

sympathy, and in obedience to that old principle of our Order which bids us "weep with them that weep," would mingle our tears with theirs, in this hour of mourning.

*Let us pray*

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

May it please thee to bestow upon us the gift of thy grace, that we may be comforted in this our sorrow, suitably affected by this impressive admonition of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and quickened in every good word and work as we see how surely "the night cometh."

We beseech thee to sustain and console the hearts made desolate by this bereavement. The Lord bless them and keep them. The Lord make his face to shine upon them and be gracious unto them. The Lord lift up his countenance and give them peace.

Help thy servants before thee so to act their part and fulfil their calling on earth as through thy grace to be accepted of thee continually, and after this life to attain to immortal felicity in thy heavenly kingdom—through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Over this beloved dust, soon to mingle with the common earth, we speak our last adieu to the departed—Brother, farewell!

[The procession moves past the grave, and each couple, as they pass, repeat the salutation—"Brother, farewell!"]