

S E C R E T S   D I S C L O S ' D .

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Bloomfield suppose,  
The Philosophers Stone the  
Secrets doth disclose.

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I shall tell it to you openly: Our Medicine is a Stone, that is no Stone; and it is one thing in kind, and not diverse things, of whom all Metals be made; and so it is no Salts, nor Waters, nor Oyl combustible, nor mans Hair, nor mans Bloud, nor Iron, nor Goats-horns, nor Herbs, nor none such things that discord from Metals, as many Fools devise: But he is two things, for he is Water and Earth; not Water of Clouds, nor of Corrosives, nor Water of Salts, but Water of the Sun and the Moon, that burns our Earth more than any Fire, And it is three things, that is, Body, Spirit, and Soul; and it is four things, Earth and Water, and Air, and Fire; and therefore he is found in every place, and in every time. And he is also unstable in colour, as a shame-fac'd Woman that changeth her colour for dread of her Love, that reproveth her of untruth; for now she is pale, now green, now red: so our Stone is turned to all colours, for he is black, and white, and pale, and blew, and green, and red; of this Matter our Medicine is made that we call *Ixir*, and *Elixir*, that is, the *Philosophers Stone*. Take this Stone, and put him in a well-closed clear Vessel, that thou mayst see his working; and when thou hast Water of Air, and Air of Fire, and Fire of Earth, then it is done, for the Spirit is departed from the Body, and leaveth the Body dead and black: But if the Sepulchre be well closed, he will come in again to the Body and make him rise again to life. and then the Body and the Soul shall ever be together.

And therefore take a Red man, and a White woman, and wed them together, and let them go to Chamber both, and look that the door and the windows be fast sparr'd, for else the Woman will be gone away from her Husband: And if she lye with him right warm on Bed, the beware that she go no where out, for if she do, he shall never overtake her, if he were as swift as a Faulcon; for if she may no where out, she will come to him again, and lye with him on Bed; and then she shall conceive and bear a Son, that shall worship all his Kin, and then will she never after go away from her Husband.

For this Man and this Woman getteth our Stone: But the Man must be fell and quaint to make her to abide with him with meekness, and not with sturdiness; for if he be boisterous to her in the beginning, she will flee away from him, and if he be easie with her in the beginning, she will be his Master a good while. This is a hard marriage, nevertheless one comfort this is, after

that she hath born a Child, and known somewhat of disease, she will be the more sober, and never leave him after. But shortly, all our working is no more but take our Stone, and make him rotten in Horsedung, and then seeth him in his own Water, and afterwards fry him in his own Grease, and then roast him till his Grease and his Water be all dried up, and then burn him all to Powder, and then bake him on an Oven till he will melt as Wax, and then thou hast an end. And then thank God that this Work is so easie, for thy Stone is but one thing, and all one Vessel, and all one working, from the beginning to the ending: but look that thy Fire be easie and soft in the Putrefaction, and in the Solution, and the Distillation, till it be black; but then strengthen alway till in the Dessication and the Imbibition, and in the Sublimation, and in the Coagulation, and the Congelation, and fixing of the Spirits, and in the Calcination, and in the Incineration; but in the citrination, and Rubification, and Inceration, and Liquefaction, is all their strength. But if thou understand not this, Friend, meddle thou not of this Art, until thou have gone better to School; and hold this in Counsel for my love, as I shall trust to you hereafter.

*Farewell.*