

THE MAN IN THE YELLOW ROBE.

AN INTIMATE STUDY.

A LONELY heath. A small hut on the edge of it. Within, the wallpapers torn down, and magic pantacles displayed in their stead. Without, a circle branded by fire into the very earth; around it rush madly demon cats with flaming eyes, miauling horribly; in the background, some reluctant shape of smoke, perhaps Taphtatharath, the Spirit of Mercury. Within the circle, calm, majestic, clearly master of it all, clad in the black robe of strength and the white robe of purity, with the red cloak and Rose-Cross of the Hierophant, with the Wand of Double Power in his right hand, and the Aitch of Life and Light in his left hand, crowned with the Ateph crown of Thoth, stands Allan Bennett, and thunders forth, "*Jehi Aour*"—"Let there be light!"

Instantly a ray of divine brilliance cleaves the black clouds above his head, and, his noble countenance flashing in that ecstasy of brightness, he commands and he compels the Evil Spirit to rise, move, and appear. To obey the word of double power and the Voice of the Master.

Now the point about this picture is that it is the simple literal truth. Allan Bennett, the Buddhist Priest, was one of the very few people I have known who really could and did get results from the processes of ceremonial magic—at least, the results they wished for. It is easy enough to get unwished-for results—madness, death, marriage.

How wonderful must then be the inmost shrine of Buddhism, when we find this same Allan Bennett discarding as childish folly the powers of healing the sick, of raising the dead, of the attainment of the Philosopher's Stone, the Red Tincture, the Elixir of Life! What world must he dwell in who no longer takes the trouble to commune with Hismael and Harponates, with Malkah-be Tharshishina-ve-Ruachoth ha-Schehalim and Maat!

How sublime must be the knowledge, which having solved the duplication of the cube and the quadrature of the circle, relegates geometry to the nursery or the boudoir.

What strange attraction must lie in the Yellow Robe, the Begging-Bowl, the shaven head, and the averted eye, when for them one abandons the Magistracy of the Briatic Palaces and the love of the Salamandrines!

Yet this is exactly what Allan Bennett has done. We who know him know that there is no turning-back in his career, that he has marched steadfastly onward from the Portal of the Blind up the mystic mountain of Abiegnus to the Burial-Chamber of our father Christian Rosencreutz and thence to the Towers of Iron and the Fountain of Life—and thence? This may not be revealed. Only those who know can know to what white heights the soul of man may soar.



It should be enough for serious men, of whom London is full to-day, dissatisfied with Faith, dissatisfied with Doubt, to know that here is a Man who has passed through all the ways of death and life, a man who has torn the heart of Truth bleeding from the dead body of the Universe, who has known, who has attained. You have tried to feed on soap-bubbles with Ingram, or on grass with Joseph Mc' Cabe; and you are hungry. *Intra Nobis Regnum Dei*; *Bhikkim Ananda Mettey a*—Allan Bennett—is the man to help you to find it.

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