

Prefect says—  
Admit him.

Prefect calls up as the candidate enters. Members sing:

Hail! brothers, hail! the heartless world  
Lures with its lying wiles,  
Come to our banner, free unfurled,  
Where truth celestial smiles;  
True banded brothers here we meet,  
Here friendship's bright links shine;  
Oh! may we all each other greet  
At Love's eternal shrine.

[During the singing the candidate is led round the room, and in front of the Prefect.]

Prefect calls down.

First Herald says—

Prefect—I have the pleasure of introducing you to our worthy brother . . . . , who desires to be initiated into the mysteries of the Love Degree.

Prefect (rising) says—

The brothers of the Love Degree require of you a solemn pledge of honor; are you willing to take that pledge?

Candidate says—

I am.

Prefect says—

Place your right hand on your left breast, and declare your assent to the following obligation:

“You solemnly pledge your honor as a man, to the brothers of the Love Degree, that you will neither make, buy, sell, nor use, as a beverage, any spirituous, or malt liquors, wine, or cider. You will not only abstain from their use, as a beverage, yourself, but you will at all proper times, and places, discourage their use by others, or the traffic therein.