

THE HERMETIST.

GET UNDERSTANDING.

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

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RAMAYANA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—

Meets every Sunday afternoon. Time, 3 o'clock. Place, 629 Fulton 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. HARRIS, Sec'y, 629 Fulton st., 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.

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WORK—NOT WEARINESS.

Work? Ah, no! my work's my pride,
My joy, my friend, my love, my bride.
If toil at times oppress my brain,
I change the texture of the chain,
If walking tire, I urge the pace
To leap or skip, or run a race;
If chilling metaphysics tire,
I warm my heart with lyric fire,
And revel in the poets' page
As in a glorious heritage;
If history fill my soul with lies,
I find the Truth in Fiction's eyes;
If politics my soul perplex,
Or wrangling bigots chafe and vex,
To scientific heights I soar,
And, wiser than I was before,
Take refuge, happy, though alone,
In knowing all that can be known
Of the unknowable profound
That guides the Universe around.
In change of work, I change a joy
That change is powerless to destroy
Ye who reject or scorn my plan,
Improve upon it, if you can.

A STORY OF EGYPT.

My father was an English Army Officer. I was born in England, passing my childhood in India, I received my education in England. The usual result has followed, although English by birth, I am cosmopolitan by nature.

During one of the hostile forays in India, now so happily ended, my father was able to save the life, and protect from pillage the home of a reputed wise man. Out of this act, grew further acquaintance, and a strong, apparent friendship on the part of the native. When my father retired from the service, and was about to return to England, his friend handed him a small amulet, attached

Upon my attaining my majority, my father presented this to me. Travelling to finish my education, I found myself at the time my story opens, in Cairo, sight seeing. Detained a few days beyond the time fixed for my further journey toward the East, I went out one day, seemingly without motive, for a stroll. The twilight gathered. Suddenly one of those whom the populace regard as holy men met me in the surging crowd. For an instant he gazed intently upon my face, and seemed to recognize that which he sought.

Speaking in Arabic, with which I was familiar he courteously begged pardon for the liberty, but was I the son of Lord B. who served in India, in such a regiment, in such a year? Receiving my reply in the affirmative, he said: "I know your father. He was a friend to me. Will you have the kindness to enter under my roof?"

With the impulsiveness of youth, and perhaps with an overweening confidence under ordinary circumstances; for I felt that his eye and tone could bear no thought of evil to me I accepted his invitation and followed him.

Near the outskirts of the city, not far from the banks of the Nile, we halted before a partially ruined palace, evidently built upon the site of a structure far older, how old, no man could say. At his call, a gigantic black servant opened the gate and led the way to the inner hall, which was built in the Eastern style.

Here my host begged me to be seated on a divan. Sweetmeats and sherbet, and pipes were brought. After being refreshed we sat chatting. He told me of my fathers' bravery and kindness to him, giving the incident far more weight than my father ever attached to it. The mellow light of the long twilight, deepened into night. The pale light of the tropical full moon poured through the dome, upon a colonnade of white pillars, until the whole apartment was brilliantly illuminated.

Still he talked on, in a quiet even tone of voice, of family events and circumstances, which though perfectly familiar to me, would, under other conditions, have surprised me to hear a stranger mention.

Then we drifted, or so it seemed at the time, to other subjects; I all the time feeling as familiar as if I had always known the old man.

Before proceeding farther, I must confess that I am naturally a mystic, in powers, in

some things that might otherwise seem mysterious.

At last, under the quiet of our surroundings, little lapses of silence intervened, and finally after quite an interval the old man turned suddenly to me with the Indian expression of respect, exclaiming:

"Ah! Sahib, do you know that my house is on the site of one of the ancient temples of preparation? The currents going forth from this place, world wide, reach heroes of spirit triumph, throughout the Universe."

A feeling, as when one enters an honorable body, only far more exalted thrilled through me, and I knew that he spoke but the truth.

"Would you," he continued, "if it were possible, like to trace the footsteps of those who have gone from this hall; some to life and power, and some to disaster and ignominy."

"I submit myself to your direction in this matter, Master!" was my reply.

The old man arose, laid aside his outer garment and donning the white robe of an ancient Egyptian priest, motioned me to do the same. In silence I obeyed.

My companion then stepped into the full moonlight. Raising his hands, he stood as still as if carved in marble, for a few moments, where a ray from the flood of moonlight touched the floor.

Under the invocation of those uplifted hands, one of the flags of the pavement seemed to slide away, revealing a long stairway of white polished marble.

He beckoned me to follow him. I did so. He commenced the descent. Each step seemed to be a foot in height. The passage was perfectly lighted and as we went on I counted the steps. The whole interior was of polished white marble. So perfect was the finish, that no joint was anywhere visible. The steps seemed endless, 100, 125, 150, 200, 250, feet into the bowels of the earth, before there was any respite or change. At the foot of the stairway was a small room, finished in exactly the same way as the passage, being apparently a single block of white marble.

On one side, in a niche, burned a flame, which I knew to be a self-feeding, perpetual light. It had burned for centuries and would burn for centuries to come, until its governing human will should have attained the peace and rest of Nirvana, and left behind all desire.

Looking at my guide to see what next, for

by which we came, I heard his breath go forth in syllables not loud enough for me to catch the words. Silently as the earth moves on its axis, opposite where we had entered, a ponderous door swung slowly open. As we stepped over the threshold into a long lighted passage, the door closed behind us, as silently as it had opened, and I realized that I was a prisoner at the will of my guide. A slight thrill went through me with the thought, but thanks to my Anglo-Saxon blood and training I never dreamed of retreat, nor hesitated an instant to follow my leader.

The light around and about us, was as the light of the daytime, and not artificial. It was a long, long distance we traversed. How far we had gone I cannot say, when we reached a second hall, in all respects a counterpart of the first. By similar means we gained exit entering upon another long stretch of travel. At the end of this, we found our passage, for a third time blocked. The door was opened as before.

As the huge block swung slowly back, an open area disclosed itself to our vision. In the center stood a temple evidently built upon some mystic plan. But wherein did it stand? Huge walls rose on four sides. On these boundaries of the enclosed space, high overhead, and arched like heaven's blue vault, rested massive ribs of rock, capable of holding a world upon their unbending curves.

I looked at my guide, who at once answered my unspoken thought.

"Yes, Sahib, we are standing under the center of the Great Pyramid. When we shall have entered THE TEMPLE OF TRIAL, you will see."

Saying this we entered the temple standing in the center of the main inclosure. It faced the East, and looking up from the center, one could see apparently straight into the heavens, as through a telescope tube. A single star filled the field of vision. From the point of vision, through all this mass of rock, a single opening had been built, for the express purpose of giving to him who should stand, as I now stood, a view of this star, for all time to come.

"Sahib," said my guide, "let us retire to the chamber of the witness."

Saying this, he led me to the side of the room, and in through the apparently impenetrable rock to a sort of ante-room. In this, stood side by side three chairs carved out of

left-hand chair, he seated himself in the middle. I looked at the third chair, a misty form, so much matter as to be distinguishable, gray, decorous, and judicial filled the chair. The bench of judges was full. Two visible and one invisible, I thought, as I turned, my gaze to the solid wall between us and the Hall of Trial. To my utter astonishment, there was no obstruction to my sight. How it was, I cannot say, but the whole interior of the place of endurance was plainly visible.

I heard my guide say: "Let the wheels of Time roll back four thousand years, and that which is written in the Astral Light become visible."

A moment of awful silence, and then entering the "Hall of Trial" as I had entered, came a young man, attended by an old one. The young man was perfect in every detail of body. So modeled, so attended was a guarantee of the perfection of the fearless spirit which manifested itself in every movement of his carriage, in every glance of his piercing eye.

"My son," said the old man, "hitherto you have had guidance and training. But now, you must know, and we must know, if the strong soul can walk alone. The realms of the Universe are before you. Let the courage of the dauntless and truth loving, fill your soul and inspire your every action."

He bade him farewell, and the young man stands alone. As I look I see a circle traced upon the floor, and within the circle, the inscribed triangles, formation of mighty force, known as the Seal of Solomon.

The young man, as if familiar with what he must do, has taken from under the altar upon which burns the perpetual flame, six lamps of antique pattern. These he places upon the angles of the triangles, and then kneels before the symbols "Light and Truth." His lips move, and there are borne to my inner sense, on the thought currents, these words:

"Omnipotent Light! Beginning of Existence; Creator of all things that are! I desire only to become thy servant, and to win adoption as thy son. I wish only that thy law may be written on my heart; that thy thought shall be my inspiration. Let thy potential dominance be my support in the oncoming trial. To Thee I pledge myself, both in the visible and the invisible."

Making some mystic signs, he arose and returned to the centre of the Hall. There taking from his bosom what seemed a taper he turned to the altar and lighted it at the ever-burning flame. Stepping within the circle, he lighted each of the six lamps. He then extinguished the taper and returned it to the place from whence it came.

The lamps flamed up steady and still. Curious odors, overpowering the senses pervaded the whole Hall.

The minutes pass, the inertness is the Silence of the uncreated. Then out of the stillness, stirs, at first faintly, but increasing each second in intensity and volume, a hum, like the hum of a midsummer's day, when myriads of insects float through the sunlight. This was succeeded by a minute's silence then a movement of the atmosphere, a thrill shook the whole immense pyramid from its apex to its deepest foundation stone. Breathlessly I watched, for I seemed to have laid aside all that belonged to the physical.

The Initiate was facing the East. To his gaze, as to mine the whole side of the immense exterior pile seemed suddenly to have melted away, and in its place were heaped untold treasures of gold, and jewels enough to madden the brain of any human being. Just outside the illuminated circle stood a man rivaling in perfection, if possible, him, who stood within the circumference; addressing the Initiate, he said:

"Truly, thou art mighty in strength of body; in power of intellect; and in dominance of spirit. See! I have gathered all this treasure for thee. I will be thy slave. Choose thee this substance. Now is thine opportunity."

Slowly and potentially, from him who stood erect and dominant came at once, the reply:

"O, Dives! How could I carry hence so much? Of what use would it be to me in the short life allotted me on earth? I seek it not. **STAND BACK.** The soul-light comes not from gold." He finished speaking. The illusion vanished. He who was within the circle stood alone and steadfast.

Once more, outside the circle, appeared a man, sitting high upon a throne. Regal in bearing, perfect in development, and deportment, the whole earth was at his feet. Not only men by thousands, but all that is beautiful in women, worshiped at his feet, and did him honor.

Again, this tempting evil, standing just

outside the "circle, in honeyed words accents urged:

"Behold, thou art worthy of honor! Thou shalt receive this and more. Choose it before it is too late."

Firm and unwavering came the response: "I have no use for the adulation of men. The flattery of all mankind, does not weigh one single atom against the conscious worthiness of a soul. This is delusion, fashioned and born in deception."

As these words rang out on the air, over the whole vision fell, as it were, a shower of blood, and the air was filled with the groans and moans of the hundreds of thousands over whose bodies the Conqueror rode to triumph; these were mingled with the wails and sobs, of widows and orphans, as the picture disappears.

As in a cyclone, there are seconds of quiet, when the elements in commotion seem to seek in rest, strength for renewed efforts. So now, for scarcely a perceptible instant of time, all the elements of the hostile were evidently gathering themselves in silence and in force. The silence was overpoweringly horrible, and an appalling darkness settled thicker and closer. It was a darkness having absolutely no light within it. A darkness that chilled even the spirit. This blackness pervaded every cubic inch of the Hall, except a hemisphere enveloping the Initiate's head and shoulders. This was the potency of his will, which thus repelled the oppressiveness and absolute crushing power of this horrible blackness. This terrible essence of malignity would have crushed an untrained human being as an avalanche would crush an eggshell. I could plainly see, that if this man's soul should waver ever so slightly; if one single vibration of his spirit should respond to the touch of fear, he was lost.

Closer and closer and closer pressed down the darkness until it could be distinctly felt by personal sense even, in all its life-destroying energy. Then moving through it, as bubbles move through water, or as motes dance in the sunlight, became visible millions upon millions of eyes, and each and everyone differently horrible with their terrible malignancy. These were the hostile purposes, intents and thoughts of all the generations which war against the Good, while the earth exists.

Conscious of all this, conscious of the massed intensity of the crushing force thou

calm dominance, directing and guiding his soul, knowing that he was absolutely without fear. A voice, out of the depths, reached his ear. In mocking accents, it said:

"Oh, proud spirit! thou canst not escape my power. Yield thou prisoner. Cease thou the assertion of thyself. Thou art but created; how canst thou hope for help from the uncreated?"

Once more the Initiate's sonorous voice rang out. His breath came evenly, not a pulsation quickened, not a syllable trembled as he made answer:

"I know thee. Oh, Chaos! I know that within thee is collected, all the evil, all the malice and all the hostile purpose of all the ages.

I know that within thee The Dweller on the Threshold lives and moves and has its being. But I fear thee not. Emblem of Death and decay, I defy thy power."

As his words ceased, a ray of light, piercing the darkness, settled, in the form of a dove, upon his head. The light replaced the darkness, filling the whole Hall with an inexpressibly soft, penetrating radiance. It was the soul-light and all the solid building seemed to melt before it. This was the All Light of the Universe.

An instant, and the scene changed. Three grave councillors surrounded the Initiate. They clad him in the robe of the priestly office. Upon his head they placed a golden chaplet, bearing on its front the sacred beetle. In company with the THREE, he left the Hall. My guide arose from his seat, and beckoning to me, we followed them.

The golden flood of moonlight poured through the dome upon the white colonnade of marble pillars, striking the floor. The old man was at my side and the divan from which I had just risen was behind me. I have told you what was seen. I cannot prove to you its accuracy, until you too enter the Halls of Learning.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE.

Every fair minded person will indorse heartily the following words of Bro. Reed. Stealing unseen force is the meanest thiev-ery known, and the most terribly punished.

--[ED. HERMETIST.]

As there seems to be much misunder-

to Christian Scientists, perhaps a word of explanation will make our position clear and remove wrong impressions still lurking in the minds of some who think that because we are doing a work of love, therefore we shall not charge for our services, and whosay to us: "Jesus didn't charge" overlooking [for what reason we know not] that while there is no record made of any stipulated fee for his services, yet it is recorded in Luke 8:3, that certain women ministered unto him of their substance, to that extent, that one of the twelve was set apart to handle the receipts. A very small boy could take care of the income of the average Christian Scientist, healer or teacher, while it might puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how rent, groceries, clothing, fuel etc. are to be supplied.

So far as we are individually concerned, and the same is true of all Christian Scientists of our acquaintance, Healing and Teaching are done, regardless of money or price. Let us not forget however that Christian Scientists are men and women, and they have to pay for what they need just as other people do. Let us also remember that if small things cost, health and knowledge, the greatest of blessings cannot be had of Christian Scientists or of any one else without a reasonable sacrifice; for sickness and ignorance are sin, and without sacrifice there is no remission of sin.

It is high time that people who have one bit of honesty, learned that in Christian Science Healing and Teaching it is not "No cure no pay" but rather, "No pay no cure," and that a law of God underlies this principle.

Nor does "pay" mean money only, in fact, money is the last thing referred to when we say "pay" but it means a sacrifice proportionate to the blessing sought, determined by your ability and the needs of your Scientist. Not how little you can get it for, no, no. If you have a cancer threatening your life or Asthma, until living is dying, and in your heart you would freely give any M. D. or any one else \$1000, to be rid of it, can you, we ask you candidly, EXPECT to be cured when you entertain for a moment, or possibly cherish the idea of getting out of your trouble for a paltry fee of \$2, or so?

But my Scientist don't know that. No! perhaps he does not, but possibly, in fact it is quite likely that he does know, [for these C. S's. know more than they seem to know] and doubtless his treatments are to enable you to let go this your sin; but whether he knows it or no, does not change the nature of the case in the least, for you know it, and you cannot deceive conscience. Do as it suggests, and you will always do right, and too, you will always be brought out of any trouble whether it be physical, mental or moral. It is written "He that knoweth his duty and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes" (pains.) and the fault is not in your healer or teacher either, and however much your endeavor to locate it there may seem to excuse you, it will in no wise change the facts in the case.—THE MUSTARD SEED.

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O Lord! who ceest, from yon starry height,
Centered in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in Thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven,
Celestial King; O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owe's its being to the gazer's eye.

SOMETHING NEW.

Our friends see the outcome of their kind thought toward us. We have been able to put on an overcoat. Last January we were just feeling our feet. In April we doubled our space. And now we add nearly 50 per cent to our reading matter. It depends upon our readers whether manuscripts in our possession that reach back several centuries shall soon see the light or not. If every subscriber will send us a couple or more it will not be long.

Occasionally some one says: It is too hard for me! But do you desire growth or simply to stand still. You can get bread and milk in thousands of periodicals. There is a surfeit of it, but only a few words to stir thought. How few they are.

If a child had learned to count from one to one hundred, and was satisfied with counting over and over every day, because he could understand it, how long would it be before he could demonstrate the Binomial theorem. If everybody did that sort of work where would be our next crop of sages who have mastered the mysteries of the Unseen. Think and grow strong in mental power, and soul substance. Dare to think and "Get understanding."

TRAININGS.

What better evidence of coming Evolution and Revolution, than words you use, and words you think.

On top of Mount; I see both sides. Wanting nothing; I have everything. Being nobody; I am everybody. Having naught; I own Cosmos. Going nowhere; I am everywhere. All comes to those who wait. Do what you are afraid to do, and you will win.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

No imperfection can remain where God's will acts and reigns without resistance. Happy are they who penetrate the spirit, the practice, and relish the truth of sacrifices. The evil wills of those who oppose them, serve as so many hammers, to polish the outside of this tabernacle of the soul, by the crosses they cause them to bear, whilst God Himself works within to bring to perfection.

The best things have their times and seasons for finishing. It is necessary that the interior sanctuary be entirely empty, that the majesty of God may repose there.

Not by a single look shall the interior soul share in the grief and interest of the common souls, (show no sympathy with error, or belief).

The soul, then arrived into God, has no longer anything in itself—for itself—nor of itself, but by this loss into God, everything comes from him. God declares that he has brought this people out of the land of captivity, while in the state of their own inventions—or mortal mind—so as to loose them in himself.

VIII.

Advanced souls must have the ear consecrated to God alone, in order to listen to him—for it no longer uses words with God, unless he leads it to say something to him. So the ear is purified, and not the tongue—that the tongue may be silent before God and be faithful to hear him. The thumb of the right hand is purified, which signifies that all the actions of this must be consecrated to God and must be done in the uprightness of his spirit. The right foot is also consecrated, because the soul must carry all its affections to God without doing anything for itself out of interested motives. God is truth as well as charity.

out of ourselves—as riches, honor, popularity, &c. The second strange fire is self-love, which is enrooted in ourselves.

He has chosen the darkness for his hiding place. This adorable majesty, enveloped, for the soul, with clouds, has something infinitely more august and certain than all that is discovered by the senses and faculties—such as relishes, visions, revelations, ecstasies—which are received through the senses. All things so received are always of little account as compared with this sacred darkness.

There shall be no man in the tabernacle when the high priest enters the holy of holies. This denotes that when God enters the sanctuary, which is the center of our soul, we must keep the soul entirely void of all gross and earthly objects, and still more of self—keep it from all attachments to which the soul may incline.

There are times when we must do no work with our hands, but wait in repose until the Lord manifests himself. It is then, that the soul passes beyond all the purifications, as spoken of, expressed by every work, and from which it must cease—for nature, always ardently seeking out supports, and desiring consolations and something to satisfy it, places itself in a hundred postures to recover what it thinks it has lost, and thus causes itself to be dried up the more.

BOOK NOTICES.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, by Prof. Elliott Coues, M. D., paper, 50 pp. Price, 15 cents.

The Religio-Philosophical Pub. House of this city have put this address, made before the Western Society of Psychical Research into an elegant dress for general circulation. Like all of Prof. Coues' work we are not competent to criticize, even if we did not regard it as beyond criticism. We had the pleasure of hearing its delivery. It is one of the few events of a life-time where the pleasure is incomparable, and invaluable. Everyone who has any expectation of thinking three thoughts in logical sequence ought to read it. We offer our congratulatory thanks to Bro.

stirring soul message.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING, by Frances Lord, cloth, 471 pp., price, \$2.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price by Hermetic Pub. Co.

This work is an able statement of the subject, discussed with the sturdy vigor peculiar to our English cousins, backed by innumerable authorities and arguments, drawn both from modern knowledge and ancient wisdom. It is elegantly bound and is offered at a very trifle beyond actual cost. We are, however, a little grieved as well as disappointed that the author should so far violate her own teachings, as to pronounce judgement on other leaders and teachers, of whom she can know nothing but by hearsay. It certainly is not the part of a Christian Scientist, to condemn those, who in pain and poverty, are giving their lives to the unfoldment of truth from their several stand points. She also seems to forget there is no patent on the Truth, although there is but One.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

THE ST. LOUIS HERALD, came to us a little before Christmas-tide, a great load of appropriateness, out of which, one must be very hard to suit, not to be able to make a selection. The only thing a Chicagoan is surprised at, is, can such enterprise come out of St. Louis?

The handsomest calender of 1889 which is already out doing itself in the the beauty and variety of its weather indicators, has been sent us from 100 Clark Street, by E. D. Dunann, the general city passenger agent, of the St. Paul Railway. It represents the Goddess of the weather directing the sunshine and the storms, while the months come tumbling out of the moon, from which they originate. It is in colors and is a gem. Thanks, Bro. Dunann.

Our old friend L. M. Holt, formerly of Riverside, Cal. sold out his paper there, but like everyone who has tampered with printer's ink, he was not able to get the stain off his hands, so he is now owner and publisher of the SAN BERNARDINO TIMES, which he will make up to the times in every respect, for that is the kind of daisy he is. He will do his best every issue. That's the sort of men that have made California a garden of Eden out of a mountainous desert.

The first volume of this, probably the last work, of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, is now being delivered. It is a cyclopaedia of the hitherto hidden truths of the ages, and no one, who is investigating the intangible but Real, can afford not to own it. Sent post free on receipt of \$5.00, HERMETIC PUB. CO., 629 FULTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLAR BIOLOGY.

To anyone seeking a practical knowledge of astrology and the bearing of the stars on the fortunes of men, there is no work which brings abstruse truth in so readable a form as "Solar Biology." Do you wish to read the prophecies of the planets for yourself and friends, you can learn how from this volume. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$5.00. Hermetic Publishing Co., 629 Fulton street, Chicago.

We call the special attention of our readers to the following new books, which will be sent on receipt of price by Hermetic Publishing Co., 629 Fulton street, Chicago.

- Is Protection a Benefit? (Edward Taylor) - \$1 00
- Four Gospels in One (R. A. Campbell) - 1 00
- Wilkesbarre Letters on Theosophy - 10
- The Second Birth (Helen Wilmans) - 25
- The Temple of the Rosy-Cross (F. B. Dowd) - 1 50
- Perfect Way, or Finding of Christ - 2 00
- Universal Theosophy (W. J. Colville) - 2 00
- Mysteries of the Hand (Campbell) - 1 50

SAMPLE COPIES.

We have a number of sample copies of "Esoteric," "Woman's World," "Truth," &c., on hand. To any one sending us three green stamps for postage, &c., we will send their choice of the above named magazines. Address HERMETIC PUB. CO., 629 FULTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

"THE FUTURE RULERS OF AMERICA."

We have still a few copies of this curious story on hand "HARMONY," of the Pacific Coast, in the November number says:

"This little pamphlet of 28 pages is most suggestive to intellects and students of occultism who are able to read between the lines. It belongs to the history of a Soul, and as the title suggests, contains a prediction for the immediate future. Even to those who understand not the full occult meaning of this history, it will prove most entertaining and stimulative of thought."

Sent post free on receipt of 25 cents, HERMETIC PUB. CO., 629 FULTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.

Mrs. M. M. Phelon's little brochure, "PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS," has reached a second edition. She is receiving orders from Europe, India and Australia. As a concise, practical argument for, and explanation of, the claims of Christian Science it is unequalled. For the use of teachers and practitioners it is particularly suited. Retail price 15c. Discount on quantity. Hermetic Publishing Co., 629 Fulton Street, Chicago.

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