LIBER DCLVI
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DE THAUMATURGIA

On the Miraculous Stone of the Philosophers according to the True and Secret Rosicrucian Mystery
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1. Being that the great formula of all creation is Love, so is the formula for all miracles of every kind. By the making of this stone, which is animal, vegetable and mineral at once, not alive and not dead, not liquid and not solid, not hot and not cold, not male and not female, stronger than a thousand armies and gentle as a babe, from this stone are all miracles wrought.

2. Keep clearly thine purest intention, for this is our Stone, the True Gold of the Philosophers, and hold this purity dearly in thy heart throughout this operation, as the image of a Child of Might, and verily shall it be born of thee, if thou art worthy. Though this operation may take an eternity, still keep thy mind always upon thy Stone.

3. Call upon thy Gods if thou wilt, to aid thee in this work, but the true God of Gods dwelleth always at the center of conjunction of the Golden Cross and the Ruby-coloured Rose.

4. Enflame thy Cross, until its glory is visible and palpable, pulsing with the heat of thy passionate prayers. Make ready thy Rose, until its petals open, and the dew of immortality flow like wine from within.

5. Then and only then, let thy Cross and thy Rose conjoin, within the glass vessel of thine alchymic art, the Child ever in thy mind, even as the flames that issueth forth from this conjunction burn away all else in the universe. Let thy heat be robust, but not so much that thy vessel might crack ere the transformation is complete.

6. By this Secret Formula of the Rosy Cross, let thy will be made manifest unto the Mighty Ones, enflaming thyself with prayer, enflaming thyself with passion unto thy beloved Holy Guardian Angel.

7. Let thy Child be with thee always, as a vessel for his creation make the instruments of thine art at all times. Empty thyself of all but this glorious Child. But if thou hast made thy rosy cross aright, thou wilt have nothing left of thee but thy Child.

8. Let the song of thy Child be sung of thee, a lullaby or madrigal unto thine creation, even as it were a serenade unto a reluctant maiden, drawing her irresistibly into thine arms. For many aeons let this song be sung, slowly and evenly, for even as the alchymists of old wrote, it is a slow and even heat which produces our Stone.

9. Let the heat beneath the vessel of thine operation slowly rise, imperceptibly at first, until the fires are such that it seems thy vessel might break. But let not thy vessel
break! To prevent such dire calamity, let the spirit of thy child rise up beyond the top of thy flask, as it is written, “the wind hath carried it in its belly.” And also, “it ascends from the earth up to heaven, and descends again, newborn, on the earth, and the superior and the inferior are increased in power.”

10. In this rising a great black dragon may appear, one or many. Let not this dragon trouble thee, it is but the dross that thou hast separated from thy child. See that it disturbeth not thine prayers. As it is written, “Separate that spirituous earth from the dense or crude by means of a gentle heat, with much attention.”

11. Let the spirituous Child not descend until the gross hath truly been separated from the fine, though thou knowest naught but the metaphysical ecstasy of the Holy Ghost as the dove descendeth even into thy midst.

12. When at last thy child descendeth into the vessel, let it be with a final flashing fury of thy will, and let this fervor extend as long and as mightily as possible, as the transformation is completed and the Child born of thine art. See that both Cross and Rose are thoroughly destroyed in the vessel through the might of this Child, as he leapeth forth in Joy and Ecstasy. Let nothing remain in the vessel save thy Child.

13. Thou wilt soon find a small fine Stone therein. This is thy Child, and of him thou mayest eat, for health or wealth or divine grace, or any other dignity or power, or thou mayest rub this Stone upon any base substance, and it will become the purest Spiritual Gold, verily, the purest Gold of the Spirit.