

and the Ross Bible is all right for the general public and for children, and equally so are the translations of Sacred Books of the East in their expurgated form. But when the Kabalist, the Occultist, the Esotericist, leaving the dirt of the letter to minds open only to such suggestions, approaches the study of these recorded mysteries, he desires to have the allegory unmutilated and as it was written. Every jot and tittle, every dot and dash must have its fulfilment. But only what is written in the heart can be read in the Volume.

AS NEAR AS HE CAN COME.

I cannot help seeing order, law, reason, or Logos in the world, and I cannot account for it by merely ex-post events, call them what you like—survival of the fittest, natural selection, or anything else. Anyhow, this Gnosis is to me irresistible, and I dare not therefore enter the camp of the Agnostic under false colors. I am not aware that on my way to this Gnosis I have availed myself of anything but the facts of our direct consciousness, and the conclusions that can be logically deduced from them. With these two authorities I do not feel bound to accept any testimony, whether revealed or unrevealed.

If Agnosticism excludes a recognition of eternal reason pervading the natural and the moral world, if to postulate a rational cause for a rational universe is called Gnosticism, then I am a Gnostic, and a humble follower of the greatest thinkers of our race from Plato and the author of the Fourth Gospel to Kant and Hegel.—Max Muller in Nineteenth Century.

THE RAINBOW—MANY IN ONE.

Did you ever watch a sunbeam as it shone through a drop of water, or a piece of glass with many sides? Have you seen the band of bright colours, the tiny rainbow dancing upon the wall, or in the air, and which is made by that sunray passing through the drop or the glass? Did you ever think what a sunbeam really is, and how that beam becomes seven? A sunbeam is not just one beam all by itself; not a bit of it—it is a loving band of seven big sprites, whom we all know, and ever and ever so many little ones that we do not know; at least we do not know them very well.

But the big ones, oh! that is different. Every little girl and boy should know about them, and will, thanks to rain drops, and crystals, and prisms, yes, and the garden sprinklers that throw out such pretty showers. Seven beautiful sprites: There is Heart-Life, red in its color; this is the angel of Love, loving thoughts for everybody and everything.

Breath-Life comes next. Breath-Life delights to robe himself in orange: it is the angel of the voice, of speech, and loves soft gentle words, kind words, earnest words—words that help one to grow better, stronger and wiser.

Sun-Life, a beautiful yellow, is the angel of Light. Light is Knowledge; so you must learn all you can to win the bright Light-Life of the sunbeam.

Earth-Life now comes; the cheerful, industrious sprite of grass and leaf, of plant and tree. How softly, how ceaselessly it works! This sprite is green, who will follow it, and make the world glad with little deeds well done.

Air Life, arrayed in heaven's own blue, is the fifth. Air-Life is the angel of truth, of purity, of aspiration. It loves the children who want to grow into great and good men and women.

Thought-Life is of a darker hue—Indigo, as you see Thought-Life is the genius of the boys and girls who think, who pay attention to the inside more than to the outside of things.

Electric-Life, in dainty violet, comes last; but it is not the least by any means. This is the angel of swift energy; it darts into the dark earth and kisses the little seeds; immediately they waken and begin to grow. It makes our bright eyed children quick to obey mother and father, to help each other, to do good to all.

The beautiful sunshine never says, "I did that," etc. "We do. We, the seven, with our many, many children, work and do all together." And the blue never looks angry at the red; neither does the indigo think itself better than the green; nor the yellow say to the orange. "You gaudy thing"—but they shine as one, equal, yet each one different; each one giving of its gift, and the differences, all together, make the living sunshine. Were one ray to forget to work, or to say, "I won't shine," the earth would die for lack of the sun life.

Someone says, "why is the rainbow round?" Now there is a nice little puzzle for you all to think about.—Mercury.