

these meetings of the A. A. A. I do not even know what the A. A. A. is. But I do know that the whole ceremony was impressive, artistic, and



produced in those present such a feeling as Crowley must have had when he wrote—

“So shalt thou conquer Space, and lastly climb
The walls of Time;
And by the golden path the great have trod
Reach up to God!”

R. R.

THE WHY AND HOW OF ECSTASY.

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,”

so used some of us to sing in our childhood. And we used to think of this land as far away, farther even than death that in those days seemed so far.