

the sun's fire, womb of all life, recurring grace of seasons, answer favorably the prayer of labor, and to pastors and husbandmen be thou propitious.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Principles.)

The DEACON: Mysterious Energy, triform, mysterious Matter, in fourfold and sevenfold division, the interplay of which things weave the dance of the Veil of Life upon the Face of the Spirit, let there be Harmony and Beauty in your mystic loves, that in us may be health and wealth and strength and divine pleasure according to the Law of Liberty; let each pursue his Will as a strong man that rejoiceth in his way, as the course of a Star that blazeth for ever among the joyous company of Heaven.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Birth.)

The DEACON: Be the hour auspicious, and the gate of life open in peace and in well-being, so that she that beareth children may rejoice, and the babe catch life with both hands.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Marriage.)

The DEACON: Upon all that this day unite with love under will let fall success; may strength and skill unite to bring forth ecstasy, and beauty answer beauty.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Death.)

The DEACON: Term of all that liveth, whose name is inscrutable, be favorable unto us in thine hour.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The End.)

The DEACON: Unto them from whose eyes the veil of life hath fallen may there be granted the accomplishment of their true Wills; whether they will absorption in the Infinite, or to be united with their chosen and preferred, or to be in contemplation, or to be at peace, or to achieve the labor and heroism of incarnation on this planet or another, or in any Star, or aught else, unto them may there be granted the accomplishment of their wills; yea, the accomplishment of their Wills. Aumn. Aumn. Aumn.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

All sit. The Deacon and the Children attend the Priest and Priestess, ready to hold any appropriate weapon as may be necessary.

## VI. OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE ELEMENTS.

The Priest makes the five crosses. \*<sub>3</sub><sup>1</sup>\*<sub>2</sub> on paten and cup. \*<sub>4</sub> on paten alone; \*<sub>5</sub> on cup alone.

The PRIEST: Life of man upon earth, fruit of labor, sustenance of endeavor, thus be thou nourishment of the Spirit!

He touches the Host with the Lance.

By the virtue of the Rod

Be this bread the Body of God!

He takes the Host.

TOUTO ESTI TO SOMA MOU.

He kneels, adores, rises, turns, shows Host to the People, turns, replaces Host, and adores. Music.

He takes the Cup.

Vehicle of the joy of Man upon earth, solace of labor, inspi-

ration of endeavor, thus be thou ecstasy of the Spirit!

He touches the Cup with the Lance.

By the virtue of the Rod

Be this wine the Blood of God!

He takes the Cup.

TOUTO ESTI TO POTERION TOU HAIMATOS MOU.

He kneels, adores, rises, turns, shows the Cup to the

People, turns, replaces the Cup, and adores. Music.

For this is the Covenant of Resurrection.

He makes the five crosses on the Priestess.

Accept, O Lord, this sacrifice of life and joy, true warrants of the Covenant of Resurrection.

The Priest offers the Lance to the Priestess, who kisses it; he then touches her between the breasts and upon the body. He then flings out his arms upward, as comprehending the whole shrine.

Let this offering be borne upon the waves of Aethyr to our Lord and Father the Sun that travelleth over the Heavens in his name ON.

He strikes his breast. All repeat this action.

Hear ye all, saints of the true church of old time now essentially present, that of ye we claim heirship, with ye we claim communion, from ye we claim benediction in the name of IAO.

He makes three crosses on Paten and Cup together.

He uncovers the Cup, genuflects, takes the Cup in his left hand and the Host in his right.

With the Host he makes the five crosses on the Cup.

\*<sub>1</sub>

\*<sub>3</sub> \*<sub>2</sub>

\*<sub>5</sub> \*<sub>4</sub>

He elevates the Host and the Cup.

The Bell strikes.

HAGIOS HAGIOS HAGIOS IAO.

He replaces the Host and the Cup, and adores.

## VII. OF THE OFFICE OF THE ANTHEM.

The PRIEST:

Thou who art I, beyond all I am,  
Who hast no nature and no name,  
Who art, when all but thou are gone,  
Thou, centre and secret of the Sun,  
Thou, hidden spring of all things known  
And unknown, Thou aloof, alone,  
Thou, the true fire within the seed  
Brooding and breeding, source and seed  
Of life, love, liberty, and light,  
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,  
Thee I invoke, my faint fresh fire  
Kindling as mine intents aspire.  
Thee I invoke, abiding one,  
Thee, centre and secret of the Sun,  
And that most holy mystery  
Of which the vehicle am I.  
Appear, most awful and most mild,  
As it is lawful, to thy child!

The CHORUS:

For of the Father and the Son  
The Holy Spirit is the norm;