

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GONE ON BEFORE.

Instrumental Music - Played without announcement, immediately followed by the reading of these lines:

"This mortal dies,--
But in the moment when the light fails here,
The darkness opens, and the vision clear
Breaks on his eyes.

The veil is rent,--
On his enraptured gaze heaven's glory breaks;
He was asleep, and in that moment wakes."

John Oxenham.

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The Worthy Matron shall say:

The Living should not forget the dead. Tenderly we name those who have gone on before in this Year of Our Lord.

"They are not dead; they have but passed
Beyond the mists that bind us here
Into a new and larger life
Of that ~~seener~~ sphere."

Responded to with bowed heads and in silence, after which, without announcement, shall be read by the Worthy Patron these lines:

"Love is the bread that feeds the multitudes;
Love is the healing of the hospitals;
Love is the Light that breaks through prison doors;
Love knows not rich nor poor, nor good nor bad,
But only the beloved, in every heart,
One and the same, the incorruptible
Spirit divine, whose tabernacle is life.
Love, more than hunger feeds the soul's desire;
Love more the spirit than the body heals;
Love is a star unto the darkened mind,
And they who truly are Love's servants leal,
And follow him, undoubting, to the end,
Beyond the bonds of human righteousness,
Past Justice and past Mercy, find at last,
Past Charity, past Pardon, Love enthroned
Lord of all hearts, incarnate in man's soul."
Woodberry.

OR,

The following verses from the Bible:

Let us now praise famous men, and our Father's that begat us.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning.

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions.

All these were honored in their generations and were the glory of their times.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the Covenant.

Commemorative Service, - 2.

Their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth forevermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

Close the reading with a brief response such as O, Rest in the Lord; merely a refrain.

Solo: Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny and John
M. Neale, Translator.

Prayer by the Chaplain, as follows:

"For those we love within the veil,
Who once were comrades of our way,
We thank Thee, Lord; for they have won
To cloudless day.

And life for them is life indeed,
The splendid goal of earth's straight race;
And where no shadows intervene
They see Thy face.

Not as we knew them anymore,
Toil worn, and sad with burdened care --
Erect, clear-eyed, upon their brows
Thy name they bear,

Free from the fret of mortal years,
An knowing now Thy perfect will,
With quickened senss and heightened joy
They serve Thee still.

O fuller, sweeter, is that life,
And larger, ampler is the air.
Eye cannot see nor heart conceive
The glory there.

Nor know to what high purpose Thou
Dost yet employ their ripened powers,
Nor how at Thy behest they touch
This life of our's.

There are no tears within their eyes;
With love they keep perpetual tryst;
And praise and work and rest are one
With Thee, O Christ."

William Charter Piggott.

Song response:

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He!
Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore
Trust Him more.

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To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;
Ask Him not, then --- when or how ---
Only bow.

Carl Rudolph Hagenbach, D.D.

COMMUNION.

I send my love unto my dead each day;
I know not how; I only know it goes
Forth from my heart, and, going, ever grows;
That, as it flies, there's nothing can affray;
That, like a dove, it fondly keeps its way
Through dark and light along the path it knows;
That, in its faithful flight it never slows,
And if I toil or sleep, goes not astray.
I send my love unto my dead, and they --
They know 'Tis sent, that I have not forgot;
For often, when I am alone, I feel
Their love return -- and, oh, no words can say
That peace that comes to me! It matters not
What woes betide; I have herewith to heal.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

OR

a Brief Address.

Closing song: Pilgrims of the Night. Frederick William Faber.

Hark, hark my soul! Angelic strains are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shores;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps toward Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels! Sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

This outline has been approved by the Grand Matron, Sister Pearl May, who suggests that all semblance of the funereal atmosphere give place to that of hope and faith that all is well, not only with those who have gone on but with those who have been left behind.