

have improved seventy per cent. since I first was initiated in the Great Secret.

It is no great wonder, then, that Magick has revived. When I began the work of the A. : A. : I had over a hundred pupils in less than six months. The system of the A. : A. : is singular in many respects; in none more than in this, that it is really secret. No man except the Head and His Chancellor, and His Praemonstrator, knows more than two members; that one who initiated him, and the one that comes to him for initiation. In this way the work has spread through the world with no fuss or trouble. Only now and again is any open work visible—when Isis lifts her skirt enough to show her stocking!

For instance, one hears of public ceremonies on A. : A. : lines in South Africa, in West Africa, in Vancouver, in Sydney, in Paris and London and (maybe) New York. These appear sporadic; their simultaneity is really the mark of what is passing in the mind of the Masters of the A. : A. :

The success of the O. T. O. is even more striking to the uninitiate, because its results are more apparent.

Part of the policy of this order is to buy real estate everywhere, to build and furnish temples, lodges, and retreats. Hardly a month passes but I hear of some new branch already financially sound, with its own headquarters, some beautiful property in the country, a fine house, large grounds, all that is needed both for initiations, and for the practice of that life, and of those works, which bring forth fruit from the seed of those initiations. And every week brings me news manifold of what is being done. There is hardly a country in the world which has not dozens of members hard at work at magick, and for the most part making progress at a rate which almost makes me jealous, although for my generation I made advance which was a miracle of rapidity and excited the envy of all the duffers. But the work done by my Masters and (I think I may truly say) by myself also has simplified the work incredibly for all. In the Equinox, 777, Konx Om Pax and a few secret documents, the whole mystery has been explained; and, for the first time in the history of Magick, a standard Encyclopedia has been published. It is no longer necessary to study fifty strange tongues and wade through ten thousand obscure and ambiguous volumes. With three months' study and a year's practice any man of moderate intelligence and sufficient will-power is armed, once and for all, for the battle. Only in the O. T. O. is some knowledge kept back, and that because the great secret is so easy to learn and so simple to operate that it would be madness to entrust it to any person untested by years of fidelity.

These, then, are the principal causes of the Revival of Magick. It is not possible to publish the figures, nor would it be desirable. But I can assure the public that one has only to enter the magick path to find on all sides and in the most unexpected quarters, men and women whose whole life is secretly devoted to the attainment of the Royal and Sacredotal Art.

Already Magick is once more a World-Power; the print of the Giant's Thumb is already the amazement of the incredulous; and within five years it will be clear enough to all men Who brought about the World war and why.

We shall see science triumphant, philosophy revolutionized, art renewed, commercialism checkmated; and astride of the horse of the Sun we shall see the

Lord come as a conquerer into His Kingdom.

The Revival of Magick is the Mother of the New Aeon.

And who is the Father?

"Ho! for his chariot wheels that flame afar,

"His hawk's eye flashing through the Silver Star!

"Upon the heights his standard shall plant,

"Free, equal, passionate, pagan, dominant,

"Mystic, indomitable, self-controlled,

"The red Rose glowing on the Cross of Gold!"

Do you wish to find Him?

Herein is wisdom; let him that hath understanding count the number of The Beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and three score and six.

FLOWERS

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Rose of the dawn as saffron wan, lighting a gaunt grey sea,

Or a red, red rose by the garden wall at the foot of a red rose tree,

But or ever I wake or sleep at last, the rose of her breasts for me.

Poppies that blaze in a blaze of gold, fair and more fair than fair,

Yellow as ever the dull brocade that the Lords and Ladies wear,

But never a gold shall time unfold like the gold of a woman's hair.

Brown, wine-brown is the wall-flower's plume that near to the fountain lies,

Brown as the sheen that jewels the wings of the hovering dragon-flies,

But pale by the glow of autumn fire which lurks in a woman's eyes.

Lilies? I see them white and still, caught fast in the ripple-strands.

Enmeshed in the web of a loitering stream a-dream by the river sands.

Beautiful! Yes! I grant you that, but the lilies of my Love's hands!

HYMN

(From Baudelaire)

Most dear, most fair, Hilarion,
That fillst mine heart with light and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,
All hail in immortality!

She permeates my life like air
Intoxicated with its brine,
And to my thirsty soul doth bear
Deep draughts of the eternal wine.

Exhaustless censer that makes sly
The air of some dim-lit recess,
Censer that smoulders secretly
To fill the night with wantonness,

Love incorruptible, my works
Are void; thy truth is over art.
Musk-grain invisible that lurks
In mine eternity's inmost heart!

Most pure, most fair, Hilarion,
That fillst my life with health and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,
All hail in immortality!