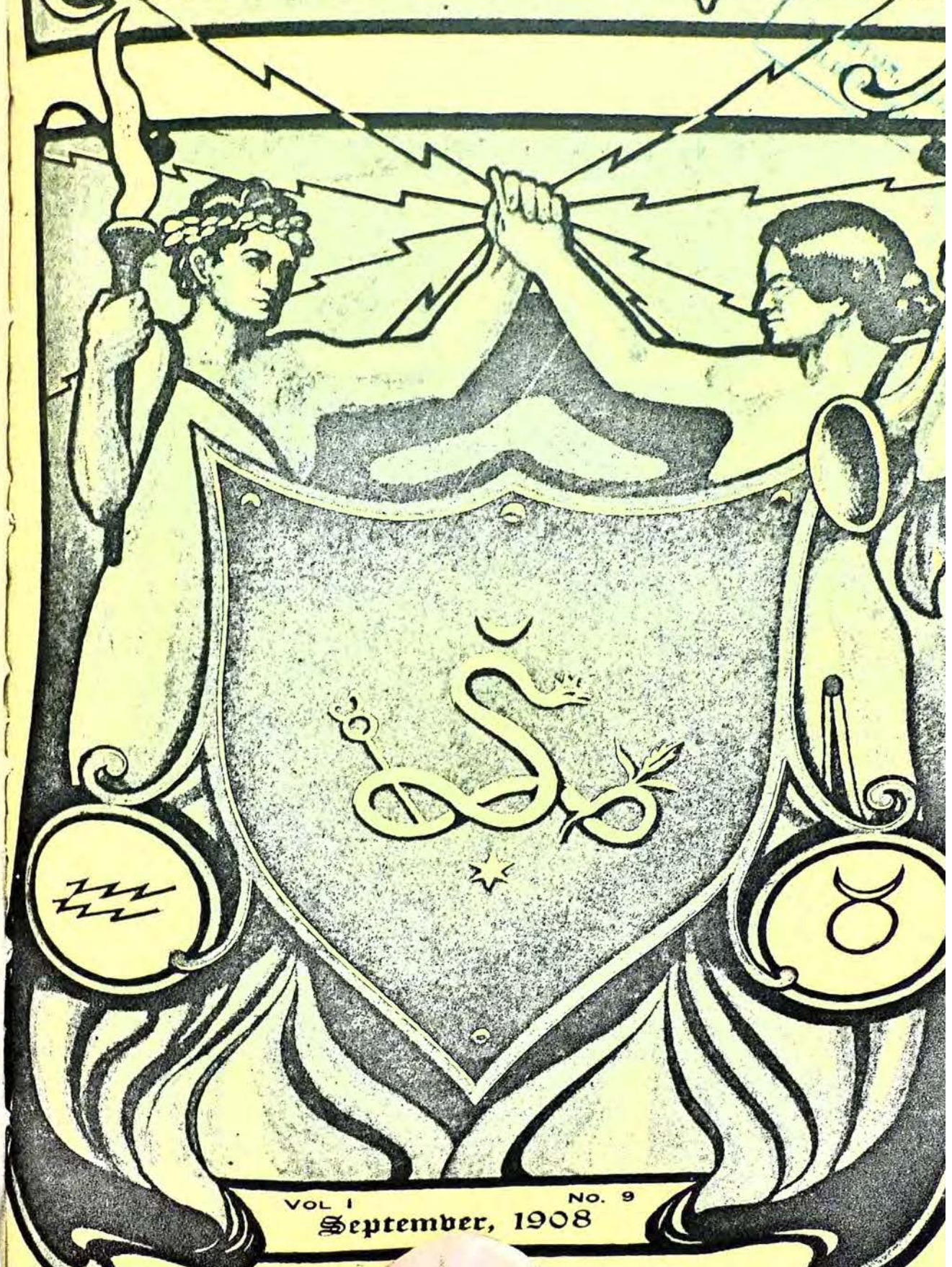


# The PHALANX



VOL I No. 9  
September, 1908



# The Phalanx

(The Phoenix of Adiramled)

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

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The Inspirations and Outbursts of One,  
DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT,  
Assisted by the Muse Herself.

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*The Ideas in this Journal are presumed to be mostly original.  
Any recognized plagiarisms are ascribable to unconscious  
cerebral kleptomania. At least, give us credit for the clothes.*

We take our hat off to a few,  
The names of whom are scattered through—  
Who said the thing we wished to say,  
But said it better every way.

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what shy on humor or happiness, try a case. Samples free.

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Address the Editor  
**Box 858, Los Angeles, California**  
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# The Phalanx

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A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

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*How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold?  
Because the lovely little flower is free  
Down to its root, and in that freedom, bold.*  
— Wordsworth.

*Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds  
Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing.*  
— Shelley.

---

## Datura

(A Michigan musing, 1908)

As Phoebus' Chariot, bending low  
Sends from the west its reddening glow,  
Of lamps lit for the tunnel, Night,  
Before the sun sinks out of sight—

The breezes rise and from the shore  
I hear a surging subdued roar,  
While hum of insects, twittering birds,  
The neigh of horse, the low of herds—

Bring o'er somnolent sense a lull,  
Muscles relax and mind grows dull,  
'Tis time for wearied eyes to close  
And aching limbs to take repose.

Just as the last faint, lingering ray  
On cloud-mass melts into the grey,  
There opens wide a wondrous flower  
Upon the stroke of twilight's hour.

Asleep within the womb of light,  
Wrapped as a mummy out of sight,  
It bursts the cerements of leaf  
To celebrate its nuptials brief.

The perfume of its passion rare;  
Pungent upon the evening air  
Goes forth to dozy hives afar,  
And bees take wing by light of star.

Intoxicated in the cup  
They sleep till morn, and waking up  
At earliest dawn they sack the palace  
And drain the sweets from out the chalice.

Oh, nectar sweet, by love distilled  
Oh, magic mystery fulfilled.  
While others joy in open light  
Thou findest sunshine in the night.

Short seems thy span from dark till dawn,  
But, freed of miseries long-drawn,  
Would mine be longer if I press  
Together the moments of happiness?

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## Libra

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The sign Libra rules from September 23rd to October 22nd. Libra means "the balance." It is noteworthy that the same Latin root *libr* means both "free" and "book."

It is through equilibrium, or balancing of all forces that true freedom is attained, and perfect expression becomes possible.

The Libra-period in the Great Work is a very important one. It is a period when the *earth* is dissolved in the *air*, becoming a thin translucent mass, irradiating a multiplicity of lights and hues, all the while steadily deepening its redness as we approach the Sun-center—the Stone's perfectioning.

In the physical body we locate Libra in the thighs—the hips expressing the balance of the body upon the limbs, the socket of the hip held in place by a system of powerful muscles and ligaments being a most remarkable jointure.



The ability which man possesses to stand erect, to walk, to run, is really a wonderful thing, but when we consider what the trained acrobat, gymnast and contortionist can do in the way of balancing feats, it becomes a matter of still greater wonder.

There is also a similar mental balance to be attained through Libra—freedom—in justice. You have seen the figure of Justice blindfolded, holding out the poised balances, but think, when you “demand justice” have you considered that you have no right to weigh the scales to suit your caprice, distorting Libra—the freedom of choice! If one side is too light, the scale *must* kick the beam—that *also* is justice.

But here is the lesson from the Great Work. While the Substance *appears* in repose, and the operation to be in *statu quo*, it is not really so. There is going on throughout the entire microcosm the most intense vibration. It is a vibration so fine and delicate that its motion is invisible to the eye, but is to be observed in the ever-changing lights, the blending and interblending of colors. It is transformation through vibration, the universal love-movement—the same, in fact, that is taking place in every natural object including man.

Libra is said to be governed by Venus, the planet of love. Love is ever the transformer and renewer. It is the power that establishes equilibrium, poise, harmony, justice, virtue, integrity, truth. Venus in Libra is love in repose—it is happiness, the supreme realization.

People born in Libra, if thrown into the right environmental condition (they are most sensitive to conditions) are very happy dispositioned and gain from life great joy and pleasure. They intuitively understand the meaning of sensation and, instead of falling victims to it, they use it as a means to higher attainment. With them the sense of justice is very keen and they are great sticklers for perfect law and order—becoming at times almost unbearably technical and exacting—very punctillious about meeting obligations and unable to tolerate laxity in others.

The Librans possess large soul quality, but usually have a work to accomplish to poise the personality. Be-

ing in the latter stages or degrees of the work, they are naturally very self-centered and appear oftentimes egotistic and selfish. This characteristic expression beginning in Virgo and terminating in Capricorn, is really an index of unfolding strength. Self preservation is the primal law, but it has to be learned by experience that if the brother perish, I perish also—therefore, the highest policy of the *Ego* is a recognition of the *alter ego*.

There are six consecutive signs, expressing themselves in the nature of man and in the natural world as restrictive, reactionary, religious, conservative, cautionary, con-  
gelative; these being the signs from Leo to Capricorn inclusive. Then there are the remaining six signs of the zodiac beginning with Aquarius and terminating with Cancer that are expansive, expressive, revolutionary, liberal, fearless and diffusive.

Libra, the conservative, is correlated to Taurus, the liberal—both governed by the same planetary influence. By anatomical analogy, like the hips, natives of both these signs have special burdens to bear, and that is the reason why Venus is given as the ruler of both. Without great inherent love-quality there could be no endurance or forbearance in the situations in which these natives are placed. They represent respectively the mind and body of Atlas, on whose shoulders rests the world.

Libra natives are keenly sensitive to any and all inharmonious conditions, being mentally very perceptive and inspirational. Congenial occupations should be selected—those designed to bring about order and harmony, such as the business of librarian, book-keeping, stage-managing, decorating. A great many poets and musicians belong to this sign. For example, we may mention two illustrious names, Virgil, Liszt.

If faith produce no works, I see  
That faith is not a living tree.  
Thus faith and works together grow;  
No separate life they e'er can know:  
They're soul and body, hand and heart,  
What God hath joined, let no man part.  
—Selected.

## Sweethearts

Would'st know, sweetheart, the spirit-force  
That moves the stars, and is the source  
Of life and being, consciousness  
Through which we see and do express  
The images of inner mind  
In thought and reason, all combined  
To demonstrate affinity  
With the supreme Divinity?  
'Tis Love.

Would'st learn, sweetheart, the secret way  
To transmute e'en the basest clay  
To purest gold and sparkling gem,  
And win thyself a diadem;  
To leave this lowly hut adobe  
And enter, clad in royal robe,  
Thy mansion in the upper sphere?  
It is no secret, if thou'lt hear,  
'Tis Love.

Would'st understand, sweetheart, the bliss  
That lies within, beyond, the kiss;  
The transport, rapture, ecstasy  
That shadows forth the mystery?  
Oh breath of angels, perfume sweet,  
That permeates and makes complete!  
The fond ideal of happiness  
When found at last, thou wilt confess  
'Tis Love.

---

For ages the heart has been regarded as the center and source of affection. Modern science considers this a superstition, having located the sentient center in the brain. For myself, I believe more in tradition than in science. I believe that the heart is the very soul of man; or, to be more accurate, that the soul resides in the heart. We certainly know that the heart feels. We can feel it feel. The heart is the great reflector of our thoughts. It writes them upon fleshy tablets where they are inter-



preted as pleasure or pain. The heart, then, is the very seat of emotive experience. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Sweetness is the ideal of every sense. A thing may smell sweet, taste sweet, sound sweet, look sweet, and even feel sweet. Those who recognize this ideal of Sweetness and seek to realize it, become pure and holy; while those who do not acquire the Sense of Sweetness appear ugly and vile. So that we may well say that all expressions, all realizations, all gradations in life, are measurable by and adjustable to the one standard, Sweetness. If, then, the heart be the great expresser, and Sweetness, the grand expression, what can there be more ideally beautiful and sublime than a SWEETHEART?

I imagine I can see just a little shade of disappointment in your face. You have a premonition that this article is not going to be what you thought. It starts off like an ethical treatise, doesn't it? You are tired of such things. You want something else. Away down in your heart there is a something that is listening to hear one word of sweet hope and consolation. It longs for some justification of its desires. It is eager to hear the promise of their fulfillment. Wait, I am coming to that. I realize that you are weary of continual self-inspection, weary of the monotony of living just to "be good." You are tired of always giving and never receiving that which would do your heart good. You are in fact, ready and willing to give your heart to gain happiness. You long to be in a position where you can forget self utterly in the contemplation of another—one who, likewise, has forgotten self in the contemplation of you. You want, I know exactly what you want, for I've wanted it myself. You want a real SWEETHEART.

Was there never a moment when you felt that you possessed such a sweetheart? And has there ever been any other moment in all your experience comparable to this one? Have you not seen the time when you would be willing to give all the rest of life for one hour of the joy and bliss which only the Sweetheart can bring?



On the other hand the saddest and bitterest moment of life is that in which you suddenly awake to find your joy an illusion, your happiness an evanescent dream—to find that you have lost your Sweetheart. The flood-tide of the heart that has been pouring its wealth and treasure upon your lonely little isle, until it has become resonant with song and redolent with sweetness, suddenly begins to ebb away, leaving you barren and bleak, a speck in the ocean waste, a buried sigh, a setting sun.

The Sweetheart is founded upon Love. You know that. Yet, what is love? Have you ever stopped to think about it—to really analyze Love? The extended use and application of the term Love, renders it ambiguous. A man is said to love God, his country, his family, his friends, his pets, his house, his food, his clothes, himself. It is used to express every degree of affection resulting from association. The animals have this same sentiment only in a lesser degree than man.

The basis of this affection is selfishness. It is Love in the process of unfolding. Love hanging green upon the Tree of Life. When we taste this unripened fruit we sense more bitterness than sweetness. Such love may be the best the tree produces, but it is not the best it may produce. The cultivation of Love is just as much an art, and more of an art, than raising roses.

Many people refuse to see in the quality of their affection any thing that resembles selfishness, and yet how apparent it is that all affection is inseparable from selfish considerations. We love an object in proportion as it contributes to our happiness. We do not love it after it ceases to be of benefit to us.

Now, on the social plane of the world, this is all proper and in its place. In the competitive struggle where everything is obtained by force and strategy it is but natural that the emotions and sentiments of the human heart should partake of the qualities of the individual thought which is struggling to attain for itself a sure foothold on the shifting sand of circumstance, grasping every friendly branch that bends down to it, in order that it may pull itself up into a position of greater security, happiness and power. All these surrounding so-

cial elements are to be regarded as so many aids in ameliorating present conditions.

Through the experiences which such environment brings to us, little by little we come at last into the Larger Love.

There is a wrong selfishness and a right selfishness, or to state it differently, there is the ignorant self which considers sensation as the aim and object of life. It lives in the gratification of some abnormal or degenerate instinct, remote from the interests of the true self.

For example, a miser becomes sordidly selfish in hoarding his money, but meanwhile, what consideration does he give to himself? He lives in poverty and rags. He freezes and starves to gratify his lust for accumulating something that can never be of any advantage to him. Again, the debauchee, considered the most selfish of all, merely gratifies his debased appetites. His eyes become blurred, his feet swollen, his form distended, his hands palsied—every organ cries out in pain and frenzy. He certainly does not love *self*, for he is of *himself* the worst enemy.

The beginning of love is the recognition of the TRUE SELF, which is right selfishness. It is Self-love. It is from within. It comes from the heart. As Walt Whitman says: "I celebrate myself."

From this recognition, when the truth of it is fully apprehended it is an easy step to the next higher:

"What I assume *you* shall assume.

For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you."

Moralists who are ever teaching self-humiliation and bodily crucifixion have not yet entered the kindergarten of Love.

A man is a "worm of the dust" so long as he despises the tabernacle of God, his own body. Instinctively, he knows this, for he will fight to protect it, and he will give all he is worth to save it from destruction. And still he has been educated from infancy to condemn himself,—to despise his body—the only possible vehicle through which his spiritual self can become manifest.



First, then, the sweet-heart will demand a sweet body through which its sweetness can be expressed

"I bathe and admire myself."

The grand object in life is unquestionably *self-perfectioning*, the growing beautiful from within, the expressing of that beauty without, the manifestation of the lovely and the true to the exclusion of the unlovely and the false.

This is becoming attuned to the infinite—at-one with the ideal, becoming a medium for the expression of divine things, walking with the Lord daily in the garden—hearing, seeing, knowing only the Good.

And this object can be attained only by personal effort, by introspection, by aspiration, by action.

This effort represents the building of Character and though the work proceeds silently from within the Temple, without the sound of hammer or any tool of iron, yet it will all show forth in glory. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh—Shall the same fountain give forth sweet and bitter waters?"

Oh, this fountain of the heart! It must be cleansed. It is not paint and powder that makes the face sweet and beautiful. It is the illumination of the sunshine of happiness, from a *sweet heart* full of love.

And now we come to consider the means of attaining this sweet and lovely ideal. Many imagine that it can be attained intellectually or volitionally. I do not deny that intellect and will are active forces in mental accretion and control, but the moulding and perfectioning influence is something quite different. It is inherent spiritual force itself which is the physical and mental transformer. This force is also called Love, yet it is a totally different expression than the one we have been considering. It is the love of Sex. For it there really is no name. If we apply to it any of the names which we have used for the common emotions, then we lower it by imperfect suggestion. Nor may we qualify it. If we call it Spiritual Love, we chill it. If we call it Passion Love, we burn it. To say Affection reduces it to the "I"—a personal effect.

I know of no word that so nearly defines it as *Ecstasy*, a word which means "standing apart," and if I say it is the Supreme *Ecstasy*, I have said all that words can say.

It is the emotion that stands out and above all other emotions.

Men and women—all normal human beings are worshippers of sex, on some plane, in some manner. It is the predominant thought in every mind. Every man and woman from childhood up, lives in the thought of meeting and coming into harmonious relationship with the ideal counterpart. This ideal is an incentive to social intercourse, in fact lies at the very foundation of society.

The ignoring of this ideal in the matrimonial practices of to-day substituting for that real and beautiful thought of sweethearts the more commonplace one of pride and convenience, is the one thing more than any other that has thrown the ethics of the marital world into complete confusion. If the mind in early childhood were led to believe in both the freedom and sacredness of this relation, there would be fewer weddings, but many more marriages. For what is so accursed as a bond without Love and what more blessed than Love without a bond?

What God hath separated  
Man cannot join;  
And the divinely wed,  
Can ne'er be disunited.

Do not expect in this world to ever realize the ideal. That would mean the attainment of absolute perfection. It would mean that the end of life had been accomplished. Let us be satisfied if we come into broader realizations day by day. Let us be dissatisfied with nothing but inaction and its resultant stagnation.

This is the great mistake. Most people live rather to feel than to unfold. Sensation and not growth is their understanding and measurement of life. Self analysis is almost wholly wanting. Not one in a hundred has any clear idea of the thing most desirable.

If there are unpleasant experiences the fault is sought in external conditions. The conclusion is jumped at that



cause is all due to uncongeniality of associations, is leads people to seek changes indiscriminately and thoughtlessly by which their condition is often made more miserable. Which only emphasizes the fact that they are going in the wrong direction for the cause of their improvement, and taking a wrong method to secure amelioration.

With these sensationists, judgment is undeveloped, distinction is lacking. A most common mistake is in the idealizing of some one who is upon an entirely different plane. To illustrate, some artist like Paderewski appears playing fine music, and swaying his hearers by the subtle magnetism of his personality. A hundred women are ready to fall down in a swoon and declare this to be their perfect ideal. They would marry him in a body and drag him home severally. He would have to be cut up into small bits and passed around as souvenirs to supply the demand for him.

I grant that the artist may have touched a responsive chord in the hearts of his admirers, but they should realize that between them there is a great gulf, which he, by an almost super-human effort, has passed. You may call him just as "good" and just as "smart" in many ways, but that does not alter the fact that your ideals and tastes are probably totally dissimilar.

Love on this plane is an arch deceiver. Not long ago a beautiful English girl married a Zulu chief. She loved him and went with him to the wilds of Africa. He proved to be a cannibal. He bit her, threw spears at her, mutilated her, drove her away in madness to seek refuge in the Court of England. And all because she loved him."

What shall we say of "love" if it leads people into the many ridiculous—nay dreadful situations that we daily see! Such love is blind. It is only "baby" love. It is the love of the kitten that has not opened its eyes. It is hungry and will partake of *anything* that is put into its mouth. It is a long way from this infantile expression to the grand ecstasy, and the Sweetheart has many

The love of man and woman is unlike every other love, inasmuch as it includes all and has something added. This something is but a higher unfoldment of that which has differentiated the lower orders and been the prime mover in the evolution of all species. This is the sexual instinct. But because we have awakened to a fuller consciousness of the real facts of life is no reason that we should grovel at the root and remain a stunted, sickly shrub. The deeper, the freer, the roots run down into the earth, the higher and more majestically will the tree reach up to heaven. The root is its support, its life, the foundation of its strength and grandeur.

And this is another and perhaps the chief stone of stumbling. While openly condemning the passion of love, society is secretly pouring its living libation at its shrine. The whole world is buried in the worship, not of sex in its high and noble aspect, but of sexuality, which is the selfishness of the debauchee. It regards the association of the sexes as a means of gratifying its diseased propensities. This is the death and burial of Sweethearts at which the Grand Ecstasy appears veiled as the chief mourner.

Many, realizing this fact dimly, have set about to crucify this part of self by ascetic methods. This is even worse than the funeral we just attended. It is embalming the corpse alive!

"In the name of goodness what are we to do then," you exclaim! "In one breath you say we are not to gratify passion, in the next you say we are not to kill it!"

Let me tell you. If you have found your sweetheart truly, and the recognition that it is more blessed to give than to receive is *mutual*, you will not need to ask this question. You will learn that the Grand Passion is the foundation of the Supreme Ecstasy, and you will be satisfied that it is so.

But let me tell you, if you cannot sense your own from afar, if soul does not speak to soul, if every atom of your being does not thrill at the mere thought of the loved one, if you do not live, move and have your being *as one*, if you have to see, court, form judgment of personality, come in bodily contact *before you know* your own,—then



you have a work to do *inside*. Your *own* house is not in order. The Sweetheart tarries and *will* tarry.

I say the joys and experiences of love are just what we conceive them to be mentally. And is it not apparent that if two peoples' conceptions differ that neither can realize the ideal?

In seeking for the ideal—don't seek. Dream! Formulate your ideal as that to which you know intuitively that you can respond. It is not, you understand, wholly what would please *you*, but rather *what you are capable of pleasing*. This is the rock upon which nine tenths of the world splits in two.

The splitting is simply the law of attraction refusing to unite things that by their very nature are *incapable* of union.

This is where the sweetening of your own inner heart is your best protection. Such a heart, divested of pride and selfishness, will know and recognize its own and *make no errors*. It will *refuse a compromise*. All the world will remain a stranger to it. It will wait and it will dream. *Some day* it will hear the voice; it will catch a glimpse of the face into which it will peer eagerly. It will recognize the voice. It will know and be known.

*This* is the meeting of sweethearts. You will learn to know more in a moment by experience than anyone could teach you in an age concerning the nature of the vibration that purifies and perfects the whole being.

Realizing that it is a beautiful thing and that it has come to you because of the attraction of souls responding each to the other as the dyastole and systole of the heart itself, how blessed will appear to your illuminated consciousness the Ideal Sweetheart!

Reason will tell you that so beautiful a thing must be *immortal*, and that its immortality depends upon establishment of the conditions by which it has been brought forth.

Thus the light in the room that appears glorious and bright is a phenomenon depending, as you must realize, on conditions.

There is a pure body to be consumed. There is a pure medium, a perfect lamp. It is not to be hidden under a bushel, turned low, or snuffed out. It is to *burn*. Bless God, it is to burn!

If the lamp be trimmed and burning, it will illuminate every part of the house. There will be no more night there. It will be a perpetual marriage feast, with a honeymoon that shall *never wane*.

Why seek for *other* ideals? Why pretend there are others? This is the one grand realization of life. All books from the Bible down are written to exemplify it. It is the heart of poetry, of music, of the drama,—all art is a cold attempt to reproduce it—a symbol or picture of it—the Sublime Ecstasy.

It lives, and breathes and throbs alone in one dear spot—the humble “cot” where Sweetheart meets Sweetheart—elsewhere ’tis not.



Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence.

—*Sydney Smith.*

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love.

—*Bailey.*

We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its only end.

—*Benj. Disraeli.*

Marriage is only a way-station. It is not the end of the journey.

*Elbert Hubbard.*

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

—*James Allen.*



## The Quitter

A balking horse has his demerits, but he is a four-winged angel compared with the automobile that gives out 10 miles from home.

The man who never had any high purposes is necessarily a pitiable failure in life, but infinitely more pitiable is he who has known high purposes but permits them to die out before fruition.

Possibly the most famous advice that Emerson gave was to "hitch your wagon to a star." The idea holds good today as well as it did years ago.

The man who believes he is going to win and keeps that conviction clearly before him, almost always wins.

It is true that occasional dreamers fall in attempting to reach too great heights. But it is better to fall while climbing than to atrophy and die sitting still.

The man who tries and gets tired, and then because of his weariness complains of the world and all that therein is, is apt to be the most hopeless of pessimists. The heart that has felt enthusiasm and lost it is the most miserable in the world.

The worst fate that can come to one is to lose sight of, or zest in, one's ideals—to unconsciously drift down from a high level of thought and aspiration until one becomes half-content with a mediocre life and dully satisfied to go on in a humdrum way, merely "marking time," conscious of inferiority of purpose and aim, and yet without the energy or propelling power to force oneself into a higher condition of things.

When one's higher purposes cease to inspire and quicken him he is growing old, whatever his years—yes, he is dying, whatever the condition of his bodily health.

—*The Los Angeles Record.*



Don't wait for opportunity; make it.

—*A. F. Sheldon.*

He who has conquered doubt and fear has conquered failure.

—*James Allen.*

# The Mysteries of Water

By an Alchemical Philosopher.\*

The commerce that is maintained between heaven and earth by the ascent and volatility of water may sufficiently inform us of what dangerous consequence, the coagulation of this element would be. It is improbable then that the wise god of Nature should make that humidity coagulable, whose very use and office requires it should be otherwise; for if in the essence of water, as it is simple water, there were an astringent congealing faculty, it would by degrees attain to a total fixation, and then there could be no further generation, either of sperms or bodies; the reason for it is this, if the water were fixed there would be no vapor or cloud, and there being no vapor there could be no sperm, for the elements cannot meet to make a sperm but in a vapor. For example, the earth cannot ascend, unless the water be first rarefied, for in the belly of the water is the earth carried up; and if the earth ascends not, having put off her gross body and being subtilated and purged with the water, then will not the air incorporate with it, for the moisture of the water introduceth the air into the rarefied and dissolved earth. And here again as the water reconcileth the air to the earth, so doth the air reconcile the water to the fire, as if it would requite one courtesy with another; for the air with its unctuousity and fatness introduceth the fire unto the water, the fire following the air, and sticking to it as to its fuel and element.

It remains now, that we observe, that the vapor of the water was the locus or matrix, wherein the other three elements did meet, and without which they had never come together; for this vapor was the deferend that carried up the pure virgin earth to be married to the sun and moon, and now she brings her down in her belly impregnated with the milk of one and the blood of the other, namely, with air and fire, which principles are predominant in those two superior luminaries. But some wise ones argue and tell me, that this vapor being thus impregnated may now be coagulated, and fixed, by the help of those hot principles of air and fire. To this I

\*Eugenius Philalethes in Euphrates, or The Waters of the East.



answer that the viscous seminal part of the water may, but the phlegm never, and I will show as much by example. When this vapor is fully impregnated it stays no longer in that region, but returns presently to the earth from which it ascended. But how doth it return? Certainly not in a violent stormy precipitation like rain, but invisibly and silently; even if it be a vapor, then it is neither heard of or seen till a long time after. But to proceed in what I have promised to do, I shall instance common dew; for dew hath in it some small dose of the star fire. We see therefore that this humidity comes down silently, for its enclosed fire keeps it rarefied in the form of air, and will not suffer it to condense to water at that height as the vapor of rain doth, but when it is descended near the earth it mingles with other crude vapors, and borrowing from them a great quantity of phlegm settles at last into drops.

God created water to oppose it to the earth, and this appears by their different complexions and qualities; for the earth is gross and solid, the water, subtil and fluid; and the earth hath in her the coagulating, astringent power, as the water hath partly in it the softening dissolving faculty. The earth then shuts up herself, and in herself the fire, so that there can be no generation or vegetation, unless the earth be opened, that the fire may be at liberty to work. This we may see in a grain of corn, where the astringent earthy faculty hath bound up all the other elements, and terminated them to a dry compact body.

Now this body as long as it is dry, or as long as it abideth alone, that is to say as long as it is without water, so long it can bear no fruit; but if it falls into the ground and dies, that is to say, if it be dissolved there by the humidity of Heaven (for death is but dissolution) then it will bring forth much fruit. It is the water then that dissolves, and life followeth the dissolution; for no sooner is the body opened, but the spirit stirs in it, perceiving in the dissolvent or dewy water, another spirit, to which he desires to be united. This spirit is the air enclosed in the dew or water. But who will believe that there is a dry water hid in the moist?

Certainly few. It is called aqua vitae, because this air involves in itself a fire, which is life Universal; not yet specified, and therefore it agrees with all particular lives, and is amicable to all kinds of creatures.

Now the particular specified fire, or life of the grain, which is the vegetable magnet, attracts to himself the universal fire or life, which is hid in the water, and with the fire he attracts the air which is the vestiment or body of the fire. Here then is the ground upon which the whole mystery of natural augmentation and multiplication is built; for the body of the grain of corn is augmented with the aliment of air, not simple but compounded, which air is carried into the water, and is a kind of volatile sweet salt; but the fire or life of the grain, is fortified with the universal fire, and this fire is involved in the air, as the air is in the water. And here we observe that it is not water only that conduces to the generation or regeneration of things, but water and fire; that is water and spirit, or water that hath life in it and this, if rightly understood, is a great manuduction to divinity.

To conclude, the sum of all we would say is this, the roots and seeds of all vegetables are placed in the earth, in the midst of this dewy fountain, as a lamp is placed in the midst of oil; and the fire or life of the seed attracts to itself the juice or gum of the water, as the fire of a lamp attracts the oil that is round about it. Now when all the air is drawn out of the water then the attraction ceaseth, and concoction or transmutation begins, but if the crude water, which was the vehiculum of the air stays with the seeds, then it hinders concoction, and therefore the sun and the archeus jointly expel her, so that she takes wing and returns to the region of the air, where she again fills her belly with that starry milk, and then descends as before. This is the reason why there is in nature such a vicissitude of showers and sunshine, for the showers bring down the aerial nutriment, and when the plants have attracted it, then the sunshine calls up the crude water, which otherwise would hinder digestion and coagulation. This then is the trade that common water drives, but if she could be coagulated,



this trade would cease, and all life would cease with it. I have for many years looked upon her as on a bird that flies to her nest, and from it again, feeding her young ones, and fetching food for them. Nor is this a new fancy of mine, for some learned men considered as much before; in which respect that milky moisture which is found in her crystal breasts is called by some of them *Lac volatillum*, the milk of birds, and they have left it written, that birds do bring their stone unto them.

Nothing now remains, nor is there anything hinders, but that we may safely and infallibly conclude that simple crude water feeds nothing; but the gum or congealable part of it feeds all things; for this is the astral balsam and the elemental, radical humidity, which being compounded of inferiors and superiors, is a restorative both of spirits and bodies. This is the general vital element which God Himself provides for all His creatures, and which is yearly produced and manifested in the elements, by the invisible operation of His Spirit, that works all in all. This hath in it the whole anatomy of heaven and earth, whose belly is full of light and life, and when it enters into these lower parts of the world, it overcasts them with a certain virility, makes them break forth into flowers, and presents us with something that is very like to the paradise we have lost. In a word this is no human confection, but a thing prepared by the Divine Spirit; nor is it made for vegetables only, but for man also, whom God did sometimes feed with it.

We feel then that the Spirit of God is still busy with water, and to this hour not only moves upon it but in it, nor do I doubt but this is the ground of that deep question, which amongst many others God proposed to Job. "Hath the rain a father, or who hath begotten the drops of dew."

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Jesus said to Joseph on his death bed: "Be not afraid, nothing of thee will die. Thy very body will remain, it will not be dissolved, and it will be intact 'till the great Feast of a Thousand Years.—*The Gospel, Arabic.*

## Among the Philosophers

The reason why some men accomplish more is because they attempt more.

—*A. F. Sheldon.*

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

To succeed, one must sometimes be very bold and sometimes very prudent.

—*Napoleon.*

What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning.

—*Spanish.*

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

—*Confucius.*

There is one element that is worth its weight in gold, and that is loyalty. It will cover a multitude of sins.

—*P. D. Armour.*

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, —Let there be truth between us two forevermore.

—*Emerson.*

To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses.

—*Syrus.*

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

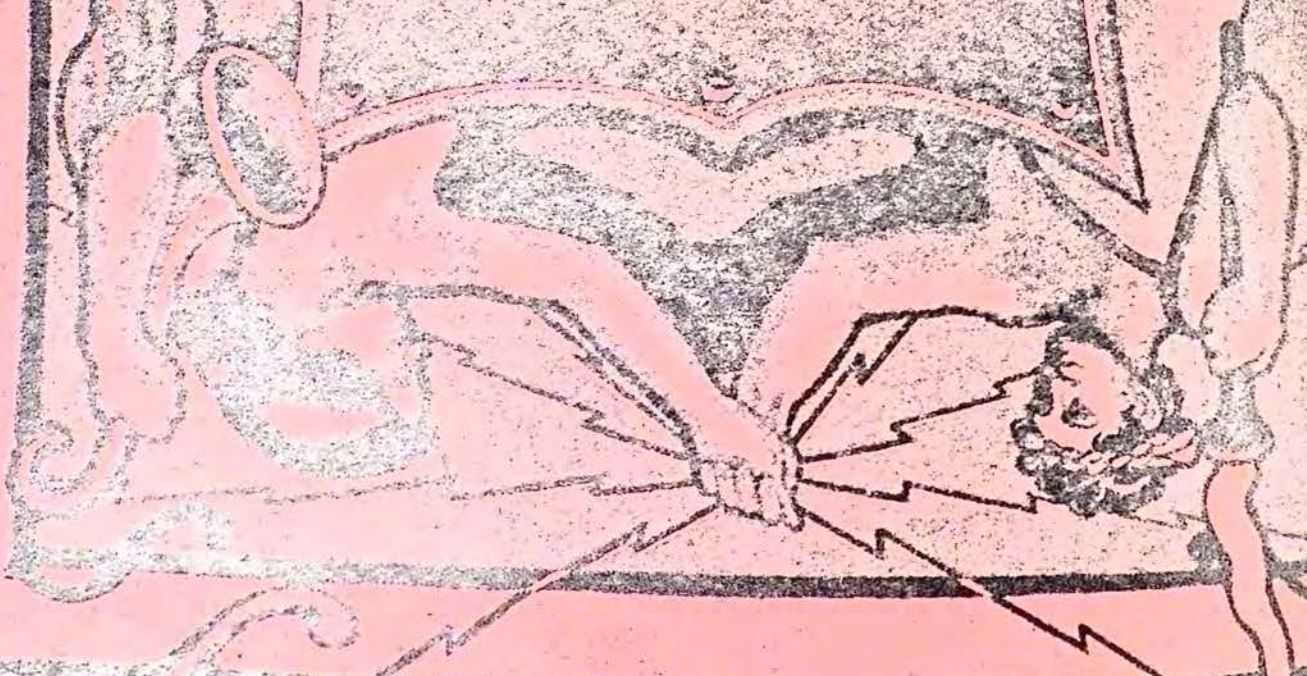
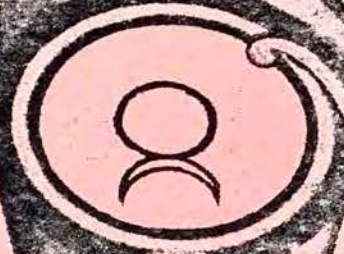
—*Thomas Fuller.*

Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

—*Horace Mann.*



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