

Lady Preceptress, a poor novice, who, wearied of the world, its pleasures and its vanities, now seeks repose amid the faithful hearts of the Sisters of our Order.

*L. P.* By whom is she escorted, Sister Inner Guardian?

*I. G.* By the Deaconess of this Chapter.

*L. P.* It hath ever been a function of our Order to listen to the cry of distress, to the voice of the needy. It is, indeed, an obligated duty; Sister Chaplain, arrange the Altar for reception.

(The C. advances to the A. and extinguishes the three tapers and returns to her station.)

*L. P.* Sisters Senior and Junior Lady Assistants, draw the veil of our Sanctuary. Sister Inner Guardian, admit the novice.

(The S. and J. Assistants then draw the veils together, after which the I. G. opens the door and says:)

*I. G.* Sister Deaconess, the request of the Novice has been granted, and she may enter.

(The D. and N. then enter and the door is closed.)

*I. G.* Sister Deaconess, remove the blindfold. She, who has been deemed worthy of reception, is worthy also of our confidence and love.

(The D. removes the blindfold.)

*I. G.* Under assurance of protection of which