

how to achieve of set purpose what had been thrust on him by destiny. His natural tendency to magic drew him into that line of work, and so at the age of 25 we find him already famous for his powers in this art.

He had a "blasting rod" constructed simply of the lustre of an old-fashioned chandelier, and he was always cheerfully ready to demonstrate its power by pointing it at any convenient sceptic, and paralyzing him for a few hours or days.

For more serious magical work he had a rod of almond tipped with a golden star of five points, each point engraved with a letter of the Ineffable Name Jeheshua; in the centre was a diamond. With this he would trace mysterious figures in the air, and, visible to the ordinary eye, they would stand out in faint bluish light. On great occasions, working in a circle, and conjuring the spirits by the great names of the Key of Solomon or the "Enochian Calls" of spirits given him by Dr. Dee, he would obtain the creature necessary to his work in visible and tangible form. On one occasion he evoked Hismael, the lowest manifestation of Jupiter, and, through a series of accidents, was led to step out of his circle without effectively banishing the spirit. He was felled to the ground, and only recovered five or six hours later. But this was simply a single untoward incident in a career of almost monotonous success.

However, he was certainly a careless person. On one occasion he had consecrated a talisman of the Moon to cause rain. (As he lived in London, I cannot imagine why he did this!) To make it work it had to be immersed in water. He would put it in a basin or tumbler, and within a few minutes the clouds would gather and the rain begin: instructive to his pupils, and beneficial to the country. But one day he lost the talisman. It worked its way into a sewer, and London had the wettest summer in the memory of man!

It was early in 1899 that I became the pupil of this great master. I say "great master," and I ask to be taken on trust, for in this account of magic it would be dull to dwell upon his true qualities; I must rather seek to amuse by recounting his misadventures. Incidentally, any magical manifestation whatever is a regrettable incident. Just as in war, even the greatest victories cost something. Every battle is an obstruction in the march of the conqueror.

In order to explain my meeting with Allan Bennett it is necessary to give a short resumé of my own magical career.

IV.

I was in my third year at Cambridge when the call came. I had been intended for the Diplomatic Service, and had also a great ambition to be a poet. In fact, I had written many hundred thousand lines, all of which I diligently destroyed in one great holocaust of paraffin and paper a matter of eight years later. It now struck me quite suddenly that, even if I got the Embassy at Paris—why, who was ambassador a century before? I did not know, and nobody knew, or cared.

Even if I got fame like that of Aeschylus—why, who reads Aeschylus? A few scores only, even in a University where Classics are compulsory.

And, anyhow, one day or other the earth must fall into the sun, or go dead like the moon.

I saw the Vanity of Things. I must find a materiai

to build my temple; something more permanent than the hearts and minds of men.

This conclusion came to me reasonably enough, yet with all the force of a vision. I cannot hope to convey the quality of that despair. I rushed to the Bookseller, ordered all works ever published on Alchemy, Magic, and the like, and spent the long winter nights in ploughing those dreary sands. I had not knowledge enough even to begin to understand them.

However, the magical capacity was there, as will be seen. "In my mistress I called upon the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

This is indeed the essential quality of a magician, that he should be able, without obvious means, to send forth his will-currents to the desired quarters, and awake them to answer. It is not necessary that the reply should come magically; he should expect his will obeyed in the ordinary course of events. As an example, let me give the use I made of a talisman of Abramelin "to have books of magic." When I consecrated it, I was childish enough to expect the instant appearance of a Genie with flames in his mouth and books in his hand. Instead of this, all that happened was that a man called to see me with just those books that I needed, for sale. The point of the story is that I had spent weeks with all the booksellers in England, trying to get just those books. And the man knew nothing of that; he had come on an impulse.

To return: one of the books that I had bought at Cambridge was the "Book of Black Magic and of Facts," the catchpenny production of an ignorant, dipsomaniac, half-demented scholiast named Waite, whose sole asset was a pompous jargon composed of obsolete words. In his preface he said—so far as one could understand—that he was in touch with more Masters, Adepts, Mahatmas, Rosicrucians and Hermetists than had ever appeared even in pseudo-occult literature.

To him I wrote for advice and received many folios of rigmarole in return. The only intelligible sentence was one in which he recommended me to read Von Eckartshausen's "Cloud Upon the Sanctuary." This book spoke of a secret church, of a brotherhood of initiates, exactly filling the bill. I read this book over and over again at Wasdale Head in Cumberland, where I spent Easter of 1898 climbing with a splendid mountaineer, one of the three best the world has ever seen, but a terrible scoffer at all occult lore. However, I sent out my S. O. S. call to the Brotherhood, and this is what resulted:

In July, 1898, I was at a camp on the Schönbühl Glacier above Zermatt, and had gone down to the village for a respite from the constant snowstorms. In the Beerhall one night, like the young ass I was, I started to lay down the law on Alchemy. To hear me, one would think I had just discharged Nicolas Flamel for cleaning my athanor badly, and beaten Basil Valentine over the head for breaking my alembic!

One of the party took me seriously; he saw that my bombast concealed a real desire of knowledge. We walked to the hotel together. I saw that he really knew what I pretended to know, and I dropped my "side" and became the humble learner. I had promised myself to renew the conversation in the morning: to my consternation he had disappeared. I made a vigorous search, and three days later caught him as he was walking down the valley to Viège. I walked