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THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER; OR, EGYPT IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

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And thou did'st walk about, (how strange a story.)
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory—
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

"NAY, daughter of Theon, thy reasoning holds not good; I ask thee to tell me why thou wilt not receive the words of Christ, and thou canst plead nothing, but that they do not *seem* the truth. Is this philosophical? Is this worthy of the wisest female now living?"

"My reasoning, Synesius, would be lost upon you; you have blindly, credulously received as your God, a man who died upon the cross. Tell me not the immortal gods would subject themselves to such an indignity; or even were this Christ merely a messenger from Zeus, think you the Thunderer would have permitted such a foul wrong to be done to his appointed herald?"

"Hypatia, hast thou ever read the life of this Christ? If not, thou can'st not judge of him or of his mission."

"Never, good Synesius, I heed not for such delusions; let me live out the principles of the Apollo-descended Plato, and I care not for other doctrines. Know I not that my soul is derived from the immortal Father of the world? Know I not also, that that soul will live hereafter, will dwell in happiness, in the world beyond the dark rolling Styx—and what want I more?"

"Fair reasoner, you say, you *know* these things, how do you *know* them? I know them, because Christ has revealed them; He has in his own person taught me the blessed truth, of the resurrection of the soul; He has shown me my

Father and his Father; and it is true, true to my heart; but you, Hypatia how can you *know* it? It is not a truth you can bring home to your heart; it is only by a cold, philosophical reasoning, you can arrive at this belief."

"No, good Synesius, it is a heaven-implanted intuition,—the soul that God has made, knows its Author, its Father. My soul, your soul, has existed before, in its other state; it has learned the great truths of its being, and they unfold themselves to us, gradually. It was never intended that one person should teach us what it is better for each individual soul to evolve for itself."

"Ah! Hypatia, would I could open your eyes to the blessed truth. Come hither," and taking her by the hand, he led her to the window, and drawing aside the heavy curtain of Tyrian dyed linen, they looked forth upon the most magnificent scene eye ever witnessed. The beautiful city of Alexandria, with its superb palaces, its stately temples, and noble public buildings, lay stretched around them. On the right was the calm, placid lake of Mareotis, and directly in front the curving harbour filled with the picturesque shipping of the time; it was sheltered by the pretty island of Pharos, from which rose the lovely tower of white marble, glittering and sparkling in the rays of the sun, and contrasting exquisitely with the deep blue of both the water and the sky.