

7

# RITUAL AND SERVICE

—→FOR←—

## LODGE OF SORROW,

COMPILED, ARRANGED AND ADAPTED

—→FOR USE IN←—

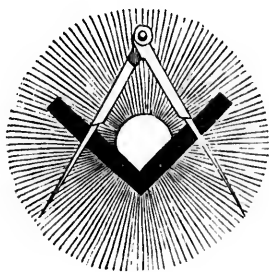
LODGES OF A. F. AND A. M.,

WORKING UNDER THE

GRAND LODGES

—→OF THE←—

DOMINION OF CANADA.



PRIVATELY PRINTED.

OTTAWA.

5888.

---

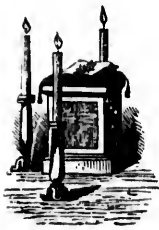
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1888, by  
JOHN MOORE,  
at the Department of Agriculture

---

## **PREFATORY NOTE.**

---

In placing before the Craft of the Dominion the following Ritual and Service for a Lodge of Sorrow, it is not in the vain desire to become an author, but as an honest endeavor to produce an acceptable work on a subject not hitherto attempted in Canada. The material for it has been taken from sources not accessible to the great majority of reading members of the Masonic fraternity, and in its preparation such distinguished Masonic Authors as Pike, McClenachan, Mackey, Simons, Speed, Yarker, Ragon and others have been consulted and largely drawn upon, and to suppose that the work is perfect is to expect too much from human fallibility. It is hoped it may prove advantageous, and enable those requiring its use to conduct the solemn exercises of such occasions with dignity and propriety.



## LODGE OF SORROW.

---

A Lodge of Sorrow should be held within a reasonable time after the decease of a Brother, and the Ceremonies may be performed either in private or public, and may be held in the Lodge Room, Masonic Hall or Church, in the presence of friends, with benefit to all concerned, subject however to the wishes of the Brethren themselves.

A Lodge of Sorrow cannot be held in memory of any Brother who has not been raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason, and he must have been in good Masonic standing at the time of his decease and affiliated with a regular Warranted Lodge.

All the Furniture, the Jewels and the Altar are draped with black cloth. The walls of the Lodge Room or Masonic Hall are hung with black garlands, and so also are the Columns. The three Candlesticks of the Altar are covered with black crupe and the Candles should be of black wax.

In the centre of the Hall, between the Altar and the Senior Warden's Chair in the West, is placed the Catafalque, which consists of a rectangular platform about six feet long by four feet wide, on which are two smaller platforms, so that three steps are represented. On the third one should be an elevation of convenient height. The platform and elevation shall be draped in black cloth, and a canopy of black drapery may be raised over the elevated part.

On the Catafalque shall be placed an Urn, a pair of White Gloves, and a Lamb-skin Apron, and if the deceased Brother had been an Officer, the appropriate Insignia and Jewels of his office.

When the Lodge of Sorrow is held in memory of several Brethren, Escutcheons bearing their names are placed round the Catafalque.

On the Master's Pedestal in the East is a Skull and Lighted Taper.

The three Altar Lights are burning when the Ceremonies begin.

All the Brethren should be uniformly clothed in black, wearing White Gloves and their Regalia.

The following requisites should be provided before the Ceremonies commence, and put in a convenient place, ready for use at the proper time, viz.: A bunch of White Flowers, a wreath of White Flowers, a wreath of Evergreens, a Cornucopia with Corn, and two Ewers with White and Perfumed Oil.

If the Lodge of Sorrow is held in the evening the Lodge Room, Masonic Hall, or Church and approaches to same should be brilliantly lighted, and arrangements made to lower the gas or other lights at the proper time, viz., when the South Altar-light is extinguished.

After the Lodge Room or Masonic Hall is properly prepared, no one should enter it except those having charge of the decorations, and the Organist, until the hour for the Ceremonies to take place.

Vocal and instrumental music are indispensable and give proper effect to the Ceremonies, and they will be greatly increased if the Officers will speak their parts

Instead of reading them. Care should be exercised in the selection of Officers, and none but Brethren of culture and good enunciation appointed.

During the public part of the Ceremonies the approaches to the Lodge Room or Masonic Hall should be open to allow ingress and egress, thus preventing unseemly interruption.

If the Service is performed in a Church, the Lodge shall be opened in the Lodge Room or Masonic Hall, and the Brethren march in procession in the order laid down in the Funeral Service in the Constitution, to where the Ceremonies are to take place.

The Altar-Lights will be stood on the East, South and West of the Catafalque, which will be placed at right-angles with the aisles, the Holy Bible, Square and Compass being placed upon a Pedestal at a convenient distance from the foot of the Catafalque.

### To Open.

The Lodge will be opened in secret, and the Brethren being assembled in the Ante-room, and it is time to open, a procession will be formed of all the Brethren present, under the direction of two Stewards, and move into the Lodge Room two and two, the Wor. Master, taking his station in the East, and rapping o, will say,

*Wor. Master.*—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 work with us no more. I am here to hold, with your assistance, a Lodge of Sorrow. Be pleased to take your respective chairs, and give me your assistance.

When all are in their places, the Wor. Master raps o, at which the Senior and Junior Wardens rise, and says,

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

*Senior Warden.*—Worshipful Sir, it is to be assured that all present are Master Masons.

*Wor. Master.*—Be pleased, Brother Senior Warden, calling to your assistance Brother Junior Warden, to obtain that assurance, the Senior and Junior Deacons demanding the Pass-word of a Master Mason from all.

The Wor. Master raps o o o, all rise, and the Pass-word is collected in the usual manner.

*Senior Warden.*—Worshipful Sir, I recognize all the Brethren present as Master Masons.

*Wor. Master.*—Brother Junior Warden, what is the second duty of the Masters when about to open a Lodge of Sorrow?

*Junior Warden.*—Worshipful Sir, to take care that the Lodge be duly tiled.

*Wor. Master.*—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.

*Junior Warden.*—Brother Inner Guard, 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 our Brethren who have gone away from us, and direct him to tile accordingly.

Inner Guard performs this duty as in the ordinary Master Mason's Lodge, and reports:

*Inner Guard.*—Brother Junior Warden, the Lodge is duly tiled.

*Junior Warden.*—Worshipful Sir, the Lodge is duly tiled.

*Wor. Master.*—Brother Senior Warden, are you a Master Mason?

*Senior Warden.*—I am, Worshipful Sir.

*Wor. Master.*—What duty of a Master Mason have you now come hither to perform?

*Senior Warden.*—Worshipful Sir, the last offices of Brotherhood and Loving-kindness; to pay Masonic honors to the memory of our Masonic dead.

*Wor. Master.*—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?

*Junior Warden.*—To teach the Brethren in the South the brevity and uncertainty of life and the instability of human fortune; and that, as the sun sitting high in his meridian tower 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.

*Wor. Master.*—Brother Senior Warden, your station in the Lodge of Sorrow is in the West. What is your duty there?

*Senior Warden.*—To teach the Brethren in the West that it is not all of life to live; and that, as the golden glories of the sunset flush the western sky and clouds when the sun has sunken out of sight, 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.

*Wor. Master.*—Brother Senior Warden, the station of the Worshipful Master is in the East. What is his duty there?

*Senior Warden.*—To teach the Brethren in the East 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.

*Wor. Master.*—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?

*Junior Warden.*—Worshipful Sir, it has.

*Wor. Master.*—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 the West and South to assist me in opening the Lodge by the sacred numbers.

*Senior Warden.*—Brethren in the West, the Worshipful Master invites you to assist him in opening this Lodge of Sorrow by the sacred numbers.

*Junior Warden.*—Brethren in the South, the Worshipful Master invites you to assist him in opening this Lodge of sorrow by the sacred numbers.

*Wor. Master.*—With me, Brethren.

The *Wor. Master* raps o o o, and all give the sign of an E. A. The *Senior Warden* raps o o o, and all give the sign of a F. C. The *Junior Warden* raps o o o and all give the sign of a M. M. Then all give the distress sign, with the usual cry, and the *Wor. Master* says,

*Wor. Master.*—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!



*Response.*—Amen ! So mote it be.

*Wor. Master.*—I declare this Lodge of Sorrow in the Master's Degree to be duly opened. Be seated, Brethren !

The *Wor. Master, Senlor and Junlor Wardens, Inner Guard, and Tiler* raps o, and the Brethren take their seats.

The two Stewards having wands draped in black will then retire, open the portals to the Lodge, and admit any Brethren waiting and the general public, and while doing so a voluntary should be played on the organ.

*Voluntary.*

When all are seated the *Wor. Master, Senlor and Junlor Wardens* raps o, when all present stand up and the Chaplain will offer up the following prayer :

**Prayer.**

*Chaplain.*—Almighty God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered, make us, we beseech Thee, deeply sensible of the lessons which death is continually repeating to us ; enable us to see through the dark cloud which hides from our sight eternity and the better life, the bright sunbeams of a glorious hereafter ; teach us to know and to feel that every visitation of Thy hand ought to be a stage of advancement in holy faith, every chastisement the unfolding of a new page in the book of life on which we are called to write good deeds ; every sorrow, every trial, and even the shadow of death, dark and unfathomable though its mysteries may be, but a manifestation of Thy loving kindness. Inspire our hearts with wisdom from on high, that the days of our pilgrimage here below may not be unprofitable to us and to our fellow-men, so that, when, in Thy good time, we have run our race and reached the end of life's journey, we may go down into the grave having the testimony of a good conscience, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope, in favor with Thee, our God, and in perfect charity with the world.

And we beseech Thee, in Thy great mercy, graciously to hear the moanings of those upon whom this dispensation of Thy providence has brought a greater measure of sorrow, dry their tears, pour into their hearts the balm of consolation, heal the wounds that now seem incurable, endue their souls with patience under their affliction and with resignation to Thy blessed will, comfort them with a sense of Thy goodness, lift up Thy countenance upon them, and give them peace. Amen !

*Response.*—Amen! So mote it be!

The Wor. Master and Wardens will rap o, and all will resume their seats.

*Voluntary on Organ.*

HYMN.

Come, ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
View with me your brother's tomb;  
Learn from it your fate—to-morrow  
Death perhaps may seal your doom.

Sad and silent flow our numbers,  
While disconsolate we mourn  
Loss of him who sweetly slumbers,  
Mould'ring 'neath the silent urn.

Once, when full of life, he never  
Proved unfaithful to our laws;  
We'll, like him, be zealous ever  
To promote the glorious cause.

The Wor. Master, rising and taking the Skull in his hand, will then say,

*Wor. Master.*—Brethren, In the midst of life we are in death, and the wisest cannot know what a day may bring forth. We live but to see those we love passing away into the silent land.

Behold this emblem of mortality, once the abode of a spirit like our own: beneath this mouldering canopy once shone the bright and busy eye: within this hollow cavern once played the ready, swift, and tuneful tongue; and now, sightless and mute, it is eloquent only in the lessons it teaches us.

Think of those brethren who, but a few days since, were among us in all the pride and power of life; bring to your minds the remembrance of their wisdom, their strength, and their beauty; and then reflect that "to this complexion have they come at last;" think of yourselves, thus will you be when the lamp of your brief existence has burned out. Think how soon death, for you, will be a reality. Man's life is like a flower, which blooms to-day, and to-morrow is faded, cast aside, and trodden under foot. The most of us, my brethren, are fast approaching, or have already passed the meridian of life; our sun is setting in the West, and, oh! how much more swift is the passage of our declining years than when we started upon the journey, and believed—as the young are too apt to believe—that the roseate hues of

the rising sun of our existence were always to be continued. When we look back upon the happy days of our childhood, when the dawning intellect first began to exercise its powers of thought, it seems as but yesterday, and that, by a simple effort of the will, we could put aside our manhood, and seek again the loving caresses of a mother, or be happy in the possession of a bauble ; and could we now realize the idea that our last hour had come, our whole earthly life would seem but as the space of time from yesterday until to-day. Centuries upon centuries have rolled away behind us ; before us stretches out an eternity of years to come ; and on the narrow boundary between the past and the present flickers the puny taper we term our life. When we came into the world, we knew naught of what had been before us ; but, as we grew up to manhood, we learned of the past ; we saw the flowers bloom as they had bloomed for centuries ; we beheld the orbs of day and night pursuing their endless course among the stars, as they had pursued it from the birth of light ; we learned what men had thought, and said, and done, from the beginning of the world to our day ; but only by the eye of faith can we behold what is to come hereafter, and only through a firm reliance upon the Divine promises can we satisfy the yearnings of an immortal soul. The cradle speaks to us of remembrance—the coffin of hope, of a blessed trust in a never-ending existence beyond the gloomy portals of the tomb.

Let these reflections convince us how vain are all the wranglings and bitterness engendered by the collisions of this world ; how little in dignity above the puny wranglings of ants over a morsel of food or for the possession of a square inch of soil.

What shall survive us? Not, let us hope, the petty strifes and bickerings, the jealousies and heart-burnings, the small triumphs and mean advantages we have gained, but rather the noble thoughts, the words of truth, the works of mercy and justice, that ennoble and light up the existence of every honest man, however humble, and live for good when his body, like this remnant of mortality, is mouldering in its parent dust.

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 soon time heals the wounds that death inflicts upon the loving heart ; and from this let them learn humility, and that they are but drops in the great ocean of humanity.

And when God sends his angel to us with the scroll of death, let us look upon it as an act of mercy, to prevent many sins and many calamities of a longer life ; and lay down our heads 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, are the duties of a good man and true mason.

*Voluntary on Organ.*

The Junior Warden will now advance to the Catafalque, and placing upon it a bunch of White Flowers, will say,

*Junior Warden.*—In memory of our departed Brethren I deposit these White Flowers, emblematical of that pure life to which they have been called, and reminding us that as these children of an hour will droop and fade away, so, too, we shall soon follow those who have gone before us, and inciting us so to fill the brief span of our existence that we may leave to our survivors a sweet savor of remembrance.

*Voluntary on Organ.*

The Senior Warden will now advance to the Catafalque, and placing upon it a wreath of White Flowers, will say :

*Senior Warden.*—As the sun sets in the West, to close the day and herald the approach of night, so, one by one we lay us down in the darkness of the tomb to wait in its calm repose for the time when the heavens shall pass away as a scroll, and man, standing in the presence of the Infinite, shall realize the true end of his pilgrimage here below. Let these flowers be to us the symbol of remembrance of all the virtues of our Brethren who have preceded us to the silent land, the token of that fraternal alliance which binds us while on earth and which we hope will finally unite us in heaven.

The Wor. Master will then advance to the Catafalque and placing upon the Urn a wreath of Evergreens will say :

*Wor. Master.*—It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death cometh the resurrection. The dust shall return to the earth and the spirit unto God who gave it. In the grave all men are equal ; the good deeds, the lofty thoughts, the heroic sacrifices alone survive and bear fruit in the lives of those who strive to emulate them.

While, therefore, nature will have its way, and our tears will fall upon the graves of our Brethren, let us be reminded by the evergreen symbol of our faith in immortal life that the dead are but sleeping, and be comforted by the reflection that their memories will not be forgotten; that they will still be loved by those who are soon to follow them; that in our archives their names are written, and that in our hearts there is still a place for them. And so, trusting in the infinite love and tender mercy of Him without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls, let us prepare to meet them where there is no parting and where with them we shall enjoy eternal rest.

*Voluntary on Organ.*

The Wor. Master, Senior and Junior Wardens will rap o o o, all the Brethren rising, then may be chanted:

**De Profundis.**

<p>De Profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam! Fiant aures tue intendentes, in vocem deprecationis mee! Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine; Domine, quis sustinebit? Quia apud Te propitiatio est; et propter legem tuam sustinui Te Domine! Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus; speravit anima mea in Domino! Et ipse redimet Israel ex omnibus in- iquitatibus ejus. Requiem æternam dona ei [or, his] Domine! Et lux perpetua luceat ei [or, his].</p>	<p>Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice! Let thine ears hearken to the voice of my supplication! If thou, O Lord, shalt mark our iniqui- ties, O Lord, who shalt stand? For with Thee there is mercy; and by reason of Thy law, I have waited for Thee, O Lord! My soul hath rested on His Word; my soul hath hoped in the Lord, And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. Give unto him [or, them], eternal rest, O Lord! And upon him [or, them], let shine perpetual light!</p>
--	---

If the De Profundis cannot be chanted, it may be read by the Chaplain.

*Wor. Master.*—What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hands of the grave?

*Senior Warden.*—Man walketh in a vain shadow; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

*Junior Warden.*—Man that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

*Wor. Master.*—When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away. His glory shall not descend after him. Naked came he into the world, and naked he must return.

*Senior Warden.*—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, chaotic, and where the very light is as darkness.

*Junior Warden.*—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.

*Wor. Master.*—That land is darkness; God regards it not from above, neither doth the light shine upon it.

*Senior Warden.*—Darkness and the shadow of death blot it; a cloud abides upon it; the darkness of its day terrifies it.

*Junior Warden.*—It is solitary, and a great desert on which the night broods, and no joyful voice comes therein.

*Wor. Master.*—There is no dawn of day; the stars of the twilight thereof are dark. It looks for light, and has none; it sees no dawning of the day.

*Senior Warden.*—There we lie still and are quiet; there we sleep; there we are at rest. With kings and councillors of the earth, which build for themselves places now desolate: with princes that had gold, and filled their houses with silver.

*Junior Warden.*—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 Director of Ceremonies and then may be 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 mea; et a 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 iudicaris.

Have mercy on me O God! according to Thy Great Mercy!

And according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my iniquities!

Wash me yet more from my iniquity; and cleanse me from my sin!

For I know my iniquity, and my sin is always before me.

To Thee only have I sinned, and have done evil before Thee; that Thou mayest be justified in Thy words, and mayest overcome when Thou judgest.

If the Miserere cannot be chanted, it may be read by the Chaplain.

*Slow plaintive Music.*

The following verse may be sung :

### Hymn.

As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, draw nigh ;  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.

*Wor. Master.*—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.

*Senior Warden.*—Man dieth and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

*Junior Warden.*—Our light also will be put out, and the spark of our fire will cease to shine ; the light will be dark in our tabernacle, and our candle will be put out with us.

*Wor. Master.*—All flesh shall alike perish ; and man shall turn again unto dust. 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 liveth is vanity.

*Senior Warden.*—We fly away as a dream, and are no more found ; yea, we are chased away as a vision of the night. The eyes which saw us, shall see us no more, neither shall our place any more behold us.

*Junior Warden.*—One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet ; another dieth in the bitterness of his soul ; They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them.

*Wor. Master.*—Every man shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb.

*Senior Warden.*—The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him, and every man shall follow after him, as there were innumerable before him.

*Junior Warden.*—God accepteth not the persons of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor ; for they all are the work of His hands.

*Wor. Master.*—In a moment they die, and the people are troubled at midnight, and pass away ; and the mighty are taken away without hand.

*Senior Warden.*—None of us can by any means redeem our Brother,

nor give to God a ransom for him, that he should still live forever, and not see corruption.

*Junior Warden.*—For wise men die, and the fool and the brutish person perish, and man being in honor abideth not. All are laid in the grave. Death feeds on them, and their beauty consumes in the grave which they inhabit.

The Altar-Light on the West is extinguished by the Junior Deacon, and then may be chanted another portion of

### The Miserere.

<p>Averte faciem tuam à peccatis meis ; et omnes iniquitates meas dele ! Cor mundum crea in me, Deus !—et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis ! Ne projicias me à facie tuâ ; et spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas à me ! Redde mihi lætitiã salutaris tui ; et spiritu principalis confirma me !</p>	<p>Turn away Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities ! Create a clean heart in me, O God !— and renew a right spirit in me ! Cast me not away from Thy face ; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy Salva- tion, and with a perfect spirit strengthen me.</p>
--	--

Or it may be read by the Chaplain—

*Slow, sad Music,*

And the following verse sung :

### Hymn.

And as those lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are long away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.

*Wor. Master.*—Lord, make us to know our end, and the measure of our days, what it is ; that we may know how frail we are !

*Senior Warden.*—Behold, Thou hast made our days as a handbreadth : and our age is as nothing before Thee. Verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

*Junior Warden.*—Life is a vapor that appeareth for a little while, and then vanishes away. All flesh is as grass ; and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.



*Wor. Master.*—Who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow? For who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?

*Senior Warden.*—Man knoweth not his time. As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.

*Junior Warden.*—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.

*Wor. Master.*—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.

*Senior Warden.*—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.

*Junior Warden.*—And behold, at evening-tide, trouble; and before the morning, we are not. Beauty and strength are fading flowers, and as the hasty fruit before the the summer.

*Wor. Master.*—The Lord God of armies 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 Lord, as the drops of the showers that linger upon the grass.

*Senior Warden.*—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.

*Junior Warden.*—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 makes dark over us, and sets darkness upon our land.

The Altar-Light on the East is extinguished by the Senior Deacon, and all other lights are turned low.

*Wor. Master.*—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Amen!

*Response.*—Amen! So mote it be!

And then may be chanted another portion of

## The Misereere.

Docbo Iniquos vias tuas; et impli ad te convertentur.

Domine, labia mea aperies; et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus; cor contritum et humillatum, Deus, non despicies.

Benigne fac, Domine, in bonâ voluntate tuâ Zion; ut ædificentur muri Jerusalem.

Requiem æternam fratri nostro dona, Domine!

Et lux perpetua luceat ei!

I will teach the unjust Thy ways; and the wicked shall be converted to Thee.

O Lord, Thou wilt open my lips; and my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

An afflicted spirit is a sacrifice to God; a contrite and humbled heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Deal favourably, O Lord, in Thy good will, with Zion; that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up.

Give unto our Brother eternal rest, O Lord!

And let perpetual light shine on him!

Or it may be read by the Chaplain.

*Soft, plaintiff Music,*

And the following verse sung:—

### Hymn.

Heaven is not from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,  
But near, and in the very hearts  
Of those who see aright.

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

*Junior Warden :*

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 charred ash drop out of the dropping pyre;  
And winter, wan with many maladies;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

*Sen Warden :*

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 turned glass lets through the sighing sands ;  
 This is the end of every man's desire !

*Wor. Master :*

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 reversed, th' old hours retire,  
 And the last hour rings loud the funeral knell,  
 This is the end of every man's desire !

*Soft and plaintive Music.*

After the music, an interval of silence takes place, and the *Wor. Master* says,

*Wor. Master.*—Death has entered our ———. 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 Brethren — —, who have gone before us, yet only a little while before, into the foreign and unknown country beyond the dark river ; there, if they have 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 their memory. Them, they cannot profit. They are beyond the reach of honors and of censure alike. To us, they may and should be profitable. They gratify those whom they loved ; they show our appreciation of their 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 snapped asunder by the hand of Death.

### Hymn.

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

No pain, no anxious sleepless Fear  
 Invades his house; no mortal woes  
 His narrow resting-place come near,  
 To trouble his serene repose.

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.

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

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

*Wor. Master.*—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.

*Senior Warden.*—For Thou hadst cast me into the abyss, into the  
 midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about; all Thy billows  
 and Thy waves passed over me.

*Junior Warden.*—Then I said, I am cast out of Thy sight; yet I  
 will look again toward Thy Holy Temple.

*Wor. Master.*—Thy waters compass me about to the soul; the  
 deeps closed around me, the weeds were wrapped around my head.

*Senior Warden.*—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!

*Junior Warden.*—When my soul fainteth within me, I remembered  
 the Lord; and my prayer came in unto Thee, into Thy Holy Temple.

*Wor. Master.*—I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanks-  
 giving; I will pay that which I have vowed. Salvation is of the  
 Lord!

Then may be chanted the following portions of the

### Magnificat.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.	My soul doth magnify the Lord.
Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo	And my spirit hath rejoiced in God
Salutari meo.	my Savior.
Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est;	For He that is mighty hath done great
et sanctum nomen Ejus.	things to me; and holy is His name.
Et misericordia Ejus à prole in	And His mercy is from generation to
progenies, à mentibus eum.	generation, to him that fear Him.

Or, if the Magnificat cannot be chanted, it may be read by the Chaplain.

*Bold, sonorous Music.*

*Wor. Master.*—Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto me.

*Senior Warden.*—I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause, and execute judgment for me. He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness.

*Junior Warden.*—For all people will walk, every one in the name of His God; and we will walk in the name of Jehovah our God, forever and ever.

*Wor. Master.*—He that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord, shall be like heath in the desert, and grass that groweth on a house-top; no good shall come unto him; but he shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt and uninhabited land.

*Senior Warden.*—But he who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is, shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and suffereth not when the hot days come, but her leaf shall continue green; neither shall be concerned in the year of drought, neither shall cease from bearing fruit.

*Junior Warden.*—Many shall be purified and made white, and tried. The wicked will still do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.

*Wor. Master.*—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!

The Chaplain offers up the following

### Prayer :

*Chaplain.*—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 the bodies of the Brethren whom we mourn, and to take their spirits away from the miseries of this sinful world. Let Time, as it heals the wounds thus inflicted on the hearts of those who loved them, 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. And may we not be disappointed in our hope, nor find our faith to be a delusion, that we shall meet our Brethren again hereafter, in another and more excellent life. Amen !

*Response.*—Amen ! So mote it be !

*Wor. Master.*—Enlighten, O Lord, those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

*Response.*—The Lord is our God forever ; He will be our guide, even unto death.

*Wor. Master.*—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 !

*Wor. Master.*—That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and may finish the work Thou hast given us to do.

*Response.*—Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his !

*Wor. Master.*—We commit ourselves to Thy loving-kindness and tender mercies.

*Response.*—Strengthen Thou our hands and purify our hearts !

*Wor. Master.*—Confirm and make effectual, and multiply, our good resolves ! lead us away from temptation, and deliver us out of the power of evil !

*Response.*—For Thine are the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, forever. Amen!

*Wor. Master.*—The will of God is accomplished. Amen!

*Response.*—Amen! So mote it be!

Then may be chanted the following

### Laudate Dominum.

Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino; laudate et superexaltate eum in sæcula.

Benedicite Angeli Domini Domino; benedicite cœli Domino.

Benedicite Terra Dominum; laudet et superexaltet eum in sæculis.

Benedicite sacerdotes Domini Domino; benedicite servi Domini Domino.

Benedictus es, Domine, in firmamento cœli; et laudabilis, et superexaltatus in sæculis.

All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all, forever.

O ye angels of the Lord, bless the Lord; O ye heavens, bless the Lord.

Oh let the earth bless the Lord; let it praise and exalt Him above all, forever.

O ye Priests of the Lord, bless the Lord; O ye servants of the Lord, bless the Lord.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of Heaven; and praiseworthy and glorious, and superexalted above all forever.

If the *Laudate Dominum* cannot be chanted, it may be read by the Chaplain.

*Grave and stately Music.*

*Wor. Master.*—My Brethren, in a little while, as it hath happened to our Brethren to whose memory we now do honor, so it will happen unto each of us: and we, like them, shall be gathered unto our fathers.

But our Brethren are not wholly gone from us, nor ever will be, nor from this material world. Their influences and the effects of their example survive them, the thoughts they uttered are not subject to decay; and the consequences of their 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.

*Wor. Master.*—Come with me, my Brethren, and aid me in paying the last Honors of Masonry to the memory of our Brethren.

A procession of fifteen Brethren, including the *Wor. Master* and the *Senior* and *Junior Wardens*, selected for the purpose, is formed, and marches three times, in a circuit as large as practicable, around the *Catafalque*, their hands folded on their chests. During each circuit there is music, which ceases when the procession has halted.

## First Circuit.

*Slow and solemn Dirge.*

When the Wor. Master reaches the head of the Catafalque, at the end of the first circuit, all halt and face inward, continuing under the same sign; and the Wor. Master says:—

*Wor. Master.*—May all the influences of our Brethren for good, that do survive them be continually expanded and increased to the benefit of their fellow men; and may our Father who is in Heaven in His wisdom, counteract and annul all those that tend to evil!

*Response.*—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 till 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!"

## Second Circuit.

*Slow and solemn Dirge.*

When the Wor. Master reaches the head of the Catafalque, at the end of the second circuit, all halt and face inward, continuing under the same sign, the Wor. Master says:

*Wor. Master.*—May we not forget the lessons taught us by our Brethren'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!

*Response.*—Amen! So mote it be!

All again give the Honors as before.

## Third Circuit.

*Slow and solemn Dirge.*

When the Wor. Master reaches the head of the Catafalque, at the end of the third circuit, all halt and face inward. Continuing under the same sign, the Wor. Master says:



*Wor. Master.*—May the relatives of our Brethren be consoled in their great affliction, and sustained in all the trials and hardships which they may have to encounter in the world.

*Response.*—Amen! So mote it be!

All again give the Honors as before.

The *Wor. Master*, Wardens and Brethren forming the procession will now resume their respective seats.

*Wor. Master.*—Let us pray!

The Chaplain offers up the following

### Prayer.

*Chaplain.*—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 prettexts lead to ruin. Teach all the great truth, that peace, good government, and pure religion walk hand in hand; and as Thou hast 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 Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. And when our labors in this earthly Lodge 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 for ever. Amen!

*Response.*—Amen! So mote it be!

#### *Solemn Music.*

After the music the Junior Warden, approaching the Catafalque on the South, will sprinkle upon it a few grains of Corn, saying, as he does so—

*Junior Warden.*—The corn of nourishment! As the seed we plant in the bosom of mother earth shall presently return again to nourish and strengthen our earthly bodies, so shall the body of our brother be raised up from the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incor-

ruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

He will also say :—

*Junior Warden.*—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.

While the Junior Warden is speaking, the Director of Ceremonies will light the South Altar Light. The Junior Warden having concluded, he will return to his seat in the South, as also the Director of Ceremonies to his.

Then may be chanted from the

### **Te Deum Laudamus :**

Te Deum laudamus; Te Dominum  
confitemur.

Te Æternum Patrem, omnis terra  
veneratur.

Tibi omnes Angeli; tibi cœli, et un-  
iverse potestates.

Tibi Cherubim and Seraphim In-  
cessabili voce proclamant :

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus  
Deus Sabaoth!

We praise Thee, O God; we acknow-  
ledge Thee to be our Lord.

All the earth worships Thee, the  
Father everlasting.

To Thee all the angels cry aloud; the  
Heavens and all the heavenly powers.

To Thee the Cherubim and Seraphim  
continually do cry :

Holy, Holy, Ho'y, Lord God of Sa-  
baoth!

Or, it may be read by the Chaplain.

#### *Triumphant Music.*

After the music the Senior Warden, approaching the Catafalque on the West, will sprinkle upon it a few drops of Wine, saying, as he does so:

*Senior Warden.*—The wine of refreshment! May our Father, who art in heaven, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, refresh our souls with the healthful spirit of his grace, and that we may truly please him, pour upon us the continual dew of his blessing; and may he, in his fatherly goodness, give bounteously the wine of refreshment to all those who are in any way afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate, comforting and relieving them according to their several necessities; giving them patience under sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

He will also say :—

*Senior Warden.*—Our Brethren 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 infolds 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.

While the Senior Warden is speaking, the Junior Deacon will light the West Altar Light. The Senior Warden having concluded, he will return to his seat in the West, as also the Junior Deacon to his.

Then may be chanted also from the

### **Te Deum Laudamus :**

Te Deum laudamus; Te Dominum  
confitemur.

Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis  
glorie tue.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine;  
et benedic hereditati tue.

Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in  
æternum.

Per singulos dies, benedicimus Te.  
Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum,  
et in sæculum sæculi.

We praise Thee, O God; we acknow-  
ledge Thee to be our Lord.

Heaven and earth are full of the  
majesty of Thy glory.

Save Thy people, O Lord, and bless  
Thy inheritance!

Govern them, and raise them up for-  
ever!

Every day we bless Thee.

And we praise Thy name for ever and  
ever.

Or, it may be read by the Chaplain.

*Bold, Spirited Music.*

After the music the Wor. Master, approaching the Catafalque on the East, will sprinkle upon it a few drops of Perfumed Oil, saying, as he does so:

*Wor. Master.*—The oil of joy! May our Heavenly Father, from whom floweth all comfort and consolation, pour the oil of consolation upon those who were of the household of our brother, and make good his promise that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy. May he strengthen them to bear their great misfortune, and heal the heart wounds that now seem unto them irremediable. Like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments, may the Lord pour upon us and them, the precious virtue of charity, and increase our affection for each other, and make us more lenient, indulgent and forgiving, and more punctual in the performance of all the duties which Friendship, Kindness, Brotherhood and Honor demand. And when it comes to us in our turn to die, may an abiding trust in his mercy dispel the dread of dissolution, that we may joyfully pass through the dark vale into the light beyond, redeemed and delivered from the evils and dangers of mortality.

He will also say :—

*Wor. Master.*—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 ? ”

While the *Wor. Master* is speaking, the Senior Deacon will light the East Altar Light.

As the *Wor. Master* pronounces the concluding words, “ O grave, where is thy victory ? ” all the lights will be raised to brilliancy.

The *Wor. Master* having concluded, he will return to his seat in the East, as also the Senior Deacon to his.

*Sonorous and Magnificent Music.*

Then may be chanted, also from the

### **Te Deum Laudamus.**

Te Deum laudamus ; Te Dominum, confitemur.

Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine ; Miserere nostri !

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos ! quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In Te, Domine, speravi ; non confundar in eternum.

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

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day to keep us without sin !

Have mercy on us, O Lord ; have mercy on us !

Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, as we have hoped in Thee !

In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped ; let me never be confounded !

Or it may be read by the Chaplain.

*Majestic Music*

*Wor. Master.*—The will of God is accomplished.

*Response.*—Blessed be the name of the Lord !

### **Hymn.**

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.

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,

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

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

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

The Wor. Master, rising, will read the following :

*Wor. Master.*— 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 has thou done with thy time and life ? The law interrogates thee ; thine 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 sepulchre.

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 piteously bury him out of her sight in silence.

Brother Orator, let Masonry, through thy lips, speak to us of our Brethren who have gone away from us, to be seen among us in this world no more for ever. Tell us the story of their lives, and recount their virtues and their good deeds, that we may remember and imitate

them ; but let their faults and errors be forgiven and forgotten ; for to say that they had them is but to say that they were human.

The Orator, or a Brother selected for the occasion, will now be introduced by the Wor. Master, and will deliver an

### Oration.

At the conclusion of the Oration, by permission of the Wor. Master, any Brother present may deliver a short address, touching the character of any of the deceased brethren for whom the Lodge of Sorrow is held.

#### *Voluntary on Organ.*

When the Music ceases the Wor. Master will read as follows :

*Wor. Master.*—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 descend 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 !

*Response.*—Amen ! So mote it be.

The Wor. Master raps o, all rise and the Chaplain will then pronounce this

### Benediction.

*Chaplain.*—May the blessings 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 cement us and all good Masons closely together ! The peace and blessing of Almighty God descend upon us and abide forever ! Amen !

*Response.*—Amen ! So mote it be.

The Wor. Master will rap o, the Brethren taking their seats, and all but Master Masons will retire while a voluntary is being played on the organ, and the Lodge will be closed.

#### *Voluntary on Organ.*

## To Close.

*Wor. Master*, rapping o, at which the Senior and Junior Wardens rise and says :—

*Wor. Master*.—Brother Senior Warden, our recollection of our departed Brethren has been refreshed, and we may now ask ourselves, were they just and perfect Masons, worthy men, unwearied toilers in the vineyard, and possessed of so many virtues as to overcome their faults and shortcomings? Answer these questions, as Masons should answer.

*Senior Warden*.—Man judgeth not of man. He whose infinite and tender mercy passeth all comprehension, whose goodness endureth forever, has called our Brethren hence. Let Him judge.

*Wor. Master*.—Brethren, let us profit by the admonitions of this solemn occasion, lay to heart the truths to which we have listened, and resolve so to walk that when we lay us down to the last sleep it may be the privilege of the Brethren to strew white flowers upon our graves and keep our memories as a pleasant remembrance.

Brother Senior Warden, the labors of this Lodge of Sorrow being ended, and the hour having arrived when it should be closed, it is my pleasure that it be closed. Make due announcement to the Brethren and invite them to assist.

*Senior Warden*.—Brother Junior Warden, the labors of this Lodge of Sorrow being ended, and the hour having arrived when it should be closed, it is the pleasure of the Worshipful Master that it be closed. Make due announcement to the Brethren and invite them to assist.

*Junior Warden*.—Brethren, the labors of this Lodge of Sorrow being ended, and the hour having arrived when it should be closed, it is the pleasure of the Worshipful Master that it be now closed. You are invited to assist.


The *Wor. Master* raps o o o, and the Brethren all rise.

*Wor. Master*.—With me, Brethren.

The *Wor. Master* raps o o o, and all give the sign of a M. M. The Senior Warden raps o o o, and all give the sign of a F. C. The Junior Warden raps o o o and all give the sign of an E. A.

*Wor. Master*.—In the name of T. G. A. O. T. U. I declare this Lodge of Sorrow closed.

The Senior and Junior Wardens and all the officers rap o.



## Hymn.

Great God, what do I see and hear,  
 The end of things created,  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated ;  
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
 The dead which they contained before,  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in God shall first arise  
 At the last trumpet's sounding ;  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy the Lord surrounding:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold His wrath prevalling;  
 For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavalling.  
 The day of grace is past and gone:  
 Trembling they stand before the throne  
 All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, what do I see and hear !  
 The end of things created !  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated !  
 Beneath his cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away  
 And thus prepare to meet him.





