

'God Almighty, and with Him
 Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Filling all eternity—
 Adonai Elohim.'

ALEISTER CROWLEY

The Quest

b. 1875

A PART, immutable, unseen,
 Being, before itself had been,
 Became. Like dew a triple queen
 Shone as the void uncovered :
 The silence of deep height was drawn
 A veil across the silver dawn
 On holy wings that hovered.¹

The music of three thoughts became
 The beauty, that is one white flame,
 The justice that surpasses shame,
 The victory, the splendour,
 The sacred fountain that is whirled
 From depths beyond that older world
 A new world to engender.²

The kingdom is extended.³ Night
 Dwells, and I contemplate the sight
 That is not seeing, but the light
 That secretly is kindled,

¹ A qabalistic description of Macroprosopus. 'Dew,' 'Deep Height,' &c., are his titles.

² Microprosopus.

³ Malkuth, the Bride. In its darkness the Light may yet be found.

Though oft-time its most holy fire
Lacks oil, whene'er my own Desire
Before desire has dwindled.

I see the thin web binding me
With thirteen cords of unity¹
Toward the calm centre of the sea.
(O thou supernal mother !²)
The triple light my path divides
To twain and fifty sudden sides³
Each perfect as each other.

Now backwards, inwards still my mind
Must track the intangible and blind,
And seeking, shall securely find
Hidden in secret places
Fresh feasts for every soul that strives,
New life for many mystic lives,
And strange new forms and faces.

My mind still searches, and attains
By many days and many pains
To That which Is and Was and reigns
Shadowed in four and ten ;⁴
And loses self in sacred lands,
And cries and quickens, and understands
Beyond the first Amen.⁵

¹ The Hebrew characters composing the name Achd, Unity, add up to 13.

² Binah, the Great Deep: the offended Mother who shall be reconciled to her daughter by Bn, the Son.

³ Bn adds to 52.

⁴ Jehovah, the name of 4 letters, $1+2+3+4=10$.

⁵ The first Amen is $=91$ or 7×13 . The second is the Inscrutable Amount.

*The Neophyte*¹

TO-NIGHT I tread the unsubstantial way
That looms before me, as the thundering night
Falls on the ocean : I must stop, and pray
One little prayer, and then—what bitter fight
Flames at the end beyond the darkling goal ?
These are my passions that my feet must tread ;
This is my sword, the fervour of my soul ;
This is my Will, the crown upon my head.
For see ! the darkness beckons : I have gone,
Before this terrible hour, towards the gloom,
Braved the wild dragon, called the tiger on
With whirling cries of pride, sought out the tomb
Where lurking vampires battened, and my steel
Has wrought its splendour through the gates of death.
My courage did not falter : now I feel
My heart beat wave-wise, and my throat catch breath
As if I choked ; some horror creeps between
The spirit of my will and its desire,
Some just reluctance to the Great Unseen
That coils its nameless terrors, and its dire
Fear round my heart ; a devil cold as ice
Breathes somewhere, for I feel his shudder take
My veins : some deadlier asp or cockatrice
Slimes in my senses : I am half awake,
Half automatic, as I move along
Wrapped in a cloud of blackness deep as hell,
Hearing afar some half-forgotten song
As of disruption ; yet strange glories dwell
Above my head, as if a sword of light,
Rayed of the very Dawn, would strike within
The limitations of this deadly night
That folds me for the sign of death and sin—

¹ This poem describes the Initiation of the *true* 'Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn' in its spiritual aspect

O Light ! descend ! My feet move vaguely on
In this amazing darkness, in the gloom
That I can touch with trembling sense. There shone
Once, in my misty memory, in the womb
Of some unformulated thought, the flame
And smoke of mighty pillars ; yet my mind
Is clouded with the horror of this same
Path of the wise men : for my soul is blind
Yet : and the foemen I have never feared
I could not see (if such should cross the way),
And therefore I am strange : my soul is seared
With desolation of the blinding day
I have come out from : yes, that fearful light
Was not the Sun : my life has been the death,
This death may be the life : my spirit sight
Knows that at last, at least. My doubtful breath
Is breathing in a nobler air ; I know,
I know it in my soul, despite of this,
The clinging darkness of the Long Ago,
Cruel as death, and closer than a kiss,
This horror of great darkness. I am come
Into this darkness to attain the light :
To gain my voice I make myself as dumb :
That I may see I close my outer sight :
So, I am here. My brows are bent in prayer :
I kneel already in the Gates of Dawn ;
And I am come, albeit unaware,
To the deep sanctuary : my hope is drawn
From wells profounder than the very sea.
Yea, I am come, where least I guessed it so,
Into the very Presence of the Three
That Are beyond all Gods. And now I know
What spiritual Light is drawing me
Up to its stooping splendour. In my soul

I feel the Spring, the all-devouring Dawn,
Rush with my Rising. There, beyond the goal,
The Veil is rent !

Yes : let the veil be drawn.

The Rose and the Cross

OUT of the seething cauldron of my woes,
Where sweets and salt and bitterness I flung ;
Where charmed music gathered from my tongue,
And where I chained strange archipelagoes
Of fallen stars ; where fiery passion flows
A curious bitumen ; where among
The glowing medley moved the tune unsung
Of perfect love : thence grew the Mystic Rose.

Its myriad petals of divided light ;
Its leaves of the most radiant emerald ;
Its heart of fire like rubies. At the sight
I lifted up my heart to God and called :
How shall I pluck this dream of my desire ?
And lo ! there shaped itself the Cross of Fire !

EVELYN UNDERHILL (MRS. STUART MOORE)

b. 1875

Immanence

I COME in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.