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It has come, that day so long foretold, when thou dost awake, beloved, when I who have loved thee the ages through, awake within thy soul to conscious life in thee. Lo, within my embrace I enfold thee, energizing thy substance with life, stirring the mental fire into activity, that thou mayest be born again on the Buddhic Octave, a twice born lord of the Mystic Fire.

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It is ^{not} necessary that you be so perfectly controlled, my child, but it is necessary that you speak less impulsively and more kindly.

The way before my children is steep, rough and beset with many pitfalls. Ambition the curse of the neophyte has entered the fold and great will be the battle that is to come.

Turn to me in your hour of great need and I will be with you both in spirit and in fact.

Seek the inner sanctuary, beloved, and become one with the law that the forces of centralization may unite with thee. Only so will the essence of thy Dream of Conquest become thine. Only so will one drop of the Love Divine be poured upon thy hungry soul. Love, the radiant angel, touches now thy inner self with tender, reverent selflessness, lifting thee at last into the Light.

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