

us contemplate the scene, and be forcibly reminded that man is born to die. The coffin and sepulchre speak to us in language that cannot be misunderstood. Notwithstanding the various mementoes of mortality with which we are daily surrounded ; notwithstanding that Death has established his empire over all the works of nature, yet by some strange infatuation we go on from one design to another, add hope to hope, lay out plans for the employment of many years, till we are suddenly arrested by the approach of Death when we least expect him. What are all the externals of majesty, the pride of wealth or charms of beauty, when nature has paid her just debt ? In the grave all works are levelled and all distinction abolished.

While we drop the sympathetic tear over the grave of our deceased *brother*, let charity incline us to throw a veil over his follies, whatever they may have been, and not withhold from his memory that praise which his virtues demand. Let the present occasion excite our most serious thoughts, and create in us resolutions of amendment. Life is held by a precarious tenure. Men appear and disappear from the stage of action as wave meets wave and part upon the troubled waters. Let us then so improve this lesson that, when the summons of Death arrives, be it soon or late, we may be prepared to depart for that far distant country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

(The Chaplain shall then offer the following, or an extempore prayer.)

Chap.—Our Father and our God, who art the resurrection and the life, we would implore Thee to draw graciously near to us at this time. May this dispensation of Thy providence deeply impress us with the shortness of life and the certainty of death, and may we be prepared for that great change that awaits