VOL. IV. MAY, 1888 No. 5.

—THE—

PLATONIST,

An Exponent of Philosophic Truth.

EDITED BY

THOMAS M. JOHNSON.

CONTENTS.

I should say that the Platonic Philosophy came to mankind for the benefit of terrestrial souls, in place of statues, temples and the whole of sacred institutions; and that it is the leader of salvation alike to the men that now are and to those who shall come hereafter.—Proklos.

OSCEOLA, MISSOURI.

The Platonist.

In this degenerated age, when the senses are apotheosised, when materialism is absurdly denominated Philosophy, folly and ignorance popularised, and the dictum: "Get money, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," exemplifies the actions of millions of mankind, there certainly is a necessity for a journal which shall be a candid, bold, and fearless exponent of the Platonic Philosophy—a philosophy totally subsersive of sensualism, materialism, folly and ignorance. This philosophy recognizes the essential immortality and divinity of the Human Soul, and posits its highest happiness as an approximation to and union with the Absolute One. Its mission is: to release the soul from the bonds of matter, to lead it to the vision of true being,—from images to realities,—and, concisely, to elevate it from a sensuous to an intellectual life.

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Vol. I. can be supplied at $4.00 unbound, and $5.00 bound. Vols. II. and III. same price. The editions are limited, and early orders are suggested.

The Platonist.

"Platonism is immortal because its principles are immortal in the Human Intellect and Heart." Truth is the leader of every good both to Gods and men.—PLATO.

ON DREAMS

BY

SYNESIOS.

Translated with Notes,

BY

ISAAC MYER.

X.

IF THE SOUL PERMITS ITSELF TO BE SUBDUED BY THE ATTRACTION OF MATTER IT BECOMES UNHAPPY.

If in this union intelligence becomes entirely confounded with imagination, it plunges into an intoxication of the greatest voluptuousness. Now the height of evil is to cease feeling it is evil, because then one will not seek for a cure: and thus it is that we do not dream of banishing the callosities from which we no longer suffer. Repentance is an aid to return to a better life. When we are tormented with our condition we strive to leave it. To intend is to have already accomplished a half of the expiation; because then all the actions and words tend to the end. But when the will is absent, the expiatory ceremonies have no longer any meaning; in order that they keep their efficacy, it is essential that

the soul be a consenting element. So the troubles which strike us on different sides are marvelously proper to establish moral order; taking the place of false joys the chagrins of life purify the soul. Even misfortunes which seem to us unmerited are useful in this, that they deliver us from a too exclusive attachment to the things of this world. It is thus that Providence reveals itself to the wise, whilst the fools will not admit that it is impossible for the soul to free itself from matter, when it has not been tried by sufferings in this world. The pleasures of this earth are then only a trap that demons lay for the soul. Others say, that on leaving this life it drinks of a beverage which causes it to forget the past: my view is that it is rather at its entrance into life that it drinks from the cup of deceitful voluptuousness, the forgetfulness of its destiny. Coming into this world* to be a servant, its service changes into slavery; without doubt it ought to a certain extent, by virtue of the laws of necessity, obey nature, but alas! seduced by the attractions of matter it resembles those unfortunates who, born free, sell themselves for a time, inflamed with the beauty of a slave; and in order to remain near that which they love accept the same master. This is our condition when we allow ourselves to be charmed with false benefits, by pleasures wholly external, which affect the body alone; we appear then to admit that matter is beautiful. Matter takes hold of our admission as if by a secret engagement which we had entered into with it; and, later, if we wish to free ourselves from it and resume our liberty it treats us as deserters, it attempts to regain possession of us, and invokes, so as to make us return under its domination, the faith due to an engagement. It is especially at this time that the soul needs energy and the divine assistance: it is not a

*Literally, "entering into its first life." According to the doctrine of Metempsychosis the soul passes through a series of succesive lives.

small affair to have to break, sometimes even violently, contracted habits; because then (so destiny wills it) all the forces of matter swoop down upon the rebels so as to crush and punish them. Without doubt it is this that is meant by the labours of Herakles, which we read of in the sacred legends, and those combats which other heroes so valiantly sustain, until the day upon which they could elevate themselves to those heights where nature no more had any hold upon them. If the soul makes vain efforts so as to free itself from the walls of its prison, it falls back again on itself; we have then to sustain rude contests, because matter then treats us as enemies: it revenges itself upon us for our ineffectual attempts by rigorous punishments. Then it is no longer that mixed life, of which Homer tells us, the good and the evil, which go out of two vessels, and which Jupiter (it is still the poet who is speaking) sovereign dispenser of things in this world, distributes to men.* Never has he given us a taste of the entirely pure good, but he sometimes has given us only the evil.

XI.

THE SOUL ASSIMILATES ITSELF WITH PARTICLES OF AIR AND FIRE WHICH IT OUGHT TO CARRY AWAY WITH IT WHEN IT RETURNS TO THE HIGHER SPHERES.

In these different existences the soul ceases not to err if it does not promptly return to the abode from which it came. See how vast is the course that imagination can survey. When the soul descends, as we have just said, imagination, which is heavy, falls and plunges into obscure and dark abysses; but if the soul rises, it accompanies it and follows it as far as it is permitted to rise, that is as far as the superior limits of the sublunary world. Hear what is said upon this subject by the sacred oracles: Do not throw

*Iliad. xxiv. 526 *sq.*

"The flower of matter into the terrestrial abysses;
The phantom has its place upon the brilliant summits."*

That summit is the opposite of the dark region. But these verses contain also another meaning which must be searched for: the soul ought not only to return to the celestial sphere from whence it came, with all which constitutes its own essence: it ought also to bear away those particles of fire and air which constitute its second essence, that of phantom, and to which it assimilated when it was descending towards the earth, before having received that earthly covering; it takes back above that air and fire with its better part: for we must not understand by "the flower of matter" the divine body.† Reason says to us, that the things which have at one time participated in a common nature and been united to it, cannot any more be entirely separated, especially when they are neighbors: thus it is that fire touches the element which is diffused around the world (*i. e.* the æther), and it is not like the earth which is in the lowest degree of the scale of existences. Admit that the better consents to be allied with that which is worse, and thus produce an immortal body mingled with mud: if the more noble of the two associates puts this body under subjection, the part less pure cannot resist the actionof the soul; docile and submissive it follows it faithfully. Thus it is that the imagination, this intermediary essence, in yielding to the direction of the soul, the superior essence, far from changing itself, purifies itself and rises with it (the soul) towards heaven. If there are limits which it cannot pass, at least it elevates itself above the elements, and reaches to the luminous spaces; for, as the

*The Sibylline Verses.

†"The flower of matter" our author deems to be particles of air and fire. The divine body with him is imagination; this he also calls; "the first body of the soul." He considers the imagination as something very subtile yet material, corresponding perhaps to Qabbalistic *Ruach*: "The flower of matter" being the *Nepesh*, and the soul the *Neshamah* of the Qabbalah.

oracles say, it has its place in the brilliant region, *i. e.* the circular vault which surrounds us. But we have spoken sufficiently of the loans which the imagination makes to the elements: you can grant or refuse your belief as to this dogma; but that which is certain is, that the corporeal essence which comes from on high ought necessarily, when the soul returns to its principle, raise itself and also take its flight and join itself to the celestirl spheres; that is to say, return to its own nature.

XII.

THE TWO DIFFERENT DESTINIES OF THE SOUL AND THE IMAGINATION.

There are then two destinies opposed to each other, one obscure, the other brilliant; one the height of happiness, the other the excess of misery. But between these two extreme limits, in this sublunary world, there are, do you not think it? a great number of intermediary stations which are neither the light nor the darkness. The soul with the imagination can go over all this space, changing its state, habits and life, according to its location. When it returns to its original nobleness, it is the receptacle of truth, pure, brilliant, incorruptible, it is divine, and in order to be able to see the future has only to wish it. But when it falls into the lower regions, it contains only darkness, uncertainty and deceit for the imagination in obscuring itself becomes incapable of discerning things clearly. When it is between the two extreme points, the soul has one part truth, the other part, error. Thus it is that we can determine to which degree of the ladder the different dæmons are placed. For to remain always or nearly always in the truth, is the property of the divine or quasi-divine being; but to deceive themselves without cessation, when they endeavor to forsee the future, is the lot of those who themselves wallow in matter, blinded by their haughty passions. The dæmons who retain celes

tial bonds, become gods or spirits of a superior order; they raise themselves, and go to occupy the region prepared for the most noble essences.

XIII.

HOW WE ARE ABLE TO PURIFY THE SOUL AND IMAGINATION. THE EXCELLENCE OF CONTEMPLATION.

In that way we can predict what place the human soul occupies. A man in whom the imagination, pure and well regulated, perceives whilst awake or asleep only faithful images of things, can be tranquil as to the state or condition of his soul; it is the best condition. Now it is especially after visions which imagination itself forms and to which it clings, whilst it is not under the influence of exterior objects, that we are able to recognize the tendencies in which it finds itself. It is for philosophy to teach us what care it is necessary to give our imagination, and how we can preserve it from all error. The best of all preparations is, to practice especially speculative virtue of that kind which will make life a continual intellectual progression. It is necessary to as much as possible prevent the blind and disordered movements of our imagination; in other words, lean towards the good and forsake the evil, not mixing ourselves more with terrestrial things than the necessity requires. There is nothing so efficacious as contemplation to disperse the enemies who besiege the spirit. The spirit is refined by this more than we would think, and turns towards God; then, suitably prepared, it attracts by a species of affinity the divine spirit; it makes it enter into intercourse with the soul. But when it is thickened, contracted and dwarfed to the point of not being able any more to fill the place destined for it by Providence when It formed man, (I intend by that the habitation of the brain), as nature abhors a vacuum, it introduces into us an evil spirit. And what sufferings does this detestable guest bring to us! Because, since

these habitations have been made to receive the spirit, nature desires that they should always be occupied by a spirit, good or wicked. This last condition is the punishment of the impious who have soiled that which they had in them which was divine; the other is even the end or nearly the end of a pious life.

XIV.

IN ORDER TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF DIVINATION BY DREAMS, IT IS FROM THE BEGINNING NECESSARY TO BE CHASTE AND TEMPERATE.

We have wished, in studying divination by dreams, to prove that this science is not to be despised, but on the contrary merits study, so that we may obtain all the advantages that can be drawn from it, and it is necessary to examine what is the nature of imagination. But of what use this divination can be in ordinary life we have not yet shown. The best profit that we are able to obtain, is to render the spirit healthy, and raise the soul; also it is religious exercise which renders us apt at divination. Many in their desire to forsee the future have renounced the excesses of the table so as to live sober and temperate lives; they have kept their bed pure and chaste: for the man who desires to make his bed like the tripod of Delphi will watch himself well from rendering it a witness of noctural debauches; he prostrates himself before God to pray. Thus little by little he makes provision for admirable virtues; he attains an aim more elevated than the purpose he desired, and without having at first dreamed of it he comes to attach and unite himself to God. [*To be Continued.*]

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*PRE-EXISTENCE.**

BY F. P. P.

In reading the various articles on "Science and Immortality" constituting the symposium published by you last

*CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

spring (and since published in book form), I was struck by the absence of all allusion on the part of these able scientists (with two exceptions, to be mentioned later) to the subject of pre-existence. And yet it ought not to seem strange, since the same void is to be found in all theological, metaphysical, and philosophical literature; and, though this belief is cherished by more than half the inhabitants of the globe, it has always been totally ignored, not only by our Christian doctrine, but by our entire Western philosophy and thought. Thus we find that Dr. Ezra Abbot's Bibliography, published as an appendix to Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," contains a list of only about *forty* works on pre-existence, while there are *four hundred* on the "nature of the soul" and over *four thousand* on the "destiny of the soul." Even this forty are mainly taken up with heathen* phantasies, puerile and idle speculations, or vain endeavors to construct some theory of the origin of the soul based upon a purely Biblical foundation. Among them is Rev. Edward Beecher's once famous "Conflict of Ages," wherein he argues that the depravity of this life is due to sins committed in a pre-existent state, which is good enough as far as it goes, but is used by this writer for such a narrow and constrained theological purpose that it is very fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Even the learned and astute Alger himself dismisses the hypothesis of pre-existence as a mere sentiment, without philosophical basis; a pretty fancy, but wholly unscientific in character. Yet, when he comes to immortality, he is ready and willing enough to build up a scheme wholly without scientific basis and quite as sentimental and imaginary.

But it must be borne in mind that the era of free thought is comparatively recent, and that for centuries

*The most rational and truly scientific arguments in support of pre-existence are found in the writings of the "heathen."—EDITOR OF THE PLATONIST.

the human mind has been fettered by tradition and creed; and, further, that curiosity is naturally more rife concerning the future of the soul than the past. Augustine says, "It is no evil that the origin of the soul remains obscuae, if only its *redemption* is made certain." This is, of course, the theological view, and is a natural part of the Christian scheme. But thought is to-day practically free, and eager to enter upon the investigation of anything that concerns its well being. That pre-existence *is* a necessary part of a hypothesis which concurs with the facts of our present existence will be the object of this communication to show.

Prof. Ward* (one of the two exceptions among the contributors to your symposium before mentioned) says, "For immortality to be believed in by rational beings, it must be shown to embrace an eternity *a parte ante* as well as *a parte post.*" Scientifically considered, all arguments which apply to immortality apply equally to pre-existence. But, as the verdict of your symposium seems to be that immortality is not scientifically demonstrable, we are certainly willing to concede that pre-existence is not.† But just as immortality will continue to be discussed,—science or no science,—because not only of its profound human interest, but because of its vital bearing on the conduct of life, so I wish to present some considerations to show that pre-existence is entitled to an equal place in our study and investigation,—to show, in fact, that no study of the life of the soul can be complete or symmetrical which does not include it.

Let us, then, look calmly and philosophically at the problem of existence,—not seizing it under the shadow of theological traditions, not turning our backs upon

*Prof. Alexander Graham Bell says substantially the same thing. See "Science and Immortality," page 98.

†No *initiated* Platonist will concede for an instant that immortality and pre-existence are not "scientifically demonstrable." He knows better.—EDITOR OF THE PLATONIST.

one-half of it, and with greedy and overselfish concern devouring the other half with some elysium or heaven for a goal. Let us, rather, look at it with nineteenth-century courage,—the courage to investigate and to learn the truth at any cost.

Philosophically, then, *why* should we look *forward* only from this life? Why take the segment of a circle? If this life is a point in a circle, why should not the circle extend both ways? How else could it be a circle? Is not this life a mote floating in the dust of eternity, with a boundless before and a boundless after? You will say, how do you know that? For answer, I say that I do *not* know it. But it is one of those things that we assume without knowing. Analogy intimates it, because the soul-life (*i. e.* the life of the *ego*, or personal consciousness) would be a very fragmentary affair if it consisted only in the brief and unsatisfactory phase exhibited here on this earth. This leads us, in fact, to our first and primal argument for pre-existence,—namely, the argument of synthesis. If we see a heavenly body, and by watching it for several nights discover it in motion, we do not deduce either the fact that it is only going to continue moving during the short time we look at it or that its movement began when we began looking at it. We expect it to continue for an endless period, as far as our knowledge goes, and believe that it *has been* traveling for an equally limitless period. So with the soul's history. What reason have we to date it from birth? This is only a negative argument, it is true; but it sweeps away a mass of assumption and prejudice, born and bred of tradition, superstition, and myth. For my part, I cannot conceive any psychical science which should feel constrained to confine itself to this short life and this small earth. It seems to me that the theological view of the origin of the soul is as arbitrary and limited as the idea of the universe before the time of

Copernicus,* when the world was supposed to comprise European parts of Asia and Africa, and the stars were mere ornaments of the night. But, when one considers the trivial and unworthy conception of the religionist as to the destiny of the soul, one does not wonder at the paucity of his conception of its origin. The conventional view that we shall step from this brief enactment of life right into a final state of bliss and eternal idleness accords with the frivolous and childish idea that our soul's life began right here on this earth. How one can look into a space filled with worlds, how one can consider an eternity filled with purpose and action, and yet continue to believe that we begin a brief career here, and then, according as we pass through a certain emotional state or not, lapse either into an eternity of lazy bliss or of inconceivable and indescribable woe, is not for me to try to explain. Why this particular sphere should be the one to settle the questions of eternity, theologians do not tell us. But the commonly accepted idea of passing into a heaven of idleness, letting the cry for helpers pass unheeded, is surely at variance with our best instincts and impulses.

But many urge the argument that we have no recollection, no glimpse of a past existence.† What glimpse have we of the future? Is not the chapter of life sealed as inviolably at the close as at the beginning? Is it not just as easy to "rend the veil" of the past as of the future? Or, rather, just as impossible? Life is a sealed book, except the present chapter. All the world believes that there are chapters to come. Why not chapters *gone?* Would it not be easy for the Almighty Power, that in a few seconds, every night, sinks us into an oblivion of the day just gone, and holds us thus till

*The "Copernican" idea of the universe was known to the Sages of Antiquity, but was repudiated by the majority of them.—EDITOR OF THE PLATONIST.

†This "argument"(?) is childish, and hardly deserves a refutation.—ED. OF THE PLATONIST.

the beginning of another day, to do the same with our lives? May not this life be the dream of some other, or some other of this? But why imagine? The argument that because we do not recollect or know aught of a preceding life falls to the ground.

Let us now take up some of the arguments in favor of pre-existence bearing on the conduct of this life. First, then, is the argument that it accounts for the possession of certain traits and predispositions, certain qualities, characteristics, etc.; and in this we will mainly attempt to disprove the fallacy of attributing these to the local law of inheritance. We begin our career on this earth equipped with these tendencies, powers, faculties,—what you will. Where did we get them? How come by them? It is aside from the question to say we *inherited* them. What has heredity to do with the bygone of the soul-life? Heredity is local and mundane. Heredity is the mold—physical, mental, and moral—in which our earth-life is cast. We inherit the shell, but the soul is the kernel; and, though the kernel fits the shell, it does not get its life from it nor have its vital source in it. The body, mind, and moral character that we inherit from our parents are *clothed upon* our inner soul-life, and fit it and properly express its status. But where we mistake is in permanently associating the temporal garment with the eternal career. Thus, in speaking of the inheritance of moral attributes, we often mistakenly refer to the spiritual essence clothed by them as though it, too, had been transferred. We forget that the individual consciousness is isolated and alone; that personal responsibility cannot be shifted or transferred; and that, while the soul-life may temporarily assume certain external conditions, it inherently borrows nothing from these conditions. Out of the endless variety of suits of physical, mental and moral clothing bequeathed from one generation to another,

is it difficult to conceive of a "law of selection" which may fit each new-born soul as it is ushered into *this* chapter of existence? This is the law of heredity; and it is a law of social economy and of this life and of this world, and has nothing whatever to do with the soul-life or the career of the *ego*, which is eternal, stretching through the cycles and æons of time. Thus we see there is no force in the argument of heredity against pre-existence. On the contrary, it is rather a negative argument in its favor. At least, it leaves the naked soul entering this life with all its equipments of traits and qualities to be accounted for; and pre-existence shows that the soul at least had a prior life in which to acquire those traits.

This leads us to the next argument,—namely, that of identity. The question of the association of our personal consciousness with a particular body, mind, and moral character in this life is a very subtle and vexed one. Shakspere says that

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players."

Doubtless, many of us would gladly think so, and would only be too happy to believe that in another life we could take up some pleasanter part. But is there not implanted deep within us an instinct that it would not be safe to meddle with our identity? Much as we may pity some men who seem the victims of dominating traits, and unfair as it seems that others go up on the flood-tide of success through gifts of mind or body, we allow the fate of one or the fortune of the other to be bestowed without interference, and, moreover, with an underlying belief that these traits by which such fate or fortune are acquired are theirs, and theirs by an inalienable birth-right. This instinct is doubtless based on a sense that the real sphere of life is vastly larger than that of this planet, and that our real status dates back

to another existence. In a word, we feel in our heart of hearts that our title to our own identity is something more than a mere transfer-deed dated at birth; that whoever or whatever we are,or whatever faculties we possess, are ours by right and title of our own acquirement; that in some past existence we have earned our present status, whatever it is, good or bad; and that in this existence we are acquiring it for another. All this has vital bearing on our conduct of life, because one of the corner-stones of civilization and morals lies in an unshaken sense of personal identity, and hence personal responsibility. The hypothesis of pre-existence strengthens and supports this sense, because it affords a background which gives relief and reality to our characters here.

This leads us to the next argument,—namely, that the hypothesis of pre-existence renders possible a belief in eternal justice. When we contemplate the panorama of this life, we see a motley crowd of characters and characteristics,—all imaginable tempers and temperments, all kinds of surroundings and conditions. Surely, no one can claim that there is any equality or righteousness or justice, if this life were all! How often do we hear the remark, wrung from some anguished soul or desolated heart, "Oh, this is a strange world!" and the like. But it is surely a waste of time to discuss what no one denies,—namely, the utter and total inequality and inexplicable variance of the human lot. Nor is it helped by saying that "every man is the architect of his own fortune." It is surely unnecessary to point out that, over and beyond all allowances for what we can ourselves do to make or unmake our fortunes, there is still a vast discrepancy to be accounted for. But, if in the quickening of some future existence, we awake to a full sense of our soul's history, we will sure-

ly realize that in the eternal history of the soul we were indeed the "architects of our own fortune."

I will close by saying that *personally* a belief in pre-existence has been as simple and natural an instinct as that in immortality. I cannot remember the time when I did not account for the vast disparities and differences in mankind and the seeming injustice of Providence by relegating the whole question back to the beginnings of existence. It is true, as Rev. W. R. Alger says, that this hypothesis "only removes the mystery one stage further back;" but it has, nevertheless, a vast and vital significance to refuse to allow the arbitrary shutting of the door and total denial of this hypothesis so readily assumed by even such liberal writers as the reverend gentleman himself.

ΠΡΟΚΛΟΥ

ΔΙΑΔΟΧΟΥ ΠΛΑΤΩΝΙΚΟΥ

στοιχείωσις θεολογική. Κεφάλαια σιά.

β'

Πᾶν μετέχον τοῦ ἑνὸς, καὶ ἕν ἐστι καὶ οὐχ ἕν. Εἰ γὰρ μή ἐστιν αὐτοέν, μετέχει γὰρ τοῦ ἑνὸς ἄλλο τι ὂν παρὰ τὸ ἕν, πέπονθε τὸ ἕν κατὰ τήν μέθεξιν, καὶ ὑπέμεινεν ἓν γενέσθαι. Εἰ μὲν οὖν μηδέν ἐστι παρὰ τὸ ἕν, μόνον ἐστιν ἕν, καὶ οὐ μεθέξει τοῦ ἑνὸς, ἀλλ' αὐτοέν ἔσται. εἰ δέ ἐστί τι παρ' ἐκείνῳ, ὅ μή ἐστίν ἕν, τὸ μετέχον τοῦ ἑνός, καὶ οὐχ ἕν ἐστι καὶ ἕν, οὐχ ὅπερ ἕν ὄν,ὡς μετέχον τοῦ ἑνός.

Τοῦτο ἄρα οὐχ ἕν ἐστιν, οὐδ' ὅπερ ἕν. ἕν δὲ ὄν, ἅμα καὶ μετέχον τοῦ ἑνὸς καὶ διὰ τοῦτο οὐχ ἕν καθ' αὐτὸ ὑπάρχον, ἕν ἐστι καὶ οὐχ ἕν, παρὰ τὸ ἕν ἄλλο τι ὄν. ᾧ μεν ἐπλεόνασεν, οὐχ ἕν. ᾧ δὲ πέπονθεν ἕν. Πᾶν ἄρα τὸ μετέχον τοῦ ἑνὸς, καὶ ἕν ἐστι, καὶ οὐχ ἕν.

PROKLOS THE PLATONIC SUCCESSOR.
THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTES,

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Proposition II.

Every thing* which partakes of *the one* is alike one and not one.

For though it is not *the one* itself—since it participates of *the one* and is therefore other than *the one*—it experiences *the one* through participation or communion, and is thus able to become one. If therefore it is not other than *the one*, it is alone one, and will not participate of *the one* but will be *the one itself*. But if it is something other than *the one*, which is not *the one* but a participant of it, it is alike one and non-one,—*one being*, indeed, since it partakes of oneness or unity, but not oneness itself. This therefore is neither *the one* itself, nor that which *the one* is. But, since it is one and at the same time a participant of *the one*, and on this account not one *per se*, it is alike one and not one, as it is something other than *the one*. So far as it is multiplied (departs from simplicity) it becomes not one; and so far as it experiences a privation of number or multitude (returns to a simple state) it becomes one. Everything, therefore, which participates of *the one* is alike one and not one.

Commentary:—Proklos understands by multitude or number (πλῆθος) everything which is mixed, compounded, or in any respect non-simple—in brief, all things other than *the supreme one* or Unity itself. It has been shown that all things partake in some degree of unity. By virtue of this participation every number or individual thing is at the same time one and non-one—one

*i. e. Every multitude or number.

through participation or communion but not one essentially or *per se*, because in this case it would be *one itself*, and not merely a participant of it. So far as any individual or thing departs from its primal abiding with the *supreme unity* so far it becomes multiplied or compounded: it becomes one or returns to its original abode exactly to the degree that it rids itself of multiplicity or everything alien to its true nature.

[Contributed.]

DRUIDISM AND POPULAR WELSH OCCULTISM.

Of the modest, well-meaning ghost who has useful knowledge to convey, and who imparts it in a practical business-like way, I have met few better examples than the following:

Two travelers in Wales, benighted, had lost their way. Seeing a light not far off, they hurried toward it; upon nearing it they saw a large castle, which was evidently occupied in one wing only, as that portion alone was lighted. Making known their condition, they were cordially invited by the inmates of the castle to remain for the night. Their host informed them, apologetically, that, owing to the impoverished condition of the family, only this wing of the castle was at present inhabited.

After supper they were ushered into a bed-room which had no peculiarity except that the bed was not set close to the wall, but stood out far enough for a person to pass between it and the wall; as this was evidently so arranged as to be handy in making up the bed, it was not remarked upon by either of the travelers. In the night they both awoke, each having the impression that some one had entered the room. Sitting up in bed, they both saw the figure of a woman standing at the foot of the bed. The older of the two

men, upon seeing that the figure did not resemble any of the family or servants whom he had seen the evening before, said hastily:

"Who, in God's name, are you, and what do you want?"

"I am very thankful," said the visitant, "to find some one speak to me; for I have tried many years to have some one speak, but all who have slept here before have been too frightened to address me. Have no fear: my appearance is for a good purpose. Many years ago, during the Wars of the Roses, the innabitants of this castle were obliged to flee. They had much valuable plate, which was hidden by the housekeeper for safe keeping; and when the family returned the plate could not be found, for the housekeeper had met an untimely fate, and could not inform them where she had concealed the plate. I am the spirit of that unhappy woman, and I cannot rest until the descendants of my employers shall have what rightfully belongs to them. I will now show you where to find this plate; and you by telling your host will confer a great favor on him, and will release me from my bondage."

She then passed between the bed and the wall, and —all in ghostly seeming—opened a cupboard in the wall and exposed to view the long-lost plate. Upon receiving the solemn promise of these two brave men—who had not quailed, even when they discovered their they discovered their visitor to be a "ghost"—that they would convey her message, she disappeared, let us hope to rest from the multifarious cares of housekeeping!

Although, in the morning, an examination of the wall revealed no traces of a cupboard, the friends resolved to acquaint their host with the strange occurrence of the night, whereupon he informed them that the room had long been reputed to be haunted, and that the silverware had been lost so long before that

it was now only a family tradition. Knowing, however, that his guests were entire strangers and could not even have been aware of this tradition, after first pledging them to secresy, and giving them a cordial invitation to remain and await further developments, he sent to the nearest village for a carpenter. They four then proceeded to the chamber, and when the carpenter, by aid of his tools, had torn away the portion of the wall indicated to them the night before by the ghost of the housekeeper, the cupboard door came to view; and, upon forcing it open, there, in all truth, was silver and gold plate enough to gladden the heart of any man.

Less reasonable than the ghost of this good woman was the spectre that pertinaciously haunted a young Welshman named Rosser, ruining the happiness of his entire life. As both Rosser and his betrothed, Ann Phillips (these names are *bona fide*) were well-known friends of my father, I give the tale in his words:

"Rosser was a miner in iron ore, working in a tunnel underground. One evening as he was working all alone in his room—all the men that wrought in the other rooms, and even the driver of the horse that drew their wagons and their ore out, having left for home, and night had set in outside—a presence appeared to him which he at first took for one of his fellow workmen, but soon found out to be that of a dead man, killed in that work by a fall of the roof upon him, who demanded that Rosser should go with him to Brecon—a place some eighteen or nineteen miles distant from there—to discharge some mysterious office for him. Rosser, scared by the uncanny spectre, lacked the courage at the outset to say him nay positively, but dallied with him, thinking thus to get rid of him. But that only made him grow bolder. As soon as night fell, if Rosser chanced to tarry at his work, it appeared

to him. At last it followed him to his home,—old Thomas Roberts' house, a pious old deacon in the Calvinistic Methodist Church, with whom Rosser lodged—and appeared to him as soon as it was nightfall, night after night regularly, for months in succession, till the man was nearly distracted. Rosser was somewhat dissipated, haunted taverns, drank, and made merry with giddy young men; but to get peace to his mind by a riddance of this pest, he joined church, and held on to it for a year and a half, during which time he was left unmolested. As soon, however, as he fell back to his old habits and merry companions, the spectre returned to him, appearing now in various shapes, one night like a man, in another like a bull, a lion, etc. He used to point him out to old Mr. Roberts: 'There he is now, like a man [or a lion as it might happen] to-night!" 'Where?' the old man would ask. 'There, in that corner.' Then the old man would rush fearlessly to the spot indicated. 'There, he has moved to that place," Rosser would say; and the old man,—who did not see the apparition,—would rush to that place, and so on. At last Rosser agreed to go with the ghost and discharged the office it desired him to do. Old Thomas Roberts went with him into the garden, and testified afterwards that he saw Rosser standing on the wall of the garden, and mounting thence into the sky, up and onward. He was gone not quite an hour, and on returning told where he had been, to an old farmhouse near the town of Brecon, nineteen miles away, borne through the air above the houses, the tall chimneys, and the flames of the blast furnaces, there and back. He could hear the people at supper in the farmhouse when he was taken up to the garret to unearth some old cobbler tools that had been secreted there many years before. Rosser was let alone after that; but he was never afterwards like his former self, or other men, but melancholy, sad

and out of heart, though he married Ann Phillips. He was subject to strange fits of horror at the time of the moon when that weird event occurred."

Such tales of hauntings of rooms and people may be multiplied indefinitely; let these two suffice for our present purpose. That the animal soul of a person may haunt a place I doubt not, or that it may assume animal shapes; yet doubtless such experiences are usually psychometric—mere astral photographs and phonographs. As such a flight through the air as that of Rosser is clearly impossible, it was evidently a mesmeric hallucination, in which the good old deacon became involved, Since similar illusions are easily produced by a mesmeriser upon a subject, or may be received with a marvellous sense of reality from an object examined psychometrically, surely the earth-bound ghost may be conceded to have the same power. And in the æther, where matter ceases to be what we ordinarily denominate matter, and manifests a certain life its own, we should naturally expect to encounter forms of life other than human. Such, for instance, is the *cythrath;* I know no name for this in English. It was a blood-curdling sound of lamentation and wailing that was wont to pass through a community in which some dire disaster, as death by fire-damp or dumb-damp, or a fall of the earth (roof of their rooms) or some other accident, was about to occur, for several evenings in succession, sometimes for weeks or months, in advance of the occurrence,—a fearful premonition to the community, audible generally to all the dwellers of the place. It was dangerous to answer it aloud, even by mistake; for in that case it would stop on the spot and give vent to screams, and howls so loud, unearthly and horrible as to terrify a person of even the stoutest nerve.

The wraith (*gwrach y rhibyn*) was a frightful spectacle, seen frequently in Wales. It was the form of a tall wo-

man, with long hair hanging down loose about her head, except in front, moving over the ground with a gliding motion, muttering to herself, "*Fy nhyn, fy nhyn*" ("my man"). Rev. D. Davies, a pupil of Rev. Ebenezer Morris, Twrgwyn, Cardigan, the great pulpit orator of South Wales, told me that Mr. Morris saw it when he was young. He had to traverse a lonely mountain on his visits home from teaching school, on Friday afternoon, very late. He was overtaken by a dense fog, in which he lost his road. While moving hither and thither in search of the track, such a figure as the above came gliding past him, muttering "*Fy nhyn.*" Never suspecting that she was other than a real woman, he inquired of her about the road; but paying no attention to him, she kept on her way, saying "*Fy nhyn, fy nhyn;*" when he ran after her and asked her brusquely to show him the road, at which she turned on him, and grinning and gnashing uncovered the most horrid set of teeth, long and ghastly, he ever saw, and then disappeared. And at this the mist cleared away, and he found his road at once. Mr. Davies told me that Mr. Morris was wont to relate this incident occasionally in the pulpit when preaching.

The belief in fairies still lingers in some of the rural regions of Wales, such as lonely farmhouses and hamlets among the mountains. I have conversed with some old people who averred that they had seen them dancing around their circle on moonlight evenings in the summer. One lady—not old either—insisted that a brother of hers once saw a circle of them, and that he has never acted like his former self since. There is a tale of a young man who left home one evening, when his mother was baking oatmeal cakes before the fire, and on his way to town met a party of fairies dancing around their circle. He was somehow drawn in among them and danced, as he supposed, for about two

hours with them. When he returned home his mother was baking cakes—the same cakes on the selfsame evening as seemed to him.

"Mother," said he, "haven't you done baking those cakes yet?"

His mother, on hearing his voice, looked up in utter astonishment. He had been gone a whole year.

These fairies can make themselves visible or invisible at will, and perform freaks of a startling nature. Generally capricious, mischievous and revengful, they are capable of gratitude, and readily requite any kindness or accommodation done to them. For example, if the good housewife would leave a loaf of bread and a pailful of milk on the table over night for their accomodation, she would find the bread and milk gone in the morning and a broad piece of silver or gold on the table as her compensation. On the other hand, popular belief has it that they are given to stealing children, strong, handsome, likely babies. Tales are still told in Wales of mothers, who, after a short absence from the nursery, found a small weasen thing instead of their own infant, which grew up with something weird and uncanny about it. The stolen child was believed to be, in some occult way, initiated by the fairies into their own terrestrial immortality and aimless levity, living contentedly with them in their deep subterranean caverns or halls begilt with gold. This destiny was considered to be the greatest calamity that could befall a human being.

Among other queer stories is that of a captive Welshman who was redeemed from the pirates of Morocco (Barbery States) by means of bogus gold supplied by a benevolent gnome. The originals of these tales have been utterly inaccessible since Bonaparte the antiquarian purchased all the manuscripts in Wales and took them away with him to Corsica. There are English versions of them by a well-known authoress, but as to

their accuracy or literary finish I have no present information. The following, however, is a specimen of the Mabinogion:

Once upon a time, how long ago I wot not, a young man, the only son of a farmer living in a mountain district in the land of choice sheep and delicious mutton, missed a young lamb from his father's flock. As he descended a deep gorge at the north end of the farm in search of the missing animal, he descried an opening in the side of the huge rocky cliff in the gorge that he had never seen before, familiar as he was with the place. It was a large, deep cavern, the sides and roof of which were covered with pure gold, and decked with glistening gems. In the outer entrance a bevy of young damsels, the loveliest in beauty of feature and form he had ever set eyes upon, were winding in the gay, fantastic mazes of the fairies' dance, stepping to the measure of entrancing strains which issued from their own sweet lips. But beautiful as they were, one among them there was whose beauty was so dazzling she eclipsed all the rest. Peerless among fairies was her beauty; and her waving, willowy motions in the dance intoxicated the senses of the youth, and his heart was captivated at once.

As he gazed upon her, so bewitched did he become that he felt fain to rush forward and clasp her in his arms. As he stepped toward her with this intention, a stone gave way under his foot, making a tremendous racket as it rolled down hill, throwing him headlong after it; so, for a moment, he lost sight of the cavern, in saving himself; and when he regained his footing and again looked to see his beloved, behold! the cavern had vanished, like the fairy fabric of a vision that it was, and left nothing behind but the brown hillside. Could he believe his eyes? To make sure, quite sure, he crawled down and over to the other side, where he had

seen the wondrous pageant. But there he could see and feel only the solid rock. So he went home, sighing all the way, and found he was late to supper. He had totally forgotten the missing lamb, and made no further search for it.

The next day he set out for the gorge, reaching there to the minute; and, to the unspeakable delight of his love-lorn heart, the vision was there. Having learned the value of caution and self-control, he let well enough alone, and from a proper distance drank in the sight and the entrancing music till the vision vanished with the coming of nightfall. Well, this thing went on till the old folks began to notice his strange conduct and looks.

"What has come over our boy," said the old lady to his father, one day. "He has lost his appetite entirely an' never gets home in time for supper; he eats next to nothing, cook what I may for him. He is getting thinner every day, an' goes about with his head hanging down, a muttering an' a mumbling to his-self, an' talks i' his sleep. What is the matter, father?"

"I dunno," growled the old man. "But he spends all his afternoons a somewhere, an' neglects the poor sheep; t'other day I lost a foine lamb by his carelessness. I'll have to get another hand if Jack keeps on this way."

And true it was. Jack was growing thinner each day. He was almost crazed, poor fellow, and knew not what to do. He felt that life was not worth the living without the beautiful fairy; and yet every time he made the least advance toward the cavern, the whole set of dancers would fly up into the air, like a flock of swallows, crying: "Our sister, our sister! A mortal is after our sister!" until they disappeared from sight. Yet on the next day when Jack would reach the ravine, the fairy vision was there, as in days previous, to entrance

his soul and make a fool of him. It was so sweet, so delightful, yet so tantalizing.

One day, early in the afternoon, when the sky was darkly overcast with thick clouds, Jack's father sent him to the mountain to look after some sheep that were grazing there. Jack was loth to go. He preferred going to the gorge; but the old man had stolen a march on him before he had had a chance to steal away as usual, and insisted that he must go to the sheep-fold on the mountain. So Jack started, but when out of sight took a round-about route, so as to get aglimpse of the enchanted rock, if nothing more. To his amaze, there was nothing to be seen of the golden hall and fairy circle.

The rock stood gaunt and grim as though it held no witching secret within its flinty bosom.

Jack turned and wended his way up the steep mountain side with a heavy, sadly-disappointed heart. As he rounded a huge boulder, he came suddenly upon a thick-set, farmer-like little mannikin dressed in farmer's garb, and a young girl, taller than the old man, slenderly built and exquisitely proportioned, dressed in filmy white. She was weeping bitterly, with her face in her hands. Having surveyed them in astonishment, Jack abruptly asked the old man:

"Who is she?"

"My daughter," was the gruff response.

"What ails her that she cries so?" was Jack's next query.

"She's a fool!" savagely retorted the old man. "She loves a mortal rather than any of the youths of her people."

With that the girl removed one hand from her face—lo! it was the sweet, blushing face that had captivated him when he first beheld it in the gorge.

"Happy mortal," he murmured in the dulcet tones of love, "to have won the heart of one so beautiful."

"Sayest thou so?" eagerly ejaculated the old man. "Wouldst thou feel happy to possess her and her heart?"

"Would I?" was Jack's glad reply. "Try me; I would be the happiest of men."

"Very well, then," said the old man; "she is thine. For thee she weeps, and will not be content. Our people have concluded to let thee have her; but she feared thou wouldst not wed a fairy."

"Ah, would I not most gladly!" cried Jack, and he clasped her in his arms and kissed the tremulous, half-smiling lips; but the kiss almost scorched Jack's lips, for hers were like fire.

"That will pass," said her father, "as soon as she is wedded to thee after the manner of mortals. Now, mark my stipulations. Thou must be here with a priest to meet us to-morrow at the self-same hour on this very spot. But ere we part thou must swear by thy God that thou wilt never be harsh or unkind to her. Also, thou must never touch her with iron or any metal, for on the day that thou so touchest her, even accidentally, her people will appear and take her from thee. Dost thou swear to this?"

"I do, most solemnly," said Jack.

"Very well," said the old man; "do not fail to be here to-morrow on time, and I will meet you with my daughter, and with enough of the gold you mortals worship to carry you both through life."

With that they both disappeared like a flash; and Jack went up the hill singing like a lark, the happiest man in all fair Cambria.

True to his promise, he procured a priest; and, long before the time appointed, was on the spot, impatiently

awaiting the coming of his bride, fearing lest he had dreamed the scene of the day before.

Promptly to the minute came the old fairy with his daughter and a bag of gold; and to the church they all went, where Jack's parents and the neighbors had assembled in compliance with his invitation. Jack and his lady love were married in due form, her father being present but invisible all the time.

The pile of gold which the old fairy had brought conciliated Jack's father—a crusty, avaricious old man—to the match, and enabled Jack to set up a very stylish establishment which raised him above the plane of his former social life, and saved him from the outcome of his former companions' curiosity touching his wife's derivation and kindred. Nevertheless, the women of the neighborhood could not keep from speculating on these topics; and many and curious were their conjectures. She was a rich lady who had come from Persia, from India or from Japan, as different ones had it, and Jack had met her while she was traveling through Wales. Some of them approached Jack's parents on the subject; but his mother knew no more about the mystery than they, while his father was held to complete silence by the old fairy's threat to him that if he ever mentioned this secret he would spirited away to a subterranean dungeon.

Jack's honeymoon lasted long. Infatuated with his charming bride, his happiness seemed to wax rather than wane. Ten years passed, in which three children were born to the happy pair—bright, beautiful children more after the type of the mother than the father—in whom the mother delighted, and over whom the father doted. Never was he weary of descanting on their transcendent qualities, the fairness of their complexion, the blueness of their eyes, their beauty, sprightliness and wit.

All the time that Jack's father could spare from the ale-house among his cronies he spent at his son's house playing with the children, carrying the baby in his arms, teaching the older grandson to ride his pony, and making wonderful daisy chains and toys for the little girl. The children dearly loved their games with their grandfather, although they had no lack of playfellows. Groups of child-like beings of their own size, coming from no one knew where, mingled with them in their plays, with whom they had a mysterious affinity; and the community was rife with strange rumors about the doings at Jack's mansion, that his wife and children had something uncanny about them; that at his entertainments (for, with all the wealth of the fairies' underworld home at their disposal, he and his wife were famed for princely hospitality), strange people, small in stature and singularly attired, came, no one could tell whence, and mingled in the dance; and when Jack's wife played on a harp and sung for them, strange voices of unearthy melody, that seemed sometimes in the air above and at other times floating around the spacious apartment, chimed in with her voice and the voices of the children, forming such a concert as they had never heard in their lives before. And among envious neighbors there was many an ominous shake of the head over these ghostly doings.

One summer day when the hostler was absent, Jack's heir and namesake wished to take a ride; and to please him his father offered to catch the pony, which was in the pasture; but the pony was frisky and fractious, and determined not to be caught. His wife, who from the balcony was watching his futile efforts to catch the spoiled little animal, thought she would go out and help him. She had often petted the pony and he was very fond of her. As he saw her coming down the path of the lawn he came to the fence and stood still

till she was near enough to grasp his forelock. Jack had a bridle flung over his arm, and she motioned him to hand it to her while she petted and talked to the pony. He, fearing to come too near lest the pony might tear loose from her grasp, threw the bridle gently towards her. It alighted on her shoulder and the bit happened to strike her. Jack at that moment recalled in dismay his stipulation to the old fairy—all too late! With a shriek she let go of the pony and flew up into the air, which seemed alive with the forms of her kindred, drawn thither by her scream, and the air reverberated with their cries of "Our sister! Oh, our sister!" and in a twinkling she had disappeared with them from Jack's horrified gaze. With an imploring cry he threw up his arms to the smiling heavens; but there was no reponse to his impassioned gesture, and in his despair he threw himself upon the green grass. How long he remained there he did not know; but when he arose a dark cloud had overcast the sky, and the air was chilly with the approach of a storm. With a sudden new fear in his heart he hastened to the house for his children; but there was no sign of the children—they had gone also. The servants were huddled together in horrified groups. They said the air had been filled with voices, and the children had flown toward the sky and disappeared like a flash. The golden fortune was gone, too; and shortly after Jack left the house heartbroken, the beautiful mansion crumbled and fell, lying a heap of ruins on the spot where Jack's dearest hopes had been centered so long. Nothing remained but the old farm-house and its furniture, as it was of yore ere Jack fell in love with the belle of the fairy tribe. He never recovered from his grief, but lived for some years a restless wanderer over the hillsides, till death came as a welcome visitant and ended his earthly sorrows.

[*To be Concluded.*]

PHILOSOPHIC VERSION OF A TEXT IN HEBREWS.

BY

THOMAS TAYLOR.*

It has lately occurred to me, that the 3d verse of Hebrews xi. is not only erroneously translated in all the modern versions of the New Testament, but that in its true meaning it strongly favours one of the leading dogmas of those ancient Christian heretics, the Valentinans, and shows St. Paul to have entertained opinions somewhat analogous to the Platonic theory of ideas. The passage in the original is as follows:

Πιστει νοουμεν κατηρτισθαι τους αιωνας ρηματι θεου, εις το μη εκ φαινομενων τα βλεπομενα γεγονεναι.

This, in the English version, is rendered: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

In the first place, *the worlds* is evidently a forced interpretation of *αιωνας;* and, even admitting it was not, leaves the passage very ambiguous, from the uncertainty to what worlds St. Paul alludes. If we adopt *ages*, which is the general sense of the word in the New Testament, we shall indeed avoid a forced and ambiguous interpretation, but we shall render the meaning of the apostle trifling in the extreme: for, as he has elsewhere told us "that all things were framed by the word of God," what particular faith does it require to believe that by the same word he framed the ages?

I observe, in the second place, that according to the definition of faith, given in the first verse of this chapter, that it is "the evidence of *things not seen*," it is clear that St. Paul is speaking in this passage of something *invisible*. Since then *αιωνας* is neither *worlds* nor *ages*,

*Monthly Magazine for February, 1797: Letter to the Editor.

what shall we say it is? I answer the *æones* of the Valentinians: and, agreeably to this, the whole passage should be translated as follows: "By faith we understand that the *æones* were framed by the word of God, in order that things which are seen might be generated from such as do not appear (*i. e.* from things *invisible*)." Every one who is much conversant with Greek authors must certainly be convinced that εις το means *in order that:* and I was glad to find that Bishop Pearson translates as I have done the latter part of this verse.

Now we learn from the second book of Irenæus against the Heretics, that according to the Valentinians all created things are the images of the *æones* resident in the *pleroma*, or *fullness of deity*. And does it not clearly follow, from the above version, that according to St. Paul too, the *æones* are the exemplars of visible or created things? To which we may add, that this sense of the passage wonderfully accords with the assertion that "faith is the evidence of things not seen." For here the *things which do not appear* are the *æones;* these, according to the Valentinians, subsisting in deity. So that from our version St. Paul might say, with great propriety, that "we understand by faith that the æones were framed by the word of God, in order that things which are seen might be generated from such as do not appear:" for this naturally follows from his definition of faith.

It appears likewise that St. Paul mentions these æones, Heb. i. ver. 2. where he asserts, "that they were produced by God through Christ."

I farther add, that among these *æones* of the Valentinians were νους, βυθος, σιγη, αληθεια, σοφια, *i. e. intellect, a profundity, silence, truth,* and *wisdom,* which, as the learned Gale well observes in his notes on Iamblichus de Mysteriis, &c., prove their dogmas to be of

Chaldaic origin. For these words perpetually occur in the fragments of the Chaldaic oracles; not to mention that the middle of the Chaldean intelligible triad is denominated αιων, æon.

It will be said, perhaps, that these oracles were forged by certain heretical Christians,* but this may easily be confuted by considering that they were largely commented on by Porphyry, Iamblichus, and Proclus, who are well known to have been great enemies to the [orthodox] Christian religion; and that it is very unlikely men of such uncommon learning and sagacity should have been so grossly deluded.† Besides, though these oracles were the fountains of the Valentinian dogmas, yet it will be found by a diligent inspection that they are repugnant in most particulars to the leading tenets of Christians of all denominations. Hence Proclus has largely shown, in his books on Plato's The-

*There is not the slightest foundation for this notion: it is simply absurd.—EDITOR OF THE PLATONIST.

†That some of these oracles may be confidently ascribed to Zoroaster, and that others of them are of much less antiquity, is I think evident from the following considerations: in the first place, Joannes Picus, earl of Mirandola, in a letter to Ficinus informs him that he was in possession of the oracles of Zoroaster, in the Chaldean tongue, with a commentary on them by certain Chaldean wise men. And that he did not speak this from mere conjecture (as Fabricius thinks, and many other learned men have thought, he did) is evident from his expressly asserting, in a letter to Urbinatus (Op. p. 256), that after much labour he had at length learned the Chaldean language. and still farther, he has inserted in his works fifteen conclusions, founded on this very Chaldean manuscript, though they appear to have escaped the notice of all the critics.

In the next place, Proclus cites one of these oracles as prior, and another as posterior, to Plato. And what is still more, in his MSS. Scholia on the Cratylus, he says that certain oracles respecting the intelligible and intellectual orders were delivered by Theurgists, under the reign of Marcus Antoninus.

ology, that the several orders of gods mentioned in these oracles are perfectly conformable to those delivered by Plato in various parts of his works.

I only add, that as these *æones* of St. Paul, and the Valentinians, are the exemplars of the visible universe, it is evident that in this respect they are analogous to the ideas of Plato.

LETTERS OF PAUL.

A New Translation,

BY

MYLES COVERDALE, JR.

III.

Paul, designated an Apostle, and Sosthenes the Brother, to the Society which is in Korinthos, Greeting and peace:

I thank God always in respect to you, because you are enriched in every thing,—in every utterance (λογος) and every knowledge (γνωσις)—so that you are behind in no benefit, having received the Manifestation (*apocalypse*) of the Lord who will also keep you blameless till the Perfecting period (τελος).

Now, Brothers, I entreat you that you all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you; but that you be put in order anew in the same mind and in the same opinion. For it has been shown to me in respect to you, Brothers, by persons of the house of Chloe, that there are dissensions among you. But this I say: Because every one of is saying "I am a follower of Paul," "I am of the party of Apollos," "I am an adherent of Kephas," and "I am a disciple of the Noble One" (χρηστος)—the Noble One is not divided!

Was Paul crucified in your behalf, or were you baptised in the name of Paul? [I thank God because I did

not baptise one of you, except Crispus and Gaius; so that nobody may say that I baptised in my own name. And I baptised also the household of Stephanos; as for the rest, I do not know whether I baptised any one else]. For the Noble One did not commission me to baptise but to teach the doctrine, not in the wisdom of speech, to the end that the cross may not be made ineffectual. For the Word to those who are perishing, is absurdity; but to those who are being saved, to us it is Divine Power. Where, then, a Sage, where a Scribe, where a reasoner of this period? Did not God make the wisdom of the present period foolish?

For truly in the wisdom of God—the world through wisdom did not know God—it pleased God through the proclaiming of folly to save those who believed.

Since, also, Judæans demand symbols, and the Hellenes require wisdom, we on the other hand proclaim the Noble One crucified, to the Judæans a stumbling-block and to the other peoples an absurdity, but to those called, both Judæans and others, the Divine Power and the Divine Wisdom; because that which is a folly with God is wiser than what is wisdom with human beings, and that which is an infirmity with God is stronger than what is might among mankind.

Consider your Call, Brothers; that not many wise according to human estimate, not many in high rank, not many of noble birth, but the foolish of the world God chose in order that he might put the wise ones to shame; and the weak of the world he chose in order that he might shame the mighty; and the low-born of the world, even the despised, he chose, the things which are as nothing, in order that he may put to naught the things which are highly regarded. Hence no human being may boast in his presence. [But out from him are you in the Noble One, who became to us from God, wisdom, justice, sanctification and ransom—to the end

as it is written: "Whoever boasteth in the Lord let him boast."]

And I, Brothers, when I came to you, I came, setting forth the Divine Mystery to you, not with superior speech or wisdom; for I decided to know nothing which was among you except Jesus the Noble One, even the one crucified. I even was with you, weak, fearful and very timorous; and my discourse, even my proclaiming was not by persuasion, in reasonings of wisdom, but in a demonstration of spirit and power [to the end that your faith may not be in human wisdom, but in divine power.] But we talk wisdom among the Perfect, yet not a wisdom of this present time nor of the archons of this present time, who are becoming of no account, but we talk the divine wisdom, in a Mystery, arcane, which none of the archons of this world knew [for if they had known it, they would not have placed the Lord of the Glory on a Cross]; but according as it is written: "What an eye did not see and an ear did not hear, and what came not up in man's heart—the things which God prepared for those who love him"—to us he manifested them through the spirit. [For the spirit searches every thing, even the very depths of the Divine. For who knows the depths of man, except it is the spirit of the man that is in him? So, likewise, no one knows the depths of the Divine except the spirit of God.] But we did not receive the spirit of the world, but the spirit which proceeds out from God, so we may know the things bestowed by God upon us; which things we talk familiarly, not in lessons learned of human wisdom, but in those learned of the spirit, interpreting spiritual things by spiritual things. But a psychic man does not receive the things of the spirit; for they are utter folly to him, and he cannot know them because they are spiritually examined. But the spiritual person examines everything, but he himself is

not examined by any one. [For who knew the Lord's purpose, that will instruct him? But we have the purpose of the Noble One.]

And I, Brothers, was not able to talk with you as spiritual persons, but as corporeal, as little children, I made you drink milk not food: for you were not yet able to digest. But you are not even now, for you are yet corporeal. When there is rivalry among you and strife, are you not corporeal and do you not act after a man's ways? When one says: "I am a follower of Paul," and another "I am of the party of Apollos," are you not mere men? What then is Apollos, and what is Paul? Servants (*διάκονοι*) through whom you came to the faith, and to every one as the Lord gave. I planted, Apollos watered, but God caused the growth; so that neither he that planted nor he that watered is of any account, but only God who caused the growing. But he that planted and he that watered are one; and each will receive his particular compensation according to his work. For we are God's fellow-craftsmen; you are God's tillage, God's structure.

According to the gift of God which was bestowed on me I as a skilful architect have laid a foundation; but another has carried up the building. But let every one take care how he carries up the structure. For nobody can lay any foundation besides the one already laid. But if any one building upon the foundation uses gold, silver, costly stones, wood, grass, straw, the work of every one will become manifest; for the day will show it, because it will be revealed in fire; and every one's work, what it is, the fire will prove. If any one's work which he has built thereon shall remain, he will receive a compensation. But if any one's work shall be burned, he will be punished; yet he will himself be saved, but as through fire.

[Do you not know that you are God's temple, and the

spirit of God dwells in you? If any one destroys God's temple, God will destroy him.]

[Let no one deceive himself; if any one among you is thought to be wise in this present time, let him become as a fool in order that he may become really wise. For the wisdom of this world is utter folly in the presence of God. For it is written: "Taking the wise in their own craftiness;" and again: "The Lord knows the reasonings of the sages that they are worthless."]

[Hence, let no one vaunt himself among men. Everything is yours—whether Paul, or Apollos, or Kephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things future,—all are yours.]

Let a man so account of us as officers of the Noble One and Stewards of the Mysteries; and as to the rest, it is required among the Stewards that one shall be found faithful. But to me it is a very little thing that I may be judged by you [or by a man's day]; but, on the other hand, I do not judge myself. For I am conscious of nothing in regard to myself. Yet I am not justified in this respect; but the one judging me is the Lord. Judge not anything before the proper time, till the Lord comes, who will bring dark secrets to light and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts of men; and then every one shall have commendation from God.

But, Brothers, I tranferred these things to myself and Apollos because of you, that you may learn not to think in our case beyond what is written, that you may not be puffed up, one in behalf of one against another. For what distinguishes thee? what hast thou which thou didst not receive? but if thou didst indeed receive why dost thou vaunt thyself as though one not receiving? Already you have been satiated, already you were rich, apart from us you reigned as kings; indeed, I wish you

were reigning, so that we also might reign together with you.

For I am of opinion that God exhibited us, the last Apostles, as condemned to death, because we have become a public spectacle to the world, to angels and to human beings; we as fools and you wise ones, we as weak and you as strong, we as unhonored and you as illustrious. At this present time we are hungry, thirsty, naked, buffeted, wandering about; and we labor, working with our own hands. When reviled, we speak kindly; when persecuted we endure; when calumniated we are suppliant; we become now as refuse of the world, the scum of the universe.

I am not writing these things as putting you to shame, but reminding you as my children beloved. For though you may have ten thousand child-conductors, yet you have not any number of fathers; for I alone am your father through the doctine of the Noble One. I therefore entreat of you, become children in my likeness (*μιμηται*). On this very account I sent you Timotheos, who is my beloved and faithful child, who will recall to your memory my ways, as I am teaching everywhere in every society.

But as I was not coming to you some became insolent; but I shall come to you suddenly, if the Lord is willing. [Then I will know not the word of those who have been insolent, but the power. For the kingdom of God is not in word but in power.] What do you wish? Shall I come with a rod, or in charity and a spirit of gentleness? In a word, lewdness is reported among you, such lewdness as there is not among the various nations,—as that one has taken his father's wife. And you have been insolent and have not been in mourning instead, to the end that he who did this deed might be taken from among you. For I, indeed, being absent in the body but present in the spirit have already thus de-

cided as though I was present in regard to the one who did this thing, to give him up to the Adversary [for the destruction of the flesh in order that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus.] Your vaunting of yourselves is not becoming. Do you not know that a little leaven sets the whole dough in ferment? Cleanse out the old leaven in order that you may be a new dough, so that you are unleavened: for our passover—Christ, was sacrificed. Hence we may keep the festival, not with old leaven nor with leaven wicked and evil, but with unleavened bread genuine and true.

I wrote you in the letter not to mingle with male prostitutes—certainly not with those that are connected with this world,* or the grasping and rapacious, or with idolaters; since above all you ought to come out from the world. And now I wrote you: if any one called a Brother either a male prostitute, or grasping, or an idolater, or abusive, or drunken or rapacious, that you shall not mingle with such, nor even eat. For why must I judge those outside? do you not judge those who are within? But those outside God will judge. Remove the evil one from among yourselves.

Does any one of you that has a matter of controversy with another, dare bring it to trial before unjust and not before holy men? Do you not know that the holy ones will be judges of the world; and if the world is to be brought to trial by you, are you not worthy of the very little matters of judgment? Do you not know that we are to judge angels? why not, then, the matters of everyday life? If, then, you may hold judgment in matters of everyday life, you set them down as judges who are despised in the Society. I speak thus to your

*Korinthos was the Seat of a temple of the Eastern Aphrodite and her worship was attended by the enormities which characterized it in Oriental countries. The corruption of Korinthian morals was a by-word in all Greece.

shame: Is there not among you a wise person who will be able to decide between Brothers? On the other hand, does a Brother go to law with a Brother, and this before the unbelievers? Already, indeed therefore, there is deterioration with you, because you have lawsuits with one another. Why do you not rather submit to injustice? why do you not rather consent to be defrauded? But you yourself perpetrate unjust acts and defraud even the Brothers. Do you not know that the unjust will not inherit the kingdom of God? Do not be misled: neither male harlots, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate persons, nor abusers of themselves with males, nor the robbers, nor the covetous, nor drunkards, nor manglers, nor rapacious persons will inherit the divine kingdom. [Yet some of you were like these, but you were washed, but you were made pure, but you were declared just in the name of the Lord Jesus and in the spirit of God.]

Everything is lawful for me, but everything is not expedient; everything is lawful for me, but I shall not be under subjection to any thing. Foods for the belly and the belly for foods; but God will do away with both it and them. And the body is not for prostitution but for the Lord, and the Lord for the body. [And God both did raise up the Lord and will raise us up by his power.] Do you not know that your bodies are the Noble One's organs? Shall I then take the Noble One's organs and make them organs of a prostitute? By no means. Do you not know that the person united with a prostitute is one body? for it is said: "The two shall be as one flesh." But who is joined to the Lord is one spirit. Flee from lewdness. Whatever offense a man shall perpetrate is outside of the body, but the person committing lewdness sins in respect to his own body. [Do you not know your bodies are a dwelling-place of the holy spirit in you, which you have from God, and

you are not your own? You were bought for a price, so do God honor with your body.]

[But as concerns the matters of which you wrote, it would be well for a man not to touch a woman. But because of the prostitutions, let every man have a wife his own, and every woman her own husband. Let the man render to the woman that which is due, and in like manner the woman to the man. [The woman has not the authority over her body, but the man; and in like manner the man has not the authority over his own body, but the woman.] Do not refuse one another unless it be for a brief season by mutual agreement, that you may devote yourselves to prayer, and them resume again the same relation, in order that the Adversary may not bring you to the test, because of want of self-control. [But I am saying this as a concession, not as a command.] But I desire all men to be like I myself. Yet every one has his own gift, in one way or another. I say to the unmarried men and to widows: well for them if they can remain as I; but if they have not due self-control, let them marry; for it is better to marry than to be harassed by desire. But to the married I give direction—not I myself simply but the Lord—that the woman forsake not the man; (but if she does go away let her remain unmarried, or let her become reconciled to her husband); and let not a man forsake his wife. But to the rest, I say—not the Lord: If any Brother has a wife not a believer, and she chooses to live with him, let him not forsake her; and if any woman has a husband not a believer, and he chooses to live with her, let her not forsake the husband—(for the unbelieving husband is hallowed by the wife, and the unbeliving wife is hallowed by the husband; otherwise your children would be unclean but now they are pure)—but if the one not a believer goes away let him go. The Brother or the Sister in such cases is not enslaved. [But God has called us in

peace; for how dost thou know, woman, whether thou wilt not heal the man; or how dost thou know, O man, whether thou wilt not heal the woman?] If not, then as the Lord has assigned the parts, as God has called each one, so let him walk. And so I give commandment in all the Societies. Is any circumcised person called? let him not disguise the circumcision. Is any uncircumcised person called? let him not become circumcised. The circumcision is of no account, the uncircumcision is of no account; but the observing of the divine commandment is required. [*To be Concluded.*]

PLOTINOS:

ON THE NATURE OF LIVING ITSELF, AND ON THE NATURE OF MAN.

ENNEAD I. LIB. I.

Translated from the Original Greek.*

I.—Do troubles, sense, opinions, discursive reason, intelligence, belong to soul alone, or to a compound entity?

Of what nature are pleasures and pains, fears and braveries, desires and aversions, and suffering, the qualities? Do they belong to the pure soul itself, or to the soul using the body as an instrument, or to a certain third nature,—a composite of these two? This nature is two-fold. For it is either a simple composite of soul and body, or another being originating from the composite. And the same may be predicated of those things which arise from the passions [above enumerated], such as actions and opinions. Again, concerning discursive reason (*διάνοια*) and opinion, it must be inquired whether there are passions of these, or whether some of their attributes are passions, and some otherwise. Moreover, we must consider the mode in which intuitive thoughts (*νοήσεις*) exist, and to what nature they

*No English version of this book has previously appeared.

belong. And about these questions we must determine what investigation ought to be made, and what decision should be pronounced. In the first place it must be ascertained to what nature sensation or sense-perception (*τὸ αἰσθάνεσθαι*) pertains. For it is fitting to begin at this point; since passions are either certain sensations or arise in connection with sense.

II.—If soul is not a simple form existing in and *per se* it receives passions: if it is such a form it does not receive them.

Primarily the nature of the soul itself must be investigated: whether the soul and its essence are identical or different. If the soul and its essence are different the soul will unquestionably be a composite; and it will not be absurd for it to receive and have in its nature such passions—if this is rationally allowable—and, in brief, dispositions and habits of every kind, good and bad. If soul and its essence are identical, soul will be a form or idea (*εἶδός*) and therefore unreceptive of all those energies, which it confers on another; having in itself a cognate activity, the existence of which reason demonstrates. Thus the soul may truly be said to be immortal, since it is necessary that the immortal and incorruptible be totally void of passion, neither giving anything of itself to another, nor receiving anything of itself from another except so far as it has received something from the entities prior to it, from which superior entities indeed it is not essentially separated. What therefore can such an entity as the soul fear,—since it receives absolutely nothing from external things? Let, therefore, that being alone fear which is able to suffer injury. Again, it will not be brave, for bravery is alone in those beings to which the things that cause fear are not yet present. Moreover, the desires which are satisfied through the body, as when the body is empty and then filled, do not pertain to the psychical essence but to another, viz., to that which can be emptied and filled.

In what mode, then, is it related to a composite or mixture, if its essence is wholly uncompounded? Again, in what manner will it introduce another to itself? For thus acting it would hasten to depart from its genuine essence. But suffering is still far off: for how can sorrow enter such a being? Note that a simple or pure being is essentially independent and self-sufficient, so long as it abides in its essence. But is it delighted at the approach of nothing, not even the good? No: for that which it is, it is always.* Neither is it the object of sensation (sense-perception), nor can discursive reason and opinion be exercised about it,—for sense-perception is the apprehension of form or impassive body, and discursive reason and opinion tend to sense-perception. As to intuitive thought (*νοήσεως*), we must consider in what mode it exists in the soul if we grant that the soul has it; and concerning pure (spiritual) pleasure, how it may be attributed to the soul when the soul exists by and for itself.

III.—The soul lives in and through itself: it vivifies body and uses it as an instrument, but is not therefore necessarily controlled by the corporeal passions or impressions.

Granting that the soul is placed [temporarily] in body, by virtue of its nature,—whether it is essentially prior to this or in this, it is certain that with this it will constitute the whole which is called an animal. Using the body therefore purely as an instrument it will not be compelled to receive or participate of corporeal passions, since artisans are not forced to receive the passions or properties of their instruments. Perhaps the soul temporarily receives sensation (sense-perception) through necessity, as it is necessary to use this as an instrument in order to know through the modifications or impressions of sense the things which are external to it. For instance, in seeing it is necessary to use the eyes. But

*The soul possesses and always possessed the idea of the *good*, and therefore cannot be said to be delighted at its approach.

injuries which befall the sight will also affect the soul; and, further, grief and pain and in brief whatever happens to and about the body will likewise affect the soul to the degree that it partakes of the corporeal passions. Similarly, desires will arise in consequence of the soul seeking the [unnecessary] aid of its instrument. But how will passions from the body come into the soul? True, body is able to impart its properties or passions to another body, but in what way is the nature of body imparted to the soul? If this may be effected, we must suppose that one thing suffers when another, which is of a wholly different nature, is affected.

So far as the soul is considered as the principle which rules, and the body as that which is ruled or used as an instrument, each will be entirely separate. By virtue of this separation* [which is effected through philosophy] the soul is able to use the body as its instrument or servant. But prior to the time that the soul separated itself from the body through philosophy, in what state did it exist? Was it mingled with body? If, however, it was mingled with body it either existed as a composite, or was diffused through the whole body, or was a form inseparable from body, or was a form directing the body like a pilot directs his ship†—or, finally, it was in part

*"We must, however, show how far purification proceeds. For thus it will be evident to whom the similitude is made, and with what God the soul becomes the same. But this is especially to inquire how far it is possible to be purified from anger and desire, and all the other perturbations, such as pain, and things of a kindred nature, and to separate the soul from the body. And perhaps, indeed, to separate the soul from the body, is for the soul to collect itself as it were from different places so as to become entirely impassive, and to make the necessary sensations of pleasures to be only remedies and liberations from pain in order that the soul may not be disturbed in its energies." En. I. lib. II. 5. A translation of this admirable treatise was published in the first volume of THE PLATONIST.

†"Since, therefore, none of the above-mentioned modes of the subsistence of one thing in another* is adapted to the subsistence of the soul in the body, but the soul is said to be in the body in such a way as the pilot is in a ship,—this is well said so far as pertains to the power by which the soul is able to separate itself from the body." En. IV. lib. III. 21

*These modes are enumerated by Aristotle in his Physics.

attached to the body and in part separated from it. That part may be termed separated from the body which uses the body as an instrument, and that part attached to the body which sinks itself to the plane of the instrument and allies itself to it. And philosophy elevates the second part to the plane of the first when it aspires to the first part, turning away as far as necessity will permit from the body with which it is connected,—as it is not always used or dominated.

IV.—The soul is not mingled with neither is it essentially in body, but is present to the whole body. It does not therefore receive passions: it is a composite.

We will presume therefore that the soul is mingled with the body. On this hypothesis the inferior part, *i. e.* the body, will become the better; and the superior part, *i. e.* the soul, will become the worse: the body indeed becomes better by participating of life, and the soul becomes worse by a participation of death and an irrational condition. But how will that from which life is taken away to a certain degree receive as an addition the faculty of sensation (sense-perception)? On the other hand, it is easy to see how the body by partaking of life will receive sense and passions or powers. The body therefore seeks sense, for this is inherent in those things which it will desire, be solicitous about, and enjoy. Likewise the body sees the pleasures escape which it seeks, and finally it is the body which will perish. We must therefore investigate the mode of this mingling or composition,—conceding that it exists. For example, if one should say that this mingling resembles a line united to (or mingled with) a white surface, this is equivalent to saying that a different or alien nature is added to another. But if it is said that the soul is diffused through the body, it does not follow from this that the soul is at the same time copassive with the body; for it may be diffused through an alien substance and yet remain impassive. Further,

it may be said that the soul insinuating itself into the body does not become the recipient of its passions or modifications, [and is with it] like light* [is present to the air] especially if it is extended and diffused as it were through the whole body. It does not therefore become the recipient of the corporeal passions on account of being diffused in and through body. But is it in body like form is in matter? As form, however, it will be separate from body, since form is an essence, and will rather be present in the capacity of a cause or ruler of body. If it is in body like the form or figure is in the iron and which with it constitutes an axe, for instance, and the iron effects whatever it does by virtue of its form or figure,—then, in this case, it would be more reasonable to ascribe to body the common passions: these appertain to a natural organic body having life potentially.† For He‡ says that it is absurd to assert that the soul is so constituted as to essentially desire and grieve, but rather that it is characteristic of the animal nature to experience these passions.

[*To be Concluded.*]

THE LATE DR. ANNA KINGSFORD.

We are assured that our insertion of the following tribute to this lamented and highly gifted lady will gratify a public extending to the furtherest quarters of the globe, to whom she was in the fullest sense of

*"Shall we therefore say, that when the soul is present with the body, it is present in the same manner as light is with the air? For again, this when present is [in reality or essentially] not present. And being present through the whole is mingled with no part of it. It is also itself permanent, but the air flows by it. And when the air becomes situated out of that in which there is light it departs possessing nothing luminous; but as long as it is under the light it is illuminated. Hence, here also it may be rightly said that air is in light, rather than light in air. On this account likewise Plato [in the Timaios] does not place soul in the body of the universe, but the body of the universe in soul" En. IV., lib. III., 22.

†See Aristotle *De Anima*, lib. II. 1.

‡*i. e.*, Plato.

the terms at once Apostle and Prophet. Her labours on behalf of the principles of mercy and justice, especially in their application to the animals, are too well-known to require more than a brief allusion here. For her, not only the happiness of the animal world, but the character of the mankind of the future, was involved in the question. Science, morality, and religion were equally at stake. Hence her assertion, enforced with the impassioned eloquence and logical reasoning for which she was remarkable, that that which is morally wrong cannot be scientifically right; and that to seek one's own advantage regardless of the cost to other sentient beings is to renounce humanity itself,—inasmuch as it is not the form but the character which really makes the man,—and to degrade those who do so to the sub-human and infernal.

The keynote to her teaching was the word Purity. She held that man, like everything else, is only at his best when pure. And her insistance upon a vegetable diet,—which she justified upon grounds at once physiological, chemical, hygienic, economical, moral and spiritual,—was based upon the necessity to his perfection of a purity of blood and tissue attainable only upon a regimen drawn direct from the fruits of the earth and excluding the products of the slaughter of innocent creatures. In thus teaching she had the strongest personal motives. She ascribed her own delicacy of constitution to the violation of the laws of purity by her ancestors: and her knowledge of the cruelties perpetrated in the world, especially those enacted in the name of science, robbed life of all joyousness for her, and made the earth a hell from which she was eager to escape. Her scorn and contempt for a society which, by tolerating vivisection, consented to accept for itself benefits obtained at fuch terrible cost of suffering to others, were beyond all expression.

But Mrs. Kingsford felt herself called to a loftier task than that of enforcing any particular application of her views. Recognising a defective system of thought as the source of the evils she deplored, and the insufficiency of any reform which stopped short at institutions and left men themselves no better; and finding the churches, one and all, failing to provide an adequate remedy;—she set herself to meet the want as only it could be met, namely by interpreting to men their own nature, potentialities and destiny. Hence her devotion to occult science and the studies and experiences represented especially in "The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ,"—a work which has found recognition among students of divine things in all countries irrespective of religion or race, as the fullest exposition concerning God, nature, and man, ever vouchsafed to this planet, and her share in which has gained for her the reputation of being a seer and prophet of unsurpassed lucidity and inspiration. For this book,—with its "marvellous appendices," as they have been styled by a critic of high attainments,—was largely the result of illuminations and inspirations received by her chiefly in sleep, and constituting—as appeared on subsequent investigation—nothing less than a re-delivery from the sources whence it originally came, of that divine Gnosis, variously called Hermetic and Kabalistic, which underlay and controlled all the world's great religions and bibles, and by the aid of which alone these can be interpreted. And this was given to her, not in suggestions and ideas only, but in language clear, precise, and exquisite, wholly beyond her own power of composition, and accompanied by dramatic experiences of the most striking kind. It was this faculty, possessed from childhood,—when it found expression in a number of tales and poems of a highly mystical character,—of withdrawal into the inmost and highest regions of the

consciousness, attaining to full intuition, and being taught directly of the Spirit,—a faculty due doubtless to the strength and purity of her own spirit,—that chiefly differentiated Anna Kingsford from the rest of her kind, and made of her for her intimates—to whom alone she disclosed her secret—a person apart and worthy of especial veneration. Taught from transcendental sources to regard herself as an appointed instrument in the divine hands for the overthrow of the world's materialistic system, she recognised the wisdom of the providence which required of her an especial education, first in the tenets of the christian church, both Catholic and Reformed, and next in the philosophy and science of the world's most materialistic school, the University of Paris.

Only they who know what it is to be hyper-sensitive to their spiritual surroundings can imagine the keen agony to her of the associations to which she was there of necessity exposed. That which sustained and carried her through her university course—a course which she achieved with high distinction,—was the consciousness that her mission was a mission of redemption, and that only to those who have themselves been more or less "perfected through suffering," is such a mission ever intrusted.

Tall, slender, and graceful of form; of striking beauty of face and delicacy of complexion, intelligence of expression and vivacity of manner; with a noble brow, grey, deep-set eyes, a profusion of golden-auburn hair, a full, generous mouth, a rich musical voice, admirable elocution, and a persuasive eloquence; alike artist, poet, orator and philosopher,—Anna Kingsford was as a diamond with many facets, and the admiration and affection with which she inspired her friends, masculine and feminine alike, was of the most fervent kind. Her maiden name,—in which her early writings were pub-

lished, the first when in her fourteenth year,—was Bonus, that of a great Italian family of the earlier middle ages, notable for the variety and excellence of their gifts and achievements and from which her descent is believed to be traceable. She has left a husband and daughter. Her remains are interred in the churchyard of Atcham, near Shrewsbury, the parish of which her husband is vicar.

Although formally received into the Church of Rome in 1870 by Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Kingsford was but nominally a Catholic. For she retained to the last complete independence of thought and action, declining any direction, although the prospect was more than once held before her of being made the head of a new order in the event of her submission. She was, however, too well aware that such compliance meant either total suppression, or the restriction of her sphere of action and influence to a section and a denomination; whereas she regarded her mission as a universal one, consisting in the interpretation to the world of the truth contained in the doctrines of religion. For "the church," she maintained, "has all the truth, but the priests have materialised it, thus making themselves and their people idolaters,—idolatry being the materialisation of things spiritual."

The early withdrawal of one thus gifted and thus commissioned, will to most seem a mystery hard to be solved. But it may well be that as much as was required of her has been accomplished, and that being dead she may yet speak still more effectually through those who remain and who enjoyed her confidence as well as through her writings, of which some yet remain to be published, and by the example of her life.

*HYMN TO APOLLO.**

BY

THOMAS TAYLOR.

THEE, mighty ruler of the world, I sing!
Of life the splendor, and of light the king.
Sprung from a fire ineffably divine,
The world's bright eye, and leader of the Nine.
Whose unmixt rays prophetic truth inspire,
And leap exulting from an unknown fire;
Whose liberated power thro' matter's night
Widely pervades with purifying light:
Whose piercing darts malignant powers annoy,
And all immoderate lawless forms destroy;
And whose revolving motion is the sign
Of symphony collective and divine.
But not in matter's flowing realms alone
Thy matchless power and sacred light is known.
The supermundane realms confess thy might,
And intellectual gods from thee derive their light.
Thee, great Apollo, as their king they own,
And move in mental circles round thy throne.
Thee, too, each ruler of the world reveres,
Those shining eyes that deck the æthereal spheres;
And as they roll with energy divine,
Declare that dignity supreme is thine.
Hence when thy beams, deep merg'd in mental night,
First shone thro' æther with unhop'd-for light,
The mundane gods, with Bacchic joy entranc'd,
Around thy orb in mystic measures danc'd;
And, lost in wonder, saw thy vivid ray
Strike darkness back, and give unbounded day.
Dæmons and heroes venerate thy nod,
Oh fairest image of the highest god!
With souls impassive, whom thy mental fire
Preserves from plunging into Hyle's mire,
Which at the bottom of life's stormy deep,
Polluted souls detains in deadly sleep.
Hail! sov'reign king, by mighty gods ador'd,
Parent of concord, universal lord.

*This entheastic Hymn was first printed in 1794.

Hear! and propitious to thy suppliant's prayer,
Disperse the seeds of life-consuming care;
Display the light of wisdom unconfin'd,
And pour its radiance on my dark'ned mind.
The stores of intellectual wealth be mine,
Peace ever tranquil, and a life divine:
And soon permit me, from the guileful ties
Of matter freed, from life's dark sea to rise,
And leave, expanding wide the wings of mind,
Its dreadful sounding billows far behind.
Here, from thy bosom torn, I sorrowing stay,
And meditate my flight from day to day.
Indignant in the realms of night I roam,
And oft look up and gain a glimpse of home.
As some poor exile on a distant shore,
With mournful eye surveys the country o'er,
And oft looks back, and oft recalls to mind
The pleasing coast and friends he left behind,
Unwilling views the cheerful light of day,
And in ideal prospects pines away;
So grieves my soul while absent and distrest,
She roams an exile from her place of rest.
Oh! haste the period when, from body free,
This wretched exile shall return to thee;
Shall once more recognize her kindred soil,
And prove the blessing of her former toil;
Plac'd where no change impairs, no griefs corrode,
And shining 'midst th' immortal gods a god.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΤΙΜΑΙΟΣ

THE TIMAEUS OF PLATO,

Edited With Introduction and Notes

BY

R. D. ARCHER-HIND, M. A.

London, 1888.

Of all the Platonic writings the Timaios is in some respects the most difficult and abstruse. It has been to most commentators

and translators, ancient and modern, an insoluble puzzle—a species of literary sphinx which looks at them with a stony gaze and returns no answer to their numerous and persistent queries. In despair many have abandoned the attempt to penetrate and apprehend the mysteries of this grand literary monument of antique wisdom. Some have interpreted it to their own satisfaction, and to the dissatisfaction of all other Platonic students. Others have candidly admitted that they could make nothing of this wonderful dialogue. And yet one need not grapple with the difficulties of the Timaios in the dark, so to speak. There is a lamp which throws a clear light on the darkest recesses, if one understands how to use it. We refer to the exhaustive and admirable Commentary of the famous Proklos, distinctively called the Platonic Successor on account of his preeminence as an interpreter of the writings of Plato the Divine. This Commentary may justly be termed a vast treasury of ancient wisdom. Most unfortunately the whole of this inestimable work is not extant. Probably only one-third of it remains, as it explains about one-third of the dialogue. Mr. Archer-Hind says of this Commentary that it is "intolerably verbose, often trivial, not rarely obscure." We most emphatically dissent from this opinion. In fact it is difficult to understand how one who has read and studied this masterly exposition of the Platonic text—and Mr. Archer-Hind has at least read Proklos' work—could form an opinion of this kind. He adds: "Nevertheless one who has patience to toil through it may gain from it information and sometimes instruction; and through all the mists of neoplatonic fantasy the native acuteness of the writer will often shine." We have read this Commentary more than once with great pleasure and incalculable profit, nor did it require any patience on our part "to toil through it,"—in truth there was no "toil" about it. We only heartily deplored—and still deplore—that all of the work is not extant.*

*The second and last edition of the Greek text of this Commentary, edited by C. E. Chr. Schneider, was printed at Breslau, in 1847.

It is not easy to overestimate the importance and value of the Timaios as an exposition of some of Plato's profoundest views on physical and especially metaphysical subjects. Modern scholars have as a rule neglected it because it was beyond their apprehension. "But this was not the position assigned to the *Timaeus* by

the more ancient thinkers who lived nearer to the 'king and the truth.' Contrariwise not one of Plato's writings exercised so powerful an influence on subsequent Greek thought; not one was the object of such earnest study, such constant reference. Aristotle criticises it more frequently and copiously than any other dialogue, and perhaps from no other has borrowed so much: Cicero, living amid a very stupor and paralysis of speculative philosophy, was moved to translate it into Latin: Appuleius gives for an account of the Platonic philosophy little else but a partial abstract of the *Timaeus* with some ethical supplement from the *Republic:* Plutarch has sundry more or less elaborate disquisitions on several of the subjects handled in it. As for the Neoplatonic school, how completely their thought was dominated by the metaphysic of the *Timaeus*, * * * is manifest to any reader of Plotinos or Proklos. Such being the concordance of ancient authorities, is it not worth while to inquire whether they be not justified in attaching so profound a significance to this dialogue.

The object of this essay is to establish that they were justified." It may be noted that Mr. Archer-Hind establishes this point beyond any reasonable controversy.

We are compelled to differ widely from Mr. Archer-Hind's views concerning several Platonic beliefs. For instance, he holds that the continuance or immortality of individual personalities is not material to Plato's theory. In our judgment—a judgment deliberately formed after many years' study of the Platonic writings—the belief that the human soul is in its essence an eternal, immutable being, and will exist apart from the physical body as a self-conscious entity, is a fundamental and necessary principle of Plato's philosophy, and underlies and permeates his entire system.

This edition shows a distinct advance in English scholarship. The Introduction, and Notes, critical and interpretative, are of great value, and will richly repay a careful study by all Platonic students. The text is a great improvement on that given in prior editions. Many interpolations have been ejected, and corrupt passages satisfactorily restored. The English version is generally accurate and perspicuous, and will be of great aid to students of the original, if rightly used. It is far superior to Jowett's. We hope that Mr. Archer-Hind will continue his Platonic labors, and edit the *Sophist, Politicus*, and *Parmenides*, as he has edited the *Phædon* and *Timaios*.

Entered at the Post Office at Osceola, Mo., as second-class matter.
Press of THE OSCEOLA ADVANCE, Osceola, Mo.

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