

Roman Eagle, and, when worthily worn, more honorable than Star or Garter, or any other order which earthly power can confer. This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased brother. (Drops it in the grave.) By this act we are reminded of the universal dominion of Death. The arm of Friendship cannot oppose the King of Terrors; the shield of Fraternal Love cannot protect his victim; nor can the charms of Innocence avert his fatal touch. All, all must die. This grave, that coffin, and this circle of mourning friends, remind us that we too are mortal, and that ere long our bodies also shall moulder into dust. How important then it is for us to know that our Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

(Taking the sprig of Acacia in his hand)

This evergreen, which once marked the temporary resting place of one illustrious in Masonic history, is an emblem of our enduring faith in the immortality of the soul. By it we are reminded that we have an immortal part within us, which shall survive the grave, and which will never, never die. By it we are admonished that, though like our brother, whose remains now lie before us, we too shall soon be clothed in the habiliments of death, and be deposited in the silent tomb, yet, through the loving goodness of our Supreme Grand Master, we may confidently hope that, like this evergreen, our souls will hereafter flourish in eternal spring.

The brethren here move in procession around the