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Divine Wisdom

Brotherhood

Occult Science

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A NAZI PHILOSOPHER'S HETERODOXY

By ALBERTA JEAN ROWELL

Arrogant racialism underlies Nazi Germany's particular brand of heterodoxy. It is believed that a spiritual renaissance and renewal of the nation can only be effected by a veneration for essentially German qualities of mind and heart. Other values may be liquidated but the ideal of Nordic honour (and its free expression) constitutes a permanent element in the German scheme of things.

In harmony with this apotheosis of German character it is asserted that Christianity has not civilized Germany. On the contrary, it is claimed, the Hebraic religion has derived its immortal worth from fusion with German culture.

The implication of Nordic superiority is distasteful to the cosmopolitan who has wandered far afield and found "green pastures" in many a myth and philosophy, of every age and clime. His staunch adherence to the "bloodless" ideal of *humanitas* is rooted in something more than pure sentiment or the Christian injunction to be kind. Man-kind is one, he insists, by virtue of the intellectual faculty which is the common endowment of *homo sapiens*. - The "brotherhood of man" concept is then no empty shibboleth but axiomatic truth to all save the wilfully prejudiced.

Christ as unconquerable hero and

glorified Fuhrer, who has surmounted the difficulties incidental to life, the embodiment (one might say) of Goethe's ideal of self-reverence, is the impression gleaned of the Germanic Christ as re-fashioned by Alfred Rosenberg, top-ranking Nazi philosopher, in the book *Der Mythus*.¹ All else is deemed Syrian superstition and the cunning inventions of a "Romish" priesthood avid for power.

The historical Jesus envisioned by the German philosopher has the physical appearance of an "Aryan". Those spiritual traits that have their sole abiding-place in the depths of Germanic consciousness are possessed by him in an unusual degree.

He is a dominant personality, a spirited and uncompromising reformer, motivated in all his acts by the inspiration of the "inner flame". In his nobility of soul he is comparable to Meister Eckhart, the mediæval German mystic who declared there was no existence apart from the Divine. Of the same heroic pattern as Eckhart is the German patriot clad in steel helmet and uniform of field-gray.

The latter shall be included in the Germanic hierarchy of gods and heroes, whether found in Nibelungen sagas, or the annals of Nordic supermen who

towered high above their contemporaries like Bismarck and Frederick the Great. Rosenberg even anticipates the day when a religiously awakened Germany will assemble to pay worshipful homage to effigies of German soldiers as "martyrs to the national faith", while images of the Virgin Mary are abandoned to neglect. When that hour arrives he predicts that cries of neopaganism will be hurled, with the force of a deluge, by the guardians of the Roman Catholic faith.

The sentimentalized version of the Christ, who glories in his predestined role of sacrificial lamb and who turned the other cheek when smitten, is considered by Rosenberg to be merely effeminate interpolations. Such an attitude of subserviënce, he further contends, in Nietzschean vein, was seized upon by a calculating priesthood eager to inculcate the spirit of submissiveness among its adherents.

Heterodox statements such as these in *Der Mythos* have excited wide comment, of a controversial nature, among the champions of orthodoxy both of the Protestant and Catholic fold. Nineteenth Century ecclesiastics who vehemently attacked the theory of evolution by natural selection, and whose earnest polemics culminated in the verbal clash between the redoubtable Thomas² Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce at the memorable Oxford meeting, did not exhibit less concern for the preservation of a moribund faith than do present-day divines in Germany and elsewhere, confronted with the threatened disintegration of their traditional beliefs.

The two situations, then and now, are far from being identical however. Whereas a militant science did battle for Truth's impersonal sake, in the present instance racial theorists would foist just another fiction upon the Germanic imagination.

Impatient of their reluctance to relinquish time-honoured symbols Rosen-

berg chides "Lutheran scribes and pharisees" for their failure to present a united and opposed front to Roman Catholic domination as they had done heretofore. He also rebukes their myopic blindness to the virtues of the new and vibrant German national religion which has for the central core of its teaching a "heroic concept of life".

As the popularizer of the nationalistic myth it is logical that the major part of the Nazi author's argument should be directed against the avowed policy of the Catholic church. From the point of view of the latter nationalism is the great heresy subversive as it is of the principle of pontifical authority international in its scope. Catholic Christianity has ever asserted the prior claims of her mandates to all kingly edicts or governmental appeals. Protestantism, on the other hand, has tended to adapt herself to the political codes of the secular power. Because her fundamental principle has been the right of every man to think for himself, an anarchy in the realm of religious opinion, it is true, has frequently prevailed, nevertheless there has been established the tendency to regard religion as a strictly individual affair.

The Roman Church has never ceased to look askance upon the inflammatory creed of the French Revolution. In particular, the "fraternity" or nationalist doctrine which French legions promulgated with such enthusiasm under the ægis of Napoleon, was a dangerous incitement because it was inimical to the universalism of the Church. As every student of history is well aware, Martin Luther's open defiance of priestly tyranny might have encountered stern reprisals had not nationalistic forces, represented by the ambitions of monarchs and a new capitalistic class, allied their strength to his. Hence it is historically understandable why Nazi Germany as the cradle of biological nationalism ranks the Catholic church

as a formidable foe.

The dynamic Jesus acceptable to Rosenberg is the exact antithesis of the anguished Saviour of Catholic as well as Protestant Christianity. He is reminiscent of the Faustian type etched by Spengler. It appears that he shall not be assigned undue prominence in the German Pantheon but like the patriot, shall share his laurels with legendary Teutonic heroes as well as German poets and artists, as the objectified symbol of those Nordic virtues of honour and freedom. The degraded myth of the pale and pacifistic Galilean shall exert its baleful influence no more.

The cross as an emblem of pain, this reviser of old concepts claims, is deadly to the heroic concept because the spectacle of pain awakens morbidity in the heart of him who contemplates it. The crucifix then can only signify the degeneration of the vital energies. Rosenberg believes that it will be the urgent task of the German Church to fill religious shrines with statues depicting the "Bringer of Life" in addition to "pictures and sayings of Master Eckhart and other German preachers". In this way (he hopes) there gradually will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things illegitimate art productions of the "baroque" period bearing in all their lineaments traces of Jesuitical influence.

Even the teachings of Christ must be radically modified to conform to the nationalistic bias. The Christian precept which enjoins love of one's neighbour *must be unconditionally subordinated* to the ideal of national honour. Religious groups, outside the pale of the German National Church, must not interfere with or oppose the set goal of the German Reich, if they value their tolerated existence by the state.

Modernistically enough, however, the German church will not demand of its adherents acceptance of any dogma or belief in the historicalness of Biblical

events, for the primary concern of religion is with "volitional values" and not facts which are the special concern of science. It was the inability to distinguish between the opposite roles of religion and science, Rosenberg points out, that led to the mental confusion characteristic of the transitional nineteenth century. To this factor is also attributed the adoption of occult systems of thought³ as well as the ascendancy of Marxian communism among the materialistic beliefs that the era of skepticism fostered.

The publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859 following upon Lyell's *Principles of Geology* was an intellectual event of capital importance. The entire fabric of Protestant tradition was rent in twain. The triumph of the Copernican theory had not been less upsetting. A little lower than the angels had been Victorian man's opinion of himself. How rudely was this complacency shattered when scientists boldly hinted at his cousinship with, if not descent from, the lowly and gibbering ape. Long before Charles Darwin and his co-discoverer, A. R. Wallace, applied the Malthusian principle of "the struggle for existence" to explain variation of species, men, as culturally far apart as Lamarck and Goethe, had glimpsed the fact of development. But upon Darwin devolved the burden of proof.

As a result of the theory many experienced a soul crisis. Those who based their faith in God, freedom and immortality on a verbally inspired Bible, historically accurate in all its parts, or on theological dogma were plunged into the spiritual vacuum of agnosticism. But an appreciable number of liberal Protestants rose to the occasion and proceeded to adapt themselves to the radical implication of evolution. Christ came to be regarded, by this group, as a moral teacher and Christianity as only one among a number of progressive re-

ligions. The miraculous element, appearing to them at that time to represent the temporary suspension of law and therefore contrary to the scientific teaching, was rejected as pure fiction.

When Rosenberg therefore claims that the "Romish" myth of apostolic succession must be abandoned, together with the Protestant myth concerning the infallibility of the sacred text, it is obvious that he is only repeating heterodox Protestants and even some modernist Catholics⁴ who made their voices heard in the last century.

Nor was it during the nineteenth century alone that blind faith was struck a devastating blow. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries witnessed an intellectual revolution of far-reaching consequence. The rational man of that epoch dispensed with all forms of prejudice or dogma which had neither reason nor utility to recommend them.

Just what was the impulsive force of this revolt which produced an intelligentsia in England and France singularly free from the withering blight of superstition? The break with scholastic tradition was partly initiated by the philosophy of Descartes in France and the writings of Francis Bacon in England. The former sought reality in the data of consciousness and the truths of experience. The English philosopher deplored loyalty to beliefs of purely imaginative origin while earnestly directing men's minds to an observation of nature.

Eighteenth century Deism in England was the religious facet of the revolt. It numbered among its adherents many famous names—Voltaire, master of persiflage, in France; Edward Gibbon, the historian, in England; and Thomas Paine, wrongly termed atheist, in America.

Worship of the immutable laws of nature replaced, in Deism or the religion of Nature, the old emphasis on the doctrine of atonement. The uni-

verse was considered as autonomous in its workings as a clock. It required no supernatural intervention to superintend its smooth and unalterable processes. Life was bereft of mystery and religion of mysticism. Moreover, since God was so summarily banished from the world machine it was natural that the divinity of Christ and the authority of the Bible should be vigorously challenged.

There were many in the early nineteenth century who were dissatisfied with the eighteenth century legacy of negations and theory of a mechanistic universe. Not the least among these was Thomas Carlyle. His temperament was steeped in Calvinistic seriousness though formalistic piety had never attracted him. He therefore hankered, with an intensity of soul that knew no abatement, after a faith that vivified. Assailed by torturing doubts, when the integrity of his reason forced him to cast off "Hebrew old clothes", he turned for solace to German idealism. In Goethe, particularly, he stumbled upon his fount of living waters. The German poet—beautiful, intrepid warrior who had conquered Life and won his serenity—experienced religion as a luminous reality in consciousness, independent of the hocus-pocus of creed or ritual. Nor was God remote or inaccessible, indifferent to his creation, but ever present as the vital flame in the souls of advanced human beings.

The philosophy of Kant also assisted Carlyle and others to extricate themselves from the morass of nihilistic beliefs in which they were floundering. Kant was undisturbed by the fact that the Bible could not bear the strain of critical examination. He believed an innate disposition to be moral existed in man prior to the composition of the sacred texts. In other words, symbolical tales, as the literary vehicles of moral notions, but serve the purpose of quickening and bringing into the light of

common day ideals of virtue and duty implanted in the supra-natural self.

So the whirligig of time ushers in many ideological changes. Even though the Christian edifice of dogma has collapsed time and again, like a house of cards, the belief in man's inner greatness persists irrespective of the accident of race, among those who, like Carlyle and Goethe, have found religious truth superior to creed or holy fane. Nor can the pronouncements of spiritual sensitives of every nation be disregarded. These have arisen periodically to point the way when faith, no longer supported by the dogma with which it has long companioned, is threatened with extinction.⁵

Nazi philosophers like Rosenberg, for the purpose of national regeneration, have sought to impose the myth of an Aryan Christ upon Germans. That it is an imaginative projection matters little to the deifiers of *elan vital* for whom the principles of reason are not universal.

When Germany awakens from the sickly fancies of her racial dream, when it is an accepted fact once more that what is true for a German is true for a Frenchman or a Chinese, will not the exclusive Germanic Christ, born of "the heresy of separateness", be as one "whose name was writ in water"?

NOTES:—

¹ *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg has enjoyed a popular vogue in Germany. It first appeared in 1930 but by 1933 it had run through nine editions. The new life-myth which he seeks to propagate is that of the Nordic type and this has been elevated to the status of a religion. Rosenberg has long been the intimate friend of Adolph Hitler.

² Oxford meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science in 1860.

³ Rosenberg specifically names *Theosophy* and *Anthroposophy*.

⁴ Although the Vatican Council declared the infallibility of the pope in 1869, eleven years after the publication of the *Origin of Species*, a modernist movement among Catholics was started in Italy, early in the twentieth century. It was squelched in 1914. These Catholics contended that scientific investigation should be free and that the dogmas of the church should be retained on the ground of *utility* and not because of their supposedly supernatural origin

⁵ Madame H. P. Blavatsky, writing at a time when scientists were as dogmatic in their turn as orthodox theologians, sought to show that faith in spiritual values had its place.

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Toronto, Ontario.

RULES FOR ASPIRANTS TO SELF-KNOWLEDGE

RULE ONE: If you would know the Self, you must know that the self which is everything to itself is nothing in itself; it is both the creator and the victim of illusion; but do not treat it as such until you know it as such.

RULE TWO: Live to the highest and fullest you know in the life of the self you know; only when you know yourself are you ready to forget yourself; only when you forget yourself are you ready to know your Self.

RULE THREE: Discriminate between the self that lives in the consciousness of its separateness from all other selves, and the Self which knows itself as essentially one with all other Selves and with the ALL-SELF. The second cannot be born until the first dies; the first cannot die until it has given birth to the second.

RULE FOUR: Ponder on the mystery of The Three Selves. The first is the Shadow; the second is the Substance of the Shadow; the third is the Sun that casts the Shadow of the Substance.

RULE FIVE: Do not love the light of day for it is darkness; do not fear the darkness of night, for it is there the Starry Triangle burns, making the darkness light and the light darkness.

RULE SIX: Look not to yourself but within yourself for the courage which will suffice to face that fearful knowledge of yourself in all the fullness alike of its failures and its spiritual possibilities, which shatters, and, in shattering, liberates you to take the first step into the Kingdom of Self-Knowledge.

RULE SEVEN: Avoid the two pitfalls on the Path. One is self-pride; the other is self-contempt.

RULE EIGHT: Prepare yourself for the opening of the Secret Eye; it will show you how within the self of the present moment lies hidden the Self you are going to be, as the oak within the acorn.

RULE NINE: Never fear or shun experience; take all that Destiny brings, joyous and tragic alike, as food for that Self which is growing up within you throughout the ages in the image of that Self which you are in the Mind of God from everlasting to everlasting.

RULE TEN: Have faith in Love, even in the Desert and on the Cross. When you thus accept loneliness you will know that you are one of a shining company innumerable; when thus you accept suffering you will know the secret of Spiritual Joy.

RULE ELEVEN: Hold fast to the hand of Love. His face is unknown to you, but He is no stranger; He leads you by perilous paths and ways of warfare, but He is no enemy, and the name of His abiding-place is Peace.

RULE TWELVE: Never resist Love when He would work His will with you through the darkness. He lives in you to bring you into the Light; He is Him-

self the Light, and, in so far as you live in Him, you too are the Light.—source unknown.—*Eirenicon for Aug.-Sept.*

SPACE

SPACE. is the densest actuality conceivable; its density is absolute. There are no openings in SPACE; its continuity extends throughout duration.

All manifestations take place within SPACE.

SPACE, has no boundaries; but each and every Soul is the centre of SPACE.

SPACE, has no dimensions; but all dimensions exist in SPACE.

SPACE, has no substance; but every substance from the most ethereal to the most material, exists in SPACE.

SPACE, has no attributes; yet every attribute is therein contained.

We may wipe out existence, time, consciousness, force, matter, but it is not possible physically or metaphysically, to wipe out SPACE.

Nothing can be added to SPACE; nothing taken from it.

SPACE, does not evolve or change; yet all changes, and all evolution from the lowest to the highest, from the simplest to the most complex, take place within SPACE.

SPACE, is the one eternal, immutable, indestructible actuality; indivisible, inconceivable in its totality, having no beginning and no end.

SPACE, always has been, is, and always will be.—Naidni.—*Eirenicon for Aug.-Sept.*

THE WAR

We must give the German generals credit for military shrewdness. Months ago they decided that the threat of a western invasion of Europe by the Allies was negligible. They were correct in their conclusions. Whether this has been the result of coal strikes, machine worker's strikes, ship workers' and long-shoremen's strikes may not be

known till after the war is past and gone, but all labour delays have helped to slacken the military pace of the Allies, and give good grounds for Russian complaints of the failure to open a second front. Ignorant and untrained labour is not to be depended upon as the well-educated and intelligent Soviet workers can be. The summer campaign of Russia has resulted in extraordinary successes and the withdrawal of the Nazi forces from something like 100,000 square miles of territory that Germany had begun to think of as pasture for the Fatherland. The Russians thought differently and have driven the Huns back to the Dnieper, where Herr Hitler fondly dreams that his Huns will make a stand. He had better postpone his dream till the frost has hardened the ground and given the Soviet armies an opportunity to show what they can do on frost-bound rivers. There are chances, perhaps desperate chances, but Russia is accustomed to desperate measures, that Joseph Stalin will emerge as the conqueror of the German hordes. Should that prove to be the case the world's West may have to re-orient itself. Much depends upon the approaching consultation gathering of representatives of the Great Powers. Still more may depend on the meeting of Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill, if that chord can be modulated into harmony. Certain interests are said to be working in Fifth Column fashion to make friction between the two English-speaking powers and Russia, but as this could only be in the interest of Germany a hint to that effect should be sufficient for sensible people. Russia has kept pace with world opinion and Marshal Stalin's action in giving liberty to the the Orthodox Eastern Church to elect a Metropolitan, corresponding to the Pope of the Romans, has spiked the guns of numerous sectaries who cherished the idea of a Godless Russia. The Anglican and Russian Churches have always been

in communion, recognizing each other's Holy Orders, and this has been a sore point for the Vatican. It does not appear that the defeat of Russia by the Germans could in any way have benefited the Roman hierarchy. The visit of the Archbishop of York to the Russian Church has been a notable bit of policy, and the enthusiasm with which he was received shows that friendly feelings may possibly strike deeper through other than military channels. At any rate Marshal Stalin is not throwing away any opportunities for amicable relations. The war has been held up by winter rains and these have favoured the Hitler plan to make a stand on the Dnieper, but it only gives the Russian armies time to prepare for the next move towards Berlin, which is definitely the Russian aim. The Italian campaign, which is only a cocktail before the Second Front is opened, is in the hands of the cleverest Irish generals in the British army. But this is no consolation to Mr. de Valera, the Spanish neutral of Dublin.

A. E. S. S.

THE THREE TRUTHS

There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet may remain silent for lack of speech.

The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit.

The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen, or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

Each man is his own absolute law-giver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.

These truths, which are as great as is life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them.—Idyll of the White Lotus.

KING ARTHUR'S TABLE SIGNS AND SECRETS—V

The Air Sign GEMINI

"A revelation of the Greatest Secret of the whole wide world" according to the Grand Saint Graal.

It was once believed that the soul of Osiris rested in the constellation Orion, and the stars of Orion fall upon the Somerset effigy of the Giant sun-god who sits in the moon boat Argo. The Giant and his boat represent together the sun and moon, Gemini the Twins, and suggest Osiris or Horus sitting in "the Boat of Millions of Years" which stood still when the child Horus was stung by Scorpio. When this happened Thoth descended from it; he had with him the WORD which all heaven and earth and hell must obey; having uttered it, a portion of the "fluid of life" from Ra passed into Horus and brought him to life. (1)

In Somerset the effigy Giant child, like Horus, emblem of the perpetual rebirth of nature, is designed as contrast to the old bearded god on the other side of the circle of zodiacal effigies, who in the constellation of the Archer, has shot his last arrow, or ray, "the fluid of life", into this child in the West.

The learned Eratosthenes, speaking of the sun-god's famous arrow, says "he hid it amongst the Hyperboreans, where there is his winged temple."

The two masts of the effigy moon-boat converge upon the zenith of this winged temple of the stars, thus forming the arrow shape, or triangle (the geometrical ground work of the circular lay out). The main mast if projected, passes through both the first magnitude stars, Aldebaran and Capella in Auriga. Capella was regarded as the patron star of Babylon because, to the Assyrians it was the leader of the year, for in ancient times the commencement of the

(1) Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, 'Amulets and Superstitions.'

year was fixed by the position of Capella in relation to the moon at the spring equinox when its horns turned upwards, whilst Aldebaran marked the equinox of about 2700 B.C. The constellation Gemini used to be represented by the figure of two stars over a ship, and in the story of the Argonauts it was this favourable sign to seamen that saved the ship Argo.

The ancient Boundary Stones of Babylon show the sun, star and moon together, the crescent moon lies on its back. I well remember the moon in that position out in the Arabian desert when we were racing through the night from Bagdad to Palmyra; so clear is the air in the desert that it seemed to hang almost within reach as it rose and passed over the sky and then lay down to sleep horns pointing upwards, apparently quite close to us. It thus suggested the cup of the Grail. When the thirteen moon months were calculated to make up a year, the moon was in that position and looked like a ship that sailed round the year.

Place names on an old site are historically illuminating, for instance the Parret river of Somerset, which outlines the 'great dog' of this 'Kingdom of Logres', is perhaps the oldest name in the British Isles, it was left by the Sumerian settlers, Somerset being "The Seat of the Sumers" or Cymry. (2) So in the effigy that portrays the constellation Gemini, we find the ancient names for the sun gods, Lug and Hu, in Lugshorn and Huish, and in Dundon Hayes Lane which outlines the giant sun god's body.

This is what Lysons says in 'Our British Ancestors'—"Hue, 'the manifestor, instructor, the teacher,' Chaldee Hoa, 'to shew, to declare.' The presiding deity of the abyss or the great deep in the Babylonian mythology, his important titles referring to the source of all

(2) L. A. Waddell.

knowledge and science. "And now the lofty leader Huan is about to ascend—the sovereign most glorious—the Lord of the British Isles." The Hu gadarn of the British poems, 'the deified patriarch,' corresponding with Noah. The worship of Noah was, at first in Chaldæa and afterwards in Egypt, strangely united with the worship of the sun. Osiris, the Egyptian sun-god was a deification of Noah, and he entered into the Ark, which was symbolized by the crescent moon."

That explains how our Giant sun effigy of 'Gemini' happens to be the twin of the moon, because he is sitting in the moon boat Argo, which was said to be the first ship ever built. He holds the stars of Gemini that lie on the Ecliptic in his upraised right hand. The ancient Druids had ceremonies at every change of the moon, more especially at the time of the new moon. The custom of bowing to the new moon is still practised in some country places in England where its origin has long been forgotten.

Lysons makes a very important statement in regard to this god Hue, or Hoa "the teacher of man-kind, the Lord of understanding". He says: "One of his emblems is the wedge, or arrow-head, the essential element in the cuneiform writing, which seems to assign to him the invention, or at least patronage, of the Chaldæan alphabet; Berossus represents him as one of the primeval gods." Which is now proved by this archaic symbol.

Here we have that "Greatest Secret of the whole wide world" referred to in the Prologue to the Grand Saint Graal, about which I wrote in last year's Canadian Theosophist under 'The Hidden Name' and 'The Vocal God of Light' when I said: The science preserved by the wise men of the nation of the Cymry tells how "the Giant (Hu) beheld three pillars of light, (the arrows of the sun) on which were inscribed all the sciences

that ever were. It was the Giant that first made a letter, which was the form of God's Name". That, Giant's letter, resembles the "arrow-head" or 'broad-arrow' which represents the Cymric name of God, consequently this is the most valuable tradition and the oldest of the origin of writing, (still preserved in the Giant's Ship), for it is "the essential element in cuneiform writing".

The Encyclopædia says that the cuneiform script was invented by the Sumerians and that the literary idiom of the Babylonian wise men was the non-Semitic Sumerian, their writing cuneiform.

As to those "wise men", in Daniel, the term "Chaldæans" is very commonly employed with the meaning "astrologers, astronomers," which sense also appears in the classical authors, notably in Herodotus, Strabo and Diodorus. In Daniel i. 4, by the expression "tongue of the Chaldæans," the writer evidently meant the language in which the celebrated Babylonian works on astrology and divination were composed.

It might be mentioned here that not only the 'broad arrow' or name of God, suggested by the slanting masts of the ship, but also the bell, called in the High History 'clappers', which is engraved under the Bull's neck, is a cuneiform sign; and that these are—"the most valid and efficacious symbols" carried by "the Ship of the Secret Faith" to "the end of a certain time", "the secret of the Grail itself", according to all the hidden traditions. The Ray that contained the "fluid of life."

Most people are inclined to treat the Arthurian 'Romances' purely as fairy tales, and even A. E. Waite, though realizing some profound significance in them, shows his ignorance by making fun of Wolfram von Eschenbach's 'Parzival', which however is one of the most knowledgeable versions, and might well have been "written in a pagan tongue!" Mr. Waite says (page 274

"The Holy Grail") "Behind Kyot there was pictured Flegitanis, descended from the wise Solomon and one who was renowned for his knowledge, especially concerning the stars, he being an astronomer above all things. It came about therefore that behind Flegitanis were all the starry heavens and that by his ability to read therein he became qualified to affirm the existence of a "prodigy" called the Grail . . . and Kyot, with all his celestial signs revolving in heaven above him . . . He could have done much better in one respect, unless indeed he intended to betray his own invention: he need not have made Flegitanis a pagan who worshipped a calf; he need not have put him far back into pre-Christian days."

But the "celestial signs" are the very texture of the whole fabric; of course Flegitanis was "a pagan who worshipped a calf" and the other celestial signs, it was obviously "by his ability to read therein he became qualified to affirm the existence of the so called Grail."

Learned scholars are not infallible, and it is quite likely that Kyot did indeed "discover a pre-Christian Arabic text lying neglected at Toledo."

K. E. Maltwood.

(To Be Concluded.)

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INTRODUCTION TO "SERAPHITA"

BY GEORGE FREDERIC PARSONS.

(Continued from Page 201.)

The strictures of Seraphita upon the half-truths and fallacies of physical science may be studied profitably in connection with that critical work of Judge Stallo, "The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics," which is cited in the Introduction to Louis Lambert. But the real uncertainty of many alleged scientific certainties is perhaps best shown in the mercilessly destructive criticism which rival men of science practise upon one another's theories and doctrines. The reference to "the greatest man among you"—who is said by Seraphita, with rhetorical exaggeration, to have "died in despair" because toward the close of his life he realized the inadequacy of his favourite hypothesis to account for the universe—of course applies to Sir Isaac Newton, whose essay at interpretation of the Apocalypse caused his brother scientists to shrug their shoulders and lament the breaking down of that superb mind. Nor is it at all incredible that Newton should have been drawn to his Scriptural studies by recognition of the need for some such initiating and sustaining force in the universe as the old doctrine of the Logos supplies. It is certain, as has been pointed out before, that he was by no means so self-confident as his followers, and that in particular he entertained serious doubts as to the sufficiency of his theory of gravitation,—doubts, be it said, which modern research and scientific progress have strengthened instead of diminishing. Indeed, Seraphita might have reinforced her argument with many more instances of scientific mistakes and insufficient explanations. There are to-day few even of the theories commonly regarded as most firmly established

which do not present difficulties hitherto insoluble, and which are not cautiously held by men of truly open minds as at the best provisional,—convenient working hypotheses, but not to be safely made the ground of definitive conclusions.

At the close of Seraphita's harangue her auditors withdraw, confounded; but the impression produced upon their minds rapidly fades, and the next morning the Pastor is once more prepared to find, in the pages of his favourite Wier, a clue to the mysterious knowledge and argumentative powers of the young girl, whom he would fain regard as insane or under "possession." As Balzac cites Wier on several occasions in this book, and as he is an author probably not known to the generality of readers, it may be well to give some account of his writings, the more particularly as there is some special significance in the reference to his once celebrated work on witchcraft. John Wier was a learned physician of Cleves, who was the first to publish a protest against the wild witchcraft panic that in the sixteenth and many preceding centuries, caused a frightful slaughter of deluded and innocent victims throughout Europe. Wier's book, entitled "*De Prætiigiis Dæmonum*," would not in the present day be regarded as anything but a grossly superstitious work. The author was indeed no less credulous than his contemporaries. He believed with them that the atmosphere swarmed with evil spirits, that a personal devil went around like a roaring lion, destroying souls, that all manner of miraculous events were continually occurring. In fact, he accepted all the evidence upon which Sprenger, Bodin, and the whole school of the Inquisition, founded their theories of witchcraft; but he interpreted the alleged phenomena differently, and more in accord with the scientific spirit. His explanation was that many of the so-called witches were lunatics, and that

the majority of those said to be bewitched, together with many accused of sorcery, were simply possessed by the devil. The latter, he argued, had no need to act indirectly through witches, when he could delude his victims directly, and he disposed of the witch theory by asserting that Satan put it into the heads of the possessed to denounce old women as witches, in order that as much mischief and suffering as possible might be caused. Wier was a humane man,—a rare phenomenon in his time,—and the tortures and burnings occurring everywhere revolted him. He was careful to declare his opinion that all real witches deserved the most severe punishment; but he was plainly doubtful whether there were any real witches.

Conservative and credulous as his book appears now, it created intense indignation among the believers in witchcraft, who were not merely the majority of men then living, but, which seems far stranger, the majority of the educated and (relatively) intelligent class. In proof of this, the fact may be cited that Wier's book was answered by John Bodin, in an equally remarkable work entitled "*De la Démonomanie des Sorciers*." Bodin attacked Wier with ferocity, upholding the authority of the indorsers of witchcraft and denouncing the kindly doctor of Cleves as little better than an atheist and a heretic. Now Bodin, as Lecky observes in his "*History of Rationalism*," was "esteemed by many of his contemporaries the ablest man who had then arisen in France, and the verdict has been but little qualified by later writers. Amid all the distractions of a dissipated and intriguing court, and all the labours of a judicial position, he had amassed an amount of learning so vast and so various as to place him in the very first rank of the scholars of his nation. He has also the far higher merit of being one of the chief founders of political philosophy and political history, and of having an-

ticipated on these subjects many of the conclusions of our own day." Yet there is no superstition, no legend, no absurd and preposterous invention, no wild and grotesque imagination, too difficult to be received and digested by this philosopher and sage. He relies absolutely upon authority. He never questions traditions. He never reasons upon matters of fact. He never exhibits for a single moment a tendency toward scientific investigation, comparison, and inference. He abuses Wier in the old-fashioned dogmatic, theological manner. He calls his book a "tissue of horrible blasphemies." He declares that it cannot be read "without righteous anger." Wier has "armed himself against God;" he has done his best to disseminate witchcraft, to support the kingdom of Satan, and so forth through many pages. Yet Wier had truly not advanced very far before his age. He held to most of the old barbarous doctrines, and among them to that of the superior innate frailty and depravity of women. He, in common with many others, had asked himself why so large a proportion of alleged witches were women; and he, in common with many others, explained the fact by asserting that they were so prone to evil that Satan found them an easy prey. Perhaps it was especially because of Wier's chapter upon the weaknesses and wickedness of women that Balzac chose this author as the favourite authority of Pastor Becker.

In the twenty-seventh chapter of his sixth book he cites a long array of classical writers in support of the contention that women have always been specially addicted to the employment of poison as an agent of revenge or passion. In the sixth chapter of his third book he observes: "Le diable ennemi fin, ruzé et cauteleux, induit volontiers le sexe féminin, lequel est inconstant à raison de sa complexion, de legere croyance, malicieux, impatient, melancolique pour ne pouvoir commander à

ses affections; et principalement les vieilles, débiles, stupides et d'esprit chancelant." This is why that Old Serpent addressed himself rather to Eve than to Adam; and this is why he so easily seduced Eve. The holy Saint Peter also has denominated them "weak vessels," and Saint Chrysostom has remarked, in his homily upon Matthew, that the female sex is imprudent and ductile, easily influenced and swayed, either from good to evil or from evil to good. He ventures into the difficult region of etymology in search of further proof, and discovers one in the derivation of the Latin *mulier* from *mollier* or *molli*, "which signifies softness." It may be conjectured that when Pastor Becker sought in the treatise of John Wier confirmation of his theory regarding Seraphita's inspiration, he had in mind the worthy doctor's views concerning women, and their special fitness as vehicles of diabolical influences. Pastor Becker refers, as a case in point, to the history of a young Italian girl who, at the age of twelve, spoke forty-two languages, ancient and modern. Wier has a story of a Saxon woman, unable to read or write, who "being possessed by the devil" spoke in Latin and Greek, and prophesied concerning future events,—all of which came to pass. He also tells of an idiotic Italian woman who, being under the same infernal influence, and asked which was Virgil's finest verse, replied suddenly—

"Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere Divos."

It is an interesting point in these old ideas that the mediæval notions about women rested upon observation of the essential differences between the masculine and feminine natures; but external observation alone. To quote Lecky's admirable analysis of mediæval persecution again: "The question why the immense majority of those who were accused of sorcery should be women early attracted attention; and it

was generally answered, not by the sensibility of their nervous constitution, and by their consequent liability to religious monomania and epidemics, but by the inherent wickedness of the sex. There was no subject on which the old writers expatiated with more indignant eloquence, or with more copious illustration,"—of which we have just given an example in John Wier. Another instance of the horrible perversion of ideas which characterized those dark ages may be found in the interpretation given to the superior constancy of women in facing torture. The contemporary explanation of this was that the Devil provided all witches with means of withstanding the torment; and the inevitable corollary of such reasoning was a stimulation of ingenuity in devising and applying more searching and cruel tortures to women. There can be no question that had Seraphita lived in the time of Wier and Bodin the former would have considered her a demoniac, and the latter would have denounced her as a witch, the only fit destiny of whom was the stake; and it may be that Balzac intended to hint at the contrast between mediæval and modern thought in introducing, in John Wier, the most signal, but at the same time narrow and feeble, illustration of sixteenth century liberalism,

(To Be Concluded.)

“CONFLICT—WHAT

CONFLICT?”

The very many viewpoints in the Theosophical Society are a point which may seem natural to many members, who have been fostered on the rather ambiguous terms “brotherhood” and “together differently”. The American and Canadian Sections, and the freedom-loving British Sections, would find it second nature to accord freedom of speech and freedom of thought to all members automatically, as a natural right of the citizen and individual mem-

ber of the human race. This tendency, while admirable, may have caused many members to overlook one rather startling fundamental danger to the Society's existence, in this courteous acknowledgment of equality.

There can be no difference in policy, in principle, in goal, and aim, if the Society is to be a world movement. It must stand squarely on the aims and objects for which it was originally organized. It must be true to these, or else—be something else. Or, being true to something else, not disclosed or declared, while using the Original Objects or their diluted variety, the management is thoroughly dishonest and deceives its members and the public.

This is an irrefutable statement, yet how many members are today in position to know from their own investigation whether the Society today stands for the Original Programme of H. P. B., or whether it has diverged? I venture to say that 99% of them have taken it for granted. Nay, more, the 99% would be quite horrified if any one of the 1% who had investigated were to declare the present policy a reversal of the Original Programme, and would immediately attack the statement and its author. No one who knows, beyond any question, would do so, but there are very many who do not—and their protests are the loudest.

Now this is danger. No worthwhile Movement can be founded on such ignorance and trusting, child-like belief in Leaders. No concerted effort can be made with two opposing viewpoints upon policy. No harmony can be expected while a small minority protests against infringement of our Objects, and our Purpose, and against a reversal of our Original Programme, divergence from our Original Teachings. This is no charge for our elected officers to brush aside and dismiss with some rather purile sneers about “persecution”, “black magic”, “newspaper

methods", "Blavatsky worshippers", and "narrow, old-fashioned views". These are all smoke screens of the interested Leaders who are attacked.

This conflict is a fundamental issue. It means that the Theosophical Society has come to the parting of the ways again, as it has so often in the past under previous Leaders. It means that once again the members face a choice. This time, are we to depart from the Gupta Vidya of "The Secret Doctrine" (which is not considered necessary to the 99%, who do not read it) and return to the out-worn superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church, the dogma of the Dark Ages resurrected and thrust upon The Theosophical Society recently by its President, Dr. Arundale.

This issue, and other important ones, have been settled or decided by appeal to the emotions and "loyalty to Leaders", which means that Reason and Principle are thrust out of sight. It means that we, as a Society, have forgotten that we had a Charter in the "Original Programme" of H. P. B., written in 1886 for our guidance. It means that we have faced about and embraced the Christian faith, and lost our right to speak of Adepts in our enthusiasm for the "Lord Maitreya". A substitute which poorly cloaks the subtle movement toward a Theosophical Society Church, which haply failed to be adopted officially, but which nevertheless is the power behind the throne—*under cover*.

With this divergence, deceit and lack of principle, the Society can hardly make much impression upon a world which has already punctured the dream of a new Messiah, and laughed at our pretensions and hallucinations in the Krishnamurti fiasco.

This is the issue. The history (undiluted and unedited by Adyar in many books not "approved" by Adyar leaders) and the original writings of H. P. B. in direct contradiction to our present

policy, all prove this. Let those who doubt do just a little honest, open-minded research, and judge on facts and history—not on official, Adyar-controlled opinions and publications. While they have a motive for the opinions, H. P. B. is gone, and her statements can be considered impartially. Though why we cannot raise a cry of "loyalty" to H. P. B. without question and derision, when others clamour for loyalty to later leaders, is more than anyone can understand,—except the ones who follow Adyar into the dark in trust and hope of personal development.

Let challengers read well before they write me! I shall have many things to say—not complimentary to the uninformed and quoters of the "later leaders".

Anne Leslie Roger.

7011 Woolston Rd.,
Philadelphia.

THE GENERAL EXECUTIVE

All the local members of the General Executive were present at its meeting on Sunday afternoon, October 3, at 52 Isabella Street, Toronto. Reports were submitted by the Acting Treasurer and adopted. There are still 78 members whose dues, payable on July 1, have not been received. The Lodge officials are urged to see that these dues are collected, even if in instalments, and in cases of inability to pay to do so out of the Lodge funds as the constitutional liability requires.

Mention of the magazine immediately brought up statements from several of the members that they had received a letter from Mr. Geoffrey Hodson in New Zealand accusing the magazine of "abusing and vilifying" the leaders of the Society. It appeared that all the members of the Executive had been recipients of this letter. The General Secretary produced a reply to Mr. Hodson which he had sent him personally and Mr. Barr then read this reply and

comments were made by the other members as he read. It was the general opinion that some action should be taken by the Executive. The General Secretary suggested that they might endorse his letter, but that it would be better if the members either wrote Mr. Hodson separately, or united in a joint letter in reply. After discussion this was finally agreed to on motion of Mr. Kinman and Mr. Barr, Messrs. Thompson and Belcher withdrawing a previous motion.

Mr. Kinman then noted down the points on which the Executive was specially involved, and it was resolved on motion that Mr. Smythe be authorized to draw up a letter to be submitted to the members for their approval, on which it will be sent to Mr. Hodson and printed in *The Canadian Theosophist*.

The resolution, in addition to a general endorsement of Mr. Smythe's letter, emphasized the exaggeration of Mr. Hodson's "Abuse and vilification" epithets, as there was nothing personal in the criticisms made but only of opinions regarded as erroneous and untheosophical; the fact that our Canadian Constitution required the right of free thought and opinion and the free expression of such opinions to the members; and the suppression of free discussion implied by Mr. Hodson's letter was a major evil of any organization. There is no objection to the L. C. Church as such but its parasitic methods would be equally resented if pursued by the Christian Science Church, the Mormon Church or any other propagandist body. As to the impossibility of defining Theosophy that may be true in a dogmatic sense, but there is little difficulty in saying what Theosophy is not. These points are to be embodied in the joint Executive letter.

The next meeting of the Executive, unless called earlier, will be held on February 6.

THE MAGAZINES

We have received the following Magazines during the month of September: Theosophy, Los Angeles, Sept.; Toronto Theosophical News, Sept.; The American Theosophist, Sept.; Evolucion, Buenos Aires, June; The Pro & Con Vox, October; The Theosophist, Adyar, June; The Theosophical Worker, June; The Aryan Path, June; United Lodge Bulletin, London, No. 178, August; Eirenicon, Hyde, Cheshire, July-Aug.; Boletin de la Seccion Mexicana, June & August; The Link, South Africa, April-May; The Theosophical Worker, July and August; The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin, June, July and August; The Theosophical Movement, June and July; The Theosophist, July; The Aryan Path, July; National Money News, Sept.; Lucifer, Boston, October; The Ancient Wisdom, Sept.; Fraternidad, Santiago, Chile, May-June; Canada at War, Sept.; Eirenicon, Hyde, Chester, England, Aug.-Sept.; Theosophical News & Notes, London, England; The Theosophical Forum, Covina, October.

One of the privileges of living in the Twentieth century is the opportunity of allying oneself with the Theosophical Movement originated by the Elder Brothers of the Race, and of making a conscious link, however slender, with them. Join any Theosophical Society which maintains the tradition of the Masters of Wisdom and study their Secret Doctrine. You can strengthen the link you make by doing service, by strong search, by questions, and by humility. We should be able to build the future on foundations of Wisdom, Love and Justice.

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OFFICE NOTES

The account of the White Lotus Day celebration in Dublin which appeared in our last month's issue, should have been credited to the British *Theosophical News and Notes* for July-August from which it was copied.

* * *

Mr. G. P. Williamson, an old member of the Hamilton Lodge, will have copies of *The Canadian Theosophist* for sale at his bookstore at 349 Clarence Street, London, Ontario, where he is now situated.

* * *

Refusal to discuss an issue or to debate an argument is one way of concealing the disagreeable questions in review from the people who ought to be informed. It is a concession to ignorance worthy of the Nazi period of deceit.

The death is announced of Mr. Christopher Gale. He had contracted a chill which had developed into pneumonia and carried him off on the morning of August 10 at Camberley. Mr. Gale had been General Secretary for Scotland for many years, but he had many friends in England, especially in London, to which he had retired.

* * *

Time slips past so rapidly that it almost seems incredible that over a year has elapsed since the death of Dr. de Purucker. The anniversary has been marked by the publication of a handsome quarto volume by the Theosophical University Press, Covina, California, of 259 pages containing Messages to Conventions, editorials, extracts from Letters on the policies, work and purposes of the T. S. We hope to give the book a more extended notice next month.

* * *

The book described in the review of *The Immortal Master*, is by the same author, Mr. Alfred Dodd, of Liverpool, England. It is called *The Secret History of Francis Bacon* and consists of the Sonnets of Shakespeare printed as arranged in what purports to be their proper order, the correctness of which is only to be determined by the reader and his judgment of their immediate intelligibility, and the increased beauty and meaning they convey. This book of 305 pages is published by C. W. Daniel Co., Ltd., Ashingdon, Rochford, Essex, England, price 4s. 6 d.

* * *

Every Theosophical Lodge should have a class for children, call it Lotus Circle, Sunday School, or what you will. We have been recommending teachers to use the U. L. T. books, *Because*, and *The Eternal Verities*, and these have given much satisfaction. Recently Dr. Grace Knoche has written us calling attention to the first chapters or lessons in *The Children's Key to Theosophy*, which she kindly sent with her letter.

These give the fundamental teachings in simplified form, and we can guarantee they are free from sectarian alloy. Any teacher or mother anxious to help their children to the light, would do well to communicate with Dr. Knoche at the Theosophical Society, Covina, California.

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A most interesting review of a remarkable book is the notable article for the general reader in the October issue of *The Theosophical Forum*. It is by Mr. C. J. Ryan, M.A., and is entitled "A Strange Conversion: "How the Teaching came to Edgar Cayce." (Should this name be pronounced Casey, a la Dublin?) The book containing the story is *There is a River*, by Thomas Sugrue, and it is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York at \$3. "Every now and then," writes Mr. Ryan, "the Powers-that-be seem to go out of their way to provide an outstanding example of a human being whose spiritual or psycho-intellectual endowments transcend the limitations of modern psychology. Such endowments may be ignored or dogmatically denied, they cannot be refuted." The case of Edgar Cayce may be considered alongside that of Alfred Dodd whose book, *The Immortal Master*, is reviewed elsewhere in these pages. Mr. Ryan compares Cayce's experiences with those of Jakob Boehme.

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An article by Mrs. Maltwood has been contributed to *The Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada* under the title of "The Discovery of a Prehistoric Zodiac in England." There is a plate also displaying the giant effigies with which most of our readers are now familiar. We hope to reproduce the article shortly though its details have appeared already in our pages, but it is worthy of note as the first scientific recognition of the Somerset marvel. Five years ago, the General Secretary visited the head office of the National

Geographic Society in Washington, where, as an old newspaper man, knowing the value of a "scoop" to such a magazine as theirs, he placed all the details before one of their officials. He sensed the attitude of the gentleman as being that of a person dealing with "one of those cranks" but said he was going to England that week-end and would look into it. He may have but nothing more has been heard about it.

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The death of Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, on Saturday, September 25, removes a third of the five charter members of the Toronto Theosophical Society and its first vice-president. She was married to Dr. John Benjamin Gullen on May 23, 1883, and they celebrated their Diamond Jubilee last May as we recorded in our issue for June. Dr. Stowe-Gullen was the first woman medical graduate in Canada, her mother, Dr. Emily Stowe, having to go to the United States for her degree. Dr. Stowe-Gullen retired from the Theosophical Society after a year or so, chiefly for social reasons though she told the present writer that "there was nothing in *The Secret Doctrine* that was not familiar to scientific students." After all these years scientific students are still discovering things in the book which they did not know before. But Dr. Stowe-Gullen lived an active and devoted life of valuable service to the people of her day and generation. The *Toronto Star* of September 27 in an editorial article states that she was on the original staff of the Toronto Western Hospital, and first woman professor of children's diseases in the Ontario Women's Medical College, now merged with the University of Toronto. She was one of the founders of the National Council of Women and from 1912 till 1924 represented the women's medical profession in the Senate of the University. She was present when her portrait was hung in the Academy of

Medicine. Only two of the charter members of the Toronto T. S. now remain. One is Mr. Algernon H. Blackwood, the eminent novelist, now in England.

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Mr. T. Kennedy, General Secretary for the T. S. in Ireland, writes in the *British News & Notes* for Sept.-Oct.: "The tragical unexpected death of the first Social Credit Premier, Hon. Wm. Aberhart, has already reminded the thoughtful of a social experiment of unique value and world-wide importance. The difference made in spiritual progress by various individuals was explained long ago by Dr. Besant as dependent upon the extent to which we grasp our opportunities. Mr. Aberhart grasped his opportunity with both hands when he dashed into the Social Credit Movement of Western Canada and capitalizing the spade-work done during the previous ten years along those lines, he was swept into power in August, 1935 to the Premiership in the Alberta Provincial Legislature, with the unprecedented backing of 57 out of 63 seats and the return of 17 members at the subsequent Federal Election to the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. This is not the occasion to tell of Aberhart's mistakes and his struggles with High Finance, striking through the obsolete North America Act and with all the power of reactionary legalism, nor of the large measure of success of his administration and the novel remedial legislation which has proved so useful, in spite of enormously powerful opposition. Those interested should read the pamphlet *How Alberta is Fighting Finance* (K.R.P. Publications Ltd., 49 Prince Alfred Road, Liverpool, 15s. 4d.) and *The Alberta Experiment, An Interim Survey*, by C. H. Douglas, published in 1937. Our interest, as promoters of brotherhood, lies in the fact that, there we have a Government who set themselves the primary task of see-

ing that every citizen should have economic security, by right of citizenship and as a sharer in the real wealth of his country. When the history of our times comes to be written, I venture to record the opinion, that it will be recognized that Premier Aberhart and his small population—mainly backwood farmers—will have made a more valuable contribution to human values and the difficult art of government, than even the enormous war effort contributed by Canada as a whole. We wish the new Premier, Hon. E. C. Manning, every success in pursuit of the policy, to which he and his Cabinet have reaffirmed their allegiance."

DEATH OF

ARTHUR C. FELLOWS

Toronto Theosophical Society has sustained a crippling loss in the death of Arthur C. Fellows, since 1933 secretary of the Lodge, and ever-ready helper and willing assistant wherever service was required. Mr. Fellows was born in England and first came to Canada as an engineer in the construction of the huge Quebec bridge. Later he was engaged in harbour structural work in Africa. On his retirement he settled in Toronto. Surviving are his widow, Alice M. Fellows; two sons, G. M. Fellows, London, Ontario, and E. Fellows, Ottawa; and two daughters, Miss Ruth, Ottawa, and Miss G. E. M. Fellows, in England. Mr. Fellows died on Friday, September 17 and the body was cremated at the Toronto Necropolis on the following Tuesday. The Toronto Theosophical News speaks of him as "one who was loved and respected by all who knew him. His kindness, wisdom and gentleness will be greatly missed. He became secretary of the Lodge in September, 1933, and during his ten years of office performed all its many duties faithfully and well, and with the sole aim of helping on the great cause which

was so close to his heart. A well-beloved comrade of the Way has gone to a well-earned rest." *The News* also printed a letter by Mr. Fellows in which he testified to his Theosophic faith and outlined his conception of the purpose of the Society which he said was to oppose "the materialistic outlook of mankind, and also an attempt to inculcate the idea of Brotherhood . . . The Society's one Mission is the attempt to change the hearts of men; the magnitude of such a mission makes such questions as unemployment and other present social evils sink into insignificance, in comparison with the nigh overwhelming task that the Society has been charged to perform. If men's hearts are to be changed, and can be changed, then all the social evils would of themselves disappear." He quoted a passage from Madame Blavatsky's message to the first Convention of the American T. S. in 1888, supporting these views. Copies of *The News* may be had on application to the Society, Theosophical Hall, 52 Isabella Street, Toronto.

"THE IMMORTAL MASTER"

Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!—The Voice of the Silence.

Mr. Alfred Dodd has produced a book that should have been a beacon light to the world, but by some curious quirk in his make-up, an association with the Society for Psychic Research, an antipathy towards occult knowledge, an inferiority complex, or whatever influence among these or other deflections, he has minimized one of the most marvellous experiences that could have come to man entirely through his own faculties, latent in every man, but brought into activity in his own case, by rapt devotion to an ideal, concentrated

mental attention on one problem, and the personal detachment essential to success in such pursuits; and then, the goal attained, he throws it all away by seeking to attribute his discovery to spiritualistic influences.

Mr. Dodd had been a conventionally minded Stratfordian. To quote himself (page 35) he says: "I believed that Shaksper was Shake-speare and that Francis Bacon was an impeached judge guilty of the foul crime of bribery and corruption. *I was deceived by my teachers into believing a series of false assumptions as proven truths.* My opinions were changed not by orthodox scholars, literary commentators and biassed historians, but by a rather remarkable experience . . . a series of experiences . . . which made me study the Elizabethan era and the man Francis Bacon from an entirely new angle." These sentences, Italics and all, are as they appear in his book.

If I judge him aright he has a similar hostile opinion of Madame Blavatsky that she was a fraud, an impostor, a forger of letters and a generally worthless person. He has been deceived by his "teachers into believing a series of false assumptions as proven truths." We can hardly expect him to accomplish two such revolutions of thought as to change his mind about Madame Blavatsky, but unless he does so the "remarkable experience" so far as he is concerned, will be simply thrown away. It is important that his remarkable experience should be completely understood as being solely and entirely his own, coming out of his own consciousness, unassisted by anyone else, and his own narrative makes this clear. It is contained on pages 47-50 of his new book, *The Immortal Master*.

He had been given a new angle of thought regarding Bacon, and his studies led him to concentrate on the Sonnets as perhaps containing the key and clue to the mystery which surround-

ed the Shakespeare writings. Here is what he says: "About three months after my Stratford visit, I spent all one afternoon and evening studying once more these mysterious poems. I almost fancied I could detect muffled *cris du coeur*, a great many heart-cries, grave and gay, youthful and aged. I tumbled into bed well past midnight, thoroughly exhausted, and fell immediately, according to habit, fast asleep. I am usually a sound sleeper, dreamless, never wakening until the morning. "I seemed to be aroused in the middle of the night, for I found myself sitting up in bed, with my knees up-drawn, my face in my hands, recalling a very vivid dream or an experience on the astral plane. It was so real that as I sat in bed with closed eyes, I recalled this dream-experience over and over again. It is much more real to me today than many out-of-the-way events of my ordinary life.

"This was the dream from the point where it had burned itself into my mind.

"I was standing by the side of a large oblong table, looking at a number of square pieces of printed paper spread before me. As I looked at them I saw that they were *Shakespeare's Sonnets*. They had been cut separately and set out perpendicularly in columns of ten in consecutive order. In my dream, I remember wondering who had cut up my Sonnet book and the reason for it.

"As I was puzzling this out, I became conscious of the figure of a man standing by my right side. He was dressed in a dark cloak somewhat similar to the gown of a graduate. I felt his presence more than I saw it, for I was more interested in the Sonnets before me, too engrossed even to glance at the man's face who stood so close that his habit touched me.

"I was still staring at them when the left hand and arm of the figure moved across the table—a delicate, aristocratic hand, long fingers, oval nails, flesh firm

and white. It seemed to exude nervous energy, a-quiver with vitality; the hand of an artist, an idealist, stamped with culture and refinement.

"The long index finger pointed at Sonnet number one, the first one in the first pile, and I heard the man's voice say, '*There is no number one. We will find it.*' His finger ran down the column until it reached the Sonnet numbered nine. He whispered, '*Stop! This is the first half of the Canto.*' He pushed away to the left, the column of nine Sonnets in their perpendicular consecutive order; then his finger travelled down the succeeding ones until it reached Sonnet eighteen. He again whispered, '*Stop! The end of the first Canto.*'"

And so the revelation went steadily on, the shuffling and rearrangement forming column after column. So Mr. Dodd found himself "Sitting up in bed with all the details stamped indelibly on my outer consciousness until I was wide awake, my chief anxiety being whether I could recall the experience in the morning if I fell asleep."

He got two copies of the Sonnets next morning, cut them up and pasted them in Cantos under their Dream Titles. Next day he began to study the rearrangement. By bedtime he was really ill, he relates, through his conflicting thoughts, and had to spend some days in bed.

"For the New Sonnet Order," he writes, "showed me unmistakably that the writer was not the Stratford Actor but the impeached judge, Francis Bacon. As an ardent Stratfordian the revelation came to me as a very great shock. My revulsion of feeling made me mentally sick to think that I had been befooled for years."

Mr. Dodd states that when this Rearrangement of the Sonnets was thus self-revealed to him, he knew nothing of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, apart from Donnelly's outline, and the

criticisms levelled at Baconians by writers like Sir Sidney Lee and Sir Henry Irving. He had never heard of Mrs. Gallup's *Cypher Story of Francis Bacon*, or Hepworth Dixon's *Personal Story Of Lord Bacon*. He probably never heard of William Kingsland's book, *The Real Madame Blavatsky*, nor of Beatrice Hasting's *Defence of H. P. Blavatsky*, in which she tears the S. P. R. position to tatters, as she does Solovyoff's *A Modern Priestess of Isis*, in the articles now appearing in this magazine, *Solovyoff's Fraud*.

Mr. Dodd spent the next twelve months after his dream sifting the false from the true, and in order to get to grips with the complete interpretation of the Author's imaginative utterances. The student must read these pages to understand how carefully he worked on the unravelment of the mysteries locked up in the Sonnets. On Page 51 he observes: "It may be asked whether, during this time, I had been consciously touched by any outside Intelligence? Had I asked for guidance . . . and so on? I never asked for any such help."

Nothing could be clearer than that the whole revelation had come from the activity of his own latent powers. There are very few modern instances of discoveries made through such means. Champollion's interpretation of the Rosetta stone is one of the best known. A recent one was the revelation of ancient foundations of buildings at Glastonbury, the existence of which had never been suspected. Several books have been written about this. The discovery of the Somerset Zodiac is due to the exercise of intuitive reasoning, the use of the same faculty possessed by Mr. Dodd but differently manifested. Intense concentration is the key to all these phenomena, and the inventions of an Edison, a Tesla, or a Marconi are only different in kind but not in principle.

None of these people needed to have

any additional proof of the reality of their discoveries or inventions than the results before them. Mr. Dodd, however, was not satisfied with having the proof of the truth of his revelation in his own hands. He went seeking from spiritualistic mediums, every Tom, Dick and Harry, or Jane, Kate and Sally, that sat in a seance room, for corroboration of his triumph. The proof is a literary one, and only a literary critic is capable of rendering an authoritative opinion on the value of the rearrangement of the Sonnets. Any open-minded student can see at once that no argument is required. The mystery reveals itself.

Mr. Dodd tries to show by interviews with mediums that Francis Bacon can communicate through them. Francis Bacon or the Man so known to history, has other work to do, and has probably reincarnated to fill some supremely important function in the world of men to whose interests he was devoted.

Mr. Dodd appears to be unaware that anything that he or anyone else ever knew, or saw or heard or read, or thought, or imagined, is stored up in his memory and though not always available to the brain consciousness, can be called up under hypnotic influence, or under the stress of intense concentration, as in his own experience. And that memory is always available to mediums and their "guides" in the degree of their sensitivity.

Such evidence is as nought compared with the evidence of one's own faculties. Mr. Dodd has had a miraculous experience and has given the world a marvellous gift, but he has discounted its value for most by unnecessarily tying it up with spiritualism.

A. E. S. S.

(*The Immortal Master*, by Alfred Dodd. Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, London, S.W. 7, England. pp. 108. 10s. 6d.)

MODERN IDOLATRY

Little children (chelas), keep yourselves from idols.—St. John.

I had a letter from Mr. Jinarajadasa dated August 24 saying: "The other day I posted you the book: 'The K. H. Letters to C. W. Leadbeater'. I could not get a new copy but found one that belonged to a member. A second edition is ready in India. I am posting you the book on Dickens as it seems to me to contain genuine material about his life. Perhaps you can pass it on to the library where you presented your books on Dickens."

The Dickens book duly arrived, apparently as the results of the article which appeared in our August issue. I had not seen the book before, but had read reviews of it. The book about Leadbeater also arrived, and a week later another copy of the same book reached me from Australia, asking me to review it. This article is the result. I should also say, perhaps, that Mr. Jinarajadasa sent me a copy of a letter he had had from the late Dr. Stokes, to whom he had sent the Leadbeater book. Dr. Stokes had replied: "What impressed me most is the light which it throws upon Leadbeater and seems to be the most valuable contribution which we have on this topic. I shall be very glad to emphasize this in the *Critic*." Dr. Stokes wrote this from his sick bed on May 28. His volatile and varying temperament would have given us something to consider, no doubt, but what he thought or might have thought cannot weigh with me in a careful study of Mr. Jinarajadasa's book.

What is obvious is the absolutely idolatrous attitude which Mr. Jinarajadasa assumes towards Mr. Leadbeater. Every man has a right to choose his idol, if he feels that he needs an idol to worship. And he has a right to paint his idol in any colour he pleases, to portray it as the most beautiful idol that

was ever depicted, and to worship it to his heart's content. He has also the right under our four or more freedoms to call upon other people to worship his idol as well as himself. They have their freedom and may refrain from worship if their judgment so dictates, and they may point out their reasons for this just as the worshipper gives his reasons for his devotion. It is necessary to define this perfect freedom which we practice in Canada under our T. S. Constitution which secures to every member the right to his own opinion, and the right to express that opinion. It is the only constitution, I believe, among those of the 48 national theosophical societies which contains this clause. We object to the Nazi and Fascist policy of suppressing information upon, or discussion of any subject. That freedom was part of the original policy of the theosophical society. The present leaders are afraid of it and adopt suppression à la Hitler.

Mr. Leadbeater is Mr. Jinarajadasa's idol and there is nothing anybody can do about it but either turn round and worship along with him, or repudiate such worship altogether. There are no spots on Mr. Jinarajadasa's Sun. He would not agree with Oliver Cromwell, who wanted all the moles on his face to be painted in his portrait. No saint in the Calendar, no Holy Man of literature, no angel, one might say, has ever been portrayed in the purity, the chastity, the sanctity, the perfection of truth and honour and devotion which Mr. Jinarajadasa presents as the character of Charles Webster Leadbeater. When he decided to make for himself an idol, he made a thorough good job of it.

When Nebuchadnezzar had a vision of a great Image he needed Daniel to tell him what it was. It had a head of gold, the heart and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet part of iron and part of clay. The difference with Mr. Jinarajadasa's

Image is that it is all clay, carefully covered with gold leaf. Perhaps its maker does not know the difference. Certainly few or none of the worshippers know. But some of us who have seen the manufacture going on, refuse to be deceived.

In this reputed biography there is no mention of the trial in 1906 after which the resignation of the Image from the theosophical society was demanded and received; no mention of that remarkable letter of Mrs. Besant's written on June 9, 1906; no word of a judge in an Indian court denouncing the Image as morally unfitted to have charge of boys; no mention of Mr. Edward Martyn's letter describing continued evil doings under the observation of Mrs. Martyn in their home; no word of a warrant issued for the arrest of the Image in Ontario; no account of police proceedings in Sydney, Australia, in 1922, and the reports then made; no attempt to give information about the concoction of "The Lives of Alcyone" as described in "Is This Theosophy?" by Mr. Ernest Wood, or of the dismay with which the discovery was received as described by Mr. Gillespie. Mr. Jinarajadasa appears to accept his own fabulous records as historic, and quotes one passage regarding an alleged interview between the Image and the Tathagata 40,000 years B.C. We reproduce this as the Image's conception of what the Manu was alleged to have said to him on this remote occasion.

"Hail! my brother through the ages;

Hail! my brothers yet to be;

You shall spread God's Love and
Wisdom

O'er the world from sea to sea.

"Many and great shall be your difficulties and trials, yet greater still shall be your reward; for many thousands of years you must toil in preparation for the task that few can undertake, but when it is achieved you shall shine as the stars in heaven, for yours is the

blessing of those who turn many to righteousness [Daniel xii. 3]. There is a spiritual dynasty whose throne is ever vacant, whose splendour never fails; its members form a golden chain whose links can never be torn asunder, for they draw back the world to God from whom it came. To that you belong; its labour and its lustre you must share."

For the remainder of this letter we must refer the reader to page 46 of the book. But one cannot help remarking that it is strange that the Manu should plagiarize by anticipation from Daniel as noted, and from Tennyson, the gold chain that binds the world to the feet of God. Mr. Jinarajadasa finds it necessary to explain "the mistrust of the Adepts to use the word God," page 40, but Mr. Leadbeater shows no such mistrust.

But, the reader may ask, What about these letters from the Adept on which the book is supposed to rest. They form indeed the very slender pegs on which to hang the book, and it takes some clever literary workmanship on the part of Mr. Jinarajadasa to create the atmosphere in which the illusion of the gold-leaf Image can exist. Miss Clara M. Codd, who is one of the idolaters, reviews the book in the April-May issue of *The Link*, and she opens with this statement: "This to my mind is the most important book that Mr. Jinarajadasa has yet written. The atmosphere is extraordinary. No wonder, for a correspondent from Adyar writes: 'he says that all he knows occultly he put in this last book.'"

We can scarcely suppose that Mr. Jinarajadasa has told all he knows, but he has told enough and quoted enough to leave the impression on the casual reader that the Idōl was in the thick of all this and was identified with it and took part in it and that he was largely responsible for it. All of which of course is part of the illusion. The three letters, it is admitted, were all written

in 1884-86. There is no evidence of any further communication of the Master with this correspondent. Mr. Jinarajadasa quotes a significant letter on page 42 of which we select the last two sentences: "Be pure, virtuous, and lead a holy life and you will be protected. But remember, he who is not as pure as a young child better leave chelaship alone."

The first letter to C.W.L. fills two pages of the book. The second fills ten lines. The third letter is, as Mr. Jinarajadasa states, "not a letter, but a brief message in six lines . . . precipitated on the last page of a letter of H. P. B." Thirty words. The rest of the 111 pages of the book consists of more or less justifiable padding. The first letter was written in reply to an application by Mr. Leadbeater, then a curate on a meagre salary, instead, as one fantastic admirer asserts, of being a "very respectable Church of England parson" in a "cosy position", addressed through a spiritualistic medium to the Master, and stating that his "one desire had been to place myself under Him as a pupil." This letter never reached the Master, as he says, but the contents did. The letter of the Master goes on to explain that the Master does not choose pupils. Becoming a chela or pupil of a Master "can only be the result of one's personal merit and exertions in that direction."

There is nothing in the letter that might not have been written to anyone, so that the idea that Mr. Leadbeater was specially favoured is erroneous. Similar instructions and advice were drawn up by William Quan Judge and approved by Madame Blavatsky for the benefit of thousands of applicants who wished to enter the Esoteric Section or Eastern School of Theosophy, in 1889 and subsequently.

The letter, like all such letters from the Masters, is invaluable and should be read by all who wish to understand the

lofty ideals of life and action which occultism demands. It is altogether a matter of action. "It is by *doing* noble actions and not by only determining that they shall be done that the fruits of meritorious actions are reaped." That is to say, there is no favour shown by Masters to anyone. The student or chela or pupil must earn what he gets and he owes nothing to anyone but himself for what he earns. The second brief note enjoins secrecy regarding his movements and gives a blessing and greeting as "my new chela." The third message was precipitated on the last page of a letter from Madame Blavatsky to Mr. Leadbeater. It reads: "Take courage. I am pleased with you. Keep your own counsel and believe in your better intuitions. The little man has *failed* and will reap *his* reward. SILENCE meanwhile. K. H."

Mr. Jinarajadasa interprets all these things as he deems best in the interests of his Idol. We do not regard his attempt to spread his gold leaf over the period from 1886 till 1934 as successful. He himself was misled in many things by his worship, one of them being his acceptance of the rank of an Arhat from the Gilded Image himself. As he does not emphasize this at present we can overlook such youthful indiscretions. Neither he nor any of the other six ever exhibited any of the qualities of an Arhat, and it would not occur to a real Arhat that any of his colleagues needed white-washing or gold-leafing. Real history has no blind eye for any part of its record. Partial record of the truth does not justify any attempt at history, which demands the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

A. E. S. S.

(*The "K. H. Letters to C. W. Leadbeater; with a Commentary by C. Jinarajadasa."* The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, 1941.)

SOLOVYOFF'S FRAUD

Being a critical analysis of the book "A Modern Priestess of Isis" translated from the Russian of Vsevolod S. Solovyoff by Walter Leaf.

By BEATRICE HASTINGS

(Continued from Page 224.)

[In the meanwhile, Madame Vera Jelihovsky was pursuing her extraordinary campaign against her famous sister, still disguising resentment and, no doubt, that feeling of defeated moral superiority which so often characterizes the families of the Ugly Duckling, under a more or less affected—or more or less sincere?—concern for Solovyoff's welfare. During the war that arose between Vera and Solovyoff after H.P.B.'s death, Solovyoff, quoted from a letter to him from Madame Jelihovsky. The date was Oct. 27th, 1884.]

You remember our conversation in the Parc Monceau? I could not then put the dots on many of the I's, but I think I explained enough to show you that Helena and I had little in common. I love her and I pity her profoundly. I hope that she loves me too, but—it is in her own way. Apart from this feeling, which has often inclined me to be indulgent, and even to shut my eyes to much that inwardly troubled me, there is nothing but difference between us.

I went to see her, at her expense, on the distinct understanding that not a word should be said about her cause and the society; subsequently this turned out to be impossible; I was drawn into the common whirlpool, and, to my great regret, I agreed to become a member of the society, so far as my conscience and religious convictions allowed it, and I even wrote accounts of what I heard and saw . . . If my accounts contain inaccuracies, they are unintentional, and no fault of mine. But that is not the question. Helena got angry with me, and ceased to write to me, and as I see, accuses me of cruelty and ingratitude. I am very sorry. I say honestly, I am heartily sorry that our relations should have been broken, perhaps for

ever; but I cannot sacrifice my *conscience* even for them. I do not accuse her; what she asks me to do seems to her a trifle; to me it seems a *crime*. Perhaps we look differently at things because I am a Christian, and she is—I know not what. She has been pressing me about this for a long time. I cannot fulfil her wish, and I will not; because I consider it not only dishonourable for myself, but fatal for her. The same view of this question was taken by the late — (an uncle, a rigidly Christian uncle, who had played a heavy part in forcing the youthful Helena into her hated marriage) the wisest man and the most thorough Christian I have ever known. He begged me on his death-bed not to yield to her demands, and to show her that above all she was harming herself. And so I have done many a time; but without success. X's

[the aunt, H. P. B.'s playmate and life-long friend]

great mistake is that she knows no bounds to her pity for Helena. That is why she says that she is the only one who is kind to her and loves her. God grant that this love may not lead to the ruin of both!

V. Jelihovsky.

[What can this "crime" have been? Solovyoff must have known, but is careful not to say! Even he, however, does not imply that Madame Blavatsky ventured to request her "Christian" sister to help her in common fraud. Then, what can have been this CRIME? We are never informed; but I think there is small doubt that it had to do with Madame Blavatsky's aversion from being considered a MEDIUM. I believe that she must have tried, in vain, to convince Vera that her early phenomena were never due to the action of "spirits", but to the help of her Master, even at a time when she did not

know this Master at all. As it happened, the whole family, including even Madame Fadeev, the devoted aunt, would sooner have believed Helena affected by "spirits" than by "masters". In a "Letter from H.P.B. to A. P. Sinnett" (p. 154), we read:

"... I told my aunt that the letter received from K.H. by her was no letter from a *Spirit* as she thought. When she got the proofs that they were living men, she regarded them as devils or *sold to Satan*. Now you have seen her. She is the shyest, the kindest, the meekest individual. All her life her money all is for others. Touch her religion and she becomes like a fury. I never speak with her about Masters."

"Like a fury" is a bit of verbal exaggeration, but Madame Fadeev decidedly did not like the idea of these uncanny Masters, unprovided for in the Christian programme except as priests and confessors, and probably the whole family regarded them as sorcerers of some kind. This idea would sufficiently account for the death-bed adjurations of the Uncle (Madame Fadeev's brother) and for Vera's remorse at having joined the society. In later years, Madame Jelihovsky changed her mind about these Masters and wrote a great deal in defence of her sister; but to the end, she persisted in seeing in Madame Blavatsky only a specially powerful medium. With nothing definite to go on, I come away from all this with the impression that Madame Blavatsky must have tried to convince Vera of her own early acquaintance with the Master that had always been with her and protecting her, but that Vera replied that she had never said any such thing and that she herself would consider it a crime to bolster up a delusion which would be only the worse if it were NOT a delusion. Madame Blavatsky's dislike of being thought ever to have been a medium led her near fanaticism; on the subject of spiritualistic "guides", she was plus roi que le roi! We see from the "Mahatma Letters" that the adepts worked with these guides more than once. Perhaps nothing could better indicate that Madame Blavatsky was not disguised as the Masters! The "Eglinton case" proves in fact that she was left considerably in the dark about the whole affair. The only guide she could ever tolerate was one, "Ski", whom she knew to have been used by her Master, and a certain

"John King" who apparently was used to watch her during a psychological crisis but whom she soon threw overboard with small ceremony. The story of the Theosophical Society shows that many a needless difficulty arose through Madame Blavatsky's rather unjust, and certainly undiplomatic, lack of consideration for the Spiritualist movement that has proved of the greatest human value as a check to the ruthless effort of Jesuitical domination.

[In reply to Vera's letter, Solovyoff wrote one that proves how far he was at this time from accepting her views of the Masters and her famous sister. Clearly, he had passed on some of H.P.B.'s uncomplimentary remarks, but such was his nature, delighting in mischief. The date is October 30.]

I send you with this a copy of my account of my experiences at Elberfeld, which I have sent to the London Society for Psychical Research. From this you will learn all that interests you, and you will be convinced of my courage in the face of public opinion. However, this courage has its limits, and I decidedly do not wish my adventures to get into the Russian papers. I have written to Pribytkoff about this. A time comes for everything, and in one way or another all will be explained; for there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed... Helena Petrovna leaves Liverpool to-morrow for Egypt first and then on to India. How she is still alive, how she can travel, travel such a distance and at this time of year, all this is a marvel to me. Or, rather, it is one of the proofs of the existence of the Mahatmas. (pp. 295, 298, App.)

[Three extracts from a letter of Nov. 21 are given by Madame J. (pp. 298, 301, 302, App.)]

Dear Vera Petrovna, I cannot fear for our friendship, however calumnies may threaten it; but what sadness all this causes!... It is all clear to me, and indeed one may say that Helena Petrovna has devoted her whole soul to the society. To the society and the cause. She is afraid of your influence on me to the prejudice of the society,

and the society has great need of me now . . . I never play a double game with anyone, and in proof of it I may quote some phrases from her letters: "You write that you do not care about the society, but I have devoted to it life, health, honour, career." "If you, my friend, actually suspect me of making a fraudulent phenomenon when a real one does not succeed, what will my enemies say?" But she knows that I really love her, and that I am her friend . . . Now here is a fact. It was also at Elberfeld that I received, to the great envy of the theosophists, an autograph letter of Koot Hoomi, and in Russian into the bargain. That it appeared in a manuscript which I was holding in my hand did not surprise me in the least; I had a presentiment of it beforehand, almost a knowledge. But what did surprise me was that the note spoke clearly and in detail about what we had been discussing a minute before. It contained an answer to my words; and during this minute I had been standing alone, no-one had come near me; and if it is to be supposed that some one had previously put the note in the book, then this someone must have had command of my thoughts, and forced me to say the words, the direct answer to which was contained in the letter . . . This amazing phenomenon I have distinctly observed myself several times, both in my own case and in that of others. What power! And beside this power, at times, what powerlessness . . . And when she comes to the end of her life, which I cannot but think is now only artificially prolonged by some magic power, I shall always grieve for this most unhappy and remarkable woman.

[At this moment, Solovyoff's beliefs and hopes were evidently high; he believed himself needed by the society; he had had the courage to send his account of the visit from the Master to the S.P.E., and only preferred the affair not to get into the Russian papers yet—"a time comes for everything . . . there is nothing hidden that

shall not be revealed". I fancy that he had returned to his early project of a journey to India, now that H.P.B. would be there, and saw himself a future particularly distinguished CHELA of the Mahatma. On this last point, H.P.B. wrote to Sinnett: "No wonder if . . . after having had a good look at him Master would have nothing more to do with him all my prayers notwithstanding". Solovyoff mentions no letters from Madame Blavatsky, but it is unlikely that he left her alone.]

"Three months had passed when I suddenly received a huge packet from Madras . . . and the following letter:

Adyar, Madras, 3rd January, 1885.

Dear kind V.S., I am worn out and harassed, but still living, like an old cat with nine lives. It is a conspiracy, my dear man, according to all the rules of Jesuitical art. Will you say now that the master does not protect me, openly and palpably? Any other in my place could not have been saved by God Himself and the hundred devils, had I been innocent as a babe at the font! And I have only to show myself and I am triumphant!

He wrote to Vera on Dec. 22nd, '84: he makes no mention of this letter or of the occurrence.

. . . . Three weeks ago, I dined in the green dining-room, which you know, with V. I ate with a good appetite. I drank very little, as always—in a word, I was quite myself. When dinner was over, I went up to my room to have a cigar. I opened the door, lit a match, lighted the candle, and there was Helena Petrovna standing before me in her black sacque. She greeted me, smiled, "Here I am," and vanished! What does this mean? Here is your question once more, hallucination or not? How am I to tell? That it is enough to make one go out of one's mind is certain; but I shall try not to do that.]

The January 3 letter continues:—

"Only fancy, they have printed letters with my name, some forty notes and letters, the most silly and senseless in their

contents generally, but many of them in my style, and all referring to phenomena which actually occurred. They (the letters) are all supposed to give instructions as to the best way of taking in some dignitary or other; all this with names and titles in full, and with the usual jeers at the supposed "fools". All this has been published by the missionaries, who, as is now proved, bought them off these scoundrels, who had been turned out of the society for theft and slander, for 3000 rupees, with commentaries and explanations. Even before they appeared in print there were distributed throughout India as many as 50,000 printed announcements of "The Fall of Madame Blavatsky. Fall of Mahatma Koot Hoomi. The Great Adept a Doll of Bladders and Muslin"—all in big letters, and posted up on all the street corners of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, etc. For the space of four months the newspapers, which even do not wait and give me time to reply from Paris whether I wrote such letters and when, have been openly declaring that I am guilty, arguing *en consequence* and abusing me in Billingsgate language. Then the American and London papers take up the part of a Greek chorus; and so the game goes on. Hundreds of theosophists are compromised, and made into laughing-stocks. Not one has wavered, they all stand by me in mass.

[It should be noted that Madame Blavatsky scarcely exaggerates at all throughout this letter as to the facts, incredible as such a campaign may seem to-day. Certain of the Indian Journals protested at the time against such a display of indecency as had never before been seen in India. The narrative she gives of her reception on arrival is perfectly correct.]

They have proved that the letters are forged, that the Coulombs are scoundrels and thieves, and therefore may have imitated my writings with the missionaries (as is now proved).

[Perhaps not proved then so clearly as to-day, but something may be allowed to a victim conscious of innocence.]

They are told that they are fools, that the phenomena do not exist, and never can exist in the world; *ergo*, the explanation by trickery is most natural, especially as Blavatsky is a criminal, a well-known Russian spy (well-known, indeed! Rubbish!) The papers are burying me a little too soon; they thought it was not possible for me to return to India at any time. At last when they found that I was coming back in spite of all this, they begin to cry that *c'est le courage du desespoir*. So much for that. Meanwhile I went to Cairo. There I learned through the consuls (Hitrovo gave me great assistance, and a letter to Nubar Pasha) that the Coulombs are fraudulent bankrupts who had decamped on the sly by night, and had several times been in prison for slander. She is a well-known charlatan and 'sorceress', who revealed buried treasure for money, and was caught red-handed—i.e., with the ancient coins which she used to bury beforehand, and so on. The French consul gave me official authority to hang them (!) and entrusted me with a power of attorney to get 22,000 francs from them. Countess della Sala, veuve Beketoff, nee princess Hussein is ours, so is the wife of the Khedive's brother. Maspéro, le directeur du Musée de Boulak, le grand Egyptologists, *idem*. I left Suez for home after a fortnight's stay in Cairo. *Fin de l'acte premiere*. The curtain falls. Act II. I sail in company with Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and the Reverend Leadbeater (a week before our departure from London he was a parson, *un cure*, and now he is a Buddhist), and we sail with a party of eight disgusting missionaries, with whom we all but quarrelled every day about myself.

[In the Memorial book, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley wrote: "Every insulting remark that could be made about H.P.B. was heard".]

These four males and four females of American Methodists had already read the lampoons of their devilish brethren the Scotch Calvinists, and they cackled. I looked at them as an elephant looks at a pug-dog, and got my own restlessness calmed down. They go for my Protestant parson, and he goes for them in my defence. In Ceylon I took public vengeance on them. I sent for the high priest of the Buddhists, and introduced the English parson theosophist to him; I proclaimed in the hearing of everyone that he wished to enter into Buddhism. He blushed, but was not greatly disturbed, for he had seriously made up his mind to do it, and in the evening a solemn ceremony was performed on shore in the Buddhist temple. The parson theosophist uttered the *pansil* (les cinq préceptes); a lock of hair was cut from his head; he became a Buddhist and a novice, and—I was revenged. In Ceylon we were met by Olcott, Hartmann, and many theosophists; a whole company of us set off for Madras. The day before our arrival (Gebhard le jeune, you remember, Rudolphe, was with us too) a new villainy had been done in Madras. In the name of the Coulombs, the missionaries issued a pamphlet in which they added several new calumnies to the old; for instance, that in the year, 1872 (when I was in Odessa), I was giving séances in Cairo, that I produced manifestations by fraud, that I took money for it, was found out and dishonoured. Fortunately, I had asked Hitrovo to get from the vice-consul, who knew me in Egypt in 1871, and used to come to see me, and was considered a friend of mine, a sort of certificate of testimonial of good conduct. Foreseeing that Madame Coulomb (whom I knew at the time in Egypt) would tell lies against me, I put to the consul all the questions which could arise through her in such a case, and received a reply on all the points stamped with the consular seal; to the

effect that the consul knew me, that he used to see me every day, and that he neither saw nor heard of any ill-conduct on my part.

[Madame Blavatsky would have been better advised to leave all this out of a letetr since it is a very long story. - In saying she was in Odessa in 1872, we may allow something to her exasperating notions of dates, but she did not go to Odessa until May or June and was in Cairo in the spring. She appears here almost to deny the séances, but as she never denied them anywhere else, we must suppose her "in a fix" and reluctant to relate the affair to one whom, evidently, she did not entirely trust even then. She should have left the matter alone. As everyone knows, she hired mediums for séances and these mediums cheated and were caught on a day when, as Madame Coulomb admits, or lets slip, on p. 3 of her pamphlet, "Some Account of my Association with Madame Blavatsky" (out of print), Madame Blavatsky was not present. As for the Buddhist affair, it was in bad taste and that is all that can be said—unless that Madame Blavatsky, like many another student of Gautama Buddha's philosophy, had small respect for the ceremonies and trappings that have grown up around the original teaching.]

Well, we arrived; the missionaries were drawn up on the shore to enjoy my disgrace. But before the anchor had been cast, a whole crowd of our theosophists was swarming all over the deck. They threw themselves down and kissed my feet, and at last hurried us on shore. Here there was a dense mass of people; some thirty vans with bands, flags, gilded cars and garlands of flowers. I had no sooner appeared on the wharf than they began to hurrah. I was almost deafened by the furious cries of triumph and delight. We were drawn, not by horses, but by theosophists, in a chariot preceded by a band walking backwards. After an hour's procession during which the missionaries disappeared as if they had rushed off to hell, we were taken to the town-hall, where we found 5000 people to complete my deafness. Lord, if you had only been there; how proud you would have

been of your countrywoman! Imagine 307 students of that very Christian College, whose missionary professors had hatched all this plot, signing an address which they publicly presented to me and read amid the loud applause of the public (Hindu of course). In this address, which I send you as a memento, and beg Madame de Morsier to translate, they say what you will see, and abuse their own principals. The chief point is that not one of them is a theosophist, they are merely Hindus. Then I was obliged to get up and make a speech. Imagine my position! After me, Olcott spoke, Mrs. Oakley and Leadbeater. Then they took us home, where I spent the first night in fever and delirium.

(When she was shown the famous hole in the wall in her bedroom, made by Mr. Coulomb, she collapsed in disgust and anger and had a fit)

"But there was no time for being ill now; on the 25th (we arrived on Dec. 23rd), our anniversary began, and some hundreds of people had collected. I demanded that they should let me go into court with a suit against the Coulombs and the missionaries, but they would not permit it. At last, a deputation of our delegates begged me not to take any step without the consent of the committee of the Grand Council, as the quarrel was rather a Hindu national, than an international affair, and I, H. P. Blavatsky, was only a transparent pretext selected in order to crush the society.

[Actually, several Indian journals took the view that the missionaries were attacking the Hindu religion as well as the theosophy that tolerates all religions. This is the explanation of the rally of the Hindu non-Theosophical students. No doubt, a greater blow to Christian propaganda in India was never given than by this extraordinary alliance of a few misguided missionaries with two dismissed servants, the Coulombs, against a woman so much beloved as H.P.B. A frank admission of the blunder would, even now, do no harm to the relations between ourselves and the Indians. As I have shown in "Defence of Madame Blavatsky", Vol. 2, the

Coulomb "fraud letters" cannot stand examination; bit by bit, the whole plot falls to pieces. In a future volume on the Report of Society for Psychological Research, I shall expose the stupidity and wilful injustice of this Report.]

"They say that my enemies are only seeking and longing to lure me into court, as all three English judges are on the side of the missionaries; that the libel is entirely founded on phenomena and Mahatmas in whom and in whose powers neither the law nor the ordinary public believe; in a word, that they are trying to get me into court, to catch me in my words when provoked

[and how easily! H.P.B. was always her own worst witness]

and to condemn me to imprisonment; i.e., to kill the society and morally kill me . . . So I have left myself in the hands and at the disposition of the committee. They sat three days and nights on the letters and documents and called more than 300 witnesses, six of them Europeans, the rest, *les natifs*. They brought in a verdict entirely acquitting me, and many letters were shown to be forgeries of my handwriting.

[An exaggeration. The committee sat on the letters as printed in the CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, but only four of the originals were shown to the theosophists. The handwriting is of small importance compared with the content of the fraudulent parts that I characterize as a most rubbishy fabrication and melting away under the least real scrutiny of facts, dates and circumstances. The whole of the "fraud" passages does not amount to two hundred and fifty lines scattered through some seventy letters; many of these lines are quite startlingly tagged on at the end of innocent paragraphs and others are contained in short notes. The performance of such a trivial forgery would certainly not have taxed greatly the powers of Mr. Coulomb who was a skilled draughtsman!]

"One theosophical rajah offers me by letter 10,000 rupees, another 30,000 rupees, another two villages for legal expenses, if I sue them, but the committee will not permit it. "You", they

say, "are the property of the society. The conspiracy is not against you but against theosophy in general. Sit still, we will defend you." Even the public understand at last that it was a trick of the missionaries. Several letters have appeared in the papers advising me not to fall into a trap. Lord, what a position! Here is the London Psychical Society (your friend Myers) sending out a member to make enquiry. He too, finds it is a huge plot. [Hodgson expenses were paid by Sidgwick. At first Hodgson affected to be great friends with the theosophists and most indecently abused their hospitality for many weeks in a curiously economical fashion.]

"Meanwhile, I am "sitting by the sea and waiting for the weather." The solemnity of the anniversary was immense. When the pamphlets are ready I will send them all. Meanwhile I send groups of the delegates and a group of the residents, all chelas of the Mahatmas. Once on a time, dear friend, you wrote and said that my honour and reputation were dear to you. Do defend me in the *Rebus*, in the name of all that is sacred. You see, they will believe in Russia, and this will be a disgrace. You are my one friend and defender, for God's sake, my angel, do intercede for me. Write the truth in the *Rebus*, to prevent their believing in the tattle of the papers. And there is another thing. You worried me to send Katkoff my *Blue Mountains* as soon as possible. Well, I sent it from Elberfeld in an insured parcel at the end of September or beginning of October and to this day there is not a word from him. I do not even know if he has received the manuscript, or has only not made up his mind to print. He is writing me to hurry up the second part of the *Caves*, but not a word about *Blue Mountains*. Do for God's sake write and find out at the office whether it is to be published or if it is lost. Ill luck on every side! May you be well and happy if possible. Answer

me soon; I don't believe that you have turned my enemy too. My greetings to Madame de Morsier and all our friends.

Yours to the end of the World, H. Blavatsky.

Oh, if I could only see you once more alive!

[Up to this point, I have reproduced all Madame Blavatsky's letters at full length, or so far as they are given; this to show what kind of tone she used towards Solovyoff. I cannot find that it was the tone of a wheedling charlatan towards a dupe! Far from that, she treats him sometimes with small ceremony as one of the numerous bores who crowded around her and annoyed her both with their fits of impotent occult aspiration and of fashionable incredulity. On the whole, however, the tie of nationality prevails over everything else. Solovyoff was a Russian and—sacred! She writes him long letters to keep his friendship and in these letters there is very little to take out as exaggeration; they are genuine letters of friendship. Considering that she was very ill most of the time at Adyar, almost at death's door for weeks; that she was undergoing mentally something as near the "third degree" as anyone would care to experience; for even Olcott was constantly challenging her to disprove this or that WHICH SHE HAD NO MEANS OF DISPROVING THEN—these letters show remarkable self-restraint and moderation. Also, we have only the translations; and Madame Blavatsky's pen was the pen of a born writer, a genius, so we need not doubt that the Russian originals lose a good deal in lightness of touch if not in sincerity of expression. For the rest of this present book. I shall not quote Madame Blavatsky in full, but shall omit all irrelevant gossip notes regarding her health, comfort and surroundings.]

XIII.—XV.

[These chapters contain an abridgment of the Report of the Society for Psychical Research. Why this should be placed thus, in the middle of Solovyoff's NOVEL and quite out of the period is not much of a mystery; he felt the aesthetic need of some support of the same muddy colour as his own inventions, in his perverted tale, about a famous countrywoman. The report does not in the least concern us here, as it was issued long after the events of the next chapter.]

XVI.

"The spring had now insensibly stolen on, and I had not heard a sound or a sign about Madame Blavatsky . . . Olcott announced that Madame had been sick unto death, past all hope; that doctors had pronounced her to be dead, but that Mahatma M. had unexpectedly saved her, and that she was convalescent."

[Letter produced by Madame Jelihovsky, date March 7, 1885.]

Young Gebhard has been here lately, on his return from India. He says that Helena Petrovna is very ill. We have since received Olcott's circular announcing the miracle that has been wrought on her [her recovery]. But in any case, in my belief, her days are numbered. It is terribly soon. Her years are not many, and the chief thing is that her mind is clear, and her literary talent in full vigour. But what of all this now? . . . (p. 305. App.)

"Suddenly I received a letter from Italy:—

Torre del Greco, Naples,
Hotel del Vesuvio, April 29th.

Dear Vesvolod Sergyeitch,

Arrived! They have brought me back half dead, and if I had stayed in India I should have been dead altogether. "In the mangle if not in the wash", you see. The intrigues of the Coulombs and the cursed missionaries have not succeeded, not a single theosophist has deserted; they received me on my return to Madras with all but a salvo of cannon . . . The Russians are coming to India through Afghanistan; ergo, the Russian woman Blavatsky must be a Russian spy. No matter that there is not a particle of evidence for it . . . I wish you would come . . . One cannot say everything in a letter, and I have a great deal to tell you before I go off.

I immediately replied to this letter"

[Letter produced not by Solovyoff but by Mme. J.]

Sunday, May 3rd.

Dear Helena Petrovna, I do not know how to express to you my delight that you are in Europe. At all events, it seems that you are nearer, and that a meeting is more possible. Moreover, your departure from India did not strike me as strange; on the first news of our movements in Asia, A. began to assure me that the English would infallibly make themselves disagreeable to you, and that you would leave.

Remember that I told you that the time is rapidly approaching when the Russians and the Hindus will join? You thought it was not so soon. But you see! and apart from human wishes and plans, the inevitable destinies of history do their work . . . I cannot get the *Russky Vjestnik* here, but I heard some time ago from Moscow that your *Blue Mountains* was to begin. Probably it is already in print. Now, you see, it is the very time to write about India. Do get well! Scribble me a line. I will write to you when I am free from work, and that often.

Your sincerely devoted

Vs. Solovyoff. (p. 306. App.)

(To Be Continued.)

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