

O chivalry of England !
 Of Europe ! Of the earth !
 Your swords should flash, your cannons crash,
 For human right and worth.

Ought Turkish tigers shepherd
 This primal Christian fold,
 And boast of crimes, unnumbered crimes,
 Too awful to be told !

Wake, lion-hearted Richard !
 Shake of the clinging sod,
 And once again lead England's men
 Against these foes of God !

ROSICRUCIAN LETTER OF BEN- JAMIN JOELHA.

Benjamin Joelha, a Rosicrucian and occult philosopher of Jewish birth, but Christian faith, the date of whose existence is uncertain, but of whom a detailed account is given, in the "Aurifontina Chymica," published by William Cooper, at London, in 1680, in a letter addressed to Frederick, Duke of Holstein and Schleswig, as follows :

"My Friend : You have desired of me an account of the Life and Death, Inheritance and Heirs of my Master, B. J., of happy memory. I return this answer in Latine, as yours to me was, though I be not exactly skilled in it. He was by nation a Jew, by religion a Christian, for he believed in Christ the Saviour, and openly made profession of the same. He was a man of great Honesty and gave great Alms in secret. He lived chastely a Bachelor, and took me when I was about Twenty Years of Age out the House where Orphans are maintained by the Publick, and caused me to be instructed in the Latine, French, and Italian Tongues ; to which I afterwards by use added the Jewish or Hebrew. He made use of me, so far as I was capable, in his Laboratory, for he had great Skill in Physick, and cured most desperate diseases. When I was Twenty-five Years of Age he called me into his Parlour, and made me swear to him that I would never marry without his Consent and Knowledge, which I promised and have religiously kept. When I was Thirty Years of Age, on a Morning he sent for

me into his Parlour, and said very lovingly to me :

My Son : I perceive that the Balsam of my Life, by Reason of extreme Old Age coming on (for he was Eighty, eight Years of Age), is well nigh wasted, and that consequently my Death is at the Door, wherefore I have writ my last Will and Testament, for the use and benefit of my Brother's Sons, and of you, and have laid it on the Table of my Closet, whither neither you nor any Mortal ever entered ; for you durst not so much as knock at the door during the hours set apart for my Devotions. Having said this, he went to the double-door of his Closet, and daubed over the Joynings thereof with a certain transparent and chrystalline Matter, which he wrought with his Fingers till it became soft and yielding like Wax, and imprinted his Golden Seal upon it ; the said Matter was immediately hardened by the cold Air, so that without defacing the Seal the Door could noway be opened. Then he took the Keys of the Closet, and shut them up in a small Cabinet, and sealed the same as before with the said chrystalline Matter, and delivered the said Cabinet, after he had sealed it, into my Hands, and charged me to deliver the same to none but his Brother's Sons—Mr. Jesse Abrah, and Solomon Joelha did at that time live in Switzerland, the Eldest of them being a Bachelor. After this he returned with me into the Parlour, and in my Presence dropped the Golden Seal he had made use of into a Glass of Clear Water, in which the said Seal was immediately dissolved, like Ice in Hot Water, a white Powder settling to the Bottom, and the Liquor was tinged with the pale red of a Provence Rose. Then he closed the said Glass Vial with the above-mentioned transparent Matter, and charged me to deliver the said Vial, together with the Keys, to Mr. Jesse. This being done, he repeated upon his bended knees some of David's Psalms in Hebrew, and betook himself to his Couch, where he was used to sleep after Dinner, and com-