

THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

Divine Wisdom

Brotherhood

Occult Science

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THE ALPHA AND OMEGA

By THE EDITOR

No phrase has caused more wonderment among young and old, ancient and modern, than this summation of all things in the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, so often paraphrased in the familiar "He knows it all from A to Z." This does not sound so impressive, so dignified nor so mysterious, as from Alpha to Omega. Yet it means just the same thing. We are easily scared and sometimes deceived by high-sounding words and phrases, before we stop to ask their meaning and analyze their import. At this season we may appropriately consider the meaning of the phrase, for the name of the month, January, has much the same signification. Janus was the two-faced God of the Romans, looking both ways, both backward and forward, towards the beginning and also towards the end. But there is a magical moment still more significant than beginning or end—the present moment. That dividing line between past and future, between life and death, between the eternity that was and the eternity that is ever-becoming, that dividing line is the miraculous NOW. The present moment is our own, wrote the poet-philosopher, Robert Burns, the next we never saw. Such is

the importance of that moment, if we could master it, we could wield the Sceptre of Time itself.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, said the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." This is the Great Gospel of the Spiritual Life, the Life that values the life of daily time only as it reveals the Eternal Truth to man in his own heart. The moment in which the Soul of Man has lost its consciousness of the Over-Soul of which it is a Scintilla—a Spark, is a lost moment, plunged in the abysses of death and oblivion. To live, we must be alive, not alive in flesh and blood alone, nor in the futile happiness that the Epicureans seek to tempt their disciples with; but alive in service, alive with the creative hosts, even were it but as hewers of wood and drawers of water, alive in the inmost where the beginning and the end are as one moment, and that moment the Eternal Joy. Love, joy, peace, these are fruits of the Spirit, and they shall conquer war and hate and cruelty, for these modes of death belong to the moments that are forgotten when with the Great Companions men enter into the Brotherhood of the True.

RUSSIA HAS EMERGED

BY VERY REV. PETER BRYCE, D.D.

In The Toronto Star, 23rd July

There has been in recent weeks a revival of interest in Russia. This applies to all classes of people. I do not believe there has been at any time more discussion, or more eager questioning, regarding this vast land and her peoples.

It is now accepted that Russia has emerged as a major factor in the life of Europe and of the world. It is not too much to say that this constitutes the beginning of a new era in human history. It is an event of historic magnitude. It has been described as one of the great tidal movements in human life. It compels us to think on a new scale. History records that from the 15th century there has been a continuous expansion of western people and western influence, until at the beginning of the present century western influence was predominant.

It now appears that the tide of human life is beginning to flow in another direction. Stimulated by industrialization and the war, the vast peoples of Asia are being brought into the main stream of world action. Russia is part of that wider movement.

There are two ways in which nations can be brought more closely together. One is by their state departments, the other is by popular sympathy and understanding. So often we distrust that which we do not know, and fear that which is hidden from us. It is essential that we should learn all we can regarding our ally Russia, and understand better the people with whom our destinies have been linked in war, and with whom we must work and live together in peace.

Certain facts have emerged from our discussions of Russia. It has been described as "a mosaic of races and cultures" developed as a "united group of sovereign peoples," totalling in the

neighbourhood of 200,000,000 persons. Besides the Russian Slavic group of 150,000,000, there are 5,000,000 Japhetides of the Caucasus, 20,000,000 Turco-Tatars of central Asia east of the Caspian, 4,500,000 Finno-Ugrians in the north, as well as basic Iranian, Mongolian, Jewish, German, Greek, Siberian and Baltic stocks. There are no racial distinctions. All peoples are free and equal. One hundred and fifty languages and dialects are spoken.

The natural resources of Russia are limitless. "Comprising one-sixth of the earth's land area, she stretches in unbroken expanse half-way around the world. From the waters of the Black sea, and the mountainous frontiers of India, her flatlands march beyond the Arctic circle, where her legal northern boundary is now set at the pole. From above Moscow to the Caspian sea, the great Volga drains the land, but there are also great rivers in the north, the Lena and the Enesi, almost 2,800 miles long, and the Ob, 3,200 miles long." There are rapidly developing communities in the Arctic regions, one city already having a population of 220,000.

The known coal reserves of Russia are 21 per cent. of the world's total, its prospected oil fields 55 per cent., its iron ore beds 20 per cent., its forest reserves 33 per cent., and its black soil area is the largest in the world.

In social achievement Russia has made remarkable strides in the past 25 years. The country is now well on the way to literacy. The number of school children has increased from eight million to 47 million, high school pupils from one to 12 million, and university students from 100,000 to 600,000.

Medicine is socialized. Hospital beds increased from 138,623 in 1920 to nearly 600,000 in 1940. Special attention is given to the health of children.

There is a complete system of old age and accident insurance, and social insurance generally. Holidays are given

with pay. The seven-day week with a universal Sunday rest-day has replaced the six-day week with a rotating free day.

As to religious liberty, what appears to be permitted up to the present time is worship within the churches. Religious education is limited largely to the family. Permission has been given to the Holy Synod to establish a theological institution in Moscow. This marks a decided change in policy, and what other changes it may herald remains to be seen. The official policy in relation to the church has changed. As for the people, there is abundant evidence that a renewal of religious fervour is taking place among them.

Soon the Russian people will have swept from their land the German hordes, the greatest army ever assembled against any country. This will rank as one of the greatest achievements in military history. It will be recorded as a victory for the people as a whole, for which they have paid a terrible price. It is estimated that at least 15 million Russian soldiers have been killed or wounded or are missing, and as many more civilians, men, women and children, have been killed or are missing, in that part of Russia occupied by the Germans.

The Russians have made a great contribution in the war, and they will make a great contribution in the peace. They have been allied with us during the last three terrific years of war. With every possibility for dissension the Allies still present a united front, and they will together bring the war to a successful conclusion.

It is not too much to believe that the spirit of co-operation and conciliation which has kept the Allies together in war, will keep them united in the supreme and stupendous and baffling problems of peace.

THE HOPE OF MANKIND

You may be a good engineer, a clever chemist, or a lauded poet, or a hewer of coal, an heroic defender of your country, or anything at all.

You can work in your sphere efficiently without having regard to your general conduct in life, and without contributing during a whole lifetime, one iota to the real betterment of mankind. You can flow down the tide of a lifetime and never give birth to a thought you can call 'your own'.

You can live through a life taking for granted the Sun, moon and stars, with never a question about them. Never a wonder why such things are.

You think that vegetables and wheat just happened along to give you a feed. You take it for granted that fish, fowl and beast happened along so that you can look forward to Sunday's dinner.

There are scores of millions of you. You got to church maybe once a week, or three times in one life. You take it all for granted.

There are a few who think—but their thought is prompted by desire, by lust for power, and 'you' are told this and that. Then suddenly you are surrounded by the necessity to wage war.

Now suppose the millions of you's asked why and why! Suppose you asked if there is not something more to it than just going about in pursuit of your every-day ways—with a bit of pleasure at nights. Would you not be startled at finding yourself—THINKING? Is it not the job of 'things' to provide for the needs of other things higher up in the scale of existence? Then what of man, does *he* live for himself alone? Has he no job to do, has he no contribution to make to the maintenance of the life beneath him and above him?

Think you a rose blooms for some little child to say "Isn't it pretty?" Do you think you have nothing in common with the vast and majestic flowing of

action which builds the destinies of nations, mankind and the Solar System?

When you have finished the daily grubbing which is your 'job', what appeals to you—Home! Which means LOVE, CO-OPERATION, SERVICE, MORALITY, BEAUTY.

What then is missing in the routine of your lives? Just these same necessary, intangible things which bring us rest and peace, and happiness.

These things are lacking—have been lacking in the Council Chambers of the nations. Man must use the powers which rank him higher than the beasts of the jungle. These are Mind, Thought, Soul-force or Morality. He must use these powers co-operatively.

But you say to me, if I do think of questions, I cannot find the answers, and if I do find some sort of answer, how do I know if it is right? Here is a general rule I suggest. If an answer to a question does not stand the test—"Will mankind be better, happier, kindlier for this knowledge, then the thing is not right."

Listen! Take a glimpse down the centuries. What sort of person brought any benefit to mankind? I mean lasting benefit. It is obviously not the person with a battle-axe.

The ruler who rules by common consent of the love of a people, bestows benefit. So does the teacher of MORALITY; the one who shows men how to live together in peace and general co-operation. He has conferred the greatest benefit. The things that make terrestrial life better, the arts, beauty, high morality, love, are the producers of peace. War destroys these things.

Real Theosophy, if studied and practically tested, will provide you—Christian, Buddhist, Moslem or Atheist, whatever you are—with keys to your problems of life, so that you will become a better Christian or Buddhist or what-not—aye and a better engineer, chemist and coal-hewer, because you will see

reason, necessity and morality behind your portion of the world's action. You will learn to contribute your thought to the sum total, and with this difference—you will *know why* you are doing it.

The Theosophical Society does *not* hope to make any material profit out of you, but it does want your support, it does want you to 'test' its stuff, because the Theosophical Society having in its ranks thinking men and women of all nations and religious persuasions, seeks only Universal Brotherhood—a necessity now realized by the world's greatest statesmen—and a platform where all may meet without differences.

Theosophy has been labouring to get this big, but essential idea 'across' for sixty years or more, so you can see that if the millions of you only *did think*, civilization would not now be in dire peril of obliteration.

There is a great hope for mankind in Theosophy—the Ancient Wisdom—a large HOPE.

It is just commonsense that if man makes material possessions the aim of life, identifying himself therewith, he cannot indefinitely maintain his place as a human being, linked as he is to the next higher power in evolution. He must lose that place, and enter the eliminative processes whereby Nature melts down her 'failures'.

THEOSOPIHY OFFERS YOU THE KEY OF LIFE.

H. D. R.

From *Y Fforwm Theosoffaidd for October*.

A WESTERN MESSAGE

Editor, *The Canadian Theosophist*:—I have no ability as a writer, but would consider it a great favour if you would publish the following in *The Canadian Theosophical Magazine*, even though it may not be written in proper literary form. After reading article in November issue of *Canadian Theosophist Magazine* re "When Ghost Meets Ghost", by Mr. L. Furze Morrish, I got a feeling of

resentment and disgust, but on quiet thought I felt sorry for him. Any Theosophist who has read and studied the following books: Ocean of Theosophy, Key to Theosophy, Esoteric Buddhism, the two volumes of Isis, the three volumes of The Secret Doctrine, the Mahatma Letters, along with the Glossary, knows that Mr. Smythe stands for the *true* Theosophical teachings of the Masters of Divine Wisdom.

Many individuals who call themselves Theosophists, do not study for themselves, and one cannot get all these truths, by just attending a few lectures, for H.P.B. distinctly stated that the student who takes up this study and wishes to succeed must study very hard if he wishes to master the Divine Mysteries.

The Secret Doctrine tells us that no one can digest his own food for him but himself—predigested meals are no better than dried up breakfast foods substituted for fresh grains or fruits, therefore books written in the last fifty years by those who thought, with *good intentions*, that they were explaining and interpreting the S. D., usually have just confused the student. So it is far better that the student study hard for himself and *digest* the teachings for himself. For we must digest our own knowledge.

The gates of knowledge of Divine Wisdom are carefully guarded and zealously watched and everyone has to fight his own way.

Ten years ago I made up my mind to become a member of the Theosophical Society. I did not then know of the dividing line in the society; consequently I applied for particulars and fees, to the Federation Lodge. The reason I did not join was because I was notified that Federation Lodge dues were ten dollars per year, and being a widow with limited means, I could not afford this amount. Later on however, I luckily heard of Toronto Blavatsky Lodge

whose yearly dues only amount to two dollars and fifty cents including magazine; so I immediately joined *The Canadian Theosophical Lodge* about nine years ago and bless the day I became a member. But, if it had not been for the financial part I would have unfortunately joined the wrong school and have been in the dark the same as Mr. Furze Morrish. But you can rest assured I would not have stayed in the dark any longer than necessary, for the books are there for us all to study and my studies of the books I have mentioned would have soon opened my eyes and heart to the truth. For, as one great teacher Jesus said: "Seek ye the truth and the truth will make you free." I only hope that Mr. Furze Morrish will take my advice, which I give with all kindness and sincerity; that is—To seek the truth for himself.

My greatest wish is that you may be spared many more years to pass on true Theosophical teachings to those seeking the truths with all earnestness. Faithfully yours.

Mrs. E. Brunton.

206 Robson Street,
Nelson, B.C., 4/12/44.

SOUTH AFRICAN NOTES

Editor, *The Canadian Theosophist*.—So pleased to receive your letter of April 27th last, together with the issue containing the article on "Dowsing", also further issue with paragraph "This Shaving Business". I trust they will create some interest in Africa, although we are south of the Equator, the natives here are given *no* opportunity to study or understand Theosophy. We have a rigid and intolerant colour bar against all coloured people, and the people who fight most tenaciously for their rights are the Communists,—they are absolutely fearless. Personally, I think that it will be through the Communists and Trade Unions, based on the Soviet pattern which will bring enlightenment to the natives and coloureds here—possibly

Theosophy also, from what I have seen of the T.S. in South Africa (I have no connection with any lodge here, and rarely see the sectional magazine). They appear completely out of touch with the people. Mutual friends who *are* connected with the Society feel that the Society is more of a club and meeting place than an organization to study Theosophy. Perhaps the Society organization at the present time is outdated and unsuitable as a vehicle to make Theosophy alive and vital, when we hear of the great methods used by the B.B.C. to popularize questions of general knowledge, and as the "Brains Trust" (I have never heard of Theosophy being discussed), the series "Your Question Answered by an Expert," and so on, yet in South Africa Theosophy remains a curiosity, something to be classed with fortune telling and astrology! I think ways and means could be found here, and not too expensive either.

You mention about leopard men in the Congo, we have nothing like that in the Union—to my knowledge, at any rate. But from residents in Belgian Congo I have been told that the natives there admire the leopard for his ferocity, his cunning, and his virile strength. They attack the leopard only when he pounces on their cattle, then they hunt him and kill, skinning the body, *but not touching the flesh*. The skin they cure and with the claws (greatly prized) and teeth as necklaces perform tribal dances emulating the leopard in hunting for his prey. The werewolf or vampire idea I have not been able to confirm, the majority think not but suspect it.

The Bushman here is very primitive, seldom seen by the white man, but wonderful hunters. They are fast dying out and our Government has taken steps to protect them. Just recently however we had an amazing account in our papers of Bushmen killing some R.A.F. boys in a remote country district. It appears that a plane on practice flight

became lost, and as this happened inland and near a desert, search was made for the missing men. No trace of them were found, but the remains of the plane which had crashed. The search parties had, however, come across some Bushmen children and as they are very shy and timid, run away when seen by Europeans, no attempt was made to capture them. However, the police got wind of foul play and they rounded up the Bushmen tribe. There were only a few adults, some children, and a few sheep, and after questioning they admitted *as a group* they were all responsible for the killing of the airmen (two men) who had asked them for help and assistance. They took the men to their huts, allowed them to sleep then beat them to death with their knobkerries. They finally cut the bodies up and cooked the meat and celebrated as if returned from a great hunt. The aeroplane, they said, was evil and the airmen, though white, were also evil, and as they killed *evil* things they killed the airmen. The whole account created a painful impression and much criticism was published in the papers that the Government was so slow in assisting these people. I consider that our Government is fully aware of the problem but being fully committed to the War Effort and having great trouble with our nationalist opposition, cannot do justice to them.

I trust that all our friends in Canada are carrying on with the good work. I have been much interested in hearing of Canada's War Effort and trust more will be done. We have done very well here considering, but are capable of much more development.

With all good wishes to you, and hope to hear from you again. With all good wishes to the Society in Canada, I am, yours sincerely

Thomas B. Lawrie.

P.O. Box 52, The Strand, C.P.,
7th Aug., 1944.

“THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE”

We are not circulating the enclosed open letter (some will have received it with the last issue by mistake) from Dr. W. E. Wilks to Mr. Geoffrey Hodson, reprinted from *The Canadian Theosophist*, because we agree or disagree with its contents. Upon some of the matters discussed in it we see other “slants” that seem to have their part in the wholeness of truth. On some we have open minds with conclusions still unformed, but we believe all views should not only be expressed but heard and heeded. To talk of freedom of thought and expression in the T.S. is canting hypocrisy if the dissemination of unpopular views is suppressed. There are those who think that the Adyar T.S. has betrayed Mme. Blavatsky and her Adept Teachers by substituting paste-imitations for the pearls of great price which they offered to the world; that an exaltation of englamouring psychism has dazzlingly occluded her stern message of spiritual self-reliance, and that a resurgence of ritualized worship and superstition, utterly incompatible with Mme. Blavatsky’s error-shattering message of brilliantly enlightening truth, is spreading, in the form of the Liberal Catholic Church, like a vampirizing and devitalizing cancer in the body of The Theosophical Movement. There is a case to be considered for that view. As Theosophists we are bound to repudiate error and yield to truth. We cannot rightly ignore and brush aside challenges so sweeping and far-reaching as these. They call for careful and impartial examination and assessment, with all astral impulses of resentment, personal loyalties and partisanship clamped down, yet with the warm comradely recognition that whoever has been, is, or will be in error, or whoever we may think is in error, all are our brothers, all struggling, however deludedly, for the ultimate pearl of great price. This

is not an appeal for softness and sloppiness. If hard-hitting is called for, let the bell ring and the seconds leave the ring. Let the fight be fair and sportsmanlike, no foul blows, nothing to mar the friendly aftermath, for Truth-fights are good things when well conducted and should never be shunned when necessary.—*Eirenicon for December.*

THE CUP AND SAUCER WONDER

We live in an age of miracles, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, all the marvels of electricity, chemistry and applied science which have created a new age or eon on the earth, yet the masses of men and women who have these marvels at their service abuse them rather than use them and the moral standards of society are no higher than those of two centuries ago. Is it any wonder then that the infinitely more subtle marvels of occult science are not placed at the disposal of a humanity which has not even yet learned to respect if not to honour all the members of the human family according to their intelligence and their co-operation, and not on account of the colour of their skin. Black, brown, red, yellow or white makes no difference whatever to the incarnate soul that is endeavouring to understand the Laws of the Life it has to live. When it and its fellows learn and practise the Law of the Brotherhood of Man Wisdom will be revealed to it and the Earth will enter upon an Age of Peace.

The Theosophical Movement was initiated by two of the Masters of Wisdom in 1875. Subsequently Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, president and corresponding secretary of the Society which had been formed, went to India, and sought to interest the English-speaking people there. Among these was Mr. A. P. Sinnett, editor of the leading newspaper. He wrote brilliant-

ly and many were attracted to Theosophy by his two books, *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism*. In the first of these he gave accounts of some of the phenomena by which it was hoped to interest the public. In later years this effort has been regarded by many as a mistake, as those who were attracted by phenomena rarely had the mind to devote itself to wisdom. One of these notable displays of occult power is known as the tea-cup miracle, and we give the story as Mr. Sinnett wrote it in *The Occult World* in 1882. The reception it received may be judged by the article which follows, which we owe to Mrs. Nash who gives her own explanation of how she obtained it. The late Beatrice Hastings had written one of her masterly analyses of this story and left the manuscript to me to print. Miss Green, the executor, however, has so far been unable to find the MS. Perhaps this stirring up of the long ago facts may help to uncover the lost article.

Here then is the story of the Tea-cup and Saucer:

I come now to the incidents of a very remarkable day. The day before, I should explain, we started on a little expedition which turned out a *coup manqué*, though, but for some tiresome mishaps, it might have led, we afterwards had reason to think, to some very interesting results. We mistook our way to a place of which Madame Blavatsky had received an imperfect description—or a description she imperfectly understood—in an occult conversation with one of the Brothers then actually passing through Simla. Had we gone the right way that day we might have had the good fortune of meeting him, for he stayed one night at a certain old Thibetan temple, or rest-house, such as is often found about the Himalayas, and which the blind apathy of commonplace English people leads them to regard as of no particular interest or importance. Madame Blavatsky was

wholly unacquainted with Simla, and the account she gave us of the place she wanted to go to led us to think she meant a different place. We started, and for a long time Madame declared that we must be going in the right direction because she felt certain currents. Afterwards it appeared that the road to the place we were making for, and to that for which we ought to have made, were coincident for a considerable distance; but a slight divergence at one point carried us into a wholly wrong system of hill-paths. Eventually Madame utterly lost her scent; we tried back; we who knew Simla discussed its topography and wondered where it could be she wanted to get to, but all to no purpose. We launched ourselves down a hill-side where Madame declared she once more felt the missing current; but occult currents may flow where travellers cannot pass, and when we attempted this descent I knew the case was desperate. After a while the expedition had to be abandoned, and we went home much disappointed.

Why, some one may ask, could not the omniscient Brother feel that Madame was going wrong, and direct us properly in time? I say this question will be asked, because I know from experience that people unused to the subject will not bear in mind the relations of the Brothers to such inquirers as ourselves. In this case, for example, the situation was *not* one in which the Brother in question was anxiously waiting to prove his existence to a jury of intelligent Englishmen. We can learn so little about the daily life of an adept in occultism, that we who are uninitiated can tell very little about the interests that really engage his attention; but we can find out this much—that his attention is constantly engaged on interests connected with his own work, and the gratification of the curiosity concerning occult matters of persons who are not regular students of occultism forms no part of

that work at all. On the contrary, unless under very exceptional conditions, he is even forbidden to make any concessions whatever to such curiosity. In the case in point the course of events may probably have been something of this kind:—Madame Blavatsky perceived by her own occult tentaculæ that one of her illustrious friends was in the neighbourhood. She immediately—having a sincere desire to oblige us—may have asked him whether she might bring us to see him. Probably he would regard any such request very much as the astronomer royal might regard the request of a friend to bring a party of ladies to look through his telescopes; but none the less he might say, to please his half-fledged “brother” in occultism, Madame Blavatsky, “Very well, bring them, if you like: I am in such and such a place.” And then he would go on with his work, remembering afterwards that the intended visit had never been paid, and perhaps turning an occult perception in the direction of the circumstances to ascertain what had happened.

However this may have been, the expedition as first planned broke down. It was not with the hope of seeing the Brother, but on the general principle of hoping for something to turn up, that we arranged to go for a picnic the following day in another direction, which, as the first road had failed, we concluded to be probably the one we ought to have taken previously.

We set out at the appointed time next morning. We were originally to have been a party of six, but a seventh person joined us just before we started. After going down the hill for some hours a place was chosen in the wood near the upper waterfall for our breakfast: the baskets that had been brought with us were unpacked, and, as usual at an Indian picnic, the servants at a little distance lighted a fire and set to work to make tea and coffee. Concerning this some joking arose over the fact that we

had one cup and saucer too few, on account of the seventh person who joined us at starting, and some one laughingly asked Madame Blavatsky to create another cup and saucer. There was no set purpose in the proposal at first, but when Madame Blavatsky said it would be very difficult, but that if we liked she would try, attention was of course at once arrested. Madame Blavatsky, as usual, held mental conversation with one of the Brothers, and then wandered a little about in the immediate neighbourhood of where we were sitting—that is to say, within a radius of half-a-dozen to a dozen yards from our picnic cloth—I closely following, waiting to see what would happen. Then she marked a spot on the ground, and called to one of the gentlemen of the party to bring a knife to dig with. The place chosen was the edge of a little slope covered with thick weeds and grass and shrubby undergrowth. The gentleman with the knife—let us call him X—— as I shall have to refer to him afterwards—tore up these in the first place with some difficulty, as the roots were tough and closely interlaced. Cutting then into the matted roots and earth with the knife, and pulling away the *debris* with his hands, he came at last, on the edge of something white, which turned out, as it was completed excavated, to be the required cup. A corresponding saucer was also found after a little more digging. Both objects were in among the roots which spread everywhere through the ground, so that it seemed as if the roots were growing round them. The cup and saucer both corresponded exactly, as regards their pattern, with those that had been brought to the picnic, and constituted a seventh cup and saucer when brought back to where we were to have breakfast. I may as well add at once that afterwards, when we got home, my wife questioned our principal khitmutgar as to how many cups and saucers of that particular kind we

possessed. In the progress of years, as the set was an old set, some had been broken, but the man at once said that nine teacups were left. When collected and counted that number was found to be right, without reckoning the excavated cup. That made ten, and as regards the pattern, it was one of a somewhat peculiar kind, bought a good many years previously in London, and which assuredly could never have been matched in Simla.

Now, the notion that human beings can create material objects by the exercise of mere psychological power, will of course be revolting to the understandings of people to whom this whole subject is altogether strange. It is not making the idea much more acceptable to say that the cup and saucer appear in this case to have been "doubled" rather than created. The doubling of objects seems merely another kind of creation—creation according to a pattern. However, the facts, the occurrences of the morning I have described, were at all events exactly as I have related them. I have been careful as to the strict and minute truthfulness of every detail. If the phenomenon was not what it appeared to be—a most wonderful display of a power of which the modern scientific world has no comprehension whatever—it was, of course, an elaborate fraud. That suppositian, however, setting aside the moral impossibility from any point of view of assuming Madame Blavatsky capable of participation in such an imposture, will only bear to be talked of vaguely. As a way out of the dilemma it will not serve any person of ordinary intelligence who is aware of the facts, or who trusts my statement of them. The cup and saucer were assuredly dug up in the way I describe. If they were not deposited there by occult agency, they must have been buried there beforehand. Now, I have described the character of the ground from which they were dug up; assuredly

that had been undisturbed for years by the character of the vegetation upon it. But it may be urged that from some other part of the sloping ground a sort of tunnel may have been excavated in the first instance through which the cup and saucer could have been thrust into the place where they were found. Now this theory is barely tenable as regards its physical possibility. If the tunnel had been big enough for the purpose it would have left traces which were not perceptible on the ground—which were not even discoverable when the ground was searched shortly afterwards with a view to that hypothesis. But the truth is that the theory of previous burial is morally untenable in view of the fact that the demand for the cup and saucer—of all the myriad things that might have been asked for—could never have been foreseen. It arose out of circumstances themselves the sport of the moment. If no extra person had joined us at the last moment the number of cups and saucers packed up by the servants would have been sufficient for our needs, and no attention would have been drawn to them. It was by the servants, without the knowledge of any guest, that the cups taken were chosen from others that might just as easily have been taken. Had the burial fraud been really perpetrated it would have been necessary to constrain us to choose the exact spot we did actually choose for the picnic with a view to the previous preparations, but the *exact* spot on which the ladies' jampanes were deposited was chosen by myself in concert with the gentleman referred to above as X—, and it was within a few yards of this spot that the cup was found. Thus, leaving the other absurdities of the fraud hypothesis out of sight, who could be the agents employed to deposit the cup and saucer in the ground, and when did they perform the operation? Madame Blavatsky was under our roof the whole time from the previous evening

when the picnic was determined on to the moment of starting. The one personal servant she had with her, a Bombay boy and a perfect stranger to Simla, was constantly about the house the previous evening, and from the first awakening of the household in the morning—and as it happened he spoke to my own bearer in the middle of the night, for I had been annoyed by a loft door which had been left unfastened, and was slamming in the wind, and called up servants to shut it. Madame Blavatsky it appears, thus awakened, had sent her servant, who always slept within call, to inquire what was the matter. Colonel Olcott, the President of the Theosophical Society, also a guest of ours at the time of which I am speaking, was certainly with us all the evening from the period of our return from the abortive expedition of the afternoon, and was also present at the start. To imagine that he spent the night in going four or five miles down a difficult *khud* through forest paths difficult to find, to bury a cup and saucer of a kind that we were not likely to take in a place we were not likely to go to, in order that in the exceedingly remote contingency of its being required for the perpetration of a hoax it might be there, would certainly be a somewhat extravagant conjecture. Another consideration—the destination for which we were making can be approached by two roads from opposite ends of the upper horseshoe of hills on which Simla stands. It was open to us to select either path, and certainly neither Madame Blavatsky nor Colonel Olcott had any share in the selection of that actually taken. Had we taken the other, we should never have come to the spot where we actually picniced.

Note by Editor: I have given the account of the Tea-Cup and Saucer phenomenon as being more important and more interesting than that of the Brooch, which is also included in *The*

Occult World. The satire is of course equally applicable to either. The point is that it represents the attitude of the general public with regard to matters of this kind. Still worse, the general public received the impression that Theosophy depended on such "miracles" for its authority. In this respect we are not without sympathy with the satire.

MRS. NASH'S INTRODUCTION

A few words by way of explanation:—The following is a satire written about H.P.B. and the brooch incident at Mr. Hume's house at Simla. It was first published in "The Bombay Gazette", October 21, 1880, and then in the book—"Twenty-one Days in India", by the same author, with other sketches of people, all in the same satirical vein.

In one of the later editions, the "Elucidations" or explanations of the sketches were added, and this I have also given. This book is considered an Anglo-Indian classic, and is published by W. Thacker and Co., 2 Creed Lane, London, E.C.

Mr. Aberigh-Mackay was Principal of the Rāj Kumār College, Indore, for Princes and boys of high birth, and must have been well known to both Mr. Hume and Mr. Sinnett.

Ellen Nash.

SOME OCCULT PHENOMENA

BY G. H. ABERIGH-MACKAY

There were thirteen of them, and they sat down to dinner just as the clock in the steeple chimed midnight. The sheeted dead squeaked and gibbered in their graves; the owl hooted in the ivy. "For what we are going to receive may the Secret Powers of Nature and the force of circumstances make us truly thankful", devoutly exclaimed the domestic medium. The spirits of Chaos and Cosmos rapped a courteous acknowledgment on the table. *Potage a la sorciere* (after the famous recipe in Mac-

beth) was served in a cauldron; and while it was being handed round, Hume recited his celebrated argument regarding miracles. He had hardly reached the twenty-fifth hypothesis, when a sharp cry startled the company, and Mr. Cyper Redalf, the eminent journalist, was observed to lean back in his chair, pale and speechless. His whole frame was convulsed with emotion; his hair stood erect and emitted electro-biological sparks. The company sat aghast. A basin of soup dashed in his face and a few mesmeric passes soon brought him round; and presently he was able to explain to the assembled carousers the cause of his agitation. It was a recollection, a tender memory of youth. The umbrella of his boyhood had suddenly surged upon his imagination! It was an umbrella from which he had been parted for years: it was an umbrella round which had once centred associations solemn and mysterious. In itself there had been nothing remarkable about the umbrella. It was a gingham, conceived in the liberal spirit of a bygone age, such an umbrella as you would not easily forget when it had once fairly bloomed on the retina of your eye, yet an every-day umbrella, a commonplace umbrella half a century ago; an umbrella that would have elicited no remark from our great-grandmothers, hardly a smile from our grandmothers; but an umbrella well calculated to excite the affections and stimulate the imagination of an impulsive, high-spirited, and impressionable boy. It was an umbrella not easily forgotten; an umbrella that necessarily produced a large and deep impression on the mind.

All present were profoundly moved; a feeling of dismay crept over them, defacing their festivity. Tears were shed. Only from one pair of damp eyes did any gleam of hope and comfort radiate. A distinguished foreigner, well known in the uttermost spirit-circles, wiped from his brow drops of perspiration

which some dream had loosened from his brain. He felt the tide of psychic force beating upon the high shores of his heart. He was conscious of a constitutional change sweeping like a tempest over his protoplasmic tissue. He felt that the secret fountains of his being were troubled by the angel of spirit-rapping, and that his gross, unbelieving nature stepped down, bathed, and was healed. The Moses of the spirit-wilderness struck the rock of his material life, and occult dynamics came welling forth from the undiscovered springs of consciousness.

His mortal statics lost their equilibrium in a general flux of soul. A cyclone raged round his mesmeric aura. He began to apprehend an epiphany of electro-biological potentiality. The fierce light that never was in kerosine or tallow dawned round him; matter melted like mist; souls were carousing about him; the great soul of nature brooded like an aurora of clairvoyance above all; his awful mediumhood held him fiercely in her mystic domination; and things grew to a point. From the focus of the clairvoyant aurora clouds of creative impulse gathered, and sweeping soulward were condensed in immaterial atoms upon the cold peaks of Purpose. Thus a spiritual gingham impressed upon his soul of souls a matrix, out of which, by a fine progenitive effort, he now begets and ejects a materialized gingham into a potato-plot of the garden without.

The thing is patent to all who live above the dead-level of vulgar imbecility. No head of a department could fail to understand it. Indeed to such as live on the uplands of speculation, not only is the process lucid in itself, but it is luciferous, illuminating all the obscure hiding-places of Nature. It is the magic-lantern of creation; it is the key to all mysticism, to the three-card trick, to the basket-trick; it sheds a glory on thimble-rigging, a halo upon legerde-

main; it even radiates vagabond beams of splendour upon pocket-picking and the cognate arts. It explains how the apples got into the dumpling; how the milk comes out of the cocoanut; how the deficit issues from the surplus; how matter evolves itself from nothing. It renders the hypothesis of a First Cause not only unnecessary, but exquisitely ludicrous. Under such dry light as it offers to our intelligence the whole epos of Christianity seems a vapid dream.

But I anticipate conclusions. We must go back to the dinner-party and to Mr. Cyper Redalf, who has been restored to consciousness, and who still is the object of general sympathy; for it is not until the disturbance in the distinguished foreigner's nerve aura has amounted to a psychic cyclone that the company perceive his interesting condition, and begin to look for a manifestation. The hopes of some fondly turn to raps, others desire the pressure of a spirit hand, or the ringing of a bell, or the levitation of furniture, or the sound of a spirit voice, the music of an immaterial larynx.

Dinner is soon forgotten: the thing has become a *seance*, hands are joined, the lights are instinctively lowered, and the whole company, following an irresistible impulse, march round and round the room, and then out into the darkness after the soul-stirred foreigner, after the foreigner of distinction. Is it unconscious cerebration that leads them to the potato-plot, or is it the irresistible influence of some Supreme Power, something more occult and more interesting than God, that compels them to fall on their knees, and grub with their hands in the recently manured potato-bed? I leave this question unanswered, as a sufficiently occult explanation does not occur to me: but suffice it to say that this search after truth, this burrowing in the gross earth for some spiritual sign, appears to me a spectacle at once inspiring and touching. It seems

to me that human life has seldom had anything more beautiful and more ennobling to show than these post-master-generals, boards of revenue, able editors, and foreigners of distinction asking Truth, the Everlasting Verity, for a sign and then searching for it in a potato-field. In this glorious quest every circumstance demands our respectful attention. They search on their hands and knees in the attitude of passionate prayer; they search in the dark; they seize the dumb earth with delirious fingers; they knock their heads against one another and against the dull, hard trunks of trees. Still they search; they wrestle with the Earth: she must yield up her secrets. Nor will Earth deny to them the desired boon. Theirs is the true spirit of devout inquiry, and they are persons of consideration in evening-dress. Nature will unveil her charms. Earth with the groan of an infinite pain, a boundless travail, yields up the gingham umbrella.

We will not intrude upon their immediate rapture as they carry their treasure away with loving hands; but it is necessary to note the means taken to prove, for the satisfaction only of a foolish and unbelieving world, the supernatural nature of the phenomenon.

The umbrella is examined under severe test conditions: it is weighed in a vacuum, and placed under the spectroscopé. It is found to be porous and a conductor of heat, but it is not soluble in water, though it boils at 500° Fahr. To demonstrate the absence of trickery or collusion everyone turns up his sleeves and empties his waistcoat pockets. There is no room for sleight of hand in presence of this searching scientific investigation. The umbrella is certainly not a supposititious animal; yet it is the umbrella of Mr. Cyper Redalf's boyhood. No one can doubt this who sees him clasp it in a fond embrace, who sees him shed burning tears on its voluminous folds.

ELUCIDATION.

In the autumn of 1880 many strange stories were afloat in India concerning the studies and practices of what is now widely known as occult science, indulged in and made manifest by the late Madame Blavatsky, the authoress of "Isis Unveiled", who claimed to possess in a high degree, by nature, those attributes which spiritualists describe (without professing to understand) as "mediumship".

Prominent members of Anglo-Indian society associated themselves with Madame Blavatsky, supported her, and believed in the *bontu fides* of her powers; derived as Madame declared from Eastern "adepts" in the science of Yog-Vidya, as this occult knowledge is called by its devotees.

A science according to some—to others a mere vulgar imposition—with which, as maintained by certain renowned Western exponents, The Governor General's father, the first Lord Lytton, was well versed and largely imbued; his *imaginative* account of the achievements accomplished by Vril in the *Coming Race*, being, according to the school and scholars of Madame Blavatsky, altogether inspired from that Eastern fount.

"Mr. Cypher Redalf, the eminent journalist," in the proper person of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, editor of *The Pioneer*, a daily newspaper published at Allahabad, and then, as now to an increased degree, the leading English newspaper of India, printed in that journal an authoritative statement of various occurrences in Blavatskyian circles at Simla when Madame was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett.

It is this statement, the outcome of "the true spirit of devout inquiry—by persons of consideration in evening dress" which forms the *leit motif* of Aberigh-Mackay's powerful satire, in which a gingham umbrella, "conceived in the liberal spirit of a bye-gone age", is substituted for an old-fashioned

breast brooch set round with pearls, with glass at the front and the back, made to contain hair, which, long lost, was stated to have been recovered for its owner as a result of Madame Blavatsky's occult powers. Powers made manifest at a dinner in Mr. A. O. Hume's house at Simla on Sunday the 3rd of October, 1880, at which were present as guests Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. F. Hogg, Captain P. J. Maitland, Mr. Davidson, Colonel Olcott, and Madame Blavatsky.

Most of the persons present believed that they had recently seen many remarkable occurrences in Madame Blavatsky's company, and the conversation largely turned on occult phenomena, in the course of which Mrs. Hume was asked by Madame if there was anything she particularly wished for. After some hesitation Mrs. Hume replied that she was particularly anxious to recover an old-fashioned brooch she had formerly possessed, which she had given away to a person who had allowed it to pass out of her possession.

The brooch having been minutely described as above, and roughly sketched, Madame then wrapped up a coin attached to her watch-chain in two cigarette papers, and put it in her dress, and said that she hoped the brooch might be obtained in the course of the evening.

At the close of dinner she intimated to Mr. Hume that the paper in which the coin had been wrapped was gone. A little later, in the drawing-room, she said that the brooch would not be brought into the house, but that it must be looked for in the garden; and then, as the party went out accompanying her, she stated that she had clairvoyantly seen the brooch fall into a star-shaped bed of flowers. Mr. Hume led the way to such a bed in a distant part of the garden, and after a prolonged and careful search made by lantern light, a small paper packet, consisting of two cigar-

ette papers and containing a brooch which Mrs. Hume identified as that which she had originally lost, was found among the leaves by Mrs. Sinnett.

All this, and a great deal more, including the conviction of all present that the occurrence was of an absolutely unimpeachable character as an evidence of the truth of the possibility of occult phenomena, being carefully embodied in the published statements, which had been duly read over to the party and signed.

The publication of the statement aroused a great discussion in the newspapers of the day, by no means confined to India, and gave a powerful impetus to Madame Blavatsky's views.

Mr. Allan Octavian Hume, happily still alive, son of Joseph Hume the great Radical member of Parliament, created C.B. for his very distinguished services in the Mutiny, retired from the Indian Civil Service in 1882 after a notable career in many departments.

Ornithologist, and since his retirement following hereditary instincts by organizing and supporting the National Congress, and criticizing much of the policy of the Government of India.

Mr. Sinnett, the leading actor in the affair described above, not long after the publication of the Simla narrative, ended his connection with *The Pioneer*, and may be regarded as one of the leading spirits of the Theosophical movement, in connection with which he has written many books, and he now holds high office in the London branch of the Society.

HEALTH RULES

Insufficiently masticated foods bruise the stomach walls, particularly at the exit where motion is concentrated. The majority of ulcers develop at this opening. Some laxatives may be likened to the action of bulls let loose in a china shop. Persons suffering with colitis or any cleavage of the alimentary canal

should avoid the use of purgatives.

A highly active gastric juice is essential for the digestion of meats. Hence hyperchlorhydria or excess gastric acidity is aggravated by an immoderate consumption of meat, which stimulates the gastric glands to secrete an excess of acid. That tireless physiologist Pavlov of the last century proved that fats of all sorts, and particularly olive oil, have a powerful influence in checking the formation of acid by the gastric glands. This is only true, however, when the fats are perfectly fresh, that is, free from butyric acid, whose presence is disclosed by a strong or rancid flavour which excites the gastric glands.

Pavlov also showed that cereals give rise to a gastric secretion which is low in acid but high in digestive power. By taking food in the form of puree, seeds and skins removed, so that no chewing is required in passing it through the mouth quickly, the gustatory nerves are only slightly stimulated and hence less gastric juice will be produced. The withdrawal of salt from the food may cause the total disappearance of acid from the gastric secretion. It is comprehensible that when it is desirable to lessen the secretion of hydrochloric acid by the stomach, the intake of sodium chloride or common table salt should be reduced to the lowest possible limit. All other condiments that excite the secretion of the gastric juice should be avoided. Milk and cream may be taken in moderation. Tube feeding is beneficial in cases of gastric and duodenal ulcer.—

By Lillian E. Carque in January East-West.

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OFFICE NOTES

The General Executive will meet on Sunday afternoon, February 4, at 52 Isabella Street. A full attendance is requested.

* * *

I appreciate very highly the compliment paid by *The Theosophical Forum* for December in reprinting from our issue of August last the article "For Man's Liberation". As a brotherly gesture it is a kindly tribute, but more important still, it indicates that our thought runs on similar lines though we function in separate organizations.

* * *

Mrs. Winnifred Pratt, Toronto, suggests a study class to take up *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*. For a short course in the next three or four months it should prove an excellent subject, especially for those who have been through

classes several times on *The Voice of the Silence* or *The Gita*. Some years ago we printed it in our magazine and the issues could be had if copies in book form are not available.

* * *

The Theosophist for September in its reduced size has several notable articles. One by Mr. J. W. Hamilton-Jones, has an editorial note saying truly "A very brilliant presentation of the ancient but ever-new subject of pure Theosophy." It is entitled "Magic—What is it?" It is good to see a sensible article at last in the Adyar magazine. It is by the vice-president, N. Sri Ram, and is called "World Revolution—and After." "Access of 'Low-Browism' into Theosophy" is by our cynical friend L. Furze-Morrish. We quote: "The tendency seems to be reappearing again in a move to give Madame Blavatsky and *The Secret Doctrine* some kind of 'infallible' status, in opposition to the religious mode of the late Bishop Leadbeater, although in the first place Madame Blavatsky never claimed to be infallible, and in the second *The Secret Doctrine* is in places so contradictory as to offer more than one interpretation. Whose interpretation is the correct one?"

* * *

After the issue of the Supplement I decided not to print a personal Christmas card. There would be enough Smythe in the mail for the season without further additions. I have felt rather ungrateful, however, as so many beautiful cards came in during the last half of December. It was quite impossible to acknowledge them all separately, but I do wish to thank very specially all those who took such pains in choosing and sending me such lovely and artistic remembrances. I have never seen such beautiful cards since Prang of Boston printed the exquisite cards in the eighties, 60 years ago, as the artists and printers have been turning out for this Christmas. The first Christmas tree

having been set up in America in 1847 by a German immigrant, talk about "old-fashioned Christmases" can only refer to Europe. In Britain the observance of Christmas in present style was introduced by Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort, Charles Dickens had much to do with making Christmas a national Festival of goodfellowship, friendly helping and sharing, and unselfish Love.

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The account of an earthquake in England startles many people who are accustomed to think of Britain as the Rock of Ages which cannot be moved. It is part of the ineffable sadness of life that nothing endures for ever. If we get a long life's experience of a state of stability whether in nature, in society, or in national institutions we may regard ourselves as fortunate, provided of course, if we have taken advantage of such conditions to add to our progress in wisdom on the Path of Peace. In Canada we are rarely shaken, though two slight shocks have been felt in recent years. Logan's Line, however, is a latent threat to the whole eastern section of the continent from Quebec to Florida. Britain has no such precarious geological foundation as Japan, that other insular group which lies off the coast of Asia as Britain does off Europe. Occult warnings have been given that the three southern peninsulas of Europe will be the first to fear seismic destruction. Spain, Italy, Greece; do they deserve to survive?

✧ ✧ ✧

Six or seven years ago I received a copy of Eva Martin's book, *The Ring of Return*. It had scarcely entered the house when it disappeared. I searched high and low for it, but without success and finally tried to get another copy. None could be found and it appeared to be out of print. Then last year a copy was heard of, but was sold before the order was placed. In a few weeks Mr.

Haydon gave me the address of another place where a copy was available. I lost no time in sending a money order to Seattle, and in due course the book arrived. An excellent book it is, an anthology of Reincarnation, mostly short extracts, but representing a multitude of authors in 300 pages. It was published by Philip Allan & Co., Quality Court, London, England. The remarkable thing about this copy is that it is autographed by Horace D. Jones and his wife, old friends we met in Overbrook through Rev. Dr. Norwood twenty odd years ago. They went to California and we had not heard from them since, so that if this should meet their eyes, or those of any of their friends, *The Ring of Return* carries cheerful greetings.

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Mrs. Law, a former Toronto member, writes from San Francisco in appreciation of the magazine and adds a few notes of general interest. San Francisco, she says, is enormously interesting these days of war. It is the meeting-place of all nationalities, creeds, castes and colours, and one sees evolution working out before one's eyes, unmistakably. It is fascinating, the rapidity with which people are changing their ideas, and beginning to understand the "other fellow." It is a terribly overcrowded city, and very difficult for those who wish to keep themselves apart. Of course, she continues, I am seeing only from my own small point of view as I cannot now go very far, or for very long from home, but I can say with others that "War is such a very small word to mean so much." We are learning to know the negro and to appreciate his worth. All the street cars are driven by coloured girls, and the variety is infinite. Theosophy is surely penetrating the minds of people whether or not they realize it. I do not expect to see Toronto ever again but I can never forget my experience there. I feel that my meeting dear Mrs. Smythe was the most im-

portant of all events. Mrs. Law concludes with sincere New Year wishes and blessings for all, which we cordially reciprocate.



In the death of Thomas Bengough in his 92nd year Canada loses one of her worthiest citizens. He may not be regarded as a brilliant man, like his brother, but he was essentially wise, and had an immense experience in men and matters. He was constructive in his outlook and he left nothing undone that he could do when the appeal of humanity reached him. I think my first meeting with him was at the short-hand convention held in the Allan Gardens, Toronto, about 1890. Short-hand was not a hobby with him; it was his life and work. His vast service in the Superior Courts and on the Hansard staff made him an authority on all things stenographic, and the international committee valued his knowledge so highly they kept him permanently on the committee engaged on the compiling of a standardized dictionary or vocabulary of verbal forms, phraseograms, etc. Up till the last he wrote beautiful short hand like copper-plate script. During recent years he had been resident in British Columbia and on his journeys to and fro he rarely missed calling on me in Hamilton where he naturally stopped over to see his son at McMaster University. We discussed all sorts of subjects and he had an open mind for Theosophy, as all do who truly follow the Master whose denunciations were confined to "Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites."



The appointment of a new Primate of all England, the 68th in the historical succession, does not make such a stir in the world as the election of a new Pope, but in spite of appearances there is a dynamic quality in Canterbury that excels the static forces of Rome. It is the difference between freedom and its an-

tithesis. There is no dissent possible in Rome. Canterbury thrives on dissent. The King, titular head of the Church, Defender of the Faith, nominally appoints the Archbishop, but he only interprets the general will. The Cardinals nominally elect a Pope, and may choose a layman if they wish, but such latitude is not expected of them and the precautions taken to maintain their isolation during the election do not suppress the political influences they bear with them into the election chamber. Canterbury sets a standard for Churchmen all over the world, whether High, Broad or Low, and the great Dissenting bodies everywhere are loyal to the fundamental principles which Canterbury represents. English Churchmen may join the Theosophical Society—the Bishop of Norwich in Madame Blavatsky's time was a member—but Rome puts a ban on Theosophy and its literature is on the Index. All the same there can be renegade members of the Theosophical Society and devout and holy Roman Catholics. Jesus, who is given divine honour by both Protestant and Roman, is on record as having said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of the Father which is in heaven." (Matthew vii. 21)

TORONTO LODGE ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S "AT-HOME"

Members and friends of Toronto Lodge turned out to the number of about sixty on New Year's Day when Toronto Lodge was "at-home" from four to six in the afternoon. Mr. E. B. Dustan, President of the Lodge, assisted by members of the Board of Directors welcomed the guests. Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, General Secretary for Canada, who had hoped to attend was prevented by the storm conditions prevailing between Hamilton and Toronto. Those present were disappointed at not being

able to greet Mr. Smythe personally and give him their good wishes, and asked that their messages should be conveyed to him. The Lotus Room, where the reception was held, was decorated with evergreen branches, red candles and silver bells, and the long tea-table centred with Christmas crackers and greenery. Tea was poured by Miss K. Lazier and Miss M. Todd, and Mrs. E. B. Dustan, Mrs. R. Illingworth, Mrs. G. I. Kinman, Mrs. J. Cunningham, Mrs. Roy Emsley, and Mrs. D. W. Barr, assisted in looking after the guests.—M. K.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY

A friend writes: "The same day that brought your letter also brought a cable from Krishna Prem, saying, KEIGHTLEY EXPIRED PEACEFULLY. I had learnt a month ago that he had been taken down from Rani Khet in an unconscious condition from which he only had short flashes of consciousness. He had been taken to Cawnpore, and there I presume he died in Hospital. He was aged 84. And so ends about 55 years of our friendship. He had given H. P. B. a promise that he would never leave the T.S. and he never did, but he found himself so utterly out of touch with it in India, for very many years past, that he took no part in its activities. He was surrounded by a number of highly educated Hindus and so he had a good understanding of the Advaita Vedanta."—*Eirenicon for December.*

THOMAS BENGOUGH DIES

Bengough, Thomas — On Thursday, January 4, 1945, at his home, 53 Howland Ave., Toronto, Thomas Bengough, in his 92nd year, beloved husband of Caroline Glover, father of Elvin J. (McMaster University), Hamilton, Ont., and William L. Bengough, of Grimsby Beach, Ont.

The late Mr. Bengough was instrumental in establishing the system of

official court reporters in Ontario and for 30 years was official court reporter for the York county courts. He later joined the reporting staff of the Senate of Canada, in which capacity he served for 23 years, and afterward became reserve reporter. For many years he was regarded as the dean of the shorthand profession in Canada.

In 1888, he organized the first Canadian convention of shorthand writers, and the first speed tests held in Canada. Besides organizing the Chartered Stenographic Reporters' Association of Ontario, he was for many years an honorary member of the New York State Association and of the National Shorthand Association. In response to his suggestion, the national association appointed a standardization committee of which he was made chairman and which worked continuously for 34 years publishing textbooks and other aids.

For three years, 1910 to 1913, Mr. Bengough was secretary and reporter to the Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education, which was appointed by Right Hon. Mackenzie King, then Deputy Minister of Labour, and which investigated educational conditions throughout Canada, the United States and Europe.

He was always alert to new developments in his profession. He owned one of the first typewriters in Canada, and was one of the first to experiment with the phonograph for dictating purposes. He was also interested in all educational progress and developments. He was a member of the Baptist denomination, and was active in the establishment of several missions in Toronto.

NEW PRIMATE OF

ALL ENGLAND

London, Jan. 5 — (CP) — Rt. Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, 57, a former schoolmaster with only 12 years of active clerical service, has been named

by the King as Archbishop of Canterbury and 98th Primate of All England.

Dr. Fisher, Lord Bishop of London, will succeed Dr. William Temple, who died Oct. 26. The archbishop-designate, had no parochial experience before he became bishop of Chester in 1932. He served in that capacity until 1933. Before 1932 he had served 21 years as a schoolmaster, becoming assistant master of Marlborough college in 1911 and headmaster of Rexton school in 1914.

Often regarded as a "non-political" bishop and regarded by fellow-clerics as a deep thinker, Dr. Fisher has followed the tradition of the late Dr. Temple in his efforts towards interdenominational co-operation. He is chairman of the committee of Anglicans, Roman Catholics and Free Churchmen, which devised a formula of co-operation with the Roman Catholics on the basis of joint action in the social field and parallel action in the religious fields.

He once acted as an organ-grinder in the streets of Chester with nurses collecting for a local infirmary extension appeal.

For some years Dr. Fisher has been mentioned in church and lay circles as a future archbishop. When Lord Lang, the former Dr. Cosmo Lang, retired 2½ years ago Dr. Fisher's name was frequently linked with that of Dr. Temple as successor to Dr. Lang.

This is the second time Dr. Fisher has followed Dr. Temple in a post of high personality for at the age of 27 he succeeded the late archbishop as headmaster at Repton.

Earlier last year he wrote in the London diocesan leaflet: "There is no doubt our co-operation in the great fields of common concern, in family, in education, community and social life is right in itself and it increases the effectiveness of our witness to Christian principles and their influence upon public minds."

Dr. Fisher's tolerance was shown by his reply recently to a number of critics who protested at the Salvation Army being permitted use of St. Paul's Cathedral for a William Booth commemoration service. Dr. Fisher rebuked them, saying, "We should thankfully acknowledge other Christian bodies are our Allies in defence of our Christian heritage."

Church circles welcomed the nomination as the most logical man for the high position, praising Dr. Fisher as a "great churchman, brilliant scholar and essentially a family man." Rev. C. K. N. Bardsley, provost of Southwark, said: "I suppose he is the one the whole church hoped would step into the shoes of the late primate."

He added that Mrs. Fisher is "one of the keenest leading powers among women in this country," and said: "I think she will play a very important part in his reign as archbishop."

The father of six schoolboy sons, Dr. Fisher is said to be regarded by them with a measure of awe, not so much because he has been a headmaster and bishop, as because he rowed with the country's best as a youth and rowed and played rugby in college. In 1935 he organized a football team in which he and his sons and those of another bishop and clergyman played against the cathedral choir boys. He called his team "Lambeth United."

Dr. Fisher, son of a clergyman, has been dean of the chapels royal and a prelate of the Order of the British Empire since 1939. He once acted as an organ-grinder in the streets of Chester with nurses collecting for a local infirmary extension appeal.

Nomination of a Bishop of London to the high post was a departure from recent practice. The last two holders of the office—Dr. Temple and Lord Lang had advanced to it from the archbishopric of York.

THE SUPPLEMENT

It is impossible for me to make personal acknowledgement to all the kind friends who took up the proposal of the Edmonton Lodge, entrusted their wish to Colonel Thomson, who gave it gracious reality in form and beauty, and thus rendered me for ever indebted to the deep wells of ever-flowing Love and Brotherhood. But I have felt that I must make some grateful expression of my sense of the kindness and sympathy that lay behind this united tribute which I must recognize is not for myself but for the Eternal Truths of Theosophy and their utterance with which I have had the good fortune to be associated. Evidence of this has come to me in abundance in the numbers of letters I have received all happily conscious of the value that Theosophy has been in the lives of the writers. It is thus easier to ignore any personal element that might intrude itself.

Col. Thomson has sent me the following letter calling attention to several errors in the text of The Supplement. These are minor faults and excusable where so many details are involved. I contributed one error myself as was pointed out by an indignant admirer of the late A. T. Barker, editor and compiler of *The Mahatma Letters*, whose name I gave as Ernest, instead of A. Trevor Barker. Col. Thomson also asks for the publication of the communication from the Hamilton Lodge, which had accidentally been omitted.

Corrections

Editor, *The Canadian Theosophist*.—I would be glad if you would publish this letter in your columns with a view to clearing up a few inaccuracies and omissions that inadvertently happened in the Supplement to your magazine, of which I was the editor.

On the frontispiece appeared the names "Albert Edward Stafford Smythe"; this should have been "Albert

Ernest Stafford Smythe". This is very much regretted—in extenuation I may state that I showed the proof to six persons and none saw the error.

In the article "Toronto Lodge", Mr. Smythe is stated to have sailed from "England" whereas it was from Belfast, Ireland. And further, he is stated as having been connected with a Real Estate business which I find is entirely erroneous.

I regret also that the tribute from the Hamilton Lodge was in some manner unaccountably overlooked.

In the list of Subscribers the name of Mr. Mark W. Dewey of Los Angeles was inadvertently omitted.

As Editor I am, of course, responsible for these errors and hereby wish to publicly apologize for same.

Thanking you, fraternally yours,

E. L. Thomson,
Editor,

Supplement, Canadian Theosophist.
163 Crescent Road,
Toronto 5,
Nov. 11.

Tribute from Hamilton Lodge

We are glad to pay this tribute to Mr. Smythe's "Sixty Years of Theosophy". He has been largely instrumental in building up this lodge and has never failed to give of his very best all through the years. We will not forget the instance when, during World War One on the day his son left for overseas he kept his appointment to lecture to us instead of seeing him off.

We think, as many have said who attend his lectures he always gives one the feeling at least once before he closes that we have touched the Inner Source. Now that he is domiciled in our city we are very glad to have the privilege of his leadership in the study class which meets in his own home. It is here that we gather pearls of wisdom from one who has made such a deep study of underlying principles.

FINAL STATEMENT BY CHAIRMAN
OF "SUPPLEMENT" COMMITTEE

To Subscribers:—

The Special Committee appointed to carry out the scheme of publishing a supplement to the Canadian Theosophist to commemorate the Sixty Years of Theosophy by Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe has requested me to make the following announcements.

The publishing of the Supplement having now become an established fact it is hoped that a copy is in the hands of all subscribers.

Owing to unforeseen delays and the necessity of much correspondence the publication was somewhat late in appearing.

It is hoped that it has fulfilled the wishes and desires of all concerned.

To notify each person individually of the cost and other details of the undertaking would be both costly and laborious. It is therefore proposed that through the medium of this magazine the matter may be adequately dealt with.

The subscriptions amounted to the goodly sum of \$482.46 and after the expenses had been met a balance of \$140. was sent to the Editor of the Canadian Theosophist as a contribution to the furtherance of that magazine.

As editor of the Supplement I wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who by subscription, articles, tributes and otherwise have helped to make the Commemoration Number a success.

Extra copies are available and may be obtained by applying to me at the address given below.

E. L. Thomson,
Chairman,

Special Committee,

Supplement Canadian Theosophist.

163 Crescent Rd.,

Toronto, 5.

4th January, 1945.

THE PERSONAL FACTOR

It is with considerable reluctance that I venture to say anything about The Supplement, but whether I spoke or kept silence misunderstandings would be inevitable. I would like in the first place to pay tribute to the editor, Col. Thomson. I was one of his chief difficulties as my article was not what was asked for, and it was very slow in making its appearance. I had been asked to write about Theosophy in Canada, but on thinking it over it seemed to me to be about the most contentious subject that could be chosen, and my friends know that I never choose contentious questions if they can be avoided. It would certainly have brought me in contradiction of Mr. Haydon, whose general accuracy may be judged by his statement that I arrived from England. I arrived from Belfast in the summer of 1889 expecting to go to Chicago by way of the Thousand Islands and the Great Lakes, but on the steamer met a number of friendly Canadians, one of whom, Dingley Brown, organist of Christ Church, Ottawa, at the time, induced me to go to the capital, and there, the day after my arrival, I found employment with a contractors' supply firm and entered on the sale of cement and sewer pipes with such good will that in a few weeks I was sent down to Toronto to manage the branch of the firm there. I arrived in Toronto on September 10, 1889, and at once devoted my scanty leisure to Theosophical propaganda. The Empire newspaper at that time accepted my short letters on the subject, Mr. Mackenzie, a clever editor who afterwards went to South Africa, and Louis Kribs, the editorialist, being unafraid of interesting novelties. I had already been talking Theosophy in Ottawa and made one convert, Mr. Rushton Dodd, organist of Knox Church. He was so interested he made two journeys subsequently to Toronto to talk Theosophy. Most of

THE SUPPLEMENT
FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Theosophical Society in Canada, Special Committee, December 3rd, 1944

| RECEIPTS | EXPENDITURES |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| By Subscriptions\$461.40 | Bank: Cover Design\$ 5.00 |
| American Exchange 6.75 | Stationery & Postage 3.32 |
| Bank Interest 1.43 | Griffin & Richmond..... 212.97 |
| Extra copies sold 2.88 | Bomac Engravers 39.20 |
| | Envelopes for Issue 4.47 |
| | Cornish & Wimpenny 26.27 |
| | Cash: Stamps for Issue 16.00 |
| | Editor's Expenses 14.59 |
| | Stenographer 3.00 |
| | Balance Credit\$147.64 |
| Total.....\$472.46 | Total.....\$472.46 |

NOTE: The Editors of "Eirenicon" have promised a donation of \$10. to be sent when War conditions allow. This will be credited to the Fund when it materializes.

BALANCE CREDIT

| | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| Bank Balance\$170.62 | |
| Less O/S 26.27 | |
| | \$144.35 |
| Cash in hand..... | 3.29 |
| | \$147.64 |

E. L. Thomson,
Treasurer.

Toronto,
Dec. 2nd, 1944.

the previous two years I had spent in Edinburgh, studying the subject, so I was able to interest those who cared to learn. Through my newspaper correspondence there gradually came together a little group which decided to start a Society and in February, 1891, a charter was issued to five of us by the Triple Alliance of Blavatsky, Olcott and Judge. Mrs. Day Macpherson was the fifth charter member, and she antagonized a large meeting we had one night by insisting that the law of Karma was a *lex talionis*, explaining that all the unfort-

unate poor people had been millionaires in their past lives, and that all the present millionaires would be paupers in their next incarnations. That seemed about enough of Theosophy in Canada for the present. There is plenty more in the three volumes of *The Lamp*, and the twenty-five of *The Canadian Theosophist*. Readers, I fancied, would not mind getting away from history and getting down to facts.

Col. Thomson did not like my reference to *The Supplement*, as my obituary, yet that is what it may turn out to be.

It is a model of what such a booklet should be, and with Col. Thomson's well known taste and artistic sense it excels in form and design. Of the contents others must judge. I cannot but be gratified with such tributes as the Sonnet from Canada's greatest living poet, but whatever they say or do not say is it not a triumph for any man to have so many register themselves as his friends, such friends as Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Cook, Mr. Lesch, Mr. Clapp, to name only one or two, with the expressions from the Lodges, Montreal, Orpheus, Edmonton, Vancouver and all the others, testifying what a man ought to be, but only inspiring the subject with the hope that in some far off day he might grow to be worthy of such encomiums. How brief the record of our lives! Before his words got into print Roy Mitchell, so much my junior, was called to the fields of the Blessed. They are not far off.

Col. Thomson, then, has acquitted himself with distinction, and whatever be the verdict, he has my admiration and gratitude for his work.

Another Side to the Story

When the Edmonton Lodge members wrote me last February of their wish to celebrate the sixty years that began in 1884, I at once wrote them, as will be seen. I would have liked to have that letter included in the Supplement, but Col. Thomson tells me he never saw it. Here it is.

MR. SMYTHE'S LETTER
TO EDMONTON LODGE
WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH, 1944

My dear friends of the
Edmonton Lodge:

I received your very kind and affectionate letter dated 16th, postmarked 26th, yesterday evening and it helped to give me courage in which I was feeling needy, to start on the 25th volume of our magazine. And you could not do

me a better service than that, for I have been fearing that some of our members were becoming weary of my ministrations. So perhaps I may be able to carry on for another year. But that is sufficient and more than sufficient for your letter and for yourselves to do for me . . . For anything else you must allow me to say "Please, don't"! I hope you are not committed to anything that would involve me personally for my desire is and always has been to be just one of the members doing as every faithful member does what he can according to his opportunities and his abilities. If you realized how much of the credit you might give me should go to Miss Crafter who for twenty years has done so much of the heavy routine work on the books and mechanical work of getting out the magazine you would understand my reluctance to be singled out for approval. Your letter will be preserved among my cherished souvenirs and I assure you I am deeply grateful for such a sincere and spontaneous tribute to what you regard as of value in my efforts for our Cause. With a renewal of my handclasps with you of seven years ago I am cordially and in all brotherly co-operation your fellow servant.

(Signed) Albert E. S. Smythe.

I have always been averse from idolatry of every description, and in the Theosophical Movement against the worship of personalities in particular. The Masters do not wish to be set up on pedestals, and H. P. B. abhorred any semblance of worship. I did not wish to countenance anything that transgressed my convictions in this respect, and this idea I believed I had conveyed to the Edmonton members. It was not till months later that I found that the matter had gone too far to be halted even before I had written my protest. It was in July that I found a committee had been active and had everything in

train. I was asked to write a 7000 word article and as there was no sense in being churlish at that stage of the proceedings, I consented. I was in serious difficulty all summer, with weakened health, trembling hands, and increasing correspondence. However, the article finally got accomplished. It dealt with a phase of the personality which I do not think receives sufficient attention. I have heard nothing about it since it appeared. I can only hope it will be helpful.

The mistakes Col. Thomson mentions are a guarantee that I had nothing personally to do with the preparation of the material. Albert Edward was a familiar combination to those who were contemporary with the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. But I was christened after his father, the Prince Consort, Albert Ernest, who died on December 14, 1861, while I was born on December 27. My parents thought Albert the Good a model for me to follow. I hope I am not a prig. I was particular about the name, so many thousands of readers of "Crusts and Crumbs" having known me as Albert Ernest Stafford.

Lastly, let it be thoroughly understood, what I have done, or attempted to do, has only been possible through the support of the members of our National Society, by their diligence, their co-operation, their Brotherhood; and where there may have been dissent, by their tolerance. We have had perfect liberty of expression of all views, and those who felt too strongly their own convictions even to associate with us, are aware that we have never attempted to dictate to them, recognizing that in the wider circle of Brotherhood opinions change as day and night and the seasons change throughout the year, and only helpful deeds endure. May the All-Wise guide us, and the paths of peace open before the weary feet of those who follow the Master.

BLISS CARMAN LAUREATED

One of my most memorable experiences in the early days of the CAA was with Bliss Carman. I had a letter from Mrs. McWilliams, of Winnipeg, now wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, asking us for our help. She had been induced by Peter McArthur, a well known author and critic of his day, to organize a lecture tour for Bliss through the West, but, as she said, she feared the worst, since Bliss Carman's name in the West was virtually unknown. My suggestion to the local branch of the Canadian Authors' Association was that we should put him on the map by making him Poet Laureate of Canada. While the appointment of Poets Laureate rests with the King, Buckingham Palace was a long way off from Montreal, and we thought we could get by with it. As it turned out, we did.

The appointment of a Poet Laureate required a ceremony, and so we decided to stage this at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. I wrote the words of a song which Harold Eustace Key, at the suggestion of B. K. Sandwell, set to music. It was called "The Dance of the Maple Leaves," the idea being that twelve little children dressed up in costumes decorated with maple leaves should dance round the poet, one of them being delegated to crown him at the end of the dance with a garland of maple leaves.

Here we came up against a snag. A friend of mine was head-mistress of a girls' school, something like Trafalgar, and I thought she would supply the children. But she was afraid that the parents of her children might object to public appearance as dancers and so declined. Fortunately the physical instructress at one of the downtown schools, the Strathearn, came to the rescue. This school drew its pupils mostly from New Canadians of Hebrew parentage—music was in their blood.

The only condition was that the parents should be invited guests. No one could accuse us of being anti-Semites after looking at the faces of the front row at our crowning of Bliss Carman.

It was really a delightful ceremony which Bliss himself enjoyed as much as any one. The maple leaf crown was presented to him by a little tot of about seven years old and 3 feet 6 inches high. He himself stood over six feet, so he had to bend down low for the presentation.

In the audience was the Manager of one of the leading Canadian Banks, who happened to be having dinner at the Ritz that evening and dropped in to see the show. I had met him in England, and as he found I was to some extent responsible for the affair he sent his card and asked if I would speak to him. He told me he had been very touched by the whole affair, was himself a native of New Brunswick, did not know Bliss Carman personally, but would like to do something for him. If he was going on a lecture tour, would Bliss Carman let him buy a drawingroom for him so that he could travel in comfort?

I conveyed the message to Bliss, but he declined. "No, no!" he said. "No such luxuries for me. I am quite content to travel in a lower berth."

The publicity evidently had its effect. I had a wire from Bliss saying that there were 800 who paid a dollar each to attend his meeting at Winnipeg — adding these significant words — "Most of them were he-men." At Edmonton he had an audience of 700, at Vancouver 600. The result was that he returned from the tour with more money than he had ever earned from Canadian royalties up to that date. Other profitable engagements followed including a series of lectures at McGill.

As a result, I got to know Bliss Carman pretty well. He would drop into my office whenever he passed through Montreal and sit in a corner reading a volume of poetry and regardless of the

other visitors who came and went. He stayed with me several times, both at Ste. Annes and in British Columbia, where I have a small ranch. Poetry was the end-all and be-all of his existence—his only grief being that he had no ear for music. He told me that the hardest job he had ever had to do was to write lyrics for some songs by Mary King Perry—not knowing one tune from another. There Charles G. D. Roberts, his cousin, had an advantage over him—Roberts believed in and liked to write words to existing tunes.—*John Murray Gibbon in December Canadian Author & Bookman.*

"STAR HABITS AND ORBITS"

This cannot be described as an elementary book on Astronomy, for astronomy is not elementary but fundamental. Yet it has elements which are primary though they can hardly be termed elementary, and this book of 162 pages, 4 of which contain the Index, deals with the Theosophical elements in a way that may help many striving students to a better understanding of the physical science, and many academic students, wrapped in the prevailing materialism, to see the importance of elements as unseen as gravitation or magnetism, but as essential to science as sound is to speech. The joint authors are L. Gordon Plummer and Charles J. Ryan, both important members of The Theosophical Society at Covina. We can recommend this book to those whose artistic or humane or religious inclinations would lead them to colloque with the Stars. . . . To know that each of these shining glories is the body and throne of a great Being who has conquered the way upward to the sublimity of perfection surely makes one thrill with the aspirations it suggests, to be of the stellar service, the army of Light, leaders in Life everlasting and Peace eternal.

These great ones are so distant from us that the most powerful telescope yet

built has failed to show the disk of any of them, so they never appear as anything larger than pin-points in the sky. Their distance from us may in some measure be taken to indicate the vast time it must take for any of us to reach their level of consciousness and wisdom. But we need not fear. In their calendars one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. Walt Whitman learned from them the amplitudes of time.

Among the chapters that will do most good to the amateur are those on the Ecliptic, How We Tell Time, and the Precession of the Equinoxes, but this will depend on the previous acquisitions of the student. One must not expect too much from *The Doctrine of the Globe Chains* for it involves problems considerably in advance of our stage of evolution. Even the classical statement that the six invisible globes in the Earth-chain are "in co-adunition but not in consubstantiation" with the Earth is something to ponder over.

Mr. Ryan's appended chapter on H. P. Blavatsky's Contribution to Astronomy should be a surprise to some of the professional star-gazers.

The book as a whole is a most useful and helpful addition to our special literature. It may be had from the Theosophical University Press, Covina, California, price \$2.

THE BEGGARLY ELEMENTS

St. Paul, in his experience with the Galatians, had a condition which nearly parallels the situation presented by that part of the Theosophical Movement presided over by Dr. Arundale at Adyar. "O foolish Galatians," he exclaims, "who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth . . . ?" and in the 4th chapter of his epistle he upbraids them—"But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn you again to the weak and beggarly elements where-

unto ye desire again to be in bondage?"

It is no unusual experience that when a high ideal has been set forth and many have been attracted to it, that presently when the first adherents die out or sequester themselves, a less instructed group of people come together and leaders take advantage of their ignorance to plant their own ideas and forward their own plans till the original message is forgotten and even condemned. The Christian Church itself is an illustration of such degeneration. The first Gospel taught that God was in Man but later teachers changed this to the statement that he was in A Man, and that man Jesus, although it had also been taught that his name was to be Immanuel, which means that God is in us, just as the statement is also made in the New Testament that the Kingdom of Heaven (or Overworld) is in us. And St. Paul is quite explicit (II Corinthians, xiii 5) when he says that Jesus Christ is in you. Clergymen do not preach from this text, for it does not square with the theology of the Dark Ages to which they are devoted. The message of Theosophy is identical, though other names and terms are used in order to clarify the thought, and escape erroneous connotations.

ANCIENT BRITISH SHRINES

London, Jan. 6—(CP)—Blank pages in Britain's history are being filled in by discoveries amid the rubble of bomb-wrecked buildings.

In London, Exeter, Cambridge, Southampton and half-a-dozen other cities German high explosives have accidentally laid bare fragments of ancient churches and houses which had been covered by the plaster and brick of centuries.

Rebuilding after the Great Fire of London in 1666 wiped out nearly all traces of the early life story of the great city founded by the Romans. Now, in the ruins of Cripplegate, the vast extent

of the wall built by the Romans for the defence of Londinium has been revealed by new sections found deep in the cratered subsoil.

Farther east, near the Tower, plaster shaken from the Church of All Hallows uncovered part of the structure of a 14th-century Saxon church. Only a plaque on All Hallows' wall had hinted that one of the earliest English shrines was "believed to have stood on this site."

At Exeter, fire and water cleaned the grime-encrusted stone of the Church of St. George to show an unusual doorway which told that the Saxons had used the stone columns of the Roman conquerors to fashion a church here.

According to Dr. Bryan Hugh St. J. O'Neill, inspector of ancient monuments for the ministry of works, Southampton actually gained more—from the antiquarian point of view—in its many bombings than it had lost.

"A storehouse of medieval treasure came to light in the ruins of the city," he said.

EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND

London, Dec. 30 — (CP Cable)—An earthquake, termed by seismologists the worst to be felt in Britain "for some years," shook northern England early to-day. There were no immediate reports of damage.

Buildings in Manchester were reported "violently shaken" and tremors were felt at West Bromwich, 80 miles distant, and at Leeds, 116 miles from Manchester. The tremors began at 1.36 a.m. (8.36 p.m., E.D.T. Friday).

Seismologist J. J. N. Shaw, at West Bromwich, said indications were the quake was the most severe in Britain "for some years," terming it a "severe vibration for this country."

Tremors began slowly and built up for 45 seconds, with vibrations continuing for two minutes. Shaw said preliminary indications were that the centre of the disturbance probably was

somewhere between Manchester and Darlington.

The last extensive earthquake shock in Britain occurred before the First Great War, when vibrations were felt between London and Aberdeen.

PUBLIC CONTROL OF CURRENCY AND CREDIT

Canada is a country with vast natural resources and productive capacity beyond the basic needs of its population. Yet in spite of this potential plenty there are great numbers of people suffering for want of food, clothing and proper shelter. And those who receive sufficient income to buy life's necessities, are in constant fear of losing their relative security. In short, in one of the richest countries of the world people have no more economic security than the inhabitants of countries with poor resources.

Our able-bodied unemployed and our idle machines represent unused productive capacity, and one would assume that as long as consumptive desires are unfulfilled, the country's unused productive capacity would be utilized to produce goods and services that are wanted.

Contrary to this, however, most unemployed are given relief, which actually means subsidizing non-production.

It is not the intention to criticize any particular person or group of persons for this anomaly, because to a certain extent we are all responsible; the important thing to do is to properly diagnose the illness of our economic system, so as to be able to prescribe the remedy.

It may be safely taken for granted that those people who are paid for non-production (unemployed relief), as well as those who are forced to restrict production (farmers, manufacturers, etc.), would gladly produce to capacity if allowed to do so in the ordinary course

of business.

There is nothing wrong with the people as producers; they will produce if they can sell their products. Equally, there is nothing wrong with the people as consumers; they will consume if given the opportunity to do so. **THE FAILURE OF OUR ECONOMIC SYSTEM LIES IN THE FIELD OF DISTRIBUTION.**

Distribution is carried out by transfers of money. It is the operation of the financial system that is responsible for the stagnation of the economic machine.

The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, war-time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chairman of the Midland Bank in England, when speaking to the shareholders of his bank on Jan. 27, 1934, said:

"Nothing in monetary practice is more certain, than that contraction of the volume of money, or even failure to secure an adequate increase, tends both directly and indirectly to put a brake upon business of every kind, and to produce the very troubles—unemployment, unremunerative commodity prices, unbalanced budgets and general depression—which have been apparent in almost every country of the world in the past four years. With expanding population and production *we need expansion in the supply of money, or it will inevitably follow that consumption will not keep pace with production.*"

This statement, coming from an unquestionable authority, puts the whole economic problem in a nutshell. Applied to the present it means that we have unemployment, etc., through "failure to secure an adequate increase" in the volume of money, for, as Mr. McKenna, when speaking to the shareholders of the Midland Bank in 1936, said:

"... greater productivity calls for a greater supply of money, for otherwise... business will stagnate, and the growing productive capacity will be unused."

In this connection another authority

may be quoted. Mr. Graham F. Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada, writing in McGill News in March 1931, stated:

"Since business is conducted in terms of money, it seems obvious that an increase in business would require an increase in money, if prices are to remain stable."

This clearly implies that the reverse is true, that failure to increase the volume of money results in failure of business increase.

Still another authority is Dr. Donald Marvin, economist of the Royal Bank of Canada, who, when writing in the monthly bank-letter of Feb. 1934, said:

"If credit expansion is kept abreast of the increase in the physical volume of production . . . there can be a consistent upward trend in the volume of production and consumption."

Money is to the economic system what blood is to the human body. The human body needs a certain quantity of blood. If the quantity is too small the body cannot be healthy. The same rule governs the economic system, i.e. it needs a certain quantity of money, sufficient to allow the consuming public to buy all the community is able and willing to produce. And as productive capacity increases, the money volume must increase accordingly. Failing this, the economic body becomes ill,—it suffers from lack of lifeblood (money),—it has anæmia.

That is the state our economic life is in today. Nothing more and nothing less than an insufficient flow of money to transfer goods from producer to consumer.

The most common popular misconception is to solve the problem by means of taxation. But taxation merely means the *transfer* of purchasing power from one individual to another. Peter is robbed to pay Paul. It does not benefit the economic system as a whole and will,

therefore, never bring a solution. It means the same as if one were to try curing human anæmia by taking blood out of one arm and transfusing it into the other arm of the same body.

It is useless to blame bankers for the results of the faulty financial policy they carry out. The financial system forces them to money *contraction* when the economic machine most urgently needs *expansion*.

We would not have to be concerned about their policy at all, were it not that the whole population is made to suffer for it.

No other businessmen would get it into their heads to make the entire population suffer for their business interests. If they should, public opinion would soon check them. Yet, as far as finance is concerned, the financial system pursues its policies unchecked and almost without criticism.

How long can we carry on without a change?

Governments are finding it increasingly difficult to carry on financially. They have borrowed up to, or better, beyond repay capacity.

Most private businesses are no better off. All we need is another depression to force them nearly all into bankruptcy.

Unemployment,—the cancer of our economic system—it should be apparent by now, cannot be solved under the present setup. It is useless to expect the financial system which caused the mess will change its policies voluntarily. Something entirely different from what we are used to, has to be done.

The best brains have told us during the last decade that *we need public control of currency and credit*. This means something more than control of the Bank of Canada, which only implies control of currency. Currency is merely the pin-money of our economic setup, for over 95 per cent. of all business is done by check, representing bank-credit.

It is this credit which is the real money of Canada and which controls the economic activities of the country.

The easiest way of getting public control of credit is by putting all banks on a so-called "100 per cent. money" basis, i.e. the banks would then be under the obligation of having all money created by them covered by securities, to the same face value deposited with the Bank of Canada. At present they have to have only 10 per cent. of their money creation covered by securities. It is the possible fluctuation of the remaining 90 per cent. which permits the banking system to dip the nation into depression, whenever their own business interests call for a reduction of the money volume.

Public control of credit would correct this error by stabilizing the quantity of money. (It may be stated here that it is the money quantity which governs economic activities, in contra distinction with the velocity theory of money—a popular misconception of many old-fashionedly educated economists and bankers.)

Once having stabilized the money volume, the Federal government should from time to time, on data to be furnished by the Bureau of Statistics, increase the quantity of money in order to keep pace with the increasing productive capacity of the country.

These two measures would result in the productive capacity regulating the money volume, instead of, as is the case now: the money volume regulating and putting a brake on the country's productive activities. The change could be made without departure from Canadian habits, and without any interference with personal freedom.

That is really *all* to be done to get Canada out of its economic difficulties, and change this nation from a debt-ridden, continuously near bankrupt country with part of its population un-

dernourished, insufficiently clothed and housed, into one of ever increasing prosperity, with a continuously expanding economic system, in which there would be no unemployed but very soon a shortage of workers.

A slowly, or perhaps quickly, growing number of well-meaning people are of the opinion that we must resort to some extreme measure of reform, such as socialism, communism, fascism, or what have you, before anything worth while can be achieved. I myself have been a socialist for a great number of years and used to think that nothing short of the complete socialization of the means of production could bring permanent economic prosperity.

Today I know different. Study has proved to me that ownership exists without control and control without ownership. I have come to the conclusion that our economic difficulties can very easily be solved under the capitalistic setup by a mathematical financial formula, which will work just as automatically for the welfare of all the people as the present financial setup works automatically against the people.

I venture to state that under public control of currency and credit even the banking system would benefit, for there would not be that risk of business failure which through an insufficient money supply exists at present.

The only thing the banks would lose would be the power to create and destroy money. Voluntarily, of course, they cannot be expected to relinquish that power, but it is up to Parliament to pass the necessary legislation.

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THE MAGAZINES

During the month of December we have received the following: Toronto Theosophical News, December; The Middle Way, November-December; The

Link, Johannesburg, South Africa, October-November; Lucifer, Boston, December; Y Fforwm Theossofaidd, Cardiff, Wales, Sept.-October; Bulletin 193 and 194, U.L.T., England, December; The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin, (4pp.) September and October; The Theosophist, 32 pp., September; The Theosophical Forum, Covina, December; The Theosophist, 22 pp., October; Dharma. Mexico, D. F., September; The Theosophical Worker, (6 pp.) October; The American Theosophist, December; The Theosophical Movement, (6 pp.) September and October; The Indian Theosophist, (16 pp.), Sept.-October; Bulletin of the T. S. in Mexico, Sept.-October; Theosophy, Los Angeles, December; The Aryan Path, (16 pp.) September; Ancient Wisdom, December; The Golden Lotus, December; The Christian Theosophist, Dec.-March; Fraternidad, Chile. May-August; Canada at War, Nov.-December.

STRANGE NESTING

From the London (Eng.) Spectator.

In a township near Oxford, a pair of robins were watched at the breakfast hour building a nest close to the driver's seat in a tradesman's van. They worked only during that hour, for the van was on its rounds for the rest of the day. The nest was in a hole just behind the steering wheel. When it was finished the hen sat in the nest during the morning round, and when the van returned about 2 p.m. she was met by the cock with food, and the two lunched at the same time as the driver of the van. Four eggs were laid, but alas were stolen. Unperturbed by the disaster, the hen has now laid four more eggs (in eight days), going the morning round as before. It seems unlikely that she can hatch the eggs out. She does not like the garage, and leaves the nest even in the morning if anyone but the busy grocer himself is on the driving seat.

THE WAR

Last month, more than a week before publication on December 15 we wrote: "Prolongation of the war now depends wholly on the Germans." Next day, on the 16th, General Rundstedt led an estimated 200,000 men into Belgium and France through a gap between the 1st and 3rd U. S. armies. It is stated that in 15 minutes General Eisenhower had decided what to do. At the time of writing it is obvious that the Germans, whatever else they may have hoped to do, had made only one success out of their effort. They delayed the invasion of Germany from the West, and gained time for their always hypothetical hope that the Allies may quarrel among themselves. Hitler seems to think that should this happen he might have a chance to negotiate a favourable peace treaty with the quarrelling politicians. At what cost he cherishes this wild hope may be judged from the slaughter of Rundstedt's troops and the destruction of his armament. The effect on the Allies of the successful penetration effected by Rundstedt of the liberated territory where the people who had been driven out had come back and had expected to be finally settled in their homes, was bitter. Nothing more cruel could be imagined than the awakening of these people to the presence of the enemy once more. Ruthless as ever, civilians were massacred in cold blood by the enemy or pressed into slavery for defence work. From a military point of view the Allies lose very little. They are not fighting for territory but for the destruction of the German armies, and this thrust into Belgium and France was an excellent opportunity to add to the score. On the home front the net effect has been to dissipate the widely spread idea that the war was nearly over. More recruits, less absenting, increasing amounts of ammunition, these and other disturbing factors were fully dealt with by Presi-

dent Roosevelt in his annual address to Congress which presented a surprisingly solid support to the presidential programme. The Balkans are a perennial source of trouble. Problems, partly racial, partly religious, partly political are always smouldering, like a winter back-log, always ready to be blown into a blaze. Greece has been the latest offender, two sets of guerilla rebels, who feared that King George might be re-established, gave the western Allies a bad fortnight before they agreed after much irregular fighting, to accept the assurances of Britain, who was feeding the nation, that there would be nothing done till a free election by the whole nation had been held. German emissaries were more than suspected of having a hand in this disturbance.

King Peter, aged 22, apparently has not had the sense to note the mortality in monarchs in his generation and refuses to accept the advice of his elders.

Russia has opened a new campaign in southern Poland while carrying on the subjection of Buda-Pesth as a step towards Vienna, and has also renewed the assault on East Prussia. Stalin may be first in Berlin after all, which would be a great relief to his other Allies. Japan is learning daily that backing the wrong horse is a mounting liability. Argentina has not learned this lesson yet.

A. E. S. S.

Books by Wm. Kingsland

The Mystic Quest; The Esoteric Basis of Christianity; Scientific Idealism; The Physics of the Secret Doctrine; Our Infinite Life; Rational Mysticism; An Anthology of Mysticism; The Real H. P. Blavatsky; Christos: The Religion of the Future; The Art of Life; The Great Pyramid, 2 vols.; The Gnosis.

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