

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΕΒ

TWIG?<sup>33</sup>

The Phoenix hath a Bell for Sound ; Fire for Sight ; a Knife for Touch ; two cakes, one for taste, the other for smell.

He standeth before the Altar of the Universe at Sunset, when Earth-life fades.

He summons the Universe, and crowns it with MAGICK Light to replace the sun of natural light.

He prays unto, and give homage to, Ro-Hoor-khuit ; to Him he then sacrifices.

The first cake, burnt, illustrates the profit drawn from the scheme of incarnation.

The second, mixt with his life's blood and eaten, illustrates the use of the lower life to feed the higher life.

He then takes the Oath and becomes free—unconditioned—the Absolute.

Burning up in the Flame of his Prayer, and born again—the Phoenix !