

Love rules in the social circle, and by its laws—purer and higher than any written upon parchment—it is the bond of neighbors. Love is the soul of patriotism, and binds the citizen to his country. Love inspires the heart and lifts it up to God, Who is all in all, for God is Love. Love dwells in Heaven. It is the spirit which animates that world of bliss, and fills its inhabitants with perpetual joy. Love was the gospel proclaimed with the advent of our blessed Saviour, and here we raise a temple to Love, that Love may dwell with us. Listen to another admonition from its sacred teachings.

[S. puts Triangle together and places it on Bible, with base toward Candidate, Incense Urn in centre.]

S. C.—It is appointed unto man once to die. Death comes to the wise, and their wisdom is no defence. He touches the unlearned and their ignorance affords them no protection. He lays his icy hand upon whom the world calls great and noble, and stills with the same hand the throbbings of the hearts of the lowly. He comes to the rich upon his couch of purple, and to the poor man on his bed of straw. He breathes upon the youthful, and life's gay frost-work of bliss melts away, like snow before the sun. He touches with his skeleton sceptre the brow of the strong in full manhood, and the silver cord of life is loosed, and the wheel stands still at the cistern. The grave is the house appointed for all the living. Even to these sad thoughts Love lends its lustre, by proclaiming death the gate to endless joy, whose bars have been broken by the Prince of Peace. But death brings not only sadness, but often want to the happy homes that Love has reared and filled with light and gladness by calling for the husband, the father or breadwinner,