

# The Hermetist.

GET UNDERSTANDING.

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## THE HERMETIST,

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W. P. PHELON, M.D.  
MRS. M. M. PHELON, C.S.B. } EDITORS.

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### DIED.

It is May among the blossoms, but November in my breast,  
There's a warble in the lilacs, but my bird has left the nest,  
Not a path upon the planet that her little feet have pressed.

Sure an angel must have halted on an errand going by,  
Must have whispered to the truant and have taught her how to fly;  
And she followed upon the flutter of his pinions to the sky!

From the Babel of my sorrow she has stolen out the song,  
She was tangled in our heart strings and she took our hearts along  
With her clinging hands so delicate and yet so wondrous strong.

As the reapers miss the daisies when they sweep the golden grain,  
And they rise like constellations when the day begins to wane.  
So has Death just missed my darling, and she surely lives again!

Ah! how strange that in her dying she became a deathless child.  
Like the children in the story upon whom the Saviour smiled,  
That these eighteen hundred years and more the ages have beguiled.

She was counted one this morning in the colony of bliss,  
She is counted one this evening from that world unto this.

While the angels hear her caroling, we mortals feel her kiss!  
She has conquered sin and sorrow, she has triumphed over time,  
Though the sexton told the story when he rang a single chime,  
Yet the echo of her little life shall linger like a rhyme,

And shall turn the thoughts to music that we think in dreary prose,  
And this breath of being rounded till it scarce outlived a rose,  
As the rivulets are woven till the river sea-ward flows.  
With our own be ever blended till the dream of earth shall close. —B. F. Taylor.

## HERMETIC GEOMETRY.

For those whose logical minds demand mathematical demonstration, the following statement of a proposition and its symbolical unfolding may bring a new thought:

The statement is from Euclid: "The square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, is equal to the squares described on the other two sides."

They who have had mathematical training, will remember the beautiful chain of reasoning which clearly proves the theorem. But this has also a spiritual interpretation, as well as an ordinary meaning.

The right-angled triangle is made by two radii of a circle, equal in length, inclosing the fourth part of the circumference, and joined at the outer ends by the chord of the arc of  $90^{\circ}$ , which in that position becomes the hypotenuse.

The right angle thus represents the equally balanced forces or powers in which neither the spiritual nor the physical have preponderance.

The perpendicular stands for the spiritual, and the horizontal for the physical conditions. These lie continuously along the same plane, never rising above nor falling below it. Should they do the one or the other, it ceases to be horizontal, ceases then to be pure physical.

The perpendicular, rising out of the physical plane, at every point of its progress, is constantly changing its position, growing upwards, out of, and beyond the physical environment, beneath which it does not go.

It simply meets the physical, at the point of contact named in the numbering of the Seven principles of man, the Astral body.

The spiritual in all its upward progress, and the physical in its status of rest and quiet, are bound together by the Infinite Perfect One. This bond is represented by the hypotenuse, connecting the spiritual and the physical at the opposite ends of the line from their own uniting. The extreme points of both perpendicular and horizontal, coalesce with the extreme points of the hypotenuse, and thus coalescing, the three angles of the triangle represent body, soul and spirit, each a manifestation of the polarity of Divine power and presence. The hypotenuse is greater than either the perpendicular or horizontal.

A square is the symbol of perfection. It has four right-angles and four sides. Thus there is perfect balancing of the whole figure. That which is perfect must be real. The real must be the Perfect One. Then the perfect Supreme Intelligence is typified by the square described on the hypothen-

use. The square described on the perpendicular, shows the perfect spiritual. The square on the horizontal the perfect physical. Because the manifestation exists on the physical plane, it does not follow that it is imperfect, consequently the square of the hypotenuse, or Divine Perfection, is equal to both the manifestations of Himself,—the Perfect Spiritual, and the Perfect Physical. When these shall be indrawn into Himself, this equality will be made manifest.

Furthermore, the Physical, Spiritual and Divine are the Triad which would be incomplete, if either of the elements was imperfect, or wanting.

If a side were missing, or an angle; or one of the angles were not a right-angle, then the conditions would not be complete. All things must exist as here named, as then and there existing. This being true, in its existence, then the demonstration must be true, also, as stated.

He who first evolved the demonstration, used it to demonstrate the power and Unity of the One, who is, and was, and will be, through all the coming cycles. To those who hear, let understanding come.

S.

## LETTER FROM INDIA.

We publish the following extract from a private letter from Theosophical Headquarters, at Adyar, Madras, India. It was not written for publication, but it is so full of the apostolic zeal and helpfulness that we know it will be of interest to all our readers.

Adyar, Madras, India, 22d June, '88.

My Dear Friend:

Thanks for yours of May 15th. The same mail brought full report of the American Convention. I heartily congratulate you all on its success in every way. Thanks also for Hermetist which improves as it gets older—long may it flourish. In regard to the "Future Rules of America," as a matter of fact there were at least two, if not more "rays," in Egypt. That is why there is so much confusion in things Egyptian. The Egyptologists are quite right in giving the two distinct schemes of "gods." Egypt was a colony and its religion cannot be treated, as a whole, as one of the great ones, like the Brahman or Zoroastrian for instance. I see you have all made up your minds that America is to be the starting point of the sixth race. We would like news from Ramayana and all American branches, for the Supplement.

I am very much of the opinion that, as time goes on, it will be found that America will be the centre of the T. S.

Of course, until you raise your own adept teachers you will be obliged to draw extensively on Eastern sources of information on many points.

Valmiki author of the Ramayana, which name your Lodge has, was a great adept, one of the greatest, and his poem is one of the grandest epics of his time. It is written in beautiful yet simple and easy language.

Some of your members ought to learn Sanscrit and translate it for you. Or at least, read together Glafeth's translation, if you can get it. The real occult teaching of the poem lies buried deep between the lines.

With every good wish for progress and success in the great work, in which you are so nobly striving for the good of humanity.

Very sincerely yours,

A. J. C.-O.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

Man's stay at any given point, or upon any one plane of development, can never be surely determined. He is constantly, either advancing or receding. How can we know when we are advancing? When new thoughts, new emotions, new desires, fill the mind, to the exclusion of the old modes of thought and habits of action.

If we are unwilling to exert ourselves in the direction of the new thought, enough to weigh and balance; to sift and sort; to compare and comprehend the difference that appears between the old and the, to us, new ideas, we certainly will not progress. If to us, there is no choice between the old ways, old habits, old beaten tracks, traveled so often that the traveler is constantly rut-bound; we may say with the assurance of positive knowledge, that we are not advancing.

When the child grows to man's stature, and all along the line of such growth we see him clinging to the rattle and drum of babyhood and childhood; refusing to lay them aside for the pleasures of riper years, we say, and with good reason, There is something wrong in the mental development.

If we see ourselves clinging to old creeds and dogmas, old ways, and forms of worship, satisfied to hear the same words repeated and explained after the same standard; if we are content to stand on the same plane, morally, mentally and religiously. Can we suppose for an instant, that this is a sign of growth or advancement.

Are we not, rather, clinging to the old landmarks, even after the land has all been washed away, and nothing left but the marks?

Many people, sometimes whole communities, stop growing, or moving forward on the line of progress, because of their sense of satisfaction in their possession, until like the man spoken of in the Gospels, that which he has is taken away and given to another, who, through diligent search and effort, has increased his capacity to absorb and assimilate more.

Whoever absorbs more and more, from day to day, is always ready for more; But he who simply holds that which he seems to have, impelled solely by the inertia of self-satisfaction, does not stand still. He is sliding backward with a constantly increasing velocity.

He may think he enjoys the same mental or spiritual food that he did ten, twenty or thirty years ago, when he first came into the perception of knowledge and felt the ecstasy of the New Birth into Christ. On the contrary, he has not the enthusiasm; the fire of love, the earnestness of purpose, that he had then. As much as he has lost of

these states, so much has he retrograded. The old thoughts that have constantly recurred to us for years, cease to inspire us. We sink into a condition of apathetic satisfaction, the result of indolence and fear. We are surprised to find our old-time friends cease to interest us. We oftentimes feel hurt, because they are so much interested in new ways—new-isms, we contemptuously term them. We grieve over them, as having gone from their first love. We imagine they have gone astray, while we have remained true. We do not perceive while we, barnacle-like, have been clinging to the old, our friends may possibly have gone up to a broader plane, and a clearer light, to which it may be impossible for us to follow them.

At the same time we are grieving for them, feeling sure they have strayed from the beaten track in which they should walk; they also may grieve, that they could not take us with them, so that the sweet companionship of other days might be illuminated by fresher, broader views of the old-time scenes and truths.

It is one of the saddest experiences which ever comes to the seeker after truth and wisdom, that in which he finds himself alone. He feels his soul inspired with thought until it burns within him. He turns to his companions seeking utterance, only to find that the sounds so precious to him have fallen upon dull ears, and inappreciable minds, even if it is not met with the scoff and sneer of derision.

They will not listen to such nonsense. Oh, no! It would unsettle the whole moral fabric of their pre-conceived beliefs. That would be a calamity.

This is one of the most trying places a progressive soul ever has to pass, yet pass it must, if it persists in going on. It is much easier for some, aye, many, to fall back at this point, than to advance. To advance requires exertion, self-sacrifice and perseverance. To fall back, only requires the remaining in the old rut. These experiences are but way marks to show to us the path we are traveling, whether backward or forward.

M. M. PHYLON, C. S. B.

## TESTIMONY FOR CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

On the fifth of July, a belief of a violent cold and derangement of the portal circulation settled upon me. In spite of my own self-treatment, it laid heavier and heavier, until the 10th. At that time, I was in constant excruciating pain, and my whole right side, in the region of the liver and kidneys, was sore as a boil to the touch. Prognosis was a run of bilious fever, with abscess of liver, a

three months' sickness at the least. I telegraphed Mrs. M. M. Phelon, C.S.B., who was then absent from the city. She reached me on the evening of the 10th. On the 11th the pain became intermittent, and on the 12th it left me for good, and my full recovery was accomplished within ten days. A result I know could not have been reached with drugs. It is due to Christian Science that I say this, as I am a competent witness of the matter.

W. P. PHESON, M.D.

## "ATLANTIS" NOT A FABLE.

A wonderful career has been that of Mme. Alice Le Plongeon, who, as a bride of 19, went from her home in England to share the dangers of life in the forests of Central America with her husband, Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, the savant and explorer. Full of enthusiasm, she came to New York and sailed away to the little known country of Yucatan, where her husband had been previous to his journey to London and his discovery of her exploring the ruins of Uxmal. She went there for a few months stay, and remained there fourteen years. In those years, separated from home and friends and from the society of white people, Mme. Le Plongeon studied constantly, learned to speak the Spanish and the old Maya languages, and pondered the ruins of cities, temples and statues until she became a deeply learned woman. Prehistoric life was her theme, and she commenced her study with the mystic beginning of Isis and Osiris and the kingly career of Caw, the first ruler of the Mayas, whose reign, many, many years ago, over Mayas (ancient Yucatan) is chronicled in sculpture, hieroglyphics and bas reliefs innumerable.

"No one can imagine," said Mme. Plongeon, speaking of her life in Yucatan, "the dangers that appalled us as we threaded our way through jungles and forests almost impenetrable, hungry and cold, and never comfortable."

Mme. Plongeon picked up a series of photographs of bas relief, which she said were taken from a building unearthed at Uxmal, which had 120 rooms, arranged in pairs, each pair communicating with another by a doorway. She describes the buildings as having been erected on artificial terraces, composed of stones laid on the top of each other, one of them being similar in style to the famous "hanging gardens" of Babylon.

"I think the most interesting thing to tell you is of the proof we found that Free Masonry existed in prehistoric times," and she gathered up from a large collection of photographs a number that represented the same Masonic symbols as are now in

use. They were exact counterparts of those familiar to the order today.

"Will you tell what you purpose doing with these treasures you have collected?"

"Certainly; we are back from Central America to interest Americans in their own country and to invite them to examine the proofs we bring that the oldest civilization on earth existed in that part of the continent. My husband is writing a book which, when published, will give a succinct and complete account of our fourteen years' stay in Yucatan and the great value of the discoveries made by him. We have fair smiles of the ambient palaces of the Mayas, as you see here, with their peculiar architecture, their bas reliefs and curious sculpture representing the portraits of their great men, priests and warriors, their interesting mural paintings and mysterious inscriptions. The old stones, buried these many centuries in the depths of the forests only five or six days' distance from New York, have a wondrous story to tell to the world.

Whenever the people of the United States are ready for the information which can be had, the dark veil that covers the dawn of human civilization will be drawn aside and the world will bless this country for unravelling the mystery of the beginning of the race on this planet."

Mme. Le Plongeon spoke earnestly and with much feeling. Holding up a large view of a great marble building, she said: "Look at the carving on that temple. Is it not glorious? All the monuments of Yucatan," she continued, "were made by powerful races, highly civilized, since they made use of a written language and alphabetical characters that have preceded us thousands of years. Not only is their own history inscribed on the faces of their public buildings, but also their cosmogonical traditions. Of course, it is with a shock that people hear us say that we bear with us proofs that America was the cradle of the human race, and that the countries forming Central America were the scene of the events described as having taken place in the Garden of Eden. Professor Agassiz, you know, founded his belief that America was the old world, and not the new, upon the geological formation of this continent."

"Then you give credence to the theory that there was such a catastrophe as the sinking of Atlantis?"

"Certainly. That continent existed between America and the western coast of Africa and Europe. In a Maya manuscript still in existence there is an account of that awful cataclysm, and these interesting monuments, with their inscriptions so full of historical revelation, with the key of their decipherment known, are able to give us the entire history of the intellectual development of the human family.

What makes it more delightful, too, is that this history is free from the myths and fables, creations of untutored and credulous imaginations or work of crafty philosophers, which we find in the sacred books of the Asiatic countries. We have inherited myths bequeathed to us as revelations from on high, and the origin of which we did not know until they stood revealed in the excavated cities of Yucatan and the crumbled walls of the temples of Maya."

"Shall you ever go back, madame, to prosecute further explorations?"

"That depends entirely upon your people. If there is an interest in the work we will gladly carry it on during our lifetime. We left hidden many a trophy, because we were unwilling to have our pains for nothing. My husband lives in the hope of being permitted to present to the scientific world a series of manuscripts written by the founders of the buried cities of Uxmal and Mayapan. The ruins of the former city are owned by a gentleman who will not allow one stone to be moved by explorers, but he is constantly destroying monuments to use the stones in the building of farmhouses. Think of this! We have in our possession now a writing done by these ancient people which we believe to be older than all the Bibles of the world, and antedates the submerging of Atlantis, which once existed between Florida and the Azores, off the coast of Spain."—*New York Graphic*.

#### EXCERPTS FROM MADAME GUION'S "MYSTIC SENSE OF THE SCRIPTURES."

(Copyright, 1888, by Mrs. M. M. Phelon, C.S.B.)

There is no fear in love. Perfect love casteth out fear. There are three kinds of repose. The first is that of God in the soul when it has arrived at union with Him, or His will, and when the soul reposes or rests in God; and lastly, the repose of God in himself, which is the repose God takes in a soul well annihilated, everything of the creature having disappeared.

The soul that sees God coming fears, but Moses assures his people that there is no occasion to fear, since it is not the place of death, but only of trial, which God desires to make of His interior people to see if they have courage to enter upon the way.

Behold, I send my angel, that he may walk before thee, and keep thee in the way, and bring thee unto the land which I have prepared for thee.

God never fails to give us this angel, as long as it is needful for us: This is the director, who keeps us in the way, but he can only bring us into the place prepared for us, after which God himself is the conductor.

The Lord bids us respect this director, obey him, and not reject him—for his name is in Him, which means that he represents His person and bears His word and acts by His authority.

God causes his servants to write what he has communicated to them of His divine and hidden truths, so that they may remain, and that many may profit by them.

God proceeds by degrees, as well, in the communication of himself, extending the creature's capacity little by little, and not all at once, as he could not stand such an operation. A soul dead to itself ought thus to apply itself to everything God desires of it without anticipating or resisting Him.

#### VI.

God's sanctuary represents the center of the soul—the dwelling place of the Lord, in which is wrought the union of the soul with God. It must be kept sacred to Him, clean from all desires or loves. The ark was in the sanctuary where God desires to make himself heard, even in the center of the soul.

Great purification is needed before the sanctuary is ready for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Faith covers the soul, preventing it from regarding itself or viewing its own losses or advantages. And there I will give thee my commands, and will commune with thee from above the mercy seat. This shows that God will make himself heard, from this soul-center, and not from the faculties as before. He commands a pattern of everything after the pattern shown in the mount.

This pattern shown in the mount was God himself, in whom exists the eternal ideas of all things.

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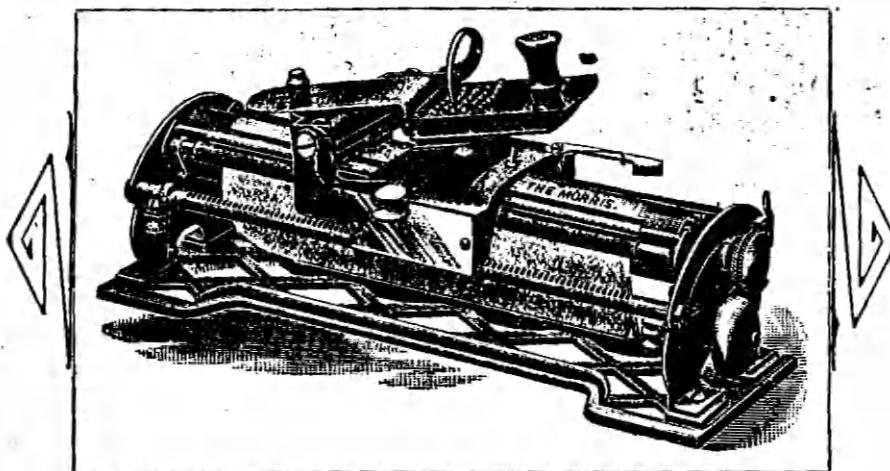
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