

Such must be the climax of any retirement to the desert on the part of any aspirant to the Mysteries who has the spark of that fire in him.

He is drawn to physical quiescence or to regularity, simplicity, unity of motion, by the constant example and compulsion of the elements. He is obliged to introspection by the poverty of exterior impression, and through this he soon finds the sensations behind the thoughts, the perceptions behind the sensations, the laws underlying even the perceptions, and finally that consciousness which is the lawgiver. Sooner or later, according to his energy and the sanctification of his will, must he tear down the great veil and behold himself upon the shining walls of space, uttering with shuddering rapture: "This is I!" Then let him choose!

From this moment of the annihilation of the Self in Pan, he is "cured of the disease, self-knowledge." He may return among his fellows, and move among them as a king, shine among them as a star. To him will they turn insensibly for light; to him will they come for the healing of their wounds.

He shall lift up the sacred Lance, and touch therewith the side of the king that was wounded by no lesser weapon; and the king shall be healed.

He shall plunge the point of the Lance into the Holy Grail, and it shall again glow with life and ecstasy, giving forth its bounty of mysterious refreshment to all the company of knights.

And if the rocks of life tear him, and its snows chill him, knoweth he not where to turn? Hath he not attained the secret? Hath he not entered into the Sanctuary of the Most High?

Is he not chosen and armed against all things? Is he not master of destiny and of the event? What can touch him, who hath become intangible, being lost in God? Or conquer him, who hath become unconquerable, having conquered himself and given himself up to God? As well write upon the sand, as write sorrow in his soul. As well seek to darken the sun, as to put out the light that is in him.

Thus I wrote in the palm-gardens of Tozeur, by the waters of its spring; thus I wrote while the sun moved mightily down the sky, and the wind whispered that it came no whence and went no whither, even as it listed, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen.