

MASONIC  
**Funeral Service,**

ADOPTED BY

PHENIX LODGE, NO. 8, A. Y. M.

PREPARED BY THE

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P. M. PHENIX LODGE, NO. 8.

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P. H. P. PHENIX CHAPTER, NO. 2.



# FUNERAL SERVICE.

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The Lodge having been opened in the third degree, and the object of the meeting having been stated, the Master shall call the members up and proceed :

MASTER. My Brethren, in the midst of life we are in death, and none knoweth what a day may bring forth. We live to see those we love go away into the land of silence before us. Continually the arrows of the insatiate Archer, passing us by, smite the bosoms of our friends and brethren, teaching us the impressive lesson, often repeated, yet soon forgotten, that every one of us must before long yield up our body to the inheritance of worms, in the lonely house of Darkness. Death and the dead are frequently presented to our view, teaching us the uncertainty and brevity of human life, and the instability of all human fortune, and demanding of us the performance of the last sad offices of charity and brotherhood. Death has recently entered our circle, and called from his labors on earth, our brother ———— and now we, obeying the demands of duty, pay these last honors to his memory.

What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hands of the grave?

RESPONSE. Man walketh in a vain show. He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

M. Man that is born of women is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

RES. When he dieth he shall carry nothing away with him. His glory shall not descend after him. Naked came he into the world, and naked must he return.



M. We go whence we shall not return, even to the land of Darkness, and of the shadow of death.

RES. There the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together : they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there ; and the slave is freed from his toils.

M. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun ? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh ; but the earth abideth always.

RES. Man dieth and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

M. All flesh shall perish together ; and man shall turn again unto dust. If a man live many years and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of Darkness, for they shall be many. All that liveth is vanity.

RES. As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up ; so man lieth down and riseth not up till the Heavens shall be no more.

M. Life is a vapor that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away. All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

RES. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting ; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart.

M. Who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow ? For who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun ? Man knoweth not his time. As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare ; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.



RES. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ;  
blessed be the name of the Lord.

[Deposit the Roll.]

M. Let us live and die like the righteous, that our last  
end may be like his.

Almighty Father! in thy hands we leave with humble  
submission the soul of our deceased Brother.

RES. The will of God is accomplished. So mote it be!  
Amen! (Repeated three times with the grand honors.)

#### PRAYER.

Our Father who art in Heaven, look compassionately  
upon us, a band of Brothers in bereavement. Thou hast  
summoned our Brother ————— from the relations and  
labors of this life, to the rewards of Eternity. Give this dis-  
pensation of Thy providence such power and influence on  
our minds and hearts, as will make it profitable to us. Teach  
us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto  
wisdom. And whatever affliction or distress may abide us  
in this life, help us ever to look to Thee, and to cast our care  
and burden on Thee. Grant that the loss of this Brother  
may increase our affection for those who are yet spared to us,  
and make us more punctual in the performance of all the  
duties that Friendship, Love, or Honor, demands. When it  
comes to us also to lie down and die, may a firm and abiding  
trust in Christ dispel the gloom and dread of the Grave.  
And may we not be disappointed in our hope, nor find our  
faith a delusion, but have an abundant entrance ministered to  
us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour  
Jesus Christ. Amen.

RES. So mote it be! Amen!

[Then form procession.]



## AT THE GRAVE.

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MASTER. Here, here is the place for the last long repose of our Brother's remains. Here we must commit them to the cold, dark, and lonely sepulchre. Behold, O Lord, we are in sorrow! our hearts are turned within us; there is none to comfort us; our sky is covered with a cloud; and mourning and lamentations are heard among us.

RESPONSE. God is our God forever: He will be our Guide, even unto Death.

M. Thou hast cut off the life of our Brother, and the waters of affliction flow over our heads.

RES. Lord! make us to know our end, and the measure of our days what it is!

M. It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after Death cometh the Judgment.

RES. The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

HYMN.—Tune, OLD HUNDRED.

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To slumber in the silent dust.

“This flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last Judgment trump shall sound;  
Then burst the bands in sweet surprise,  
And in the Saviour's image rise.”

MASTER. My Brethren: In a little while, as it hath



happened to our Brother, to whose memory we now do honor, so it will happen unto each of us; and we like him shall be gathered unto our Fathers. By this event we are forcibly reminded of the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of all earthly pursuits. The last offices paid to the dead, are useful as lectures to the living:—from them we may derive instruction, and we should consider every solemnity of this kind as a summons to us to prepare for our dissolution.

But alas! notwithstanding the various mementos of mortality with which we daily meet; through some unaccountable infatuation we forget that we are born to die; we go on from one pursuit to another, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the employment of many years, and pause not to reflect that we may be suddenly arrested by Death when we least expect it, and when we consider it only as the meridian of our life.

What are all the externals of majesty, the pride of wealth, or the charms of beauty, when Death comes! Fix your eyes on the last scene, and view life stript of all her ornaments, and exposed in her natural meanness; you will then be convinced of the futility of all those empty delusions. In the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks are levelled, and all distinctions are done away.

What shall survive us — our works, our words, our thoughts—are of infinitely more importance to the world than we ourselves. Let selfishness learn this lesson, and the selfish labor to leave something that shall live beyond their funerals.

Then, as life is uncertain and all earthly pursuits are vain, let us no longer postpone the all-important concern of preparing for eternity, but embrace the happy moment while time and opportunity offer, to prepare for the great change, when all the pleasures of this world will cease to delight, and the reflections of a virtuous and holy life yield the only com-



fort and consolation. Thus our expectations will not be frustrated, nor we be hurried, unprepared, into the presence of our Judge.

With becoming reverence let us seek the favor of the ETERNAL GOD, through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, His Son, our Saviour, so that when the awful moment of Death arrives, be it soon or late, we may be enabled to prosecute our journey, without dread or danger, to that far-distant land whence no traveller returns.

MASTER. May we be true and faithful; and may we live and die in love.

RES. So mote it be.

M. May we profess what is good, and always act agreeably to our profession.

RES. So mote it be.

M. May the Lord bless us, and may all our good intentions be crowned with success.

RES. So mote it be.

M. Glory be to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will towards men.

RES. So mote it be, now, from henceforth and forever. Amen.

[The Apron taken.]

MASTER. This white Apron is an emblem of Innocence, and the badge of a Mason, more ancient than the golden fleece or Roman Eagle; more honorable than the Star and Garter, when worthily worn. [The Master deposits it in the Grave.] This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased Brother. By this we are reminded of the universal dominion of Death. The arm of Friendship cannot oppose the King of Terrors; nor the charms of innocence elude his grasp. This grave, that coffin, this circle of mourning friends, all remind us that we too are mortal—that our bodies must ere long moulder to dust. Then how important for us that we



should know that our Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day on the earth.

[The Evergreen taken.]

This evergreen is an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul. By this we are reminded that we have an immortal part within us, which shall survive the grave, and which shall never, never, never die. Though like our Brother we shall be clothed in the habiliments of Death, and be deposited in the silent tomb, yet through the mediation of a Divine and ascended Saviour, we may confidently hope that our souls will bloom in Eternal Spring.

[Procession then moves round the grave, singing these stanzas to tune, Pleyel's Hymn.]

Brothers, bear the green sprig round,  
Softly tread this sacred ground:  
Once with us he had his home,—  
Now he's gone down to the tomb.

As we journey, pensive, slow,  
Solemn, thoughtful let us go:  
All his work on earth is done,  
And his future is begun.

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[The Master, reaching the head of the grave, pauses, and all the Brothers pausing, turn their faces to the grave.]

MASTER.—May all the influences of our deceased Brother for good, that do survive him, be continually expanded and increased to bless his fellow-men; and may our Father who is in Heaven, in His wisdom, counteract and annul all those that tend to evil!

RES. So mote it be! (Give Grand Honors once.)

[Procession moves again, singing the following stanzas:]

How his life path has been trod,  
Brothers, leave we unto God:  
Friendship's mantle, love, and faith,  
Lend sweet fragrance e'en in Death.



Now amid the things that sleep,  
 Let him rest—his grave is deep :  
 Death has triumph'd, loving hands  
 Cannot raise him from his bands.

[The Master, reaching the head of the grave, again pauses, and all the Brothers pausing, turn their faces to the grave.]

MASTER. May we not forget the lessons taught us by our Brother's death; but remembering the uncertainty of life, and the little value of those things for which men generally strive, may we more earnestly endeavor to obey the Laws of God, avoid dissensions, hatreds, and revenges, and labor to do good—may we be faithful and true, and live and die loving brethren!

RESPONSE. So mote it be! (Accompanied with the Grand Honors once.)

[Procession moves around the grave again, singing the following, and during the journey, drop the green sprig into the grave.]

But the emblems that we shower,  
 Tell us there's a mighty power ;  
 O'er the strength of Death and hell,  
 Judah's Lion shall prevail.

Dust to dust—the dark decree,  
 Soul to God—the soul is free ;  
 Leave him with the lowly lain,  
 Brothers ! we shall meet again.

[The Master reaches the head of the grave again, pauses, and all the Brethren turn their faces to the grave.]

MASTER. May the relatives of our Brother be consoled in their great affliction, and be sustained amid all the trials and hardships which they may have to encounter in this world; and loving God, and trusting in His infinite beneficence, may they and we in His good time, be gathered in peace unto our fathers, and again meet our friend and Brother in another and better world!

RESPONSE. So mote it be!

[Then all give the Grand Honors three times, repeating at each, these words—Brother ! Farewell ! Farewell !]



JUNIOR WARDEN. The seed dies; and out of its death springs the young shoot of the new wheat to produce an hundred fold.

SENIOR WARDEN. The worm dies in its narrow prison-house woven by itself, and out of its death springs the brilliant moth, emblem of immortality.

MASTER. Neither shall they die any more; for in that Land there is no more death.

JUNIOR WARDEN. All death is but new life; and all dissolution and destruction are but reconstructions and reproduction.

SENIOR WARDEN. Our Brother shall live again. The seed that is sown is not quickened except it die; and that which is sown in corruption and dishonor shall be raised in glory. The body of our brother which now the grave infolds is not he, but only the house in which he dwelt, until God laid His finger on him and he slept. He was mortal; but he has now put on immortality. He is not dead, but sleepeth.

MASTER. Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory! Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

RESPONSE. The will of God is accomplished! Blessed be the name of the Lord!

MASTER. From time immemorial it has been the custom among the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a Brother, to accompany his remains to the place of interment, and there deposit them with the usual formalities.

In conformity to this usage, we have assembled in the



character of Masons to offer up to his memory, before the world, the last tribute of our affection: thereby demonstrating the sincerity of our past esteem, and our steady attachment to the principles of the Order.

Unto the grave we have resigned the body of our deceased friend and brother, earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, there to remain until the trump shall sound on the Resurrection morn. We can confidently leave him in the hands of a Being who has done all things well; who is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders. Then let us all so improve this solemn dispensation, that on the great day of account, we may receive from the compassionate Judge, the welcome invitation, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!"

RESPONSE. So mote it be! Amen!

[Then fill the grave.]