

# The Rites of Eleusis.



SERIES OF SYMBOLICAL CEREMONIES is to be held at CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER, to illustrate the magical methods followed by a mystical society which seeks for illumination by ecstasy. They begin on October 19th, and will be held every following Wednesday for seven successive weeks. They are to be called the *Rites of Eleusis*.

Nothing so impressive as these ceremonies has been conceived since the days of Ancient Greece. They seem to possess a compelling occult power which calls into play at once the higher emotions of those who are present. Clairvoyants see beautiful pictures of attendant spirits, and the atmosphere is vibrant with religious feeling. At the same time there is nothing to induce outbursts of hysteria, everything is artistic and graceful and impressed with poetic feeling.

The *Rites of Eleusis* were prepared by a body of occultists of high attainments. One of them is a well-known poet, a man who has travelled all over the world and is steeped in ancient and modern spiritual lore. The titles of the series are taken from the seven planets in the Zodiacal system, which are indicative of the days of the week. This has not been done of necessity or to limit the Rites to a special significance, but because it constitutes an external form and meaning which is familiar to every educated mind, and thus provides a simple and direct introduction to the underlying motive in each instance.

The following is a short analysis of the series. They may be taken as illustrating Humanity – its fate, both good and evil.

Man, unable to solve the Riddle of Existence, takes counsel of Saturn, extreme old age. Such answer as he can get is the one word "Despair."

Is there more hope in the dignity and wisdom of Jupiter? No; for the noble senior lacks the vigour of Mars the Warrior. Counsel is in vain without determination to carry it out.

Mars, invoked, is indeed capable of victory, but he has already lost the controlled wisdom of age; in the moment of conquest he wastes the fruits of it, in the arms of luxury.

It is through this weakness that the perfected man, the Sun, is of dual nature, and his evil twin slays him in his glory. So the triumphant Lord of Heaven, the beloved of Apollo and the Muses, is brought down into the dust, and who shall mourn him but his Mother Nature, Venus, the lady of love and sorrow? Well is it if she bears within her the Secret of Resurrection!

But even Venus owes all her charm to the swift messenger of the Gods, Mercury, the joyous and ambiguous boy, whose tricks first scandalize and then delight Olympus.

But Mercury, too, is found wanting. Not in him alone is the secret cure for all the woe of the human race. Swift as ever he passes, and gives place to the youngest of the Gods, to the Virginal Moon.

Behold her, Madonna-like, throned and crowned, veiled, silent, awaiting the promise of the future. She is Isis and Mary, Istar and Bhavani, Artemis and Diana.

But Artemis is still barren of hope until the spirit of the Infinite All, great Pan, tears asunder the veil and displays the hope of humanity, the *Crowned Child of the Future*.