

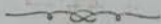


THE
ROSI-CRUCIAN
AND
RED CROSS;
A QUARTERLY RECORD
OF THE
Societies' Transactions,
WITH OCCASIONAL
NOTES ON FREEMASONRY,
And other hundred subjects.

EDITED BY
Frater ROBT. WESTWORTH LITTLE, Supreme Magus,
AND
Frater WILLIAM ROBT. WOODMAN, M.D., Secretary General.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS H. HEARN,
27, HIGH STREET, SPOKS NEWINGTON, N.

CONTENTS.



Transactions	25
Provincial College of Bristol and Neighbouring Counties ...	26
Philosophical and Cabbalistic Magic	27
Mariamne: A Tale of the Temple	35
Masonic and Military Order of Knights of Rome, and of the Red Cross of Constantine... .. .	40
Hafaz, the Egyptian	43
Red Cross of Constantine	47

Rosicrucian Society of England.

The Right Honorable The EARL OF BECTIVE, Hon. President.

Sir FREDERICK M. WILLIAMS, Bart., M.P.,
The Right Honorable The EARL OF JERSEY, } Hon. Vice-Presidents.
Colonel FRANCIS BURDETT,

Frater ROBERT WENTWORTH LITTLE, Supreme Magus.

Frater WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, | Frater WILLIAM HENRY HUBBARD,
Senior Substitute Magus. | Junior Substitute Magus.

Frater H. C. LEVANDER, M.A., M.A. Master-General.

Transactions

OF THE ROSICRUCIAN SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

The Quarterly Convocation was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Thursday, April 24th, 1873. Present:—

M.W. Fra.	Col. F. Burdett, H.V.P.	W.	„ Thomas Cubitt, T.B.
„	„ R. W. Little, S.M., P.M.G.	„	„ Major E. H. Finney, Herald.
„	„ W. H. Hubbard, J.S.M., P.M.G.	„	„ George Kenning, Medallist.
R.W.	„ W. R. Woodman, S.G.	Frater	Robert B. Webster.
V.W.	„ James Weaver, 1 A.	„	E. H. Finney, Jun.
„	„ E. Stanton Jones, 3 A.	„	Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie.
„	„ Angelo J. Lewis, 4 A.	„	W. Roebuck.
„	„ S. Rosenthal, 7 A.	„	J. L. Thomas.
W.	„ W. J. Ferguson, C. of N.	„	D. R. Still.
		„	Frater John Gilbert, <i>Acolyte</i> .

The chair was taken by Frater R. Wentworth Little, S.M.; the vice-chair by Frater Angelo Lewis, 4 A.

The M..... C..... was duly formed, and the minutes of the previous convocation read and confirmed.

The Ballot was then taken for the following Candidates:—

- Bro. Robert Berridge.
- „ Louis Hirsch.
- „ W. Figs, 80, Cannon Street.
- „ Eugene H. Thiellay, 5, Amersham Road, New Cross, S. E.
- „ Henry Vallance.

All of whom, being Master Masons of good repute, were duly elected.

Bro. Vallance being present, was advanced to the grade of Zelator.

Frater Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie read a paper on "Philosophical and Cabalistic Magic;" which is given in full in our present number, *but copyright to be reserved by the Author*.

Proposed by Frater A. Lewis, seconded by Frater Woodman, and carried unanimously—"That a vote of thanks be recorded to Frater Mackenzie, for his very able and most interesting paper."

Proposed by Frater Mackenzie, seconded by Frater Rosenthal—"That M. Alphonse Louis Constant, (*occult name, Eliphaz Levi*) of Paris, be elected an

Honorary Foreign Member of the Society, and that Frater Mackenzie be requested to transmit a notice to him of the fact. (The latter portion was suggested by Frater Little.)

Notice of Motion. Proposed by Frater Rosenthal, seconded by Frater Mackenzie, and carried unanimously—"That this Society meet oftener, and that the Annual Subscription be increased".

Candidates proposed for Ballot at the next meeting:—

Bro. Frederick Binckes.
Bro. W. Hyde Pullen,
Bro. E. Sillifant.

Proposed by Frater Little, and seconded by the Secretary-General.

Communications were read from M. W. Frater Irwin, Chief Adept of the College of Bristol, of which a notice will be seen in this number. Also from Frater Hughan and others.

The 8° was conferred on

Frater W. R. Woodman.
" E. Stanton Jones.
" W. J. Ferguson.

The 7° was conferred on

Frater S. Rosenthal.

Declared in the 5°.

Frater J. L. Thomas.

All other Fraters present were declared advanced 1°.

The M***** C***** was then closed in due form.

W. R. WOODMAN, *M. D.*, 8°, *SRO. GEN.*,
Alphington Road, Exeter.

Provincial College of Bristol and Neighbouring Counties.

FRATER BENJAMIN COX, Suffragan-Theoricus.

FRATER WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES, Celebrant-Zelator.

FRATER FRANCIS GEORGE IRWIN, Chief Adept.

The College was opened in due form, and Bros. Spring, Pearce, Hughes, Honey, and Coles being in attendance, were inducted into the mysteries of the Rosy Cross—Brother Davies, 30°, officiating, assisted by Bros. Jones, Gregory, May, &c. The Chief Adept, Bro. Irwin, at the conclusion of the ceremony, congratulated himself and the members of the College on having such a zealous and able Frater, who, in the absence of the Chief Adept, could perform the entire duties connected with the College. Bro. Irwin concluded by announcing that Bro. Davis had been raised to the 5th grade, and Bros. Jones and Gregory to the 4th grade.

Letters apologizing for non-attendance were then read from several of the Fraters and from the Candidates.

A paper, explaining the Cabbala, and some of the mystic significance of numbers, was read by the Chief Adept.

And another paper on the Religious aspect and utility of Astrology.

After a short discussion of the subjects introduced in the papers, the Fraters retired, feeling well satisfied with their evening's work.

The room was tastefully decorated, the elemental pillars—the altar of light—and the mystic star, enabling the ceremonies to be fully carried out, while the walls were hung with engravings of a mystic character, affording much food for thought, and suggestive of matter connected with the secrets of our Hermetic art.

Philosophical and Cabbalistic Magic.

A NARRATIVE.

BY FRATER KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, VI°.

Zwar bin ich gescheiter als alle die Laffen,
 Doctoren, Magister, Schreiber und Pfaffen;
 Mich plagen keine Scrupel noch Zweifel,
 Fürchte mich weder vor Hölle noch Teufel.
 Dafür is 'mir auch alle Freud entrissen,
 Bilde mir nicht ein, was Rechts zu wissen,
 Bilde mir nicht ein, ich Könnte was betoren
 Die Menchen zu bessern und zu bekehren.
 Auch hab' ich weder Gut noch Geld,
 Noch Ehr'" und Herrlichkeit der Welt;
 Es möchte kein Hund so länger leben!
 Drum hab'ich mich der Magie ergeben,
 Ob mir durch Geistes Kraft und Mund
 Nicht manch Geheimniss würde kund,
 Dass ich nicht mehr, mit saurem Schwelss,
 Zu sagen brauche, was ich nicht weiss,
 Dass ich erkenne, was die Welt
 Im Innersten Zusammenhält,
 Schau' alle Wissenschaft und Samen,
 Und thu' nicht mehr in Worten kramen.

Faust. Part I. Scene 1.

True! I'm acuter than all these gabies,
 Doctors and masters, priests, scribbling babies;
 Scruples don't plague me, doubts don't revel,
 Little reck I or of hell or of devil.
 Hence I'm bereft of best and pure delight:—
 Fancy won't let me think I know aught right;
 Fancy won't let me think that should I teach,
 'Twould serve, persuade and properly beseech.
 Nor have I land and wealth in store,
 Respect nor dignities galore.
 No mongrel cur would live in such wise more!
 Hence am I magic's devotee,
 To learn strange secrets, and to see
 By spirit's word, and power, and might,
 That I no more, in shameful plight,
 Speak things of which I know no mite:
 Then to perceive the powerful chord
 That holds in action earth's green sward,
 Behold this world-field germinating—
 And never more mere words be prating!

Goethe—rendered by Mackenzie.

A few words need be prefixed to the following account of my visit to a remarkable man, few of whom are accessible (having, be it remembered, similar qualifications for our respect as occult students) at the present day. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that occult philosophy

should ever have been forced to earn its living—by the display of its own secrets as a mere thaumaturgic amusement for the masses—hence the discredit into which its professors have fallen—and hence also the inevitable cry raised by them that what they teach is actually true, and not a quackery derived from imaginative brains and the quick spur of empty pockets. “Men of science,” great in professorships, and “dignified clergy,” learned in theologic fence, set firm lips against the magician, the astrologer, or the alchemist. Yet it is not so very many years since Sir Humphrey Davy hesitated not in saying that the transmutation of metals was possible, though more expensive than the natural process: it is not so long since a metaphysical Coleridge, whom the world yet loves, said, in express words, “that all astronomy must end in a kind of astrology”—nor have the modern researches into the chemical nature of the stars belied this assertion;—as to magic and magicians, however, the case assumes a far different aspect. Magic is not a necromanteia—a raising of dead material substances endowed with an imagined life—but a psychological branch of science, dealing with the sympathetic effects of stones, drugs, herbs, and living substances upon the imaginative and reflective faculties—and leading to ever new glimpses of the world of wonders around us, ranking it in due order of phenomena, and illustrating the beneficence of T.G.A.O.T.U. Magic, therefore, is a legitimately masonic field of study, and in these days, where practical chemistry produces alcohol from flint stones, surely we may not be very astonished at the possibility of obtaining spiritual truth from the interrelations of material substances. In such wise acted the elder alchemists, to whom the proud modern chemist, wrapt in ineffable disdain of their labours, but whence he sprang, will give no praise and no ear. Politically speaking, the old methods might be considered as the conservative aspect of science—the modern utilitarian—the liberal—and both, in a sense, are true—proceeding in different ratios of speed in parallel lines, or so infinitely remote in consequence as to be inappreciable to human thought.

Let us then honour such men who seek, with devotion and humility, to harmonize the two sides of the great veil of Isis, which no man has, in mortal life, ever been able to lift. Dimly, under the fringe, scintillations of the life beyond may be seen, and the rapt vision of the seer—the Roeh—may perhaps be gifted enough to behold the outlines of the glory which burns for ever in the presence of the Ancient of Days.

Having left London, therefore, on the 25th of November, 1861, I occupied myself, on arriving in Paris, with an investigation as to the state of occult studies in that city. Among others, of whom, at some future time, I may give an account to the Society, I desired much to visit Eliphas Levi Zahed—known to men as the Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant, the author of several works connected with the Holy Cabbala, and with Occult Philosophy and Illuminism.

On the morning of the 3rd of December, 1861, I therefore repaired to the residence of Eliphas Levi, situated at No. 19, Avenue de Maine. The building proved to be a handsome and well arranged structure of brick, with a square garden in front, handsome gate, porter's lodge, and generally good approaches—the building being three stories high.

Upon enquiring of the porter, I found that Eliphas Levi resided upon the second floor, the first floor, probably, being offices of some kind. There I found a narrow passage in which there were four doors to my right, apparently opening upon a number of small rooms. On the fourth door I perceived a small card about three inches long, upon which were inscribed some Hebrew characters equivalent to Eliphas Levi (Alphonse Louis); in each corner was one of the four letters forming the sacred word INRI, and the whole of this Hebrew inscription was written in the three primitive colours—viz : red, yellow, and blue.

It was about ten a.m. when I knocked, and the door was opened by Eliphas Levi himself. I found him a short burly man, with a rubicund complexion, very small but piercing eyes twinkling with good humour, his face broad, his lips small and well compressed together, nostrils dilating. The lower part of his face was covered with a thick black beard and moustache, and I noticed that his ears were small and delicate. In person he was lusty, and his dress was plain and quiet. Upon his head he wore a kind of felt hat turned up in front. On his removing his hat to salute me, I observed that his head was partially bald, his hair dark and glistening, and that portion of his skull, which had been submitted to the tonsure, was partially overgrown with hair.

He apologized for wearing his hat, stating that he was compelled to do so by an affection of his head, which rendered it dangerous for him to remain uncovered.

Having briefly stated my name and presented my credentials, I proceeded to express my gratification at the information I had derived from the perusal of his works, and I told him that my mission to him was to learn the state of his studies, insofar as he might feel disposed to inform me, and at the same time to give him the latest intelligence of the condition of occult studies in England. He replied, in French, that language, Latin and Hebrew, being the only languages known to him, that he was highly pleased to receive any stranger whose studies were akin to his own, and that he had the satisfaction of knowing that his works upon Philosophical Magic had obtained for him the sympathy of many inquiring minds in all parts of Europe.

Among his disciples, Eliphas Levi especially mentioned, the Count Braszynsky, a Polish millionaire, to whom, he said, he was indebted for a variety of the manuscripts then in his possession. I said that I had been, for some time, been making collections in reference to the occult game of Tarot, and that I wished particularly to learn whether he proposed to carry out the intention expressed in the *Rituél et Dogme de la Haute Magie* of issuing a complete set of Tarot cards.

He replied that he was very willing to do so—and took from among his manuscripts a small volume in which were depicted the twenty one cards of the Tarot with the Zero or Fool, according to the earliest authorities. Those cards were drawn by his own hand, and the little volume contained a large number of the symbols of Theurgia and Goetia, a medley of collections from the Key of Rabbi Solomon and similar occult repertoires.

This little work (he told me) had cost him twenty years to put together. He was kind enough to state that if I had any intention of

publishing, in England, any set of Tarot cards, I might count upon him for all assistance, and that he would supply me with all drawings and instructions for their use.

After this preliminary conversation our discourse became general, and then, for the first time, I ventured to take a glance at his apartment.

The room is small and irregular in shape, and its dimensions appear all the less from the fact of its being crowded with furniture. In a recess behind his usual writing table, was a species of altar, with a set of gilt vessels such as are usually used in Roman Catholic Churches in the celebration of the Mass. Sumptuous drapery of yellow and drab covered this piece of furniture, in the centre of which lay a Hebrew roll of the Law; above it was a gilt triangle bearing the name of Jehovah; on the right side of this altar was a species of sideboard, also hung with drapery. Under a glass case I noticed a manuscript of talismans, as I perceived from the pages that were open.

Next to this came the window, having a northern aspect, and close to it was placed the ordinary writing table of Eliphas Levi—a large and substantial piece of furniture, with shelves in front, covered with books and manuscripts. Behind, on the wall, next to the writing table and close to the window, hung a life-size picture representing a female, her hands clasped to her bosom, adoring the Sacred Word, which appeared in a kind of glory.

Eliphas then informed me that the female represented the Holy Cabala. Underneath the picture was an antique sofa, with red velvet cushions. At the end of the room was the fire-place, before which a curiously contrived screen was placed. The mantle-shelf was loaded with a series of massive looking vases, in which were coins, medallions, and talismans. On the other side of the fire-place, opposite the picture, was a smaller cabinet with glass doors, hung with red drapery, with shelves above, on which were ranged books not of an occult character. Within the cabinet I saw a number of manuscripts, printed books, talismans, a glass water vessel of a blue colour, two skulls, and a variety of other magical apparatus.

Next to this cabinet came the door, upon which was suspended a large cabballistical diagram, of which Eliphas Levi informed me that only one hundred impressions had been taken. Upon the walls were suspended many engravings and paintings having reference to the Cabala. The whole room was profusely decorated with hangings of every kind, and presented an effective theatrical appearance. Upon one of the side boards I noticed an Egyptian figure of Isis, upon which I commented as being very perfect, at which Eliphas Levi laughed, and told me it was an article of commerce in Paris, being, in fact, a very large tobacco jar.

We conversed upon the subject of Theosophy considerably, and Eliphas Levi did me the favour to remark that the form of my head was evidently that of a person greatly given to such studies. Eliphas Levi informed me that if there were any truths to be discovered in his books—as he believed there were—they were not to be attributed to his own wisdom, but that he had arrived at the various inductions

there published by means of the combinations presented by the twenty-two cards of the Tarot. He also mentioned that those works had been prepared for the press by a friend, he himself not possessing the requisite literary ability.

Altogether my impression upon my first visit was highly favourable; his manner was simple, sincere and straightforward. He spoke to me of his visit to England, stating his inability to speak English, a language he had in vain endeavoured to acquire—he rendered a tribute to the versatile knowledge of Lord, then Sir Edward Bulwer, Lytton, and returned to his favourite topic, the Cabbala, upon which he dwelt with emphasis. I asked him, among other questions, whether he recognized the existence, as a fact, of a means of communication with departed spirits. His reply was this:—

“Break a bottle of oil under water, at however remote a distance from the surface, the mass of oil will ascend to that surface, whilst the remains of the bottle will sink to the bottom. Thus,” he continued, “do I conceive that the soul, upon quitting the body, by its spiritual specific gravity, ascends to the sphere for which it is destined. Like the oil, it remains ever uppermost, and returns not to earth.”

I then urged upon him that spirits might, by refraction or reflection, communicate with earth, but I found him an utter materialist upon this question. Time was now drawing on, I therefore bade him adieu, fixing the next morning for a resumption of our converse.

On my second interview, the following morning, he reiterated all his friendly expressions, and proceeded with great kindness to show me a variety of manuscripts of his own and of other persons. One work he laid before me was a photographic copy of a printed book, the title-page of which was unknown to him, having been torn off; it was, however, a prophecy by the celebrated Paracelsus, illustrated with symbolical figures, and predicting, in unmistakable language, the first French revolution, the rise of Napoleon, the downfall of the Papacy, the restoration of the kingdom of Italy, the abrogation of the temporal power of the Pope, the downfall of the clergy, and the ultimate ascendancy of the occult sciences, as a means of restoring general harmony in society.

The work is an octavo, containing thirty-two chapters, and the copy I saw was one of six taken by the Count Braszynsky, from the imperfect original, which the possessor, a gentleman residing in Warsaw, would not sell to the Count, although he offered him any money he wished to ask for it. Some portion of the work has been quoted by Eliphas Levi, in *La Clef des Grande Mystères*, p. 378 & 99.

The mention of the name of Paracelsus led me to remark upon the talismanic nature of many of his medical preparations, and I commented upon the effect these talismans produced either upon the imagination or otherwise. Eliphas Levi then proceeded to relate to me the following singular vision:—

“Among the various works of Paracelsus which have been published, is one consisting almost entirely of talismans and sigils; I had been much surprised at finding no reference in that work directly or indirectly to the subject of the Tarot, a subject which has engaged my

whole life, and which, originally contained in the book Zohar, has come down to our time in the form in which I showed it you yesterday."

I here interposed, and said:—"Excuse me, but I have a great curiosity about the work Zohar. Can you tell me whether it has been printed, and if so, at what time?"

Eliphas Levi replied:—"To give you any idea of the volume of the book Zohar, I should tell you that a very large cart would not contain it. It is, in fact, an extended commentary upon the entire works of the Old Testament, and was written long prior to the foundation of the Masoretic system of writing with points, and even before the invention of the Samaritan character. It was written in a character which has remained to our day, and has formed the substratum from which the various uncouth characters of sigils have resulted."

At this Eliphas Levi took out his manuscript work upon the Tarot, and there showed me the original characters. I then asked him kindly to resume.

"I had retired to rest, and with the lamp beside me was engaged in turning over the leaves of the work of Paracelsus (named *Archedoxies*). Overcome by sleep, I fell into an unconscious state, and in that condition found myself in a large hall, filled with alchymical apparatus, with draperies and signs appertaining to the laboratory of an occult philosopher.

"I was gazing upon the scene, to me more complete than anything I had ever witnessed, when I found myself confronted by a majestic form; a man stood before me, whose stature was evidently greater than my own, attired in a long robe, with a girdle round his waist, and a fillet on his hair about the temples. His face wore an expression of mockery, mingled with good nature, and he addressed me, welcoming me to his hall of audience. I conversed with him for some time, and told him that '*over yonder*' I had been engaged in studying his works, for I felt a conviction that it was Paracelsus in whose presence I stood. I remarked upon the fact that I found no reference to the Tarot in his works; but I observed that I could not imagine him ignorant of that important subject. At the waist of Paracelsus there hung a small pouch, and from it, in reply, he drew a copper coin. The coin I have described in one of my works. It represents the first figure of the Tarot, the *Bateleur* or juggler—before him is a table on which are displayed the various symbols of his art.

"I remarked to Paracelsus that I longed to possess such a rare and beautiful coin; upon which he replied that it was impossible to present me with that particular example of it. I asked him whether '*over yonder*' it was possible to obtain one, to which he answered by bidding me follow him. I did so, and passing through a smaller hall, we emerged into the street. I then, for the first time, perceived that we were in Paris, and I noted with astonishment, that the strange attire of my companion attracted no attention from the numerous passers by; I therefore concluded that to them we were invisible. Passing from street to street, we at length came to the Pont Neuf, and he then told me he would be able to give me such a coin, as I should possess '*over yonder*.' He stooped down in the broad daylight, and began to scrape

away the earth between two stones. After thus removing the surface, he took from the fissure a coin or medal exactly similar to the one he had produced from his pouch, and he handed this to me, bidding me place in the fissure one *sou*, which I did. He then covered up the place, and in my joy at having received the medal I awoke.

"I confess that upon my waking I positively felt in my waistcoat pocket, in which I had placed the coin in my dream, to see if it were there. I need not say I was disappointed. The matter, however, preyed upon my mind. I rose early the next day, and I confess to you with shame that my weak-mindedness was such, that I went at once to the Pont Neuf, to see whether I should find the coin by digging in the earth.

"When I arrived there, the whole vision, with the passengers around me, seemed familiar—in fact, to realize my dream. I positively recognized the two stones between which my invisible guide had discovered the coin. I eagerly stooped down, and scraped away the earth. I need not tell you that I found no coin there; but, on resuming my erect position, my eye glanced upon the stall of a curiosity dealer hard by. I was irresistibly led to the stall, and found a number of coins, and among them," said Eliphaz Levi, holding up the medal in triumph to me, "I discovered the exact fac-simile of the coin produced by Paracelsus in the vision."

"You may be able," I then said to Eliphaz Levi, "to supply me with some means of judging of the causes of this vision."

His remark, in reply, was this:—"I have no doubt that upon purely natural causes the whole of this singular vision may be explained. I had fallen asleep with the work of Paracelsus in my hand—what more natural than that my mind should recur to such circumstances as I knew connected with him?"

I said:—"But how do you explain the matter of the coin? Did you know of the existence of such a thing?"

Eliphaz Levi replied:—"I did not."

"Then," I said, "how was it that by such a happy intuition, in a vision perceive that which you were afterwards to purchase in reality? You say you are no spiritualist, yet it seems to me, this ought almost to convert you."

He replied:—"I was well acquainted with the fact that the coin dealer habitually exposed his wares on the quay beside the bridge. I had often passed the stall, yet I confess I had never to my knowledge seen the coin. The matter is inexplicable to me. I relate the circumstances to you faithfully as they occurred—and here is the coin."

I then narrated to Eliphaz Levi, in return for his vision, a few instances of realized dreams. Among other topics of conversation, I specially inquired whether he had any works he proposed to publish at a future time. He replied, by producing a handsomely bound quarto volume, written by his own hand, in blue ink, irregularly and stragglingly. Each page was illustrated by drawings, chiefly presenting an intermixture of the primary colours, red, yellow, and blue. Through these were fancifully drawn the ordinary cabalistic figures engraved in his works. This volume contained commentaries on the books of

Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, which he connected directly with the prophecy of Paracelsus he had already shown me.

From one of his numerous receptacles he produced a remarkable Cabbalistic plate, which he had bought upon one of the quays. Respecting this plate, he informed me that in a manuscript record, in the possession of his friend, the Count Braszynsky, and attributed to the renowned Cagliostro, a prediction had been made that a certain person would arise in the nineteenth century, who should be able clearly to express the meaning of this plate, and in the manuscript the name of the person was given as Alphonse; this Eliphas Levi attributed to himself.

Eliphas Levi and myself also conversed respecting the Urim and Thummim, and the breast-plate of Aaron. Upon this Eliphas Levi referred to the small hand-book formerly named, and there showed me a drawing of the Ark of the Covenant, with the four symbolical figures at the corners. He then bade me notice that the top of the ark was a plane surface, and that it was large enough to allow the rectangular breast-plate of the High Priest to turn freely round in any direction. He then told me he had discovered the method of using the Urim and Thummim to be as follows:—

The breast-plate of the High Priest, it is known, contained twelve stones, each cut into six facets or sides; upon each was engraven one the seventy-two names of God. Thus the Urim and Thummim contained the whole Cabbala. Upon its being placed at the top of the ark, the High Priest, offering up a prayer for enlightenment, turned the breast-plate round upon itself, and, upon its ceasing to revolve, the High Priest watched the reflection of the four animals in the stone of the tribe whom the question concerned, and, combining them with the Divine Name, drew his conclusions.

I finally parted with Eliphas Levi, with the greatest assurances of good feeling on his part, and his testimony of satisfaction at being informed of the present condition of magical and other studies in England; he reiterated to me his offers of service, and requested me to correspond with him upon any topics that might seem of interest to both.

Such were the results of my two interviews with a remarkable man, who, in many ways, is a memorable sign of the sway still held by occult philosophy amongst mankind. I think it is only fair to add, that these hasty notes of my conversations might never have been recorded at all had it not been for the patience with which an equally profound occult student in this country, Bro. F. Hockley. P.G.S., recorded them, at my dictation, a very few days after the interviews had taken place.

Mariamne :

A TALE OF THE TEMPLE.

(Continued from page 23.)

The evening meal was prepared upon the house-top, as was the custom in the city, in order that the inhabitants might enjoy the only hours of coolness which the summer season afforded them. There did the virtuous Simeon and his fair and innocent child await the arrival of their guests. Accustomed even as the younger had been to the voluptuous beauties of his father's court, he was electrified by the superior loveliness of Mariamne, who, half reclining on a pile of cushions by the side of her venerable parent, gently inclined her head at their approach. Her figure might have been termed fragile, but for the exquisite harmony of its proportions, which the folds of her white cymar could not entirely conceal; her face possessed all the characteristic regularity of the noble and high-born of her race—raven hair, arched brows, and black lustrous eyes, relieved by a complexion which even the daughters of the North might have envied for its fairness; but it was in her garden, or while attending upon her father, her veil cast freely aside, moving like a spirit more than a being of the earth, that the full splendour of her beauty was revealed.

She seem'd a thing of God and light,
Too pure for love or sin to blight;
A seraph prisoned from her birth,
Within that lovliest shrine of earth.

Before commencing the repast, the high-priest offered up his thanksgiving to the bounteous Creator of all things, a duty in which the strangers joined, the elder having first, unseen by any but his brother, spat upon the ground, as in abhorrence of the rite. Eli was too wary to startle his intended victim by open and intense admiration, gently and imperceptibly, like the approach of the poisonous adder, he endeavoured to beguile her into conversation, carefully choosing themes of beauty and virtue as more congenial to her retiring nature; while Aran, anxious to assist his brother's detestable design, engaged his unsuspecting host in deep discourse, who, charmed by the wisdom and seeming piety he displayed, congratulated himself on entertaining such an honourable guest. Time passed rapidly, and the High Priest was surprised to find, on the first pause that ensued, that the shades of evening had already deepened into night: meanwhile the gifted but impious Eli had made good use of his opportunity with the unsuspecting Mariamne.

"Time hath passed swiftly," observed her father; "the hour of rest to man is come; but first, child, thy lute; I would not to my couch without my accustomed hymn."

The maiden obeyed; but felt in doing so, she knew not why, a tremour and hesitation, which subsided, however, as the sacred song burst in harmony from her lips:

“I have read the Lord’s might in the fair evening star,
In the pure worlds of light He hath scattered afar;
Not more wondrous their orbs, as the proof of His power,
Than the insect whose home is the bright tinted flower.

I have heard His stern voice in the deep thunder’s sound,
In the roar of the tempest His wrath scatter’d round;
Yet His dread will is spoken, as plain as in these,
When borne on the delicate voice of the breeze.

Oh! there is not a thing, that hath being or life,
From the emmett’s small form, to the ocean’s wild strife,
The dew on the stem, or the life-giving shower,
But are pledges alike of His wisdom and power.”

After receiving the benediction of their host, they parted for the night—Eli to indulge in intoxicating dreams of pleasure, and Mariamne, for the first time in her life, to an unquiet couch.

Who can read the human heart? Man?—He is the slave of its devices. Woman?—She is the victim of its weakness. It is a mystery even to the angels who stand before the Throne of The Eternal. His wisdom who framed can alone unravel it. Mariamne’s innocent and unsuspecting nature, guileless itself, suspected not guile in others; her heart was easily captivated by the gifted form and eloquent tongue of the idolator, who, beneath the veil of seeming virtue, concealed the consummate art of the refined seducer. His first attempt was to prevail on her to conceal from her venerable parent the knowledge of their passion, pleading, in excuse for such a breach of duty, that the rank and pride of the High Priest would reject so poor a suitor. The young mind, trembling over the secret of its earliest love, is easily convinced by the tongue most dear to it. After an internal struggle with her sense of duty, the maiden promised.

By the most tender assiduity, by the most unremitting attention, he succeeded in possessing her affections so entirely, that her being became wrapt up in his. Had Eli escaped heart-whole? No; the passion glowed in his own bosom with intense ardour; more than honour was now pledged for the success of his impious scheme—his happiness, his life, both he felt depended on the smile of Mariamne; his thoughts, his dreams, were of her.

“How much longer is this irresolution to last?” impatiently demanded Aran, whom a residence of several weeks in Jerusalem had rendered impatient; “ere this I might have performed my vow, had I not waited for thee, loiterer. You boast that this paragon loves you—hath at your bidding concealed it from her father;” yet, he added scornfully, “I see no proof of your success.”

“You know not the purity I have to cope with,” replied the lover.

“She is a woman,” answered his companion, with a sneer; “one of a sex with whom till now Eli hath held his arts invincible.”

“And they shall prove so,” answered the youth, stung by the sarcastic manner of his brother; “this night both our designs shall be accom-

plished! If I have power to move her, this night shall she meet me in the temple."

"I will station our concealed followers near," added Aran; "our triumph once secured, farewell Jerusalem!" With this understanding they parted. To dwell upon the arts, the tears and entreaties, by which Eli prevailed upon the confiding girl to grant him the required meeting, were to delay the interest of our readers—sufficient, that his eloquence was successful, and Mariamne was pledged to meet her lover at midnight.

"What have I done?" she exclaimed when alone, and her feelings, which had been artfully excited, became more subdued; "promised to quit my father's roof to hold a meeting with my suitor—alas! it is not thus that Israel's daughter should be wooed; there must be wrong in this! and sin," she added, as her naturally fine sense pictured the appointment in its proper light, a blush fell upon the maiden's cheek at the mere thought: "God of Abraham," she continued, sinking upon her knees, "I am motherless, be thou my guide; I am weak, be thou my help, my councillor!" As she spoke, her father entered the chamber; he had just returned from the mid-day service of the temple, the holy ephod shone resplendent upon his breast, and upon his brow the mitre blazed with the *ineffable Name of God*. His arrival at that moment seemed an answer to her prayer. She dared not resist the omen, but, casting herself at his feet, declared, with tears and blushes, her love for the young stranger, and the tumult the concealment had created in her soul. Anger was the first emotion of the High Priest on hearing the strange and, to him, unexpected confession; a feeling which soon yielded to the natural benevolence of his heart, the tears of his daughter, and anxiety for her happiness.

"Rise, my child," he exclaimed; "if thou lovest the youth, and he proves worthy of thee, my blessing shall not be wanting to thy union; meet him in the temple, since thy word is given, its holiness will be a safeguard against all idle thoughts, and there reveal unto Eli the secret of his happiness." With a light heart, and beaming countenance, the now happy girl sank upon the breast of her parent.

It was midnight: an awful gloom obscured the heavens; not a ray of light, save from the ever-burning golden lamps, illumined the vast court of the Levites; two figures might be seen, by their mild beams, pacing the marble pavement—they were the idolators.

"The hour I have dreamed of is at hand!" exclaimed the elder, proudly drawing the golden image at the same time from his vest: "Belus, soon shalt thou be avenged!"

"Peace!" said his brother, eagerly, as he beheld a veiled figure approaching through the cloister; "she comes, my prize—the richest gem of Israel—away to the fulfilment of your oath."

Aran, without replying, hastened to the accomplishment of his impious design, while Eli advanced to meet his intended victim.

"Mariamne," said the accomplished dissembler, taking her by the hand, "this is a lonely hour, but suited to our parting"—

"Parting!" reiterated the maiden, with a look of surprise.

"I cannot live," he continued, "so near to heaven, and yet continue

hopeless; this fever of my heart will end me; I fly, ere reason follows my wreck of happiness."

"And is that thy only grief?" demanded his happy mistress, with a smile.

"Can it be," exclaimed Eli, reproachfully, "that you mock my misery! then, indeed, life hath lost its hope."

"Not so," replied the blushing girl; "it never blossomed fairer, Eli dear. Eli, restrain thy happiness; listen calmly while I tell thee that my father knows of our love, and sanctions it," she added, eagerly, alarmed at the aghast expression of his countenance; "did I not tell you we had wronged his generous nature by unwise concealment?"

This was a blow little calculated upon by the concealed idolater. For a few moments he was speechless from surprise and disappointment. He had now no pretext for urging their flight, on which his hopes depended. After a struggle with the bitterness of his feelings, he seized the hand of the confiding virgin.

"Mariamne, dost thou love me? answer me, for I am frantic. Canst thou, for my sake, cast aside the prejudices of thy nation, of thy faith?" he added, in a deep, low tone, fearful lest the marble columns should echo his impiety. "Hear me! shrink not—stir not. I am no Israelite!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of his astonished listener, she could not have been transfixed with greater horror. Shrinking from his side, she fell upon her knees, veiling her brow to hide the intenseness of its agony.

"Listen, fairest of earth," he continued, "it is no wandering outcast of the desert who hath devoted to thee his love, but the son of regal Babylon, the second of his race. His powerful brother, who even now is wandering in the temple, loves him. His father hath many realms: a crown awaits thy royal brow."

Encouraged by her motionless silence, he ventured to take her hand. She shuddered, and withdrew it from him as from the embrace of a serpent. Rising gracefully, and unveiling her tearless countenance, in which, however, strong traces of mental agitation and outraged feeling were visible, the maiden calmly replied,

"Idolater, I have heard thee; and if I punish not thy insolence to the daughter of the High Priest of Israel, it is that contempt is stronger than anger—farewell."

"Mariamne!" he uttered, frantically, "thou hast never loved me!"

"Would I never had," she replied mournfully; "I then had escaped this shame and sin; but thy venom is harmless; thou hast thyself, in revealing thy true character, performed the cure."

"Cold and insensible," he muttered, "but I will not be baffled; one dear revenge is in my power."

Approaching her, he would have clasped her in his arms, but she perceiving his design, retreated to an adjacent column.

"Advance one step," she exclaimed, flushed with virtuous indignation, "and I yield thee to thy fate. One blow," pointing to a silver gong suspended within her reach, "and a thousand Levites fill the court. One word from these lips consigns thee to the doom of sacrilege. Begone! and know Mariamne of Judea scorns, and pardons thee."

With a heart overwhelmed with gall and disappointment, Eli rushed from her presence.

For some time the excited girl remained in humble prayer to that Being who had given her strength to struggle with the weakness of her passions, and resist the seducer's art. "Eternal Father!" she exclaimed, as a sudden thought rushed upon her brain; "heathens are in the temple, and thy holy sanctuary unguarded. Must I then give him up to death? Be it," she added, choking with tears and agitation, "my atonement." With desperate resolution she struck the gong: the summons brought a crowd of priests and her father to her presence. A few words revealed the real character of the strangers.

"To the sanctuary," said the High Priest, trembling with indignation: "Lord, let not this evil be accomplished."

Rashly the terrified Levites rushed to the gates which led to its awful precincts—they were fastened.

"To the galleries!" they exclaimed, "there we may behold them."

In pursuit of his impious purpose, Aran had reached the portal which led to the Holy of Holies, and to prevent surprise, fastened after him the ponderous doors. His foot was upon the steps, at whose termination hung that mysterious veil which no human hand, save the High Priest's, might raise, and then but on the feast of atonement for the sins of the people, when the thronging Hebrews appeared in the galleries above.

"Behold! ye priests of Israel," exclaimed the idolater in scorn, waving at the same time the golden image over his head—the emblem of Great Belus; that will I place within your sanctuary; to him will I re-dedicate your temple."

He reached the topmost step as he spoke. The High Priest and Levites bowed their heads in shame to avoid witnessing the fearful profanation; but scarcely had his daring hand touched the embroidered hem of the sacred veil, when the thunder pealed within the sanctuary, and a ray of light, more intense than the concentrated brilliancy of a thousand suns, darted through the scarce perceptible opening, struck the worshipper of Belus to the ground, and burst asunder the strongly-barred gates. Well was it for the Hebrews that they had veiled their sight: no mortal eyes could have endured the splendour of that blaze. The now sightless orbs of the idolater were melted in their sockets. He was instantly secured by the awe-stricken priests. At the same instant, Eli, who had been found lurking in the temple, was led by a party of Levites before the High Priest. "Harm them not!" he exclaimed; "unscathed by mortal hands, let them depart, the scoff of Israel—a warning to the heathen. The Eternal hath pronounced their punishment, and man's wrath may not efface the record of the living God."

Unharméd and in silence, the baffled and the blind together left the temple.

Masonic and Military Order of Knights of Rome and of the Red Cross of Constantine.

GRAND IMPERIAL COUNCIL.

1873.

- The Right Hon. the Earl of Bective, *M.P.*, Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign.
 Sir Frederick Martin Williams, Bart., *M.P.*, Most Eminent Grand Viceroy.
 Col. Francis Burdett, *J.P.*, Very Illustrious Grand Senior General.
 The Right Hon. the Earl of Jersey, Very Illustrious Grand Junior General.
 The Rev. T. F. T. Ravenshaw, } Very Illustrious Grand High
 The Rev. Charles J. Martyn, } Prelates.
 William E. Gumbleton, *J.P.*, Illustrious Grand High Chancellor.
 Robert Wentworth Little, Illustrious Grand Treasurer.
 William Robert Woodman, *M.D.*, Illustrious Grand Recorder.
 Henry Charles Levander, *M.A.*, Illustrious Grand High Almoner.
 Col. John Whitwell, *M.P.*, Illustrious Grand Chamberlain.
 James Lewis Thomas, Illustrious Grand Architect.
 Raynham W. Stewart, Illustrious Grand Marshal.
 Angelo J. Lewis, *M.A.*, Illustrious Grand Orator.
 John Boyd, Illustrious Grand Historiographer.

REPRESENTATIVES.

- Ernest Frolich, Knight of the Order of Vasa, Sweden and Norway.
 Alfred Creigh, *LL.D.*, Pennsylvania.

GRAND SENATE—1873.

- The Right Hon.. the Earl Ferrers, Grand Preceptor.
 The Right Hon. the Lord Lindsay, Grand Examiner.
 Thomas Cubitt, Grand Prefect.
 Rev. William B. Church, *M.A.*, Grand Sub-Prelate.
 George Toller, Jun., Grand Vice-Chancellor.
 Thomas Wm. White, Grand Asst. Treasurer.
 Joseph Chas. Parkinson, Grand Asst. Recorder.
 William Roebuck, Grand Sub-Almoner.
 George Kenning, Grand Inspector of Regalia.
 Chas. H. Rogers-Harrison, *F.R.C.S.*, } Grand Standard Bearers.
 George Powell, }
 Sigismund Rosenthal, Grand Sword Bearer.
 Henry Parker, Grand Organist.
 Rev. J. Rees Jenkins, Grand Asst. Marshal.
 George P. Brockbank, Grand Vice-Chamberlain.
 John Woodward Barrett, } Grand Heralds.
 John T. Moss, }
 T. Burdett Yeoman, Grand Usher.

INTENDANTS GENERAL OF DIVISIONS.

ENGLAND.

Bristol	Captain Francis G. Irwin.
Cambridgeshire	Major E. Hamilton Finney.
Cornwall	Sir F. M. Williams, Bart., <i>M.P.</i>
Cumberland and Westmoreland	Edward Busher.
Essex	John George Marsh.
Gloucestershire	Thomas Partridge.
Hants	Sir Gilbert E. Campbell, Bart.
Kent	John Trickett, <i>C.E.</i>
Lancashire, North	John Daniel Moore, <i>M.D.</i>
" South	W. Romaine Callender, jun.
" West	Captain G. Turner.
Leicestershire and Rutland	William Kelly.
Middlesex	Lieut.-Colonel Francis Burdett, <i>J.P.</i>
Monmouthshire	W. Williams, jun.
Norfolk	Joseph A. Horner.
Oxford	The Right Hon. the Earl of Jersey.
Somerset	Major-General Gore B. Munbee, <i>J.P.</i>
Suffolk	Major J. W. C. Whitbread.
Surrey	The Rev. G. Raymond Portal, <i>M.A.</i>
Warwickshire	Colonel John Machin, <i>J.P.</i>
Wiltshire	The Rev. T. F. T. Ravenshaw.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey	Major James Gallienne.
Jersey	Col. E. C. Malet de Carteret.

UNATTACHED.

E. Wentworth Little, London.	} Bombay.	William R. Woodman, <i>M.D.</i>
Hon. James Gibbs		Commander Chas. Scott, <i>R.N., J.P.</i>
Andrew Hay		J. Balfour Cockburn, <i>M.D., R.E.</i>
Edward Tyrrell Leith		A. C. Burnell.
Capt. Geo. J. Gilbard, 71st Regt.		Dr. W. Pearl.
Walter Adlard, Punjab.		John C. W. Bailey.
The Right Hon. the Lord Skelmersdale.		Captain H. Morland.
		Colonel G. W. Russell.

ACTING INTENDANTS GENERAL.

British Burmah	Major Sladen.
Madras	Rev. E. H. Du Bois.
China	Alexander Gair.

DEPUTY INTENDANTS GENERAL.

Cambridgeshire . . . E. H. Finney, jun.
Lancashire, W. . . . J. K. Smith, *M.D.*

UNATTACHED.—T. HOWELL.

SPECIALLY APPOINTED.

St. Patrick's Conclave, Thomas McGovern.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

CHIEF INTENDANTS GENERAL.

Canada	Lieut.-Colonel W. J. B. McLeod Moore.	} Past Grand Viceroy of England.
United S. of America	Alfred Creigh, <i>LL.D.</i>	
Western India	James Percy Leith.	
Southern India	Arthur Macdonald Ritchie.	

INTENDANTS GENERAL.

Arabia Col. Lewis W. Penn, *C.B.*
Bengal George H. Daly, *M.D.*
Gibraltar George F. Cornwell.
Illinois J. J. French, *M.D.*
Michigan D. B. Tracy.
New York A. G. Goodall.
New Brunswick Robert Marshall.
Ontaria and Quebec Thomas Douglas Harington.
Eastern Archipelago Felix H. Gottlieb, *J.P.*
New Zealand (North Island) T. S. Bulmer, *M.D.*, unattached.

GRAND COLLEGE OF VICEROYS.

Sir Frederick M. Williams, Bart., *M.P.*, G.V., President, *ex officio*.
Wm. Robert Woodman, *M.D.*, G.R., Vice-President, *ex officio*.
John George Marsh, P.G.A., Vice-President.
George Powell, G.V.C., Vice-President.
George Toller, jun., High Priest.
George Heywood Oliver }
Chas. A. Cottebrune } Experts.
George Lambert }
John Dyer, Provost.
John Stevens, Sub-Provost.
Capt. Chas. J. Burgess, Standard Bearer.
Rev. A. Bruce Frazer, Sword Bearer.
J. Stephen Banning, Director of Ceremonies.
James Weaver, Organist.
W. Carpenter, Herald.

KNIGHTS OF THE GRAND CROSS.

THE MEMBERS OF THE GRAND COUNCIL AND SENATE.

Alfred A. Pendlebury.	Fred. A. Philbrick.
Frederick Walters.	George Toller, jun.
William F. Newall Quilty.	Captain H. Lyon Campbell.
James Brett.	Robert Kenyon.
Elisha W. Hutchinson.	Capt. Hen. Morland. } (Western
Captain Francis G. Irwin.	Theodore Cooke. } India.)
Major-Gen. G. B. Munbee, <i>J.P.</i>	J. Kellett Smith, <i>M.D.</i>
William Holman, <i>M.D.</i>	John Dyer.
Albert Schmitt.	Donald M. Dewar.
James Baird Mercer (Scotland.)	John Stephen Banning.

GRAND COUNCIL OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Organised 12th June, 1872.

Calvin L. Stowell, Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign; Alfred Creigh, *L.L.D.*, Illustrious Grand Recorder.

R. Wentworth Little, Representative at G.I.C. of England.

With 14 subordinate Conclaves.

GRAND COUNCIL OF ILLINOIS.

Organised 30th August, 1872.

Jonathan J. French, *M.D.*, Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign; James H. Miles, Grand Recorder.W. R. Woodman, *M.D.*, Representative at G.I.C. of England.

With six subordinate Conclaves.

Hafaz, the Egyptian.

“ Truth the mystery men will not see,
 Though ever present to their view.”

IN the far land of Egypt, where science first diffused the light of her majestic truths, lived a youth called Hafaz. Nature had endowed him with her choicest intellectual gifts, and fortune had been no niggard of her worldly ones; all that the Magi of the East could teach he had attained; the mystic lore of the priests of Isis was familiar to him, for at the early age of eighteen, the coronal of golden beetles, the highest badge of initiation, had graced his brow. When fathers wished for an example for their sons, they pointed out Hafaz; when careful mothers prayed for a husband for their daughters, their thoughts glanced equally to the young Egyptian. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, that Hafaz, although thus gifted and thus esteemed, was unhappy. His native strength of mind had enabled him, unassisted, to penetrate the sophistry and vain falsehood of the dark worship of his fathers, though not to reach the truths those mysteries originally concealed; but which, from the ambition and culpable negligence of the priesthood, had been lost. In vain he sought the schools of philosophy; in vain he conversed

with the most renowned sages of his native land. The philosophy of Egypt, based on false principles, amused him by its subtleties, but failed to dazzle him by its splendid errors; and the conversation of the learned only proved to him the insufficiency of human knowledge. Wearied with the mental conflict he had so long sustained, Hafaz left his gorgeous palace and sauntered forth to enjoy the cool evening breeze upon the banks of the fertilizing Nile. Gradually wandering from the city, the salutations of his friends became less frequent, and at last he stood, at he thought, alone within sight of the then regal city of Memphis.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, breaking from the deep reverie in which he had been plunged, "I can endure this doubt no longer. I will travel. Truth must somewhere be found, and if Egypt contains her not, I will seek her in other lands."

"And who shall direct thy steps?" demanded a stern voice.

He started, and perceived, for the first time, an elderly man, in the garb of a sage, standing beside him: his countenance was marked with a sober gravity, which would have made it appear stern, had not an expression of calmness and content relieved it. His dress was decent, but plain.

"Thou wouldst find truth?" exclaimed the unknown; "but why seek it in other lands?"

"Father," replied the Egyptian, "truth dwelleth not in Egypt. I have sought it in her temples, in her schools, in the palaces of the great, in the retirement of the learned; but in vain. Could wisdom find it?" he continued, with a slight expression of pride, "I had not been unsuccessful."

The elder regarded him for a few moments in silence. "Vain worm," he sighed, "what is thy wisdom?" stooping, he reached one of the many lotus flowers which grew upon the borders of the river. "Canst explain the mystery of this flower? for years thou hast seen them bloom and fade around thee, yet failed to reach the secret of their being; so with truth; she dwelleth near thee, breathes in the balmy air, or thunders in the tempest wild; every where she is present, yet thou hast not perceived her."

"Canst thou guide me to her?" demanded Hafaz, awed by the solemnity of the stranger's manner. "I will reward thee; I am rich."

The old man laughed scornfully. "Couldst thou command this globe, and pour its many treasures at my feet, it would not repay me. Yet, on one condition, I will be thy guide; but I demand two pledges—confidence and obedience."

"Try me," replied the youth; "conduct but my steps aright, and I will be thy slave."

The Sage, after regarding him for a few moments with a scrutinizing glance, answered, "Follow me!" and without waiting to see if his command was obeyed, directed his steps towards a narrow path, which led them still further from the proud city of Memphis.

For hours after the sun had set, Hafaz continued to follow his strange guide, who continued his walk at the same equal pace. Unaccustomed to such rapid exercise, the young Egyptian was several times tempted to call to his companion, but shame restrained him. The shades of night

had fallen, ere the elder staid his steps—" 'Tis well," he exclaimed with an encouraging smile, as for the first time he perceived that the youth had followed him, "here will we rest."

"Here?" replied Hafaz, "in this desert place! had we not better enter your habitation and demand refreshment?"

"Thou wouldst demand in vain," replied his guide, "it is the house of a churlish shepherd, whose heart and doors are closed against the traveller."

"Shall I not force him?" asked the Egyptian, proudly, "I am strong, and armed."

Do so, and we part," replied the Sage, "his churlishness will not justify violence; the cot and food are his; respect the laws of property, the first principle of civilization."

"Thy name?" said Hafaz.

"*Morality*," answered his guide. His pupil pondered and was silent.

After wandering for many days, subjected to the severest poverty, the travellers arrived at the city of Cairo—"Here," said his guide, "we will tarry."

"But how," demanded the youth, "am I to live? I am without money, and here totally unknown."

"Thou hast talent," answered *Morality*, "go and hire thyself to some merchant."

The pride of Hafaz revolted at the idea of servitude, a scornful refusal was on his tongue, but a frown from his mysterious companion restrained its utterance.

"Pride—pride," groaned the Sage; "the gay butterfly scorneth the honest industry of the ant. Thou must work," he added slowly, "or steal, for I will not support thee in idleness, or remain with thee, if once thou art tempted to violate the laws of honesty."

The latter threat, fortunately for the youth, prevailed, and he departed, although reluctantly, in search of an employer; his talents and knowledge of many tongues, soon gained him one, and from his industry he gradually rose to a situation of trust and emolument. *Morality* became the constant companion of his leisure hours, and his spirit seemed to overlook his private as well as public conduct. The truth, the great object for which he had sacrificed so much, appeared as distant as ever from his gaze, and frequently would he remind his stern and inflexible guide of his promise, whose only reply was, "Patience—patience—await thy appointed hour."

The wife of the aged merchant with whom Hafaz resided, was young and beautiful; in an evil hour she encountered the Egyptian, and, attracted by the graces of his person, conceived a guilty attachment, the knowledge of which she speedily conveyed to him. The youth was not insensible to the magic of beauty, or the delight of woman's love. They met, and, governed by passion, resolved on flight; for which the absence of the husband afforded an opportunity. The appointed night arrived, and the lover appeared at the rendezvous; but, fortunately, on his way thither, the lessons of his old friend *Morality* returned to his recollection—"What am I about to do?" he exclaimed, "to rob my benefactor of his wife, his dearest possession; sacrifice virtue to lust,

and loose my promised reward." After an internal struggle, the better principle of his nature prevailed, and he retraced his steps to his lodging in the city. Morality, whom he had not seen for several previous days, met him with a smile at the door—"Welcome, my son," he exclaimed, "to subdue our passions, is man's noblest boast, the hardest task of our wayward nature; thou hast achieved it—receive thy reward." He took him by the hand, and led him to a plain, homely looking matron, who was evidently prepared, from her extended hand, to receive him. "Behold her whom thou hast sought—this is Truth. She will be now thy guide; but although invisible, my spirit shall be near thee, my precepts never depart from thy heart." Morality disappeared from the sight, but not from the recollection of Hafaz.

Truth first broke silence—"Thou art surprised, my son, at my homely appearance; on their first approach all men think me plain, the time shall come when thou wilt esteem me beautiful. To-morrow we will commence our journey to thy final resting-place; at present thou art tired. Sleep well, refresh thy earthly nature at present, more even than my lessons, to receive which the senses should be unfatigued."

Agitated and disappointed, Hafaz retired to his couch, and murmured ere he sank to rest. "Can this hard, ungracious, and unlovely dame, be *Truth*?"

With the dawn Hafaz once more commenced his travels. The way, which at first seemed dull, soon became cheered by the conversation of his companion, who led him gradually from the dark mists of ignorance in which he had been reared, to the contemplation of his real nature; taught him to view man as a rational, responsible being, possessed of a *present hope*, a future immortality. All that in his science had been obscure, was now made clear; all that had been involved in doubt, was now explained. As he listened to the lessons of his guide, his respect and admiration hourly increased, although the unfortunate plainness of her visage still remained. Truth taught him gradually the real estimation of things, and her conversation never palled upon his inquiring mind. After a journey of several days, they reached the Euphrates, the mighty river which guarded imperial Babylon; the stream rolled on its imperious course, gay gilded barks were floating on its surface, and the hundred towers of the doomed city were reflected on its pellucid waters as on a silver mirror. The Egyptian, entranced with the magnificent scene before him, gazed upon it with wonder and delight. Truth remained unmoved the while, regarding him with a scrutinizing glance, and at last demanded his thoughts upon the scene before him.

"There are many," replied the youth, "wonder at its beauties, pleasure while I gaze upon them; but thou, unmoved, canst gaze upon a scene which admiration scarce finds power to praise."

"Suggests it no other thought?" demanded Truth sternly, "does not gratitude to the Great Architect, whose word called the gushing waters into being, mingle with thy pleasure?" Thou sayest truly that I am unmoved with the scene before me, for I have seen it oft; indeed, 'tis long since I beheld it first. Yon rolling stream was then a valley fair as Paradise, the foot of man had not profaned it then. Ages rolled on. I looked again; the trees were gone, and in their place high towers were

raised. Anon the city vanished, and the teeming earth sent forth its waters; the valley then became a river wide and deep. Blood since hath stained its course. I have no joy to look upon it now."

"Hafaz sighed, and turned from the Euphrates in disgust. "Do all thy lessons," he demanded, "teach men disappointment?"

"No," replied Truth, "but they teach men to think justly."

The Egyptian long continued to journey on, attended by his companion, who gradually imparted her principles and wisdom to his mind; his admiration hourly increasing, although her extreme plainness annoyed him. They reached at length a dark cavern; his conductress paused. Hafaz looked into its gloomy recess, and from the worm and ghastly vestiges of frail humanity, knew it was the grave. Although prepared by the lessons he received, he shuddered as he contemplated the dreary passage, and demanded if he must attempt that path alone.

"Faith only may accompany thee," replied his guide. "Here we part. *Truth is immortal, and cannot die.* But on the opposite side of this abyss thou shalt again behold me, not as now, harsh and unlovely, but resplendent in youth and eternal beauty."

"Can Truth then change?" demanded her pupil.

"No," replied the Goddess, "but man's earthly nature cannot comprehend her full perfection. Farewell! on earth Truth leads but to the grave.

"And hereafter?" demanded the Egyptian, a smile of hope illuminating his anxious countenance.

"To joy," replied the Spirit, "the heart cannot conceive, the tongue lacks words to name. Adieu! rest thy appointed time."

"Know, mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere these orbs in ether hung,
I shone amid the heavenly throng;
This voice began the choral lay,
These eyes beheld creation's day,
And taught Archangels their triumphant song.

"Then, man arose erect in youthful grace,
Heaven's hallowed image stamp'd upon his face,
And as he rose, the high behest was given,
That I alone, of all the host of heaven,
Should reign protectress of the Godlike youth.
Thus the Almighty spoke—he spoke, and called me *Truth.*"

Red Cross of Constantine.

INAUGURATION OF THE DE SHURLAND CONCLAVE, No. 92.

The interesting and impressive ceremony of inaugurating and dedicating a Red Cross Conclave was performed on Saturday, the 24th May, at the Fountain Hotel, Sheerness, Kent, when the De Shurland Conclave No. 92 on the roll of the Grand Council of England, was ushered into existence by a deputation specially sent, empowered for the purpose by the Executive Committee of the Order.

The founders of the new Conclave are chiefly Naval Officers, and comprise Sir Knts. J. Hancock, the first M.P.S.; Lieut. R. C. Jolliffe, *R.N.*, Viceroy; Staff-Surgeon James Johnstone, *R.N.*; Lieut. Albert R. Wonham, *R.N.*; Lieut. Harry F. Yeatman, *R.N.*; Assistant Paymasters J. M. Bruce, and T. Russell, *R.N.*

The deputation from the Grand Council was composed of Ill. Knts. R. Wentworth Little, G. Treas.; H. C. Levander, *M.A.*, G.H. Almoner; J. Lewis Thomas, G. Architect; and J. G. Marsh, P.G. Architect; the G. Recorder, Dr. Woodman, and Sir G. E. Campbell, Bart., Inspct. Gen. of Hospitals, being at the last moment unable to attend. A procession having been duly formed, the knights entered the conclave chamber, when the chair was taken by Sir Knt. R. Wentworth Little, who delegated Sir. Knts. Marsh to act as V.; H. C. Levander as H.P.; and Thomas as G. Recorder. The splendid rite of inauguration was then proceeded with, and nothing could exceed the precision and solemnity of the whole ceremonial.

The conclave was thrice dedicated, and after the invocation and an appropriate hymn, the "De Shurland," No. 92, was declared duly formed, and its members authorised to receive brethren faithful and true into the pale of Christian Knighthood.

Sir Knt. Hancock was then enthroned as M.P.S; Sir Knt. Jolliffe inducted into the chair of Eusebius, and the officers were then appointed.

The following brethren were then installed as Knights of the Order:—Bros. Edward Penny (1089); Alfred Ingleton (1089); Robert Draycon (1273); and Payne (158.)

Comp. Parsons officiated as, and was elected to the post of Sentinel.

A vote of thanks was ordered to be recorded on the minutes to the members of the Grand Council who had attended and assisted during the ceremonies, and this compliment was acknowledged by Sir Knt. Little.

The M.P.S. then proposed, the Viceroy seconded, and it was carried by acclamation that the Conclave should become an annual subscriber to the Masonic Institution for Girls.

After some formal business the Conclave was then closed, and the Knights adjourned to the banqueting-room, which we may remark was the lodge-room of the De Shurland Lodge, and very beautifully fitted.

No pleasanter evening was ever spent in Masonic fellowship than that which succeeded, the general regret being that, owing to the early departure of the Grand Councillors for London, it was considerably abbreviated.

Toast followed toast in quick succession, speech trod upon the trailing garments of speech in rapid rotation, and at the early of eight, the bell—the "railway bell"—close by, told the hour for retiring. "Then there was mounting in hot haste," a rush for *chapeaux*, a grasping of hands, nay, the whole *posse comitatus* of new-made Knights insisted upon seeing their "Conscript Fathers" safely off by train, and, accordingly, "accompanied them to the spot," where a comfortable carriage and a quiet "smoke up" counteracted the regrets experienced by the London Knights upon leaving such jolly good company as they had found amongst the gallant sons of Neptune and "De Shurland" the bold "Baronne."