

bered amongst the members of the lodge, have finished their labors and passed to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

"With each of these departed ones it was my privilege not only to enjoy and participate in their friendship, but to fully share their confidence, and from the most intimate association with each of them, Masonically and otherwise, I can truly bear witness to their moral and Masonic worth.

"Like many other customs of our ancient fraternity, the funeral rites of the institution have been abbreviated and obscured. Masonry in its ceremonies is an allegory which few understand, and which is, therefore, constantly exposed to disfigurement by those who tamper with its ritual. Every symbol of Masonry discourses to living men of their duties to God, their neighbor, and themselves, but none more eloquently than those which are used when assembled around the grave of a deceased brother, or in the performance of such duties as we are assembled for here to-night in this mourning lodge.

"From the connection which existed between the departed and beloved brethren of the lodge and those who survive them in it and are assembled here to-night to do honor to their memories, we but perform a sacred duty. It is a good and pious practice. It is founded upon the finest instincts of humanity; it has the commendation of antiquity; it accords with the customs of nations and tribes in every part of the world, although they may be dissimilar in language, religion, government, and the habits of life.

"As Masons, we are taught to believe in a resurrection; not, it is true, that our earthly and perishable bodies will after death be restored to form, but that our spiritual existence never ceases, and though freed from its tabernacle of clay, that it still lives, though invisible to us who still are performing our weary pilgrimage. If this be so, as it undoubtedly is, may we not, without any great stretch of the imagination, consider that the spirits of those whose mortal death we meet here to commemorate, are hovering over us, and blessing us for our fraternal remembrance of them.

"Long before the services of the architect or the sculptor's art were laid under requisition to transmit to future generations the glories of a monarch, the virtues of a benefactor, or the much-loved name of some humble denizen of God's footstool, nature supplied the monument to mark the sacred spot where rested the remains of those who in life had been the centre of many affections, and that spot was the innermost recesses of the human heart.

"A sprig of evergreen deposited upon the coffin or in the grave of a departed brother, is a symbol of our faith in the great doctrine of our mysteries—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL—a doctrine which descended to us from before the flood; which has been preserved and propagated by our fraternity through the civil and religious revolutions of unnumbered empires, and which, I trust, will continue to be propagated for all time; and here let me add, the again placing of the evergreen on the catafalque now before us is but an expression of our belief in the existence of the souls in another and a better world of the departed ones of Park Lodge.

"In every community of men, no matter whether that community exists within the tiled recesses of a Masonic lodge, or has its organization among those not of the household of the faithful, the affections more strongly develop themselves in regard to particular individuals.

"It has been said in every domestic household there is a pet, a favored one, and so I must confess it has been with me Masonically, for among those whose memories we meet here to commemorate, was one who had so entwined himself into my warmest affections in consequence of his nobleness of character, his unswerving worth, his singleness of purpose, that he shared with my family the hospitalities of my home. I allude to W. Bro. William Dixon, who was by your suffrages chosen to preside in your East; who, while there stationed, guided the deliberations of Park Lodge so as to merit the confidence, respect and affection of every member, and upon retiring from the mastership meritoriously received tokens of your approbation. He died under my roof-tree, and his mortal remains were from there removed to that last resting-place from whose bourne no traveller returns. It is a pleasant reflection that in a case like his, death cannot destroy the good which he did while living, and that his virtues will remain in remembrance, though we miss his face. Indeed, I may say of all those for whom this Lodge of sorrow has been held, though dead, they yet speak."

At its conclusion the choir beautifully rendered, "*Tranquil and peaceful is the path to Heaven.*"

R. W. Bro. Jerome Buck, P. D. D. G. M., then delivered the "General Eulogy," which was an able composition and well rendered, many of his allusions showing deep thought and much research.

The services concluded by singing the "Doxology," in which the whole audience joined, and was a fit winding up of the first Lodge of Sorrow held by the Lodge.—*New York Square.*