

that death has established his empire over all the work of nature, yet through some unaccountable infatuation we wilfully forget that we are born to die. We go on from one design to another, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the employment of many years, until we are suddenly alarmed by the approach of death when we least expect it, and at an hour which we probably may have considered the meridian of our existence.

While we drop a sympathetic tear over the grave of our departed brother, let us throw around his foibles, whatever they may have been, the broad mantle of a Mason's charity, and let us cheerfully render to his memory the praise to which his virtues have entitled him. Suffer the apologies of human nature to plead in his behalf. Perfection on earth has never been attained ; the wisest as well as the best men have erred. His meritorious actions it is our duty to imitate, and from his weakness we ought to derive instruction.

*W. M.*—My brethren, may we be true and faithful to each other, and may we live and die in brotherly love.

*Response*—"So mote it be."