



THE
ROSICRUCIAN;

A QUARTERLY RECORD

OF THE

Society's Transactions,

WITH OCCASIONAL

NOTES ON FREEMASONRY,

And other kindred subjects.

EDITED BY

Frater ROBT. WENTWORTH LITTLE, Supreme Magnus,

AND

Frater WILLIAM ROBT. WOODMAN, M.D., Secretary General.

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CONTENTS.



Notice of Meeting	77
Secretary-General's Report	78
Chronicles of the Ciceronian Club	78
Symbolic Language	80
Notable Rosicrucian Books	81
Occult Science	83
The Rosicrucian	85
Editorial Note	88

Rosicrucian Society of England.

The Right Honorable The LORD KENLIS, Hon. President.

FREDERICK M. WILLIAMS, Esq., M.P.,
The Right Honorable The EARL OF JERSEY, } Hon. Vice-Presidents.
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Frazer ROBERT WENTWORTH LITTLE, Supreme Magus.

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

Frazer WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, M.A. Master-General.

OBLIGATORY MEETING.

Vittoria Villa, Stoke Newington Road, N.,

6th JANUARY, 1870.

CARE FRATER,

You are requested to assist in forming the M***** C***** at the FREEMASONS' TAVERN, Great Queen Street, W.C., on Thursday Evening, the 13th of January, 1870, at Six o'clock precisely.

Yours in Fraternity,

William Robt. Woodman, M.D., VIII^o
Secretary-General.

Business.

To confirm Minutes; to enrol Candidates; to confer the Rite of Perfection on approved Members.

APPROVED ASPIRANTS TO THE GRADE OF ZELATOR.

Bro. JOHN DYER, 2, Northampton Street, Essex Road, Islington, N.

Bro. JOHN READ, India Office, Westminster.

Bro. PETER LANDE LONG, Gray's Inn.

Bro. FRANK HUNT, 24, Harrison Street, E.C.

Bro. ALFRED SMITH, 12, Woolwich Common.

Bro. ABEL PERROT, Burton Cottage, Brixton.

Bro. HENRY SMITH, 4, Dowgate Hill.

Bro. Dr. DANIEL MOORE, Lancaster.

Bro. MORTON EDWARDS, 18, Hollywood Road, West Brompton, W.

Bro. GEORGE RANSOM, Wing Villa, Bridgwater. Proposed by Fra. LITTLE, S.M.

Secretary-General's Report.

ROSICRUCIAN SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

The Quarterly Meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday evening, October 14th, 1869. Present:—

M.W. Fra. R. Wentworth Little, S.M. R.W. " W. H. Hubbard, J.S.M. " " W. R. Woodman, S.G. V.W. " S. H. Rawley, 3 A. W. " James Weaver, Organist. Frater E. Stanton Jones.	}	Frater W. J. Ferguson. " G. W. Butler. " Wm. Bird. " W. A. Tharp. " Wm. Carpenter. " Angelo J. Lewis.
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The M***** C***** was duly formed, and the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The Supreme Magus, M.W. Frater Little, then conferred the grade of *Adeptus Junior* on the following:—

Frater W. Carpenter. " James Weaver. " E. Stanton Jones.	}	Frater S. H. Rawley. " W. A. Tharp. " E. W. Butler.	}
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The Supreme Magus then conferred the rank of *Adeptus Major* on the following:—

Frater W. Carpenter. " W. R. Woodman " A. J. Lewis.	}	Frater S. H. Rawley. " W. J. Ferguson. " W. Bird.	}
Frater James Weaver. " W. A. Tharp. " G. W. Butler. " E. S. Jones.			

The ceremony of *Zelator* was then rehearsed.

Frater A. J. Lewis withdrew his motion unconditionally.

The Secretary-General read an excellent letter from the M.W.M.G. Frater W. J. Hughan, and letters from other Fratres unable to attend.

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

Chronicles of the Ciceronian Club.

BY FRATER ROBERT WENTWORTH LITTLE (S.M.), President of the London Literary Union.

(Continued from page 67.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN MYSTERIES.

“The Rev. Dr. Henry has collected all that is interesting or valuable respecting the doctrines of the Druids, which he asserts were much the same with those of the Gymnosophists and Brahmins of India, the Magi of Persia, the Chaldeans of Assyria, the priests of Egypt, and all the other mystagogues of the ancient world. Their public theology differed from the dogmas revealed to the initiated, the one being used as the means of attracting the superstitious multitude, while the secret rites bound their disciples to the system by awful and irrevocable vows. I have already mentioned that the Sun may be considered the earliest and most universal object of worship, and it will be found that the Druids were not exempt from this particular form of idolatry. Like the Ghebers celebrated in Moore's poem, they worshipped inextinguishable fire, which was tended with the greatest care.

"Higgins, in his 'Celtic Druids,' page 283, refers to one of the chief seats of this Sun-worship being at Kildare, in Ireland, where a famous round tower still exists in proximity to the ruins of an ancient abbey, part of which is now used as the parish church. I have had an opportunity of inspecting this marvellous structure, which has for so many ages withstood the ravages of time and decay, and the impression it produces on the mind is melancholy in the extreme. Few can view so stately a relic of antiquity without reflecting on the past history of humanity—on the constant succession of races and religions, dynasties and empires, which time has now almost utterly swept into oblivion, leaving but here and there a sculptured stone, or marble column, to attest that such things were. The height of the Kildare Round Tower is in itself most remarkable, and it must have been a most commanding post for the Druids, or rather Druidesses, as it was a female order of priests that officiated here as guardians of the sacred fire.

"In later days a sisterhood of nuns flourished in their turn; now, all around bears the impress of ruin and desolation. A short account of the dress and customs of the Druids may be found useful in tracing the resemblance which, as many writers have professed to prove, is to be perceived in the observances of Freemasonry at the present day. The garments of the sacrificial priests were extremely long, and when engaged in religious ceremonies they invariably wore a surplice of the purest white; they carried a wand in their hands, and their necks were decorated with gold *chains*; and, while their hair was clipped very short, their beards, on the contrary, were of immense length.

"They worshipped the Supreme Being under the name of Esus, or Hesus, the god of strength, symbolized by the oak, and their temples as I have already indicated, were simply woods or groves, unless on special occasions, when they resorted to vast upathric temples like that on Salisbury Plain.

"No person was permitted to enter their sacred recesses unless he carried with him a *chain*, as a token of his entire dependence on the Deity. The consecrated groves in which they performed the esoteric religious ceremonies were guarded by inferior Druids, who suffered no stranger to intrude upon their privacy. By these means they maintained their hold over the minds of the people, and were enabled in secret to perfect their knowledge of the arts and sciences then practised amongst the wise and learned few.

"After the Roman invasion of Britain, Mona or Anglesey became their head quarters and seat of government, until the island was attacked by Suetonius Paulinus, in A.D. 61. This general, having utterly defeated the Britons who attempted to defend the isle, cut down the sacred groves, demolished the temples, and burned the Druids and Druidesses in the fires which it is said they had kindled for the sacrifice of the Roman prisoners if the Britons had proved successful. After this event the power of the ancient British priesthood was effectually broken, and they became merged in the Welsh Bards, whose subsequent slaughter by Edward I. has been referred to previously. It is a curious fact that modern or convivial Druidism is founded upon a legend in which Suetonius Paulinus plays a conspicuous part.

(To be continued.)

Symbolic Language.

By FRATER WILLIAM CARPENTER, Author of "Scientia Biblica,"
"Calendarium Palestinæ," Editor of "Calmet's Dictionary of the
Bible," &c. &c.

(Continued from page 69.)

In a former paper I have glanced at the supposed origin of writing; symbolic writing succeeding to picture or ideographic writing, and alphabetic writing following after both, and testifying to a wonderful advance in art and science. Picture-writing was necessarily a very complex and laborious—we might say, clumsy—process—which was gradually superseded, wholly or in part, by symbolic writing, which was, nevertheless, a process which involved considerable labour and occupied much space. The desire to save time and space, would necessarily lead to the invention and use of arbitrary signs, in like manner as the same motive now impels even short-hand writers to introduce arbitrary characters amongst their ordinary symbols, and arbitrary character sometimes representing a word, and sometimes a syllable. This assumption is justified by a reference to the Hebrew and other Oriental languages, and especially to the Chinese, which is partly an ideographic and partly a syllabic language. It consists of 214 elementary signs, of which are formed, by combination, about 80,000 others, the language being, as I have said, partly ideographic and partly syllabic—that is to say, some of the symbols being used to express syllables. In Egypt, Assyria, and other parts of the East, an advance was made upon pure symbol writing, by the use of a sort of ideographic short-hand. Thus, the symbol O represented an Ox, &c., and when the Egyptian scribes employed hieroglyphics to form syllables they appear to have completed the word by placing the symbol of the idea after the syllabic hieroglyphic. The Assyrian writing, consisted of groups of arrow-heads, or wedges, probably old symbols reduced, and employed as syllables, but having interspersed with them ideographs, to determine the ideas. The Phœnicians so far simplified the art as to have obtained credit for being the inventors of letters, and to have given birth to the Greek, Etruscan, and all cognate alphabets.

It seems certain, from both their names and their forms, that the Hebrew letters were originally employed as symbols, although it should be observed that the present form of these letters is, in all probability, a modification of the original form, which is thought to have been better preserved in the Samaritan and Phœnician letters, which approach more nearly to the forms of the objects from which the letters of the Hebrew alphabet have borrowed their names. Reserving the further discussion of this abridged form of ideographic writing for a future paper, I would just notice here a passage in Eliphaz Levi's work "Histoire de la Magie," on the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt. He says, the hieroglyphic science has for its basis an alphabet in which all the gods are letters, all the letters ideas, all the ideas numbers, and all the numbers perfect signs. This alphabet, according to the Sopher

Jezirah, came from Abraham, and by it Moses constructed the sublime secret of his Cabala. This alphabet forms the Book of Thoth, and is supposed by Count de Gebelin to be preserved in the form of a pack of cards called Tarot, and the key to which the learned Kircher believes to have been preserved in the Isiaque table which belonged to the celebrated Cardinal Bembo, of which he gives an exact copy in his great work on Egypt. Here is wisdom; let him who can, give himself to the study of it. For my own part, I could have no hope of penetrating the mysteries; and if I wanted any fact to which I might refer in extenuation of my lack of courage, it would be enough to say that the learned Eteilla devoted thirty years to the study of them, and then gave up in despair.

It must not be inferred from what is said of the hieroglyphic writing of the Egyptians having been derived from Abraham or from Seth, that it had been preserved in its purity. On the contrary, the symbols, like the religion and worship, had been awfully corrupted. Sacred symbols had been so perverted as to be taken for realities. The heavenly bodies, the representations of which were originally used to symbolise the Divine existence and certain attributes and agencies of the Deity, became themselves objects of divine worship, and animals once symbolically denoting divine things were exalted into deities of various qualities and powers, and received the religious adoration and prayers of the people; so that, as it is written, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things.....changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever."

Notable Rosicrucian Books.

By FRATER WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN (S.S.M., M.G.)

"THE FAME AND CONFESSION OF THE FRATERNITY
OF R: C: COMMONLY OF THE ROSIE CROSS.

London, printed by F. M. for Giles Calvert, at the black spread Eagle at the West end of Pauls. 1650."

(Continued from page 71.)

And now let us hear the Friar himself, who discoursing of several wonderful Experiments, tells us amongst the rest of a secret Composition, which being formed into Pills, or little Balls, and then cast up into the Air, would break out into Thunders and Lightenings, more violent and horrible then those of Nature. Præter vero hæc (saith he) sunt alia stupenda Naturæ: nam Soni velut Tonitrus & Coruscationes possunt fieri in Aere: imo majori horrore quam illa quæ fiunt, per Naturam. Nam modica materia adaptata, scilicet ad quantitatem unius pollicis, sonum facit Horribilem, & Coruscationem ostendit vehementem: et hoc fit multis modis, quibus Civitas, aut Exercitus destru-

atur. Mira sunt hæc, si quis sciret uti ad plenum in debitâ quantitate & materiâ. *Thus he. But let us return to Apollonius, for now he trots like a Novice to the River Hyphasis, and carries with him a Comendatory Letter to the Brachmans, having requested the Prince to tell them he was a good Boy. Here these admirable Eastern Magicians present him with such Rarities as in very truth he was not capable of. First of all they shew him (as Philostratus describes it) a certain Azure, or Sky-colour'd Water, and this Tincture was extremely predominant in it, but with much Light and Brightness. This strange Liquor (the Sun shining on it at Noon) attracted the Beams or Splendor to it self, and did sink downwards, as if coagulated with the Heat, but reflected to the Eyes of the Beholders a most beautiful Rain-bow. Here we have a perfect Description of the Philosophers Mercury, but there is something more behind. Apollonius confesseth how the Brachmans told him afterwards that this Water was aporreton to hudor, a certain secret Water, and that there was hid under it, or within it, gee sandarikinee a Blood-red Earth. In a word, they told him that none might drink, or taste of that Liquor, neither was it drawn at all for any ordinary uses. After this most mysterious Water, they shew him also a certain mysterious Fire, and here for my part I do not intend to comment. From this Fire he is brought to certain Tubs, or some such Vessels, whereof the one was called the Vessel of Rain, and the other the Vessel of Winds: all which are most deep and excellent Allegories. But these Rarities imply no more than the Rudiments of Magic. Let us now come to the Medecine it self, and the admirable Effects thereof. The Brachmans (saith Apollonius) anointed their Heads *elektrodei pharmako*, with a gummy Medicine, and this made their Bodies to steam at the pores, and sweat in that abundance, as if (saith he) they had purged themselves with Fire. This is enough to prove them Philosophers. And now let us see what kind of Habitation they had, and how much a parallel it is to that place or dwelling of R. C. which his Followers call Locus S. Spiritus. The Wise-men (saith Apollonius) dwelt on a little Hill or Mount, and on the Hill there rested always a Cloud, in which the Indians hous'd themselves (for so the word signifies,) and here did they render themselves visible or invisible, at their own will and discretion. This Secret of Invisibility was not known to the Dutch Boor, nor to his Plagiary, the Author of the Manna: but the Fraternity of R. C. can move in this white Mist. *Ut nobiscum autem convenias (say they) necesse est hanc lucem cernas, sine enim hac luce, Impossible est nos videre, nisi quando volumus. But Tyaneus tells us something more; namely, that the Brachmans themselves did not know whether this Hill was compassed about with Walls, or had any Gates, that did lead to it, or no; for the Mist obstructed all Discoveries. Consider what you read, for thus some body writes concerning the Habitation of R. C. Vidi aliquando Olympicas domos, non procul à Fluviolo & Civitate notâ, quas S. Spirttus vocari imaginamur. Helicon est de quo loquor, aut biceps Parnassus, in quo Equus Pegasus fontem aperuit perennis aquæ adhuc stillantem, in quo Diana se lavat, cui Venus ut Pedissequa, & Saturnus ut Anteambulo, junguntur. Intelligenti nimium, Inexperto minimum hoc erit dictum. But to clear the Prospect a little**

more, let us hear Apollonius in a certain speech of his to the Ægyptians, describing this Elysium of the Brachmans: *Eidon pheesin Indous Brachmanes oikountas epi tees gees kai ouk ep'autees. I have seen (saith he) the Brachmans of India dwelling on the Earth, and not on the Earth: they were guarded without Walls, and possessing nothing, they enjoyed all things. This is plain enough, and on this Hill have I also a desire to live, if it were for no other Reason, but what the Sophist sometimes applied to the Mountains: Hos primun Sol salutat, ultimosque deserit. Quis locum non amet, dies longiores habentem? But of this place I will not speak any more, lest the Readers should be so mad, as to entertain a suspicion, that I am of the Order. I shal now therefore proceed to the Theory of the Brachmans, and this only so far as their History will give me leave. I find Jarchas then seated in his Throne, and about him the rest of his Society, where having first placed Apollonius in the Seat Royal of Phraotes, Jarchas welcomes him with this unconfined Liberty: *Erota ho ti bouleis para andras gar eekeis panta eidotas. Propound (said he) what Questions thou wilt, for thou art come to Men that know all things. Here Tyaneus puts in, and very wisely asks them, What Principles the World was compounded of? To this the Brachmans reply, It was compounded of the Elements. Is it made then (saith Apollonius) of the four Elements? No (said the great Jarchas) but of Five. Here the Grecian is puzzled; for besides Earth (saith he) and Water, Air and Fire, I know not any thing: What then is this fifth Substance? It is (saith Jarchas) the Æther, which is the Element of Spirits: for those Creatures which draw in the Air, are Mortal; but those which draw in the Æther, are Immortal. And here I cannot but observe the gross Ignorance of Apollonius, who being a profest Pythagorean, had never heard of the Æther, that famous Pythagorean Principle.**

(To be continued.)

Occult Science.

BY FRATER WILLIAM CARPENTER, Author of "Scientia Biblica,"
"Calendarium Palestinæ," Editor of "Calmet's Dictionary of the
Bible," &c. &c.

The works of Eliphaz Levi on Magique—"Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie"—"Histoire de la Magie," and "Clef des Grands Mystères," are, I believe, very little known, even among the members of our mystic and secret orders, notwithstanding that they contain a vast amount of curious learning, more or less connected with the arcana which the members of such orders are under an obligation to study, realize, and adapt. As far as I am in a condition to speak of these works, I should say that they comprise the result of a most laborious course of study, including the works of ancient and modern writers on the recondite sciences, and throw considerable light on the mysteries and rituals of both Oriental and Occidental religions and philosophies. They form a complete course on the science of the ancient magi, each

work being complete in itself; but, for the perfect understanding of any one of them, the careful study of the other two is indispensable.

The ternary division of the work is taken from the science itself; as Levi's discovery of the great mysteries of the science rests entirely on the signification that the ancient hierophants attached to numbers. With them, *three* was the generative number, and in the teaching of every doctrine they considered first its theory, next its results, and then its adaptation to all possible uses. Thus are dogmas formed, whether philosophical or religious. Thus the dogmatic synthesis of Christianity, the heir of the magi, presents to our faith three persons in one God, and three mysteries in universal religion. In this, Levi follows the plan of the Cabala; that is, of the pure tradition of occultism. The "*Dogme et Rituel*" are each divided into twenty-two chapters, marked by the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. At the head of each chapter is placed the letter which relates to it, with the Latin words which, according to the best authors, indicate its hieroglyphic signification. Thus at the head of the first chapter, is

1 A
Le recipiendaire,
 Disciplina,
 Ensoph,
 Keter.

In Cabalistic theology this signifies that the letter *Aleph*, whose equivalent in Latin and in French (as also in English) is A, and its numeral value 1, denotes the aspirant—*man* called to initiation, the *cunning man* (the juggler.) It denotes, also, the dogmatic *syllipsis* (*disciplina*), *being* in its general and first conception (*Ensoph*); and the idea of divinity is expressed by *Keter* (the crown). The chapter is the development of the title, and the title contains hieroglyphically all the chapter. The entire book is composed according to this combination.

The "*Histoire de la Magie*," which, according to the theory given in the "*Dogme*" and the "*Rituel*," relates and explains the realizations of this science, through all time, is constructed *according* to the septenary number—the number, that is, of the creative week and the Divine realization.

The "*Clef des Grands Mystères*" is built on the number *four*, which is that of the enigmatical form of the sphinx, and of elementary manifestations. It is also the number of the square and of strength, and in this book the author undertakes to establish truth on immoveable bases—to perfectly explain the enigma of the sphinx, and to give the key to those things that have been hidden from the beginning of time, and which the learned *Postil* dared to give in one of his most abstruse works only in a most enigmatical manner, and without any satisfactory explanation. The "*Histoire de la Magie*" explains what is affirmed in the "*Dogme*" and the "*Rituel*," and the "*Clef des Grand Mystères*" completes and explains the history of magic; so that the attentive reader will lack nothing necessary to the revelation of the secrets of the Cabala of the Hebrews, and the high magic, whether of Zoroaster or of Hermes.

It may be well to note, that the term *magic* is not in these or other works on the occult sciences, used in the limited sense in which it is

now usually employed;—that is,—to denote the art of sorcery, enchantment, &c., but in a more comprehensive sense, including the apprehension and appropriation of all the recondite truths or mysteries of *being*. There is a false magic and a true magic; a low magic and a high magic. The former uses knowledge and power for diabolical purposes; the latter, for wise and holy purposes. “*Magic*,” says Levi, “unites in one science all that philosophy can have of the certain, and that religion can have of the infallible and the eternal. It perfectly and incontestably reconciles those two terms, which at first sight appear so opposed—faith and reason, science and belief, authority and liberty. It gives to the human mind an instrument of philosophic and religious certitude, as exact as mathematics, and demonstrates the infallibility of mathematics itself. The Cabalistic doctrine, which is the dogma of high magic, is contained in the *Sepher Jézirah*, the *Sohar*, and the *Talmud*.”

“*Magic*,” he elsewhere says, “was the science of Abraham and of Orpheus, of Confucius and of Zoroaster. They were the dogmas of magic that were graven on the tables of stone, by Enoch and by Trismegistus. Moses purified them, and brought them to light; but he veiled them anew when he made them the exclusive heritage of the people of Israel, and the inviolable secret of her priests. The mysteries of Eleusis and of Thebes preserved amidst the nations some of the early perverted symbols, the mysterious key of which was lost among the instruments of an ever-increasing superstition. Jerusalem, the murderer of her prophets, and so many times prostituted to the false gods of the Syrians and the Babylonians, in her turn lost the holy word, when a Saviour, announced to the magi by the sacred star of initiation, came, and rent the worn-out veil of the old temple, to give to the Church a new set of legends and symbols, which hide from the profane, and preserve to the elect the same truths.”

Such is a feeble outline of these learned and comprehensive volumes; and as there is in them much of deep interest to Rosicrucians, I hope to draw attention to them by occasional translations.

The Rosicrucian.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 76.)

The time was rapidly approaching which had been fixed for Lubeck Schieffel's marriage with Hela, when, on the morning following his conversation with the stranger, he received the intelligence that she was attacked by a violent illness. The most celebrated physicians of the place were summoned to attend her; but the symptoms, which from the first had been serious, resisted their utmost efforts, and now became alarming. Day after day passed on, and the disorder still increased, and it appeared that a few days, at farthest, and she would no longer exist, for whom Lubeck had so lately given up length of life and surpassing knowledge.

The crisis arrived, and the dictum of the physicians destroyed that hope to which the lover till then had clung.

Lubeck, nearly distracted, was gazing intently on that fair and faded form which lay before him, and marked the hectic red slowly give place to that pale wan hue, the sure foreteller of the approach of death. On one side the bed of his dying child, sat the aged father of Hela; he was silent—for he was hopeless: on the other side stood the physician, who, to the frequently uplifted and enquiring eye of the old man, shook his head expressive of no hope.

“Will nothing save her?” whispered Lubeck, his tremulous voice broken by sobs.

“Nothing, save a miracle!” was the reply.

“Nay, then it must be,” said Lubeck, and rushed out of the room.

A week only had elapsed, and we find Hela restored, in a most unaccountable manner, to health and beauty, by an unknown medicine, procured by Lubeck from an unknown source, which no inquiry could induce him to divulge. Week passed after week, and nothing had been said by Lubeck relating to the approaching marriage; he was oppressed by a deep melancholy, which every attention of Hela seemed but to increase.

They were taking one of their accustomed rambles; it was one of those beautiful evenings, which are frequent towards the latter end of autumn; the sun was just sinking behind the dark blue mountains, and the sky seemed one continued sheet of burnished gold. The bright leaves of the trees, the surrounding rocks, and the distant hills, were gilded by the same alchymy. This gradually changed to a deep red, glowing like the ruby, mingling beautifully with the brown and yellow tints which autumn had spread over the scene. Not a sound was heard, save, at measured intervals, the long drawn melancholy note of some distant unseen bird, and, but for this, they two might have seemed the sole inhabitants of a silent world; 'midst nature's beauties the most beautiful, the bright setting sun seemed to have lent its lustre to their eye, its colour to their cheeks, and to delay his setting, as if unwilling to quit a scene so lovely. Slowly he set, and as slowly, and almost imperceptibly, the glowing red changed to the soft pale twilight, and the moon, then in her full, gradually ascended, mistress of the scene; and then the stars peeped forward, one by one, as if fearful of the light; at length another, and another came, till the whole face of heaven was filled with brightness.

It was Hela's voice, that almost in a whisper, broke on the silence around. “It will be fine to-morrow—it always is after such a sunset as this.”

“I think it will—and I hope it may,” said Lubeck, “if you would have it so, but why to-morrow?”

“Oh, to-morrow was to have been our—wedding-day.”

There are remembrances which we would fain repress; thoughts, which, recalled, weigh heavy on the heart; ideas, which we have struggled to keep down, on which to dwell were far too great a pain, and these the mind, when wearied, had forgotten. And yet—one word,

one little word, shall recall every thought, bring in an instant each remembrance forth, and waken memory though it slept for years.

"Hela!" exclaimed Lubeck, dreadfully agitated,—“that day can never be!”

"What! Lubeck?" she exclaimed, doubting that she heard correctly.

"Hela," continued he, "when you lay upon your bed of sickness; when mortal aid seemed unavailing—your life despaired of—remember it was then I brought the medicine which so unaccountably restored you; driven to desperation by your impending fate, I sought relief from beings who had the power to give it—even then; from them obtained that medicine, but it was purchased by my happiness: I took a vow which parted us for ever!"

"Dreadful," said Hela; "what—"

"I cannot tell you more," he hurriedly exclaimed. "In your absence, I have often resolved to tell you this, but never before could I mention it when we were together. I feared it would break your heart—I felt it was breaking mine. I could not bear to think of it—I would have forgotten all—but that I saved you. Alas! I could not hide it from myself, and it was cruel to have hidden it longer from you. Hela, I could not bear to hear that day named, and not to tell you that day can never be!"

"What mystery? Lubeck—speak plainly—let me know all."

"Listen," he continued, "since I must tell you. You have heard of the Rosicrucians, and believed, perhaps, that they existed only in the imagination of the superstitious and foolish; too truly I can prove the truth of what you have heard. Vast, indeed, their knowledge; vast, indeed, their power; to them may be given to penetrate the secrets of nature—to them a being co-existent with a world; but to me they possessed that, which was more valued than their power, than knowledge, or than life itself—it was that medicine that saved you. To obtain it, I was compelled to take that fearful oath which separated us for ever—an oath of celibacy. *I am a Rosicrucian!*"

Long—long was Hela silent; the dread with which this avowal had at first filled her mind was slowly giving way to what was to her more terrible, a doubt of its truth; her tearful eye marked the long painful hesitation between rooted affection and disdain of his supposed perfidy.

"Farewell;" she at length exclaimed. "Had you loved me with half the devoted fervour that I loved, you sooner would have died than have given me up; but, let it be. Farewell! Time will soon take my remembrance from your heart—if ever love existed there for me; go, seek some other favourite—and in your *length of years*, quit her as easily as you part from me; boast to her of the foolish fondness of an innocent heart, and tell the simple tale of *one* who could not live to prove your story *false!*"

False! Hela—false!" exclaimed Lubeck, driven to desperation by her reproach, "you never more shall doubt me! I had thought that when I gave up all my happiness, dooming myself to a long life of misery (for life without you is misery,)—I had thought that she, for whom this sacrifice was made, would, at least, have been grateful, and

have praised my motives: this was my only hope; but now, when I have told the oath that gave her to life, and me to misery, she thinks me false. The only consolation I expected was her thanks, and these I have not. No, Hela, no, you never more shall doubt me! I cannot spare you this, my last resource, to prove how true is the heart you have doubted——

“Hela, look on the beautiful heavens; how often have I gazed with deepest reverence on its varied lights, but never with that intensity of feeling that I do now; for I feel that I partake a being with them. There is a star this night sheds its last ray—a world shall cease to exist—a life must perish with it. See yon small cloud, that comes slowly over the face of heaven; and mark,—it wings its light way to that pale star! Now, Hela, now, you never more shall doubt me!—on that star depends my——”

She turned—and lifeless at her feet lies what was once her lover: silent awhile she stood, as if she doubted what she saw was real; then her clasped hands convulsive pressed her head; and in her heart she felt ages of anguish in one moment’s woe.

Hark! what is it that troubled echo so repeats; that wakes the fox, and startles all around?—the wolf bays fearfully; the startled owl screams harshly as she takes her hurried flight.

It was a shriek, a long and fearful shriek—and oh! the tale it tells is of *despair*—that every joy is fled—that hope is vanished, and a heart is broken!

Silent is echo now; the angry wolf is heard no more; the startled owl has rested from her flight, and terror and stillness once again commands the scene.

The moon has climbed her highest, and sinking, follows darkness to the west; a little while, and then—full in the east appears the pale small arch of light, that darkens, and then brighter comes again; and then the long faint rays of the approaching sun, and last himself, in all his brightness comes, like a conqueror, and deposes night.

The birds are chirping gladly on the trees; and gently on the ear comes, by degrees, the distant hum of an awaking world. But there is a silence man can never break—there is a darkness suns can never light—there is a sleep that morn shall never awaken—and such is *death’s* and *Hela’s*.

Editorial Note.

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