

D  
V 150  
132393

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION

L U M E N  
D E  
L U M I N E :  
O R

A new *Magicall Light*  
discovered, and Commu-  
nicated to the  
WORLD

---

By *Eugenius Philalethes.*

---

GEN. I. 3.  
And God said, *Let there be Light.*  
JOHN I. Chap: Ver. 5.  
And the *Light* shineth in the *Darknesse.*

---

Pythag.  
*Nè loquaris Deo absque Lumine.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed for H. BLUNDEN at the  
Castle in *Corne-Hil.* 1651.



To my Deare mother,  
the most famous Universitie  
of Oxford.

**H**AVE observ'd (most  
deare Mother) and  
that in most  
of thy Sons, a Complexion  
of Fame, and Ingratuitie.  
Learning indeed they  
A 3 have,

## The Epistle

have, but they forget the  
Breſts that gave it. Thy  
Good works meet not  
with one Samaritan, but  
Many haſt thou cur'd  
of the Leproſie of Igno-  
rance. This is the ſpot,  
that ſoyls our perfections:  
we have all drunk of thy  
Fountaine, but we ſacri-  
fice not the Water to the  
Well. For my own part,  
I can preſent thee with  
nothing that's Voluminous,  
but here is a Muſtard-  
seed,

## Dedicatory.

seed, which may grow Mat. 13.  
32.  
to be the Greatest amongst  
Herbs. The Draught it  
ſelf hath nothing of na-  
ture, but what is under  
the Veile: I wiſh indeed  
thou mayſt ſee her ſine  
Flammeo, but her face  
like that of the Annun-  
tiata expects the Pencill  
of an Angell. I cannot ſay  
this Compoſure deſerves  
thy Patronage, but give  
me leave to make it my  
Opportunitie, that I may  
returne

*The Epistle*

returne the *Acknowledgement*, where I *receiv'd* the *Benefit*. I intend not my *Addresse* for the *Banks of Isis*; Thou hast no *Portion* there, unlesse thy *Stones* require my *Inscription*. It is thy *Dispersed Body* I have *knowne*, and *That* only I *remember*. Take it then wheresoever *Thou* art, in thy sad *Removes* and *Visitations*. It is neither *Sadducee* nor *Pharisee*,  
but

*Dedicatory.*

but the *Test* of an *Israe-*  
*lite*, and

*Thy Legitimat Child.*

1650.

E. P.

---

To

---





In Summum Virum  
Thomam Bodleium Equitem  
Auratum, Bibliothecæ Oxoniensis  
Structorem  
Magnificum.

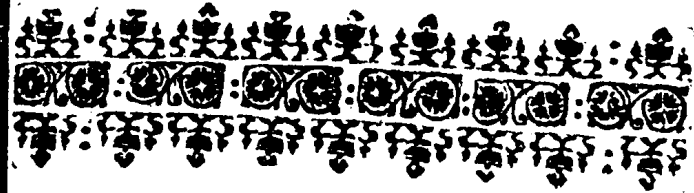
SANCTA ANIMA! & tam Sancta simul sacra Favilla!  
Sicq; semel Cineris fas meminuisse tu!  
Instrutor cæli, & Stellarum Plenior Ordo,  
Qui Sporadas per Te, non finis Astra sine.  
Quippe Lares Libris vel rite vagantibus addis,  
Et Cælum, quo sint Sydera fixa, cluis.  
Nos Vitam ut Patres, largimur Fartibus: at Tu  
Quo Vitam hanc possunt vivere, Solus habes.  
Hospitium agnoscunt Artes: Hic Qualibet intras  
Post Obstetrices, nec Peregrina, Manus.  
Scena Toræ, Dactilq; capax Panegyris Orbis,  
Et Mare, vel Potius Plenior Unda Mari.

*Conclusus Geniorum, & Meta Extrema Lycei,  
Quod nullum nisi sit Sanctius, iret Opus.  
Syllabus Heroum, Memisq̄, Omniscia Proles,  
Est hæc & Sensu Theca animata suo.  
Bodleii Laus ampla, & Fusior Urna Sepulti,  
Quæ Vitam invenit Mors sua, Morsq̄ Necem.  
Hinc se fracta Fugæ dedit, absumptisq̄ sagittis  
Impievit Vacuas sola phætrea Manus.*

*Par Tibi Vox nulla est : Sat agis dum Condere Musam,  
Escissi, Quod non noverit Ila loqui.*

*Pium est Agnoscere, per  
Quos profecisti.*

*Lu-*



## *To the Reader.*

**H**ave had some  
Contest with my  
self in the Dispo-  
sall of this Piece,  
the Subject being  
crosse to the Ge-  
nius of the Times,  
which is both Cor-  
rupt, and Splenetic. It was my Desire  
to keep it within Doores, but the Re-  
lation it bears to my former Discour-  
ses hath forc'd it to the Presse. It is  
the last Glasse of my thoughts, and  
their first Reflex being not complear,  
I have added this to perfect their I-  
mage, and Symmetrie. I must con-  
fesse I have no Reason for it, but what  
B 2 my

To the Reader.

my Adversaries supply me withall: I would advance the Truth, because they would suppress it. Indeed I have been scurvily rewarded, but the success of this Art grows from its Opposition, and this I believe, our late Libellers have observed, for they quit the Science, to quash the Professors.

It is not enough to abuse and misinterpret our writings: with studied Calumnies doe they disparage our persons, whom they never saw, and perhaps never will see. They force us to a Bitternesse beyond our own Dispositions, and provoke men to sin, as if they did drive the same Design with the Devill.

For my own part, I will no more hazard my soule by such unciwill Disputes, I know I must give an Account for every idle word. This Theme hath reduc'd my passions to a Diet, I have resolv'd for the future to suffer: for this

Mat. 12.  
36.

To the Reader.

this I am sure of, God will condemn no man for his patience.

The world indeed may think the truth overthrown, because shee is attended with her Peace, for in the judgement of most men, where there is no Noyse, there is no Victorie. This I shall look upon as no Disadvantage. The Estimat of such Censors will but lighten the Scales, and I dare suppose them very weak Brains, who conceive the Truth sinks, because it outweighs them.

As for tempestuous Out-cries, when they want their Motives, they discover an irreligious spirit, one that hath more of the Hurry-canoe, than of Christ Jesus. God was not in the wind, that rent the Rocks to pieces, nor in the Earth-quake, and Fire at Horeb: He was in *Aura tenui*, in the still, small <sup>I Kings</sup> 19. voice.

My Advise is, that no Man should resent the common spleen. Who writes the Truth of God, hath the same Pa-

To the Reader.

tron with the Truth it self, and when the world shall submit to the generall Tribunal, he will find his Advocate, where they shall find their Judge. There is a mutuall Testimonie between God and his Servants, if the Baptist did beare witnessse of Christ, Christ also did as much for the Baptist: He was a burning, and a shining Light.

John 5.  
35.

This, Reader, I thought fit to Preface, that if any Discourse of mine be traduc'd hereafter, thou maist not expect my Vindication. I have referr'd my Quarrell to the God of Nature, it is involv'd in the Concernments of his Truth. I am satisfi'd with the Peace and Test of a good Conscience: I have written nothing but what God hath verified before my Eyes in particular, and is able to justifie before the world in generall. I have known his secret Light, his Candle is my School-master; I testifie those things, which I have seen under his very Beams, in the bright

To the Reader.

bright Circumference of his Glory.

When I did first put my Thoughts to paper, God can beare me witnessse, it was not for any private ends. I was drawn, and forc'd to it by a strong Admiracion of the Myserie and Majesty of Nature. It was my Design to glorifie the Truth, and in some measure to serve the Age, had they been capable of it. But the barbarous Insults I have met withall, and without any Deserts of mine, have forc'd my Charitie to keep at Home. Truly, had not I been robb'd of my Peace, I had imparted some things, which I am confident this Generation will not receive from another Pen. But the Times in this Respect fall not even with providence, for the Years of Discoverie are not yet come. This Truth, like the Dove in the Deluge, must hover in winds and Tempests, overlooke the Surges and Billows, and find no place for the Sole of her Foot. But the  
B 4 wise

To the Reader.

wise God provides for her : on all these waves and waters she hath a little Ark to returne to. Me thinks I see her in the window all wet, and weather-beaten. She hath been rejected abroad, and now I will take her Home. Come in with thy Branch of Olive !

To conclude, this Discourse is my last, and the only Clavis to my First. What I have written formerly, is like the Arabian's *Halicali* : it is *Domus signata*, a House shut up, but here I give you the Key to the Lock. If you enter, seale up what you see in your Hearts : Trust it not to the Tongue, for that's a Flying Scroul. Thus I deliver my Light to your Hands, but what Returns you will give me, I know not. If you are for Peace, Peace be with you : if for war, I have been so too, but Let not him that girds on his Armour, boast like him, that puts it off. Doe well, and Farewell.

1 Kings  
20. 11.

1651.

E. P.



L U M E N

D E

L U M I N E.

Now had the Night spent her black stage, and all Her beauteous, twinkling flames grew sick, and pale.

Her Scene of shades, and silence fled ; and Day Drest the young East in Roses : where each Ray Falling on Sables, made the Sun and Night Kisse in a Checquer of mixt Clouds, and Light.



Think it were more plaine, and to some Capacities more pleasing, if I should expresse my self in this popular, low Dialect. It was about the Dawning or Day-breake, when tyr'd with a tedious solitude, and those pensive Thoughts which attend it, after much Losse and

and more Labour; I suddainly fell a sleep Here then the Day was no sooner borne, but strangled; I was reduc'd to a night of a more deep tincture than that which I had formerly spent. My fancy placed me in a Region of inexpressible Obscuritie, and as I thought more than Naturall; but without any Terrors. I was in a firm even Temper, and though without encouragements, not only resolute, but well-pleas'd. I moved every way for Discoveries, but was still intertain'd with Darknesse and silence, and I thought my self translated to the Land of Desolation. Being thus troubled to no purpose, and wearied with long Indeavours, I resolv'd to rest my self, and seeing I could find nothing, I expected if any thing could find me. I had not long continued in this humor, but I could heare the whispers of a soft wind, that travail'd towards me, and suddainly it was in the Leaves of the Trees, so that I concluded my self to be in some Wood, or Wildernesse. With this gentle Breath came a most heavenly, odorous Ayre, much like that of sweet Briars, but not so rank and full. This perfume being blown over, there succeeded a pleasant Humming of Bees amongst Flowers, and this did somewhat discompose me, for I judg'd it not suitable with the Complexion of the place, which was darke  
and

and like *Mid-night*. Now was I somewhat troubl'd with these unexpected Occurrences, when a new Appearance diverted my Apprehensions. Not far off on my right hand, I could discover a white weak Light, not so cleare as that of a Candle, but mystic, and much resembling an Atmosphere. Towards the Center it was of a purple colour like the *Elysian Sun-shine*, but in the Dilatation of the Circumference, *Milkie*: and if we consider the joynt Tincture of the parts, it was a painted *Vesper*, a Figure of that Splendor, which the old Romans called (a) *Sol Mortuorum*. Whiles I was taken up with this strange Scene, there appeared in the middle purple Colours, a suddain Commotion, and out of their very Center did sprout a certaine flowrie Light, as it were the flame of a Taper. Very bright it was, sparkling, and twinkling like the *Day-star*. The Beams of this new Planet issuing forth in small Skeins and Rivulets, look'd like *Threds of Silver*, which being reflected against the Trees, discover'd a Curious, green Vmbrage, and I found my self in a Grove of Bays. The Texture of the Branches was so even, the Leaves so thick, and in that conspiring order, it was not a wood, but a Building. I conceived it indeed to be the Temple of Nature, where she had joyn'd Discipline

a Boxhorn  
falsly inter-  
prets this  
Notion.

to her *Doctrine*. Under this *shade* and *screen* did lodge a number of *Nightingals*; which I discovered by their *whitish Breasts*. These peeping thorough their *leavie Cabinets*, rejoyced at this strange *Light*, and having first *plum'd* themselves, stirr'd the still *Ayre* with their *Musick*. This I thought was very pretty, for the *silence* of the *Night*, suiting with the *solitude* of the *place*, made me judge it *heavenly*. The *Ground* both neer and far of, presented a *pleasing* kind of *Cocquer*, for this new *star* meeting with some *drops* of *Dew*, made a *Multitude* of bright *Refractions*; as if the *Earth* had been *paved* with *Diamonds*. Theſe rare, and various *Accidents* kept my soul busied, but to interrupt my *Thoughts*, as if it had been *unlawfull* to examine what I had *ſeen*, another more admirable *Object* interpos'd. I could see between me and the *Light*, a most exquisite, divine *Beauty*. Her *frame* neither long, nor short, but a meane *decent* *Seature*. Attir'd she was in *thin* loose *ſilks*, but so *green*, that I never saw the like, for the *Colour* was not *Earthly*. In some *places* it was *fauſied* with *white* and *Silver* *Ribbands*, which look'd like *Lilies* in a *field* of *Grasse*. Her *head* was *overcaſt* with a *thin* floating *Tiffanie*, which she held up with *one* of her *hands*, and look'd as it were from *under*

it. Her *Eys* were *quick*, *fresh*, and *Celestiall*, but had something of a *ſtart*, as if she had been *puzzl'd* with a *suddaine Occurrence*. From her *black Veile* did her *Locks* breake out, like *Sun-beams* from a *Miſt*; they ran *diſhevel'd* to her *Breſts*, and then return'd to her *Cheeks* in *Curls* and *Rings* of *Gold*. Her *Haire* behind her was *rowl'd* to a curious *Globe*, with a small short *ſpire* flow'r'd with *purple*, and *skie-colour'd* *Knots*. Her *Rings* were pure, intire *Emeralds*, for she valued no *metall*, and her *Pendants* of burning *Carbuncles*. To be short, her whole *Habit* was *youthfull* and *flowrie*, it *ſmelt* like the *East*, and was thorowly *ayr'd* with rich *Arabian* *Diapafms*. This and no other, was her *appearance* at that *Time*: but whiles I admir'd her *perfections*, and prepar'd to make my *Ad-dreſſes*, ſhee prevents me with a *voluntarie* *Approach*. Here indeed I expected some *Diſ-course* from her, but ſhe looking very *ſeriously* and *ſilently* in my face, takes me by the hand, and softly *whiſpers*, *I ſhould follow her*. This I confeſſe founded *ſtrange*, but I thought it not amiſſe to obey ſo *sweet* a *Command*, and eſpecially one that *promiſed* very much, but was able in my *Opinion* to *performe* more. The *Light* which I had formerly *admir'd*, proved now at laſt to be her *Attendant*,  
for

6 *Lumen de Lumine, or*

for it moved like an *Usher* before her. This *Service* added much to her *Glorie*, and it was my only care to *observe* her, who though she *wandr'd* not, yet verily she *followed* no *known path*. Her *walk* was *green*, being *furr'd* with a fine small *Grasse*, which felt like *plush*, for it was very *soft*; and pur'd all the way with *Daysses* and *Primrose*. When we came out of our *Arboret* and *Court of Bayes*, I could perceive a strange *Clearnesse* in the *Ayr*, not like that of *Day*, neither can I affirm it was *night*. The *stars* indeed *perched* over us, and stood *glimmering*, as it were on the *Tops* of high *Hills*, for we were in a most deep *Bottom*, and the *Earth* overlook'd us, so that I conceived we were *neer* the *Center*. We had not walk'd very far, when I discovered *certain* thick, white *Clouds*, for such they seemed to me, which fill'd all that part of the *Valley*, that was before us. This indeed was an *Error* of mine, but it continued not long, for coming neerer, I found them to be firm solid *Rocks*, but *shining* and *sparkling* like *Diamonds*. This rare and goodly *sight* did not a little *incourage* me, and great desire I had to hear my *Mistris* speak. (for so I judged her now) that if possible, I might receive some *Information*. How to bring this about, I did not well know, for she

A new *Magical Light*, &c. 7

he seem'd *averse* from *Discourse*; but having resolv'd with my self to *disturb* her, I ask'd her if she would favour me with her *Name*. To this she replied very familiarly, as if she had known me long before. *Eugenius* (said she) *I have many Names, but my best and dearest is Thalia: for I am alwaies green, and I shall never wither. Thou dost here behold the mountains of the Moone, and I will shew thee the Originall of Nilus, for she springs from these Invisible Rocks. Looke up and peruse the very Tops of these pillars and Clifts of Salt, for they are the true, Philosophicall, Lunar Mountains. Didst thou ever see such a Miraculous, incredible thing? This speech made me quickly look up to those glittering Turrets of Salt, where I could see a stupendous Cataract, or Waterfall. The streame was more large than any River in her full Chanell, but notwithstanding the Height, and Violence of its Fall, it descended without any Noyse. The Waters were dash'd, and their Current distracted by those Saltish Rocks, but for all this they came down with a dead silence, like the still, soft Ayr. Some of this Liqueur (for it ran by me) I took up, to see what strange wollen substance it was, that did thus steale down like Snow. When I had it in my hands it was no Common water, but a*

*certaine*



certaine kind of Oile of a Waterie Complexion. A viscous, fat, mineral nature it was, bright like Pearls, and transparent like Chry-stall. When I had viewd and search'd it well, it appear'd somewhat spermatic, and in very Truth it was obscure to the sight, but much more to the Touch. Hereupon Thulia told me, it was the first Matter, and the very Naturall, true Sperm of the great World. It is (said she) invisible, and therefore few are they that find it; but many believe it is not to be found. They believe indeed that the world is a dead Figure, like a Body which hath been sometimes made, and fashion'd by that spirit, which dwelt in it, but retaines that very shape and fashion, for some short time, after that the Spirit hath forsaken it. They should rather consider, that every Frame when the Soule hath left it, doth discompose, and can no longer retaine its former figure, for the Agent that held and kept the parts together is gone. Most excellent then is that speech, which I heard sometimes from one of my own Pupils. *Mundus hic ex tam diversis contrariisque partibus in unam formam minime convenisset, nisi unus esset, qui tam Diversa conjungeret; Conjuncta vero Naturarum ipsa Diversitas invicem discors, dissociaret, atque divelleret, nisi unus esset, qui*  
quod

*quod nexuit, contineret. Non tam vero certus natura ordo procederet, nec tam dispositos motus Locis, temporibus, efficientiâ, Qualitatibus explicaret, nisi unus esset, qui has Mutationum varietates manens ipse disponeret. Hoc quicquid est, quo Condita manent, atque gubernantur, usitato cunctis Vocabulo Deum nomino.* This world (saith he) of such divers and contrarie parts had never been made one thing, Had not there been one, who did joyn together such contrary things. But being joyn'd together, the very Diversitie of the Natures joyned, fighting one with another, had Discomposed and separated them, unlesse there had been one to hold and keep those parts together, which he at first did joyn. Verily the order of Nature could not proceed with such certaintie, neither could she move so regularly in severall places, times, effects and qualities, unlesse there were some one, who dispos'd, and order'd these Varieties of Motions. This, whatsoever it is, by which the world is preserved and govern'd, I call by that usuall name. God. Thou must therefore Eugenius (said she) understand, that all Compositions are made by an active, intelligent life; for what was done in the Composition of the great world in generall, the same is perform'd in the Generation of every  
C creature

creature, and its sperm in particular. I suppose thou dost know, that water cannot be contained but in some Vessell. The naturall Vessell which God hath appointed for it, is Earth. In Earth water may be thickned; and brought to a figure, but of it self, and without Earth, it hath an indefinit flux, and is subject to no certaine figure whatsoever. Ayre also is a fleeting indeterminat substance, but water is his Vessell: for water being figured by means of Earth, the Ayre also is thickned, and figur'd in the Water. To ascend higher, the Ayre coagulats the liquid fire, and fire incorporated involves and confines the thin Light. These are the Means by which God unites, and compounds the Elements into a Sperm, for the Earth alters the Complexion of the water, and makes it viscous and slimie. Such a water must they look, who would produce any Magicall extraordinary Effects; for this Spermatic water coagulats with the least heat, so that nature concocts, and hardens it into metals. Thou seest the whites of Eggs will thicken as soon as they feel the fire, for their moisture is temper'd with a pure subtil Earth, and this subtil, animated Earth, is that which binds their water. Take water then my Eugenius, from the Mountains of the Moon, which is water, and

and no water: Boyl it in the fire of Nature, to a two fold Earth, white and red, then feed those Earths with Air of Fire, and Fire of Air, and thou hast the two Magicall Luminaries. But because thou hast been a servant of mine for a long time and that thy patience hath manifested the Truth of thy Love, I will bring thee to my Schoole, and there will I shew thee what the world is not capable of. This was no sooner spoken, but she past by those Diamond-like, ruckie salts, and brought me to a Rock of Adamant figur'd to a just, intire Cube: It was the Basis to a fire Pyramid, a Trigon of pure Pyrope, whose imprison'd flames did stretch, and strive for Heaven. To the Fore-square or Frontlet of this Rock, was annex'd a little portall, and in that hung a Tablet. It was a painted Hedge-Hog, so rowl'd and wrapt up in his Bag, he could not easily be discompos'd. Over this stood a Dog snarling, and hard by him this Instruction.

*Suaviter aut Pungit.*

IN we went, and having entred the Rock, the interior parts were of a heavenly Smaragdine Colour. Somewhere they shin'd like Leaves of pure Gold, and then appear'd

12 *Lumen de Lumine, or*

a third inexpressible purple tincture. We had not gone very far, but we came to an Ancient Majestic Altar; On the Offertorie, or very top of it, was figur'd the Trunck of an old rotten tree, pluck'd up by the Roots. Out of this crept a Snake, of colour white and Green, Slow of Motion like a Snayle, and very weake, having but newly felt the Sun, that overlook'd her. Towards the Foot, or Basis of this Altar was an Inscription in old Egyptian Hieroglyphics, which Thalia expounded, and this is it.

*Diis Beatiss.*

*In Cælo Subterraneo.*

*N. L.*

*τ. α. ν. φ.*

**F**ROM this place we moved straight forward, till we came to a Cave of Earth. It was very obscure, and withall dankish, giving a heavy odour like that of graves. Here we stay'd not long, but passing this Church-

A new Magical Light, &c. 13

Church-yard, wee came at last to the Sanctuarie, where Thalia turning to mee, made this her short, and last speech.

Eugenius! This is the place, which many have desired to see, but saw it not. The Preparatives to their Admission here, were wanting: They did not love Mee, but Mine. They coveted indeed the Riches of Nature, but Nature her self they did both neglect, and corrupt. Some Advantages they had in point of Assault, had they but studied their Opportunities. I was expos'd to their hands, but they knew mee not. I was subject in some measure to their Violence, but Hee that made mee, would not suffer mee to be ris'd. In a word, the Ruine of these men was built on their Disposition. In their Addresses to mee, they resembl'd those pittifull things, which some call Courtiers. These have their Antics and Raunts, as if they had been train'd amongst Apes. They scrape (as one hath well exprest it) proportions Mathematicall: make strange Legs and faces, and in that phrase of the same Poet;

Varie their Mouths as 'twere by Magic spell,  
To figures ovall, square, and Triangle.

So these impudent Sophisters assaulted mee with  
Vain-glorious Humors. When I look'd into  
C 3 their

their hearts, there was no Room for mee; they were full of proud Thoughts, and dream'd of a certain Riotous Happiness, which must bee maintain'd by my Expences, and Treasures. In the interim they did not consider that I was plain and simple, One that did not love Noise, but a privat, Sweet Content. I have Eugenius found thee much of my own Humor. I have withall found thy Expectations patient, thou canst easily believe, where thou hast Reason to thy Faith. Thou hast all this while served without Wages, now is the time com to reward Thee. My love, I freely give Thee, and with it these tokens, my Key, and Scale. The one opens, the other shuts, bee sure to use both with Discretion. As for the Mysteries of this my Schoole, thou hast the Libertie to peruse them all, there is not any thing here, but I will gladly reveale it to thee. I have one Precept I shall commend to thee, and this it is, You must bee Silent. You shall not in your writings exceed my Allowances: Remember that I am your Love, and you will not make mee a Prostitute. But because I wish you Serviceable to those of your own Disposition, I here give you an Emblematicall Type of my Sanctuary, with a full Priviledge to publish it. This is all, and now I am going to that Invisibile Region, *in Adarion Idic &c.* Let not that

Proverb

Iliad 8.

Proverb take place with you, Out of Sight, out of Mind: Remember mee, and bee Happy.

These were her Instructions, which were no sooner delivered, but shee brought mee to a cleare, large Light, and here I saw those Things, which I must not speak of. Having thus discovered all the parts of that glorious Labyrinth, shee did lead me out again with her Clew of Sun-beams, her Light that went Shining before us. When wee were past the Rocks of Nilus, shee shewed mee a Secret Staire-Case, by which wee ascended from that deep and flowrie Vale, to the face of this our Common Earth. Here Thalia stopt in a mute Ceremonie, for I was to bee left all alone. Shee look'd upon mee in silent smiles, mixt with a pretty kind of Sadness, for wee were unwilling to part. But her Houre of translation was come, and taking (as I thought) our last leave, shee past before my Eyes, *out of Sight, out of Mind,* to the *Aether* of Nature.

Now verily was I much troubled, and somewhat disordered, but composing my self as well as I could I came to a Cop of Myrtles, where resting my self on a Flowrie Bank, I began to consider those Things which I had seen. This Solitude, and Melancholic studie continued not long, for it met with a very

C 4

gratefull

gratefull Interruption. I could see *Thalia* as it were at the end of a *Landskip*, somewhat far off, as wee see *stars* newly risen: but in a moment shee was in the *Mirtles*, where seating her self hard by mee, I received from her this Discourſe. I would not *Eugenius*, have thee ignorant of the *Union*, and *Concentration* of *Sciences*. In the past, and more *Knowing* years of the world, when *Magic* was better, and more generally understood, the Professors of this *Art* divided it into three parts, *Elementall*, *Cœlestiall*, and *Spirituall*. The *Elementall* part contained all the *Secrets* of *Physic*, the *Cœlestiall* those of *Astrologie*, and the *Spirituall* those of *Divinitie*. Every one of these by it self was but a *Branch* or *Lim*, but being united all Three, they were the *Panthecks* of the *Science*. Now in these thy dayes there is no man can shew thee any real *Physic*, or *Astrologie*, neither have they any more, than a *Tong-and-Book* *Divinitie*. The reason of it is this; In *Proceſs* of time these three *Sciences* (which work no wonders without a *mutuall* essentiall *Union*) were by *mis-interpretation* *dismembred*, and set apart, so that every one of them was held to be a *Facultie* by it self. Now *God* had united these Three in one *Naturall* Subject, but man has separated them, and placed them in no Subject, but in his own *Brain*, there they remained

remained in words and *fansie*, not in *Substantiall* Elements, and *Veritie*. In this state the *Sciences* were dead and *Ineffectuall*: they yielded nothing but *Noyse*, for they were separated; As if thou should'st *dismember* a *Man*, and then expect some one part of him should performe those *Actions*, which the whole did, when he was alive. Thou doest know by very *naturall* Experience, that out of one *Specificall* Root there grow severall different *Substances*, as *Leaves*, *Flowers*, *Fruist*, and *Seed*; So out of one *Universall* Root, namely the *Chaos*, grow all *Specificall* *Natures*, and their *Individuals*. Now there is no true *Science* or *Knowledge*, but what is grounded upon *Sensible*, particular *Substances*, or upon that *Sensible* *Universall* Substance, out of which all *Particulars* are made. As for *Universals* in the *Abstract*, there are no such things, they are empty *imaginariæ* *Whymzies*, for *Abstractions* are but so many *Phantastic* *Suppositions*. Consider now *Eugenius*, that all *Individuals*, even *Man* himself, hath nothing in him *Materially*, but what he received from the *materiall* *Universall* *Nature*. Consider again, that the same *Individuals* are *Reducible* to their first *Physicall* *Universall* *Matter*, and by *Consequence* this *Universall* matter hath in it self the *Secrets* and *Mysteries* of all *Particulars*;  
for

for whatsoever includes the Subject it self, includes also the Science of that subject. To conclude: In the first Matter, the Divine wisdom is collected in a Generall Chaodical Center, but in the particulars made of the first Matter it is dispersed, and spread out as it were to a Circumference. It remains then, that the Chaos is the Center of all Sciences, to which they may, and ought to be reduc'd, for it is the sensible naturall Mysterium Magnum, and under God the Secondary Temple of wisdom. Search therefore, and examine the parts of this Chaos, by the Rules and Instructions received, when I was with thee in the mineral Region. Dwell not altogether on the practice, for that is not the way to improve it: be sure to adde reason to thy Experience, and to imploy thy mind aswell as thy hands, Labour to know all Causes and their Effects, doe not only study the Receipt, like that broyling frying Company, who call themselves Chymists, but are indeed no Philosophers. This is all which I thinke fit to adde to my former Prescriptions, but that which made me retorne, was something else, and now thou shalt receive it. Thou hast heard sometimes I suppose of the Beryllitic part of Magic: have a care to apprehend me, and I will shew thee the Foundation. Thou must know the stars

can impresse no new Influx in perfect compleat Bodies, they only dispose, and in some measure stir up that influence, which hath been formerly impressed. It is most certain Eugenius, that no Astrobolism takes place without some previous Corruption, and Alteration in the Patient, for Nature works not but in loose, moist, discomposed Elements. This Distemper proceeds not from the stars, but from the Contrarietie of the Elements amongst themselves: whensoever they fall out, and work their own Dissolution, then the Celestiall Fire puts in to reconcile them againe, and generats some new forme, seeing the old one could consist no longer. Observe then that the Genuine Time of Impressions is, when the Principlos are Spematic and callow, but being once coagulated to a perfect Body, the Time of Stellification is past. Now the Ancient Magi in their Books speake of strange Astrologicall Lamps, Images, Rings, and Plates, which being us'd at certaine Hours, would produce incredible, extraordinarie Effects. The common Astrologer, he takes a stone, or some peece of Metall, figures it with ridiculous Characters, and then exposeth it to the Planets, not in an Alkennisi, but as he dreams himself, he knows not how. When this is done, all is to no purpose, but though they faile in their practice; yet they believe

believe they understand the Books of the Magi well enough. Now Eugenius that thou mayst know what to doe, I will teach thee by Example. Take a ripe graine of Corne, that is hard, and drie, expose it to the Sun-beams in a Glasse, or any other vessell, and it will be a drie graine for ever. But if thou dost bury it in the Earth, that the nitrous Saltish moisture of that Element may dissolve it, then the Sun will worke upon it, and make it spring and sprout to a new Body. It is just thus with the common Astrologer, he exposeth to the Planets a perfect compacted Body, and by this means thinks to performe the Magician's Gamaca, and marry the Inferior and Superior Worlds. It must be a Body reduc'd into Sperm, that the Heavenly Feminine moisture, which receives and retains the Impresse of the Astrall Agent, may be at Liberty, and immediatly expos'd to the Masculine Fire of Nature. This is the ground of the Beryl, but you must remember that nothing can be stelled without the joint Magnetism of three Heavens; what they are I have told you elsewhere, and I will not trouble you with Re-petitions: When she had thus said, she took out of her Bosome, two miraculous Medals, not Metalline, but such as I had never seen, neither did I conceive there was in Nature such

such pure, and glorious Substances. In my judgement they were two Magicall Astrall Asms, but she call'd them Saphires of the Sun and Moone. These Miracles she commended to my perusal, excusing her self as being sleepe, otherwise she had expounded them for me. I look'd, admir'd, and wearied my self in their Contemplation. Their Complexion was so heavenly, their contrivance so mysterious, I did not well know, what to make of them. I turn'd aside to see if she was still a sleep, but she was gone, and this did not a little trouble me. I expected her Returne, till the Day was quite spent, but she did not appeare. At last fixing my Eys on that place, where shee sometimes rested, I discover'd certain peeces of Gold, which she had left behind her, and hard by a paper folded like a Letter. These I took up, and now the Night approaching, the Evening-star tinn'd in the West, when taking my last survey of her flowrie pillow, I parted from it in this Verse.

Deeretty green Bank farewell! and mayst thou weare  
Sun beams, and Rose, and Lilies all the Year!  
She slept on Thee: but needed not to shed  
Her Gold, 'twas pay enough to be her Bed.  
Her Flow'rs are Favorites: for this lov'd Day  
They were my Rivals, and with Her did play.

They

22 *Lumen de Lumine, or*

*They found their Heav'n at hand, and in her Eyes  
 Enjoy'd a Copic of their absent skies.  
 Their weaker paint did with true Glories trade,  
 And mingl'd with her Cheeks, one Poëie made.  
 And did not her soft skin confine their pride,  
 And with a skreen of Silk both Flowr's divide,  
 They had suck'd life from thence, and from her Heat  
 Borrow'd a Soul to make themselves compleat.  
 O happy Pillow ! Though thou art layd even  
 With Dust, she made thee up almost a Heaven.  
 Her Breath rain'd Spices, and each Amber ring  
 Of her bright locks strew'd Bracelets o'r thy spring.  
 That Earth's not poor, did such a Treasure hold,  
 But thrice enrich'd, with Amber, Spice, and Gold.*

Scholæ

SCHOLÆ MAGICÆ TYPVS.



Ro. Vaughan sculpsit.



**T**His is that *Emblematicall Magi- call Type*, which *Thalia* delivered to me in the invisible *Guiana*. The first and Superior part of it represents the *Mountains* of the *Moon*. The Philosophers commonly call them the *Mountains* of *India*, on whose *Tops* grows their secret and famous *Lunaria*. It is an *Herb* easie to be found but that men are blind, for it discovers it self, and shines after night like *Pearle*. The *Earth* of these *Mountains* is very *red* and set beyond all *Expression*. It is full of *Chrystalline Rocks*, which the Philosophers call their *Glas*e, and their *Stone*: *Birds* and *Fish* (say they) bring it to them. Of these *Mountains* speaks *Hali* the *Arabian*, a most excellent judicious Author. *Vade fili ad Montes Indie, & ad Cavernas suas, & accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui liquantur in Aqua, quando commiscentur ei.* Goe my son to the *Mountains* of *India*, and to their *Quarries* or *Caverns* and take thence our *precious stones*, which dissolve or melt in *water*, when they are mingl'd therewith. Much indeed might be spoken concerning these *Mountains*, if it were lawfull to publish their *Mysteries*, but one thing I shall not forbear to tell you. They are very dangerous places after *Night*, for they are haunted with *Fires*,  
and

and other strange *Apparitions*, occasion'd (as I am told by the *Magi*) by certaine *spirits*, which dabble lasciviously with the *sperm* of the *world*, and imprint their *Imaginations* in it, producing many times fantastick, and monstrous *Generations*. The *Accesse* and *Pilgrimage* to this place, with the *Difficulties* which attend them, are faithfully, and magisterially described by the *Brothers* of *R. C.* Their *Language* indeed is very *simple*, and with most men perhaps *contemptible*: But to *speake finely* was no part of their *Designe*, their *Learning* lyes not in the *Phrase*, but in the *Sense*, and that is it, which I propose to the *Consideration* of the *Reader*.

D

A

*A Letter from the Brothers of R. C.*

Concerning the Invisible, Magically *MOUNTAIN*,  
And the *Treasure* therein  
*Contained.*

„ **U** NUSQUISQUE naturam desiderat esse  
 „ Dux: habere Aureos & Argenteos  
 „ Thesauros & magnus videri coram  
 „ Mundo. Deus autem hæc omnia Creavit,  
 „ ut Homo iis utatur, Eorumque sit Domi-  
 „ nus, & agnoscat in illis singularem ejus Boni-  
 „ tatem & Omnipotentiam, Ipsi gratias ag-  
 „ gat, Eum honoret, & laudet. Nemo autem  
 „ vult hæc omnia nisi otiosis diebus, & nullo  
 „ labore, & periculo præcunte conquirere,  
 „ neque ex loco eo consequi, in quo Deus il-  
 „ la posuerit: etiamque vult ut querantur,  
 „ & Querentibus dabit. Nemo vero vult se-  
 „ dem sibi in illo loco querere, & propterea  
 „ etiam non inveniuntur. Siquidem à longo  
 „ tempore Via, & locus ad Hæc incognitus  
 „ est, & maximæ parti absconditus. Etiam si  
 „ vero

„ vero Locum & Viam difficile & laboriosum  
 „ fit invenire, locus tamen est investigandus.  
 „ Cum vero Deus coram suis nihil abscondi-  
 „ tum velit, ideo in hoc ultimo sæculo ante-  
 „ quam Judicium extremum veniat, Dignis  
 „ hæc omnia sunt revelanda: uti (obscure ta-  
 „ men satis, nè manifesta fiant Indignis) in  
 „ quodam loco inquit; Nihil est Absconditum,  
 „ quod non reveletur. Nos igitur à Spiritu  
 „ Dei acti, hanc Dei Voluntatem Mundo an-  
 „ nunciamus, uti etiam in Diversis Linguis à  
 „ Nobis factum, & publicatum est. Istam  
 „ verò publicationem aut major pars calum-  
 „ niatur, aut contemnit, aut sine Deo pro-  
 „ missa ejus penes nos querit, existimans nos  
 „ illos statim Docturos, quo modo Aurum  
 „ Chemicum fit preparandum, aut illis afferre  
 „ magnos Thesauros, quibus possint coram  
 „ mundo pomposè vivere, superbire, Bella  
 „ gerere, Lucra exercere, belluari, potare, in-  
 „ continenter vivere, & in aliis peccatis vi-  
 „ tam commaculare, Quæ tamen omnia con-  
 „ traria sunt voluntati ipsius Dei. Hi exempla  
 „ capere debebant à decem virginibus illis  
 „ (quarum quinque Stolidæ à prudentibus  
 „ Oisium petebant) esse multum aliam ratio-  
 „ nem, dum nimirum opus sit, ut quilibet  
 „ proprio labore & studio in Deo id consequa-  
 „ tur. Nos tamen illorum sociorum Animos

Mat. 10.  
26.

„ ex singulari Dei gratiâ & Revelatione, etiam  
 „ ex ipsorum scriptis agnoscimus, aures no-  
 „ stras obturamus, & quasi nutibus nos obdu-  
 „ cimus, ne Ipsorum Boatus, & Ejulatus au-  
 „ diamus, qui in vanum *aurum* clamant.  
 „ Atque hinc fit etiam quod multum *Calum-*  
 „ *niarum* & *Convulsiōum* contra nos effun-  
 „ dunt, quæ non curamus, sed *Deus* suo tem-  
 „ pore *judicabit*.

„ Postquam verò Nos *Vestrum Duorum*  
 „ Diligentiam, & sedulitatem, quam in verâ  
 „ *Cognitione Dei*, & *Lectiōe sacrorum Bi-*  
 „ *bliorum* impenditis, jampridem (quamvis  
 „ vobis inscientibus) bene scivimus, etiam ex  
 „ vestro agnovimus scripto, Nos etiam vos  
 „ præ multis aliis millibus responso aliquo  
 „ dignari voluimus, & vobis hoc significare  
 „ ex permisso Dei, & Spiritus Sancti Admo-  
 „ nitione.

„ Est *MONS* situs in medio *Terra*,  
 „ vel *Centro orbis*, qui est *parvus & magnus*;  
 „ est *mollis*, etiam supra modum *durus &*  
 „ *Saxosus*; est unicuique *propinquus, & lon-*  
 „ *ginquus*, sed ex *Consilio Dei Invisibilis*. In  
 „ eo sunt *maximi Thesauri absconditi*, quos  
 „ *Mundus numerare non potest*; Qui *mons*  
 „ ex *Invidiâ Diaboli* (qui omni tempore *Dei*  
 „ *Gloriam, & Felicitationem Hominis* impedit)  
 „ multum *trucibus Animalibus, & aliis A-*  
 „ *vibus*

„ *vibus rapacibus* circumdatus est, quæ *viam*  
 „ *Homini reddunt difficilem, & periculosam*,  
 „ & propterea huc utque etiam (quia *Tem-*  
 „ *pus nondum est*) ea via nec dum ab Omni-  
 „ bus quæri potuit, aut inveniri. Nunc vero  
 „ à *Dignis* (interim proprio cujusque labore)  
 „ *Via* invenienda est. Ad hunc *Montem* ite  
 „ *Nocte* quadam (cum ea sit) longissimâ, &  
 „ *obscurissimâ*, & præparate vosmetipsos per  
 „ *fideles preces*. Insistite in *viam* ubi  
 „ *Mons* sit inveniendus, *Quærite* autem ex  
 „ *Nemine* ubi *via* sit invenienda, sed sequimi-  
 „ *ni fideliter vestrum Ductorem*, qui se vo-  
 „ *bis* sistet, & in itinere vos offendet, vos verò  
 „ *illum* non agnoscetis. Hic mediâ nocte,  
 „ cum omnia tranquilla & obscura sunt, vos  
 „ ad *Montem* adducet, sed necesse est ut vos  
 „ præmuniatis animo magno & heroico, ne  
 „ reformidatis ea, quæ vobis occurrent & re-  
 „ cedatis. Nullo gladio *Corporali* indigetis,  
 „ nec aliis *Armis*, sed *Deum* solummodo in-  
 „ *vocate Sincerè, & ex Animo*. Postquam vi-  
 „ distis *Montem*, primum *Miraculum* quod  
 „ *procedet*, hoc est. *Vehementissimus &*  
 „ *maximus Ventus*, qui *Montem* commove-  
 „ *bit, & Rupes* discutiet. Tunc vobis se of-  
 „ *ferent Leones & Dracones, & alia Terri-*  
 „ *bilia Animalia*, sed nihil hæc reformidate;  
 „ *Estote stabiles, & cavete ne recedatis, Nam*  
 „ *vestre*

„ vester Conductor qui vos conduxit, non per-  
 „ mitteret ut aliquid Mali vobis fiat. Verum  
 „ Theſaurus nondum eſt detectus, ſed valde  
 „ propinquus. Hunc Ventum ſequitur Terræ-  
 „ motus, qui abſolvat ea, quæ Ventus reliquit,  
 „ & æquabit ea, Cavete tamen ne recedatis,  
 „ Poſt Terræmotum ſequetur Ignis maximus,  
 „ qui omnem Terreſtrem Materiam conſumet,  
 „ & Theſaurum detegat. vos vero eum videre  
 „ nequitis. Verum poſt hæc omnia, & ferme  
 „ circa Tempus Matutinum erit Tranquilli-  
 „ tas magna, & amica, & videbitis ſtelam  
 „ Matutinam ascendere, & Auroram aſsur-  
 „ gere, & magnum Theſaurum animadver-  
 „ teris: penes quem præcipuum & exactiſſi-  
 „ mum eſt ſumma quædam Tinctura, quæ  
 „ Mundus (ſi Deo placeret, & tantis donis dig-  
 „ nuſſet) poſſet tingi, & in ſummum Au-  
 „ rum Coverti.

„ Hac Tincturâ utentes uti vos docuerit  
 „ vester Conductor, vos quamvis ſenes, red-  
 „ det Juvenes, & in nullo membro animad-  
 „ vertetis ullum morbum. Penes hanc Tinc-  
 „ turam invenietis, etiam Margaritas, quas  
 „ ne quidem licet excogitare. Vos vero nihil  
 „ capietis pro Autoritate veſtrâ, ſed ſuis con-  
 „ tenti cum eo quod vobis Conductor com-  
 „ municabit. Deo ſemper gratias agite pro  
 „ Hoc, & ſummam curam intendite, ne coram  
 „ mundo

„ mundo ſuperbiatis, ſed Dono hoc rectè uti-  
 „ mini, & in ea impendite, quæ Mundo ſunt  
 „ contraria, & ita poſſidete, quaſi non habe-  
 „ retis. Ducite vitam Temperatam. & ca-  
 „ vete ab omni genere peccati, alioqui hic ve-  
 „ ſter Conductor à vobis ſe divertet, & pri-  
 „ vabimini hac felicitate. Scitote enim hoc  
 „ fideliter, Qui Tincturâ hac abutitur. & non  
 „ vivit exemplariter, purè, & Sincerè coram  
 „ Hominibus, Beneficium hoc amittet. & pa-  
 „ rum ſpei reſtabit, quo iterum id Recipere  
 „ poſſit, &c.

Thus have they deſcribed unto us the  
*Mount of God*, the myſticall Philoſophicall  
*Horeb*: which is nothing elſe but the *highſt*  
 and *pureſt part* of the *Earth*. For the ſupe-  
 rior ſecret portion of this *Element* is *Holy*  
*ground*, and *Ariſtotle* tels his *Peripatetic*,  
*Locus quo Excelfior, eo Divinior*. It is the  
*Seed-plot* of the *Eternall Nature*, the imme-  
 diat *Veſſell*, and *Recipient* of *Heaven*, where  
 all *Minerals* and *Vegetables* have their *Roots*,  
 and by which the *Animal Monarchie* is  
*maintain'd*. This Philoſophicall, *Black Sa-*  
*turn* mortifies and *coagulats* the *Inviſible*  
*Mercury* of the *ſtars*, and on the contrary  
 the *Mercury* kills and *dissolves* the *Saturn*,  
 and out of the *Corruption* of *Both* the *Cent-*  
*tril*

tral and Circumferentiall Suns generat a new Body. Hence the Philosphers describing their stone, tell us it is *Lapis niger, vilis, & fatens, & dicitur Origo Mundi, & oritur sicut Germinantia.* As for the Epistle of the Fraternitie, I shall for satisfaction of the ordinary Reader, put it into English. I know some Doctōrs will think it no Advantage, but then they confesse their Ignorance: I can assure them, The Subject is no where so clearly discovered, and for the first abstruse preparation, there is no privat Author hath mention'd it. but here wee have it intirely, and withall most faithfully described. I confesse indeed their Instruction wears a Mask, it speaks in Tropes, but very plaine and peruiows, and the English of it is This.

Every Man naturally desires a Supremity, to have Treasures of Gold and Silver, and to seeme Great in the Eys of the World. God indeed created all things for the use of Man, that he might rule over them, and acknowledge therein the singular Goodnesse, and Omnipotencie of God, give him Thanks for his Benefits, honour him and praise him. But there is no man looks after these Things, otherwise than by spending his dayes idely, they would

would enjoy them without any previous labour, and Danger, neither doe they look them out of that place, where God hath treasur'd them up, who expects also that man should seek for them there, and to those that seek, will he give them. But there is not any that labours for a possession in that place, and therefore these riches are not found: For the way to this place, and the place it self hath been unknown for long time, and it is hidden from the greatest art of the World. But notwithstanding it be difficult, and laborious to find out this way and place, yet the place should be sought after. But it is not the will of God to conceale any thing from those that are his, and therefore in this last Age, before the Finall Judgement comes, all these things shall be manifested to those that are worthy: As hee Himselfe (though obscurely, lest it should be manifested to the unworthy) hath spoken in a certaine place: there is Nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hidden that shall not be known. We therefore being moved by the spirit of God, we declare the will of God to the World, which we have also already performed, (a) and published in severall Languages. But most men either revile, or contemne that our Manifesto; else waving the spirit of God, they expect  
the

a Fama est  
Confessio  
Fratrum  
R. C.

the proposals thereof from us, supposing we will  
 straightway teach them how to make Gold by  
 Art, or furnish them with ample Treasures  
 whereby they may live pompously in the face  
 of the World, Swagger, and make Wars, turn  
 Usurers, Gluttons, and Drunkards, live un-  
 chastely, and defile their whole life with sever-  
 all other sins, all which Things are contrary  
 to the Blessed will of God. These Men should  
 have learnt from those Ten Virgins (whereof  
 Five that were foolish demanded Oile for their  
 Lamps, from those Five that were wise) how  
 that the Case is much otherwise. It is expe-  
 dient, that every man should labour for the  
 Treasure by the Assistance of God, and his  
 own particular Search and Industry. But the  
 perverse Intentions of these Fellows we un-  
 derstand out of their own writings, by the  
 singular Grace and Revelation of God; which  
 doe stop our Ears, and wrap our selves as  
 were in Clouds, to avoid the Bellowings and  
 Howlings of those men, who in vaine cry out  
 for Gold. And hence indeed it comes to pass  
 that they brand us with infinite Calumnies  
 and Slanders, which notwithstanding we do  
 not resent, but God in his good Time will judge  
 them for it. But after that we had well known  
 (though unknown to you) and perceived also  
 by your writing, how diligently you are to per-

the Holy Scripture, and seek the true know-  
 ledge of God: we have also above many Thou-  
 sands, thought you worthy of some Answer,  
 and we signifie this much to you by the will of  
 God, and the Admonition of the Holy  
 Ghost.

There is a Mountain situated in the Midst  
 of the Earth, or Center of the world, which is  
 both small, and Great. It is soft, also above  
 measure Hard and Stonie. It is far off, and  
 never at hand, but by the providence of God,  
 invisible. In it are hidden most ample Treas-  
 ures, which the world is not able to value. This  
 Mountain by Envy of the Devill, who alwaies  
 opposeth the Glory of God, and the Happinesse  
 of Man, is compassed about with very cruell  
 beasts and other Ravenous Birds, which make  
 the way thither both difficult, and dangerous:  
 and therefore hitherto, because the Time is  
 not yet come, the way thither could not be sought  
 after, nor found out. But now at last the way  
 is to be found by those that are worthy, but not-  
 withstanding by every man's self-labour, and  
 endeavours.

To this Mountaine you shall goe in a cer-  
 taine Night (when it comes) most long, and  
 most dark, and see that you prepare your selves  
 by prayer. Insist upon the way that leads to  
 the Mountaine, but aske not of any man where  
 the

the way lyes: only follow your Guide, who will offer himself to you, and will meet you in the way, but you shall not know him. This Guide will bring you to the Mountain at Midnight, when all things are silent and Dark. It is necessary that you arme your selves with a resolute heroic courage, least you feare those things that will happen, and so fall back. You need no Sword, nor any other Bodily weapons, only call upon God sincerely, and heartily. When you have discovered the Mountaine, the first Miracle that will appeare, is this. A most vehement, and very great wind, that will shake the Mountaine, and shatter the Rocks to peeces. You shall be incounter'd also by Lions and Dragons, and other Terrible Beasts, but feare not any of these things. Be resolute, and take heed that you returne not, for your Guide who brought you thither, will not suffer any Evil to befall you. As for the Treasure, it is not yet discovered, but it is very neer. After this wind will come an Earthquake, that will overthrow those things, which the wind hath left, and make all Flat. But be sure, that you fall not off. The Earthquake being past, there shall follow a Fire, that will consume the Earthly Rubbish, and discover the Treasure, but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things, and neer the Day-break, there shall be a great

Calm

Calm, and you shall see the Day-star arise, and the Dawning will appeare, and you shall perceive a great Treasure. The Chiefest thing in it, and the most perfect, is a certain exalted Tincture, with which the world (if it served God, and were worthy of such Gifts) might be changed, and turn'd into most pure Gold.

This Tincture being used, as your Guide shall teach you, will make you young when you are old, and you shall perceive no Disease in any part of your Bodies. By means of this Tincture also, you shall find pearls of that Excellency, which cannot be imagined. But doe not arrogate any thing to your selves because of your present power, but be contented with that which your Guide shall communicate to you. Praise God perpetually for this his Gift, and have a speciall care that you use it not for worldly pride, but imploy it in such workes, which are contrary to the world. Use it rightly, and injoy it so, as if you had it not. Live a temperat life, and beware of all sin, otherwise your Guide will forsake you, and you shall be deprived of this Happinesse. For know this of a truth, whatsoever abuseth this Tincture, and does not exemplarily, purely, and devoutly becomen men, he shall lose this Benefit, and scarce any hope will there be left, ever to recover it afterwards.

This

This much we have from these famous and most Christian Philosophers: Men questionlesse, that have suffer'd much by their own discreet silence, and Solitude. Every Sophist contemns them, because they appeare not to the World, and concludes there is no such Societie, because hee is not a member of it. There is scarce a Reader so just, as to confide upon what Grounds they conceale themselves, and come not to the Stage, when every Fool cries, Enter. No man looks after them but for worldly Ends, and truly if the Art it self did not promise Gold, I am confident it would find but few followers. How many are there in the world, that study Nature to know God? Certainly they study a Receipt for their purses, not for their souls, nor in any good sense for their Bodies. It is fit then they should be left to their Ignorance, as to their Cure: It may be the Nullitie of their Expectations will reforme them, but as long as they continue in this Humor, neither God nor Good men will assist them.

The Inferior part of this Type presents a Dark Circle, charg'd with many strange Chimeras, and Aristotle's reputation, that Metaphysicall Beast of the Schoolmen. It signifies the innumerable conceited Whimzies, and variety of Imaginations of Man. For, before

wee attain to the Truth, we are subject to a Thousand Fancies, Fictions, and Apprehensions, which wee falsely suppose, and many Times publickly propose for the Truth it self. This Phantastic Region is the true Originall Seminary of all Sects and their Dissentions. Hence came the despayring Sceptic, the loose Epicure, the Hypocriticall Stoic, and the Atheous Peripatetic. Hence also their severall Digladiations about Nature: Whether the first Matter be Fire, Aire, Earth, or Water, or a Frie of Imaginarie Atoms, all which are false and fabulous Suppositions. If wee look on Religion, and the Diversities thereof; whence proceeded the present Heresies and Schismes, but from the Different, erroneous Apprehensions of Men? Indeed whiles wee follow our own Fancies, and build on bottomless unsetled Imaginations, wee must needs Wander, and grope in the Dark, like those that are Blindfolded. On the Contrarie, if wee lay the Line to our Thoughts, and examine them by Experience, wee are in the way to be Infallible, for wee take hold of that Rule, which God hath provided for our Direction. In vain hath he made Nature. if wee dwell on our own Conceptions, and make no use of her Principles. It were a happy Necessity, if our thoughts could not vary from her wayes: but Certainly for us to think



think, that we can find the *Truth* by meer *Contemplation* without *Experience*, is as great a *madness*, as if a *Man* should shutt his *Eyes* from the *Sun*, and then believe hee can tra-  
*uaile* directly from *London* to *Grand Cairo*, by *sausing* himself in the *right way*, without the *Assistance* of the *Light*. It is true, that no man enters the *Magicall Schoole*, but hee wanders first in this *Region* of *Chimera's*: for the *Inquiries* which we make before wee attain to *Experimentall Truths*, are most of them *Erroneous*. Howsoever wee should bee for *rational*, and *patient* in our *Disquisitions*, as not *imperiously* to *obtrude* and *force* them upon the *world*, before wee are able to *Verifie* them.

I ever approved that regular and solid speech of *Basil Valentine*: *Disce igitur Disputator mi, & inquire primum Fundamentum ipsis oculis & manu, quod Natura secum fert absconditum: Sic demum prudenter, & cum iudicio de Rebus differere, & supra inexpugnabilem Petram adificare poteris. Sine hoc autem vanus & phantasticus Nugator manebis, cuius Sermones absq, ulla Experientia supra Arenam solum fundati sunt. Qui autem sermocinationibus suis & Nugis me aliquid docere vult, is me verbis tantum nudis non pascat, sed Experientia factum Documentum*

*simul sit presto oportet. sine quo non teneor Verbis locum dare, fidemque iis adhibere.* And in another place, *Nugatorem haud moror* (saith he) *qui non per Experientiam propriam loquitur: Nam ejus Sermones perinde fundati sunt, ac Cæci Judicium de Coloribus.* Questionlesse all this was the *Breath* of a true *Philosopher*, one that studied not the *Names*, but the *Natures* of *Things*. I oppose it as *Batterie* to the *Schoolemen*, if they will needs *muster* their *Syllogisms*, I expect alio they should *confirme* their *Noyse* by their *Experience*.

Within this *Phantastic Circle* stands a *Lamp*, and it typifies the *Light* of *Nature*. This is the *secret Canale* of *God*, which hee hath *tim'd* in the *Elements*, it *burns* and is *not seen*, for it *shines* in a *dark place*. Every *naturall Body* is a kind of *Black Lanthorne*, it carries this *Candle* within it, but the *Light* appears not, it is *Ecclips'd* with the *Grossnesse* of the *matter*. The *Effects* of this *Light* are *apparent* in *all things*, but the *Light* it self is *denyed*, or *else not followed*. The *great world* hath the *Sun* for his *Life* and *Candle*: according to the *Absence* and *presence* of this *Fire*, all things in the *world flourish* or *wither*. We know by *Experience*, and this in our *own Bodies*, that as long as *life lasts*, there is a *continuall Co-*

etion, a certain seething or Boiling within us, This makes us sweat, and expire in perpetuall Defluxions at the pores, and if we lay our hands to our skin, we can feel our own Heat, which must needs proceed from an inclosed Fire, or Light. All Vegetables grow, and augment themselves, they put forth their fruits and Flowers, which could not bee, if some Heat did not stir up and alter the Matter; we see moreover that in Vegetables, this Light is sometimes discovered to the Eye, as it appears in rotten wood, where the star-fire shines after Night. As for Minerals, their first matter is coagulated by this first spirit, and altered from one Complexion to Another. To which may be added this Truth for Manifestation: if the Minerall Principles be artificially dissolved, that their fire and spirit may be at Liberty, even Metals themselves may be made Vegetable. This Fire or Light is no where to be found in such abundance and puritie, as in that subject, which the Arabians call *Halicali*, from *Hali sum-mum*, and *Calop Bonum*: but the Latine Authors corruptly write it *Sal Alkali*. This substance is the Catholick Receptacle of spirits, it is blessed and impregnated with Light from above, and was therefore styl'd by the Magicians, *Domus signata, plena Luminis & Divinitatis*.

But

But to proceed in the Exposition of our Type; not far from this Lamp you may observe the Angel or Genius of the place. In one hand he bears a sword, to keep off the Contentions and unworthy: in the other a Clew of Thread to lead in the Humble, and Harmlesse. Under the Altar lyes the Green Dragon, or the Magician's Mercury, involving in it self a Treasure of Gold and Pearl. This is neither Dreame nor Faulse, but a known, Demonstrable, practicall Truth. The Treasure is there to be found, infinitely Rich and Reall: Indeed we must confesse it is unchangeable, and that by the very Art and Magic of the Almighty God. It can neither be seen nor felt, but the Cabinet that holds it, is every Day under our Feet. On this Treasure sits a little Child, with this Inscription, *Non nisi Parvulis*. It tels us, how they should be qualified who desire to be admitted to this place. They must be Innocent, and very Humble: not impudent proud Raunters, nor Contentious uncharitable Misers. They must be unchangeable, not Contentious: They must love the Truth, and (to speak in a homely Phrase) they must also like Children and Fools tell the Truth. In a word, they must be as our Saviour himself hath said, *Like one of these little*

E 2

This

This is the *Summe* of that *Magicall Embleme* which *Thalia* communicated to me in the *Minerall Region*. More I cannot say of it, for I was not trusted with more in Relation to a publick and popular use. I will now proceed to a *Discovery* of some other *Mysterics*, which I received from her, and those such, as are not commonly sought after. The *Basis* of them all, is the visible, tangible *Quintessence*, or the first created unity, out of which the *Physicall Tetractys* did spring. I shall speak of them not in a cast artificiall *Discourse* and *Method*, but in their own *Natural Harmonicall Order*, and First of all of the *First Matter*.

### The First Matter.

**W**hen I seriously consider the *System* or *Fabric* of this world, I find it to be a certaine *Series*, a *Link* or *Chaine*, which is extended à non *Gradu ad non Gradum*, From that which is beneath all *Apprehension*, to that which is above all *Apprehension*. That which is Beneath all Degree of *Sense*, is a certaine Horrible *Inexpressible Darknesse*. The *Magicians* call it *Tenebræ Activa*. and the *Effect* of it in *Nature* is *Cold*, &c. For *Darknesse* is *vultus Frigoris* the *Complexion*, *Body*, and *Matrix* of *Colours*

as *Light* is the *Face*, *Principle*, and *Fountain* of *Heat*. That which is above all Degree of *Intelligence*, is a certaine *Infinite Inaccessible Fire* or *Light*. *Dionysius* calls it *Caligo Divina*, because it is *Invisible*, and *Incomprehensible*. The *Jew* styles it *אין Ein*, that is *Nihil* or *Nothing*: but in a *Relative sense*, or as the *Schoolmen* expresse it, *Quo ad nos*. In plaine terms it is *Deitas nuda sine Indumento*. The *middle Substances*, or *Chaine* between these *Two*, is That which we Commonly call *Nature*. This is the *Scala* of the great *Chaldee*, which doth reach à *Tartaro ad primum Ignem*, from the *Subternatural Darknesse* to the *supernatural Fire*. These *Middle Natures* came out of a certaine *water*, which was the *Sperm*, or *First Matter* of the *Great world*, and now we will begin to describe it: *Capiat, qui Capere potest*.

It is in plaine Terms, *χρῆτον ἢ ῥῆτον ὑδαρ*: Or rather it is *ἢ χρῆτον*, that is *γαῖα χυματωδῆς ἢ τὸ χεῖρον ἢ ῥῆτον*; an exceedingly soft, moist, fusible, flowing *Earth*: An *Earth* of *wax*, that is capable of all *Formes* and *Impressions*. It is *ἢ ῥῆτον ὑδαρ*, *Terra-Filius Aquâ mixtus*, and to speake as the *Nature* of the *Thing* requires, *γαμινῆς ἢ γῆς γαμῆς*. The learned *Archimæst* defines it, *θεῖον Ἀρχιμῆτος ζῶντιον*, *ἕνωσις τῆς γαμινῆς ἢ ῥῆμα*. It is a *Divine animated Masse*,

of Complexion somewhat like Silver, the Union of Masculine and Feminine spirits, The Quintessence of Four, the Ternarie of Two, and the Tetract of One. These are his Generations Physicall, and Metaphysicall. The Thing it self is a world without Forme, neither meer power, nor perfect Action: but a weak virgin Substance, a certain soft prolific Venus, the very Love and Seed, the Mixture and Moysture of Heaven and Earth. This Moysture is the Mother of all things in the world, and the Masculine Sulphureous Fire of the Earth is their Father. Now the Jews, who without Controversie were the wisest of Nations, when they discourse of the Generation of Metals, tell us it is performed in this manner The Mercurie, or Mineral liquor (say they) is altogether cold and passive, and it lyes in certain earthy Subterraneous Caverns: But when the Sun ascends in the East, his Beams and Heat falling on this Hemisphere, stir up and fortifie the inward Heat of the Earth. Thus we see in winter weather that the outward Heat of the Sun excites the inward naturall Warmth of our Bodies, and cherisheth the Blood when it is almost cold and frozen. Now then the Central heat of the Earth being stirr'd and seconded, by the Circumferential Heat of the Sun, works upon the Mer-

cury,

cury, and sublimes it in a thin vapour to the Top of it's Cell or Cavern. But towards Night when the Sun sets in the West, the Heat of the Earth because of the Absence of that great Luminarie, grows weak, and the Cold prevailes, so that the vapours of the Mercury which were formerly sublim'd, are now condens'd, and distill in Drops to the Bottome of their Cavern. But the Night being spent, the Sun againe comes about to the East, and Sublimes the Moysture as formerly: This Sublimation and Condensation continue so long till the Mercury takes up the Subtill Sulphureous parts of the Earth, and is incorporated therewith, so that this sulphur coagulates the Mercury, and fixeth him at last that he will not sublime, but lyes still in a ponderous Lump, and is concocted to a perfect Metall. Take notice then that our Mercury cannot be coagulated without our Sulphur, for *Draco non moritur sine suo Compare*: it is water that dissolves and putrifies Earth, and Earth that thickens and putrifies Water. You must therefore take two principles to produce a third Agent, according to that dark Receipt of Hali the Arabian. *Accipe Canem Masculinum Corascenum, & Castellam Armenia, Canjange, & parient tibi Canulam coloris Cœli.* Take (saith he) the Corascen Dog, and

the Bitch of Armenia, put them both together, and they will bring thee a skie colour'd Whelp. This skie colour'd whelp is that Sovereign, admir'd, and famous Mercury, known by the Name of the Philosophers Mercury. Now for my part I advise thee to take two living Mercuries, plant them in a purified Mineral Saturn, wash them and feed them with water of Salt Vegetable, and thou shalt see that speech of the Adeptus verified: *Pariet Mater Florem germinalem, quem ubere suo viscoso nutriet, & se totam ei in Cibum vertet, fonte Patre.* But the Proesse or Receipt is no part of my Design, wherefore I will return to the first Matter, and I say it is no kind of water whatsoever. Reader if it be thy Desire to attaine to the Truth, rely upon my words, for I speak the truth, and I am no Deceiver. The Mother or first Matter of Metals is a certaine watery Substance, neither very water, nor very Earth, but a Third thing compounded of Both and retaining the Complexion of neither. To this agrees the learned Valentine in his appoit and genuine Description of our Sperm. *Materia Prima* (saith he) *est Aquosa Substantia, Sicca re-perta, & nulli Materia comparabilis.* The first Matter is a waterish Substance found Drie, or of such a Complexion that wets not  
the

the Hand, and nothing like to any other Matter whatsoever. Another excellent, and well experienc'd Philosopher defines it thus. *Est Terrena Aqua, & Aquosa Terra in Terra ventre Terra commixta, cum Quâ se commiscet Spiritus, & Cælestis Influxus.* It is (saith he) an Earthy water, and a watery Earth, mingl'd with Earth in the Belly of the Earth, and the spirit and Influences of Heaven commix themselves therewith. Indeed it cannot be denied but some Authors have nam'd this Substance by the names of all ordinary waters, not to deceive the simple, but to hide it from the Ranting, ill-disposed Crew. On the contrary some have expressly and faithfully Informed us it is no Common water, and especially the reverend Turba. *Ignari* (saith Agadmon) *cum audiunt nomen Aquæ, putant Aquam Nubis esse, quod si libros nostros intelligerent, scirent esse Aquam permanentem, quæ absque suo Compari cum quo facta est unum, permanens esse non possit.* The ignorant (saith he) when they heare us name water, think it is water of the Clouds, but if they understood our Books, they should know it to be a permanent or fix'd water, which without its Sulphur to which it hath been united, cannot be permanent. The noble and knowing Sendivogius tels us the very same Thing:

Thing: *Aqua nostra est Aqua Cœlestis non madefaciens manus, non vulgi, sed fere pluuialis.* Our water is a heavenly water, which wets not the hand, not that of the common *Man*, but almost or as it were *Pluuial*. We must therefore consider the severall *Analogies* and *similitudes* of Things, or we shall never be able to understand the *Philosophers*. This *Water* then wets not the *Hand*, which is notion enough to perswade us it can be no common water. It is a *M'talline*, bitter, *Saltish liquor*. It hath a true *minerall Complexion*: *Habet* (saith *Raymund Lullie*) *speciem solis & Lune. & in tali Aquâ nobis apparuit, non in Aquâ Fontis, aut pluvia.* But in another place he describes it more fully, *Est Aqua sicca* (saith he) *non aqua Nubis, aut phlegmatica, sed aqua Cholericâ, igne Calidior.* It is a *drie water*, not water of the *Clouds*, or *phlegmatic water*, but a *Choleric water*, more hot than *Fire*. It is moreover *Greenish* to the sight, and the same *Lullie* tels you so: *habet colorem lacertæ Viridis*, it looks saith he, like a *green lizard*. But the most prevalent *Colour* in it, is a certain inexpressible *Azure*, like the *Body of Heaven* in a clear *Day*. It looks in *Truth* like the *Belly of a Snake*, especially near the *Neck*, where the *Scales* have a deep *Blow Tincture*, and this is the reason, why

why the *Philosophers* call'd it their *serpent*, and their *Dragon*. The predominant *Element* in it, is a certaine *Fierie subtill Earth*, and from this prevalent part the *Best Philosophers* have denominated the whole *Compound*. *Paracelsus* names it openly but in one place, and he calls it *Viscum Terra*, The *Slime*, or *Viscous part of the Earth*. *Raymund Lullie* describeth the *Crisis*, or *Constitution* of it in these words. *Substantia lapidis nostri est tota pinguis, & Igne impregnata.* The *Substance* of our *stone* (saith he) is altogether *fat*, or *viscous*, and *impregnated with fire*; In which respect he calls it eliewhere not *water*, but *Earth*. *Capias Terram nostram* (saith he) *impregnatam à Sole, quia lapis est honoratus, repertus in Hospitiis desertis, & est intrus inclusum velut magnum Secretum, & Thesaurus incantatus.* Take our *Earth*, which is *impregnated*, or with *Child* by the *Sun*, for it is our *precious stone*, which is found in *desolate Houses*, and there is *shut up* in it a *great secret*, and a *Treasure enchanted*. And againe in a certaine place he delivers himself thus: *Prima materia Filii, est Terra subtilis sulphurea, & hæc nobilis Terra dictum est Subjectum Mercuriale.* My son (saith he) the *first Matter* is a *subtil, Sulphureous Earth*, and this *noble Earth* is call'd the *Mercurial subject*.  
Know

Know then for certaine that this Slimie moyſt Sperm, or Earth, muſt be diſſolved into water, and this is the Water of the Philoſophers, not any common water whatſoever. This is the grand ſecret of the Art, and Lullie diſcovers it, with a great deale of Honesty, and Charitie. *Argentum vivum noſtrum* (ſaith he) *non eſt Argentum vivum Vulgare: Imo Argentum vivum noſtrum eſt Aqua alterius Naturæ, quæ reperiri non poteſt ſupra Terram, cum in actionem venire non poſſit per Naturam, abſque adutorio Ingenii. et Humanarum manuum operationibus.* Our Mercury is not common Mercury, or Quick-ſilver: but our Mercury is a water, which cannot be found upon Earth, for it is not made, or manifested by the ordinary courſe of Nature, but by the Art, and manual Operations of Man. Seek not then for that in nature, which is an Effect beyond her ordinary proceſſe: you muſt help her, that ſhe may exceed her common courſe, or all is to no purpoſe. In a word, you muſt make this water, before you can find it. In the interim you muſt permit the Philoſophers to call their ſubject, or Chaos, a Water, for there is no proper name for it, unleſſe we call it a Sperm, which is a watery Substance, but certainly no Water. Let it ſuffice, that you are not cheated, for they tell you what it is, and what

what it is not, which is all that Man can doe. If I aſke you, by what name you call the Sperm of a Chick, you will tell me it is the white of an Egge, and truly ſo is the ſhell as well as the Sperm that is within it: But if you call it Earth or water, you know well enough it is neither, and yet you cannot find a third name. Judge then as you would be judged, for this is the very caſe of the Philoſophers: Certainly you muſt be very unreaſonable, if you expect that language from Men, which God hath not given them. Now that we may confirme this our Theorie and Diſcourſe of the Sperm not only by Experience but by Reason, it is neceſſary that we conſider the Qualities and Temperament of the Sperm. It is then a slimie, ſlippery, Diffuſive Moſture. But if we conſider any perfect products they are firme, compacted, figured Bodies, and hence it follows they muſt be made of ſomething that is not firme, not compacted, not figured, but a weak, quivering, altering ſubſtance. Queſtionleſſe thus it muſt be, unleſſe we make the Sperm to be of the ſame Complexion with the Body, and then it muſt follow that Generation is no Alteration. Again: it is evident to all the world, that nothing is ſo paſſive as Moſture. The leaſt heat turns Water to a Vapour, and the leaſt cold turns that



that *Vapour* to *Water*. Now let us consider what *Degree* of *Heat* it is, that acts in all *Generations*, for by the *Agent* we may guesse at the *Nature* of the *patient*. We know the *Sun* is so remote from us, that the *Heat* of it (as daily *Experience* tels us) is very faint, and remisse. I desire then to know, what *Subject* is there in all *Nature*, that can be altered with such a weak *Heat*, but *Moysture*? Certainly none at all: for all hard *Bodies*, as *Salts*, *Stones*, and *Metals*, preserve, and retaine their *Complexions* in the most violent, excessive *Fires*. How then can we expect they should be altered by a gentle, and almost insensible *Warmth*? It is plaine then, and that by infallible inference from the proportion and power of the *Agent*, that *Moysture* must needs be the *patient*: For that *Degree* of *Heat*, which *Nature* makes use of in her *Generations*, is so remisse and weak, it is impossible for it to alter any thing but what is moyst, and waterish. This truth appears in the *Animal Familie*, where we know well enough the *Sperms* are moyst: indeed in *Vegetables* the *Seeds* are drie, but then *Nature* generats nothing out of them, till they are first matured, or moystned with *Water*. And here my *Peripatetic*, thou art quite gone, and with thee thy *pura potentia*, that fanatic *Chaos* of the

the *Son* of *Nichomachus*. But I must advise my *Chimists* to beware of any *Common Moysture*, for that will never be altered otherwise then to a *Vapour*. See therefore that thy *moysture* be well tempered with *Earth*, otherwise thou hast nothing to dissolve, and nothing to Coagulate. Remember the practice, and *Magic* of the *Amig. tu. God* in his *Creation*, as it is manifested to thee by *Moses*. *In principio* (saith he) *creavit Deus Caelum & Terram*: But the *Originall* if it be truly, and rationally rendered, speaks thus, *In principio Deus miscuit Rarum, & Densum*; In the *Beginning* *God* mingl'd or temper'd together the *Thin* and the *Thick*: for *Heaven* and *Earth* in this *Text* (as we have told you in our *Anima Magica*) signifie the *Virgin Mercury*, and the *Virgin Sulphur*. This I will prove out of the *text* it self, and that by the vulgar received *Translation*, which runs thus: *In the Beginning God created the Heaven, and the Earth: And the Earth was without forme and voyd, and there was darkness upon the face of the abyss, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters. In the first part of this text Moses mentions two created principles, not a perfect world as we shall prove hereafter, and this he doth in these Generall termes, Heaven and Earth. In the latter*



latter part of it he describes each of these principles by it self in more particular termes, and he begins with the Earth. And the Earth (saith he) was without forme, and void. Hence I infer that the Earth he speaks of was a meer Rudiment or principle of this Earth which I now see, for this present Earth is neither void, nor without forme. I conclude then that the Mosaycall earth was the Virgin Sulphur, which is an earth without forme, for it hath no determinated Figure. It is a Laxative instable incomposed substance, of a porous empty Crasis like Sponge, or Soute. In a word I have seen it, but it is impossible to describe it. After this he proceeds to the Description of his Heaven, or second principle, in these subsequent words: And there was Darknesse upon the face of the abyss, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Here he calls that an abyss and Waters, which he formerly called Heaven. It was indeed the Heavenly Moisture or Water of the Chaos out of which the separated Heaven, or Habitation of the stars was afterwards made. This is clear out of the Originall, for **וַיְהִי עָרָב** Hamaim and **וַיְהִי מַטְמַן** Hashamaim are the same words, like Aqua and Ibi Aqua, and they signifie one and the same substance, namely Water. The text then being render'd ac-

cordin

ording to the primitive naturall truth, and the undoubted sense of the Author, speaks thus; In the beginning (or according to the Jerusalem Thargum) In wisdom God made the water and the earth: And the earth was without forme and void, and there was Darknesse upon the Face of the Deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the Face of the waters. Here you should observe that God created two principles, Earth and Water, and of these two he compounded a third, namely the Sperm or Chaos. Upon the water, or moyst part of this Sperm, the spirit of God did move, and (saith the Scripture) there was Darknesse upon the face of the Deep. This is a very great secret, neither is it lawfull to publish it expressly, and as the Nature of the thing requires, but in the Magicall work it is to be seen, and I have been an eye witness of it my selfe.

To conclude: Remember that our subject is no common water, but a thick, slimie, fat earth. This earth must be dissolved into water, and that water must be coagulated again into earth. This is done by a certaine Naturall Agent, which the Philosophers call their secret fire: for if you work with common fire, it will drie your Sperm, and bring it to an unprofitable red Dust, of the Colour of

F

wild

wild poppie. Their fire then is the Key of the Art, for it is a *Naturall Agent*, but acts not *Naturally* without the *San*. I must confesse it is a *knottie Mysterie*, but we shall make it *plaine*, if you be not very *Dim* and *Dull*. It requires indeed a *quick, clear Apprehension*, and therefore Readers, *Snuffe your Candles*.

### The Philosophicall Fire.

**F**ire, notwithstanding the *Diversities* of it in this *Sublunarie Kitchen* of the *Elements*, is but *one Thing*, from *one Root*. The *Effects* of it are *various* according to the *Distance*, and *Nature* of the *subject* wherein it *resides*, for that makes it *Vital*, or *Violent*. It *sleeps* in most *things* as in *Flints*, where it is *silent* and *Invisible*. It is a *kind of perdue*: *lys close* like a *Spider* in the *Cabinet* of his *Web*, to *surprise* all that *comes* within his *lines*. He never *appears* without his *prey* in his *Foot*, where he finds *ought* that's *Combustible* there he *discovers* himself, for if we *speak properly*, he is not *generated*, but *manifested*. Some *Men* are of *Opinion* that hee *breeds nothing*, but *devoures all things*, and is therefore call'd *Ignis quasi Ingignens*: This is a *Grammaticall Whim*, for there is nothing

in

in the world *generated* without *Fire*. What a *fine Philosopher* then was *Aristotle*, who tels us this *Agent* breeds *nothing* but his *Pyrausta*, a certain *Fly* which he *found* in his *Candle*, but could never be *seen afterwards*? Indeed *too much Heat* burns and *destroyes*, and if we *descend* to *other Natures*, *too much water drowns*, *too much earth buries* and *choaks* the *seed* that it cannot *come up*: And verily at this *Rate* there is *nothing* in the *world* that *generats*. What an *Owle*, was he then, that could not *distinguish* with all his *Logic* between *Excesse* and *Measure*, between *Violent* and *Vital Degrees* of *Heat*, but concluded the *Fire* did *Breed nothing*, because it *consumed something*? But let the *Mule* passe, for so *Plato* call'd him, and let us *prosecute* our *secret fire*. This *fire* is at the *Root*, and about the *Root* (I mean about the *Center*) of all *things* both *Visible*, and *Invisible*. It is in *water*, *earth*, and *ayr*; It is in *Minerals*, *Herbs*, and *Beasts*; It is in *Men*, *Stars*, and *Angels*; but *Originally* it is in *God himself*, for he is the *Fountain of Heat* and *fire*, and from *Him* it is *derived* to the rest of the *Creatures* in a certain *streame*, or *Sun-shine*. Now the *Magicians* affoord us but *two Notions*, whereby we may know their *fire*: it is, as they describe it. *Myst* and *Invisible*.

F 2

Hence

Hence have they call'd it *Venter Equi*, and *Fimus Equinus*: but this only by way of *Analogie*, for there is in *Horse-dung* a moist *Heat*, but no *fire* that is *visible*. Now then let us compare the common *Vulcan* with this Philosophicall *Vesta*, that we may see wherein they are *different*. First of all then the Philosopher's *fire* is *moist*, and truly so is *that* of the *Kitchen* too. We see that flames *contract* and *extend* themselves, now they are *short*, now they are *long*, which cannot be without *moisture* to *maintaine* the *flux*, and *Continuitie* of their *parts*. I know *Aristotle* makes the *fire* to be simply *dry*, perhaps because the *effects* of it are so; he did not indeed consider that in all *Complexions* there are *other Qualities* besides the *predominant one*. Sure then this *drie stufte* is that *element* of *his*, wherein he found his *Pyrausta*; but if our *naturall fire* were simply *drie*, the *flames* of it could not *flow*, and *diffuse* themselves as they doe they would rather fall to *Dust*, or turne like their *fuell* to *ashes*. But that I may returne to my former *Discourse*, I say the *Common fire* is *excessively hot*, but *moist* in a *far inferior degree*, and therefore *destructive*, for it *preyes* on the *moisture* of *other things*. On the contrary the *warmth* and *moisture* of the *Magicall Agent* are *equall*, the *one*

temperates,

temperates, and satisfies the *other*: it is a *humid tepid fire*, or as we commonly expresse our selves, *Bloud-warme*. This is their *first*, and *greatest Difference* in Relation to our *desired effect*, we will now consider their *second*. The *Kitchen fire* (as we all know) is *visible*, but the *Philosophers fire* is *Invisible*, and therefore no *Kitchen fire*. This *Alma-Dir* expressly tells us in these words, *Solos radios Invisibiles ignis nostri sufficere*. Our work (saith he) can be performed by nothing, but by the *Invisible Beams* of our *fire*. And againe, *Ignis noster Corrosivus est Ignis, qui supra nostrum vas Nubem obducit, in qua nube radii hujus ignis occulti sunt*. Our *Fire* is a *Corrosive fire*, which brings a *cloud* about our *glasse* or *vessell*, in which *Cloud* the *Beams* of our *fire* are *hidden*. To be short, the *Philosophers* call this *Agent* their *Bath*, because it is *moist* as *Baths* are: but in very truth it is no *kind* of *Bath*, neither *Maris*, nor *Roris*, but a most *subtil fire*, and purely *Naturall*, but the *Excitation* of it is *Artificiall*. This *Excitation*, or *preparation* (as I have told thee in my *Cælum Terra*) is a very *triviall*, *slight*, *ridiculous thing*: nevertheless all the *secrets* of *Corruption* and *Generation* are therein *contained*. Lastly, I think it just to informe thee, that many *Authors*

have *falsly described* this fire, and that of *purpose* to *seduce* their *Readers*. For my own part, I have neither *adæed*, nor *diminished*, thou hast here the true *intire secret*, and in which all the *Eastern sages* agree: *Alfid*, *Almadir*, *Belen*, *Gieberim*, *Hali*, *Salmanazar*, and *Zadich*: with the *three famous Jews Abraham*, *Artifus*, and *Kalid*. If thou doest not by this time apprehend it, thou art past my *Cure*, for I may tell thee no more of it, I may only teach thee how to *use* it.

Take our *two Serpents*, which are to be found every where on the Face of the Earth. They are a *living Male*, and a *living Female*. Tye them *Both* in a *Love-knot*, and shut them up in the *Arabian CARAHA*. This is thy *first labour*, but thy *next* is more *difficult*. Thou must *incamp* against them with the *fire of Nature*, and be sure thou doest bring thy *Line* round about. *Circle* them in, and *stop* all *Avenues*, that they find no *Reliefe*. Continue this *siege* patiently, and they will turne to an ugly, flabbie, venemous, black *Toad*, which will be transform'd to a horrible, devowring *Dragon*, creeping and weltring in the *Bottom* of her *Cave* without *wings*. Touch her not by any means, not so much as with thy *Hands*, for there is not upon earth such a violent, transcendent *poysen*. As  
thou

hast begun, so proceed, and this *Dragon* will turne to a *Swan*, but more *white* than the hovering, *Virgin Snow*, when it is not yet *sullied* with the *Earth*. Henceforth I will allow thee to *fortifie* thy *fire*, till the *Phenix* appears. It is a *red Bird* of a most deep *Colour*, with a *shining Fiery Hue*. Feed this *Bird* with the *Fire* of his *Father*, and the *Aether* of his *Mother*, for the *first* is *meat*, the *second* is *Drink*, and without this *last* he attains not to his *full Glory*. Be sure to understand this *secret*, for *fire* feeds not *well*, unlesse it be *first fed*. It is of it self *drie* and *Choleric*, but a *proper moisture* tempers it, gives it a *heavenly Complexion*, and brings it to the *Desired Exaltation*. Feed thy *Bird* then as I have told thee, and he will *move* in his *Nest*, and *rise* like a *star* of the *Firmament*. Doe this, and thou hast placed *Nature* in *Horizonte Aternitatis*: Thou hast performed that *Command* of the *Cabalist*, *Ege finem in Principio, sicut Flammam prunæ Coniunctam: quia Dominus SUPERLATIVÉ unus, & non tenet secundum*. Unite the *End* to the *Beginning*, like a *Flame* to a *Coale*: for *God* (saith hee) is *superlatively one*, and hee hath no *second*. Consider then what you seek: you seek an *Indissoluble, miraculous, transmating, uniting*

union, but such a tye cannot be without the first unitie; *Creare enim* (saith one) *atque intrinsecus transmutare absque violentiâ, Minus est proprium duntaxat Prima Potentia, Prima sapientia, Primi amoris.* To Create, and Transmute essentially, and naturally or without any violence, is the only proper office of the first power, the first Wisdom, and the first love. Without this love the Elements will never be married, they will never inwardly and essentially unite, which is the end and perfection of Magic. Study then to understand this, and when thou hast perform'd, I will allow thee that *Test* of the *Mekubalim*: *Intellexisti in sapientiâ, & sapuisti in Intelligentiâ, statuisti Rem super Puritates suas, & Creatorem in Throno suo collocasti.*

For a Close to this Section, I say it is impossible to generat in the patient, without a vitall generating Agent. This Agent is the Philosophical fire, a certain moyst, heavenly, invisible Heat; but let us heare *Raymond Lullie* describe it, *Quando dicimus* (saith hee) *quod lapis per ignem generatur, non vident alium ignem, nec alium ignem credunt, nisi ignem communem: nec aliud Sulphur, nec aliud argentum vitium, nisi sit vulgare. Ideo manent decepti per eorum cecas estimaciones,*

*inferentes*

*inferentes quod causa sumus sue Deceptionis, & quod dedimus illis intelligere rem unam pro aliâ. Sed non est verum salvâ eorum pace, sicut probabimus per illa, quæ Philosophi posuerunt in scriptis. Solem enim appellamus ignem, & vicarium suum vocamus Calorem naturalem. Nam illud quod agit Calor Solis in Mineris Metallorum per mille annos, ipse Calor naturalis facit in unâ horâ supra Terram. Nos vero, & multi alii, vocamus eum Filium solis, nam primo per solis influentiam fuit generatus per naturam, sine adjutorio Scientiæ, vel artis.* When wee say the Stone is generated by fire, Men neither see, neither doe they believe there is any other fire, but the common fire: nor any other Sulphur or Mercury, but the common Sulphur and Mercury. Thus are they deceived by their own opinions, saying that we are the Cause of their Error, having made them to mistake one thing for another. But by their leave it is not so, as we shall prove by the Doctrine of the Philosophers. For wee call the Sun a fire, and the natural Heat we call his Substitute, or Deputy; for that which the heat of the Sun performs in a thousand years in the Mines, the Heat of Nature performs it above the earth in one houre. But wee, and many other Philosophers have call'd this Heat, the Child of

of

of the Sun, for at first it was generated naturally by the influence of the Sun, without the Help of our Art or Knowledge. Thus Lullie: But one thing I must tell thee, and be sure, Reader, thou dost remember it. This very naturall Heat must be applied in the just Degree, and not too much fortified, for the Sun it self doth not generat, but burne and scorch where it is too hot. *Si cum igne magno operatus fueris* (saith the same Lullie) *proprietas nostri spiritus, que inter vitam & mortem participiat, separabit se, & Anima recedet in Regionem spera sue.* If thou shalt work with too strong a fire, the proprietie of our spirit, which is indifferent as yet to life or death, will separate it self from the Body, and the Sou's will depart to the Region of her own sphere: Take therefore along with thee this short, but wholesome advise of the same Author. *Facias ergo Fili, quod in loco Generationis aut Conversionis sit talis potentia Celestis, que possit transformare Humidum ex natura terrestris, in formam & speciem transparentem, & finissimam.* My Son (saith hee) let the Heavenly power, or Agent be such in the place of Generation or Mutation, that it may alter the spermatie Humiditie from its Earthly Complexion, to a most fine transparent forme, or species. See here

here now the solution of the slimie, fat Earth, to a transparent glorious Mercury! This Mercury Gentlemen, is the water which we look after, but not any common water whatsoever. There is nothing now behind but that which the Philosophers call *secretum Artis*: a thing that was never published, and without which you will never performe, though you know both Fire and Matter. An Instance hereof wee have in Flammel, who knew the Matter well enough and had both fire and Furnace painted to him by Abraham the Jew: but notwithstanding he err'd for three years, because hee knew not the third secret. Henry Madathan a most noble Philosopher practic'd upon the subject for five years together, but knew not the right method, and therefore found nothing; at last saith hee, *Post sextum annum Clavis Potentie per arcanam Revelationem ab omnipotente Deo mihi concredita est*: After the sixth year, I was intrusted with the Key of power by secret Revelation, from the Almighty God. This Key of power, or third secret was never put to paper by any Philosopher whatsoever: Paracelsus indeed hath touch'd upon it, but so obscurely it is no more to the purpose then if he had said nothing. And now I suppose I have done enough for the Discovery, and Regiment of the

the fire; if you think it too little, I must tell you it is much more then any one Author hath performed. Search it than, for he that finds this fire, will attaine to the true temperament, he will make a noble deserving Philosopher, and to speake in the phrase of our Spaniard, *Dignus erit poni ad Mensam Duodecim parium.*

### The River of Pearl.

IT is a Decomposed Substance, extreme heavy and moist, but wets not the Hand. It shines after Night like a star, and will enlighten any Darke roome. It is full of small eyes sparkling like Pearls or Aglets. It is the whole Demogorgon, but now actually animated by manifestation of his own Inward Light. The Father of it is a certaine inviolable Masse, for the parts of it are so firmly united, you can neither pound them into Dust, nor separat them by violence of Fire. This is the stone of the Philosophers, *Qui ab omni parte (saith one) circumdatus est Tenebris, Nebulis, Caligine: Habitat in mediis Terra visceribus, Qui ubi natus fuerit, vestitur quodam viridi Pallio, humiditate quadam aspersus, & non prognatus ab aliquo, sed aeternus, & parens omnium Rerum.* It is compa-  
sed

sed about (saith he) with Darknesse, Clouds, and Blacknesse. It dwels in the inmost Bowels of the Earth: but when he is borne, hee is cloathed with a certaine Green Mantle, and sprinckl'd over with a certaine Moysture. He is not properly generated by any Naturall thing. but he is eternall, and the Father of all things. This Description is very true and apposit, but Enigmaticall: howsoever forget not the Green Mantle. This is that substance, which Geberim Eben-Haen, or as the Rable writes him, Geber, calls *Lapis in Capitulis notus*: a very subtil Expression, but if well examin'd, it is the Key to his whole Booke, and to the writings of the old Philosophers in Generall. But let us returne to our River of Pearl, and for our further information let us heare it describ'd by a most excellent Adeptus, and that in the very *isidore*, before the full moon appears. *Hoc opus est (saith he) quod mihi aliquando ob oculos posuit unicus Excehedistes, magnas quippe fornaces, atque vitro easdem Varico redimitas ostendens. Vasa erant singula, in suis sedilibus habentia sedimenta, atque interius dispari dicarum, sacrumque Munus. Quid vero Rem tam Divinam celestius? Erat intus circumacta Moles quadam, Mundi praeseferens imaginem ipsissimi. Quippe ibi Terra videbatur in medio omnium consistens*

sistens, aquisque circumfusa Limpidissimis, in varios colles, salebrosasque rupes assurgebat; fructum ferens multiplicem, tanquam humentis Aeris imbribus irrigua. Vini etiam videbatur & olei, & lactis, atque pretiosorum omne genus lapidum, & Metallorum esse apprime ferax. Tum Aqua ipsa instar Aquoris, sale quodam pellucido, albo interdum, interdum quoque rubeo & fulvo, & rubro, multisque præterea variegato coloribus inlita, inque superficiem ipsam aestuabant. Igne autem hæc omnia suo, sed impercepto quidem, atque æthereo movebantur. Id vero unum præ cæteris incredibilem me rapiebat in admirationem, Rem hæc tam multa unicam, tam diversa, tamque in suo genere integra singula, parvo etiam imbecillique adminiculo pro ducere: quo factò paulatim robustiore, redirent tandem, atque coalescerent in unum omnia, confidenter asseverabat. Hic equidem observavi fusilis illam salis spectem nihil ab Aphrolitho degenerantem, atque argentum illud vivum, cui Mercurii nomen ab hujusce Disciplinæ præcis authoribus inditum est, illam ipsam referens Lullianam Lunariam, adversa standens aqua, noctisque relucens, atque interdum glutinandi præditum facultate. Here wee have pourtray'd unto us the whole Philosophicall Laboratorie, Furnace, fire, and Matter, with

with the Mysterious Germinations thereof. But because the *Termes* are difficult, and not to bee understood by any, but such as have seen the thing it self, I will for the Readers Benefit, I cannot say *satisfaction*, put them into *English*. This is the *worke* (saith hee) which I have sometimes seen with a singular, and a most deare friend: who shewed to me certaine large *Furnaces*, and those crown'd with *Cornues* of *Glasse*. The *Vessels* were severall, having besides their *Triptods* their *sediments*, or *Caskets*, and within them was a *Holy Oblation*, or *present* dedicated to the *Ternarie*. But why should I any longer conceale so divine a thing? within this *Fabric* was a certaine *Masse* moving Circularly, or driven round about, and representing the very *Figure* of the great world. For here the *Earth* was to be seen standing of it self in the *middest* of *alt*, compassed about with most clear waters, rising up to severall *Hillocks*, and craggie *Rocks*, and bearing many sorts of *Fruit*, as if it had been watr'd with showers from the moyst Aire. It seem'd alio to bee very fruitfull for wine, oile, and milk, with all kind of *precious stones*, and *Metals*. The waters themselves like those of the *Sea*, were full of a certaine *transparent Salt*, now white, now Red, then Yellow and purpl'd, and as it were



were charmed with various Colours, which did swell up to the face of the waters. All these things were actuated or stirr'd with their own appropriate fire, but in very truth imperceptible, and ethereall. But one thing above the rest forc'd me to an incredible admiration. Namely, that so many things, such drivers and in their kind such perfect particulars should proceed from one only thing, and that with very small assistance, which being further'd and strengthened by degrees, the Artist faithfully affirmed to me that all those Diversities would settle at last to one Body. Here I observed that fusil kind of Salt to be nothing different from a pumice-stone, and that Quicksilver which the ancient Authors of this Art call'd Mercury, to be the same with Lullies Lunaria, whose water gets up against the fire of Nature, and shines by night but by day hath a glutinous, viscous faculty. This is the sense of our learned Adepts, and for his Analogie of the Philosophic Salt, and a pumice-stone; it cannot be well conceiv'd without the Light of Experience. It is then a porous, hollow, froth-like, spongy Salt. The Consistency of it is pumice-like, but neither hard, nor opacous. It is a thin, slippery oily substance in appearance like Mouth-glew, but much more clear. Sometimes it looks

looks like Rosials and Rubies: Sometimes it is violet Blew, sometimes white as Lilies, and againe more green than Grasse, but with a Smaragdine transparencie: and sometimes it looks like burnisht Gold and Silver. The River of Pearle hath her Name from it, for there it stands like the Sperm of Frogs in common waters. Sometimes it will move, and swim to the face of his Bath in thin leaves like wafers, but with a thousand miraculous Colours. This is enough and too much, for I hold it not my Duty to insist upon secrets, which are so far from the Readers Inquiry, that I dare say they are beyond his Expectation.

### The Aether, or the Aire of Paradise.

Hitherto I have discours'd of the first Matter, and the fire of Nature: Termes indeed commonly known, but the things signified are seldome understood. I shall now descend to more abstruse particular principles, Things of that secrecie and subtiltie, they are not so much as thought of, much lesse inquir'd after. The common Chimist dreams of Gold and Transmutations, most noble and Heavenly Effects, but the Means whereby hee would compass them,

are worme-eaten, dustie, mustie papers. His Study and his Noddle are stuff'd with old Receipts, he can tell us a hundred Stories of Brimstone and Quick-silver, with many miraculous Legends of Arsenic and Antimonie, Sal gemma, Sal pruna, Sal Petra, and other stupendious Alkalies, as he loves to call them; with such strange Notions and Charms doth he amaze, and silence his Auditors, as Bats are kill'd with Thunder at the Eare. Indeed if this Noyse will carry it, let him alone, he can want no Artillery. But if you bring him to the field, and force him to his Polemics, if you demand his Reason, and reject his Recipe, you have laid him as flat as a Flounder. A rationally methodicall Dispute will undoe him, for he studies not the whole Body of Philosophie: a Receipt he would find in an old Box, or an old Book, as if the knowledge of God and Nature were a thing of Chance, not of Reason. This idle Humor hath not only surpris'd the common illiterat Broyler, where in truth there is some Necessity for it, but even great Doctor: and Physicians: Bate me the impostume of their Titles, and their Learning is not Considerable. Hence it comes to passe that so many men are undone in the prosecution of this Art: They are so wedded to old scriblings, they will not submit them

them to their judgement, but presently bring them to the fire. Certainly they believe such ridiculous Impossibilities, that even brute Beasts if they could speake, would reprove them. Sometimes they mistake their owne Excrements for that Matter out of which Heaven and Earth were made. Hence they drudge, and labour in Urine, and such filthy dirty stuffe which is not fit to be nam'd. But when all comes to all, and their Custard fails them, they quit their filthinesse, but not their error. They think of something thats more Tractable, and dreame perhaps that God made the world of Egge-shells or Flint-Stones. Truly these Opinions proceed not only from simple people, but from Doctors fortooth, and Philosophers. It is therefore my Designe to discover some Excellencies of this Art, and make it appeare to the Student that what is Glorious, is withall Difficult. This I suppose may remove that Blind, sluggish Credulity, which prevents all Ingezious Disquisitions, and cause men perhaps to exercise that Reason, which God hath given them for Discoveries. I shall not dwell long on any one particular, I am drawing off the stage in all Haste, and returning to my first solitudes. My Discourse shall be very short, and like the Echo's last Syllables, Imperfect. I intend it

G 2

only

only for *Hint* and *suggestion* to the *Reader*: it is no *full Light* but a *Glance*, and he must improve it to his better *satisfaction*.

We are now to speake of the *Aether* of the *little world*, which is the very same in *Nature* and *substance* with the *outward Aether* of the *great world*. That you may the better understand what it is, we will examine the *Notion*, before we state the *thing*. *Aristotle* in his *Book de Mundo* derives this word *αἰθήρ* *αἰθίζω*, *à semper currendo*, because the *Heavens* are in *perpetuall Motion*. This is a generall irregular *whymzie*, for the *stars* also aswell as the *Aether* move perpetually: The *Sea* is subject to a *continuall Flux* and *Reflux*, and the *Bloud* of all *Animals* to a *restlesse unwearied Pulse*. The more ancient *Philosophers* whose *Books* this *Enemy* burnt, derived it from *αἴθερ* *ardeo*: but especially *Anaxagoras*, who was better acquainted with *Heaven* than *Aristotle*, as it appears by his *miraculous prediction*, and the *opinion* he had of that *place*, namely that it was his *Country*, and that he was to *return thither* after *death*. Indeed this last *Etymologie* comes near the *nature* of the *thing*, for it is a *Heating cheering spirit*, but in its *genuine Complexion* it *burns not*. I cannot then approve of this *latter Derivation* no more than of the *former*.

I rather believe that *Aether* is a *Compound* of *air* and *fire*, this *substance* being called *Αἰθήρ* from its effect and office, *αἰθίζω* *αἰθίζω*, *à semper Calefaciendo*. Supposing this to be the true *Interpretation*, let us now see whether it *relates* more *strictly* and *properly* to this *principle*, than to any other *Nature* whatsoever. The *Aether* is a most *thin liquid substance*, and the *Region* of it is *above the stars*, in the *Circumference* of the *Divine Light*. This is the true, and famous *Ἐμπυραίορ*, which receives the *Influent Heat* of *God*, and conveys it to the *visible Heaven*, and all the *Inferior Creatures*. It is a *pure Essence*, a thing not tainted with any *Materiall Contagion*, in which sense it is *styl'd* of *Pythagoras* *αἰθέρωρ* *Αἰθήρ*, the *free Aether*. *Quoniam* (saith *Renclin*) *à materia potentiâ segregatus, & preservatus in Libertate, calefcit Diâ Ardore, ac insensibili motu Inferiora calefacit*. Because it is freed from the *prison* of the *Matter*, and being *preserv'd* in its *liberty*, it is *warme* with the *fire* of *God*, and by an *insensible motion* heats all the *Inferior Natures*. In a word, because of its *puritie* it is placed next to that *Divine Fire*, which the *Jews* call *Lumen Vestimenti*, and it is the very *first Receptacle* of the *Influences* and *Derivations* of the *Supernaturall World*, which sufficiently

sufficiently confirms our Etymologie. In the Beginning it was generated by Reflexion of the first unity upon the Celestial Cube, for the Bright Emanations of God did flow like a streame into the Passiv  $\alpha\gamma\eta$  and in this Analogie the Samian Styles  $\text{Ἡμὸν ἄρῳαί ἀϊμάου οὐ-  
-οὐοῦ}$  Fontem perpetuae Naturae. You shall understand that the Ether is not one, but manifold, and the Reasons of it wee shall give you hereafter. By this I mind not a variety of Substances, but a Chaine of Complexions. There are other Moistures, and those too athereall: They are Females also of the Masculine Divine Fire, and these are the Fountains of the Chaldee, which the Oracle styles  $\alpha\gamma\eta\alpha\iota\alpha\iota\ \alpha\iota\psi\acute{o}\tau\alpha\tau\alpha\iota$ , Summitates Fontanas, the Invisible upper springs of Nature. Of all substances that come to our hands, this Ether is the first that brings us News of another World, and tels us we live in a corrupt place. S. andivogius call'd it the Urine of Saturn, and with this did he water his Lunar and Solar Plants. Ex Mirimeo (said the Jew) oriuntur Nebulae, quae ferunt Aquas Benedictas, & ipsae irrigant Terras. & educunt Herbas & Flores. In a word this Moisture is animated with a Vegetable blessed divine Fire, which made one describe the Mystery thus. Ex Naturâ, & ex Divino factum

factum est: Divinum enim est, quia cum Divinitate conjunctum Divinas substantias facit. To conclude, the Ether is to be found in the lower spring or  $\alpha\gamma\eta$ , namely in that substance, which the Arabians call Flos salis albi, the Flower of white Salt. It is indeed borne of Salt, for Salt is the Root of it, and it is found withall in locis salsofis, in certaine Saltish places. The best Discovery of it is this: The Philosophers call it their Mineral Tree, for it grows as all Vegetables doe, and hath Leaves and Fruits in the very Hour of its Nativity. This is enough, and now I passe to another principle.

### The Heavenly Luna.

**T**His Luna is the Moon of the Mine, a very strange stupifying substance. It is not simple, but mixt. The Ether, and a subtile white Earth are its Components, and this makes it grosser than the Ether it self. It appeares in the forme of an exceeding white oile, but is in very truth a certaine vegetant, flowing, smooth, soft salt, &c.

## Lumen de Lumine, or

### The star-soule.

**T**his is the true *Astrum Solis*, the *Mineral spiritual Sun*. It is compounded of the *Aether*, and a *Bloudie, fierce, spirited Earth*. It appears in a *gammie Consistency*, but with a *fierce, hot, glowing Complexion*. It is *Substantially a certaine purple, animated, Divine Salt, &c.*

### The Prester of Zoroaster.

**I**t is a *Miracle* to consider, how the *Earth*, which is a *Body of inexpressible weight and Heaviness*, can be supported in the *Ayr*, a *fleeing veelding substance*, and thorough which even *troth and Feathers* will sink, and make their way. I hope there is no *man* so mad as to think it is *poys'd* there by some *Geometricall Knack*, for that were *Artificiall*, but the *work of God* is *Vital*, and *Natural*. Certainly if the *Animation* of the *world* be denied, there must needs follow a *precipitation* of this *Element* by its own *Corpulency* and *Gravity*. We see that our *own Bodies* are supported by that *Essence*, by which they are *actuaded and animated*, but when  
that

## A new Magicall Light, &c. 81

when that *Essence* leaves them, they fall to the *ground*, till the *spirit* returns at the *Resurrection*. I conclude then that the *Earth* hath in her a *Fire-soule*, a most *powerfull strong spirit*, that bears her up, as the *spirit of Man* bears up *man*. To this agrees *Raymund Lullie* in the *seventy sixth Chapter* of his *Theorie*. *Tota Terra plena est Intelligentia ad operationem Naturæ inclinata, quæ Intelligentia movetur à natura superiore: Ita quod natura Intellectiva inferior assimilatur naturæ Superiori*. The whole *Earth* (saith he) is full of *Intelligence*, inclined to the *Discipline* or *Operation* of *Nature*, which *Intelligence* is moved by the *Superior Nature*: so that the *Inferior Intelligence* is like to the *Superior*. This *spirit* or *Intelligence* is the *princip*, a *Notion* of the admirable *Zoroaster*, as I find him render'd by *Julian the Chaldean*. It comes from *ⲡⲓⲃⲟⲩⲩⲟ*, and signifies *Lightning*, or a certaine *burning Turbo*, or *whirl-wind*, but in the *sense* of our *Chaldee* it is the *Fire-spirit of Life*. It is an *Influence* of the *Almighty God*, and it comes from *Terra Viventium*, namely the *second person*, whom the *Cabalists* style the *Supernaturall East*. For as the *Natural Light* of the *Sun* is first manifested to us in the *East*, so the *Supernatural Light* was first manifested in  
the

the second person, for he is *Principium Alterationis*, the Beginning of the wayes of God, or the first Manifestation of his Father's Light in the Supernatural Generation. From this *Terra Viventium*, or Land of the Living comes all Life or spirit, according to that position of the *Merkubalim*:

*Omnis anima bona est anima nova, veniens ab Oriente.*

Every good soule is a new soule, coming from the East: that is from *הכנה Cocmah*, or the second *Sephiroth*, which is the Son of God.

Now for the better understanding of this Descent of the soule, we must refer our selves to another placet of the Cabalists, and this is it.

*Anima à Tertio Lumine ad Quartam Diem, inde ad Quintam descendunt: inde exeuntes, Corporis Noctem subintrant.*

The souls (say they) descend from the Third Light to the fourth Day, thence to the fifth, whence they passe out, and enter the Night of the Body. To understand this Maxime you must know there are three supreme Lights or *Sephiroths*, which the Cabalist calls, *Sedes*

*una*

*una*, in qua sedet Sanctus, Sanctus Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. This third Light from whence the souls descend, is *בינה Binah*, the last of the three *sephiroths*, and it signifies the Holy Ghost. Now that you may know in what sense this Descent proceeds from that Blessed spirit, I will somewhat enlarge my Discourse, for the Cabalists are very obscure in the point. *Spirare* (say the Jews) *Spiritus Sancti proprium est*, to Breathe is the proprietie of the Holy Ghost. Now we read that God breathed into Adam the Breath of Life, and he became a living soule. Here you must understand that the third Person is the last of the three, not that there is any Inequality in them, but it is so in order of Operation, for he applies first to the Creature, and therefore works last. The meaning of it is this: The Holy Ghost could not breath a soule into Adam, but he must either receive it, or have it of himself. Now the truth is he receives it, and what hee receives, that hee breaths into Nature. Hence this most holy spirit is styl'd by the Cabalists *Fluvius egrediens à Paradiso*, because he breaths as a River streames. He is call'd also *Mater Filiorum*, because by this Breathing he is as it were delivered of those souls, which have been conceived Ideally in the second Person. Now that the Holy

Gen.

*Holy Ghost* receives all things from the *second Person*, is confirmed by *Christ* himself. **John 16.13** *When the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth, for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall heare, that shall he speak, and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorifie me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath, are mine; Therefore said I, that he shall take of mine. Here wee plainly see, there is a certaine subsequent order or Method in the operations of the blessed Trinity, for Christ tells us, that he receives from his Father, and the Holy Ghost receives from Him. Againc that all things are conceived Ideally (or as we commonly expresse it) created by the second person, is confirmed by the word of God. The World was made by him (saith the Scripture) and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. This may suffice for such as Love the Truth, and as for that which the Cabalist speaks of the fourth and fifth Dayes, it suits not with my present designe, and therefore I must wave it. It is clear then that Terra viventium, or the Eternall Fire-Earth buds and sprouts, hath her fierie spirituall Flowers, which we call soules, as this natural Earth hath her natural Vegetables. In this*  
*mysterious*

*mysterious sense* is the *Prester* defin'd in the Oracles  $\lambda\alpha\upsilon\tau\acute{\alpha}\ \pi\upsilon\rho\acute{\iota}\varsigma\ \alpha\iota\omega\delta\omicron\varsigma$ , the *Flower of thin Fire*. But that we may come at last to the thing intended, I think it not amisse to instruct you by this *Manuduction*. You know that no *Artificer* can build, but the *Earth* must be the *Foundation* to his *Building*, for without this *Ground-work*, his *Brick* and *Mortar* cannot stand. In the *Creation* when *God* did build, there was no such place to build upon. I aske then where did he rest his *Matter*, and upon what? Certainly he built, and founded *Nature* upon his own *Supernaturall Center*. He is in her, and thorough her, and with his eternall spirit doth he support *Heaven* and *Earth*, as our bodies are supported with our spirits. This is confirmed by that oracle of the *Apostle*, *Omnia portat verbo virtutis suae*, He bears up all things with the word of his power; from this power is he justly styl'd  $\alpha\pi\epsilon\pi\omicron\delta\upsilon\alpha\mu\omicron\varsigma$ ,  $\kappa\alpha\iota$   $\pi\alpha\upsilon\tau\omicron\delta\upsilon\alpha\mu\omicron\varsigma$   $\delta\upsilon\alpha\mu\iota\omicron\upsilon\iota\varsigma$   $\delta\upsilon\alpha\mu\iota\omicron\upsilon\iota\varsigma$ : The infinitely powerfull, and the All-powerfull power-making power. I lay then that *Fire* and *spirit* are the *Pillars of Nature*; the props on which her whole *Fabric* rests, and without which it could not stand one minute. This *Fire* or *Prester* is the *Throne* of the *Quintessentiall Light*, from whence he dilates himself to *Generation*, as we see in  
the

the effusion of the Sun-beams in the great world. In this Dilatation of the Light consists the joy or pleasure of the passive spirit, and in its Contraction his Melancholie or sorrow. We see in the great Body of Nature, that in Turbulent weather when the Sun is shut up, and clouded, the Aire is thick and dull, and our own spirits by secret Compassion with the spirit of the Aire are dull too. On the contrary in clear strong Sun-shines the Aire is Quick and Thin, and the spirits of all Animals are of the same rarified, active Temper. It is plaine then that our joyes and sorrows proceed from the Dilatation and Contraction of our inward Quintessentiall Light. This is apparent in despayring Lovers, who are subject to a certain violent, extraordinary pulsing of the Heart, a timorous trembling pulse which proceeds from the Apprehension and Feare of the spirit in relation to his Miscarriage. Notwithstanding he desires to be dilated, as it appears by his pulse or Sallie, wherein he doth discharge himself; but his Despaire checks him againe, and brings him to a suddain Retreat, or Contraction. Hence it comes to passe that we are subject to sighs, which are occasion'd by the suddain pulse of the spirit: for when hee stops, the Breath stops, but when he looseth himself to an out-ward

ward Motion, we deliver two or three Breaths that have been formerly omitted, in one long Expiration, and this we call a sigh. This Passion hath carried many brave men to very sad Extremities. It is originally occasion'd by the spirit of the Mistris, or affected party: for her spirit ferments or leavens the Heart of the Lover, so that it desires an union as far as Nature will permit. This makes us present even-smiles and frowns, like Fortunes and Misfortunes; Our Thoughts are never at Home according to that well-grounded Observation, *Anima est ubi amat, non ubi nimit*: the soule dwels not where she lives, but where she loves. We are imploy'd in a perpetuall Contemplation of the absent Beauty; Our very Joyes and Woes are in her power: she can set us to what Humor she will, as Sampian was alter'd by the Music of his Mistris.

When to her Lute Corinna sings,  
Her Voice intives the Leaden strings:  
But when of sorrows she doth speak,  
Even with her sighes the strings doe break,  
And as her Lute doth Live or Die,  
Lea'd by her Passions: So doe I.

This, and many more miraculous sympathies proceed from the Attractive nature of



of the *Prestor*: it is a *spirit* that can wonders, and now let us see if there be any possibility to come at him. Suppose then we should dilapidat or discompose some *Artificiall Building*, stone by stone: There is no question but we should come at last to the *Earth* whereupon it is founded. It is just so in *Magic*: if we open any *Natural Body*, and separat all the parts thereof one from another, we shall come at last to the *Prestor*, which is the *Candle*, and secret *Light* of *God*. Wee shall know the *hidden Intelligence*, and see that *inexpressible Face*, which gives the *outward Figure* to the *Body*. This is the *Soligism* we should look after, for he that hath once past the *Aquaster*, enters the *Fire-world*, and sees what is both *Invisible* and *Incredible* to the *common Man*. He shall discover to the *Eye* the *miraculous Conspiracy* that is between the *Prestor* and the *Sun*. Hee shall know the *secret Love* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, and the *sense* of that deep *Cabalism*, *Non est planta hic inferius cui non est stella in Firmamento superius, & ferit eam stella, & dicit ei Cresce*. There is not an *Herb* here below, but he hath a *star* in *Heaven* above, and the *star* strikes him with her *Beame*, and sayes to him, *Grow*. He shall know, how the *Fire-spirit* hath his *Root* in the *Spiritual Fire-Earth*,

*Earth*, and receives from it a secret *Influx* upon which he feeds, as *Herbs* feed on that *Juice* and *Liquor*, which they receive at their *Roots* from this *Common Earth*. This is it, which our *Saviour* tels us, *Man lives not by Bread alone, but by every word that comes out of the Mouth of God*. He meant not by *Inke* and *P. pyr*, or the *dead Letter*: it is a *Mystery*, and *St. Paul* hath partly expounded it. He tels the *Athenians*, that *God made Man, to the end, That he should seek the Lord, if happily he might feel after him and find him*. Here is a strange *Expression*, you will say, that a *Man* should *feel after God*, or *seek Him* with his *Hands*. But he goes on, and tels you where you shall find him. *He is not far* (saith he) *from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our Being*. For the better understanding of this place, I wish you to read *Paracelsus* his *Philosophia ad Athenienses*, a glorious *Incomparable Discourse*, but you will shortly find it in *English*. Again: He that enters the *Center*, shall know why all *Influx* of *fire* descends against the *Nature* of *fire*, and comes from *Heaven downwards*: Hee shall know also why the same *fire* having found a *Body*, ascends againe towards *Heaven*, and goes upwards.

H

Ta

To conclude: I say the grand Supream *Mysterie of Magic*, is to *multiplie* the *Prester*, and place him in the *moyst serene Ether*, which God hath purposely created to *qualifie* the *fire*. For I would have thee know, that this *spirit* may be so *chas'd*, and that in the most *temperat Bodies*, as to *undo* thee upon a *suddain*. This thou mayst guesse thy selfe by the *ⲭⲟⲟⲩⲁⲓⲛⲟⲩⲓⲥ*, or *thundering Gold*, as the *Chymist* calls it. Place him then as God hath plac'd the *stars*, in the *condens'd Ether* of his *Chaos*, for there he will *shine*, not *burne*, he will be *vital* and *Calm*, not *furious* and *Cooleric*. This *secret* I confesse, *transcends* the *Common processe*, and I dare tell thee *no more* of it. It must remaine then as a *Light* in a *Dark place*, but how it may be *discovered*, doe thou *Consider*.

### The Green salt.

**I**T is a *Tincture* of the *Saphiric Mine*, and to define it substantially, it is the *Aire* of our little *Invisible Fire-world*. It produceth two noble *effects*, *youth*, and *Hope*; wheresoever it appears, it is an *infallible sign* of *life*, as you see in the *spring-time*, when all things are *Green*. The sight of it is

is *cheerfull*, and *refreshing* beyond all *imagination*. It comes out of the *Heavenly Earth*, for the *Saphir* doth *spermatize*, & *injects* her *Tinctures* into the *Ether*, where they are *carried*, and *manifested* to the *Eye*. This *Saphir* is *equall* of her selfe to the *whole Compound*, for she is *threefold*, or hath in her *three severall essences*. I have seen them all, not in *Ayrie* *imaginarie suppositions* but *really* with my *bodily eyes*. And here we have *Apollodorous* his *Mathematical Problem* resolved: namely that *Pythagoras* should sacrifice a *hundred Oxen*, when hee found out. *ὅτι τριγώνον ἑξοχονίσου ἢ ἐρδῆν γωνίας ἰσοκύβητου ἰσού διαμέτρων τῆς ἑσπεροχώρας*. That the *Subtendent* of a *right angl'd Triangle* was *equivalent* to those *parts* which contain'd it, &c.

### The Diapasm, or *Magicall Perfume*.

**I**T is *compounded* of the *Saphiric Earth* and the *Ether*. If it be brought to its full *Exaltation*, it will *shine* like the *Day-star* in her *fresh Easterne Glories*. It hath a *fascinating attractive facultie*, for if you *expose* it to the *open Ayre*, it will *draw* to it *Birds* and *Beasts*, &c.

The Regeneration, Ascent, and  
Glorification.

I Have now sufficiently, and fully discovered the principles of our Chaos, In the next place I will shew you how you are to use them. You must unite them to a new life, and they will be regenerated by Water and the Spirit. These two are in all things, they are placed there by God himself, according to that speech of Trismegistus, *Vnumquodque habet in se semen sua Regenerationis*. Proceed then patiently, but not manually. The work is performed by an invisible Artist, for there is a secret Incubation of the Spirit of God upon Nature you must only see that the outward Heat failes not, but with the subject it self you have no more to doe, than the Mother hath with the Child that is in her womb. The two former principles performe all, the Spirit makes use of the Water to purge and wash his Body, and hee will bring it at last to a Celestiall, immortall Constitution. Doe not you think this Impossible. Remember that in the Incarnation of Christ Jesus the Quaternarius or four Elements as men call them, were united to their eternall Unitie and Ternarius

narius. Three and Four make Seven: This Septenarie is the true Sabbath, the Rest of God into which the Creature shall enter. This is the best and greatest Manducation that I can give you. In a word, Salvation it self is nothing else but transformation. Bebold (saith the Apottle) *I shew you a MYSTERY: we shall not all die, but we shall be all CHANGED, in a Moment, in the twinkling of an Eye, at the sound of the last Trumpet.* God of his great Mercy prepare us for it That from hard stubborn Flints of this world, we may prove Chrysolites and Jaspers in the new eternall foundation. That we may ascend from this present distressed Church which is in Captivity with her Children, to the free Jerusalem from above, which is the Mother of us all.

The Descent, and  
Metempsychosis.

Here is in the world a scribbling, ill-disposed Generation: they write only to gaine an Opinion of Knowledge, and this by amazing their Readers with whimsies and Fancies of their own. These commonly call themselves Chymists,

mists, and abuse the great *Mysterie* of *Nature* with the *Name* and *Non-sense* of *Lapis Chemicus*. I find not one of them, but hath mistaken this *Descent* for the *Ascent* or *Fermentation*. I think it *Necessary* therefore to informe the Reader there is a *two fold Fermentation*, a *spirituall* and a *Bodily one*. The *spirituall Fermentation* is performed by *multiplying* the *Tinctures*, which is not done with *common Gold* and *Silver*, for they are not *Tinctures*, but *grosse compacted Bodies*. The *Gold* and *Silver* of the *Philosophers* are a *soule* and *spirit*: they are *living Ferments* and *principles* of *Bodies*. but the *two common Metals* whether you take them in their *grosse Composition*, or after a *Philosophicall preparation*, are no way *pertinent* to our *purpose*. The *Bodily Fermentation*, is that which I properly call the *Descent*, and now we will speak of it. When thou hast made the *stone*, or *Magicall Medicine*, it is a *liquid fierie*, *spirituall substance*, shining like the *Sun*. In this *Complexion* if you would *project*, you could hardly find the *just proportion*, the *vertue* of the *Medicine* is so *intensive* and *powerfull*. The *Philosophers* therefore took *one part* of their *stone*, and did cast it upon *ten parts* of *pure molten gold*. This single small *graine* did

did bring all to the *gold* a *bloudie powder*, and on the *contrary* the *grosse Body* of the *gold* did abate the *spirituall strength* of the *projected graine*. This *Descent* or *Incorporation* some wise *Authors* have call'd a *Bodily Fermentation*, but the *Philosophers* did not use *common Gold* to make their *stone* as some *scriblers* have written, they us'd it only to *qualifie* the *intensive power* of it, when it is made, that they might the more easily find what *Quantitie* of *base Metall*, they should *project* upon. By this means they *reduc'd* their *Medicine* to a *dust*, and this *dust* is the *Arabian-Elixir*. This *Elixir* the *Philosophers* could carry about them, but the *Medicine* it self not so, for it is such a *subtill moist Fire*, there is nothing but *glasse* that will hold it. Now for their *Metempsychosis*, it hath indeed occasion'd many *Errors* concerning the *soule*, but *Pythagoras* applied it only to the *secret performances* of *Magic*. It signifies their last *Transmutation*, which is done with the *Elixir*, or *Qualified Medicine*. Take therefore *one part* of it, cast it on a *Millenarie proportion* of *Quick-silver*, and it will be all *pure gold*, that shall pass the *Test Royall* without any *Diminution*.

Now Reader I have done, and for a *farewell*

well I will give thee a most noble, secret, sacred truth. The Chaos it self in the very first Analysis is threefold, the Spirit of the Chaos is likewise threefold. Here thou hast six parts, which is the Pythagoricall Senarius or Numerus Coniugii. In these six the Influx of the Metaphysicall Vnitie is sole Monarch, and makes up the seventh Number, or Sabaoth, in which at last by the Assistance of God the Body shall rest. Againe, every one of these six parts is twofold, and these Duplicities are Contrarieties. Here then thou hast twelve, six against six in a desperate Division, and the Vnitie of peace amongst them. These Duplicities consist of contrary Natures; One part is good, one bad: one corrupt, one incorrupt: and in the Termes of Zoroaster, one ratiounall, one irratiounall. These bad, corrupt, irratiounal seeds are the Tares and sequels of the Curse. Now Reader I have unriddl'd for thee the grand mysterious problem of the Cabalist. *Septem partibus* (saith hee) *insunt Duo ternarii, & in Medio stat unum. Duodecim stant in Bello: Tres Amici, Tres inimici: Tres Viri vivificant, Tres etiam occidunt: & Deus Rex fidelis ex sua Sanctitatis Atrio dominatur Omnibus. Unus super Tres, & Tres super Septem, & Septem super Duodecim,*

*Duodecim, & sunt omnes stipati, Alius cum Alio.*

This and no other is the truth of that Science, which I have prosecuted a long time with frequent and serious indeavours. It is my firme decreed Resolution to write no more of it, and if any will abuse what is written, let him. He cannot so injure me, but I am already satisfied: I have to my Reward a Light that will not leave me.

*Nescit SOL Comitibus non memor esse Sui.*

I will now cloze up all with the Doxologie of a most excellent, renowned Philocryphus.

*Soli Deo Laus, & Potentia!*

*Amen in M E R C U R I O, qui pedibus licet  
carens decurrit*

*A Q U A,*

*et metallicè universaliter operatur.*

---

FINIS.

---



*A P H O R I S M I*  
*M A G I C I*  
*E U G E N I A N I.*

*Veritas Prima est Hæc :*  
*Hæc etiam Ultima.*

1. **A**Nte Omnia Punctum ex-  
titit : non τὸ ἀτομὸν, aut Ma-  
thematicum, sed Diffusi-  
vum. Monas erat Expli-  
cite : Implicite Myrias. Lux erat, e-  
rat & Nox : Principium, & Finis  
Principii : Omnia, & Nihil : Est, &  
Non.

2. Coni-

2. Commovit se Monas in Dyade :  
& per Triadem egressæ sunt Facies  
Luminis secundi.

3. Exivit Ignis simplex, increatus :  
& sub Aquis induit se Tegumento Ig-  
nis multiplicis, Creati.

4. Respexit ad Fontem superiorem :  
& Inferiorem deducto Typo, Tri-  
plici vultu sigillavit.

5. Creavit unum unitas : & in Tria  
distinguit Trinitas. Est & Quaterna-  
rius, Nexus & Medium Reducti-  
onis.

6. Ex visibilibus primùm effulsit  
Aqua: Fæmina Incubantis Ignis, &  
Figurabilium gravida Mater.

7. Porosa erat Interius, & Corti-  
cibus varia: Cujus venter habuit  
Cœlos convolutos, & Astra indis-  
creta.

8. Separator Artifex divisit hanc in  
amplas Regiones : & apparente Fæ-  
tu, disparuit Mater.

9. Peperit tamen Mater Filios Lu-  
cidos,

cidos, Influentes in Terram Chai.

10. Hi generant Matrem in Novis-  
simis : Cujus Fons cantat in Luco mi-  
raculoso.

11. Sapientiæ Condus est Hic : esto  
qui potes, Promus.

12. Pater est Totius Creati : & ex  
Filio Creato per vivam Filii Analy-  
sin, Pater generatur. Habes summum  
Generantis Circuli Mysterium : Filii  
Filius est, qui Filii Pater fuit.

Soli Deo Gloria.