

As a child asks its father for a toy, so the magician asks God to cause rain, or whatever he may need at the moment. The prayer book is full of such spells, even to the extreme use of "Oh, Lord, who alone workest great marvels, send down upon our Bishops and Curates the healthful spirit of Thy grace." But there is no record of any favorable answer to this particular prayer!

In the supreme prayer of Christ in Gethsemane we find the advanced magician speaking. "*If it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done.*" This ends in "My will, which is Thine, be done" for bye-and-bye Christ tells Pilate that if He wished He could have twelve legions of angels to defend Him. But he no longer wishes the cup to pass from Him; His will is one with the Father's.

Now, in order to persuade the God addressed that it is right to grant the prayer, or in order to convince oneself that one is asking for a proper miracle, one resorts to commemoration of other miracles wrought by that God in the past.

Thus the talisman made by Dr. Dee, which raised the tempest in which the Spanish Armada was destroyed, has figured upon it a symbolic image of a face blowing forth a great wind, and around it is the verse "He sent forth His lightnings and scattered them"—or some similar words. God is reminded that in the past He brought victory to His chosen people by raising a storm at the proper moment. There is, in legal phrase, a precedent for the miracle.

The conjurations of the Grimoires abound in this sort of recitation before the God of His previous exploits.

Here then is the link with the second form of magick—the "Catholic." For in Catholic magick the formula is this; the story of the God is enacted before Him; He is moved by the sight of His own sufferings or adventures (Here we must remember that most Gods are deified men) and at the same time the sympathy of the actors with the God is stirred to its highest point.

The Bacchae of Euripides is a perfect example of this kind of ritual. In fact, almost all Greek drama of the classic period is of this kind. The "deus ex machina" speech at the end marks the identification complete.

Similarly, the Eleusinian Mysteries celebrated the adventures of Demeter; those of Adonis and Osiris and Mithras tell the story of the Sun, and thus invoke his power. J. M. Robertson goes further, and says that the story of the Last Supper, Trial and Crucifixion of Christ is not a history but a scenario. Nor is this view confined to rationalists and anthropologists of the type of Spencer, Frazer, and Grant Allen; many Christian mystics uphold it, and say that their reverence for the Logos is not lessened but increased by the identification of the legend of His life and death with that of the Cosmos.

I must again call attention to the necessity of this formula of identification in order to show the impossibility of evil in magick. Evil is synonymous with failure.

With the low class sorcerer who sells himself as a slave to some "devil" we have nothing here to do. That is the antithesis of magick. The aim is to com-

mand the spirits. Very well; suppose we begin in a gross, selfish, avaricious way, and try to get the spirits to bring us gold. We call Hismael, the Spirit of Jupiter. Nothing happens. We learn that Hismael will not be commanded but by his proper Intelligence, Iophiel. So we call Iophiel. Equal recalcitrance on the part of Iophiel, who is only amenable to the orders of Sachiel, his Angel. Same story with Sachiel. We go to Tzadquiel the Archangel. Still no good; for Tzadquiel obeys none but El. Good; we invoke El, the God. We must then become El; and having done so, having entered into that vast divine essence, we cannot bother any more as to whether we have any money. We have left all that behind. So then we see that to perform any miracle we must show a divine reason for it. I have often asked for money and obtained it; but only when the money was really needed for some manifestly cosmic benefit.

In fact, with whatever work one begins, one is led up to the Great Work. This is a logical process, and even if one were tempted to be illogical, and turn to Black Magic, those great forces whose names one has (perhaps ignorantly) invoked are invisibly about one, and bring one into line with a jerk—and none too gentle a jerk at that!

Eliphaz Levi defines Black Magic as the result of the persistence of the will in the absurd. One does not go mad on seeing the devil, because before invoking him one must be already mad.

It is extraordinary how the formula of Hermes Trismegistus holds throughout; Magick is but the extension of the microcosm in the macrocosm. And as the macrocosm is the greater, it follows that what one does by magick is to attune oneself with the Infinite. "In myself I am nothing; in Thee I am All-self. Dwell Thou in me! and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!" concludes the great prayer of the Rosicrucians.

This, however, explains why those who meddle with magick out of curiosity, or who try treacheries on magicians, find themselves in trouble.

The Magician is an expression of the Will of the Universe: the meddlers rebel, and suffer. To oppose a true Magician is as silly as to put your hand on a circular saw in motion. But the handless blames the saw.

I know of one modern Master who has been often attacked. In every case the attacker has come to absolute ruin. One woman came to him, a woman old and sly, and wormed herself into his confidence. He knew her for an enemy, and trusted her absolutely. He left her his check-book duly signed, and she embezzled his money. He left his wife in her care, and she tried to corrupt her. By-and-bye it became obvious to the woman that the Master knew everything. He only smiled, and continued to trust her. So she went down with meningitis, and there was an end of her.

In such a case the only mistake the magician can make is to defend himself in the normal manner. He leaves his castle; he will be slain. You must not go on to the enemy's ground. Perfect love, perfect faith, perfect trust, and you are unassailable. But use the weapons of the flesh, and you are lost.

(To be continued.)