

We no longer looked back with remorse on our folly. We could see the events of the past year in perspective, and we saw that we had been led through that ghoulisn ghaſtlineſſ. We had followed the devil through the dance of death, but there could be no doubt in our minds that the power of evil was permitted for a purpoſe. We obtained the ineffable aſſurance of the exiſtence of a ſpiritual energy that worked its wondrous will in ways too ſtrange for the heart of man to underſtand until the time ſhould be ripe.

The peſtilence of the paſt had immunised us againſt its poiſon. The devil had defeated himſelf. We had attained a higher ſtage of evolution. And this underſtanding of the paſt filled us with abſolute faith in the future.

The chaos of crumbled civilisations whoſe monuments were on the rock before us, had left that rock unmarred. Our experience had fortified us. We had reached one more pinnacle on the ſerrated ridge that riſes from the firſt ſcreeſ of ſelf-conſciouſneſſ to a ſummit ſo ſublime that we did not even dare to dream how far it ſoared above us. Our buſineſſ was to climb from crag to crag, with caution and courage, day after day, life after life. Not ourſ to ſpeculate about the goal of our Going. Enough for uſ to Go. We knew our way, having found our will, and for the means, had we not love?

“Love iſ the law, love under will.”

The words were neither on our lips nor in our hearts. They were implicit in every idea, and in every impreſſion. We went from the court up the ſteps, through the open glaſſ doorſ, into the vaulted room with its fantaſtic freſcoeſ that waſ the ſtrangerſ’ room of the Abbey of Thelema; and we laughed ſoftly, aſ we thought that we ſhould never more be ſtrangerſ.