the glittering toys of earth
 That tempt and lure us here ;
 Dreams, of a sleep that Death must break—
 Alas ! before it bids us wake,
 From earth we disappear.

○ hands ○ the golden vessel of salt. ○ advances near the grave, and says,

○.: By the covenant of salt, God gave the Kingdom of Israel to David and his sons ; and in the law it is written, “ Neither shalt thou suffer the Salt of the Covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy offerings of flesh ; with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.” I sprinkle salt upon this grave—[Suiting the action to the words]—in renewal of our covenant with him of whom this body was a part ; and also in token of our belief in the resurrection of the dead and life eternal. We shall see our Brother again. That which is here sown in corruption will be raised in incorruption ; and that which is sown a natural body will be raised a spiritual body. Our Brother still lives, though the Breath of his life has returned to God that gave it.

This is our Faith, our Hope, and our Assurance. Let us endeavor so to live, my Brethren, as to deserve to have our life continued, after this life in the body shall have ended ; since otherwise it cannot but be punishment and the weariness of misery, and not a recompense and a blessing. The Wise and Good who die, do leave their relics in the land, in influences and examples, in noble thoughts to be remembered, and

heroic deeds to be imitated ; and though no shrine is carved about their dust, nor any fragrant lamp is burned before their bones, they are enshrined in many hearts, and the gratitude and veneration of men shed inextinguishable light upon their memories,

“ When they are gathered to the glorious band
Of those who lived to benefit their race.”

My Brethren, let us devoutly ask the assistance and support of our Heavenly Father.

The Brethren fold their arms and bow the head, and ☉ repeats this

PRAYER.

Our Father by Whom we live ! it has pleased Thee to take away from this world our beloved Brother, and to leave us in his stead only this mortal and decaying tenement, which we do now commit to the Earth. Enlarge and increase, O God our Father, all his influences for good that do survive him, and in Thy Wisdom, and by meet instruments, counteract all those that tend to evil. Let us not forget the lessons again taught us by Death, but, remembering the uncertainty of life, and the little value of those things for which men do most strive, incline us more earnestly to endeavor to obey Thy laws, avoid dissensions, hatreds and revenges, and labor to do good to our fellow-men ; that so it may be desirable for us and profitable to us to live beyond this life, in the spiritual existence for which we hope. Console his relatives in their afflic-

tion, and sustain them in all the adversities and trials which they may have to encounter in this world ; and may they and we, loving and serving Thee, and trusting in Thy Infinite Beneficence, be in Thy good time gathered in peace unto our fathers, and again meet our friend and Brother, nearer to Thy Throne of Glory! Amen!

ALL: Amen! So mote it be!

All rise. The Experts, bearing the baskets of flowers, one standing on each side of the grave, strew them over the coffin, ☉ saying,

* ☉: It is a natural wish that sweet flowers should grow upon the graves of those we love. In Paradise, we think, they never wither. God has written manifold and wondrous truths in the stars ; but the revelation of His love is not less plain in the flowers that are the stars of earth.

“Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the brighter, better land,”

we strew them on the body of our friend, as an apt expression of our affection, and equally of hope and of reliance on that beneficence of which they are the unmistakable and eloquent expression.

☉ now advances to the grave, takes the rose from his coat, presses it to his lips and drops it into the grave, saying, “MAY HE REST IN PEACE!” and returns to his place. Then ⊕ and ○, one on each side of the grave, do the same; and then the other Officers and Brethren, in succession, by twos.

The Master again steps forward, takes a shovel and throws earth three times into the grave, saying, "*Earth to Earth!*" . . . "*Ashes to Ashes!*" . . . "*Dust to Dust!*" The Wardens and other officers, and each of the members do the same in succession.

Then, all being again in their places, ☉ says,

My Brethren, join me in paying the last honors!

All together give the funeral honors. They are as follows :

Cross the arms on the breast, the right over the left, the palms open ; raise both hands above the head ; then, dropping the arms, extend them horizontally toward the grave, palms open and downward. Do this three times ; then cross the arms again on the breast, bow low, and say, "*Farewell! . . . Farewell! . . . Farewell!*" The Guardian of the Temple, instead of doing this, depresses the standard three times over the grave, as the honors are given ; raises it again, and says the same words.

The grave is then filled up, and the Chapter returns in procession to the Temple, and is there called off in the usual form.

LUCTÛS OFFICIA.

OFFICES OF SORROW.

THESE are performed in the third Degree. All the furniture, the jewels, and the Altar, are draped with black cloth. The walls of the room are hung with black garlands, and so also are the Columns. The three Candlesticks of the Altar are covered with black crape, and the candles are of black wax. In the centre of the room is a coffin, its head to the West. It is covered with black cloth, and on it lie an apron of white lamb-skin, a pair of white gloves, the cordon and jewel of the highest degree possessed by the deceased, and a sword with a black scabbard and belt. If the Brother was an Inspector General, Master of the Royal Secret, or Knight Kadosh, the standard of the body to which he belonged, will be in the East, drooping.

If the ceremonies are performed in a church, the Altar-lights will be placed on the East, West and South of the coffin.

The three Lights are burning, when the ceremonies begin.

There should, if possible, be an organ.

The escutcheon of each Brother in whose memory the Lodge is held, will be suspended in the East. The form and devices of these are given in the Funeral Ceremony.

TO OPEN.

The Lodge will be opened in secret. As spectators who are even not Masons may witness the Offices, the Lodge will be opened elsewhere, and march in procession to the church or other place where the Offices are to be performed.

When the Brethren are assembled, and it is time to open, ☉, rapping ●, will say,

☉.: Very dear Brethren, our duty to the Dead hath summoned us, by all our solemn obligations, to come

together here, and pay due honors to the memories of those who can work with us no more. I am here to open, with your assistance, the Lodge of Sorrow directed by the Supreme Council. Be pleased to repair to your respective posts and stations, and give me your assistance.

When all are in their places and stations, ⊙ raps o, and says,

⊙.: Brother Senior Warden, when the successors of those Masters who sought for the body of the Master Khirōm, propose to open a Lodge of Sorrow, what is their first duty when assembled?

⊕.: Venerable Master, it is to be assured that all present are of the Brotherhood of the Faithful, and Initiates of the Greater Mysteries of suffering and sorrow.

⊙.: Be pleased, my Brother, calling to your assistance the Brother Junior Warden, to obtain that assurance, the Brother Expert and his Assistant demanding the pass-word of a Master from all.

⊕ and ⊙ descend from their stations and stand at the extremities of their columns. ♃ and ♆ go to the eastern extremities of the columns, ♃ to that of ⊕, and ♆ to that of ⊙, and receive the pass-word from each of the Brethren, and, at the end of the line, each gives it to the Warden of that column. Then ⊙ gives it to ⊕, the Wardens return to their places, and ⊕ says,

⊕.: Venerable Master, I recognize all the Brethren present as Initiates of the Greater Mysteries.

⊙.: Brother Junior Warden, what is the second duty of the Masters when about to open a Lodge of Sorrow?

○.: Venerable Master, to take care that the Lodge be duly tiled.

⊙.: Be pleased to see to that, and cause the Tiler to be informed that we are about to open a Lodge of Sorrow of Master-Masons here, in memory of our Brethren who have gone away from us; and direct him to tile accordingly.

○.: Brother Assistant Expert, be pleased to see that the Lodge is duly tiled. Inform the Tiler that we are about to open a Lodge of Sorrow here, in memory of the Brethren who have gone away from us; and direct him to tile accordingly.

↳ performs this duty as in the ordinary Master's Lodge, and reports :

♂.: Brother Junior Warden, the Lodge is duly tiled.

○.: Venerable Master, the Lodge is duly tiled.

⊙.: [♣ ♣] Brother Senior Warden, are you a Master-Mason?

⊕.: I am.

⊙.: What duty of a Master-Mason have you now come hither to perform?

⊕.: Venerable Master, the last offices of Brotherhood and Loving-kindness; to pay Masonic honors to the memory of our Masonic dead.

⊙.: They have but gone a little sooner than we to the silent land. Brother Junior Warden, your station in the Lodge of Sorrow is in the South. What is your duty there?

⊙.: To teach the Brethren of my Valley the brevity and uncertainty of human life and the instability of human fortune ; and that, as the sun dominant in the zenith at noon calls the laborer to rest for a time from his toil, so the Master of Life, whom the Junior Warden represents, often calls those whose noon-day of life is not yet passed, to rest from the labors of this world in the more immediate presence of God.

⊙.: Brother Senior Warden, your station in the Lodge of Sorrow is in the West. What is your duty there ?

⊕.: To teach the Brethren of my Valley that it is not all of life to live ; and that as the golden glories of the sunset linger in the western sky when the sun has ended his daily course, so the influences of the great and good men who die after long lives of virtue, remain to light the world, after their eyes are closed in that sleep that knows no waking here.

⊙.: Brother Senior Warden, the station of the Venerable Master is in the East. What is his duty there ?

⊕.: To teach the Brethren of both Valleys that this life is part of eternity, and this world also is among the stars ; and that as the sun which sets in clouds and darkness rises again in the East, preceded by the glowing splendors of the dawn, so the soul that seems to die with the body passes from the evening of life into the dawn of eternity, rising like a star in another world.

⊙.: Very dear Brethren, let us believe in the

promises of God, and with the firm convictions of Faith hope for immortality; that with that Faith and Hope we may be strong and patient and endure all things unto the end. Brother Junior Warden, has the hour arrived when this Lodge of Sorrow should be opened?

○.: Venerable Master, it has.

⊙.: Since the hour at which this Lodge of Sorrow should open has arrived, be pleased, Brethren Senior and Junior Wardens, to invite the Brethren in your respective Valleys to assist me in opening the Lodge by the sacred numbers.

⊕.: Brethren in my Valley, the Venerable Master invites you to assist him in opening this Lodge of Sorrow by the sacred numbers.

○.: Brethren in my Valley, etc.

⊙.: [Rapping ●●●, at which all rise.] With me, my Brethren!

⊙ and all the Brethren rap ●●●, and give the sign of Apprentice; ●●●, and give the sign of a Fellow-Craft; ●●●, and give the sign of a Master. Then all give the distress-sign, with the usual cry, and ⊙ says

⊙.: May our Father who is in heaven strengthen our good resolutions, and make us strong to resist temptation! May He enable us to bear the crosses of life patiently, to draw healing and profit from its sorrows, and to resist the evil influences of prosperity! May He make us tolerant, generous and merciful, and worthy of the gift of immortality! Amen!

I declare this Lodge of Sorrow in the Master's degree to be duly opened. Be seated, my Brethren!

OFFICIA LUCTŪS.

The ceremonies will commence, if practicable, with a voluntary on the organ, followed by the chant

DE PROFUNDIS.

De Profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam!	Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord! Lord hear my voice!
Fiant aures Tnæ intendentes, in vocem deprecationis meæ!	Let Thine ears hearken to the voice of my supplication.
Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine; Domine, quis sustinebit?	If Thou, O Lord! shalt mark our wrong doings, O Lord! who is there that will bear the test?
Quia apud Te propitiatio est; et propter legem Tuam sustinui Te Domine!	But with Thee there is mercy; and by reason of Thy law, I have spoken for Thee, O Lord!
Sustinuit anima mea in verbo Ejus; speravit anima mea in Domino!	My soul hath rested on His word. My soul hath trusted in the Lord.
Et Ipse redimerit Israel ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.	And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins.
Requiem æternam dona ei [or, iis] Domine!	Give unto him [or, them] eternal rest, O Lord,
Et lux perpetua luceat ei [or, iis].	And upon him [or, them] let shine perpetual light.

If the De Profundis cannot be chanted, the Primate reads it, in English.

After which, ☉ raps ●●●, calling up all the Brethren; and says,

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

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

⊙.: We go whence we shall not return, even to the land of Darkness and of the Shadow of Death.

⊕.: A land of Darkness, as Darkness itself; and of the Shadow of Death, wherein the very Light is as Darkness.

⊙.: There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the slave is freed of his burden.

○.: That land is unknown; God regards it not from above, neither doth the Light enter into it.

⊙.: Horror and Dread are its inhabitants: mystery reigns over it: and its silence terrifies it.

⊕.: It is desolation, and a great desert on which Terror broods, and no joyful voice comes therein.

⊙.: Therein is no glad Dawn of Day; the Stars of the twilight thereof are dark. It longs for light and has none; it sees no dawning of the day.

○.: There we lie still and are quiet; there we sleep; there we are at rest. With Kings and Counsellors of the earth, which built for themselves palaces now desolate: with Princes that had gold, and filled their houses with silver.

⊙.: We dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is on the sand; which crumble before the worm.

⊕.: We are destroyed from morning to evening. We perish forever, without any regarding it. Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent

without hope. Our life is but a breath ; as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.

The Altar-Light on the South is extinguished by the Assistant Expert ; and then is sung or chanted part of

THE MISERERE.

Miserere mei, Deus ; secundum magnam misericordiam Tuam ?

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum Tuarum ; dele iniquitatem meam !

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate meâ ; et à peccato meo munda me !

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco ; et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram Te feci ; ut justificeris in sermonibus Tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

Take pity upon me, O God, according to Thy great compassionateness,

And according to the multitude of Thy commiserations ; do away with mine offences.

Wash me yet more from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my wrongdoings, and my sin is always before me.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and have done evil in Thy sight ; that Thou mayest be justified in Thy words, and mayest overcome where Thou shalt judge.

Or, if the Miserere cannot be sung or chanted,

Slow, plaintive Music

will be substituted, and the following verse be sung of a

HYMN.

Unwelcome mornings no enjoyments bring,
We only wake to feel new sorrows sting ;
Eve brings no rest, and night no tranquil sleep ;
Griefs are the only harvest that we reap.

⊙.: What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the Earth abideth always.

⊕.: Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

⊙.: Every man shall be brought to the grave, and find a home in the tomb.

○.: The clods of the valley shall be heaped upon him, and every man shall follow after him, as there were innumerable before him.

⊙.: God accepteth not the persons of Princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor; for they all are the work of His hands.

⊕.: In a moment they die, and the People are troubled at midnight, and pass away; and the mighty are taken away without band.

The Altar-light on the West is extinguished by the Expert; and then is sung or chanted this other portion of

THE MISERERE.

Averte faciem Tuam à peccatis meis; et omnes iniquitates meas dele!	Turn away Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my wrong-doings.
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Cor mundum crea in me, Deus!—et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis!	Create a pure heart in me, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.
--	---

Ne projicias me à facie Tuâ; et spiritum sanctum Tuum ne auferas à me!	Cast me not away from Thy face, and take not Thy holy spirit from me.
--	---

Redde mihi lætitiã salutaris Tui; et spiritu principali confirma me!	Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and with a perfect spirit strengthen me.
--	--

Or, instead of the Miserere,

Slow, sad Music,

will be instituted, and the following verse sung of a

HYMN.

Bear not, O Father ! all our faults in mind !
 In Thy great love let us indulgence find !
 We are so weak, so prone to sinful wrong !
 Mercy and grace, O Lord ! to Thee belong.

⊙.: Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth how weak we are to resist temptation.

⊙.: Man's days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

⊙.: Daily we draw nearer unto the gates of death. We go like the shadow when it declineth. All our days are sorrows ; and our travail, grief ; yea, our hearts take not rest in the night.

⊕.: There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit ; neither power in the day of death ; and there is no discharge in that war.

⊙.: The day goeth swiftly away ; the evening shadows lengthen. When we would comfort ourselves against sorrow, our hearts are faint in us for a new calamity. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.

⊕.: Death is come up into our windows, and is

entered into our palaces, to cut off the young with the aged whom we love. They fall alike, as the ripe and the unripe ears of wheat after the harvester, and there is none to gather them up.

⊙.: The Lord God of Hosts is He that toucheth the land, and it shudders ; and all that dwell therein mourn ; when the children of the land pass away as the dew of the morning, as the drops of the showers that linger upon the grass.

⊕.: Our songs are turned into funeral dirges, and our feasts into mourning. Sackcloth is upon all loins, and ashes on every head ; it is as the mourning for an only son ; and the end thereof is as a bitter day to those in a lonely house.

⊙.: The Lord our God causeth darkness ; and our feet stumble upon the dark mountains ; and while we look for light, He turns it into the shadow of Death, and makes it thick darkness.

○.: He puts us out ; He covers our heavens with a pall, and darkens all its stars ; He covers our sun with a cloud ; and our moon no longer gives her light. All the bright lights of Heaven He maketh dark over us, and sets darkness upon our land.

The Altar-light in the East is extinguished by the Master of Ceremonies.

⊙.: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Amen!

ALL: Amen! So mote it be!

Now is sung or chanted another portion of

THE MISERERE.

Docebo iniquos vias Tuas ; et impium ad Te convertentur.	I will teach the unrighteous Thy ways, and the wicked shall be converted unto Thee.
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Domine, labia mea aperies ; et os meum annuntiabit laudem Tuam.	Thou wilt open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall make public Thy praise.
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Sacrificium Deo spiritus con- tribulatus ; cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non des- pices.	An afflicted spirit is a sacri- fice to God. A contrite and an humbled heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
--	--

Benignè fac, Domine, in bonâ voluntate Tuâ Zion ; ut ædifi- centur muri Jerusalem.	Deal kindly, O Lord, in Thy good will with Sion, that the walls of Jerusalem may be builded up.
--	--

Requiem æternam fratri nos- tro dona, Domine ! Et lux perpetua luceat ei !	Give unto our Brother eter- nal rest, O Lord ! and let per- petual light shine on him.
--	--

Or, instead of this part of the Miserere, there is substituted

Soft, plaintive Music,

and the Brethren sing, the following verse of a

HYMN.

Let us not always be the wretched prey
Of sufferings that take all life away ;
Nor when with tearful eyes to Thee we cry,
Withhold Thy comfort, lest we faint and die.

When the Chant, Music or Hymn is ended, the Wardens
and Master read as follows :

○.: The burden of fair seasons !—Rain in Spring,
White rain and wind among the tender trees ;
A Summer of green sorrows gathering ;
Rank Autumn in a mist of miseries,

With sad face set toward the year, that sees
 The charr'd ash drop out of the dropping pyre ;
 And Winter, wan with many maladies ;—
 This is the end of every man's desire.

⊕.: The burden of dead faces !—Out of sight.

And out of love, beyond the reach of hands,
 Changed in the changing of the dark and light,
 They walk and weep about the barren lands,
 Where no seed is, nor any garner stands ;
 Where in short breaths the doubtful days respire,
 And Time's turn'd glass lets through the sigh-
 ing sands ;—
 This is the end of every man's desire !

⊙.: The burden of sad sayings !—In that day

Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours, and tell
 Thy times and ways and words of love, and say
 How one was dear and one desirable,
 How life was sweet, and everything went well ;
 But now with lights revers'd, th' old Hours retire,
 And the last Hour rings loud the funeral
 knell ;—
 This is the end of every man's desire !

⊙.: My Brethren, we live only to see those we
 love go away into the silent land before us. The
 arrows of the insatiate and relentless Archer pass us
 by, only to smite the bosoms of our friends and
 Brethren ; until the aged are weary of the loneliness

of life, and welcome death as a friend. The Past is thickly peopled for us with the well-remembered faces of the Dead.

⊕.: The hours of twilight find us strange and lonely,
 With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
 To tell of distant graves and losses only,
 The Past that cannot change and will not go.
 Let petty cares and vain regrets not win us
 From Life's true heritage and better part!
 Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship rather ;
 But nations toil and tremble even as we,
 Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
 Fearing the Winters which they may not see.

⊙.: God has made our life too short to serve the ambition of a haughty Prince or an encroaching Pontiff ; or the crafty or bold leader who covets and wrangles for power in a republic ; to purchase that enormous wealth which the servant of Mammon may think sufficient ; to satisfy a vain-glorious pride ; to trample upon all the enemies of our just or unjust interests ;—but to obtain virtue, to secure the freedom of the soul, to entertain sobriety and moderate desires, and to perform the duties of Masonry and life, He has made it long enough. If our death could be put off a little longer, when God thinks it time we should die, what advantage would it be, in our accounts of nature and felicity ? Those that three thousand years

ago died unwillingly, and even delayed death a week, what is their gain? Where is that week?

Death is that harbor whither God hath designed every one, that there he may find rest from the troubles of the world. Let us either be willing to die, when God calls, or let us never more complain of the calamities of our life, which we feel to be so sharp and numerous! And when God sends His angel to us with the scroll of Death, let us look on it as an act of mercy, to prevent many sins, and many calamities of a longer life; and lay our heads down softly, and go to sleep, without wrangling like froward children. For this, at least, man gets by death—that his calamities are not immortal.

To bear grief honorably and temperately, and to die willingly and nobly, is the duty of a good and valiant man. Moreover, it is reasonable, and a duty of religion, to comply with the Divine Providence which governs all the world, and to bear contentedly and cheerfully the burdens of the world, and the enmities of sad chances.

Death has invaded our Chapter. For against him no bolts or bars prevail, nor can the Tiler, though never so vigilant and resolute, prevent or stay his entrance. He hath lately called from labor to rest our Brother ———, who hath gone before us, yet only a little while before, into the foreign and unknown country beyond the dark river; there, if he hath the True Word of a Master-Mason, to receive the wages of faithful service.

We, following our ancient Masonic custom, and obeying the commands of duty, do now pay these last honors to his memory. Him, they cannot profit. He is beyond the reach of praise and of censure alike. To us, they may and should be profitable. They gratify those whom he loved ; they show our appreciation of His virtues ; they encourage others to labor and endeavor to deserve like honors ; and they show to the world that the ties and sympathies and obligations of Masonry cannot be dissevered by the hand of Death.

The Brethren, or the choir, sing the following

ANTHEM.

I.

Among the dead our Brother sleeps,
 His life was rounded true and well ;
 And Love in bitter sorrow weeps
 Over his dark and silent cell.

II.

No pain, no sleep-disturbing fear
 Invades his house ; no mortal woes
 His narrow resting-place come near,
 To trouble his serene repose.

III.

His name is graven on the stone
 That Friendship's tears will often wet ;
 But each true Brother's heart upon,
 That name is stamped more deeply yet.

IV.

As slept the Widow's Martyred Son,
 So doth our Brother take his rest ;
 Life's battle fought, Life's duties done,
 His faults forgot, his worth confessed.

V.

So let him sleep that dreamless sleep,
 Our sorrows clustering round his head ;
 Be comforted, dear friends, who weep !
 He lives with God ; he is not dead.

⊙.: I cried, by reason of my affliction, unto the Lord, and He heard me. Out of the depths I cried, and He heard my voice.

⊕.: I went down to the foundations of the mountains ; the Earth, with her bars was about me, as if forever ; yet hast Thou rescued my life from corruption, O Lord, my God !

⊙.: When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord ; and my prayer came in unto Thee, into Thy Holy Temple.

⊙.: I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving ; I will pay that which I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord !

Immediately are sung the following portions of the

MAGNIFICAT.

Magnificat anima mea Domi-	My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath re- joiced in God my Saviour.
num.	
Et exultavit spiritus meus in	
Deo Salutari meo.	

Quia fecit mihi magna Qui potens est ; et Sanctum Nomen Ejus. Et misericordia Ejus à pro- genie in progenies, timentibus Eum.	For He that is mighty hath done great things to me ; and Holy is His Name, And His mercy is from gen- eration to generation, to them that fear Him.
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Or, instead of the Magnificat, there will be

Bold, sonorous Music.

After the Chant or Music,

⊙. Thus saith the Lord : Stand ye in the ways, and look and inquire for the old paths, where is the good way ; and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. It is the Faith of all true Masons, that Prayer, like the will, is one of the Forces of the universe. Let us pray !

All kneel, and the Primate prefers this

PRAYER.

Our Father, Who art here present among us, and dost graciously permit us to cry unto Thee in distress and sorrow, it hath pleased Thee to take back the Breath of Life which Thou didst breathe into this body of the Brother whom we mourn, and to call his spirit away from the miseries of this sinful world. Let Time, as it heals the wounds thus inflicted on the hearts of those who loved him, not erase or make illegible the salutary lessons engraven there ; but let those lessons, always continuing distinct and legible, make each one wiser and better, who now sorrows for the dead.

In whatever trouble or distress may hereafter come upon us, may we be consoled by the reflection that Thy Wisdom and Power are no more infinite than Thy Love ; and that our sorrows are not visitations of Thy Anger, but results of the great Laws of Harmony by which everything is being conducted to a good and perfect issue in the fulness of Thy time.

Cause the loss of this friend and Brother whom we lament, to increase our affection for each other, and make us more lenient, indulgent and charitable, and more punctual in the performance of all the duties which Friendship, Loving-kindness, Brotherhood and Honor demand. And when it comes to us in our turn to die, may an abiding trust in Thy Mercy dispel the dread of dissolution. And may we not be disappointed in our Hope, nor find our Faith to be a delusion, that we shall meet our Brother again hereafter, in another and a more excellent life. Amen !

ALL : Amen ! So mote it be !

⊙.: Enlighten, O Lord, those who sit in darkness and the shadow of Death !

ALL : The Lord is our God forever ; He will be our guide, even unto Death.

⊙.: We are but sojourners on the earth ; let us not stray from Thy commandments !

RESPONSE : Lord, make us to know our end, and the measure of our days, what it is !

⊙.: That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and may finish the work Thou hast given us to do.

RESP. : Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his!

☉. : We commit ourselves to Thy Loving-kindness and tender mercies.

RESP. : Strengthen Thou our hands and purify our hearts!

☉. : Confirm and make effectual, and multiply our good resolves! lead us away from temptation, and deliver us out of the power of evil!

RESP. : For Thine are the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, forever. Amen!

☉. : The will of God is accomplished. So mote it be! Amen!

CHANT.

Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino; laudate et superexalte Eum in sæcula.	All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. Praise Him, and above all things exalt Him forever.
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Benedicite Angeli Domini Domino; benedicite cœli Domino.	O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. O ye Heavens, bless the Lord.
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Benedicat Terra Dominum; laudet et superexaltet Eum in sæcula.	O let the Earth bless the Lord. Let it praise and exalt Him above all, forever.
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Benedicite sacerdotes Domini Domino; Benedicite servi Domini Domino.	O ye Priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. O ye servants of the Lord, bless the Lord.
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Benedictus es, Domine, in firmamento cœli; et laudabilis, et superexaltatus in sæcula.	Blessed art thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven; and praiseworthy and glorious, and superexalted above all, forever.
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If these sentences cannot be chanted, let them be read; after which, grave and stately

Music.

After the Chant or Music,

⊙.: My Brethren, in a little while, as it hath happened to our Brother to whose memory we now do honor, so it will happen unto each of us ; and we, like him, shall be gathered unto our fathers.

But our Brother is not wholly gone from us, nor ever will be, nor from this material world. His influences and the effects of his example survive him ; the thoughts he uttered are not subject to decay ; and the consequences of his action and exertion can never cease while the universe continues to exist.

Many of them that sleep in the dust of the Earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.

⊕.: The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry.

○.: The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the Earth.

⊕.: The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

○.: The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart ; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

⊕.: Many are the afflictions of the righteous ; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

○.: The Lord redeemeth the Soul of His Servants ; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.

Music,

after which, ☉ says,

☉. Come with me, my Brethren, round this coffin, which represents that wherein the body of our Brother reposes ; and aid me in paying the last Honors of Masonry to his memory.

A procession of twenty-seven Masons, selected for the purpose is formed, and marches three times in a circuit as large as practicable, around the coffin, their hands folded on their chests.

During each circuit there is

Slow and solemn Music,

which ceases when the procession has halted.

When ☉ reaches the head of the coffin, at the end of the first circuit, all face inward, continuing under the same sign ; and ☉ says,

☉. May all the influences of our Brother, for good, that do survive him, be continually expanded and increased, to benefit his fellow-men ; and may our Father who is in Heaven, in His Wisdom, counteract and annul all those that tend to evil!

ALL : Amen ! So mote it be !

All now give, together, the Funeral Honors. These are : To cross the arms on the breast, the right over the left ; the hands open and palms in front of the shoulders ; raise both hands perpendicularly toward Heaven, the hands open and palms to the front ; at the same time looking upward—bring down the arms until they are extended horizontally in front of the body, hands open, and palms downward—then drop them by the side. Do this three times ; cross the arms again on the breast ; and say, three times, “ FAREWELL ! ”

Another circuit is now made, and when ☉ again reaches the head of the coffin, all again face inward, and he says,

⊙.: May we not forget the lessons taught us by our Brother's death ! but, remembering the uncertainty of life, and the little value of those things for which men most strive, may we more earnestly endeavor to obey the laws of God, avoid dissensions, hatreds, and revenges, and labor to do good to our fellow-men ! May we be true and faithful, and live and die loving our Brethren !

ALL: Amen ! So mote it be !

All again give the Honors as before ; and the third circuit is made. When the Master is again at the head of the coffin, all face inward, and he says,

⊙.: May the relatives of our Brother be consoled in their great affliction, and sustained in all the trials and hardships which they may have to encounter in the world.

ALL: Amen ! So mote it be !

All again give the Honors as before. Then the Brethren all return to their places, and ⊙ says,

⊙.: Let us pray !

All kneel, and ⊙ or the Primate reads this

PRAYER.

O Merciful and Loving Father, encourage to perseverance all who labor in the cause of Truth and Virtue and the rights of men, and keep them from becoming weary and faint-hearted, assuring them that none so labor without result, nor at the last are

unrewarded. Protect and perpetuate, we pray Thee, civil and religious liberty in this land, and prevent tyranny, subversion of constitutional government, oppression, injustice and usurpation ; and defeat all mad or wicked schemes that with plausible pretexts lead to ruin. Teach all men the great truth, that peace, good government, political freedom and pure religion walk hand in hand ; and as Thou has united these, let none put them asunder !

Make the Order of Freemasonry worthy of its high pretensions ! Persuade its initiates everywhere to illustrate its holy principles of Truth, brotherly Love, Virtue and Toleration ! And when our labors in this earthly Lodge and Workshop in which we serve our apprenticeship, are finished, admit us to the companionship of those who have worthily worked and gone away before us, in that Temple of the Heavens wherein Thy Throne of Love is established forever. Amen !

ALL : Amen ! So mote it be !

Solemn Music.

After which,

⊙.: The dead men shall live ; with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing, ye dwellers in the dust ! for Thy dew is as the dew on the grass ; and earth shall send forth its dead.

⊕.: The seed dies ; and out of its death springs the young shoot of the new wheat, to produce an hundred-fold.

○.: The worm dies in its narrow prison-house, woven by itself; and out of its death springs the brilliant moth, emblem of Immortality.

⊕.: The Serpent, symbol of Eternity, renews its youth; and out of the night-death of sleep comes the renewed life of the morning.

○.: All DEATH is new LIFE. The CREATOR, PRESERVER and DESTROYER is ONE DEITY. All evil and affliction are but the modes of this great and continuous Genesis, that shall not be eternal.

Death is the day of recompense, after the toils of life. It is the dawn of the day of Eternity. Through the dark veil, the soul, freed from the body, passes into the light beyond, redeemed and delivered from the evils and dangers of mortality.

The Assistant Expert re-lights the Altar-light in the South. Immediately this is chanted, from the

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Te Deum laudamus; Te Dominum confitemur.

Te Æternum Patrem, omnis terra veneratur.

Tibi omnes Angeli; Tibi cœli, et universæ potestates.

Tibi Cherubin et Seraphin incessabili voce proclamant:

Sanctus, SANCTUS, SANCTUS, DOMINUS DEUS SABAOTH!

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be our Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.

Holy, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.

Or, if this cannot be chanted, there will be

Triumphant Music.

When the Chant or Music ends, ⊕ says,

⊕.: Thy Brother shall live again. The seed that is sown, is not quickened unless it die. Then that which is sown in corruption and dishonor shall be raised in glory. The grave enfolds in its embrace the body, once that of our Brother ; but he is not there. He is not dead, but liveth and hath returned to God his Father.

The Expert re-lights the Altar-light in the West. Immediately this is chanted, also from the

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Te Deum laudamus ; Te Dominum confitemur.	We praise Thee, O God ; we ac- knowledge Thee to be our Lord.
Pleni sunt cœli et terra ma- jestatis gloriæ Tuæ.	Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
Salvum fac populum Tuum, Domine ; et benedic hæreditati Tuæ.	Save Thy people, O Lord, and bless Thine heritage.
Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in æternum.	Govern them, and raise them up for ever.
Per singulos dies, benedici- mus Te.	Day by day we do magnify Thee. And we do praise Thy
Et laudamus Nomen Tuum in sæculum, et in sæculum sæculi.	name for ever and for ever.

Or, instead of the Chant, there will be

Bold, spirited Music.

As soon as the Music or Chant ends, ⊙ will say,

⊙.: Behold ! I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep ; but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. So when

this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written : " Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh, Death, where is thy sting ? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory ? "

The Master of Ceremonies re-lights the Altar-light in the East. Immediately is chanted, also from the

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Te Deum laudamus; Te Dominum confitemur.	We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be our Lord.
Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.	Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
Miserere nostri, Domine; Miserere nostri !	Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy upon us.
Fiat Misericordia Tua, Domine, super nos ! quemadmodum speravimus in Te.	Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as we have hoped in Thee.
In Te, Domine, speravi ; non confundar in æternum.	In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped. Let me be no more troubled henceforth for ever.

When the Chant, or the Music substituted for it ends,
 ☉ says,

☉. The will of God is accomplished.

ALL : Blessed be the name of the Lord !

Then is sung the following

ANTHEM.

I.

Mourn not him whose star has set,
 While its light is with us yet ;
 While remembered words are dear,
 While his spirit meets us here.

II.

Though the blast shake down the fruit,
 Though the leaves drop on the root,
 When the death-wind withering blows,
 Still the great tree, broadening, grows.

III.

Nothing done is done in vain,
 Words and deeds alike remain ;
 Memories soft and sad become
 Angels luring us to home.

IV.

Humblest men do mightier things,
 Often, than the sceptred kings ;
 Roughest paths, by Virtue trod,
 Lead the nearest way to God.

V.

Living men are heavenward led
 By the errors of the Dead ;
 Murmur not, but work and pray ;
 Death is Heaven's dawn of day.

When the Anthem ends, ☉ says,

☉. In Egypt, among our old masters, where Masonry was more cultivated than Vanity, no one could gain admittance to the Sacred Asylum of the tomb until he had passed under the most solemn judgment. A grave Tribunal sat in judgment upon all, even the kings. They said to the Dead—"Whoever thou art, give account to thy country of thine actions! What hast thou done with thy time and life? The law interrogates thee; thy country hears thee; Truth sits in

judgment on thee." Princes came there to be judged, escorted only by their virtues and their vices. A public accuser recounted the history of the dead man's life, and threw the blaze of the torch of Truth on all his actions. If it were adjudged that he had led an evil life, his memory was condemned in the presence of the nation, and his body was denied the honors of sepulture.

Masonry has no such tribunal to sit upon *her* dead and judge them. With her, the good that they have done lives after them, and the *evil* is interred with their bones. But she requires that whatever is said in her behalf concerning them shall be the simple truth ; and should it ever so happen that of one of her sons who dies, nothing of good can truthfully be said, she will mournfully and pityingly bury him out of her sight in silence.

Brother Orator, let Masonry, through thy lips, speak to us of our Brother who has gone away from us, to be seen among us in this world no more for ever. Tell us the story of his life, and recount his virtues and his good deeds, that we may remember and imitate them ; but let his faults and errors be forgiven and forgotten ; for to say that he had them is but to say that he was human.

The Orator, or a Brother selected for the occasion, delivers an

ORATION.

After the address, ☉ says,

☉. My Brethren, the duty we owed the dead is performed. It remains, that we who are alive should so live, and by our actions attend the coming of the day of Fate, that we neither be surprised, nor leave our duties imperfect, nor our sins uncanceled, nor our persons unreconciled, nor God unappeased ; but that, when our bodies in their turn go down to their graves, our souls may ascend to the regions of Eternal light, wherein is the Holy House of the Heavenly Temple of the Lord. Amen !

The Chaplain or Primate then pronounces this

BENEDICTION.

May the blessing of our Father who is in Heaven rest upon us all, now and forevermore ! May Brotherly Love increase among us, and the remembrance of our Brethren who have gone away from us, make more dear unto us those who remain ! And may all those virtues which Masonry inculcates be continually and faithfully practiced by all of us, and unite us and all good Masons closely together ! And may content, and peace, and resignation, with faith and hope, abide with us forever ! Amen !

ALL : Amen ! So mote it be !

The offices conclude with the Chant

BEATI OMNES.

Beati omnes qui timent Dominum; qui ambulant in viis Ejus.

Labores manuum tuarum quia manducabis; beatus est et bene tibi erit.

Ecce sic benedicetur homo qui timet Dominum!

Benedicat tibi Dominus ex Sion; et videas bona Jerusalem omnibus diebus vitæ tuæ.

Et videas filios filiorum tuorum! Pacem super Israël!

Blessed are all they that fear the Lord, that walk in His ways.

For thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands. Blessed art thou, and it shall be well with thee.

Behold! thus shall the man be blessed, that feareth the Lord.

May the Lord bless thee out of Sion, and mayest thou see the good things of Jerusalem, all the days of thy life.

And mayest thou see thy children's children! Peace upon Israel.

