

and its holy monogamy; the foundation of the Sabbath, the moral, spiritual, physical and physiological demand of human and divine nature; the foundation of the Decalogue, the ten words which lie at the root of all wise and beneficent legislation: on these foundations have arisen splendid spires of hope, the hope of redemption, the hope of pardon, the hope of immortality, and eternal felicity—hopes that chase away human sorrows, that give life a new meaning and a loftier purpose. Great transepts stretch out, spanned and vaulted by the arches of prophecy, holding the centuries together with a grip of steel. Clustering pinnacles shoot forth, the pinnacles of joy, peace, prayer, and praise, and there is the holy place, the great central altar on which lay and beside which now stands the Great High Priest of our profession.

“Every star about him wheels,
Every penitent he heals;
Higher than the highest, he,
Son and Soul of Deity.”

There the Shekinah abides, the wondrous paraclete making every stone of truth flash with a holy light, until they seem to us to be transformed into emeralds, crysolites, beryls, and calcedonies of peerless beauty, and ever revealing some new splendor, some long-hidden loveliness. It is, as we live in that temple and join its holy litanies and bask in the light of its presiding genius, that we are able to behold its beauty