

ALMIGHTY GOD, source of the light that never fades and of the life that never ends, our refuge in the time of stress and our eternal home, urged by the instincts of our souls and impelled by our constant necessities, we lift our hearts to Thee, that under the shadow of the Almighty we may find abiding peace. Amid all the darkness in which it is our human lot to walk, we give Thee humble thanks for the confidence that our lives are part of Thine, that we are cared for by a love that never wearies, and governed by a wisdom that never errs. Praise be to Thee, O Lord Most High, for every ray of light which comes from Thee and which encourages us to lift our eyes in hope to the life immortal towards which we go, and to which we belong. We give Thee thanks for the Christ who met the experiences which seem to us so disquieting, with triumphant trust and radiant joy, Who assured us that death is but the covered way that leadeth unto life, Who led captivity captive and gave to the world a deathless hope which enables us to say, "Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory"!

We thank Thee for all who have lived their lives in the consciousness of the Saviour's presence, and have fallen asleep in the comfort of His Holy Gospel. We remember with gratitude at this hour all those who have been faithful unto death and who have now received the crown of life. We give Thee thanks for the courage, the fidelity and the Christ-like sacrifice of our medical officers and nurses who have braved the dangers of battlefield and sea that they might carry their gracious ministrations to the wounded, the sick and the dying; into Thy holy keeping we commit the souls of our brothers and sisters who have given their lives for the cause of liberty and justice. May the example and memory of our sacred dead whose removal from mortal sight we mourn, intensify our zeal in unselfish service, our faithfulness in every noble and good work, and may their heroism inspire us to devote ourselves to high endeavor, so that when the call comes to us we may be counted worthy to enter their fellowship in that realm beyond the hills of time where peace and felicity are perfect and immortal.

Tenderly we pray for those who are bowed down with sorrow. Comfort Thou, comfort Thou, Thy people, O our God; give them to know that life is ever lord of death, and love can never lose her own. May they hear the voice that dispelled the darkness of sorrow long ago, saying: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Walk with all thy stricken children on this darkened path of life, O thou tender companion and gracious shepherd of our souls, till the day break and the shadows flee away before the effulgence of eternal light. Amen.