

THE HERMETIST.

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.

REMOVAL.

Our patrons and friends will notice that we have removed our office to 206 S. Lincoln St., where we can be reached by any one of three lines of street cars. This gives us, in many respects, a much more desirable location, and from whence we hope to be able to greet our readers for years to come.

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MY BROTHER.

Who is my brother ?

All who in want and need,
In weariness or dreariness
For my assistance plead.

My brother, he, the rich and great,
My brother, all the poor;
My brother he who rides in state;
The beggar at my door.

My brother he of every race.
Of every land and clime;
Not less my brother when his plea
Lies on the Unseen shores of time

My brother when he's grand and go
Or when he's mean and base;
My brother even though
He brings me sad disgrace.

The life that stirs in every thing,
That riles upon the storm;
The beauty dwelling in the rose;
The silence of the thorn.

The life that moves the lowly worm,
Or swings the stars on high;
The force that drives the ocean tide,
Or paints the evening sky.

That life or power of every kind
Is each akin to me,
As good is Father, First Great Cause
Of all that was, or is, or is to be.

L. A. B.

THE VALLEY OF SOULS.



WEARY of the misery songs of the Western World; weary of its air, and steam, and pain; weary of polemics, and wire-drawn romance, and faded sentiment. Art thou weary of all this? When that hour comes take refuge in India of the olden time—in the India of Kalidasa, where the King Dushmanta wooed Saccotala under palms; where the gazelle starts in the quiet noontide at the footstep of the solemn-eyed Brahmin. In the infinitely deep, solemnly joyful India

where man for the first and last time declared and determined to himself what was eternal truth, and in that faith lived and died. In that glorious India which gave to the world a glorious drama, like that of Shakespeare, and the most perfect sublime poem ever written in the Maha Bahrata—a poem before which the highest flight of Milton is trifling, and the genius of the whole West, feeble. *Believest thou not, read—and find in it the grand primeval epic of which the Iliad and Song of the Nibelung, and all Norse, and Finnish Saga Cycles, and Slavonian Rukopsis, and Kralodvoskys are reflections, echoes, after-songs.*

I might speak much longer of the sentiment of the East; but what I now have in hand is one of its legends which lies before me in French, which I translate, trusting that it may prove as pleasing to the reader as it has been to me.

According to Indian tradition, below the earth, in the second sphere of inferior heavens, whither sun-rays never pierce, there lies a vast valley, half-lighted or ever in strange twilight.

There an unearthly bluish foliage gleams in phosphorescent light on the trees; the plants, strangely formed, are only crystallizations of different colors, their flowers are wildly expanding gems, leaves of emerald and topaz, calyxes of amethysts, chrysopras and garnet, daisies of diamond, lotuses of all marvels, all gleam and wildfire, and mystery and change.

In the midst of this strange twilight all is silence. There is heard neither the song of a bird nor the murmur of a bee. Any earthly being would die there. Even the wind is never heard to murmur among those motionless trees.

A great lake, fed by no source, fills the lower portion of the valley, not with bounding, sounding water, but with a solemn bed of white vapor, which bathes without wetting the feet of mountains, the base of promontories, or winds like a gleaming scarf around shining islands.

But there is movement in this silent world. Across the vapory sea flit forms, not of flesh and blood, but almost of the same substance as the like in which they continually sink and rise. At times they leave it and wander or flit along the silent shore.

Dreaming, dreaming ever, lost amid a real unreal, not life, not death, what are they?

They live between birth and death—between life, for they are the souls which await a new existence on earth. After having been judged by the terrible and incorruptible Yama, at once the Pluto and Minos of the Hindoo hell; after having been duly punished for their sins or rewarded for their good lives; after having been reconciled to Brahma the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer, they await births on earth, and new lives.

One day Chitra Goupa, the angel of green hue and six winged, came as first minister of Yama, to obtain his souls for the earth, and met before the gate, Scheetala, the protectress of children born or about to be born. The green angel lowered upon her, for he saw in her a rival.

"Comest thou again to importune us with griefs, and to demand for thy nurslings gifts which only the superior gods can accord?"

"I demand nothing more," said Scheetala, "for I have obtained of Brahma what I desire for the benefit of all humanity, and I come to declare his order."

"And that?"

"Listen, Chitra Goupa, and be proud to aid me in so good and holy a work. Often man is born to occupy a body not to his liking. From this time he will be made aware of his future destiny, and may accept or refuse it. Such was the prayer I addressed to Brahma, and he has granted it."

The minister of Yama, the lord of hell, burst into a god-like laugh. His six wings spread wide. Then again silent, he said, "Dreamest thou, mother! Did Brahma himself, intoxicated by the soft perfumes of Camalata, or the sweet liquor of the Amreeta cup, did he dream when making this promise? By the rivers of hell, I believe he jested with thee when he made this promise!"

For answer, Scheetala drew from her scarlet robe the decree from Brahma, carefully wrapped in the sacred leaves of lotus and of cusha, and gave it to him, while the diamond gate opened of itself before him.

"The world is coming to its end!" murmured Chitra Goupa, sending out such a sigh that all the air-light souls were blown before it over the lake-like foam before the wind. "What! make man the master of accepting or refusing his destiny! The excess of kindness, oh, ancient mother, has made thee weak; in future there will be no souls to furnish, save to the rich and powerful. Before half a century, kings will be born with-

deserts."

"Let us try!" said the goddess.

They swept together toward the shore through the silent land,

Where the cock never crew,
Where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew.

As he approached the lake, the Summoning Angel read aloud from the register of fate the last names on earth of six souls. As each name was pronounced the lake quivered, a light ebullition appeared at one point of its misty silver surface, then a shadow shot upward, and slowly passed to the shore. Then Chitra Goupa made known to them the decision of Brahma, reading to them also the final clause:

"The soul refusing to occupy the body predestined for it, must remain here in the Silent Land among the shadows, so many years as it would have passed in that body."

Then he summoned the first soul; that of an old Yoghi, or saint, who had left behind in Mysore the tradition of a life passed in holy austerities, and the most cruel self-torments.

"Thou," said the angel, "wilt be born again in an honest family of merchants, removed equally from the honors which disturb reason, and the misery which depraves it. Rejoice!" "Rejoice doubly," added Scheetala, "for I have been allowed to watch thee even unto the end. After having just reached the sweet consciousness of the light of the sun, and the kisses of thy mother, thou wilt, still wrapped in the robe of innocence, die an infant. This time thou wilt obtain the triumphant prize without having striven, without having suffered."

"Die a child!" exclaimed the old saint; "what! put my lips to the edge of the cup without half draining it; see the gates of life again open on me, and pause at the threshold! Better not be born. I have tasted the joys of heaven, I wish to taste those of earth. I will wait."

And with a gesture indicating refusal, he plunged again into the lake.

"Folly is found even in seeking heaven," said Chitra Goupa.

"Excessive virtue is subject to remorse as well as vice," said Scheetala.

The next was a beautiful Bayadere, whose voluptuous dances and grace had been admired by all Benares. Her loveliness had made her one of the chosen ones of the temple, a favorite of the Brahmins while on earth, and

shadow advanced, bounding as in a dance, to the feet of the divine pair, who were seated on a rock of malachite, deeply veined with gold.

"Thou wilt be beautiful," said the messenger of Yama, "and thy beauty will make thee the wife of a wealthy lord. He will lavish on thee every treasure. Rejoice!"

The soul of Bayadere thrilled as with rapture, she glanced, like a fawn, around on the endless millions of gems, on the strange wealth which adorned the Land of Shadows, as if anticipating that these in another life would be regarded far differently than here.

But before assenting she asked: "Wilt the Nabob be young?"

"He will be thrice thy age, but will soon die leaving thee his wealth, and then thou wilt marry again, one who will be young and beautiful."

"And I, shall I be a mother?"

"Thou wilt not."

The Bayadere was at once in deep misery

"Without children! Disgraced again! No children!"

And turning away she sank deep in the lake, murmuring as she vanished in its shades:

"To live without children is ever to be dying."

The messenger of Yama smiled grimly.

"Didst thou expect all this, oh! Mother of the Newly-born. All refuse what all on earth covet. Thy sex, gentle goddess, is as capricious as ever, even in the Realm of Shadows."

"If the tree condemned never to bear fruit could speak, oh! Chitra Goupa, it would reply: 'Sterility is a disgrace.' For woman it is still worse. Brahma, the divine, has deigned since the first day of creation to share with her the creative power, almost from infancy she thrills with the aspirations of maternity; a woman, herself young, anticipates giving birth. Man, a god, thou knowest not the mystery of maternal feeling. Poor Bayadere, I well understand her refusal!"

"Tis well, Scheetala; but we are in danger of not finding a soul willing to quit this valley."

"Well, the next is a MAN--and ambition--the great thirst for honor, moves all his kind. This time I shall not fail."

And, with a gesture, he called the next soul.

"Rejoice!" said Chitra Goupa, as he came upward, "re-joice and thank the gods. Thou wilt be born a king!"

"King!" cried the soul. "A sad and cruel trade is that in these days. To be the executioner of one's own family in order to maintain a firm hold of the people, and then, when one has merited the wrath of heaven, and the scorn of man, to become the pensioner, or prisoner of the iron armies of the Western world! Never. My uncle was the powerful ruler of the Dekan; he put out my eyes with fire, fearing that I might supplant him—and HE died a wretched servant of the English. King! I had rather be born in the humblest hut of a Pariah, than in the golden halls of the monarch or Delhi."

"The danger is greater even than I feared," said the minister of Yama, "since even wealth and kingdoms are refused. But we are only half advanced. Onward!"

Of two souls summoned, one was to occupy the body of a banker who would be enormously rich, while suffering much at the same time from bad health. The other was destined to be a poor working man, but gifted with strength and health.

"To be miserable and healthy," said the latter, "will be to have a good stomach with the devil of hunger lodged in it."

"Riches in company with suffering," said the other, "is a garment of gold over a corpse."

And so both refused.

"Well, Scheetala," said the Angel of the Green Wings, smiling proudly, "dost thou still believe it to be right to show man his future life, and leave it to his choice to live or not to live? On this condition, as I say, the world will soon be depopulated. Thanks to the prayer addressed by thee to Brahma, there are now five poor mothers who are weeping for their children born dead!"

And the goddess bowed her head in low shame, making no reply.

"Believe me," he added, "go no further, for no soul will again venture on the road to human life."

Unfolding the register, he was about to erase the six names inscribed, but the last soul lingered near.

It was the shadow of a poor girl of Patna, whose only lot on earth had been that of suffering. A stranger to pleasure, power or fortune, she had lived for years only for her aged mother, and when, at last, she was about to be married to one who loved her well, she had perished the day before her nuptials, stung in the foot by a serpent.

"Feeble child of a fatal destiny," said the angel, "I will not say to thee as to others, rejoice, for I have only to offer thee a new existence of pain and suffering. Two souls have just refused wealth and health. Thou art to be poor and in suffering. Wilt thou accept?"

Without retiring, the shadow rested silent, as if a gleam of future happiness was at last gleaming on her dimly.

"Poor daughter of suffering," exclaimed the kind goddess, "accept the privilege accorded by Brahma, and decline. Not only will poverty pursue thee, and weakness and pain overtake thee, but finally, after a life of harsh field-labor, thou wilt be burned with thy dead husband."

But the girl's soul asked hopefully, and almost with joy:

"But will he be MY beloved; will he love me then as he once loved—he for whom I am to suffer so much?"

"For a time—yes."

"Blessed be the holy name of Brahma—I ACCEPT."

A throb as of rapture, thrilled through all the silent land, the shadowy lives to be, threw their pale forms upward to the twilight, and the pale soul, led by the goddess, floated away over the portals of eternity, toward the world, while Chitra Goupa rose to the seventh sphere, where the decree of Brahma was registered by Indra. In his golden book of the chosen names of those who were in the future lives to reach the highest bliss, Indra wrote the name of the peasant girl of Patna—and, next to it the name of the Bayadere.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

UNDERSTANDING ESSENTIAL TO KNOWLEDGE.

"With all thy getting, get understanding."

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."—JOB 33: 8.

What is it to understand? Webster says: That it is to have just and adequate ideas of; to apprehend the meaning; to perceive; discern and believe.

Man believes, he understands, and he knows. These are three distinct states of mind, though they appear to be one only. Relief begets thought, thought leads to understanding, and understanding develops knowledge as a result. Belief is the stepping stone, the way, the first point of depart-

ance, up to the positive state of conclusion, and comprehension of the evidence gained by personal sense, upon the subject considered. This opens up the state of understanding, which is followed by knowledge, the third state, as a result. Hartmann says: "Man lives in two worlds, in his interior world and in his exterior." From the exterior he reaches the plane of belief only; but by subjecting the experiences of this plane to the illuminating impressions that come from the interior life, he gains knowledge, and from knowledge, wisdom. Man gains no real knowledge from the testimony of the senses, for personal sense at its best can only lead to belief; and belief is a long way from knowledge. Knowledge can come only through personal experience; experience that comes through a perception of ideas as they exist in our own minds; and as expressed by the words, signs and forms in the minds of others; then by active thought drawing a comparison between the evidence without and that which comes from within.

Says Hartmann, "Understanding comes from the awakened principle of truth, and is self-conscious; self-sufficient; and is the great spiritual sun that knows that it exists. It stands higher than the intellect, and higher than science. It does not need corroboration by "recognized authority," it cares not for the opinions of others, knows no appeal."

"To raise our consciousness into the spiritual plane," or our understanding, "is to live;" but, "to let it rest," in belief, "is to die," continually. It may seem surprising to be told that knowledge does not come from personal sense, or rather as a result of the testimony of the senses; but if we stop a moment, to think, and investigate we shall see at once that we are never more entirely, more thoroughly deceived, than when we rest upon the evidence that comes to us in that way. Man has learned this lesson, and acknowledges the fact every time he calls to his aid other means to test and prove the correctness of what he sees, hears, feels or smells. He is not satisfied with the evidence of any one of these five senses; since he tests sight with touch, touch with sight and smell, and hearing by all the other senses combined. Why should he do this if the evidence of personal sense was reliable? An old saying is, "Seeing is believing," or knowing. Do we find it so? Has it really ever been proved to be

of knowledge and that is through understanding. To gain understanding we must use, and not despise, or ignore the evidence of the senses, neither should we rest upon their testimony; but use them to ascertain our relative relation to our surroundings, personal, immediate and remote; and then by reason, balanced by intuition, or soul-sense, come first to belief, and from belief to understanding, and from understanding to knowledge.

There is but one thing man knows absolutely and entirely; and that is that he; the real, the ego, lives. He does not even know which state, that which he calls life, or that which he calls death, is the real. He does not know when he is asleep, or awake by any evidence that comes to him from the senses. He does not see himself asleep; he does not hear himself asleep; and he neither smells nor tastes himself, to prove to himself that he is either awake or asleep. This knowledge comes from the evidence of the inner awakened consciousness, which proved his existence here, beyond a question or doubt. This consciousness is part of himself, and is intensified, and made doubly sure by the testimony of all the conscious thought of the past ages; and gives positive proof and assurance, if accepted, of continued existence through all the eons of the endless future. This consciousness of existence will be the extent of his positive, or absolute knowledge, unless he makes, or develops for himself understanding; and through understanding passes up to the state of knowledge. All else that now passes for knowledge is simply belief. Belief is to true knowledge, as the passing shadow is to the substance; as the ripple upon the surface of a calm lake to the deep moving waters before a heavy gale. It may be beautiful to contemplate, but the ripple will never fill a sail, nor prevent the stagnation of the waters, nor the formation of the miasmatic slime of decaying vegetation upon the surface; nor the consequent destruction of the animal life within; while the deep moving waters are powerful for good; a constant renewing force within itself for itself, and everything contained therein. Is seeing believing, or knowing? Neither. Let a man put one hand in hot, and the other in cold water, and after a few moments plunge both into tepid water; what will the evidence of the senses

be? He sees and feels, and yet the evidence from one hand would be that the water was cold; from the other that it was hot. Did the sense of sight, or the knowledge gained from the other senses, change the evidence of personal sense or give true knowledge? Does it prove that seeing, or feeling, is believing, or knowing? Yet belief passes for knowledge.

Man reads from the book of nature, as from the stars, the clouds, the waters, and the earth; he studies and ponders and comes to understand, or thinks he does; that because certain things appear to be, other things must follow in sequence. He may himself have passed up through the states of belief, and understanding to the plane of knowledge. He writes out the results of his observations; gives them to his friends; teaches his children, and youth, what he believes or understands; and his children reverencing his words and reasonable explanations, believe what he says because he said it; and they believe also that they have knowledge of everything that thus appears to them. But this is not their knowledge; in fact it is not knowledge to them at all; it rises no higher than belief.

Everything that comes to man's consciousness from without, as from books, is but a matter of belief. There is not an item of true knowledge to the reader in what he reads. It may have been knowledge to him who wrote because it came to him from the outer, through the inner by means of his higher senses, as a result of thought and experience, which developed understanding and from that, knowledge. I do not know simply because my senses approve of what is written. Neither do I know because it is told to me by teachers or preachers, lawyers or doctors. I do not know because I see. In fact, I do not know anything because it is presented to my consciousness by personal sense. This that passes current for knowledge is simply BELIEF, whether it comes from reading the Bible, "Science and Health," or Blackstone's Commentaries. Neither does a majority belief imply knowledge; since, as belief, it is only the stepping stone that leads up to knowledge. As such it is entitled to our respect, and in no case should be discarded or denounced; but hailed as a finger-post from the past to guide us in the future up to understanding. It is the tendency of mankind generally to rest and be

satisfied with belief. In that satisfaction consists the error.

How then shall man receive or gain knowledge? By getting understanding. What is understanding? It is the power of perceiving the meaning of the thoughts, that come to us out of the great thought currents of the universe. What is it to perceive? It is the power of vibrating in and through our own unseen, spiritual nature, the thoughts emanating from Supreme Intelligence, and thus making them a part of ourselves. The understanding then is a power, a positive condition of one's own conscious mentality; arising from within, instead of from without, a receptive condition that leads only to belief. If it were simply negative, it might or might not vibrate; but being positive or spiritual it vibrates always with certainty; and that certainty brings knowledge. Belief is the negative state and hence is not knowledge.

The question may arise, Can belief under any circumstances be changed into knowledge? Yes, even as the negative state may give place to a positive; but the line of separation is distinct and the states are not interchangeable. We do not know that which we believe; nor believe that which we know. What should we think of a child even, who should say, I believe, two times two are four. How shall the change take place? If by the persistent positive power of my thought, added to the positive spiritual power of your thought, or the reverse, we can set up in the thought currents, as they flow through our mentality, a vibration answering to our belief; and understand the cause as well as the effect, then will our beliefs become the things we think they are. In other words our beliefs have led to thoughts, and thoughts corrected by intuition, have produced understanding, and if through our understanding we perceive the law, it then becomes certain knowledge to us. If this be belief with understanding, then belief without understanding remains belief still. By persistence of belief without understanding, we may create vibrations of thought, which reacting may possibly overwhelm us. The beliefs of a nation, a people, a race, a sect, may become fixed facts, materialized for the benefit or injury of those accepting such beliefs, and still such nations, race, people or sect be none the wiser. In all races there are such beliefs, and they manifest themselves under the

names of sin, sickness, poverty, sorrow, heredity, &c. Such beliefs are not born of understanding, but from the evidence of personal sense, which as I have shown, can not yield knowledge. Their effects are but the working out of the law of mortal mind, which is but belief without understanding, and has no binding power upon him who understands the higher, perfect law of the Spirit. It is claimed that there are those who can over-ride the laws of the universe, simply because the beliefs of mankind have set up certain vibrations in the thought currents; but any law that can be broken or overcome is but a law of mortal mind, created by a belief, and thus is no law at all. God's laws are unchangeable and unbreakable, because they are of the Spirit. Laws of mortal mind that unbalance or disturb, even apparently, the universal harmony of our physical being, are better broken than obeyed; and such are the so-called laws of health, of which we hear so much. Now if I can send to you strong true thought, prompted and given impulse by love, out of the great spiritual storehouse of thought, that meeting your thought, shall set up new vibrations, strong enough to change the polarity of the ultimate atoms of your physical; I can set up a change that may seem miraculous, though it will in no sense be a miracle, only a result produced by understanding the law that governs the lower consciousness, or body, and bringing it out of a negative state into a positive condition, which is the state of health.

Do you believe that you can be injured, overpowered, or distressed by the presence of any external condition, as wind or weather; rain or snow; heat or cold; eating too much or too little; or be made sick by loss of sleep, etc., then you yourself are responsible for the result, since the belief makes you negative, and thus renders it easy for you to be overcome. You become a law unto yourself to produce the result, and the belief becomes manifest upon your bodies as colds, fevers, dyspepsia, and even general debility. Do you desire to free yourselves from these conditions? Then reverse belief, by reverse, I mean believe in the presence of good, take it as a stepping-stone, and climb up to the understanding that you become a law unto yourselves, either for good or evil conditions, or states, and can determine what your state shall be under such circumstances.

without, the vibrations that shall control the environments. Every state and condition then of the human family is a result either directly or indirectly of belief, except the fact of existence and the knowledge of that fact. Beliefs are the crystalization of thoughts before they shall have been manifested upon the outwardness, or body; which is the sign and symbol of all manifestation. If we would control conditions, overcome results of belief, as manifested by sin, sickness, poverty, discord and crime; then must belief give place to understanding, and this understanding to knowledge; and this knowledge used to protect and free ourselves and others from the errors of mortal mind.

Do not be content with belief, no matter how strong, or pure, or beautiful it may be, for it can take you no farther than the plane of the lower consciousness, and touches not the real, the substantial and eternal truth of being. They who are wise will heed the counsel of Solomon, and seek first, last and all the time, to "Get Understanding," and having obtained it, to hold it fast, for out of it, and it only, can come that knowledge which merges into soul force, and becomes the drapery of Spirit.

M. M. PHELPS, C.S.B.

MAY NUMBER.

We expect to commence, in May, the publication of "The Mysteries of the Sphinx and the Pyramids," a translation from the French describing some of the soul-thrilling events of the ancient initiations. We have much matter crowding upon us, and could easily give twice the amount every month. If everyone to whom the magazine has come, would renew their subscription at once, and send us one more, we could also grow at once. Can't you put a single dollar into such an advantageous speculation. We feel the impulses of your good will. Can't you materialize it.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Study of Man; The Way to Health.—Dr. Buck's new book is ready for delivery. Whoever has read his "Christos," "Riddle of Identities," "The Secret Doctrine," or "The Nature and aim of Theosophy," can understand what might be expected in this his last and best work which surpasses expectation even. Says the *Cincinnati Commercial* in a column and a half of review:

"He has given in it the essence of mature experience and reflection, and also of that deeper insight of which every mind has a share, however difficult it may be to interpret and express."

The way to health that the Doctor writes about is metaphysical, in the broad sense of the word, and in

the nature of things could not be otherwise. Man has not solved his problem, but the sign "No thoroughfare" never and never will discourage him. Necessity, impulse and reason all compel him to choose a course through life. He who drifts and believes nothing has a course and a creed as much as any one, and is apt to find that dispensing with a pilot and a compass, because neither is perfect, does not assist navigation nor abolish its ragged demands.

Dr. Buck can speak of the psychical nature of man after a long scientific study of it in connection with physiology. This psychical nature he says is the last stronghold of superstition and ignorance; and his object is to throw some rays of light in that direction, after investigating the subject, as far as he has been able, on the physical basis. He does not believe that there are more atheists among the physicians than in other professions or walks of life. For his own part he finds in nature a constant factor in what is called variability and he finds divinity in man; that "these two are in essence one, and that therefore God and nature are not at cross purposes."

The author has produced in this volume a remarkable review of advanced knowledge on the nature and destiny of human life. In biology, psychology and physiology it is a condensed treatise, able and without obscurity. In moral purpose it is elevated and no one could read, or rather study, its wise and enlightened views without special instruction and general benefit." Price, \$2.50, HERMETIC PUB. Co., 306 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

The Golden Fleece, By Thomas Frederick Page, is one of those books treating of the ancient Cabalistic work, and the traces left upon our language and in fact all language, by the attempt to leave records of knowledge, that could be understood and used only by initiates. We must confess to but slight knowledge of the permutations of the Cabala. Mr. Page's conclusions are very unique and curious in whatever light they may be regarded. They indicate also laborious research, and patient study in a field that would be very dry bones to a large majority of the present generation. Some of his results are very startling. It is printed and bound handsomely and we can send it by mail post free for \$2.00, HERMETIC PUB. Co., 306 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

Origin of Worlds.—Is another curious book by Seth K. Warren, treating of the known and the supposed conditions of the Universe in its cycles upon cycles; of their beginning, ending and action



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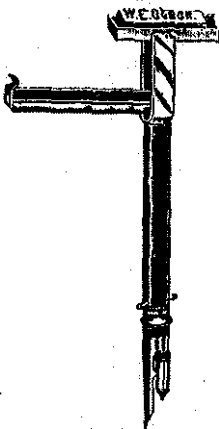
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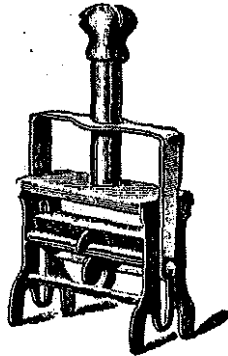
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