

NEW YEAR, 1903.

O FRIENDS AND BROTHERS! HATH THE YEAR DECEASED,
AND YE AWAIT THE BIDDING TO FARE WELL?
HOW SHALL YE FARE, THUS BOUND OF FATE IN HELL?
HOW, WHOM NO LIGHT HATH SMITTEN, AND RELEASED?
YE TRUST PERCHANCE IN GOD, OR MAN, OR PRIEST?
AY! LET THEM SERVE YOU, LET THEM SAVE YOU! SPELL
THE NAME THAT GUARDS THE HUMAN CITADEL,
AND ANSWER IF YOUR COURSE HATH CHECKED OR CEASED.

PATH OF THE EIGHTFOLD STAR! BE THOU REVEALED!
ISLE OF NIRVANA, BE THE CURRENTS CURLED
ABOUT THEE, THAT THE SWIMMERS TOUCH THY SHORE!
THOUGHT BE YOUR SWORD, AND VIRTUE BE YOUR SHIELD!
PRESS ON! WHO CONQUERS SHALL FOR EVERMORE
PASS FROM THE FATAL MISCHIEF OF THE WORLD.

FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY,
WISHING YOU A SPEEDY TERMINATION OF EXISTENCE.