

PRELATE.—The will of God is accomplished. So be it.

SIR KNIGHTS.—So mote it be.

PRAYER.

Most glorious God! Author of all good, and Giver of all mercy! pour down thy blessing upon us, and strengthen all our solemn engagements with the ties of fraternal affection. May the present instance of mortality remind us of our approaching fate, and draw our attention to thee, the only refuge in time of need, so that when the awful moment shall arrive that we are about to quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of thy mercy may dispel the gloom of death; and that, after departure hence in peace and in thy favor, we may be received into thy everlasting kingdom, and there enjoy, in union with the souls of our departed friends, the just reward of a pious and virtuous life.

SIR KNIGHTS.—So mote it be.

HYMN.—Tune, *Martyrs*.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the bill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon—too soon—the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions' rage.

O God, we seek thy Spirit's breath,
We ask thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own. —Amen.

PRAYER.

O Lord God Almighty! before whom angels and archangels veil their faces as they cry Holy, Holy, prepare us to approach thee. As we draw near to thee, in thy mercy draw near to us; let thy blessing rest upon our gathering, and while we mourn for him who is not, comfort us with the assurance that thou remainest the same for ever. Remind us that we are strangers before thee, and sojourners as all our fathers were. Prepare our hearts unto thee; enable us to live for eternity, redeeming the time because the days are evil; and when thou hast done in us and by us all the good pleasure of thy will, may we rest in thee as our hope is our Frater doth, and at the general resurrection in the last day be found of thee in peace, being living stones upon the one Foundation which thou hast laid in Zion.

SIR KNIGHTS.—So mote it be.

HYMN.—Tune, *Sicilian Mariners*.

Frater, thou art gone before us,
And thy ashy soul is low
Where the tear is wiped away,
And the sigh of grief unknown.

From the burden of the flesh,
And from sin and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Now the solemn Priest hath said;
So we lay the dust above thee,
And we seal thy narrow bed.

But thy spirit, Frater, soareth
Free among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

When the Lord shall summon us,
Here in sadness left behind,
O may we—as pure from evil—
As secure a welcome find!

Each, like thee, depart in peace,
There to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest. —Amen.

PRELATE.—Man that is made of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.

SIR KNIGHTS.—God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

PRELATE.—In the midst of life we are in death.

SIR KNIGHTS.—We know that when this earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

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

SIR KNIGHTS.—The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee.

HYMN.—Tune, *St. Brides*.

How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea,
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

Our fathers—where are they
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell!
Nor other heritage possess
But such a gloomy cell.

God of our fathers, hear—
Thou everlasting friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face. —Amen.

PRELATE.—Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like his.

SIR KNIGHTS.—The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

PRELATE.—O Lord, in wrath remember mercy.

SIR KNIGHTS.—In my wrath I smote thee, but in my favor will I have mercy upon thee.

PRELATE.—Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.

SIR KNIGHTS.—Mercifully forgive the sins of thy people.

PRELATE.—Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

SIR KNIGHTS.—The Lord fulfil all thy petitions, and give thee thy heart's desire.

HYMN.—Tune, *Rockingham*.

The day of wrath!—that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What powers shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,—
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Sweils the trump that wakes the dead?

Oh! on that day—that dreadful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay—
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Here Sir Knight E. J. Martinnant, Eminent Commander, delivered the following

ADDRESS.

DEAR SIR KNIGHTS.—It is with the deepest and most heartfelt sorrow that we have met this evening