

THE HERMETIST.

GET UNDERSTANDING.

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THE HERMETIST.

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BY

THE HERMETIC BROTHERHOOD.

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HERMETIC BROTHERHOOD of A. L. and E.

Meets every Sunday evening. Time, 8:00 o'clock. Place, 4006 Grand Boulevard. All inquiries after Occult and Mystic thought on the highest spiritual planes, seeking Truth for the Truth's sake, are cordially invited. W. P. Phelon, M. D. First Elder Brother; Nancy McKay Gordon, Second Elder Brother; Miss M. E. Applegate, Scribe, 4006 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

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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WHERE WAYS DIVIDE.

Like a dream you entered my life and took my heart in your fingers.
 It was yours to brighten or break, and what if you chose to mar?
 Shall I strive to forget your face and the love that lives and lingers?
 Shall my heart not follow you still as the needle the Northern star?
 There is much, you say, to forgive; but, ah, there is more to remember.
 For the memory of love is sweet though the love itself were vain,
 And the frail, sweet roses of June, recalled, shall enthral December,
 And what I have lost of pleasure assuage what I find of pain.

In the years to come, it may be, I shall meet with the shades of sorrow,
 And the measure and meaning of these it is not for me to say;
 But I shall not wince at the fears and failures of each tomorrow,
 Recalling the bountiful things that the gods have done today.
 The remembrance of golden youth, and the echo of by-gone laughter—
 There is nothing to pity a man in whose soul is the wealth of these;
 I have loved as a man may love but once in his life. Hereafter
 My heart shall pulse as a shell to the throb of remembered seas.

The slow, sweet dawn of your smile, the grace of you, straight and slender,
 The liquid thrill of your voice, like the ripple of fingered strings.
 The light of your dear, deep eyes, that no grief could make less tender—
 It is only the fools and blind, who could pray to forget such things.
 I have sought for the gold of love at the end of the bow of beauty,
 I have sought and have failed to win, but the joy of the quest is mine,
 And now that the garden of dreams is barred by the gate of duty,
 I will drink my share of the loss as I drank my share of the wine.
 We are come to the fork of the ways, we are come to the gate of the heaven,
 Where the shadow ship of my hope has anchored awhile, and yet,
 With a sea unsailed beyond, I shall pray no prayer of a craven:

The word that remains to say shall remain unsaid—forget.

I have gained this much of love, that my feet have touched its portal,

I have known your gracious pity or ever we had to part;

And this I shall keep to the end, for nothing divine or mortal,

Can blot one word from the page that is stained with blood of the heart.

* * * * *

PERSONAL.

WHEN the resumption of THE HERMETIST was first spoken of, we were assured by word of mouth, and many letters, from numberless earnest members of the Brotherhood, they would give us all the help they possibly could at the start, until the enterprise was well on its feet.

THE HERMETIST has become an entity. How do you like it my Brother? Is it not worth a little effort from you to put a trifle of financial succor in its way, to meet its monthly bills, which are constantly traveling towards it. We are cheered, in our dead lift, by the knowledge that some of our Brothers have not forgotten their promises of help. Their hands are already on the handles of the breaking plow. Day and night they are thinking and planning how to aid us, it is needless to say that subscriptions and other reminders of helpful thought are coming from them to assist the baby Magazine. They see it in its true light, as a matter personal to every member of the Brotherhood. It is your organ, your representative, and can expect not receive from no other source, as fully and completely the inspiration needed, successfully to hold its own.

We are sure many of the Brotherhood intend to send us subscribers, or advertising; and are not conscious how the time flies. It is NOW, we need the help every new subscription brings. It is during the weakness of infancy we need carrying in the arms of the Brotherhood; not after THE HERMETIST can walk alone. The more that our Brothers can do for us; on this line, the more sure we shall be of our ability to do the best that is in us, unhampered by the feeling of disquieting unrest, that necessarily belongs to uncertainty.

* * * * *

Polish comes not to jewel nor man by lying enwrapped in soft textures, but by attrition

TEMPLE TALKS.

VOL. 6.

Nos. 15 and 16.

THE BREAKING OF THE SEVENTH SEAL.

WE will now consider the breaking of the seventh seal. It is impossible, to give you anything more than a cursory review of all, implied in the breaking of this seal. This is the longest description. It was the farthest away from the seer. Some of it is the most indistinctly given, because of the dimness of the vision of the far away. There are some points which can be made clear to you. The remainder of the immense amount of description and of the reveiling, may be discussed at some future time.

It commences: "And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The progress of the breaking of the seals was from the physical to the spiritual. The seventh seal, or the last, referred to a spiritual race lying beyond the sixth, which is not yet come. But we have occasion to believe there will be an immense advance between our own condition and the conditions of the sixth race. We already know what this sense is, that is to be given us. This sense of intuition, which is named clairvoyance and clairaudience, is the sixth sense, the underlying cause of both these manifestations in the physical. It cannot be said what the seventh seal shall be. It is not permitted. There are those coming now upon the earth as advance couriers of the sixth race, from whom one can hardly hide anything. Therefore, if the evil deeds of every individual are the resultant of their hope to keep them secret, it will follow that the action which cannot be kept secret and cloaked, must be of the good. Consequently, the very conditions of the sense perceptions of the sixth race indicate, how the troubles, growing out of the darkness, and the power of concealment, from our fellowmen, will fade away. The race must, of a necessity, be better, in the sense in which you understand it. But the spiritual races are like the spiritual individuals, or spiritual people. You know very well, as you advance into the state and understanding of the Real, that the Silence has for you special charms, from the very fact that the spirit itself has no power to manifest on the physical plane without a form. The knowledge received directly from spirit force, coming to the consciousness of incarnated men, must

common acceptance. Silence ordinarily is simply a cessation of voiced vibration and all communication is supposed to stop. In the silence of the spiritual there is intercommunication, a constant interchange and exchange of thought force, vibration and intensity of all sorts. It does not require bodily conditions for transmission. As the race becomes more and more spiritual, the length of the Silence increases. At the very outset of the description of the seventh race, silence is characteristic, as if the seer had said, this is a race of Silence. Do you suppose when the time will have come that every man and woman knows just what his neighbor is thinking of without his telling it, he will ask him what he is thinking about? Do you suppose the man and woman of the seventh race, talking to one another, will think one thing and say another? Do you believe there will be anything passing on the line of voiced vibrations from one person to another, in the seventh race, but the exact truth? There will be no occasion then to lie, because the very fact, the very condition, the very thing supposed to be gained by lying, will not exist. We think one thing, in these previous races, enmeshed as we are in the mask of matter, but we fear to say what we think, lest we give offence to our neighbors; but in the seventh race, they who think will have to be as careful of their thoughts as they who spoke in the former races. When the same care is exercised over the thought we exercise over our speech, you can imagine what the race will be. Nay more! If we should attempt to do that now, it might bring about conditions that would be anything but pleasant, or conducive to long life. They who have passed through the discipline, guidance and unfolding between this and the seventh race will have no difficulty whatever in their thinking. They will have come to the place where right thinking will be as much a necessity as much a part of themselves as breathing now is. It was well that the seer, in a few words, should say: "And there was silence." The race of silence. The race of thought. The race of unfolding into that spiritual condition bringing all men back to the Father's House. The whole description is like the description of the opening of the sixth seal. It is Cabalistic because he who was describing had no words in which to describe, therefore he used the numbers of the Cabala, with mnemonic assistance, filled his descriptions full of veils almost impos-

seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets." If you will read this carefully you will see that the number seven figures over and over again in the minor descriptions, these sevens are the rounds of this race, these rounds are again subdivided in various way through the description. "Therefore, the whole symbology refers not only to the race itself in full, but to the rounds of the race, the reader who follows this through, will find it almost impossible to keep anything like a connected thought, because the breaking from one subject to another is so abrupt and varied.

"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him, much incense, that he should offer it with prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.

"And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand."

An angel was given a censer, it was filled with incense; he offered up the burning incense, and the prayers of the saints before God, and the smoke of the incense ascended before God. There is another veil, and is the apparent picturing of a personal God. St. John, the seer, had no idea the God he worshipped was personal.

"And the angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it into the earth; and there were voices, and thunderings and lightnings, and an earthquake."

The text says he cast fire out of the censer down upon the earth, and there were thunderings and voices, an earthquake, and commotion generally amongst the peoples of the earth. The potency of the thoughts projected from the earth, having been put forth and concentrated as symbolized by the censer and the fire of the altar, when turned back again upon the earth, produced commotion and changes. You know that, to some extent, here and now. If you stop to think about it and to compare the happenings, you perceive wherever thought is concentrated upon a city, place, or town, for any length of time, atmospheric disturbances, of earthly conditions in the onward, easy, even flow of the currents are manifested. There occur cyclones, tornados, hurricanes, and other derangements, because the things belonging to the air follow more readily the impact of moving, intense thought, than the other angel kingdoms.

"And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound."

lowed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth; and the third part of the trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up."

The first angel sounded, that is, the first round was passed through, and there was a destruction of people upon the earth; there was fire and light, and in the sounding of all the angels, which have a certain similiarity, it will be noticed the consequences mostly imply the use of heat and fire, and this is, that the Angel of the Fire is the last purifying element, symbolizing the fulfilling of the purification of the Ego as it passes out into the perfect condition. The purification of the Ego is not along the line of the physical but of the astral conditions. The fire can not be used to purify the physical, because it destroys it, but can purify the astral condition. The physical having been cared for, then must come also the turn of the astral. I shall not attempt to particularize on the things that happened, nor the sounding of the angel. It will be noticed that the first four are particularly laid upon the physical conditions, as under the opening of the previous seals of the first races. It was as if there was a summarization of the action of the four seals and the three seals, the races blended in one, containing all, and everything here repeated in a single race, which had happened through the long series of races in the past. Thus they come, round by round, the events of each round are minutely described in symbolism and in the Cabalistic formation of the numbers. But there is one particular thing to which I desire to call your attention. I have said previously, that the work of man during all the races, was the spiritualization of the atoms of the earth, through his body passed, as through a still; or through some chemical process. The atom, age after age, receiving more and more spirituality, until the time will come when man, building his body of spiritualized atoms, will become a spiritual being, a perfect spirit in a perfect body.

"And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." They who desired death could not obtain it. They who sought death, it fled from them. They could not die. That is distinctly stated of this seventh race. While it is not stated in the way to fully explain what you understand by it, it is stated and stated fully so you can perceive, there comes a place where death has ceased to control. The Egos then upon the earth have attained their

spiritual bodies, and could not die if they desired to. They can not lay aside their bodies at that time and place. That is the way it is stated. The real statement and condition are, death has ceased, because the bodies have become spirit, even as the soul and the spirit itself is spirit, and this comes at the last, towards the perfecting of the seventh round of the seventh race, and it is toward that point we are all tending; it is from that the races have been forming, and have passed one into the other, from the first to the seventh. In the seventh, will come the completion of man's work, which was the design of the Infinite One in sending the omnipotent into the weakness of matter, that it might know weakness. The occurrences following the opening of the seventh seal, referring to many things apparently flung together without appropriateness, may be considered as blinds. The whole of the incidents after the opening of the seventh seal belong more fully and perfectly to the seventh race, than to the sixth, or even to the fifth. Oftentimes there is an interruption, as if these things belonged to the fifth race. The reflection belongs, the things happening in the seventh have transpired in the races. Having begun there and been carried forward. He who was wisest of all, Sol-Om-On, so the Record of the Adepts says; declared there was no new thing under the sun. How can there be? The thing that happens now happened in the olden time, and the thing that happens in the future is the thing that has happened now. There is a certain amount of truth for acquisition on each plane. The thing that seems new is man's perception of it, not the truth itself. The constant unfolding, and lifting up of all Egos toward the highest light, life, strength, power and potency of the universe, is simply the acknowledgement of their own union. Out of this acknowledgement of union will come all man can hope for, whether he shall be in the first race, or in the seventh. I can neither hope nor expect to give you anything that shall be considered a full description or unfolding of this, the last and the best concealed of all descriptions of the races. But I leave this for you to study; for you to think of; for you to go into the Silence for half an hour; and listening, receive, meditating verse by verse, upon that which is said, and I doubt not that to each one of you will come a great deal more than you now consider possible.

Look to the light. Live in the peace, love and harmony of the One.

MY ANCIENT CAT THEOSOPHUS.

CONCLUDED.

A GAIN I see plainly the man and the woman in the secret room, on the island Continent, so prosperous and so happy. But now the man wears the badge of the Supreme Leader of this powerful nation. The emblem flashing upon his breast, proclaims him the Senior of the "Mighty Three." He reclines upon a divan, and she nestles in his arms. She has grown more queenly, more self-reliant and assertive. In this attitude of mutual devotion, they are evidently discussing some subject of intense, common interest. I hear words of a strange language. I know it to be Aramaic, the mystery language of the ancient temples, while at the same time I am sure that my knowledge is not out of the present consciousness. I know certainly that this is the fact. But the purport of it all is this. She is talking:

"My best beloved! why will you persist in seeking the accomplishment of this awful thing? You know more now than any one man of the past, or of the future. Why must you seek the danger, you say you are certain awaits you?"

"Wise counsellor and dearest of all earth's gifts! I cannot put aside the clinging desire to know about something of which God alone now knows. I also would, of my own power, remove from you the overhanging anxieties of physical death, so that while yet living, you might become immortally young. It would only anticipate the final outcome."

"But, beloved, will not that destroy the fullness of the unfolding sequence, thus preventing the perfection we seek?"

"Nay, all things exist in the Great Forever, and sequence is only in our perception."

I can plainly see that the woman's trust in the power of the man is leading her to consider favorably the project, whatever it may be, upon which his will is set. It seems also necessary for its success, that she must consent, of her trained, potent will, may become terribly obstructive, at the point of final outcome.

They fade. I am conscious of a massing about the great, white tower; about the Temple; and about all that beautiful land, of almost irresistible invisible forces, marshalling under the call of an imperious human will, incapable of taking denial from those who serve it. Like an army of occupation they close around the great city. Clouds snatch

away the day. The crash of sheeted lightning; cyclonic bursts of wind; and an awfully continuous downpour of water, indicate the revolt, for a little while, of the elements against the Four Great Angels, their rightful rulers. It is the result of the temporary destruction of the Earth's equilibrium. The balancing of positive and negative, so simple in itself, which holds, with such mighty energy, all things steadfast, ceases for the moment to be. The movable Elements, unrestrained, hurl themselves incessantly against the immovable, upon this hitherto favored land. The foundations of the earth give way under the pressure of these new conditions. It disappears from mortal sight, carrying down with it all records of the most glorious nation that ever existed. For centuries these records are to be guarded by the Angel of the Water. The ambition of Lucifer, the Light-Bearer of the Ages, has brought this swift destruction. From the time when its appalling incidents were first mentioned with bated breath, even down to the present day, it has ever been called the Great Flood.

Then the cloudy mists roll in, as the beauty and glory of the first great city of the Aryan race disappears beneath the treacherous waters, so soon to show, in their sun-kissed depths, no sign to the mortal eye, of the treasures concealed below. I continue to look upon the tossing unrest, until a clearing light once more shines over a tropical country. A great river flowing from mountains at the South, and making its way directly North, rescues the land and its people from the heat and arid deserts of a Continent having very nearly the latitude of the first scene. A long, narrow strip of country thus fertilized, supports a teeming population, by its ever-flowing waters. Nowhere, in all that long journey from the equatorial zone, to the temperate waters of the inland sea, is there any intermission in the strip of green of varying width. No rains fall there, the only fertility develops from the slowly flowing river. Upon its bosom forever floats an empire's revenue. Like a huge python, it receives from everywhere, and through its sinuous coils, transmits for the benefit of its own people, the products of other people's brains and hands. As I look closely, I see that this people have exalted death over life. Their tombs are palaces. Their temples are statements in stone of the great glory of the Spirit, which they term the Real and Ascend. Their pyramids are the records of their men of letters, who thus made note of the knowledge they had

acquired by the centering of determined and transmitted research.

Armies, led by generals and kings who never knew defeat, march forth from conquering to conquer. They return, bearing the spoils of many lands, and hundreds of captives, who henceforth will, as adopted citizens, instill new blood into the original stock, and thus prevent the nation's dissolution.

"It is a land of wealth and power, and strong impulses on the thought planes. The leaders force their way in the silence, by thought projection, and hypnotic suggestion. I can see a strong resemblance between these men and the men of the former nation. Indeed, it seems as if the former men possessed the bodies and conditions of these, as much as if they were actually returned Atlantians. The genius of their past civilization has been transmitted to themselves of the now. There is a strange similarity in the architecture; in the inscriptions; in the characters; and in the truths they teach; for I can understand perfectly what was intended to be set forth by the curious hieroglyphics, to this day found both in Central America, the last remnant of Atlantian civilization, and in Egypt's storied temples. Looking and longing to know all, the scene begins to waver, as if a hot mist was going up from the whole land. Directly, I lose sight of everything in the revealing of the darkness; while a voice, low and insistent says: "Wait."

As one passes through the striking of a clock; so with scarcely perceptible change from the centering of the dimness, again appears clearly the land of the Nile. As if it were only yesterday, instead of thousands of years ago, I recognize my two former acquaintances of Atlantis. But now, she is radiantly beautiful, and like one of the immortals. Surely to her, all things might now belong. But to him, has come a chastened beauty of face, an evident result of that victory of the ages, the conquest of Self. Still he wears the priestly garb, but the fashion thereof has changed. It is evident that he is speaking to his queen, for she wears the double Uraeus crown, of Upper and Lower Egypt, and still looks upon him with kindly eyes, the outcome of the long ago. These effects assimilated into the Ego, must forever influence all its actions. They are talking of the revival of the mysteries of the Mighty Brotherhood of Wisdom which controlled Atlantis; and has ever since, to a greater or less degree, exercised its potent force on man's development. He says:

"My Queen, there is no place in all this broad, flat, desert land where a chamber of initiation could be placed, without making it a center of curious, discordant thought vibrations, which so centered would destroy the object of retirement."

"Priest of the Royal line, let us build the Chamber of Retirement in an excavation, and place over it a mountain of stone. Then will concealment be ample."

"Thou hast a mighty wit, worthy the spouse of the Great Cheops. But will he do this thing for the priesthood?"

"Aye, my friend and counsellor, he will do anything for me. He will not hesitate to make war, if it is necessary, to obtain the slaves that will be required to do the building."

Then I see an immense excavation dug in the desert sands. This is lined on the sides with a vast facing of stone. In the center, stands a set of three chambers. Entrances and hidden ways are provided. When all is ready, walls are slowly reared by the combined labor of thousands of men. When the last stone is laid at the top, King Cheops' Great Pyramid stands out in the clear sky, as it stands to-day, the wonder and mystery of the world, for it holds within its impenetrable and silent bosom, the secret of both the Sphinx and the Brotherhood of Wisdom.

For a third time, the cloud lifts, and now the scene of the vision has moved still farther East, and an island partially land-locked, in the blue-green of the tropical seas, spreads before my gaze. In its mountains are cut temples and monuments. On the walls of these are inscriptions proving the fact, that the same hands and thoughts planned and wrought them as inscribed the strange characters on the tablets of Atlantis and Egypt. More than that, the story they tell is of the fall from their hands, as their grasp weakened, of an almost omnipotent power. This was held as a common heritage, by the first great races of men upon the Earth. By an overweening desire for that which they could not lawfully possess, they brought disaster and destruction upon themselves, and all with whom they were associated. Not only was this fully impressed upon my mind, but I could see in the inner recesses of the great rock temple, here carved out of the mountain, a secret closet, holding upon its walls, an index of the depositories of the Alexandrian library, which thus preserved its contents from the fury, alike of the Christians and the Caliph Omar. In these deposi-

aries, from which some few MSS. have been since more put into literary circulation, will finally be found all that the world has hitherto supposed to have been lost, when the Great Library was destroyed.

When the knowledge of all this fades away from the memory of the nations of the Earth, in the same manner as the picture disappears from the range of my vision. In its place, reappears the black outline of Theosophuz with his lips slightly parted, his eyes emitting the same quizzical, cynical, far-away expression.

Looking at him, it seems very natural that a Black Cat should be able not only to do such wonderful things, but most fitting that he should make a success of all his aims and objects. I noticed, however, when he jumped down, it was not with his usual vivacity, but with the languid movements of a hypnotizer who had been strenuously exercising projected power.

It was some months before I was at leisure to again give much notice to Theosophuz, who went and came, quarreled with the cook, and altogether seemed in his action more like a dog than a cat.

But just before Christmas, my attention was called to his facial expression and actions. He seemed to have become another kind of a cat. His dignity and airy moods were almost supercat in their humaness. The evening before Christmas, he had come to my room in the twilight, and as usual, was sitting in the chair close by mine. We were both basking ourselves in the flame and heat of a cannel coal fire. The gas was turned low. I was having a fit of meditation, through which ever and anon streamed strange scintillations of forceful energy, as if from some compelling source.

Suddenly, I was aroused by a half-human, quite audible sound from Theosophuz. He was sitting bolt upright, staring at me, his great eyes distended to their fullest capacity, and well, the events of that night are beyond my comprehension, and almost beyond my description. I have simply tried to write down the words of the Black Cat, capable of telling such marvelous stories and illustrating them too. I only transcribe from notes made after I came back from somewhere. Who can tell?

No sooner had I glanced at Theosophuz' big eyes, than my own seemed held immovably and irresistibly in the grip of a darkness so impenetrable, it could be likened to nothing else than the insects hermetically sealed in amber. All consciousness of the present environment had

passed out of my memory, and although thus firmly held, there was a sensation like a faint recollection, that I was only waiting. All present feeling was absorbed in a restful dallying with Silence and Darkness, unmeasured by any of the paltry standards of the human mind. I might have been in this condition an hour, or 10,000,000 years, there was absolutely no recognition of any difference between either time or eternity. Suddenly, a thrill shot through the entity I called "me." I felt and recognized the vibration, which translated into words, meant: "Let there be light." As the intensity of feeling faded, I perceived a loosening in the grasp of the relentless hand, hitherto detaining me. I was coming back, thanks to the Existent, into a re-created day of energy and life. Again and again, the flushing thrill of presage passed through me, and enlarging, boundless space was filled with whirling worlds. Each, adapted to its balancing in the whole, was fitted with its great army of inhabitants, accurately numbered and recorded in the great books of the Universe. All was adapted to the glories of the natural scenes, so incessantly shifting as to be named illusion, under the constant impulse of the mighty creative Word, which once spoken becomes Eternal Law. To the inner of the innermost, sounding from afar; to the ever-existent I, came the words: "Thou hast beheld the beginning of the great day of Brahma."

And, now, I am floating upward into light abundant, into freedom inexpressible. I come once more into largess. From the infolding of darkening vapors, constantly opening and closing, as when a pot boils, growing more and more distinct, amidst the constantly moving nebulous masses, I see a mountainous country, small in extent, but filled with a restless and ambitious nation. For the time being, they are the guardians of the sacred knowledge, transmitted from mouth to ear, through the ages, to oath-bound keepers. It is the time of one of their sacred feasts. A Just Man, whose teachings have since echoed and re-echoed through the whole world, is suffering execution, under the Roman method, to a slow and most horrible death. The ancient Egyptian symbology of the triads, three crosses, three bodies, three spirits, is perceivable, in which the lower triad, the shadow of the shadow is transmuted into the substance of the higher. But that which is not perceived is the wonderful gathering of the disembodied, angels and ministering spirits, who are watching this man, tested, as but few men

are tested, in their lives; as to whether he shall regard the doing of the will of the Father, as of supreme consequence; and as a man, shall die a hero; as an ego out of many lives, shall lay aside his body like a god. The heavens darken, the earth quivers, the Veil of ISIS, before the Holy place of the Temple, is rent in twain. Men's hearts grow faint with fear within them. Their souls become lead; while with the supernal exclamation: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" he passes from contest and struggle, to victory and the acclamations of the invisible hosts.

It does not require outer suggestion, to tell me that I have witnessed out of the Astral Light, the incidents known to this generation of men, as the "Crucifixion."

A short pause, a feeling of relief from strained attention; and then I am compelled to look into Space, at the revolution of the Earth upon its axis. I must, also, compelled by a power I cannot resist, notice the revolution of the Moon about the Earth; then of the two about the Sun; then of the whole system of the planets about the Sun. Then I notice that the Sun and its satellites are moving about some far-off center. Our own astronomical wrappings are but a reduced condition of the Greater. What we are to the Sun, each other, and the Zodiac, is repeated, only magnified many-fold. In all Astrological conditions, we are controlled by a Greater as well as a lesser Zodiac. The power of the former is even more far reaching and eternal than our own. It is an involving of revolution after revolution, until, through billions of millions of years, the last great cycle has returned upon itself. As the first great series of rounds closed its circuit, I heard a bell, thrilling and overpowering in its silvery cadence, strike one. I knew then, that all this interrelation of measured space has completed but one hour of its existence, one twelfth of the awful, irresistible motion, following the impulse of the Creative Energy, which thought and it was done.

Now, Nature seems to rebel. I feel as if I would like to struggle back to mortal consciousness, but the influence abiding in, and shining out of those eyes of fiery depths, held me fiercely and firmly, as the voice said: "Be patient a little longer. Look and attain Wisdom."

As I looked, the whole earth became peopled with all those who were counted to it. There was no more death, and Time had ceased to be. "The Resurrection," the antithesis of the "Crucifixion," had come upon the Earth. It was not

a renovation of dissolved and mummified bodies, but a reconstruction with spiritualized atoms of the already existent forms of men. The previous physical atom had become a living entity of itself. Man's ego, full of the immortal attributes of the Ever Existent, had reached the point of being able to clothe itself with a body, worthy of its high aims and powers. In wondering maze, I perceived a curious thing. In the same fashion as the setting sun appears to withdraw to itself all the light of day, so the light shed throughout the Universal spaces, was apparently reversing its motion. The twilight of the night of Brahm, little by little, was falling upon all manifestation. Creation stirred and animated by the Great Breath, vibrating as light, heat and color, was returning upon its cycle of completion, into its source, the Great Forever. I could now see how the rest and solitude, where one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, would hold all in its inexorable embrace; as soon as Time should cease to be. The darkness grows. I pass from contemplation to a recognition of the present, and consciousness of my surroundings dawns upon me once more. Instead of knowing myself to be 100,000 years old, I find myself in a sixty year old body, with a little cloudiness of mental power, as if hypnotically impressed.

I rub my eyes, there sits Theosophuz, his iridian-hued eyes slowly coming back to their normal condition. I look at him with mixed feelings of admiration and wonder. I am puzzled, more than ever, to know whether he was he, or some other, who, sent to teach, had chosen this method of presentation. Which was it?

I have never looked into the eyes of the Black Cat since.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

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SAMPLE COPIES.

We would be pleased to have our friends send us the names and addresses of their friends who are interested in the things laid up in the Silence. We have a few sample copies to distribute from month to month as an invitation to subscribe.

* * * * *

"The work of the world is done by a few. God looks for a part to be done by YOU!"

INTUITION OF VICTOR HUGO.

At a dinner given to Victor Hugo in Paris some years ago, he delivered an impromptu address, in which he gave expression to his faith in the infinite and in the soul's immortality. His friend Houssage, who was present, says:

Hugo at the time was a man of steel, with no sign of old age about him, but with all the agility, the suppleness, the ease and grace of his best years." He was contradicting the atheists, and his friend says: "His face was bright with the heavenly halo, and his eyes shone like burning coals."

"There are no occult forces," he said, "there are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos; the luminous force is God. Man is an infinite little copy of God. This is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself that future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why then is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

"It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."

The two following STANZAS were written for THE HERMETIST by a fourteen year old contributor, said to be the last Princess of Atlantis, and who gave the warning word.

It was only a gentle word that chisored the mother's heart.

It was only a gentle word that courage to a soldier, did impart,

It was only a gentle word that comfort did bestow,
A gentle word that is timely spoken, is like Jesus, whom
he stilled the troubled ocean.

Merrily over the bright, blue sea, the bark of life glides on,

And the sailors are lazily singing, their wild, outlandish songs.

The silken sails are rustling with the breezes' softest kiss,

And youth, the happy-hearted, who from sorrow is ever parted,

Sits in the prow this trip.

Restlessly, o'er the tossing sea, the bark of life sweeps on,

And the wild, sweet words of the sailor song are things which are passed and gone.

The silken sails are torn to shreds.

An old man sits in the prow, his brow is furrowed with many years, he is worn and weary now;

His tottering feet the grave has reached, he is to lie in its shadow,

And let the joys of youth, which are sorrows forsooth, be silent and forgotten forever.

* * * * *

LOVE AND SERVICE.

THE self should never be lost sight of. It is the one thing of supreme importance, the greatest factor even in the life of the greatest service. Being always and necessarily precedes doing; having always and necessarily precedes giving. But this law also holds: that when there is the being, it is all the more increased by the doing; when there is the having, it is all the more increased by the giving. Keeping to one's self dwarfs and stultifies. Hoarding brings loss: using brings even greater gain. In brief, the more we are, the more we can do; the more we have, the more we can give.

The most truly successful, the most powerful and valuable life, then, is the life that is first founded upon this great, immutable law of love and service, and that then becomes supremely self-centred,—supremely self-centred that it may become all the more supremely unself-centred; in other words, the life that looks well to self, that there may be the ever greater self, in order that there may be the ever greater service.

***** A SYMPOSIUM OF OCCULTISM. *****

UNITY.

PATERNAL DUAD.

ETERNITY X INFINITY.

PATERNAL TRIAD.

SUBSTANTIALITY, OMNISCIENCE, OMNIPOTENCE.

PATERNAL CHOIR.

TRIADS.

Substantial,
The Good,
Mercy, Justice,
Harmony.

Intelligible,
Thought,
Wisdom,
Understanding.

Potential,
Providence,
Necessity,
Destiny.

CELESTIAL CHOIR.

NUMBERS.	ESSENCE OF	NATURE OF	VEHICLE OR PATH.	NO.
I. Kether.	Thought.	Unity in Mind.	Light.	1
II. Chocma.	Wisdom.	Recognition.	Contemplation.	2
III. Binah.	Understanding.	Reflection.	Adoration.	3
IV. Gedula-Chesed.	Goodness-Mercy.	Faith-Nutrition.	Love.	4
V. Gebborah.	Justice.	Truth.	Virtue.	5
VI. Tiphareth.	Harmony.	Beauty.	Righteousness.	6
VII. Netsech.	Providence.	Foreordination.	Life.	7
VIII. Hod.	Necessity.	Judgement.	Power.	8
IX. Jesod.	Destiny.	Execution.	Force.	9

AUDITORIUM.

X. Melouth.	Unity.	Sovreignty.	Being.	10
"	Kingdom.	Power.	Glory.	11
"	Stability.	Movement.	Ecstasy.	12
"	Generation.	Animation.	Sensation.	0

CELESTIAL GOVERNMENT.

SATURN—Cassiel.

JUPITER—Zachariel.

MARS—Samuel.

SUN—Michael.

VENUS—Anael.

MERCURY—Raphael.

MOON—Gabriel.

FINALE:

Dissolution.

Dispersion.

Night.

A SKETCH.

The following sketch of real life, was written for and read before Knot No. 12.

IN being requested to write a paper for the Knot, it seems a formidable task to present anything original now-a-days, so varied are the minds' conceptions, this, our 19th century, so bewilderingly varied, and the expressions of the same so prolific.

Everything, nearly, seems to have been already said by somebody else about everything, but still have we the comforting assurance that there may be as many presentations of the truth as there are individuals, and that as thought is creative and creation is infinite, there will ever be those who have something to say to the world, not in the least daunted by what others may have expressed about the same subject, each with a right to a hearing.

And so can we peer ahead into the long, long, vista of the future and think of all there is yet to be said! Individual conviction is ever forcible, all creative, and by it, as we know, the world receives its impetus for progress. These preliminary remarks lead me up to a very unpretentious sketch, meant to be merely *suggestive* and wherein I have personified Optimism, Pessimism and Enthusiasm.

* * * * *

Two men were walking together one day and for our convenience we will call one Optimism and the other Pessimism. Optimism seemed the very embodiment of graciousness; the sunlight of joy emanated from him, the serenity and constructiveness of a Spiritual Prince. Pessimism, thou poor, benighted man, thou dost present a contrast indeed! Scant and gaunt thou dost seem and saturnine is thy countenance. Verily, methinks thou wert cut in a frost last night and hast since embodied its destruction. Thy very shadow dances after thee in silent mockery. "Come, come my man," Optimism was saying; "Yes that's what they all say," grumbled the other viciously. "Come, come, and with impunity they promise you the apples of Hesperides, the first bite of which yields a deception quite as great as themselves. With my fate and that of Tantalus, there is no comparison. Tantalus, at least had anticipation of sweets even if they were never to be realized, whereas with myself, the anticipations do not even exist."

Optimism raised his fine brows at so blithe and amiable a speech, a faint smile of sadness with a touch of sinicism, curved his lips, but he maintained silence. The hopelessness of arguing *audibly* with such views seemed very great indeed. He was acquainted with the power of silent affirmation, and deemed it wise in this way to right the wrong of this unhappy Soul.

It was a thing somewhat difficult for Optimism to do, because the ardor of conviction would at all times push the spoken word to the front, like soldiers ready to fight for a good cause. The two had not gone far when Enthusiasm is seen approaching. He appears to walk on air, so light and impetuous is his step. Can you not see him, his face aglow, his coat flying in the breeze like buoyant wings? Before Pessimism is scarcely aware, these two creatures of light have departed together leaving him alone in the darkness of his own shadow. "Verily," he murmurs, "they walk under the stars, while I walk over the thorns and stones, but (the iron entering into the heart again,) Jove and all his legions are a big deception. I'll not be wheedled into any nonsense, into any false graces. The stars are all right for those that want them, but here the stones and briars are hard facts, say what they will."

Now Pessimism had done one good thing in his life, before the powers of darkness had gripped him so tenaciously. He had helped to bring into the world, into manifestation, a beautiful child soul which had come down through the long ages freighted with wisdom.

As yet, she was a simple, lovely, fairylike little girl, a sensitive plant, feeling the presage of much in the subconscious mind. If anyone could lead Pessimism back to the paths of peace, back to the still waters and green pastures, she could; but even to her of late he had become absolutely indifferent. The child's mother had passed on and a good simple minded old auntie cared for the little one. As her father arrived home that same afternoon of which we have been speaking, he heard her sob. A faint *something* stirred within him, a bit of a spark in the hearts' aches scintillated.

He quietly pushed the door open and saw his child's bright head buried in her pinafore. She was sitting on a little stool by the side of a pathetic looking dolly reposing dejectedly in its bed.

* * * * *

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MOON—Gabriel.

FINALE.

*Dissolution.**Dispersion.**Night.*

A SKETCH.

The following sketch of real life, was written for and read before Knot No. 18.

[" Being requested to write a paper for the Knot, it seems a formidable task to present anything original now-a-days, so varied are the minds' conceptions, this, our 19th century, so bewilderingly varied, and the expressions of the same so prolific.

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He quietly pushed the door open and saw his child's bright head buried in her pinafore. She was sitting on a little stool by the side of a pathetic looking dolly reposing dejectedly in its bed.

MY VISION.

She was apparently much distressed and did not seem to be crying from any naughty passion. "Child, what ails thee?" the father asked, approaching. Oh, papa, I've lost the sunshine quiet, quiet completely. I think because you have too. Auntie doesn't know what I mean and Dolly is dead like mamma, and Auntie can't tell me *where* they have gone. *Where* have they gone Papa?" she asked imperatively, looking up with eyes wet and troubled through their long lashes, and with a desperate earnestness for one so young, "because if you do not love your girlie anymore she wants to go away too. Dolly told me this much before she died, she said she was going to a *good* place, a place where there are more flowers than I could possibly pick, think of it! Let's both you and I go, poor Papa, because if it will make you happy there and you are afraid to go alone, your girlie will go with you, dont you see!"

Now, poor old Pessimism had had a very hard day indeed, one of many, but a few more scintillations sprang up in his gloomy heart-grate. He felt a waft of the sweet breath of the Infinite, as he heard his child plead in her trusting, naive innocence. He realized, as have many fathers before him, that he must live up to his highest and best, if he was ever to bless anyone, and most of all, his child. He looked back over the weary desert he had been traveling all these years, and realized that she had been his one oasis through it all.

He took her little hand gently, and lovingly, and said: "Come, my child, come out into the sunshine for there is sunshine still, and we will talk these things over. Take your dolly, for she is not dead, neither is your mother. We will go out in the field yonder and sit under the tree where you like to play house and that you are the mamma."

Tears were in Pessimism's eyes, the first for months, and they brought healing with them. On their way, the quaint pair chanced to meet our good friends Optimism and Enthusiasm.

This time the greeting they received was of another kind and they, in turn gave out the warmth and light of their presence.

Girlie's eyes were dried and all her questions answered and many hard wrinkles were smoothed forever from her father's brow.

GERTRUDE F. O'NEILL.

I WAS near a large castle, situated on an eminence, from which the view of the surrounding country charmed my sight.

The castle was of peculiar stone, and in places, reflected from the sunlight resting upon it, tints like the rainbow. Sometimes, from out the tiny windows near the top, flashed streams of light, shaped like tongues of fire; and when this occurred, strange tones came on the ear, causing a vibratory movement of the blood, as I listened.

The place seemed a place of silence, no one moved, or was seen, not even an animal or wing of wild-bird came into my view. I grew curious to enter, and without fear I turned the handle of diamond shaped door, that fitted into an arched groove or circle, with elaborate carving of men and beasts. The door swung noiselessly open, and I entered.

A large circular hall met my view, with seven circular windows of curiously stained glass. Hieroglyphics were stamped upon them. A wierd sensation crept over me; I hesitated to decide what I had better do, and if I might not be taken prisoner, in a place from which there was no egress. It did not seem likely, and I started around the circle of the hall to find a door, that might lead to other parts of the castle. I could find none, but in the wall near the center, about four feet from the floor, was a five pointed star of white onyx, with a polished disc of black, in the center. This fascinated me, I put my hand upon it, when with a strange musical sound vibrating on a minor chord, a panel slid to one side, and revealed another room, circular, and almost a facsimile, of the one I was in.

Curiosity now took possession of me, and I entered the panel, which did not close behind me, and sought for something else.

In the south side of this second room, in a sort of vestibule built out from the wall, was a platform, and upon it a coffin of black marble, no inscription, no ornament. This startled me, and wondering if it was empty, I went forward and looked in. I saw in the coffin the dried body of an old man, over the face seemed to be a mask of some light woven chain affair, that almost hid the features.

I was about to lift it, when from somewhere, dropped to my feet a diamond-shaped

missive, white, and stamped with a silver symbol of a half moon. I opened and read :

Beware! Not for the world touch that body,
The time of unvelling is not yet." No name.

What could it mean? As I stood still, looking into the coffin, the floor which appeared to be of one piece of dark stone, commenced to revolve; slowly at first, then more rapidly, until a sickening sensation came over me, and I felt myself lifted up into the air, and whirling at a rapid rate.

I was now frightened, but I thought quickly, and it flashed from my soul: "I have done no wrong, no stain is upon me, no impurity my portion. Whatever seems the hand of fate, I will await it as coolly as possible."

Closer and closer to the ceiling, revolved the stone floor. Soon I would be crushed to powder, did not some higher power intervene to save me. Into my mind came the passage from Sacred Writ: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." I concentrated on this with soul force, when the revolutions grew slower, I came upon the floor which soon was still. Here a low musical sound and a whirr of wings, and from a rift in the ceiling, unseen before, came flying to me a flock of snow white doves.

The foremost perched upon my shoulder, and I saw a similar missive to the one taken from the floor, and with the same half moon seal; I opened and read. There were the words: "Child of the centuries! Mystery, is both the boon and curse of the race. They safely lay in thy child-like heart. Seek not for the hidden paths that many seek; but as the Judean Master wrought, so do thou work. All mankind is a Brotherhood which must be loved and uplifted. Do thou thy work, and thy deeds shall be symbolized as those white doves, which shall henceforth ever follow thee in the invisible." Your Angel Watcher.

The doves now circled around me, with a strange mingling of wings. Music and sweet odors flowed upon me. I was borne by invisible hands through the panel, out through the door, which closed with the ringing of three bells in the tower.

ABBIE W. GOULD.

* * * * *

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.

THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS.

There have been followers of the standard of the Rosy Cross from the earliest record. The seven-petaled rose bursting into full bloom, as the product of the wood of the cross, is a wonderful lesson in transmutation, which was not lost on the Wise Mystics of the ancient days. Not only was transmutation thus taught, but it was also symbolical of all that man has known or felt of obstruction, pain or agony, and the victory attainable therefrom.

No other picturing of the Rose, born of the spirit, could be so fitly true as this rendering of the result of many lives. It is the ideal point of the highest conception. There was a time when the "Knights of the Rosy Cross," were a power all Europe knew and recognized; but persecution and death diminished their strength, until the order of the Rosicrucians has withdrawn into the protecting arms of the Silence.

The keepers of the gate are known but to few, but they still have life, force and strength. To those who seek and try, nothing is denied.

St. Paul says: "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." The attainment of this temple is symbolized by the Rosy Cross. This is, to-day, the doctrine of all the Rosicrucian Brothers. Exemplifying this in all its teachings we have the "Temple of the Rosy Cross," by F. B. Dowd, who, better than any other man in public life, knows what real Rosicrucianism means, both to the members of the order and to those outside. Its teachings cover the whole ground, from the hour of initiation to the conferring of the sublime degree of perfecting. Mystics admire it, and hold it as a guide and counselor of their lives.

* * * * *

"Open to woman," said Wendell Phillips, "a fair field for her industry, let her do anything her hands find to do, and enjoy her gains, and nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of every thousand will disdain to debase themselves for dress or ease." Under like circumstances the same number of men will disdain to steal or live dishonestly.

KNOW THYSELF.

EACH individual life, after it has reached a certain age or degree of intelligence, lives in the midst of the surroundings or environments of its own creation; and this by reason of that wonderful power, *the drawing power of mind*, which is continually operating in every life, whether it is conscious of it or not. * * * The law operating here is one with that great law of the universe,—that *like attracts like*, so that one continually attracts to himself forces and influences most akin to those of his own life. * * * We can, by virtue of our ignorance of the powers of the mind forces and the prevailing mental states,—we can take the passive, the negative, fearing, drifting attitude, and thus continually attract to us like influences and conditions from both the seen and the unseen side of life. Or, by a knowledge of the power and potency of these forces, we can take the positive, the active attitude, that of mastery, and so attract the higher and more valuable influences, exactly as we will to. * * * Each is building his world from within, and, if outside forces play, it is because he allows them to play; and he has it in his own power to determine whether these shall be positive, uplifting, ennobling, strengthening, success-giving, or negative, degrading, weakening, failure-bringing. * * *

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PREMIUMS.

Until November 1st, 1897, we will send to each new, single subscriber, who will send one dollar for a year's subscription for *THE HERMETIST*, a copy of "Letting Go." To clubs of three, sending \$3.00 for three yearly subscriptions, we will send one copy of the bound volumes of "Temple Talks," either 1st or 2d volumes, as the club may select. Remember this offer will hold only for three months: August, September and October.

In the Sept. number we shall commence a series of "Temple Talks" bearing on the great social question of the day. Countess de Bielski, the famous and gifted Astrologer, will also begin a series of papers, descriptive in her own, original way, and as it has been revealed to her, of the Signs of the Zodiac. Other lines of interest will be continued. We ought to have a large addition to our subscription list at once. Brothers and Comrades how shall it be?

GREENACRE.

We have heard of the Devil's acre, of Blind man's acre, of Good man's acre, of God's acre; each and all full of incidents and memories peculiar to their situation and surroundings. But it was reserved to Miss Sarah J. Farmer to christen a new public resort with the fitting title of Greenacre. That which is essentially green in color is immortal, and fully vitalized, as well in the frosts of winter, as in the heats of summer.

The most magnificent views of mountain, river, sea and sky, are to be found at Greenacre, on the Piscataqua river. There is no nicer place in the whole country to step into the restful quiet of meditation, and intellectual rest, than at Greenacre.

Miss Farmer has planned and worked out to accomplishment, a rest that would not be idleness; a change that would so adjust wearying vibrations, that there can come new elasticity for attainment on all planes, and where *ennui* of present surroundings ceases to be. The "Greenacre Bre," the love for this newest of God's Temples, is already lighted on the shrine, and will be as undying as that within the great fanes of Egypt. The time cometh and now is, when the old sentence will be changed to: "see Greenacre and die." Really we can hardly consider a modern life to be perfected until one has visited Greenacre.

* * * * *

GHOSTLAND.

In 1876, Emma Hardings Britten, the celebrated psychic lecturer, published a volume she named "Ghostland." It is a most vivid narrative of occurrences outside of the pale of visible existence, for whose reality she was ready to vouch. The book contained also an able account of the unfolding along spiritual lines of the movement which has become the broad thought of this day.

As the author's thought has more of a logical and reasoning bent, than an inclination toward story writing, she was not quite pleased with her work, and when the first edition was closed out, that ended it as far as she was concerned. As high as \$10.00 has been paid for a single copy of the book, since it was "out of print." It is a remarkable book, and as the greater part is inspirational, and many things in it have proved prophetic, since it was written, its value has much increased.

ESOTERIC VIBRATION.

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