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GET UNDERSTANDING.

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MRS. M. M. PHELON, O.S.E. }

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RAMAYANA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Meets every Sunday afternoon. Time, 3 o'clock. Place, 206 S. Lincoln st. All Theosophists visiting Chicago are cordially invited. So, also, are all who seek the Truth for the Truth's sake. The first Sunday of each month is a closed meeting for Theosophists only. W. P. PHELON, Pres.; MRS. A. M. HATCH, Sec'y; 206 S. Lincoln street, Chicago.

X When this paragraph is marked with a blue cross it shows our friends that their time has expired, and we shall be happy to receive a renewal of their subscription soon.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

The main office of "The Hermetist" has been removed to 619 West Jackson Street, Chicago. Will our friends please take notice?

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I ask your kind consideration
For an imperfect presentation
Of a few simple thoughts in relation
To some methods for the regulation,
And control of the respiration;
And also to a declaration.
In regard to one's realization.
In every realm of aspiration,
As related to the regulation
And control of the respiration.
I only ask that this presentation
May so far meet your approbation
That you will test, for verification,
By full and actual application,
Every point in this declaration,
Concerning the use of the regulation
And the control of the respiration.
The claim is not an exaggeration;
Nor, in the least, an hallucination;
But fairly within the limitation
Of each one's easy demonstration.
The grand use of ev'ry inhalation
Is the proper oxygenization
Of the blood, and its vitalization
Of the body, by the circulation
To ev'ry minute ramification,
Securing thus the assimilation
And the completest appropriation
Of life and food; and full consummation,
With the appropriate operation,
In all parts of the organization.
The nostrils are for inhalation;
And the channels too for exhalation.
Use not the mouth for respiration;
Except in giving intonation
To your voice; or in pronunciation
Of your words imparting information,
Or expressing kindly consolation.
Keep close the lips, in conformation
To that old mystic adjuration;
"Keep silence;" and let no provocation
Betray your thought or aspiration
By any mouthful expiration
Which always speaks your inclination
Announcing to your attention
And publishing your expectation
Giving the clearest intimation
Of your affection or affectat on
To every one of penetration
Or of receptive acceptance.
Baffles by smothering exhalation


There's always wasteful radiation
 Of the much needed vitalization;
 Thus depleting one's organization
 By such injurious operation
 And every mouthing inspiration
 Takes into the lungs, and circulation,
 From the surrounding situation,
 Impurities and contamination;
 Which the nostrils, by their conformation,
 And very peculiar lubrication,
 Would sift out in nasal inhalation;
 Thus securing the purification,
 Of the inslowing respiration
 From dust and all germs of toxication,
 Thus saving the lung from irritation
 And the life blood from contamination.
 Besides each nasal expiration
 By its propulsive undulation
 Kills off the germs of contamination
 Helped by the use of strangulation
 Throwing them from the organization
 And thus preventing inoculation,
 So allow not any provocation,
 Nor even the gullestulest temptation
 To force a mouthing respiration
 But use your nose; for in creation
 Man found his soul—so says narration—
 By God directed nasal inhalation.
 If you have a noble aspiration
 To engage in peaceful meditation
 To secure success in concentration
 And fullest force of focalization,
 Seeking thus, not simply information,
 But vastly more—a clear illumination
 And the warming glow of inspiration
 As a means to understand creation
 Securing the grandest consummation—
 Of thine own—and man's—regeneration,
 You must first attain the regulation
 And the control of your respiration.
 Breath slow, for quiet moderation;
 Breath fast, for angry disputation;
 Breath deep, for deep examination;
 Breath light, for clear illumination;
 Breath deep and slow for grand enunciation
 Breath deep and fast for warmest consummation
 Breath light and slow for inspiration
 Breath light and fast for excitation
 Breath almost not for exaltation.

ROBERT ALLEN CAMPBELL.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE SPHINX AND PYRAMID.

CONTINUED.

THE INITIATION.


 HE assembled Magi awaited the
 future initiate in a crypt
 hollowed in the heart of the
 pyramid. On the walls of this
 crypt, which were covered with a
 stucco of most brilliant polish,
 symbolic paintings represented
 the forty-eight genii of the year,
 the seventh genii of the planets and the
 three hundred and sixty genii of the days.

It was an illustrated book whose pages
 contained all the traditions which the Magi
 had received from Hermes Thoth, the great
 revealer. All the sacerdotal science was
 written under each picture; but this
 writing could only be read by the initiates to
 whom the hierophant had confided the key of
 a mysterious alphabet, which they bound
 themselves by a formidable oath to keep
 secret. The same oath bound all the
 adepts, from the ZELATEUR (title of the
 first or lowest grade) to the ROSY-CROSS
 (ninth grade), who received the seal of the
 supreme initiation. At the four corners of
 the crypt stood at equal height four statues
 of bronze, posed on triangular columns.
 The first represented a man, the second a
 bull, the third a lion, and the last an eagle,
 symbolic divisions of the Sphinx (represent-
 ing the four elements of nature). On the
 head of each figure a vessel in the form of a
 crown contained a small flame of light.
 Seven lamps of three branches each, suspend-
 ed from the vault at the points of a golden
 rose of seven rays, completed the illumina-
 tion.

The hierophant, dressed in purple, his
 head encircled by a band of gold adorned
 with seven stars, occupied a silver throne,
 built on a raised dais in the center of the
 assembly. The other Magi, dressed in white
 robes, with circles of plain gold, arranged
 themselves in a triple semicircle at his right
 and left on seats less raised. Behind the
 hierophant's throne, under a canopy of
 purple, appeared the colossal statue of Isis,
 personification of nature, composed of an
 alloy of the seven metals—lead, tin, iron,
 gold, mercury, copper and silver—consecrat-
 ed to the planetary spirits of Saturn, Jupiter,
 Mars, the Sun, Mercury, Venus and the
 Moon.

Isis wore a triangular diadem of silver
 with an aigrette of twelve rays, and on the
 breast a rose of gold, representing the uni-
 versal sphere, in the center of a cross of the
 same metal, marking by the direction of its
 branches the four cardinal points of the
 earth and the avenues of the Infinite. The
 two arms of the statue extended a little in
 advance of the body; the hands were open
 and each projected toward the earth five rays
 of gold; these ten rays and the twelve of the
 aigrette represented the twenty-second
 arcana.

Before the hierophant, in the center of the

silver, on which was engraved the theoretic figure of the horoscope. This table was supported by twelve caryatides, each of which represented one of the signs of the zodiac. These same signs were engraved in monogram on a large circle of gold which was set into a groove extending around the table. This circle, divided into twelve parts, and put in motion by gearing, was turned at will so as to bring it to the position which corresponded to the precise period of the birth of anyone.

In the center of the table was a pivot passing through seven movable arrows, each of which was made of the metal sacred to the planet which it represented. When the zodiacal circle was fixed, the arrows were directed so as to point out the position of the planets as determined by astronomical calculations.

The east and west points were marked by two blocks of bronze, bearing tablets bound in leather on which the observing Magus wrote down the results of his study. This study constituted the supreme proof of the last initiation; the Magus received from the hierophant the subject of a horoscope to trace and explain before the assembled lodge, and he must accomplish this task without committing any error, under penalty of having postponed indefinitely his admission to the rank of Rosy-Cross.

Let us return to the postulant, whose troubles have not yet reached an end. Introduced in the state of distress of one shipwrecked, dripping with water, weakened by the exhaustion of all his faculties, physical and mental, he is arrested in the face of all the Magi at the entrance of the crypt. The twelve Neoceri range themselves on either side, and two of them hold him motionless by the arms.

"Son of the Earth," says the hierophant, "the men of thy country believe thee learned and wise, and thou feelest in thee still more of pride than they give thee admiration. Thou hast one day heard that we possess a treasure of supernatural knowledge, and thou hast not tasted repose until the moment when by force of importunity thou hast been permitted to penetrate among us. Have thy imprudent desires been satisfied? For what good has served thee both thy devouring ambition and sterile credulity? Behold thee, miserable and captive, delivered

society whose secrets thou dost covet and who for the first punishment of thy audacity has imprisoned thee in the bowels of the earth. Thou hast heard of our mysteries, but, as our mysteries are well guarded thou hast imagined in thy short wisdom that the postulants were only subjected to vain illusions capable at the most of astonishing vulgar minds, and over which thou wouldst soon cause to shine the apotheosis of thy easy courage. Thou hast not dreamt that, masters of thy life and death, we would give the cruel lie to thy disdainful security. I have but to move my hand for thee to be cast down into the depths of our dungeons, there to be nourished by the bread of bitterness and the water of agony to the end of thy days. But our clemency designs to show itself greater than thy sincerity, and to give thee liberty we only ask thy solemn oath never to reveal to anyone whatever the least detail of what thou hast seen or heard to-night. Wilt thou take this oath?"

The postulant, instructed in a low tone by one of the Neoceri responds.

"I swear it."

To be continued.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ALYONTIB.

In the days of Solimaho, in one of the villages of his kingdom, situated on a fertile plain, at the foot of the mountains, there dwelt a lad, who was born deformed, both of feature and body. So terrible was his deformity, and so sensitive was he in regard to the opinions of others, when he had come to know himself, as he appeared, that his thought was never lifted from himself. Constantly there dwelt with him the fear of being despised and remarked upon by his companions.

As he grew older, this intensity of timidity degenerated into a souring of his disposition and a perversity of his temper, until the interior seemed but a reflector of the exterior and his soul was as uncompanionable as the body was unsightly.

Born in poverty, he had but little help to raise him above his condition. Daily tasks, fully equal to his strength, which never could be evaded, were his daily portion. But when they were over, or he was resting in the noon tide, or in the shadows of evening, he, by choice, sought solitude for himself. At the first, he wondered why he was not like others

At the last, he relieved the gnawing pain at his heart, by the poor consolation of railing at all the rest of the world, for their neglect or ridicule of him.

One day, at noon, reclining in the shade, and drowsing, he heard footsteps approaching. Now, wide awake, he kept his eyes closed and his ears wide open. There went by two wise men. As they passed him, apparently lying asleep under the foliage, one remarked to the other:

"Poor fellow, how intolerable to him is the burden he must bear."

"Yes," replied the other. "It is ever so. If he only knew of the Fountain of Alyontib, and could drink therefrom, his best wishes might be realized."

Before the lad had sufficiently grasped the thought as to have desired to know the way to the fountain the pandits had passed beyond him, and beyond recall.

Three questions now seized upon and held him continually. They were: Where is the Fountain of Alyontib? Could he reach it? Would it be of any benefit to him?

It happened that he knew a wise woman, who had always treated him with kindness, never seeming to notice his infirmity, of which he was so conscious.

Despairing of discovering the secret in any other way, he at last betook him to her hut.

She received him as kindly as usual. In answer to his questions, she said:

"Three days' journey up the mountain is the cave of a hermit who can give you plain directions how to gain your wish."

Glad beyond measure; joyful that there seemed prospect of an end to his lifelong sufferings, he at once commenced preparations for his journey. It was rough traveling. The sun was hot. The nights were long and tedious, and they were made hideous by the howls of wild beasts and the presence of numerous serpents.

Persistence, as it happened, with him, was a supreme quality, so, finally, he reached the hermit's cave, just as the sun was setting. The hermit received him kindly, placed before him a fugal repast of bread, milk and wild honey. When his hunger was fully satisfied, his host led him to a couch of dry leaves, and bade him rest until morning.

In the morning, he asked him why he had come thither. The lad's reply was:

"I seek the Fountain of Alyontib, that I may be freed from my deformities. I am in-

formed that you can tell me how to reach it."

Gravely spoke the hermit: "My son, difficulties lie in the way. Be prepared to know that a long time may elapse before you can succeed. Courage and perseverance can give thee the fulfillment of this desire. Tomorrow morning, after thou hast rested with me another day and night, thou shalt venture still farther on the path that leads up from this cave. Within the days' journey thou wilt come to the men of iron who guard the outer ring. They will tell thee more."

For a day and a night more he rested, then, girding up his loins, he went forth in the freshness of the morning. Mounting the path, which had been growing steeper and steeper, he soon reached a point where the way was absolutely closed for him, by two sentinels, clad in iron armor, and with crossed swords of iron. As he advanced toward them, they made no move to allow him to go forward.

"Let me pass," he said.

"Nay, not so," was the reply. "Go to thine home, and for a year think no thought of evil nor ill of any other created being. Then come again."

He returned to his home and his toil. A year passed. Promptly, as the time expired, he again found himself before the men of iron. The crossed swords, firmly held, told him that he had failed. Again and again he tried. But it was only at the third trial the swords were lifted, and the sentinels stood aside.

"Pass on," was their word. "Thou hast sought for thyself, because thou didst desire benefit. Thou hast won place accordingly."

Another day of climbing, the path growing still more precipitous, and he finds himself confronted by sentinels clad in silver, whose crossed silver swords moved never a hairsbreadth.

In reply to his demand for passage they answered:

"For selfish purposes hast thou worked. In desire for self benefit, thou hast made the first step. Go thou to thine home and for a year let no thought of ill nor evil come to thee, hoping constantly thereby to benefit others."

Sorrowful in heart, he returned to his home; for he by this time began to understand how deeply selfishness had become a moving factor in all his daily life. Four times, at the end of a year each, he returned,

and each time the silver swords, motionless, denied his advance. But the fifth time they were lifted, and the sentinels disappeared, stopping only to say:

"For the good of thyself, for the good of others, permission is given thee to pass on in thine upward journey."

Once more he addressed himself to the labor of climbing the dizzy heights. More and more difficult grew the journey, until finally he could see over the table land on which he knew the fountain was situated. He was nearing it, but just before it was reached gold wands crossed before him, held by men in gold armor, prohibited farther passage.

"Give me way," he said.

"Not so," was the answer. "Thou hast done good for thyself, and for others, seeking therein benefits. Return now to thy home, and there for a whole year do good because thou lovest it, having no motive and no desire save the love of the truth."

Once more he wended his way back to his home. Again and again, at the end of the year, he returned to attempt passage, but the crossed wands were immovable. At the end of the seventh year, as he approached, the wands lifted.

"Pass on," said the sentinels. "Thou hast won. Drink of the fountain. That thou shalt desire shall be thine."

In eager hope and anticipation he pressed forward to where the crystal pool lay smooth before him. Throwing himself upon his knees, he was about to quaff of its waters when a voice like the soft peal of a silver bell said:

"Hold! look upon the waters and see thyself."

He looked into the clear pool and beheld a most wonderful transformation. The features had become regular and beautiful. The light of a grand soul shone over and out of them; his body, answering to the harmony of his spirit, had laid aside its former deformity. Body and soul were healed, not by drinking the waters of the fountain, but by the discipline of the spirit necessary to reach the fountain. He who hath ears may listen.

K. R., written down by J. B. WILLIAMS.

THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

The acorn drops from the arm of the mighty oak, helpless and inert, upon the

earth beneath. The crushing force of a resistless hoof drives it deep into the soil, where it lies through the cold of winter, until spring showers and summer warmth set free the renewing powers of Nature. A rootlet pushes down in the earth, source of all physical strength. A stem reaches up to the sunlight, from which comes all the perfection of the higher life. It is the transition period from collected Karma, to the expansion of its effects. Do the forces of Nature in anyway moderate their strength as they act on the tiny twig? Not in the least. The hot rays of the sun in burning, golden arrows are leveled constantly upon it. The storms howl and rage around it, beating it down to earth. The icy breath of winter breaths upon it, and the chill fingers of the frost king cover it, but it dies not.

Out of all this comes the development of power producing the toughness and pliancy which shall enable the young tree to become the giant oak of a hundred years.

Hostile armies stand confronting each other. Discipline is maintained to the utmost, and when orders are issued placing them in battle array, there is no shrinking, no cowardice, but every man in his place. When the battle is well on; when the smoke and dust, and the fierceness of the strife reaches its height then comes the weakness of the transition period. Out of weakness may come victory or out of strength may come defeat. It is the change from the uncertain to the reality which makes the boldest heart shrink in challenging the result.

Those who know say that the most trying moment in naval warfare is that in which, every preparation being completed and the ships nearing each other, they sprinkle the decks with sawdust to absorb the blood so soon to flow. It is the transition period from rest to activity.

In the physical development of the earth dweller, the times which mark the transitional periods, while development is immature and strength insufficient for all possible demands upon it, are the times of greatest weakness.

So, it must be, in any organization, the period from first inception to the time when firmly settled upon a declaration of principles it steadies itself to receive the shock of opposing assembly, is the transition period. During this embryonic state, there is left a certain amount of sway in the cords that

bind to anchorage, and by this the untried are proved and sifted for use; that which promises well to be held and incorporated into the life and being of the united strength of all, and that which cumbers the ground to be so disposed of as not to choke the way of future growth and development.

If everything is done with best intent, there will certainly remain all the good that is possible, and in the elimination of material the best purpose will in the end leave the deepest impress on the future Karma. Truth is the unchangeable. Men and measures must vary to meet the change of front of opposing forces. The earth dweller is but a cipher or place-keeper, and the fundamental principle of the Universe are the Units, upon which are fashioned all the glory and beauty. No matter who goes down in the conflict, the everlasting verities can and will prevail. No matter how crowded or crushed we may be, out of the infinit ages will reappear that which to us will correspond to the discipline gained in the transition period as the seedling. While we wait for equalization and adjustment, let us ever call to our minds for our constant control a desire; abstain from doing ANYTHING that may bring dishonor upon our associates or ourselves. So shall we in a measure be able to hold ourselves against the hostiles, and,

"Taking arms against a sea of troubles, by opposing, and them."

W. F. PHELON.

THEOSOPHICAL NEWS.

The (Am. Sec. T. S.) American Section of the Theosophical Society has taken steps to incorporate in all the states of the Union, as well as in the District of Columbia. This is for the purpose of having legal status. In Missouri, the claims of the T. S. to be an educational body, teaching the truths of all religions, and not the sectional dogmatism of any creed, was fully examined and passed upon by a judge upon the bench, in behalf of the state, and the charter was granted upon that ground.

W. Q. Judge, the Secretary of the American Section, is making a trip through the country visiting the various branches, and filling the part of an organizer. Wherever he goes good is done, and he finds many inquirers and listeners, where, five years ago there were none, and Theosophy even had never been heard of. Theosophists have a right to be encouraged. Stand to your colors.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Harmony" for August is already on hand, from the Pacific Coast. It is full of good things. They never do things out in the westernmost West by halves, and "Harmony" is in the usual style.

We have a work in preparation, which we hope to publish early in the fall, which will give quite a full description of the ancient initiation, from authentic sources, and we trust will interest those who are looking toward the hidden things of the universe.

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