

THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

Divine Wisdom

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Occult Science

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VOL. XXV., No. 4

HAMILTON, JUNE 15th, 1944

Price 20 Cents.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

By GRAHAM GODFREY, MUS. DOC.

*(A talk to the Hamilton Association,
November 20, 1943.)*

These are but a few random thoughts of a professional musician to a group of people whose interest in music is, for the most part, rather that of the amateur than the professional. And you in your role of amateurs have, I sometimes think, taken the better part. The professional musician's life is so often taken up with the dull mechanics of his art, that there is a danger of his losing touch with the essential quality of music—the expression of thoughts and feelings.

The amateur (that is the non-professional lover of music) is, on the other hand like Browning's wise thrush, who sings each song twice over:

"Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture."

The birds, fortunately cannot delegate to others the expression of their feelings in song. They are not blessed (or cursed—whichever you prefer) with radio sets. Theirs is a spontaneous and individual expression of their joy in living.

Nowadays, our love of music, too often takes a purely passive form. We are apt to restrict our musical activities

(though activity seems hardly the right word) to listening in on our radios, or attending concerts given by visiting virtuosi.

In earlier times this was not so. Their appreciation and love of music impelled them to seize every opportunity of making music for themselves. And the greatest achievements in music have always been at a time when small groups of people have had the impulse to get together in their homes for the practice and performance of concerted music—songs, instrumental trios and quartets—madrigals, part-songs, or any kind of chamber music.

This was particularly so in Germany in the 17th and 18th centuries, when almost every well-to-do household had its own little orchestra, composed of members of the family and their servants. The Bach family had such a band of musicians for many generations, and it was on this soil that the greatest of all musicians, grew and flourished.

Decadence begins to set in when this practice and performance of music is delegated to paid singers and players, that is, when we cease to be 'doers' and become 'hearers' only. But these are days of specialization in art as well as in industry, and there appears to be

little demand for a singer or player who has not, through intensive study along one narrow path, reached a pitch of perfection unattainable to the vast majority.

And yet I suggest that the cause of music is furthered more, far more, by the group of amateurs, who combine to perform, to the best of their ability, one of the great masterpieces of music, than by the virtuoso, who, by dint of 8 or 10 hours' daily practice succeeds in giving us a performance slightly more brilliant or breath-taking than his or her rivals.

We need these virtuosi—they serve as an inspiration and an ideal for which we must all strive. But the real joy in music is to be found, *not* in what we might call 'star gazing,' but in searching out its secrets for ourselves.

And so my remarks might well be entitled "In Praise of the Amateur."

I would like to give you three little pictures of the musical amateur in the life of the old countries. First, a little scene from the 14th century. There is a charming passage in an old poem of this period called "The Flower and the Leaf." It is a translation from the French, and is attributed by some experts to Chaucer.

A lady has wandered in the early morning into a meadow, sweet with the scent of eglantine and the medlar tree. Suddenly she hears voices: 'The most sweetest,' she says, 'and most delicious that ever any wight, I trow truly, heard in their life, for the armony and sweet accord was in so good musick, that was most like the voice of angels. And then, out of a grove near by there came, singing lustily, a world of ladies with surcoats white of velvet, well sitting, with semes garnished with emeralds, and many a rich stone set in the sleeves, and traines round about. On their heads were chaplets of green; some of laurel, some of woodbine—and they came dancing and singing into the midst of the meadow.

"The queen of the party, whose heavenly-figured face so pleasaunt was, and her well shapen person,—that of beauty she passed them every one, began a roundel lustily—and the company answered all, with voice sweet entuned that methought it the sweetest melody that ever I heard in my life, soothly! And they answered her together passing well, and as pleasauntly, that it was a blissful noise to hear."

A very delightful picture! And do not imagine that, because these were the so-called dark ages, that their singing would be unpleasant to our ears. Chaucer was evidently no mean judge of singing—he could be most critical at times. You will remember, how, in the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' he speaks of the elderly nun who sang through her nose, and the fat sumptner who sang a drone bass to the Pardoner's weakly tenor—"and was never trumpet of half as grate a sound."

And what sort of tunes did they sing in those days? That bevy of lovely ladies of "The Flower and the Leaf" might have sung this little French air from the Pastoral Play "Robin and Marion."

In Chaucer's England their song might have been the tender little love song. "At the sighs that come from my heart."

And now for my second picture I would like to take you on a century or two to the time of Shakespeare, that astonishing period in the history of England. Everyone is aware of England's supremacy at this period on the seas, in commerce, and in literature, but few realize that in music too, she was unrivalled.

For a first hand and unbiassed account of Britain in the early 16th century we cannot do better than refer to the great Dutch Scholar, Critic and Traveller—Erasmus. He visited England on several occasions, and has given us delightful descriptions of their Na-

tional customs—their taste for good wine—and deep drinking,—and their amiability. Of this he says—“The hostess or her daughter would greet the gentleman visitor with a kiss. A custom, says he, that can never be sufficiently recommended.”

He sums up his impressions in this sentence. “The English challenge the prerogative of having the handsomest women; of keeping the best table, and of being the most accomplished in the skill of music of any people in the world.” He tells us that the ladies of the court, for recreation practised their lutes, citherns (guitars) and also prick-song,—that is, singing from the written notes—and all kinds of music.

Queen Elizabeth herself was reputed to be a very passable player on the Virginals—the primitive kind of piano in use in those days. A great favourite with her was the song “Quodling’s Delight.”

How much music was a part of their daily life in those days, we gather from Shakespeare’s plays. He was writing for the average playgoer, and yet his characters use freely, such technical terms as—discord—rests—diapasons—burdens—descant—gamut—plainsong, and the rest of them. It is almost as if his characters were living in an atmosphere of music. In *‘The Merchant of Venice’* Portia has her own private band of musicians, who play to her, and greet her on her return home.

In that lovely scene in the garden of Portia’s house, where Lorenzo and Jessica are awaiting Portia’s return, the music is not just a background for conversation; it, like the beauty of the night, is an essential part of the scene.

Lorenzo calls Portia’s musicians.

Come Ho, and wake Diana with a
Hymn

With sweetest touches pierce your
mistress’s ear

And draw her home with music.

In *Twelfth Night*; the two disreputable old Knights Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are apt to sing rounds and catches, at every convenient and inconvenient moment.

In *Winter’s Tale*, Clown, the peasant, is talking about his father’s labourers—24 of them. He says they are 3-mansong men all of them,—and very good ones too. That is, they could all take their parts in catches and rounds for three voices—though as usual they seem to be short of tenors; for as he says: “They are most of them “Means” (that is, male altos), and basses. Autolycus, in the same play, when he appears as a pedlar, sells ballads, which are bought and listened to, with more attention than is given even to the ladies’ ribands and gloves.

“Come on,” “lay it by,” says the clown, “and let us see some more ballads:—we’ll buy the other things anon!”

Autolycus has one ballad in his bag, which he says “there’s scarce a maid but sings it.”

“The two girls know the song, for they say, ‘We had the tune a month ago, ‘If thou’lt bear a part, then shalt hear it—’tis in three parts. And Autolycus joins then in the three-part song.

In *Hamlet*, much of the pathos of Ophelia’s madness comes from her singing of ballads—music which, in happier days she would sing gaily. But now, all the joy has gone out of it. She sings “Bonny Sweet Robin”—“How shall I your true love know?” and “Sweet Valentine,” but her memory fails her before she can complete them; like the violets—“They withered all when my father died.”

When Shakespeare makes his Ladies and Gentlemen sing, and have a good knowledge of music—his knights and tinkers sing rounds and catches. His servant girls and farm hands sing ballads in three parts, it was because they did so in the life of the country in which they lived.

This is evident from a book written in 1597 by Thomas Morley entitled "A Plaine and Easy Introduction to 'Practical Music.'" He gives an anecdote of a supper party which he attended. He says—

"The music bookes being brought, according to custom, to the table after supper. The mistress of the house, presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing. But when, after many excuses (you see, like many amateur singers, he was rather bashful) I protested that I could not, everyone began to wonder! yea, and some whispered to others,—asking—How I was brought up!"

And now for my third and last picture we will go on to the late 17th century, the time of the great Diarist Pepys.

Pepys, in spite of his exactive duties as Secretary to the Admiralty, yet found time to learn and play the Lute, the Viol, the Flute and the Recorder. The flute was his favourite instrument and he seems to have carried it about with him wherever he went.

"Then," he says, "to a drinking house near Temple Bar, where I played on my flageolet, till a dish of poached eggs was got ready for us!" and again, "At night into the garden to play on my flageolet, it being moonshine, where I stayed a good while."

He even seems to have tried his hand at composition:—"Was in my chamber all day," he says, "composing some ayres, 'God forgive me!'"

In another entry in his diary he tells us: "Was long with Mr. Berkenshaw (his music master) this morning at my music practice; finishing my song 'Gaze not on Swans', in two parts, which pleases me well. And I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money and troubled me to part with it."

This seems to be the only fly in the ointment. Music was costly! He hated

to pay out money! Nothing worried him so much as giving money to a musician—as he naively confesses. "Only the music did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30/="

But music was his one great hobby and all in his household must share his enthusiasm—especially his young wife, which was a pity, for she had not a very good ear, and she suffers much, in comparison with pretty Mercer the servant maid, who played the harpsichord and the viol, and sang very charmingly.

"About 11, I home, it being a fine moonshine, so my wife and Mercer came into the garden, and my business being done we sang until midnight, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours—by their casements opening to hear us." and again:

"After supper falling to singing—with Mercer—she pleasing me with her singing of 'Helpe, Helpe!' till past midnight!"

Naturally, Mrs. Pepys becomes very jealous, but in desperation she very pluckily takes up the flageolet and becomes fairly proficient. "One evening," he records, "she played to me till I slept with great pleasure in bed."

His house is often full of music makers. On one occasion *so full* that, he says: "With all my company, we went to the office (that is 'the Admiralty) and then fell to dancing, and then sang, and then danced, and then sang many things of three and four voices."

No doubt some of the popular ballads of the day, of which Pepys was very fond, were sung, such as the lovely song—"Barbara Allen." And to finish the evening, over their final cups, perhaps they would sing—for Pepys and his circle were Royalists all—his friend Jeremy Saville's "Here's A Health Unto His Majesty!"

My three pictures have all been taken from the musical life of England. They could be matched in almost any European country.

My plea, is for a return to this home music making. Do not let us, as a nation, be content to get our artistic pleasures vicariously. The songs and chamber music of Schubert and Brahms are free to us all, and they are an unending delight to all who take the trouble to delve into them.

Our ears are being constantly bombarded with the fatuous, imbecile ravings of the crooners and jazz merchants of Tin Pan Alley. But let us plug up our ears (and incidentally turn off our radios) and listen to the saner, deeper, lovelier things that we can find for ourselves in the music of the great composers of all ages. For in this lies, I believe, one of our best hopes for the future.

There is much talk and argument nowadays, of plans, and blue prints, for the brave new world that is to be ours, when this war is over. Necessarily most of the plans and proposals have to do with the material side of our life. We are to have 'freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech, and freedom of worship. The standard of material living is to be raised. Many of the luxuries that were the prerogatives of the rich will now be available to the poor—or I should say to all, for there are to be *no poor*. We are to be cared for by the state in sickness, and in our old age. What more can we ask of a benevolent democracy?

With the aid of technology and mass-production our working hours will probably be cut down to at most 6 hours a day, five days a week. At last into the life of the working man will come that blessed thing—leisure from toil.

Play time—recreation time—time to develop and enjoy those faculties that have long—and especially during these war years—been dormant. Time for the enjoyment of nature, and art; and all those things of the mind and spirit which are our only excuse for being alive. For in the words of William

Henry Davies:

What is this life, if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare,
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to stand beneath the boughs
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in

grass,

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at
night.

No time to turn at beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can
dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare.

But there is a terrible danger in this gift of leisure—especially if it comes, as it may do, suddenly, without our being properly prepared for it.

Is it going to result in a further revival of dog-racing, and other so-called sports. Are we to spend our evenings in bridge and cocktail parties, with the sole object of killing time; time that has been won for us, at the cost of so many lives?

This, I believe, will be the most serious problem that will confront us after the war, and I suggest that it should have, at least as much consideration and thought given to it, as is being given to the providing of a 'helicopter for every home.'

Yet I am optimistic enough to believe that the task will not be as difficult as we sometimes fear. The vast majority of people who will benefit by this increased leisure, have, I am sure, a keen desire for the better things of life. Much of their resentment against their richer neighbours is that *they* are able to enjoy a more cultured life. For the appreciation of art is not limited to those wealthier people who are able to indulge their taste in it. It is found

just as much amongst the \$1000 a year folk as the \$20,000. And in this use of leisured hours for cultural pursuits, music must take a very large part.

Now, I am a musician, and you may justifiably think that in stressing the part music must play in this reconstruction, I am taking a naturally biased point of view. Then let me quote for you a remark made by Mr. J. L. Garvin, the famous author and economist, and Editor-in-Chief of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. At a dinner of the British Music Society in London, he gave it as his opinion that "in the cultivation of music lay one of the best hopes of this troubled world."

This must have been very gratifying to the musicians there present; but, was it prompted by a sincere belief or was it merely one of those flattering remarks that an after dinner speaker feels himself called upon to make to his audience? I would like to say most emphatically that I believe Mr. Garvin was uttering a very profound truth—a truth that has been expressed for us so magically by the modern poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy:

We are the music makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
And sitting by desolate streams
Yet we are the makers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

This is by no means a new discovery. Twenty three centuries ago, Plato gave music a very high place in his "Ideal Republic" saying that "It is a more potent weapon than any other in the education of the citizen.

It would of course be idle to suggest that the mere cultivation of the arts, and music in particular, will of itself be sufficient to prevent the recurrence of such a terrible catastrophe as we are suffering from at the present moment. And you are no doubt disturbed in your minds by the knowledge that the nation

that led the world for so many years in the peaceful art of music, should have become the evil thing that it is today.

But we must remember that Germany is an agglomeration of many differing nationalities. I am reminded of a very interesting article that appeared recently in Maclean's magazine, written by Emil Ludwig—himself, of course, of German origin. In it he calls our attention to the fact that the militant and brutal element in Germany, which has for many years dominated the rest of the country, has never produced a name of first rank in the intellectual world. Whether this is true in the fields of Literature and Science, I am not competent to judge, but it is certainly so in music. For although Prussia comprises almost two-thirds of the German Reich, yet not one of the great composers, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, was a Prussian. Music cannot thrive under a dictatorship—In the words of the wise melancholy Jacques in *As You Like It*:

It must have liberty withal
As large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom it pleases.

For music of all the arts, is the most truly democratic.

Where will you find a more perfect picture of a democratic state than that of a large body of singers and instrumentalists united together with the sole purpose of producing a great work of art? The relation of the various instruments and voices to one another, their dependence on one another—their infinitely varied characters and capabilities; their obedience to law—and the joining together to produce a great harmony of beauty and design—a perfect miniature of an ideal commonwealth!

Do not let the thought of that Dictator in the shape of a conductor disturb you, as he stands in front of his forces, controlling them all with an imperious movement of his hands. He is himself

the servant of the music and of the thought conceived in the mind of the Composer.

Music is a common bond uniting all civilized peoples. The great composers Bach, Debussy, Tschaikovsky, Verdi, though of different nationalities, all speak in a common language that we can all understand; and their achievements are the heritage of the whole world, for there are no "have", and "have-not" nations in the world of music.

Let us try to imagine—maybe a year from now, in some devastated city of Central Europe, a group of people met together to try to solve the problems that confront a tired and disillusioned world. One of them is a Pole, whose country has been ravaged by the horrors of invasion; one is a Frenchman from Paris—another a Greek who has seen his countrymen die in their hundreds of thousands from famine and disease. Still another is a German, who is bitter from the knowledge that his country, through its megalomania and its cruelty, has brought all this ruin and desolation on the world. There are also a Russian, an Englishman, an American and a Jew. Conversation is impossible, every word spoken can but aggravate the underlying feeling of mistrust and antagonism. Where will they find some common expression of their longing for peace and joy and order in the world?—where better than in music?

So I should like to suggest that when that great day does come, and peace is once more with us, and we have performed our first duty of feeding and clothing the hungry nations—that as a first symbol of the drawing together of the people, we should have a thanksgiving Festival of the world's great music.

If the thought appeals to you, you will no doubt prefer to choose for yourselves an appropriate programme,—and I hope that the first note of dissension

will not creep in at this point. But I should like to offer the following as a purely personal suggestion:

We might begin with Bach's great Mass in B. minor; then Italy would give us Palestrina's Stabat Mater; Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major might follow, after which England might be represented by Elgars' 'Dreaming Geron-tiers'. Then perhaps a Tschaikovsky Symphony, or Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto, and as a fitting close the great Te Deum of Berlioz. As conductor-in-chief we must have America's cosmopolitan Toscanini. This would indeed be a happy augury of the coming of the world pictured by John Addington Symonds.

'Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is Paradise.

THE THREE TRUTHS

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

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

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

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

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

THE CRUCIFIXION

BY CECIL WILLIAMS

(*Expansion of some of the notes used in a lecture before the Hamilton Theosophical Society on Easter Sunday, 1944.*)

To-day, for the greater part of Christendom, is the anniversary of the death of God; for if, as Christ is reported to have said, "I and my Father are one," then, when Christ died, God died. God is not only dead, He is in hell. But tomorrow He will rise triumphant from the tomb and reign once more in heaven.

If we take this event as symbolical, we must remember that Blavatsky said myths and religious symbols enshrined *historic* events and that the New Testament contains *priceless truth*. My purpose is to glance at one or two of the aspects of the Christian crucifixion and extract from it a fact of practical, personal value for all.

The closer we come to the origin of a religion the nearer we reach truth, and closer to the beginnings of Christianity are, not the Gospels, but the Epistles, for the latter appeared earlier in time. Now the Epistles do not present the crucifixion as an event taking place on a certain date. Paul said, for example, "I crucify Christ daily." How could he do so if Christ had died once and for all time on a hill outside Jerusalem? Where such statements are not ignored, it is common to regard them as mystical and remote from common human interest, whereas they are practical and intimate.

For we are to regard the historical truth of myths in the scientific, not in the temporal, sense. The life history of an animal applies to all animals of the species. The crucifixion story is dramatically *typical* of the crucifixion of the world, "the lamb slain from the beginning," and of all men, for in us all is "Christ the hope of glory." The dead-letter acceptance of the Gospel narra-

tives has hidden the pearls of great price they contain.

It has been well said that the trial of Jesus is strange. It is not the judge who pronounces sentence, but the people. Moreover, the issue is not the guilt or innocence of the accused, but which of two men shall be condemned, Jesus or Barabbas? It is not a trial in the forensic sense at all. The story of the crucifixion is a drama taken from the Greek mysteries, given, in the Gospels, in fragmentary form, with interpolations.

Few of the early Christians, it is evident, were acquainted with the drama in its entirety. For not only were the profounder truths revealed "in secret", as Paul says, but the early Christians disputed, speculatively, as to who was crucified. There were four theories; the man crucified was: (1) Jesus in a physical body; (2) Jesus in an ethereal body; (3) Barabbas, and (4) Simon, who helped to carry the cross.

Early manuscripts show that the choice offered to the people was between two Jesuses, between Jesus Barabbas and Jesus called the Messiah. In the time of Origen, a Church Father, the prename of Barabbas was stricken out, for he held that so sacred a name as Jesus should not prefix that of an "impious wretch." As Barabbas means "son of the father," it is plain that the choice was between Jesus in his aspect of the Son of God or of the "Father", and Jesus in his aspect of the Son of Man. Sentence was pronounced upon the Son of Man.

One of the priceless gifts of that cornucopia, *The Secret Doctrine*, is the restored form of the Greek caduceus. Disfigured in general and by such uninitiated speculative thinkers as Max Heindel and Manly Hall, in its original form it is an emblem of great complexity, symbolizing all fundamental truth. When we recall, as, I believe, James

Morgan Pryse first pointed out, that the three men who were crucified were attached to *one* cross, not three, it is instructive to note how the Greeks reproduced their caduceus in the mystery drama. For the three men correspond to the three snakes of the caduceus and the outstretched arms of the central figure to its expanded wings.

Now Jesus Barabbas, the Son of God, was a robber. He is Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven *in a hollow tube*. The other Jesus, the Son of Man, is his brother, Epimetheus. They are the good and bad thieves, respectively, the right and left hand snakes of the caduceus. The central figure is Simon, for the name Simon means "he who hears," and the resemblance of the name Simon to the last two syllables of the Buddhist *Kwan-shi-yin* is noteworthy. *Kwan-shi-yin* means "one who looks towards a supplicatory sound of the world," in brief, "he who hears." With the Buddhists, he is not only a saviour of the world but a bodily healer. So we have a connecting link between the saviour on the cross and the caduceus, the symbol of medicine.

How it comes about that while one man is condemned three are executed, an incident, in a *meaningful* event, accidental for orthodox theology, belongs with those permutations, *which are not really permutations*, of religious symbolism, in which deities take on various and apparently opposing attributes, as Siva is both saviour and destroyer, and the consorts of gods both mother *and* wife, or, appropriately to the context, Mary is virgin and mother, or virgin and wanton, for there are three Marys, the virgin, the madonna and the magdalene, and these three are *at the same time*, one. These things are mysteries, which are not to be completely solved by regarding the three merely as aspects of the one.

There is no object nor event which does not suggest, in varying degrees,

these mysteries and their solution, manifestations as they are of simplicity in complexity and of logically *necessary* principles, without which not even thought were possible. Some day I hope, in part at least, publicly to unravel this universal riddle, which has to be solved step by step as the schoolboy masters his arithmetic or his grammar. For the present it is enough to draw attention to the correspondence between the form of the crucifixion or the caduceus and the body with its backbone and dual organs or the *hollow tube* of radar.

It is we who are crucified and it is we who rise again from the dead, as on this Easter day we see nature ascending once more to its glory. A personal application of the story of the crucifixion is suggested in Keble's hymn:

"New every morning is the love,
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and
thought."

The poet and religious reformer could not be blind to the obvious trinity: life, power and thought.

This life is, for us, hell. Yet it is also heaven. And every day, to some degree, we fluctuate between heaven and hell. We are in hell when we are in pain, in sickness, when we are frustrated, overwhelmed with grief, anxious, distressed, fearful, envious, angry, whenever we feel hate for others and pity for ourselves. But when we are healthy, successful, confident, courageous, cheerful, grateful, happy, when we love others and forget ourselves, we are in heaven.

Through our own acts, past and present, which also give others the power to act upon us, we may be crucified and thrust into hell, but through our own acts, past and present, which give others the power to help us, we may ascend once more into heaven. Heaven and hell are relative and the depth of hell to which we penetrate depends *only* upon

ourself at the moment. All pain is greater when we add to it self-pity. Similarly, the height of heaven to which we may ascend depends *only* upon ourself. All joy is greater which gives others joy. When we enter hell or heaven we do not go alone. We take others with us. It is not given to many to "shut the gates of mercy on mankind," or to "scatter plenty o'er a smiling land," but all who enter hell or heaven necessarily affect, for good or evil, *some* others.

When we are in hell, then the Logos, the "lamb slain from the beginning of the world," is in hell also. For the Christ, the life and the "light that lights every man" is with us there. The depth of hell into which we thrust Christ depends only upon ourselves.

But in us also is "the hope of glory," for Christ crucified, as Paul said, is at once the Power of God and the Wisdom of God. The Life of the World and the Light of the World are within us. For Life is power and Light is thought and by the exercise of will and intelligence we may be brave where else we might have been fearful, cheerful instead of sad, helpful instead of helpless, refuse to remain in the depths of hell and raise Christ with us, who is at once, the saviour and the saved, the healer and the healed.

This act of salvation is a practical synthesis of religion, philosophy and science. Through religion, the Power of God, we will, through philosophy, the Wisdom of God, we reason, through science, the efficient application of power and wisdom, we act. The situation grows less hopeless, the pain less keen, until, ascending, we find ourselves, with Christ, once more in heaven.

We crucify ourselves daily and hourly, but daily and hourly we may with the aid of the divine powers within, individual and yet cosmic, raise ourselves and Christ from the tomb, and every day

and every hour will then be for us a happy Easter.

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A NEW OBJECTION TO REINCARNATION

BY CHARLES E. LUNTZ

(From Ancient Wisdom for May by permission of the Editor, Mr. Luntz)

Some months ago we asked our readers to send in any new argument against rebirth which they might hear and, if it seemed sufficiently interesting to answer, we would attempt to do so in these columns. Nobody has sent in any such arguments but we heard one the other day over the radio that seemed a bit out of the ordinary so we are dealing with it here.

Someone had written to the clerical spokesman for one of the orthodox faiths and asked his opinion of reincarnation. The answer was given without heat or apparent rancour and we shall endeavour to couch our answer to the question in similar temperate phraseology. Theosophy does not quarrel with the churches or with church teaching. It can often amplify the latter and harmonize seeming inconsistencies which puzzle churchgoers themselves.

The answer given was that reincarnation cannot possibly be true because Paul, who was a successor to Christ as teacher of the early Church, expressly used these words (Heb. ix:27) : "And as it is appointed unto men to die once, but after this the judgment . . ."

Paul's pronouncement, said the speaker, had all the authority of Christ himself, which authority was conferred upon him in the well known vision on the way to Damascus. So, as Paul declared that man died only once and after that came the Judgment, rebirth could not possibly be true. As regards the

authority of Christ, delegated to Paul, there can be no question of that because Christ proved his authority by rising from the dead.

It is true that the Theosophist feels a little baffled when confronted with "proofs" such as these. As all orthodox Christians and many unorthodox ones accept the resurrection as a literal fact and would consider as sacrilege and blasphemy any expression of doubt that the event occurred in the flesh, exactly as described, it is useless to antagonize them by questioning it. The speaker took the position that as this happened it settled for all time the truth of every pronouncement that Jesus made.

But if that be so, does it also insure that Jesus *did* make all the statements attributed to him and that no possible errors of translation could have crept into the later gospel copies, nor could any interpolations have been put there by those with their own good reasons for doing so? (As all scholars know, there are countless instances of such errors and interpolations, proved up to the hilt).

Jesus did not say man was born only once or the speaker would have quoted him direct. He said most emphatically (John iii:3): "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." It is true he was referring to a spiritual birth and the word "again" should be properly translated "from above." But every birth is a spiritual birth—there is no other kind. It is the ego who is reborn, not the personality, which perishes at the end of the cycle, though all of good in it has been absorbed into the ego. Born "from above" is a perfect theosophic description of reincarnation—the ego (from above) taking a new vehicle of flesh. Jesus did not deny reincarnation. On the contrary several of his utterances are incapable of any other construction than that he was affirming it.

However, let us pass to the words of

Paul and concede, once more for the sake of argument, that he spoke with all the authority of the Christ. Paul stated that man could die but once, and no occultist would disagree with him. The Greek word used for man (and Paul wrote in Greek) is *anthropos*, and that word most certainly designates physical and not spiritual man. So positive is this definition that the verb anthropomorphize is employed as a definition of the attributing of human form or personality to God. Anthropoid means a man-like ape; nothing spiritual about that. Anthropogeny is the study of the origin of physical (not spiritual) man. Anthropology is the study of man, particularly considered as an animal in structure. There can therefore be no doubt that the *anthropos* to which Paul was referring was quite definitely a physical man having nothing whatever to do with MAN-as, the ego, the spiritual man, the soul, which is (except for abnormal exceptions) the only reincarnating entity. Man (*Manas*, the Sanskrit word from which man is derived) is reborn; but man, *anthropos*, is born but once. This is no quibble on words. The speaker appealed to the scriptural text for his authority and to the original Greek in which Paul wrote, which can be the only true authority, we refer him.

But what about "The Judgment" following upon the one physical death. The answer is that Paul never mentioned "The Judgment." The Greek word he used (see any Greek Testament) was *krisis*. This word, which fathered our word "crisis," does not in its primary meaning signify "judgment" but "decision." (See Oxford Dictionary under "crisis" for confirmation of this statement).

Furthermore there is no "the" in the original text. Paul did not say *the* judgment or even *the* decision. There is a Greek word for "the," had Paul wanted to use it and he does use it in many other instances, but not here. He

even uses it in this sentence before the word "men," though the translators omit it. The literal translation from the Greek of the sentence on which the speaker relies is this:

"And as it awaits the men once to die, but after this, decision . . ."

So the whole case against reincarnation, based on these words of Paul, crumbles to pieces. He said nothing of any Day of Judgment or *The Judgment* following on the one physical death. He spoke merely of a decision—a decision, for the Greeks had no word for "a". And that decision, or even if you like judgment, necessarily based on the life just closed, for on the doings of that life depends the *decision* or judgment of karma as to the next life on the physical plane.

So the very passage cited to disprove reincarnation turns out to be one more of the countless proofs which support it. Cold comfort for those who mistakenly think that Paul of all people, initiate and occultist as he was, would deny what to him must have been one of the great central facts of his inner knowledge.

SIBERIA

Many people from long association, when Russia is mentioned, think at once of Siberia and exile. Siberia resembles Canada in so many ways and to such a degree that knowledge of each country might well be acquired at the same time. Maurice Hindus has contributed to *Liberty* of May 20 an article entitled "Siberia, the Waking Giant," which readily recalls the extraordinary impression that has been made in Britain by Canada's contribution of war materials and equipment to the Allied cause. Siberia made a similar contribution to Russia and enabled the Russian army to meet and defeat the German forces whenever called upon.

"That is why in the early months of the war Hitler and his spokesmen an-

nounced eighteen times that the Red Army was so badly battered it never again could rise to its feet. Even while he was celebrating its 'collapse', Stalin was secretly mustering Siberian tanks and planes, Siberian guns and shells, Siberian bread and meat, Siberian manpower and hardihood."

Mr. Hindus describes how when Hitler resolved to capture Stalingrad at all costs, Stalin and the Russian press were silent. "Yet Siberia roared and hummed with action. No German ear heard it. No German eye saw it. But when enough Siberian armament had rolled into European Russia, to give the Red Army of Stalingrad a preponderant strength" the Germans met the greatest disaster they had ever known.

It was in 1581 that a Cossack outlaw named Yermak wandered into Siberia and with 1681 followers seized the Tartar settlement, a conquest the Tsars completed. They prized it chiefly for its revenues in furs, as the Hudson Bay Company valued Canada. Then it became a place of exile for political offenders and hardened criminals. But the riches of the country lured scientists, prospectors and speculators, till finally the Trans-Siberian Railway was built and several millions of colonists hastened to settle there, as British colonists would settle in Canada if they had the enterprise of the Russians.

"Now", says Mr. Hindus, "Siberia is perhaps the greatest boom land in the world." We may ask, Why not Canada?

Siberia has more forest than the rest of Asia and all Europe together. It has millions of acres of land as level and black as any in the Ukraine or Iowa. It has some of the mightiest rivers in the world, the Ob, Yenesei, Lena, and all except the Amur flow north into the Arctic Ocean. Nearly all Russia's gold and platinum come from Siberia. It is calculated that the coal beds in the heart of Siberia would supply the needs of the world for 300 years. The Soviet Govern-

ment understands what to do with this wealth and the cleverest scientific workers and explorers are encouraged to discover further treasures and expand and develop what is already known. Bauxite, oil, diamond crystals, and constantly new treasures are uncovered

All this material is available for the gigantic manufacturing industries which the economic policy of the Soviets pursues. The climate is not a temperate one, but the dwellers in any country soon adjust themselves to their conditions, and our experience in Canada indicates that population modifies climatic conditions to a marked degree. Mr. Hindus tells of being greeted when he got off the train at Tiumen by a crowd of peasant women, boys and girls selling white rolls, little wooden buckets full of honey, wild strawberries and gorgeous bouquets of wild flowers. It is noted also for mushrooms, cranberries, blackberries and bilberries.

Fruit growing is being developed in a peculiar way. Apples are espaliered on the ground. Instead of standing up the trees are lying down. With only the stump of a trunk and with the limbs pinned into the ground, the snow sweeps over them and they can withstand the bitterest cold. Pears, plums and cherries are also being set out in this way. Canadians should keep an eye on Siberia, for they are going ahead in a climate more trying than ours and their methods and devices both on the farms and in the cities may be very useful to us when adapted to our similar conditions.

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.

May be had from JOHN M. WATKINS,
21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road,
London, W. O. 2, England.

MR. DODD AND SPIRITUALISM

We have been becoming intimate with Mr. Alfred Dodd as an advocate of what to some is a wild theory and to others a solid fact, that Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, was the real author of the Shakespeare plays. Also that by self-revelatory testimony entirely educed from his own inner consciousness he was enabled to rearrange the celebrated but highly enigmatic Sonnets in an order which gave them intelligible meaning and at the same time propounded and solved one of our greatest historical mysteries.

Not content with the evidence thus placed in his hands and sufficiently self-confirming, he sought through Spiritualistic mediumship for proof that his own testimony was correct. We charged him with disloyalty to his own higher faculties, but he waived this aside whether from modesty, or from doubt of his own power and genius, does not appear. He now supplies a long narrative which appears in *Psychic Science* for April, in which he tells his readers how stubborn a skeptic he was about Spiritualism and how he was compelled by his experiences to abandon the secular position and become a convert to survival, as the new term is used in the seance room. The story is most interesting and typical of many others of a similar nature. It happened 40 years ago.

He had been trained in the ways of evangelical orthodoxy but had become a rationalist from the unreasonableness of Church teaching. "Could it really be true that the theological way of escape was the only one?" These doubts and fears grew in intensity and were brought to a head when "a young school teacher at Granville Schools, Runcorn (where I then lived), died suddenly. . . . just twenty-one, a beautiful vivacious girl full of quips and laughter Thus was I forced, in sheer agony of

soul, to ask myself the question—How can one reconcile a Beneficent Creator with His cruel act of suddenly cutting off a life full of beauty and promise? Could there, in fact, be a God?"

He had at that time no predilection towards belief in psychic phenomena. "Far from it. I am inherently skeptical and had grown cynical." He came across a Nottingham paper with the report of a spiritualist meeting at which it was said Mrs. Clark sees Spirits and describes them. This seemed to him to be positively blasphemous. He felt so indignant that he wrote a hot letter to Mrs. Clarke (spelled both ways), and had a reply from Mr. Jonah Clarke, upon which a long correspondence ensued. He was challenged to try sitting by himself . . . After a month or so, being a psychic type, he began with a three-legged table and soon had it answering his questions. He got evidence enough then of the seance room variety, names that he had forgotten being supplied him and proving correct. Details unknown to him were verified. Finally he determined to investigate.

"I felt that I must ascertain the truth at all costs. I could not allow the R. P. A. any more than the Church to put me in *a priori* mental blinkers. I wanted explanations, not denials." So he put on the spiritualistic blinkers. He took his own photographic plates to William Hope of Crewe and got portraits, one of his grandfather. Finally, came Helen, the young school teacher. By this time he was a confirmed Spiritualist. "I had an intellectual and scientific knowledge that neither J. M. Robertson the high priest of secularism, the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the supreme mocker G. B. S., could destroy."

This was shortly after the opening of the first world war. After some years he resumed his investigations and with abundant detail he describes his experiences. In the early thirty's he became firm friends with Mr. Waller and

with Mr. and Mrs. Waller had a sitting with Mrs. Mason. Either at this or a subsequent seance, it is not clear which, Mrs. Helen Duncan, who has come into prominence recently by reason of the outrageous police arrest and prosecution, was the medium. Half a dozen times Mr. Dodd repeats, as one figure after another is described as appearing from the cabinet—*Mrs. Duncan could not have simulated THAT figure.*

Some months later he had another sitting with Mrs. Duncan and just at the end when the "power was waning," the curtains opened "and there stood, with hand upraised, smiling to me, the living palpitating figure of Helen. I was so amazed that I sprang to my feet and exclaimed, 'Why it's Helen.' It's Helen!" She was so real, he writes, "That I unconsciously held out my arms to her. She started back exclaiming, 'Don't touch me! Don't touch me!' And then she "suddenly disappeared into nothingness." And he repeats that Mrs. Duncan could not have simulated THAT figure. This may be necessary for the policemen and the Home Secretary, always stupid in such matters. But it is unnecessary for an experienced Theosophist. We do not deny the phenomena. We do not question the good faith of reputable mediums. We explain the phenomena and sympathize with the mediums who are largely irresponsible agents.

Mr. Dodd is, of course, as stubborn a Spiritualist as he was a Secularist. Only some drastic experience will lead him to open his mind to other considerations. Olcott's *People of the Other Worlds* records appearances as impressive as anything Mrs. Duncan can produce. His Helen, animated, full of life and vitality and joy and daintiness, is no more remarkable than Professor Crookes' Katie King, who lived with him and his family for six weeks. She was not afraid to be touched, but submitted to stethoscope examination, and

exhibited her pulse like any other human being.

Love that idolizes the physical alone cannot expect to reach to the heights and depths of the love that embraces the subtler aspects of consciousness which inspires the loftier levels of embodiment beyond our atomic planes. "When that which is unseen," says a cryptic scripture, "is seen, it disappears."

As long ago as 1873 the Religio-Philosophical Journal reported the proceedings at a seance in Chicago at which a control known as Jim O'Brien gave the sitters an address in which the whole theosophical teaching regarding death and what follows was explained. But the average Spiritualist is like Mr. Dodd. His mind is closed to anything else.

One can have great sympathy with Mr. Dodd on account of his romance. When I came to Canada in 1889 I was in Ottawa for some time. At the boarding house at which I was staying (on Maria Street, I think, now Laurier), I met the organist of Knox Church, Mr. Rushton Dodd. We became fast friends and he told me of his romance, a beautiful young girl Love Death. Of course we talked Theosophy and the mysteries of Life, since all is Life, but under Law and in infinitely varied forms. After I came to Toronto he journeyed down twice to see me and talk of Theosophy. He was attacked by typhoid fever and succumbed in the following year. Another case may be mentioned where the death of a girl at eighteen, led to a successful search for the truths embodied in Theosophy.

DEDICATORY

The love of one who never spoke
 A word to her he loved the best,
 Whose hidden worship never woke
 A thought in her unconscious breast
 The love of one who truly tried

To live for her sweet sake alone,
 With thought and labour sanctified
 As if herself had seen and known;
 The love of one who once or twice,
 Just for a moment, held her gaze,
 And gathered there a thought of price
 To cheer the darkness of the days;
 The love of one who looks to stand,
 With freer friendship, face to face,
 And hear her voice and touch her hand
 In the communion of God's grace;
 The love of one whose grievous care
 Is calmed and tempered by that faith,
 With half a cry, and half a prayer,
 Twines to her memory this wreath.



E. C. J. AETAT 18. OB. 1884.

Such love, so inspired, is not carnal nor mortal, but arises out of a pure heart. The verses suggest the selfless and ideal devotion of the writer. It is rare that later years maintain as high a standard. Such a dedication, however, cannot but have had an elevating effect upon the character of anyone who sincerely treasures such a memory.

THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

THE ORGAN OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
IN CANADA

Published on the 15th day of every month.



Editor—Albert E. S. Smythe.

Entered at Hamilton General Post Office as Second-class matter.

Subscription: **TWO DOLLARS A YEAR**OFFICERS OF THE T. S. IN CANADA
GENERAL EXECUTIVE

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Printed by The Griffin & Richmond Co., Ltd.,
29 Rebecca Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

OFFICE NOTES

This is the last month of the financial year of the Theosophical Society in Canada and members who wish to remain in good standing must pay their annual dues of \$2.50 to their Lodge officials or to the General Secretary on or before July 1st. Members-at-Large, that is, unattached to a Lodge, pay \$5. The standing of Canada among the other National Societies is determined by the number of members actually in good standing on June 30. Those who have not yet paid their dues for 1943-44 and there are over 20, should hasten to do so at once, to give Canada credit for steadfastness, and to cultivate personal fidelity. We beg of Lodge Secretaries and Treasurers to make a special effort to send in all arrears immediately.

* * *

Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them

which despitefully use you and persecute you.—Matthew v. 44.

* * *

Vice-Admiral Aubrey Wray Fitch, of the U. S. Navy, lately promoted deputy chief of naval operations for air, is a grandson of the late Rev. Henry Basil Brooke Wray, a well-known clergyman in Ontario parishes up till his death in Kingston in 1878. The Rev. Henry's favourite sister was Sarah Ann Wray, wife of Lucius Cary of Redcastle, maternal grandmother of the Canadian General Secretary.

* * *

I have a request from a Pittsburgh friend as well as from several others; local and distant, if I know of any copies of the Third Volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, (now the fifth volume of the Adyar edition,) first published in 1897. We have had a few copies offered for sale here and bought immediately, and if any person has a copy for sale if notice is sent to me with price and description of its condition, no doubt we can arrange a sale shortly.

* * *

So-called Christians and the Christian Church are still misquoting the Gospels they are supposed to revere and in spite of this wicked war for which we are all abjured to buy bonds, no doubt to show our good will towards the Germans who massacre civilians and the Japanese who shoot our airmen when they take them prisoners. Is it not time that we give the angels credit for a little common sense especially as the Church published 63 years ago a revised and correct version of what they were alleged to have sung in Greek—"Peace on earth to men of good will." As our actions are in harmony with this sentiment, our language should be consistent also.

* * *

We have not heard anything for a considerable time from *The Beacon*, Mrs. Alice Bailey's magazine, but there

has just come to hand an appeal from her organization to "MEN OF GOODWILL" to form "a Confederation seeking to aid in establishing right human relations." The intention is to complete "our organization for post-war action." Need of a nucleus of at least one thousand is stated to be engaged in the Goodwill Work which the Baileys are planning to do throughout the world during the next ten years. Gifts to the Lucis Trust, which is the legal title of the plan of the Men of Goodwill, are deductible from income Tax returns. The address of the New York Office is 11 West 42nd Street, 32nd floor.

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I have described various opponents in our current debates as not being "good sports." Now I am asked for my definition of a "Good sport." He is simply a man who observes the Golden Rule in all his relations and on every occasion. He will do nothing to another that he would not like done to himself. He will not trump up false accusations against an opponent. He will not quote another opponent in making a charge which he knows has no basis with the excuse to his own conscience that it is not he who is making the charge. In other words he will not take any advantage of an opponent that depends on the ignorance or prejudice of those to whom he appeals. He will not assume a lofty attitude of virtue when he knows that he does so to conceal the real weakness of his case, or pretend that his magnanimity prevents him making a reply when he knows very well that there is no truthful reply possible. Nor will he support a leader who resorts to such pusillanimous courses. A good sport is sincere and honest.

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The president of The Theosophical Society in America, Mr. S. A. Cook, writes me that the Prayer Circular criticized last month, is not likely to have come from Dr. Arundale, as from

the quotations made it appears to be identical with one that is being broadcast by another agency. We are glad to hear this as Dr. Arundale has enough errors to account for without adding to the score. The circular came in an Adyar envelope, but it was the ecclesiastical tone of the document which appeared to certify its origin. As Mr. Cook observes, it is a little late to begin praying on the day the invasion starts. The latest news from the Vatican states that the Pope thinks the war will be prolonged indefinitely if we insist on unconditional surrender. He thinks peace ought to be made at once. This sounds like the squeals of Herr Hitler with his head under the gate. Perhaps His Holiness might offer a little prayer, unless he thinks it would be ineffective until Joe Stalin said Amen!

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Theosophy for June comments on the arrest and sentence on Mrs. Helen Duncan, Spiritualist medium in London, England, as follows:—"When fallible laws are administered by fallible men, it sometimes happens that a guilty person is rightly convicted—for the wrong reason. The 'manifestations' may have been genuine phenomena, possible under natural, though relatively unfamiliar, laws of psychic forces. The fraud, if any, might well be the psychological one of asserting that seance 'spirits' are the souls of the dead, when actually what is manifesting are only psychic corpses galvanized to a vicarious life by the nervous fluid of the medium and others present. This 'psychological fraud', however, results from ignorance, not malice, and the remedy is education in, for instance, the theosophical teachings on man's inner bodies and their fate after death."

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Mrs. Janet Inman writes reaffirming the sentiments of her previous letter regarding Miss A. A. Morton. She repeats much of her former letter re-

garding Dr. Evans-Wentz and his critics. "I venture to suggest," she writes, "that the 'premature passing' of Lama Dawa-Samdup is the proof of the sincerity of his first vows. We are not left entirely to ourselves. A comparison between the Lama and Prince Gautama, being unaware of the realities of world life, who, immediately he became aware of its misery, left everything, even his unborn son, to search for a solution of life's riddle, for the benefit of suffering humanity, and adopting the ascetic's robe and role, is fantastic. The one acceded to the father's plea; the other, later, converted his father to the higher point of view." As to the Doctor or the Lama making quotations from *The Voice of the Silence*, Mrs. Inman says "*The Voice of the Silence* will give strength and guidance to all of us who can perceive the teaching of it—and its mood." "The enemies he slew in his last battle will not return to life in the next birth that will be his."

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Mr. W. B. Pease, Victoria, B.C., writes as follows:—You will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Shrimpton left us on May 4th after a long illness—about 20 years of suffering following after being knocked down by a careless motorcar driver which permanently injured one of her ankles, later she developed cancer of the breast and died a few months after a very severe operation. Her death severs another link with H.P.B.—she remembered being taken by her mother to a gathering in H.P.B.'s room, but she herself did not take up Theosophical study till after her marriage, when she was living in Vancouver. She was a very intelligent woman and well known among musical circles, being especially good at training and conducting choral groups. She was a great friend of my family. For 20 years she tried to obtain an old age pension without any success until a few months ago when the head of the pensions board

was changed and then to her great surprise and joy she was treated most sympathetically and awarded \$30. per month—so that she no longer felt like a beggar. She was a member of the "Daughters of England" who undertook the funeral and it was conducted in the usual orthodox fashion. She was buried with all the usual insincere formalities of Christian burial.

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We have been favoured with a copy of Dr. Alvin Boyd Kuhn's handsome new book, *Who is this King of Glory?* Students will remember the exegesis of James Morgan Pryse on this verse in the 24th Psalm, the gates of the heart, the everlasting doors of the mind: Lift them up, that the King of Glory may come in. Dr. Kuhn undertakes to answer the question, Who is the King of Glory? He does so in "a critical Study of the Christos-Messiah Tradition" which with Index runs to 493 pages. We hope to give a survey of these 22 chapters in a later issue but at present must be content with quoting a few sentences from the Introduction to this arresting examination of theological blundering and conceit. "The books of old Egypt now unroll the sagas of wisdom which announce the inexorable truth that not a single doctrine, rite, tenet or usage in Christianity was a new contribution to world religion, but that every article and practice of that faith was a disfigured copy of ancient Egyptian systematism." And again: "The thesis, universally held by Christian theologians, that these Gospel books were 'written' after Jesus live and from the eye-witness record of his objective 'life,' must yield place to the knowledge that they first *appeared* in the second century, having long been held in the secret background of esoteric religionism." Dr. Kuhn's book consists largely of a mass of evidence supporting the truth of these statements; not a book for those who merely wish to believe, but a welcome message for those

who want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The book is obtainable from the Academy Press, 218 West Jersey Street, Elizabeth, 2, N.J.

THE GENERAL ADYAR

REPORT, 1942

Mr. Rohit Mehta, the Recording Secretary, Adyar, writes explaining the despatch of the General Report for 1942. "We have not printed the summary report for 1942," he says, "as during previous years, on account of paper scarcity, and hence no report will be sent to Lodges. However, if the Lodges desire to purchase the full General Report they can do so on payment of Two Rupees, plus the postage. Please inform the Lodges accordingly. On account of the long delay in receiving the Section reports the printing of the General Report has been very much delayed. With greetings from Headquarters, Fraternally yours, Rohti Mehta, . . . Recording Secretary." The letter is dated 25th January, and arrived in the last week of May. The report is smaller than usual, 27 of the national societies having been unable to send in reports. This naturally renders the statistics vulnerable. Dr. Arundale in his presidential address evinces a Calvinistic disposition. He avows his faith in a "Spiritual plan" which the happening of events "ever furthers and can never defeat." Also "God created Individuality to be diverse and immortal and made it to be an image of His own Eternity." And "God the Creator awakens in the Power and Majesty of His own perfect Creative Spirit its sleeping counterpart in the children of His Universe." This is Theosophy as Dr. Arundale and his disciples see it. Some of our United States critics may ask—"What will Mr. Smythe say to that?" In kind and courteous and gentle terms Dr. Arundale intimates to the delight of these critics, that he will

never reply to Mr. Smythe no matter what he may say. And why? If they will turn to *The Mahatma Letters*, and read Letter X., they will have the answer why he never replies. It is simply because he is not a theosophist in the Mahatma sense, in the Blavatsky sense, in the Olcott sense. It would be none of our business what he was or what views he held, if he did not masquerade before the public as a theosophist, and occupy the chair of the presidency of the society and thus misrepresent to the world in the quisling manner what theosophy is not, but what it is as he sees it. He is fond of that circumlocution, but we would respect him more if he would honestly state that he is not a theosophist in the Mahatma sense, but having obtained an official position he thinks fit to retain it by refusing to answer questions. Again we would respect him more if he honestly confessed his private convictions and refrained from propagandizing them as Theosophy.

HAIL YOUR GREATNESS!

President Arundale has sent the following exhortation to the General Secretaries, and as it has reached me in three instalments of airgraph scrip I must not deprive our members of the opportunity to contribute their conceptions of Canada's Greatness to our Indian contemporary.

Adyar, Madras, India.
7th May, 1944;

We have begun the Campaign for Greatness with the Watch Towers for May and June, and with the homage paid to India's Greatness by some of her noblest children. Succeeding Watch Towers will ring variations on the Greatness theme.

But for the body of *The Theosophist* we must await the contributions of our brethren in all accessible lands, contri-

butions which we intend to print in successive issues. The uncertainties of transit make uncertain the dates of receipt, so we have to ask the indulgence of our readers as regards further testimonies to the Greatness which is the heart of every individual, of every faith, of every nation.

We dare not, even if we could, usurp the right and duty of those who themselves in a measure incarnate the Greatness of their faith, of their nation, and indeed their own, to blazon it forth to the world in all possible purity.

So the following letter has been addressed (and posted by airgraph) to leading Theosophists in all accessible countries.

We ardently hope for splendid replies. In the meantime *The Theosophist* will as usual publish articles on subjects of interest to its readers.

Adyar, May 1944

Dear Colleague,

My thoughts are ever turning to the ending of the war and to the beginning of a real Peace, and I am constantly trying to discover how best we Theosophists can help to establish a very honourable setting for what will be the most difficult and critical Peace negotiations.

It has been borne in upon me that one of the ways in which Theosophists can very effectively help is to try to stir in every land an active realization of its essential Greatness, born in the long ago, manifesting from time to time in its history, and now most urgently needed to manifest in these times when only the noblest living on the part of each and every one of us, individually and nationally, can give rise to a Peace in which the spirit of understanding brotherhood will override all greed and disruptive pride.

I am therefore sending out a Call to Greatness through the columns of *The Theosophist*, urging the people of every land to rise to those heights of noble

living which have been reached before and must be attained today for the service of the peace of the whole world.

In the June issue of *The Theosophist* we have ventured, through the writings of Dr. Besant and of many eminent Indians, to set forth the heights on which India should dwell, and we shall continue the theme in the July issue.

But every country must have its honoured place in *The Theosophist*, and I ask Theosophists in every land to send me splendid writings in prose or poetry describing the essential Greatness of their countries in every department of their country's life and growth.

What of its Greatness should every country contribute to the fashioning of a great setting for the Peace Conference which will take place when the actual physical war is over?

There is a universal Rainbow-Greatness to which every land contributes a shade of colour. On the Peace Conference this Rainbow-Greatness must brood, and every shade of colour in it must be bright and sparkling with the very living of the country which it represents.

Shall not Theosophists themselves embody through the magic of Theosophy a greatness they may not ordinarily be able to reach, but which is evoked from them by reason of the dire need of the times? And shall they not, inspired by greatness, call their national home to Greatness so that every country throughout the world may help to lay great foundations for the building of the new world?

Please send me as early as possible, and by the quickest possible route, a series of extracts by the greatest men and women of your country descriptive of its great beginnings, and of its great achievements through the centuries, and of its great destiny.

I shall also be glad to have a list, with their achievements, of the great men and women who have contributed to

your country's greatness, and of the sacred places and historic buildings which bear witness to your country's greatness, with inspiring photographs if permitted by the censors.

I should also like to have examples of the faith of your country, and of its art and culture in terms of music, paintings, etc. It should be clearly understood that we only want extracts from great writings of eminent men and women; not our own individual expressions of opinion. Of course, in all the extracts you send, we must have permission to reproduce them in *The Theosophist*.

Where English is not the national language it is better to send us all extracts in the mother tongue with, if possible, really good translations in English. We shall publish the extracts in the original, and a translation if possible.

Is not the best Theosophy we can in these catastrophic days give to any land the realization that it was born to greatness, has achieved greatness from time to time, and is destined to greatness in the future?

Is not the greatness of a country its truest Theosophy?

We can give wonderful Truths. We can set an example of Universal Brotherhood.

Have we not also to call every land to incarnate in its greatness, for its own blessing and for the blessing of the world? How else a great Peace?

Finally, I shall be glad to have an answer from Theosophists and others as to the part your country ought to play in the Peace Conference, so that Righteousness may prevail.

I hope to make each issue of *The Theosophist* for some time to come a reverent witness to the greatness inherent in every nation and in every faith and to the part it seems to be destined to play in the fashioning of the new world.

Fraternally yours,
George Arundale.

DEATH OF GENERAL STEWARD

Brigadier General LeRoy T. Steward died on April 26 of a second attack of pneumonia following recovery from an earlier attack which kept him confined in hospital for two months. He was 84 years old. Gen. Steward had spent a varied life in public service. He took leave of absence from the post office in 1909 to take over the Chicago Police Department in succession to Chief George M. Shippy. He returned to the post office of which he was superintendent, after two years as Chief and rounded out 24 years of service prior to his retirement in 1925. In the police department he replaced the horse-drawn paddy waggon with a motor vehicle, and he organized the first motor cycle squads. He placed the policemen on eight-hour shifts, and drafted the first formal traffic regulations. His military title came from a commission in the Illinois reserve militia, in which he was an active officer for many years. He served in the Ohio National Guard in 1877 and 1879, and as an officer in the Illinois First and Second Regiments, advancing to the rank of brigadier in the reserve 1917-1920. He organized the first ship's crew of the Illinois Naval Militia and the First Squadron of cavalry, Illinois National Guard. During the World War I he was active in organizing reserve troops. He was Boy Scout Commissioner in Chicago from 1918 till 1927 and subsequently continued his Scout leadership activities. He was president of the Ohio Memorial Society in 1910 and 1920. During the World's Columbian Exposition of 1892-1893 he served as chairman of the committee on public information. He played a leading role in the Chicago lake front park development. Six years ago he moved from the family residence 6636 Minerva Avenue, Chicago, to his estate on Paw Paw Lake where he died. He was born March 24, 1860, in Dayton,

Ohio. He was married in 1895 to Florence Donovan, who died in 1921. In 1935 he married Helen Gertrude Scott, of St. Louis, who survives him. Private services were held at the Oakwood cemetery in Chicago followed by cremation. Mr. John Drewitz of Chicago conducted theosophical services. The ashes were taken to Dayton for interment. He was a 32° Mason. As a theosophist he was a convinced and devoted follower of the Blavatsky and Judge tradition and after the refusal of Colonel Olcott to recognize American autonomy he continued with the Judge Society, subsequently the Point Loma, now the Covina organization. After Col. Olcott's death, when Mrs. Besant became president, she was logical enough to recognize the various "sections" as independent and autonomous national societies as they are now designated in the Constitution, so that the Judge plan was adopted after all. But Adyar and its little family compact is loth to recognize the autonomy and still calls the "Theosophical Society in America" a "Section."

PENICILLIN

Those who have read *Etidorhpa* attentively will not have been surprised when the discovery of penicillin was announced. Not that there was any direct connection with the remarkable book of 1896. It is possible that Dr. Fleming has met John Uri Lloyd, the leading mycologist in America, but the discovery of penicillin was more an accident than the result of a deduction or a planned investigation. All these things belong to the unity of life, Life itself being one single Unity and not a bag of tricks jumbled together without system.

I used frequently to meet Rev. C. H. H. Wright, D.D., coming down the Crumlin Road in Belfast with his two tall sons, and I was interested in them all, for Dr. Wright, rector of St. Mary's

Church, was a very clever man and his book on Koheleth was one of the steps on my ladder. One of his sons became Sir Almroth Wright, one of the really great medical men of Britain, and it was Sir Almroth, now 83, who "whetted young Fleming's interest in the mysterious destruction of bacteria by white blood corpuscles and the problem of antiseptics."

Time of May 15, supplies many interesting details. Dr. Alexander Fleming, 5 ft. 7 ins. in height, is a gentle, retiring Scot with somewhat dreamy blue eyes, fierce white hair and a mulling mind. In 1928 he was teaching bacteriology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, University of London. In his small old-fashioned laboratory, he grew staphylococci in petri plates.

One day he found that mould had spoiled one of his cultures. Staphylococcus grew on only half of the plate. A blue-green mould spotted, but did not cover, the other half. He noticed that the mould had cleared a wide, bacteria-free area between itself and the staphylococci — perhaps had killed them. He did not destroy the mouldy culture.

"I was sufficiently interested in the antibacterial substance produced by the mould to pursue the subject," he explained. He "stuck a loop of platinum wire into the mould colony, dipped the wire into some mould-growing liquid in a test tube. In less than a week there was a felt-like growth at the mouth of the tube and a half-inch of cloudy liquid below it. To Dr. Fleming's amazement, the liquid in which the culture grew, even when diluted 800 times, prevented staphylococci from growing at all: 'It was therefore some two or three times as strong in that respect as carbolic acid.'" Dr. Fleming soon found that the strange liquid did not harm flesh leucocytes, the white corpuscles, the scavengers of the blood. Also that injections of the liquid did not hurt mice;

and some bacteria lived in it. Next year he reported all he knew about it in the *British Journal of Experimental Pathology*. And he named his product penicillin.

He was born, in 1881, like Robert Burns, in Ayrshire, at Darvel, son of a farmer. In the first World War, as a captain in the medical corps in France, he noticed that the antiseptics then in use hurt the white blood corpuscles even more than they hurt bacteria. When the second World War opened a good internal and external antiseptic was not yet available, but Dr. Howard Walter Florey, an Australian-born, at 45, was busy in Oxford at the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, organizing a research team "to study the practical extraction of the capricious penicillin." The team included experts in chemistry, bacteriology, pathology and medicine. Among them were Mrs. Florey, who is also a doctor, and Dr. Ernst Boris Chain, a brilliant half-French, half-Russian enzyme chemist who shares with Dr. Florey the honours for developing penicillin.

The researchers found that the best temperature for growing the penicillium mould is about 75° F. and that it needs plenty of air. At first they got only about a gram of reddish-brown powder (the codium salt of penicillin—penicillin itself is an unstable acid) from 100 litres of the mould liquid. But at last they had enough penicillin to test it on living creatures. Eight mice were inoculated with a deadly strain of streptococci.

"We sat up through the night," said Dr. Florey, "injecting penicillin every three hours into the treated group. I must confess it was one of the more exciting moments when we found in the morning that all the untreated mice were dead and all the penicillin-treated ones alive."

It took many months, however, before there was enough penicillin to treat a

man. The first human patient was a policeman dying of staphylococcus septicemia. After five days on penicillin he felt much improved. And so he felt for ten days. Then the bacteria began to multiply again. As there was no more penicillin, he died. Another case was lost in a similar way.

At the end of the first series of ten cases it was proved that penicillin was effective against bacteria when injected into muscle or blood stream; taken by mouth it is useless, being destroyed by acid stomach juices; it works well in the presence of blood serum and pus, and is therefore an ideal wound "antiseptic"; it disappears from the blood in an hour or so.

Through the whole winter of 1942 only enough penicillin was made in the U. S. to treat about 50 patients. By June, 1943, enough had been produced to begin doling it out to 22 groups of doctors all over the U. S. Last fall with Government favour a dozen big drug and chemical manufacturers were running up \$20,000,000 worth of Penicillin buildings.

Dr. Fleming's eyes are fixed on fungoid infinities. There are at least 100,000 moulds and fungi, any one of which may one day supplant *Penicillium notatum*, or yield a drug with which to cure the many plagues penicillin leaves untouched.

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

WHERE DISAGREEMENT STILL MATTERS

In a glance at the May issue, it may be freely admitted that the Editor's Note of rebuke of those who differ from his views on Dr. Evans-Wentz's books is entirely free from the stupidity he attributes to others. In fact one wonders at the wordy skill which, in so long a Note, evades the whole point that is covered by the very title of my article, "Where Disagreement Matters". It does indeed require methods of experienced journalism to avoid all reference to the real issue at stake throughout my article. Shortly; Evans-Wentz's book, lauded by the Editor as "a companion authority in all ethical and occult respects to *The Voice of the Silence* and H.P.B.'s other devotional writings," contains descriptions of dangerous Yoga practices warned against but never given in detail by H.P.B. To quote my second paragraph: "There is nothing in *The Secret Doctrine* or in anything else from H.P.B. contradictory to the pure spiritual development of aspirants to the Wisdom of the East, and there is in Evans-Wentz's books. *There* lies the difference between H.P.B.'s writings and those of Dr. Evans-Wentz." This point is not touched upon but is covered up by allegations of stupidity and the ignorance of a Fundamentalist (i.e. one who responds to and measures by the standards of an unimpeachable Source). One can but rejoice in a stupidity that fails to follow the far-fetched assumption that *The Secret Doctrine* can be polluted, not as an Edition but *de facto*, by any enemy.

May one momentarily brush aside the Oxford Press aura (of no account in real occultism), to enquire about the Tibetan credentials of one who presumes to convey to us the Good Wishes of the Gurus? What Gurus? Are they the followers of Padma Sambhava or of Gautama Buddha? The implications of

an immediate link of communication warrants this question and demands definition of status, for Gurus are persons, not theories to be manipulated.

In his White Lotus Day paper the Editor's insistence on the impersonal quality of real scholars hardly ranks him as one of them when he names a particular society as responsible for the soiling or smearing of the whole Theosophical Movement! Still more untrue is it to assign the impersonal quality of all great literature to the letter he publishes from Dr. Evans-Wentz. That letter attacks, *de haut en bas*, men and women affiliated with the Theosophical Movement of whose antecedents, work or beliefs he knows nothing whatever, yet does not hesitate to label them as caught in their own crystallized interpretation of Theosophical teaching, and goes on to single me out with jocular fear of my Fundamentalist Library; and then makes somewhat absurd assertions of what may be in store for Karmic limitations such as mine. This example of "Limitless Bodhisattvic Altruism" perhaps calls for some feet-on-the-ground refutation.

Dr. Evans-Wentz's shafts in my direction happily miss their mark from first to last. I have no factional prejudices to overcome, never having belonged to or set store by any Theosophical organization. I am sorry that my H.P.B. Library warns him off Canada, where all this correspondence is giving him splendid advertisement, and I hasten to assure him that both the Library and I have been transplanted here from other zones, and that we work on lines of general brotherliness, rather than in special affiliation with the soil of Canada. The Library was founded in England in 1917 by a member of H. P. Blavatsky's Inner Group, Mrs. A. L. Cleather, and was donated to me on my settling in this corner of the globe. Its policy is carried out as outlined in her Foreword to our Catalogue, where,

after the aims of the Library to form a nucleus for H.P.B.'s original and unaltered writings, and to clear her name of libels and misrepresentations are given, it is stated: "no books are included . . . which are in conflict with H.P.B.'s own teaching and writings". I am compelled on this ground to exclude Dr. Evans-Wentz's *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* and *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines*. It would seem Dr. Evans-Wentz mistakes my inability to accept two of his books (we have two others upon our shelves), for lack of comprehension of the teaching given through H.P.B.; not quite the same thing, but one gathers this from his estimate that my ignorance as a 'Fundamentalist' may be slowly dispelled in future lives. Having been brought up (in New York City), unhampered by Theological beliefs, Karma may have anticipated some of Dr. Evans-Wentz's hopes for my future. He must have forgotten *past* lives also yield up their fruit, especially notable when Karma ordains birth, for good or evil, into such a period as the giving out to the world for the first time in history of some part of the hitherto secret Eastern philosophy of life. Indeed the fundamental concept that all duality is rooted in final unity—knowledge of which Dr. Evans-Wentz places as a prize for future lives—is so innate an idea in many people today that in my 'teens I recognized Emerson's and Walt Whitman's exposition of it as a truth to be further explored. Coming, as a pupil of Mrs. A. L. Cleather, to the Masters' teaching through H.P.B. I became aware (years before Dr. Evans-Wentz had begun his Tibetan anthropological explorations under the late Dawa Samdup), that the evil side of all manifestation has to be eventually faced in humanity's progress, but I have also learned and seen something of the wrong of its dressed-up premature presentment to immature and unready subjects. Methods and practices that

may tempt natural psychics to develop the lower Siddhis and remain "its stupefying blossoms to inhale," are never launched into print by the Guardians of the Right-hand Path. Tests in facing evil are applied either by life itself, or in initiation at the right place. But if secrets are forced from Nature, under abuse of man's free-will, they may be thence perpetuated to mislead would-be disciples. For, as H.P.B.'s Master puts it:

" . . . no self-tutored seer or clair-audient ever saw or heard *quite* correctly."

My 'sheltered life' has been passed in seeing life from a Theosophical outlook as a resident (not a tourist), in all the principal countries of Europe except Russia—with side line visits in Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Denmark; above all in Egypt under exceptional esoteric advantages, and even with a flying view of the Himalayas from India. Travel with its variety of social contacts, and the facets and undercurrents of humanity it reveals, but increases and confirms in me the breadth and ever widening wisdom to be absorbed from *The Secret Doctrine*, unsmearred by Adyar and without confirmation from Dr. Evans-Wentz. Traveling, in another line, helps to open the inner ear to *The Voice of the Silence*.

I can but suggest to the Editor to attend to the ban on the lower mind (singled out by him for quotation at the end of his Note), as a cure for an intellectual facility that, in its turn, may cover stupidity if he actually fails to perceive, and not merely to evade, what matters in these differences.

H. Henderson.

The H. P. B. Library,
348 Foul Bay Rd.,
Victoria, B.C.

I am almost afraid to think how very bad I must be after reading what Mrs.

Henderson thinks about me. All I can say is that I don't mean to be at all, at all.

She stresses the importance of our disagreements. They are based on my view that the teaching of *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines* regarding the attainment of the Nirmanakaya robe involves Compassion on the part of the disciple; this, she affirms, is erroneous, and that this teaching only supplies the stimulus of ambition. As I understand it, the disciple moved by ambition may become a Pratyeka Buddha, but never a Nirmanakaya.

"The Blavatsky tradition presents a standard," I wrote, "by which these or any similar books may be judged. Of what, then, are we afraid? Why should we not place them beside *The Secret Doctrine* or *The Voice of the Silence*? IF we do not, others are certain to do so."

Mrs. Henderson charges me with making the Evans-Wentz book as equal to the Blavatsky books. That is very different from what I wrote.

Then Mrs. Henderson falls into the mistake of applying to herself my quotation about the three fires of Desire—Lust, Ill-Will and Stupidity. Perhaps I should have made it plainer where the Stupidity lay. If Mrs. Henderson reflects for a moment I feel sure she would never think of me as being so stupid as to charge her with stupidity. I had begun a new subject, the smears of Adyar, when I mentioned the three fires. It was Mrs. Besant, G. N. Chakravarti and C. W. Leadbeater who did the smearing and were guilty of the stupidities which I suggested Madame Blavatsky had not sufficiently counted upon. Anyone who had sat in the presiding chair on the evening in September, 1893, when Mrs. Besant brought Mr. Chakravarti from the Chicago Congress to Toronto and as a matter of courtesy asked him to say a few words before her address in the old Shaftsbury

Hall, (where the south-west corner of Eaton's down town store is now) packed to the ceiling as it was and she a little out of sorts because her baggage had been delayed and she had to speak in her travelling attire, anyone, I believe, would have thought she had made a stupid choice when the Brahmin gentleman arose to say a few words and in a high falsetto voice talked almost unintelligibly for 45 minutes. People began to go out, Mrs. Besant was restive and squirmed visibly. I could do nothing to stop the guest stranger; but he finally ended, leaving the audience dead and wanting to go home. It was one of the most wonderful things I ever witnessed how she took that dead audience and in a minute or two had them enthralled, spell-bound and breathless while she spoke for an hour with thrilling and impressive eloquence. She was not so stupid as to ask her friend to speak the second night. Then she had the evening all to herself and the meeting was a triumph. But she had spoiled its effect for many of us at a reception held in the morning when the elite of the city came to meet her. She asked each in turn as they were introduced if they were members of the Society and if they were shook hands; if they were not, she passed coldly by, without a word or a sign. "That's your Theosophy! That's your Brotherhood!" was our greeting from former enquirers for months afterwards. She had adopted Mr. Chakravarti's rules of discipleship, breaking her E. S. pledge, and embarking on a course, which eleven years afterwards in her own magazine, she announced she had abandoned for its ill success. Then she was stupid enough to become the disciple of another phoney occultist, and she never got quite free to follow the Master to whom she first was pledged—Alas, alas, Alaya! So this reign of stupidity was established at Adyar, and when I speak of it, another lady who has had nothing to do with it thinks I refer

to her. Well, of course I didn't.

Whether anyone approves or not, such books as Dr. Evans-Wentz has presented to us are here to stay, and in accordance with our second object, the study of comparative religion, for our consideration, as well as for the study of the increasing number of University men and others who are awakening to the importance of Asiatic literature. My own idea is that the prejudice against the Blavatsky literature will be worn down by familiarity with such books as *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines*, and I do not think that the Blavatsky literature will suffer by comparison. Finally, this is an exoteric, not an esoteric discussion.

A. E. S. S.

THE SEVEN PORTALS

In view of the discussion over the teaching regarding Nirvana, the Nirmanakayas, Pratyeka Buddhahood and kindred matters arising out of the articles on Dr. Evans-Wentz's book, *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines*, it has occurred to me that it would be of interest and advantage to readers and students to reprint part of the study of *The Voice of the Silence* by the late James Morgan Pryse, being "Fragment III." in the "Study." It was written in 1928 and the whole series may be had in our magazine of that year.

Fragment III

This Fragment, "The Seven Portals," treats briefly of the higher stages of occult progress which follow the eighth stage of Yoga, Samadhi, when the disciple reaches the Noetic plane and may therefore come under the guidance of a Master. This necessitates his entering one of the Schools of Initiation, where he must remain for the rest of his life. For then he has entered upon a path which admits of no turning back; and no partly trained occultist could safely be permitted to associate with

the outer crowd of mankind, save in exceptional cases and never without being psychologically incapacitated from betraying any of the forbidden knowledge.

The instructions in this Fragment are for the disciple who has achieved the Noetic perceptivity, and has entered upon the trials of initiation in a School of Wisdom. To others the instructions are, therefore, of theoretic interest only.

The seven stages of transcendent Yoga are termed "portals" giving entrance to Liberation, Nirvana; and the Paramitas (supreme virtues) are given as "keys" to the portals. But in the text the portals (also termed "gates") are confounded with the keys, and are also referred to as "paths"; and, again, the expression "fourfold path" is used. The Yoga set forth in Fragment I is here called "the rugged Path of fourfold Dhyana," thus using the terms as synonyms, though Dhyana is properly "meditation" and Yoga is "union," the uniting of the lower mind with the Nous, in Samadhi. The path is "fourfold" if Pratyahara, the preliminary training, is included. The four paths of Supreme Yoga are the four degrees of initiation, from Sowan (Srotapatti) to Arhat. "The Arhat," it is said in the Theosophical Glossary, "is one who has entered the best and highest path, and is thus emancipated from rebirth." And in the Secret Doctrine it is stated that beyond these "four grades of initiation," which are "the four paths to Nirvana," the Arhat, who "can see the Past, the Present, and the Future," has to conquer "three further higher grades." It is in these three higher degrees of initiation that the "three Vestures of the Path" (Triakaya) are woven. They are the Nirmanakaya, Sambhogakaya and Dharmakaya, and H. P. B. terms them "Buddhic bodies," since they are formed by the Daiviprakritic (Buddhic) forces in the Perfective Work. The seven bodies, four on the Lunar Path of Bondage, the cycle of generation, and three

on the Solar Path of Liberation, the cycle of regeneration, may be thus illustrated diagrammatically:

Causal Body (Devachanic State)	1	7	Dharmakaya (Nirvanic state)
Permanent Astral (Chhaya)	2	6	Sambhogakaya (Perfected Body)
Impermanent Astral (Linga Sharira)	3	5	Nirmanakaya (Transfigured Body)
	4		
	Physical Body		

In the case of the individual who is still in the bondage of material existence, with the dissolution of the physical body, after death in each incarnation, the impermanent astral body (Linga Sharira) likewise perishes, and some time thereafter the imperishable astral body (which is the "shadow" projected by the Dhyani) is merged in the Causal body for the Devachanic period. At the end of that period a new Linga Sharira is formed, which serves as a pattern for the generation of the new physical body, and as its plasmic basis during life. But during the Perfective Work, which makes for Liberation, this inner Body is so purified and strengthened by the action of the "fires" (occult forces) that it gradually displaces the gross outer body; and, when the latter is put off, the inner form, thus transmuted, is the Nirmanakaya, which merges into the Permanent Astral as the Sambhogakaya, and then into the Causal Body as the Dharmakaya, the Arhat thus passing into Nirvana.

The physical body is but an outer layer, so to say, moulded upon the Linga Sharira, the invisible inner body. When the inner body becomes the Nirmanakaya, it retains its invisibility, yet the Adept can at will make it not only visible but also apparently as substantial as the physical body which it has superseded.

In a general way these seven bodies correspond to the seven racial stages of humanity. In the fourth race the physical body was of almost incredible density. The three subtle bodies of the

descending scale into "bondage" parallel the three bodies on the ascending scale to Liberation; and the Devachanic state, between incarnations, corresponds to the Nirvanic state, between the racial "rounds." Inasmuch as the ascending fifth race and the fifth stage of corporeal evolution correspond to the descending third race and corporeal stage, it follows that the great majority of the present fifth race, now past its mid-point, in their normal progress should have reached Nirmanakaya status (as indeed they have, and have passed from view), and that only laggards should still be in the stage that properly belongs only to the later fourth and earlier fifth races. The present laggard humanity cannot immediately develop into a new and superior race. No imaginary "guardian wall" of Nirmanakayas can stay their moral deterioration or preserve them from the corrective measures which their karma is preparing for them. The Theosophical Society, intended to be an Ark of safety, has been converted into a yacht for deluded joy-riders and is headed for the rocks. Only by the strenuous efforts of its few faithful and sensible members can the Society be brought back to its original purposes and made influential in saving mankind, not from fabled evils from without, but from themselves.

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THE WAR

Normandy! The name may not mean so much to our United States cousins as to modern Britons, but those who recognize the identic strains of national life springing from the British Isles should be aware that prior to the Mayflower episode tradition and blood belonged equally to the English-speaking peoples. It is worth any man's while to take down John Richard Green's *Short History of the English People* and if only pages 74-81 are read it will vitalize the name of Normandy with the knowledge of that fierce, ruthless, but just and shrewd statesman, Duke William of Normandy who laid some of the more important foundation stones of British and American national life. This war of ours must be a puzzle to many who do not trace the development of English liberty and law from its initial stages. Since 1066 when Normandy became such an important element in the alchemy of the racial evolution, mingling with the prior centuries of selection and cross fertilization, there has been a steady and flourishing maturing of the ideals for which this war means salvation, and the roots of nationhood on either side of the Atlantic have illustrated the truth that "the oak strikes deeper as its boughs by furious blasts are driven," and it comes home to the consciousness of the student that indeed a thousand years are but as a day, and one day as a thousand years in the history of a people. Senlac, Crecy, Agincourt, Waterloo also, and many another such Day have all prepared us for the D day which dawned on June 6. Normandy claims many of the historic names in this record, and it is of mighty omen that Duke William was buried at Caen, and who shall say that his terrific ardour may not be embodied in one or another of the great generals who are set against the Adversary. We must all be interested in the details of the

conflict and when our nearest and dearest stand in the jeopardy of battle other considerations are easily overlooked, but those who know of the immortality of man's true Self, cannot overlook the deeper truths and the more vital purposes that carry our heroes, known or unknown, into the sacred fires of sacrifice. Weep not, you mothers; lament no more, you maiden wives and maidens pledged in love and faith. They may die in the flesh, but they are alive in their celestial bodies and in due time they shall live again in new births and with brighter ideals born of the consecration and renunciation of all they have now held dear. "Multitudes, multitudes in the Valley of Decision," is the testing word in every war, whether of arms or of the mind and passions. The decision lies between the treasures of Time which wither and decay, or the ideals of Eternity, Truth and Justice, Love and Mercy, and all that passes not away.

It is impossible to attempt even to summarize the extraordinary magnitude of this martial effort in the invasion of Europe, but we are more concerned with the spirit behind the struggle. A few of the more notable utterances should be on record, either in memory or within easy reference. One of these is General Eisenhower's address on the 6th to the invasion forces. Many are enquiring who is he? That is one of the secrets of The Wise Men. Here is what he wrote:

"Soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Allied expeditionary force:

"You are about to embark on a great crusade. The eyes of the world are upon you and the hopes and prayers of all liberty-loving peoples go with you.

"In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other fronts you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

"Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle hardened. He will fight savagely. But in this year of 1944 much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940 and 1941.

"The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats in open battle, man to man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground, our home fronts have given us overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and have placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned and free men of the world are marching together to victory.

"I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full victory. Good luck and let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking."

Winston Churchill's speech in the Commons in May was for the people as the previous one was for the fighting forces. He put the public right on a number of matters, and on only one has there been any disposition to disagree with him: Franco and Spain. We can only regard Franco as representing Spain degenerate, assassins of the Basques, comrade of Hitler and Mussolini, but the Prime Minister regarded Spain as a military element which might have been dangerous and was better perhaps as a doubtful friend than as a declared foe, though he did not put it in those terms. Turkey, he indicated, was the really doubtful friend, who had taken all the gifts of the Allies and "wishing the Allies well had nevertheless misjudged the Allies' chances and refused to come in against Germany." Turkey however had given valuable help by ending all shipments of chrome to Germany, but this, he said, was not enough "to procure for the Turks a strong position at the peace table." He

said the Atlantic Charter remains the guiding signpost "but in no way binds us about the future of Germany. It has no quality of a bargain or contract with our enemy." The intention was "to set up a world order and an organization equipped with all the necessary attributes of power . . . to prevent future wars . . . There must be room in this great new structure of the world for happiness and prosperity for all, and in the end it must be capable of giving happiness and prosperity even to the vanquished nations." He gave General de Gaulle and the French Empire much credit for tangible contributions to Allied victory, saying that these services entitled the de Gaulle Government to the fourth place in the Grand Alliance.

The war in Italy was altogether eclipsed by the invasion of Normandy but the action that began while we were writing last month that perhaps only minutes remained till the invasion started, that being May 11, resulting in the fall of Rome and the dispersal of the German armies formed a fitting prelude as it was an integral part of the general plan of invasion. "One up and two to go," was President Roosevelt's jocular comment. Berlin is pretty well gone, and Tokyo's doom is sealed. The President said no thanks was due to the Nazis for sparing Rome the devastation they had wreaked on Naples and other cities. "The Allied generals manœuvred so skilfully that the Nazis could only have stayed long enough to damage Rome at the risk of losing their armies." Mr. Roosevelt paid tribute to the valour of the Canadian troops, and other special tributes were paid the Canadians by the generals who had their assistance. But all the varied elements fought with distinguished bravery, New Zealanders, French and French Moroccans, South Africans, Poles and East Indians, all were worthy.

It was satisfactory to hear that General de Gaulle visited London before D

day, and in interviews with the Prime Minister and General Eisenhower got all the misapprehensions straightened out and a felicitous relationship established with the titular head of the French forces.

The Pope was well pleased that Rome escaped injury, but he forebore to give the Allies any credit for it. God did it all, and the agency of men was not regarded as important. He inaugurated a great praying movement which occupied all the outwardly pious people of all denominations throughout the English-speaking world. With regard to the value or necessity for prayer, it should not be forgotten that such developments as this vast conflict has been in the cosmic mind, the universal intelligence for unknown periods. The details are left to hierarchic disposition among the innumerable hosts of the universe. Men are given free will to take their share in the sweat and blood and toil and tears, or to remain neutral. The prayers of one man were the most potent in the whole operation. Like Lord Roberts previous to the last war, Winston Churchill never ceased to pray to the nation, to English men and women, with earnest and fateful petition and stirring warnings, he appealed to the God in men's hearts and minds, the only God that brings action on the human plane, to arise and arm and defeat the powers of darkness. The business men, the bankers and economists would not listen. The government leaders, one armed with an umbrella, were deaf to such prayers till their trade was threatened. Then they listened to the real Man of Prayer and made him Prime Minister so that his prayers might be answered. He was in touch with the cosmic mind, and soon the nation bent itself to the burden, the strain of a national initiation. What that means for the world, for humanity can only be measured by the loyalty of men to stand by the resolutions for which

they now profess to be fighting. Too many of the lesser breeds are thinking only of how much money they may get out of it, and they and their silver shall perish together. They may strike, but it is Life that strikes back, and no man can escape the stroke.

It is about time that the term Armageddon should be rescued from the British Israelites and other amateurs who would like to make predictable history out of the Book of *Revelation*. That book is not history and has nothing to do with history predictable or otherwise. The idea that a great battle must be fought between the hosts of the Lord and the hosts of Evil is a romantic, spectacular and thrilling idea, but while such a contest is going on all the time in men's hearts, it is a priestly conception to localize it and have it fought somewhere on earth and never beyond the scale of the more important battles of earthly history. It could not be a very extensive one if confined to the plain of Megiddo in Palestine where the Bible people locate it. Our present warfare is a real Armageddon involving the whole world, for the so-called neutrals are all helping the side they favour. The Bible predictors never allow for naval power which has always been a determining factor; nor for air power which is too recent to engage the Hines, the Baxters, the dozens of others who have been deceived by the allegorical character of Scripture writings. We may hope there shall be no worse Armageddon than the present strife.

A. E. S. S.

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THE PLOUGHER

The wet west wind blows over
 The woods and the uplands bare,
 Sheep and the fields of clover,
 The plougher and his share
 And the straining, patient horses
 Breasting the rolling ridges,
 In straight and ordered courses,
 Far to the dark woods' edges.

And the ploughman's share turns under
 Thistle and dock and the grasses;
 Dividing the roots asunder
 Relentlessly as it passes;
 As Destiny sundereth lovers—
 Lovers and children and friends—
 Covers and again uncovers;
 Working His ultimate ends.

G. P. Williamson.

THE MAGAZINES

We have received during the month of May the following:—Theosophy in Ireland, Jan.-March; Canada at War, April; Theosophy, May; Toronto Theosophical News, May; The American Theosophist, May; The Ancient Wisdom, May; The Theosophical Movement, Bombay, February and March; The Theosophical Worker, Adyar, March and April; Mira—East and West, November; The Aryan Path, December; The Pilgrim Way, Easter issue; Eirenicon, March-April; Psychic Science, April; The Federation Quarterly, Vancouver, April; The Indian Theosophist, Jan.-March; The Theosophist, April; The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin, March; The Aryan Path, March; Lucifer, Boston, June; The Path, Sydney, N.S.W., Jan.-March; Evolucion, Buenos Aires, April; O Teosofista, Rio Janeiro, July-October, and Nov.-December; Bulletin, T. S. in Mexico, March-April; The Kalpaka, Coimbatore (S. India), January-March.

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