

# THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

Divine Wisdom

Brotherhood

Occult Science

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## FOR MAN'S LIBERATION

It is not seldom that we hear preached and broadcast by Church preachers and teachers that Christianity has given the world the highest ideals for its members that the world has ever heard or seen. We are willing to admit that such ideals are contained in the Greek Testament, but these are not translated simply and intelligibly into English, nor are they set forth commonly in Church to be understood by the people. Jesus is proclaimed as the most heroic and saintly figure in human history—that he is this highest ideal, and that in sacrifice and renunciation he has surpassed all others. But it is reserved by the Church that he alone was capable of such sacrifice and that his divine nature alone made it possible for him to follow a course so tragic, so agonizing, so foreign to all ordinary human action. This view would place men in another class from Jesus, so that even if they wished to do so it would be impossible for them to follow his example.

Some see the unreasonableness of this and teach that Jesus will help all who desire truly to become like him. They would be wiser to accept the original teaching that Jesus is the perfect type of what all men may become, since all men share the Christ consciousness, latent in most, it is true, but more or less developed in all who strive to live a godly, righteous and sober life, even though they often fail to observe every

detail of duty and virtue.

The Logos or Verbum or Word, is the consciousness of the Christes or Buddhi, the universal divine principle, the light that lighteth every man coming into the world. Man's incipient divinity has to be developed by action, by selfless living, by following in the footsteps of all the Saviours and Redeemers of the race. Man is the Son of God, in this sense, and every man who sacrifices himself, his personality, his life even, is a redeemer of the world to the extent of the subjection of his baser nature to the ideals, the principles, the Truth for which he suffers. The soldiers, the sailors, the airmen of our armies, are redeemers of the world to the extent that they shed their blood and lend their lives for the cause of Truth and Justice in the eternal battle against lust and ill-will and ignorance.

Those who understand the slow development of man, the divine, in overcoming the animal instincts of the bodies of flesh in which he incarnates, will appreciate the difficulties of the struggle. They will understand also that the willingness to sacrifice the body of flesh is a major step towards the intuitive recognition of the larger life of what Paul calls the *soma pneumatikon*, translated spiritual body, which will incarnate in other bodies of flesh and blood until it has fulfilled the perfection of which it is capable.

This ideal is not set forth fully by the Church. A hint of it is given in the first epistle of Peter, which evidently echoes the teaching of the ancient East. This ideal is placed before the student in *The Voice of the Silence*. In the Third Fragment, The Seven Portals, we read of those who give themselves freely, willingly, to the eternal sacrifice which the Churches symbolize and attribute to one man, Jesus. "Self-doomed to live through future Kalpas, unthanked and unperceived by man; wedged as a stone with countless other stones which form the 'Guardian Wall,' such is thy future if the seventh gate thou passest. Built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow."

In a note to this passage H.P.B. says: "The 'Guardian Wall' or the 'Wall of Protection.' It is taught that the accumulated efforts of long generations of Yogis, Saints and Adepts, especially of the *Nirmankayas*—have created, so to say, a wall of protection around mankind, which wall shields mankind invisibly from still worse evils."

In a previous note she writes of the "well-known belief in the East (as in the West, too, for the matter of that) that every additional Buddha or Saint is a new soldier in the army of those who work for the liberation or salvation of mankind. In Northern Buddhist countries, where the doctrine of *Nirmanakayas*—those *Bodhisattvas* who renounce well-earned Nirvana or the *Dharmakaya* vesture (both of which shut them out for ever from the world of men) in order to invisibly assist mankind and lead it finally to Paranirvana—is taught, every new *Bodhisattva* or initiated great Adept is called the 'liberator of mankind.'

Nirvana is a state of consciousness in which the peace that passes understand-

ing is realized. In some respects it corresponds to some conceptions of the Christian heaven, provided that it is not understood as a place, but a state. The Lord Buddha entered into Nirvana before he was forty, and lived to be eighty. Yet many Christian preachers insist that Nirvana means extinction or annihilation. It does mean the extinction of desire, in all its forms. The principle of *kama* or desire is basic in this present stage of our development, so that to attain desirelessness is to transcend the present phase of our physical manifestation and the consciousness which is associated with our present five senses.

Very few people wish to anticipate the life of the angels, as Jesus suggested, and exchange their beefsteak and beer for ambrosia and nectar. It means, to put it in other terms, to live the life of the soul rather than the life of the body—to subdue the body, not by physical stunts and so-called yogic practices, but by sheer will power, inspired by the divine love that seeks to purify and redeem the world.

The Christian teaching about this is found in *Revelation* iii. 12: "He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more." (American Revision). The failure to recognize, or ignorance of reincarnation makes this verse unintelligible to ordinary churchgoers. Once the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the adversary, the kamic principle of desire, have been overcome the discipline of rebirth being no longer necessary the disciple may elect to remain on inner planes of existence, or he may choose to incarnate once more to serve his fellow-men, by teaching them and leading them to the higher life.

If he decides to remain on inner planes, then there is the exalted, impersonal work of the *Nirmanakaya*, who becomes a pillar of the temple, or as the epistle of Peter puts it, "if ye have

tasted that the Lord is gracious; unto whom coming, a living stone, rejected indeed of men, but with God, elect, precious; ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood . . . . (I Peter ii. 3-5; American Revision). This is obviously a reference to the same teaching by the Northern Buddhists regarding *Bodhi-sattvas*.

There have been many efforts during the past to establish groups or sects founded on the New Testament and embodying something of this teaching. The *Unitas Fratrum* or United Brethren of the Moravian Church had something originally of the simplicity and humility of the teaching though apparently lacking the lost key of reincarnation. Every member was left free to interpret the Scriptures according to his own insight and spiritual understanding, but gradually creeds and dogmas were established, the rocks on which all churches come to grief. Men become slaves to the letter instead of remaining free in loving sacrifice.

The Dunkers are another similar sect of Brethren, as they know themselves, whose Way is described in *Time* of July 24. They date from 1708 and they try to live strictly by the New Testament. "The five ideals of their Church are Brotherhood with all men (Our relation to others must always be that of redemptive love; simplicity—Brethren eschew 'vain appearance of all kinds; temperance and moderation in all things—Brethren do not smoke or drink; Peace with all men—'There is nothing about war that is Christlike'; the Good Life—'The spirit of Christ in the soul.' . . . . High Point of the Brethren's religious life is still the Love Feast, which commemorates the Last Supper. Love Feasts used to be banquets held three or four times a year in an open grove or a farmer's barn. Now the Brethren gather for a simple meal in their churches. But the Love Feast is still

followed by a ceremony in which the Brethren humbly wash one another's feet, in imitation of Jesus." Much of this recalls the Moravian customs, though they do not adopt the washing of feet, which is really a hygienic measure. I recollect the Moravian Love Feasts very well. The village baker provided a special type of bun, baked for the occasion, three or four times a year. He also baked Hot Cross buns for Good Friday. Nearly all these communities lived by farming, but the villages had all the workmen, craftsmen, and skilled mechanics and tradesmen needed for the community life. Whether the occult life can be lived more readily in such a community than in a busy city is still a moot point, but I have no doubt in my own mind that it all depends on the will and aspiration of the man himself. The heart of it is selflessness. He aims not to save himself, but to help to redeem the world.

A. E. S. S.

## ROY MITCHELL

### PASSES AWAY AT 60

*From The N. Y. Times of July 28*

Prof. Roy Mitchell of the dramatic art faculty of New York University, an authority on folk-songs, died yesterday in his home in Canaan, Conn., after a brief illness, according to word received here. His age was 60.

At New York University Professor Mitchell developed a type of group singing based on phonetics which permitted his students to present folk-songs in an unlimited number of native tongues. He organized a group, The Consort, which presented programmes in more than thirty languages over a national network and before local gatherings. He and his group worked closely with the folk-song division of the Library of Congress in collecting and recording the songs of regional and national elements among the foreign-born.

Born in St. Clair County, Mich., he attended Toronto University from 1902 to 1904. In the next decade he was reporter and editor on several Canadian papers and carried on experiments in the little theatre movement.

In 1916 Professor Mitchell came to New York to study theatre design and direction. He was technical director of the Greenwich Village Theatre in 1917-18 and director of motion pictures for the Canadian Department of Public Information from 1918 to 1919, when he became director of the Harthouse Theatre of the University of Toronto. In 1930 he left Toronto to join the dramatic art faculty of New York University.

At his death he was at work on a book describing his methods in teaching folk-song. His books included "Shakespeare for Community Players," "The School Theatre" and "The Creative Theatre."

He leaves a widow, the former Jocelyn Taylor, an instructor of dramatic art at New York University; two brothers, Aubrey and Guy Mitchell, and a sister, Mrs. Elton Johnson of Toronto.

### IN MEMORY OF ROY MITCHELL

*"Come, lovely and soothing Death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,  
arriving,*

*In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate Death.*

*I bring thee a song that when thou must  
indeed come, come unfalteringly."*

—from Walt Whitman's Death Carol.

The sudden passing of Roy Mitchell at Canaan, Connecticut, on the night of Wednesday, July 26th, brought to a close the physical life of a great soul. His body now lies buried in a quiet little cemetery in the Berkshire Hills; the spirit of his work, of his attitude towards life, lives on in the minds and hearts of thousands of persons who knew him and loved him.

He was an opener of doors; for some

he opened the door of the drama; for others, the door into the art of writing; others again, the art of speaking; and for others, many others, he opened a door into the deep mysteries of life, mysteries of the human soul, its place in the universe, its ultimate glorious destiny. Creative in his own right, he possessed in a superlative degree, the ability to call forth the latent creative powers of others. Those lines of Whitman's, who to him was The Poet, "I am a teacher of athletes . . . I follow you, whoever you are, from the present hour; my words itch at your ears till you understand them," are directly applicable to Roy Mitchell, for he was above all things, a teacher. He was not concerned with the ordinary processes of learning lessons by rote, although as he had a remarkable memory himself, he was impatient of inaccuracies and carelessness with facts. He was concerned rather with arousing and guiding the inner powers of his pupils, certain that these would undeniably find their own true expression.

Roy did not strive to be original. He was original; it was not of the nature of his mind to accept orthodoxies of religion, art, philosophy or Theosophy, but rather to sweep aside non-essentials and seize upon the inner kernel of reality. He rebelled against any smugness and tightness in orthodox beliefs and yet was not content with mere rebellion. He established in its stead an embracing universality of approach in which the orthodox was seen as partial and incomplete.

His whole life and work was Theosophical. Concepts of the Unity of all Life, Reincarnation, Karma, the Path, Brotherhood, were not merely opinions, they were part of his very soul. They were not matters to be dreamed over in an ivory tower, but rather to be employed in action—and for Roy, action meant all that related to one thing, the removal of obstacles to the free flow of

soul power through the bodies, emotions, minds and institutions of men and women. Through such action alone the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity will become a reality on earth. In one of his articles in *The Canadian Theosophist*, he wrote, "Each life on earth gives us opportunity to rise to higher levels. We widen our circle of friends in every incarnation and we lose none of all that we have loved, till the whole earth is covered with our kindred and comrades. It (Karma) is thus the great law of Brotherhood." For Roy, "the dear love of man for his comrade—the attraction of friend to friend" was Brotherhood in action.

It is impossible to measure his influence in the Theosophical movement or even upon the life of Toronto Lodge. His lectures, classes and writings profoundly affected many persons. His early work was very extensive, and while he had not spoken here in recent

years, the two series of lectures which he gave on visits from New York, one on the Greek Mysteries and the other on the Platonic Dialogues, are often referred to by our members and friends. Hundreds of persons caught sparks from the fire of his spirit; some of these sparks grew into quiet flames, others flickered and paled when the vitality of his presence was gone; but today in Toronto those who heard him lecture or attended his study classes will never forget his clarity of vision, his astonishing ability as a teacher, his penetrating intellect, his deep and abiding interest in humanity.

And now he has gone. It seems impossible to believe that his vibrant, life-loving, joyous, wisdom-bearing personality is no longer on earth. To his friends Roy is not 'dead'; he, the opener of doors for so many, has now entered an unseen door through which our eyes cannot follow him. Beyond that door,



ROY MITCHELL AND HIS WIFE JOCELYN

the soul of him whom we knew here on earth as Roy Mitchell, is now freed of earthly bondage and its beauty is now enhanced with the memories of a full, rich, creative incarnation. Perhaps in that state there will be a fuller comprehension than was possible here of those lines of Whitman which Roy so often quoted,

“Swiftly arose and spread around me  
the peace and knowledge that  
pass all the argument of earth;  
And I know that the hand of God is the  
promise of my own,  
And I now that the spirit of God is the  
brother of my own;  
And that all the men ever born are also  
my brothers, and the women my  
sisters and lovers.”

And then in time, the subtle threads of Karma will be woven into a new incarnation. The powers and capacities of the Divine soul of man are infinite and the divine urge towards wholeness brings us back time and time again, to earth life to pick up the skeins of previous lives and move forward once again. Roy knew this; it was embodied in his attitude towards life, and when he spoke about it as he so often did he frequently quoted another poem from Whitman,

“This day before dawn I ascended a hill,  
and look'd at the crowded heaven,  
And I said to my Spirit, ‘When we be-  
come the enfolders of those orbs,  
and the pleasure and knowledge  
of everything in them, shall we  
be filled and satisfied then?’  
And my Spirit said, ‘No, we but level  
that lift, to pass and continue  
beyond.’”

Roy Mitchell has passed from this incarnation, a lift has been levelled, but he will pass and continue beyond unto the heights to which his strong spirit will call him.

D. W. Barr.

#### NEWSPAPER PALS

My first knowledge of Roy Mitchell was out of our joint service on the staff of *The Toronto World*. Roy and I came on about the same time, late in 1903 when Billy Greenwood (brother of Lord Greenwood), was city editor. Roy acquired the Desk Book somehow of that year and I find the first entry of his on October 24 with the assignment, the Women's Literary Society of University College “At Home” at 6 p.m. Col. Porter was the star reporter on the staff at this time and he kindly predicted one night that I would succeed him, which strangely enough came to pass. Eddie Coombe was a remarkable humourist who wrote as Chimmie Fadden; other names were Percy Bretz (Harry came later), Clement Pardo, Oliver Ross, Bill Smith, Jack McDonald, Charlie Cavers, My name first appears on December 7. When *The World* was scuttled those who took over the assets were careful to destroy the files absolutely and leave no trace, although several of the official libraries would have been glad to have them. However all things are subject to change and oblivion and very few of those whose names have been mentioned now survive. The Mitchell family at that time lived in a house at the foot of John Street. It has long given way to the maze of railway tracks which now covers this area. On Saturday nights a number of young University men used to assemble and talk philosophy and theosophy. I only remember Bob Reade, the Rhodes Scholar, and perhaps Dick Wagner was of the number. The discussions would last till three or four o'clock in the morning. Out of them Roy Mitchell emerged as an impressive exponent of theosophy which he carried widely over the United States as well as Canada. It was always a live topic in the newspaper office, and he used to quote an explanation of free will and predestination I gave him one election night while we were awaiting the

returns. We did not know the result though each of us had contributed his share of responsibility to it in perfect freedom of choice up till the moment when we dropped our ballots in the box. Then we had to abide by the result we had predestined whatever it might be. We were powerless to change it, and so with all our actions under karmic law. Subsequently Roy took a leading part in the work of the Toronto Theosophical Society. For some years he organized the programmes of lectures and study classes, and these programmes were models of educational and theosophic culture. He was always a devotee of the theatre and had organized a band of "supers" which were always in demand when leading actors came to produce Shakespearean and other classical plays. He might have been seen in those days as a Roman soldier with a spear and a helmet. At any rate he got behind the scenes and gained familiarity with stage ways and traditions which served him well in later days. He became a power in the Arts and Letters Club, a body I have heard laughed at and jeered by unthinking members of the T. S. He produced Tagore plays and other modern works, like the Irish Yeats' plays and the genius who wrote "The Playboy" and "The Riders to the Sea." All this experience led eventually to his book *The Creative Theatre*, highly approved by Englishmen like Craig who stressed the special value of Jocelyn Mitchell's illustrations. Roy also wrote a guide for young speakers, a set of studies in *The Secret Doctrine*; and he organized The Blavatsky Institute.

A. E. S. S.

### J. M. PRYSE'S BOOKS

may be had, including: *The Magical Message of Oannes*; *The Apocalypse Unsealed*; *Prometheus Bound*; *Adorers of Dionysus*; and *The Restored New Testament*: from John Pryse,  
919 SOUTH BERNAL AVE., Los Angeles, Calif.

## DISREGARDING RACE OR COLOUR

For our May issue I telephoned the first paragraph of an article to fill a vacant corner, and as a keynote of what was in prospect. It got badly injured in transit, but here it is with additions:

Do our southern white folk, and those who share their contempt for our coloured brothers and sisters, clearly understand that in their next incarnation they will almost certainly enter negro bodies? "Shun not the soiled garment; tomorrow you may wear it." When the Master Hilarion wrote those words of warning, he was simply indicating the effect of the operation of the law in electricity that like forces repel, unlike attract. It is found in another plane of action in the fact that hate is a stronger binding power than love. Those who hate the negro, who cultivate loathing rather than loving, are in danger of what some people call hell-fire, which may be identified as about 98 degrees Fahrenheit in the hearts and bodies of countless millions.

The tragedy of the slave trader cannot be passed over without expiation. Those who now ally themselves in sentiment with the slave trader cannot plead the pusillanimous neutrality which so many in these days of war seem to regard as a virtue. Until the nation which is responsible for the transfer of the negro types from Africa to America fully compensates the victims of that tragedy by giving them all the privileges of the home and fatherland to which they are entitled by their exile from their own patrimony, there will remain the little rift in the lute of the national concert, nor will the negro himself, much as he may desire it, be able to contribute the whole of the valuable racial elements he is capable of adding to the nation's equipment. The extraordinary value of this contribution is never realized even when the thirteen

millions of the negro race is contemplated as a population equal to that of Mexico, greater than that of Canada. There is a little personal prejudice in Canada as the result of United States influence against coloured people, but nothing of a civic or political character.

In the presence of education and the common sense of the people generally the prejudice in the United States is dying out, and what remains tends to be concentrated in certain districts, usually where there is a colony of the coloured people. Similar prejudice is likely to attend the segregation of any alien group of people. Harlem in New York has grown into political importance and is about to send a representative to Congress. The Republican Organization has selected Sara Pelham Speaks as its nominee. She is 41, a criminal lawyer, wife of a Harlem physician, mother of a four-year-old son. The Democrats have chosen Rev. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., who succeeded his father as pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, with its membership of 10,173, said to be the largest Protestant Church in the U. S. He is 35, 6 ft. 4 in. tall, and handsome enough for a Hollywood hero.

Negroes have made their mark in science and in literature and are rapidly proving that where they are afforded educational opportunities they can get results like other people. They have distinguished themselves in religious activities. For the first time in its 40-year history Cleveland's Ministerial Association, representing virtually all Protestant denominations, chose a negro president. This was Dr. Wade H. McKinney, pastor of Antioch Baptist Church. In St. Louis, the city's 18 Presbyterian churches for their local moderator chose Rev. Alexander Hamilton Johnson, Alabama-born Negro pastor of McPheeters' Presbyterian church. In Massachusetts, the famed old Andover-Newton Theological seminary called Rev. George Dennis Kelsey to teach

Christian Ethics at its Summer School. He was born 34 years ago in Columbus, Ga., and is now finishing a year's Rosenwald Fellowship at Yale's Divinity School.

In the war in the U. S. Army the negro service men have greatly distinguished themselves in all branches, winning many decorations. There is no colour in mind, soul or spirit, and the sooner all white men learn this fact the better it will be for all humanity.

A. E. S. S.

### UNION NOW

The future of The Theosophical Society is not the responsibility of the writer. Provided some formal protest and dissent is made in good faith, it is not the responsibility of one member if a course is followed by an organization which is contrary to the will of the member. Thenceforth the karma rests upon the shoulders of the makers thereof.

This also applies to the unit or lodge of the Adyar Section, known as Lotus Lodge, The Theosophical Society in Philadelphia. We have protested against the pseudo-occult writings, policies and teachings, and refused to perpetuate them or disseminate them in our city, finding nothing in the three Objects to which we subscribed which obligates us to accept divergences from the teachings of the Founders.

Acting as a body, we have adopted a RESOLUTION, once for all defining that for which we stand, which we believe to be the fundamental and original purpose of The Society before the many leaders changed its Objects, its principles, its plans, and its teachings.

We by-pass the leaders since H. P. Blavatsky, unable to find a clear expression of true teaching in all the clamour and confusion, the claims of their adherents. One nullifies the other, since all of them claim to "represent" the Adept-Founders, and yet—all dis-



agree. The absurdity of this has never seemed to penetrate the intelligences of our later leaders.

We stand for the *Adept-Founders* only. Surely on this the warring factions might find agreement. If not, perhaps those who disagree should resign their charters as followers of a different ideal, a beloved human leader, and declare themselves as such by proper title. They should not use the teachings of the Adept-Founders to enhance the reputation of the beloved idols, or to support their contrary beliefs.

We stand for the *Eastern Philosophy*, this being the first Object of H. P. B.'s Original Programme before it was stricken out in later years, by various alterations in our Objects. We have no time to waste on by-paths, pseudo cults and ritualistic fancies, introduced later, and so proclaim ourselves free from such extraneous nonsense.

We stand for *Union Now*. We declare ourselves open to affiliation with all organizations, associations, societies, branches, sections, independent movements, and individuals anywhere in the world, who are interested in the study and dissemination of the EASTERN PHILOSOPHY, and we have so notified the Heads of all such organizations known to us.

We would be glad to hear from anyone in sympathy with these three points, who—in his own place, doing his own Dharma—will be friendly, without obligation of any kind whatsoever except brotherhood of aim and purpose. Anyone who has within his heart the vision of the Mahatma Founders, who cherishes the profound philosophy and high teachings of H. P. B. in their original form, and is willing to stand with us for UNION NOW may be assured of our friendship and co-operation.

Surely on these three points all Theosophical members should agree, or else admit they follow a different ideal.

“Who is for Us—answer!”

Anne Leslie Roger, Pres.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

When the Masters founded the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood they undoubtedly intended it to be both Theosophical and Universal. Efforts soon arose to introduce other conceptions than theosophical ones and limitations to its universality, and after Madame Blavatsky's death these changes ran riot. The Society itself in its influence on the thought of the world, especially in literature and science, broadened out into what is now recognized as the Theosophical Movement. Several Societies have been organized apart from the original, each of these claiming to represent more truly than any of the others the original intention. Comparisons are odious, of course, but when comparisons are thrust on one, odious or not, judgment and discrimination are necessary. Such judgment, fair and reasonable, has been given in several quarters and must be taken into account. In 1937 and 1938 I made a friendly tour not only of Canada, but of the United States, east, west and centre, and can assert that there is still enough friendliness and brotherhood among all the societies to save the Movement. There was opposition certainly, the Lotus Lodge, for example, which is the immediate occasion of this discussion, would have nothing to do with me when I visited Philadelphia, but they have changed their minds, and without any persuasion from me. One of our own Canadian members, on reading the July issue of *The Canadian Theosophist* approved all the articles but one, Dr. Arundale's "The Spirit of Greatness." Those who have read the Chapter in Kipling's *Stalky and Co.*, describing the flag-waving old bounder who made a speech to the school, will understand why. This represents one of the vast difficulties of the situation. There are many others besides those of good taste and fine feeling. Elbert Hubbard used

to say, "God will not look you over for medals, but for scars." The Theosophical Societies are still fettered, in the sense of the words of the Maha-Chohan when he wrote of religions in general—"Once unfettered and delivered from their dead weight of dogmatic interpretations, personal names, anthropomorphic conceptions and salaried priests"—one or another of these things clog the wheels of the Theosophical chariot. Personal names, for example, what Society is free of them, either in antipathy or idolatry? So I welcome this effort on the part of the Lotus Lodge of Philadelphia, not as General Secretary for we have members who will not welcome it, but as a simple F. T. S. who is without prejudice, and as tolerant as his human nature enables him to be. The Resolutions adopted by the Lodge are submitted for consideration and any member or any Lodge is at liberty to accept or to disapprove as it pleases.

Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe,  
General Secretary  
The Theosophical Society in Canada  
5 Rockwood Place,  
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.  
Dear Mr. Smythe:

Having been requested by the members of Lotus Lodge, The Theosophical Society in Philadelphia, to forward a copy of the enclosed RESOLUTION to Heads of all organizations and branches of The Theosophical Movement, I do so.

Officially, I would be glad to hear from you, and to report what you may have to say to the members of the Lodge.

It is our intention to work with, support as far as we can, and endeavour to stand for and represent as many different branches and sections as it is possible for us to do so, and we trust you will be able to help us in our endeavour to reverse the separative and exclusive pattern which has disturbed The Theosophical Movement for more than fifty

years.

Your co-operation would be appreciated in this attempt to demonstrate to all concerned that it is possible for the divided Theosophical Movement to re-coalesce—if the will to do so is sufficient.

The members of this Lodge are not many in number, but we stand united on this matter.

Very truly yours,

Anne Leslie Roger,  
President

Lotus Lodge,  
The Theosophical Society  
in Philadelphia.

7011 Woolston Road,  
Philadelphia, 38, Pa.,  
July 17th, 1944.

**The Resolutions**

Lotus Lodge, The Theosophical Society in Philadelphia, in meeting assembled, this fourth day of June, 1944, hereby—

**RESOLVES:**

*First*, That there are three reasons for its existence:

- (a) The study of the Eastern Philosophy.
- (b) The dissemination of the Eastern Philosophy.
- (c) Allegiance to the Original Message, Original Programme, and the Adept-Founders responsible for the origin of THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT;

*Second*, That therefore the members hereby declare themselves henceforth a Lodge affiliated with all Theosophical Branches or Associations willing to agree to such affiliation;

*Third*, That they declare themselves open to affiliation with members of other Theosophical Branches or Associations, who may be in sympathy with the aims and objects herein set forth;

*Fourth*, That UNION and BROTHERHOOD are the present objectives;

## COL. OLCOTT QUOTED

Editor, *The Canadian Theosophist*:— Among the present generation of leaders of the Theosophical Society, there is and has been for many years a tendency to regard theosophy as nothing more than a special way of interpreting Christianity. They serve the members with Christianity, seasoned and garnished with a belief in reincarnation and karma, in place of the sound philosophical teachings given by the Masters, which are the true "theosophy". They tacitly assume that "historical" Christianity and the accessory ideas of "apostolic succession" and such things are unquestionably true. Dr. Kuhn's new book "Who Is This King of Glory?" is a heroic attempt to show the fallacy of such ideas.

Many theosophists, who have been misled for many years by the doctrines of the Christian church and its Adyar-sponsored "Liberal Catholic" sect, may be inclined to disregard Dr. Kuhn's accumulation of evidence, and dismiss it from thought without due consideration. For their benefit, I wonder whether it might not be of interest if you would reprint something written by Henry S. Olcott. It is to be found on page 143 of Vol. I of "The Theosophist", the issue of March, 1880, published in Bombay. Writing in regard to statements made by an English upholder of Christian traditions, Olcott says:

"For myself, I am free to say that there is no adequate proof to my mind either that Jesus was the Son of God, that he said or did the things ascribed to him, that either one of the four Gospels is anything better than a literary fabrication, or that Jesus ever lived. Nor do I see that the ideal character of Jesus is any nobler than that of Gautama, if so noble. At the proper times and places I have maintained these views, and hope to do so often again. So far from sharing Dr. Wyld's

*Fifth*, That henceforth the Lodge shall direct its energies to dissemination of the Eastern Philosophy and the Original Message of H. P. Blavatsky, by whatever means or activity is possible;

*Sixth*, That participation in study classes is open to members of all Branches or Associations affiliated;

*Seventh*, That official notice of this Resolution shall be mailed to the heads of the various Branches and Associations of THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT; and

*Eighth*, That the members of Lotus Lodge, The Theosophical Society in Philadelphia, affixing their signatures to this Resolution, will welcome into association with them as members, all who signify their sympathy with the spirit of the foregoing Resolution by affixing their signatures thereto.

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Anna K. Winner.  
 Secretary

Lotus Lodge, The Theosophical  
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ideal of Christianity, I have, after nearly fifty years of practical observation and experience in Christian countries and among the teachers and professors of Christianity, been forced to conclude that it is a bad religion and fosters every sin and vice against which its ethical code inveighs."

As you will see, Olcott did not have available the material which Dr. Kuhn has studied, which has led him to regard the gospels as myth rather than "literary fabrication", but Olcott was quite definite in rejecting the "historicity" of the Jesus character. One wonders whether the present President of the Theosophical Society has ever read the early volumes of "The Theosophist" and whether he ever faces, in his own mind, the realization of what the first President would say if he could reply to the unctuous "Catholic" statements of his successor in office.

Anna K. Winner.

253 S. 9th St.,  
Philadelphia 7, Pa., U.S.A.

## RUSSIA'S ROLE IN WORLD AFFAIRS

BY C. JINARAJADASA

At least thirty years ago Dr. Besant told me of the role reserved for Russia in the occult Plan as the understudy of the British Empire, should the Empire fail to do the work expected of it. I have no recollection that she told me that her knowledge was from H. P. B.; had she mentioned H. P. B.'s name I think it would have made an impression on me. I gathered that the information came to her from her occult Chiefs.

She never gave me the impression that the chief work of the British Empire was to give freedom to India. We know how consistently, from her first lecture on 'India and Britain' in 1894 in London, she upheld the need for the two countries to be united. Later when she entered the Indian

political arena, her creed to all of us who worked with her on her political platform was 'Britain and India,' with a bond never to be broken but strengthened. She took for granted that as this unity some time to come was a part of the Plan which was decreed, it could not be changed though delayed, by either India or Britain, however great the strain between them.

The role of the British Empire, I have been taught, is to give a working model of what should be the Federation of the World. In the British Empire to-day, while the directing power is in a white race, there are also in it coloured peoples, brown in India, yellow in Burma, Hong Kong and Malaya, a few red in Canada, and black in large tracts of Africa. If the British Empire with all its diversities of races and religions can be welded into a unity, so as to stand together shoulder to shoulder in times of the world's need, it would show all other nations that the dream of a Federation of the World is not the dream of an idealist, but something which can be accomplished.

It was for the first time in a lecture in Sydney on March 1, 1942, with the title 'God's View of Human Affairs,' that I mentioned in public what I had heard from Dr. Besant of Russia's role as second string and understudy *provided the British Empire failed in its mission*. In my lecture tour in the United States in 1942 June-October I gave the same lecture in nearly every city visited. While the British Empire is to-day a working team, and has now, with the exception of Nationalist India, united in a common endeavour for the cause of human liberty, there is one very serious obstacle before her proper mission can be achieved. This is the colour bar exercised by the white people, heavily in some places and lightly in other places, against non-white peoples.

Many writers have mentioned this problem of 'The Rising Tide of Colour'.

On this very day on which I write, there are two reports in the papers, the first in *The Times* about the discussion in Australia as to the admission or non-admission to citizenship of certain coloured peoples: and the second, the warning to coloured American soldiers by those who are organizing evening dances at Watford Town Hall, England, not to attend as they will be refused admission. If on this vital problem the white peoples of the British Empire fail, by continuing to keep up the barrier of race and colour, such leadership of the world as is held by Britain to-day will pass presently to Russia. And why to Russia!

Russia is, with a single exception that I will mention later, a land where there is not the slightest feeling of colour. She is, too, the land where for the first time arose the thought of the world as a whole. Did we not hear with the coming of the Bolsheviks the phrase 'Workers of the World, unite'? *The World!* Because whatever Russia had achieved of freedom from political, economical and social tyrannies were to be given as gifts to the whole world. Imagine for a moment what the effect will be on all the peoples of colour—brown, yellow, black and red—of the world if, after the war, the British Empire show signs of failure—and Russia were to say: 'Come with us. You shall be full equals with us in every domain, political and social as well. We do not mind whether your skin is brown or yellow, red or black, or whether your hair is wavy, kinky or straight. You are a human being and the highest that we have achieved we will share with you. And woman is with us the equal of man, politically, socially and *economically*.'

This is the creed which it is the task of Britain to proclaim. But will she do it? While many are willing to accept it as a *theory*, there are also millions who

demur and raise various objections and stand solidly by a white policy, politically, economically and socially for the British Empire.

In the Great Plan whose fiat cannot be gainsaid, and whose goal will be achieved though here and there with delays, arrangements are always made for understudies, both for individuals who have special tasks to perform, as also for nations. It is this vision that I gained first from Dr. Besant, which was later amplified for me by Bishop Leadbeater.

The second land where there is not the slightest thought of colour in connection with any economic or social sphere of life is Brazil. No man in that country is ever ashamed that his grandfather was a negro slave. No one thinks of colour, though there are millions of negroes and mulattos. Great poets and ministers of state often in Brazil have had, and have to-day, coloured blood in them; but each man is rated the equal of all men if he is a true Brazilian, that is, if he lives according to the standard given to all. His racial stock is of no consequence. It is nobody's business if a white woman marries a coloured man. If they are true Brazilians in thought and conduct they will be received 'in society.' This is what I have seen there, and other travellers also have noted it with wonder. More strange still is the fact that some pure white Brazilians proclaim that it is only by a mixture of races that new and higher types are created in a nation, and that therefore they stand for colour intermixtures—an idea repellent to North Americans and British peoples, who erect ostracisms when such intermixtures take place. But not in Brazil. And not in Russia.

I conclude with the popular tag, 'So what?' In my next incarnation I hope to see how it has been solved.—*The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin for June.*

## JULIAN SALE DIES IN HIS 98th YEAR

Julian Sale, 97, founder of the Julian Sale Leather Goods Co. Ltd., died Sunday at the home of his daughter in Altadena, Calif., where he moved 16 years ago. A native of England, Mr. Sale came to Toronto when he was six and attended the old Trinity parochial school. He started in the leather business in a small way, but eventually built a factory at the rear of his Ontario St. home. Later he formed a partnership and moved the factory to Oakville. After three years, he returned to Toronto and a joint stock company was formed.

Mr. Sale, who for nearly 40 years resided on Binscarth Rd., was a member of the Rosedale and Mississauga Golf clubs. His wife, Marian Gordon Graham McCormick Sale, died in 1939. A son, Gordon, was killed in the last war. Another son, Julian, died in 1927. Sqdn. Ldr. Julian Sale, D.S.O. and bar, and D.F.C., now a prisoner in Germany, is a grandson. Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Frank N. Goble, Altadena, Calif.; Mrs. N. H. Stewart, Lewisburg, Pa., and Mrs. W. F. Thomas, Toronto, and four other grandsons, Capt. Howard Sale, Toronto, returned from overseas; Sergt. Elliott Thomas in Italy with Canadian Army; Lieut. Burton Sale, U.S. air force, and Lieut. Eric Stewart, U.S. navy.—*Toronto Star, July 19,*

When Mr. Sale retired from business he turned his attention to the more serious matters of life and with a shrewd mind and clear moral perceptions he was attracted to Theosophy with its broad-based views of life, its tolerance, its uncompromizing sense of justice, and its solution of the problems of immortality in reincarnation and the separation of spiritual man from the temporary vehicles of consciousness through which he contacts the experiences of life in the innumerable phases of mani-

festated nature, through all which he must learn to know himself in truth and light. After some investigation he joined the Toronto Lodge on 16th February, 1921.

## SHAW SEEKS ANSWERS

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

London, July 26—(AP)—Do I believe a lasting peace can be assured by a close-working and vigorous post-war alliance of the "Big Four"—Great Britain, the United States, Russia and China?

No. A lasting peace cannot be assured by any measures at present possible. Even a post-war alliance of the Big Four cannot be assured. The people who clamour for assurances and security are public nuisances.

Whatever arrangements follow the war we must still live dangerously, whether we like it or not.

To a series of questions, Mr. Shaw wrote the following replies:

Question: Should Germany be totally disarmed and split into small, separate states such as existed before they were united under Bismarck?

Shaw: No. If disarmament and disintegration are desirable for Germany they are desirable for all the big powers as well. None of them will consent to it. The sort of armament that decides modern wars is so expensive that small states are virtually disarmed at present; and the U. S. and Russia hold the balance of military power.

Question: Should the German people be permitted to choose and elect their own form of government immediately after war?

Shaw: If the German people are not permitted to choose and elect their own form of government, the government must be imposed on them by the Allies, in which case it will not be their own form of government. As none of the Allies except Russia has yet succeeded in governing itself decently, we could hardly pretend to be better able to

govern Germany than the Germans.

Question: Should Germany be treated as a criminal and taught a lesson? Or should she be forgiven once nazism has been cast out, and freely accepted into the family of nations?

Shaw: If Germany is defeated, her relationship will be that of a wounded prisoner of war to his captors. When we take such a prisoner, we give him every care until he is cured.

That is how we shall treat Germany if we have any sense. She cannot be treated as a criminal, because war is not a crime by the law of nations.

Nazism will not be cast out as we and the Americans are steeped in it, but we may prosecute Jewbaiters and drive out Hitler as we drove out Napoleon and the kaiser. But he need go no further than Sweden or Ireland and die in his bed unless he is killed in the field.

Question: Should Germany be made to help rebuild the cities she destroyed?

Shaw: Germany will hardly be able, without our help, to rebuild German cities we have destroyed. When we have finished demolishing Berlin and left its inhabitants to wander homeless, begging for a morsel of bread, could we make them rebuild Berlin and London as well? Not unless you lend the money to do it with. That is to rebuild the reparations policy of the last war, which led to Germany winning the peace.

Question: Do you favour a prolonged armistice, and how long should Allied troops occupy Germany?

Shaw: As long as war lasts as an institution, no peace can be anything but an armistice.

Question: Should German schools, films, radios, books, etc., be prohibited from teaching racialism, as a bar to recurrence of Hitler's credo of "German supermen?"

Shaw: No. Such a prohibition would stimulate the teaching. All nations and races regard themselves as herrenvolk. The English and Americans are more

conceited in this respect than even my countrymen, the Irish.

Question: Do you believe that the Germans will always produce a kaiser or dictator to lead them into war?

Shaw: All suppressed nations will run after any adventurer who promises to deliver them. Our business is not to make any nation unhappy or suppress it. If we had not suppressed Germany after 1918 there would have been no Hitler.

Question: How do you think Germany can best be prevented from springing again at the throat of Europe?

Shaw: Treat Germany decently. Then she will not want to spring at our throats. We are promised an Atlantic Charter to redeem the world from fear. The world will not be redeemed from fear by ignoble funk, which is what is the matter with our retribution merchants today.

---

## 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 CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

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## OFFICE NOTES

We are pleased to hear from our friends in the United States, if only a post card is available; but the pleasure is marred by the fact that we have to pay two cents on practically every card. It is not the two cents, so much, as being rattled up by the postman who must collect the tax on the failure of our friends to put the proper postage on the card. Two cents, please.

\* \* \*

Mr. John M. Pryse writes that his book, *Spiritual Light*, is being widely read in The American Theosophical Society, 125 copies having been ordered recently by the Theosophical Press at Wheaton. The book "pertains to no special cult; it is universal in scope," to quote the prospectus. The book may be had for \$2. from Mr. Pryse, 919 S. Bernal Avenue, Los Angeles, 23, Calif.

The Federation of Egyptian Lodges has issued a Message in which they desire in this convulsive time, to emphasize that our only safety is in Fraternization—Brotherhood. This fraternity, the universal unity of humanity without distinction of race, nationality, religion, sex, or colour, is not an opinion, a fancy, but a fact, a reality. The Message quotes President Roosevelt's prayer of the United Nations' Day in June, 1943: "Yet most of all, grant us Brotherhood, not only for this day, but for all our years, Brotherhood not of Words but of Acts and Deeds. We are, all of us, Children of the Earth; Grant us that simple knowledge; if our brothers are oppressed, we are oppressed; if they hunger, we hunger; if their freedom is taken away, our freedom is not secure." After four short articles a longer extract from Sarah Corbett's *Evolution of Character* is followed by a translation by Fabre d'Olivet of Pythagoras's Golden Verses in French. There is an extract also from H.P.B.'s Message of 1888.

\* \* \*

Mr. Haydon who notified us of the death of Mr. John Garrigues, of the Magazine *Theosophy*, has been kind enough to furnish us with the letter in which he received the information. It reads as follows:—"You will no doubt be sorry to learn that Mr. Garrigues left us on Wednesday, May 24th, although we feel sure that you will rejoice for him at the release from a body which could no longer respond to the demands of his great Soul and Mind. He will be greatly missed by all those who loved and admired him, but we feel that the highest tribute that can be paid him is to 'go on with the work' which he served so faithfully, so long, and with such distinction. With fraternal greetings, Yours sincerely THE THEOSOPHY COMPANY." This letter was dated June 19 and we regret not having received it earlier, especially as no reference to Mr.



Garrigues' death appeared in the magazine *Theosophy*.

✧ ✧ ✧

Writing from Lisbon, 7th April, our Portuguese colleague sends this letter: "Dear Fellow Brother, I have the pleasure to inform you of my appointment to the position of General Secretary to the Theosophical Society in Portugal, replacing our dearest sister Jeanne Sylvie Lefevre. This change has taken place as my predecessor has no material time to attend to both positions of Corresponding Secretary and General Secretary, this being the only reason for her resignation. I pray that I will conduct the activities of the Portuguese Section with the discernment and the devotion which has characterized the blessed management of my illustrious predecessor, during a period of anguish, of anxiety and of uncertainty. May I have the fortune, during my management, to see a changing of the times on a new sunrising of Justice and Peace. Please accept, my dearest brother, my most affectionate thoughts. The General Secretary, Felix Bermudes."

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On Thursday, July 13, the General Secretary had a pleasant visit from Mr. D. B. Thomas, president of the Montreal Lodge. He with his wife and daughter had been on a holiday trip to Niagara and stopped over in Hamilton. In the six years since I had been in Montreal much had happened and there was much to talk about. Mr. Thomas paid his respects to his Lodge colleagues, mentioning Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths and Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer among the stalwarts, and Miss Burroughs, though in her nineties, still with warm interest in the work. He had a good report of our young Polish friend, Miss Irena Tokarzewska, who will be remembered at the last Fraternization Convention in Toronto. She was being married that very day, said Mr. Thomas, to a Polish engineer, Mr. S. M. Petruszewicz, with the

approval of her father, General Tokarzewska. In turn there was a surprise for Mr. Thomas in the form of a letter just received from Mrs. Alice Warren Hamaker, formerly with her husband whose tragic death left her with two sons to rear, a member of the Montreal Lodge. Leaving Montreal twenty-odd years ago she settled in Los Angeles, where she educated and brought up her sons John, a Ph.D. in chemical research at Berkeley and Frank, also a graduate but in engineering. Both are married, and Mrs. Hamaker has been affiliated with the Los Angeles theosophists, but desiring to renew old acquaintances wrote to the General Secretary. Mr. Thomas will carry her news to many old friends in Montreal. He left with cordial messages and greetings from Ontario to Quebec.

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A correspondent in Vancouver sends in this question and requests an answer in the magazine. "Do Theosophists consider that it is right to inoculate Mice and other Animals with deadly germs for the purpose of testing new discoveries, and is it in keeping with the teaching of Theosophy to do so?" That is the question arising out of our recent article on Penicillin. Members of the Theosophical Society are free to think as they please, but many of them have adopted as a rule of life the Indian doctrine of Ahimsa, Harmlessness. If we could get all the animals and all the humans to adopt this rule that would answer the question. Mice are among the most destructive and harmful animals we have and we feel sure the sale of mouse traps is not prohibited in Vancouver. If half a dozen mice have contributed to the saving of hundreds of lives through the use of Penicillin we can enter it against the infinite damage done by their kind. Theosophy teaches that if we all lived according to the laws of Nature we would not be afflicted with disease, but this would not cover

the surgical cases for which Penicillin is in demand. Perhaps the doctors should have experimented with men or women instead of mice. But there would be general disagreement about this, and volunteers would be unlikely as long as Mice were available. Theosophy teaches that all creation is evolving upwards, and that all good, unselfish and humanitarian actions, whether deliberate or unconscious, are rewarded by the onward and upward flow to higher levels of experience of the monads whose benevolent service merits such promotion. Mice, I presume, are rewarded for any suffering they sustain as well as human beings. But we ought to have a proper sense of proportion in these days of war and the long agonies to which our German brethren have subjected the Jewish people in particular, and all little children and helpless people generally who do not belong to the German blood-thirsty race. Theosophy teaches that we should do as little harm as we can, none if possible, and as much good as we can in thought or in deed to all living beings. And no one can judge another, each being subject to the just and living god in his own heart. Cease to do evil; learn to do well. This is the law for mice and men.

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We have not heard so much of the Oxford Group since the war has occupied our attention, but no doubt its activities have been continued. A less ambitious but possibly more effective movement, originated in England in 1940, has been extended to Canada with headquarters in Hamilton at 71 Emerald Street North, where Rev. Dr. Dickey, assisted by Rev. Dr. W. S. Daniels and Mr. Joseph Jolly, already have, after a year of effort, thirty-five branches at work in various parts of the Dominion. The movement should interest theosophists with brotherly instincts, for its emphasis is not on creed or dogma but on service. It appeals to the elder

brethren of the churches and is entitled the Veterans' Spiritual Defence League of Canada, and is described as "an Inter-Church Fellowship of men and women limited by physical infirmity or increasing years and dedicated to the maintenance of our Canadian life on a higher level of faith, courage, comradeship and good cheer." We copy the third object of the movement as stated in the News Letter No. 1, dated August 1: "To a *life of encouragement* among the people with whom we have daily contact; always, by the grace of God, to be a centre of faith and hope and good cheer; to resist the impulse that comes to all of us, especially as the years accumulate, to dream of a golden age in the past, and to feel that today everything is 'going to the dogs'. 'Christ hath changed all our sunsets into sunrises!' If older folk have firm faith in the working out of God's purposes in His world, and are prepared to give a sound reason for the faith that is in them, then we can really contribute an invaluable gift of courage to those about us who are called upon to live and work through the shadowed days of war."

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Mr. Jinarajadasa's article on Russia is not too premature in recognizing the value of Russia as a cosmic factor, but he is ahead of Dr. Arundale who has been a Russophobe till very recently and may still entertain some qualms over Muscovitish unexpectedness. But why should Mr. Jinarajadasa make so much fuss about where he got his information—from Mrs. Besant; he wonders, or some of the major Gurus? Does he not read the papers and form his opinions like other people, or do the Arhats not have that privilege? I am strongly inclined to think that all the occult information that anybody has in the T. S. came through H. P. B. and possibly Col. Olcott and a few others like Subba Row and those of the immediate Indian entourage. I wrote something about

Russia some months ago which came through the late Mr. Charles Johnston, no doubt from his aunt-in-law, Madame Blavatsky. How much came from her can only be judged by those who either met her intimately, or met those who had done so. From 1893 till 1896 I had a number of opportunities of attending post-convention and other gatherings with groups of the leading theosophists of those days in a hotel bedroom usually, after a long day's work, when conversation and gossip regarding things occult—real things, that is, and not psychic imaginations like the later literature that has bewitched so many since—memories of these symposia would make a remarkable book. I do not know any survivors of those meetings unless Mr. J. W. Spencer is still alive, certainly none of the present Adyar authorities were of that fraternity. Mr. Gokhale's article represents the best thought in Adyar today. He is General Secretary for India and relies on common sense methods in his work, which of course involves the concessions that must be made in any active organization. That is the way of Toleration; otherwise we get dogmatism. The Bernard Shaw interview is a test paper for people who have no control over their feelings. If you can read it thoughtfully and without kama-manasic eruptions, you may conclude that you are making progress in yoga. The interview with Major Smythe, which *The Globe and Mail* kindly gave us permission to copy, should encourage other members of the T. S. in Canada to send in news of themselves or their relatives. If it pains a few of our readers to hear of such war tidings, it pains us much more to hear of the wholesale slaughter of Jews and other innocent civilians, men, women and children, at the instance of the blood-thirsty Hitler and his thesis that "Murder is the best policy."

## AMONG THE LODGES

The Hamilton Theosophical Society will not hold the regular lectures, nor in fact, any Sunday evening meeting during either July or August. Those interested in informal discussion of Theosophical subjects will meet near the fountain in Gage Park at 11 a.m. on Sundays (weather permitting). We hope to see you at our Sunday evening meetings beginning September 3rd. The officers were re-elected as follows: President, Mrs. Elizabeth Mathers, 1111 King St. W.; Secretary, Miss Mabel Carr, 108 Balsam Ave. S.; Librarian, Miss Edith Wilkinson, 230 Fairfield Ave.



On June 14 the Edmonton Lodge held a business meeting, at which new officers for the forthcoming year were elected. It was decided to discontinue the meetings during July and August, and to resume them on the first Wednesday in September at the home of Mrs. F. Colbourne, 11012 88th Ave., Edmonton, S. The new officers are: President, Mr. Emory Wood; Vice-President, Professor Henri de Savoy; Secretary, Mrs. Nellie Dalzell, 10168 104th St., Edmonton; Treasurer, Mrs. Ardis Colbourne; Librarian, Mrs. M. Morrison. The last meeting of the season was held at the home of Mrs. F. Colbourne, the retiring president, on June 28th. At this meeting four applications for membership were received, from Mrs. Byron Morrison, Mrs. Claudia James, Mrs. Margaret Burroughs, and Mr. Marks. These friends have been attending our study classes for some time, and are very welcome additions to our lodge. They are all keen students. Mr. Marks saw a copy of *The Secret Doctrine* at the house of one of our members. He looked at it and said, "I want that. How much is it?" He bought it, and our member bought another copy. That was Mr. Mark's introduction to Theosophy, and his membership is the result. Mrs.

James is a great student of nature, and of herbs in particular. She has a fascinating way of following the life force from the tiny seed to the towering tree. On this particular evening (which became a social evening), Mrs. James gave us a most entertainig talk on herbs, under the title of "Old Wine in New Bottles." Professor de Savoy also gave us a short talk. He is always interesting, but on this occasion more so than ever. During the season Professor de Savoy gives us a whole evening once a month, and his talks are eagerly looked forward to. Mrs. Tiplin gave great pleasure with an original composition, "\*Thoughts on Autumn," and a second, "Night in My Garden." I am sure her garden is English, for she re-created for me a garden in a corner of the Wendip Hills. It had been there nearly three hundred years, but it is there no longer. It was destroyed by a bomb, which also took the roof off the house which was my grandfather's. Mrs. Ardis Colbourne played an exquisite selection of records during the evening. Perhaps the highlight of the evening came when Mr. Wood, on behalf of the lodge, presented Mrs. Colbourne and Mrs. Morrison with gifts as slight tokens of our gratitude for their work.

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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.

## TORONTO LODGE F. T. S. FIGHTS IN FRANCE

BY RALPH ALLEN

*Globe and Mail War Correspondent*  
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*With the Canadians in France*, July 16 (Delayed).—For the second time in 28 years a wiry little artilleryman named Conn Smythe arrived in France last week. It was the same man and, according to his own expert testimony, the same war, too.

Smythe—the full military title is Major C. Smythe, M.C.—is one of the very few soldiers of the last war who have returned to France for a second round in a combat role. In the lifetime he has devoted to fighting, sometimes as a soldier for conviction and sometimes as one of Canada's top sports executives for pleasure and profit, he never had to fight harder than he fought just to get here.

Before he left Canada to come overseas his superiors tried to persuade the major to leave the light anti-aircraft battery he had recruited and trained, and take a promotion into a more sedentary job. While his unit waited in England for 20 months, skeptical medical officers gave him seven special medical boardings. Each time they rubbed their eyes and marked down another "A".

Four days before his unit sailed Smythe played longstop in a ball game, collided with a base runner and received four broken ribs. The collision knocked him out, and he recovered consciousness just in time to hear a sergeant murmur anxiously: "We'll have to take him to the hospital." "The hell you say, and that's an order," Smythe grunted, and fainted again.

He persuaded the unit to patch up his painful side, and he came ashore sitting in the cab of a gun tractor while a crane aboard the transport lowered it to its landing craft.

A few hours after his battery was

deployed, it fired its first action against daytime raiding Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts.

"It's the same war, all right," Smythe said today. "It moves a little faster and leaves a little more behind it. The country I've seen is badly cut up, but I remember being on gun sites in 1916 where you couldn't find a tree stump or a piece of wall to use as an aiming point."

Smythe believes that, so far as the average Allied soldier is concerned, the chief difference between Normandy in 1944 and Western France and Belgium in 1916-17-18 arises out of changed artillery techniques.

"The last time, we would sometimes dig in for six or eight months in one position. That meant that, instead of living in a slit trench that they might vacate next morning, soldiers built permanent dugouts and reinforced them with steel, wood or anything else they could find. The kinds of fire we got to know best in the old days were Jerry's 5.9 howitzer, which came up so slow and heavy you could almost see it in the air, and the delayed-action heavies that would burrow into the ground around a dugout before exploding. The Bosche used a lot of airburst shrapnel then, too.

"This time, with greater need for mobility, his busiest weapon is the mortar. I wouldn't like to say which is the meanest. Any shell that's coming at you always sounds like the biggest and dirtiest shell in the world," he said.

Smythe left the artillery during the latter part of the first Great War, and transferred to the Royal Flying Corps.

"The air war has changed a lot," he said. "Our boys got mixed up in a dog fight the other day. For every Focke-Wulf or Messerschmitt that Jerry sent over, there must have been a dozen Spits chasing it in the air, and 20 or 30 ack-ack guns blazing at it from the ground. It was like a foxhunt. That's the way it was in '17, but it was the Bosche who

did the chasing and we were the people who ran for our lives."

Normally as diplomatic as a runaway rhinoceros, Smythe closed the impromptu interview on a note of inspired tact.

"I'd like to say to any old soldiers of the last war who are interested in another old soldier's opinion that their kids are fighting just as hard and just as bravely as their old men fought last time. And I'd like to say to the kids that the war their fathers had to fight was as tough as the one the sons are fighting this time."—*From The Globe and Mail, July 25, by permission.*

## SEQUEL

BY FREDERICK GRIFFIN

*Star Staff Correspondent*

With the Canadians in France, July 29—Connie Smythe, the manager of the Maple Leafs, has been wounded severely during his second war in France. He is back in England, smiling grimly, I have no doubt, at being a casualty after a pilgrimage into battle which, at his age, he didn't have to make.

Men of 50 are rare over here below the rank of general, and Connie the scrapper wasn't a general and he didn't want to be one.

He was wounded some nights ago during one of the numerous enemy bombings of the bridges and the roads which his ack-ack battery was defending. For months, impatient of the sidelines, he had craved action. Recently he and the battery have been getting it where it has been hot at nights.

That night the Luftwaffe staged a heavy attack, dropping flares and bombs during which one of Connie's ammunition trucks caught fire. In typical fashion he led the gang which set out to put it out before it could blow up entirely.

Some of the ammunition was already exploding in this corner of hades, into

which two German planes swung low, dropping bombs and machine-gunning. It was then that Connie caught it.

The battery is not sure whether he was hit by a fragment of a German bomb or of his own exploding ammunition, but he was knocked out by a piece in the back. As he was carried away, Sergt. Stan Burgess, of Toronto, related he kept saying: "I'm all right. Get that fire out."

Thus Connie Smythe and the battery he formed and led have been in the war beyond any shadow of doubt.

This used to worry Connie back in England and when he had reached the bridgehead some three weeks ago. Over and over again he would say through his clenched teeth: "When are they going to let us kill Germans?"

I saw Connie last here in France on the morning of July 18 when, after a terrific heavy combining attack, Gen. Montgomery staged his brilliant crossing of the Orne and breakout through the Caen bottleneck into the corridor to the south, using infantry and armour.

Connie's battery was then situated on a ridge north of Caen from which it was possible to view at least the dust of bombing and of battle. I happened on it by chance and had breakfast with Sergt.-Major George Taylor, of Toronto. Later, for it was still early, I got Connie out of bed. In a dressing gown he had a cup of chocolate with us and Teddy Reeve. He looked tired, though he chaffed me with being an older guy than himself, who should be back home writing Santa Claus appeals.

Actually he had no business in France. He got there by an indomitable will against all the rules. Not only was he well above the age for his rank, but just before he was slated for the beachhead with his battery, he broke four ribs one evening in England playing softball. They were still strapped up the morning I saw him and were not quite healed up when he was wounded.

Only those who know Connie and the way his front-line spirit has chafed during the months since he raised his battery in Toronto in the fall of 1941 and since he came to England with it in the fall of 1942—craving action every day of that time—can imagine what he must have felt when, on the very eve of going to France, he had the misfortune to break four ribs at what he called "that silly game of softball."

"I should have had more sense at my age," he said through his teeth, "than colliding with a 200-pound second baseman. I guess I can't take it any more.

"Can you imagine what the sports on Bay St. will say if I go back without firing a shot?" he asked with that grimness which he has carried for many months.

A little thing like four broken ribs couldn't prevent this determined Connie Smythe from going to France. He sidestepped a military hospital in England, had himself strapped up by some doctor friend or other, and he has many friends. He could not, with his broken ribs, climb up the rope ladder on board ship leaving England and he could not climb down into the landing craft in the Normandy beach anchorage. So he had himself slung on board and slung off by winch and line in a net like a jeep. And all the time he was suffering pain, discomfort and the uneasy fear that he might not after all see the thing through. He was still in distress when I saw him that battle morning 10 days ago.

No grander, no nobler soldier left Toronto for this war than middle-aged Connie Smythe, wearing the pilot's wings and the Military Cross he won as a young artilleryman and as a flier in the last war. He came because he felt it was his duty, the duty of all men who could run, walk or crawl, to fight the Germans. He enlisted again for war because he felt keenly that sportsmen should show the way and because he

sought to give a lead to athletes.

I saw Connie at intervals a number of times in England. He did not smoke, he did not drink, he was spare and fit as he sought to keep himself in greyhound shape despite his years. How hard he found the going I do not know, for he would never admit that it was tough, but I have a feeling that only his will kept him in the fight.

"When are they going to let us kill Germans?" That was his theme always. He wanted to be on the south coast shooting. He wanted to be in London shooting. His ardent soul was in a ferment because his battery got no chance to shoot down German planes.

He felt the war wasn't being run right. He wanted to bench a lot of generals. He wanted always to tick in guys who could win the war. If Connie had had his vehement way he would have changed the forward line, the defence line and the goalkeeper.

Some months ago, for business reasons, associates in Toronto sought to have Connie return home for a spell and give his advice on Maple Leaf and other matters. Connie was willing enough to fly back and spend a week there if his return was guaranteed. Because he could not get an absolute guarantee that he would have his job back with the battery, he refused to go.

Shortly before coming over here I had dinner with him one evening in London. That evening the talk turned to the part played by professional athletes and especially by Canadian hockey players in the war.

Connie was sad about it. He felt that many men had not played the part they should, that they had not lived up to their role of fitness and health. I shall not attempt to give his arguments, but he felt deeply that professional hockey had failed if the men in it had not the sense of duty that they should have to country and to society.

That was Connie Smythe as I have

known him and as many others have known him better. He had a sense of duty himself that few men have. Simple, direct, honest, ardent, sentimental, he set his course that led him to France. His duty done, his ambition fulfilled, his splendid service ended as he would have wished, fighting Germans, I can only hope for his quick and full recovery.

All I know is that the bridgehead will be a less pleasant place even than it is without the fighting, friendly presence of Connie Smythe, indomitable and uncorruptible.—*From The Toronto Star, July 29.*

In a subsequent article in *The Globe and Mail* of July 31 Mr. Ralph Allen pays tribute to Major Smythe as follows:

"Those who knew him as a soldier and flier of the last war knew him as a man of great and unconquerable courage. Those who knew him as a private business man who ran a contracting firm and ran a string of race horses knew him as a man of scrupulous honesty and no small acumen. Those who knew him as a friend knew him as a fine companion with the biting gift of humour, a high intelligence and limitless zest for life.

"In the battery we knew the major for all these things plus a few besides. He wasn't an easy man to work for and of all the projects he ever entered into the battery to him was by far the most important. The battery meant his contribution to a war to which 25 years before he had already contributed more than his share. The battery had to be just right. When anything was not just right—the smallest tool or the least box of ammunition a shade out of place—somebody heard about it. Everyone within ear shot heard about it.

"Second place isn't good enough in this business," the major used to remark.

"He recruited the battery himself, trained it himself, brought it to England himself and finally came across the Channel with it himself. That alone was no small feat for a little last war veteran edging up into the distant side of 50 in a war when majors of that age are supposed to sit in swivel chairs.

"They offered the major a lieutenant-colonelcy, but all he was interested in was getting into action with his battery."

Two men, a corporal and a gunner, were killed at the time the major was wounded.

The last radio news we have, stated he was paralyzed from the hips down, and very few were allowed to see him. His elder son Stafford, however, who is in the Navy, came to see him, and this cheered him greatly. "He is a very sick man," was the report of the doctors.

### THE MAGAZINES

During the month of July we received the following magazines: The June-August; Eirenicon, June-Puly; Aryan Path, Bombay, April; Theosophy in Action, June; Theosophy in Australia, tember; Bulletin of the T. S. in Mexico, Canada at War, June; Theosophy, July; The Christian Theosophist, June-September; Bulletin of the T. S. in Mexico, May-June; The Indian Theosophist, April and May; The Theosophical Movement, April and May; Bulletin No. 188 of the U. L. T. of London, England, June; The American Theosophist, July; East-West, July-September; The Theosophical Worker, June; The Golden Lotus, No. 7, July; Theosophical Nuggets, Spring issue Vol. iii. No. 3; The Theosophical Forum, August; Lucifer, August; The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin, June; O Teosofista, Rio Janeiro, Jan.-February; The Middle Way, London, July-August.

### DISAGREEMENT

#### THAT MATTERS

Editor, *The Canadian Theosophist*:—  
In our exchange of private letters on Evans-Wentz last November you wrote of the futility of expecting the untrained judgement of the Theosophic public to take in the significance of what is given. You added "one may be responsible by a hint or a gesture for the turn someone may take". The obvious reply was: the more need for direct well-founded statements that can be assimilated. I venture to think that such was my short sum-up of the outstanding objection to a favourable comparison of Evans-Wentz's writing with H.P.B.'s. I gave it in my May article, quoted it in June, and will now repeat it for the third time: "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." Simple as is this statement it is the central point around which all I have written of Evans-Wentz's two books is built. Yet in your long protests, following my articles in May and June, you have contrived to avoid dealing with the point in any shape or form! I take it you find it unanswerable, for you must have seen for yourself in reading "Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines" that about one third of the book is given to descriptions of Black Magic, rites and practices, without the least discrimination between it and Raja Yoga.

The sharpness of my pen in your direction in June was a last attempt to recall editorial responsibility for "the turn someone may take". But I retire before the inevitable Blind Eye turned toward the real comparison involved in this controversy. No doubt sponsoring one side and ignoring the abominations



of the other side makes copy liked by your rank and file—and let the devil take the pitfalls!

“The duty of another is full of danger” is a truth that silences criticism. I send continued good wishes and kind regards. Yours sincerely,

H. Henderson.

348 Foul Bay Rd.,  
Victoria, B.C.,  
June 28th, 1944.

## GURUS IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

BY G. N. GOKHALE

This is one of the questions I am often asked. Of course the Society as such, has no opinions on the subject and all I can do is to state how many of us look at the problem, and here it is.

We all accept that in the course of Evolution we have all reached a certain stage, when we certainly are neither the last nor the first. If we are sure that we are better than a large number of people, in spite of all the vanity we can command, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that at least a few people are far ahead of us: I intimately know at least one such person, who is head and shoulders above me in every respect, and I know how he feels that he is nobody as compared to Dr. Annie Besant. She told us in her turn, that she was or is only an humble disciple of a Great Master, One amongst many: and One of Them tells us that they feel like dust at the feet of the Lord. So it all seems to be an endless chain, of which we can see neither the beginning, nor the end.

Life passes from the Mineral to the vegetable, thence to the Animal, and evolves into a Man. In the beginning he is no more than a beast, who has dropped his tail and walks on two feet in place of four; and for such a savage, there is no right and no wrong. Slowly he gains experience and learns to adjust himself consciously to the varying sur-

roundings. He first tries to gain mastery of others, and in this finds the experience of others very useful. Man through the growth of language can make use of the accumulated experience of generations, and so we go to a teacher who makes this available to us. As we deal with material objects at this stage, we can judge of the fitness of the teacher by results. But as we begin to deal in subtler things this becomes more and more difficult; still we can have teachers chosen by others who know better, as in a University today.

In course of time we find that our happiness depends not upon our mastery over the forces of nature, or even over other human beings but over ourselves. We learn that the best way to achieve this happiness is to “do unto others as we would be done by”. This itself is a very great step forward in Evolution, and the result of a continuous process of re-adjustment extending over many lives, in course of which, we have to learn from innumerable teachers. But until we reach this stage each teacher helps us one step, and in time we reach the level of a “Good man of the world.” If the savage state is compared to the ground floor of a building, this marks the first floor, and it is necessary to remember that no one can possibly go higher, until he has reached this Stage in his Evolution. All talk of “Liberation” and all that is futile and so foolish unless we first of all become good men of the world.

After a time things of this world cease to satisfy us, and we shift the Centre of our happiness to subtler regions, to Ideas and then to Ideals, which we now see are far more lasting and so more important. We slowly begin to give up things of the world of our own accord, and to follow Ideals and even to suffer for them. Being accustomed to teachers so far, we go out in search of more gurus without having any idea of what we are looking for.

Perhaps we try half a dozen of such professional gurus of whom we have a good many on the market, and often find ourselves unable to get out of the clutches of one more powerful than others. We forget that Ideals are Abstract things, which have to be interpreted in time and place, which vary from moment to moment, and so we can have no use for personal teachers at this stage of our development. We must hitch our waggon to our Ideal which now must become our guiding Star and learn to take risks.

A good man of the World, thus becomes an Idealist only by following his own Inner voice, which no authority can or ought to mould; but by a curious irony of fate the more we reject personal guidance, the nearer we come to the Real Guru—the Sadguru, who has been patiently waiting for us for lives past. He smiles at us, as the Sun shines on a flower and helps our growth long before we come face to face with Him. But if we persevere, in our uphill and often thankless task of seeking not the Guru, but the Ideal, the Guru comes nearer and nearer to us of His own accord. For every step we fearlessly take towards Him, He takes ten towards us.

He guides us to other people who are already definitely accepted by him, and in our turn, when the hour strikes He accepts us also. Instead of our finding the Sadguru the Rishi finds us and rejoices in it, even more than we do. For is that not the only purpose for which after attaining Liberation He stays behind on the Earth? "In His presence all desire dies out but the desire to be like Him;" and just as He lives only to help Humanity, we try to lighten His burden in our humble way till in time, we too reach the Stage of Evolution which marks Him out from ordinary humanity. We reach Liberation, Salvation, attain Mukti as the phrase goes. What it exactly means, we shall discover

only then. For the present, we can only try, never forgetting that we can never reach that sublime State, without climbing up step by step—from the savage to a Good man of the world,—from a good man to an Idealist—Idealist to a Disciple—Disciple to an Initiate to attain Mukti in our own time. That is the Path we place before the Aspirant in the Theosophical Society for each one to accept, if it appeals to his reason.—*The Indian Theosophist for May.*

### FOLK-NAMES PERPETUATED

Editor, *The Canadian Theosophist*:—I call in many times to talk to Mr. Hume at Hermes Lodge in Vancouver and he showed me an article "Leo of the Summer Solstice" on page 354 of the Feb. 15th 1942 issue of *The Canadian Theosophist* in which I am very interested.

I believe that the Western Coast of America and especially in Vancouver, Canada is to be the birthplace of the new correlations of the Science of the East and the Science of the West. Indian science and European or Western American science will come to a mutual understanding to usher in the New World Order. I do not know much about Esoteric Theosophy but I have read extensively along these lines and have been studying the symbolism of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh and the Numerical Number-identity design in the English Language which seems to be the language to be used by man in this coming New World Order.

In this article on the Lion and Virgin of Glastonbury I see a remarkable connection with the names and shapes of the mountains around Vancouver. For instance we have The Lions, The Sleeping Beauty (Virgin). Crown Mountain, Dam Mountain and Goat Mountain. We have the crouching lying dog on the face of Mount Seymour and we also have the shape of the famous Stanley Park in the form of a Seahorse or Sea monster (per-

haps meant to be Leviathan... Here we have again some of the signs of the Zodiac. What is more we have a perfect standing fish below the Crown Summit in the form of a rock talus. Going from east to west looking at the mountains from the City Hall Plaza we see GOAT, DAM FISH, which is the right order of Capricornus, Aquarius (Dam is a water bearer or holder) and Pisces. Again we have SLEEPING BEAUTY and LIONS for the right order of VIRGO and LEO. There is so much symbolism of esoteric significance in the names and shapes of the mountains around Vancouver that I venture to suggest that VANCOUVER IS THE GLASTONBURY OF THE WEST. This may sound like a startling assertion but I have reason for so saying this.

Let me demonstrate that the Anglo-Saxon peoples as a whole are the Fifth Kingdom in the series of this dispensation upon earth. When we study the English Language with the simple key of setting numbers for letters thus; A-1, B-2, C-3 . . . Z-26 we learn many new and interesting things from the unseen world of Design and Plan. For instance ANGL0 (49) SAXON (73) — 122 and FIFTH (49) KINGDOM (73) — 122 are identical in number and 1, 2 and 2 add up to five. This is startling indeed. But in connection with VANCOUVER — 121 we see that it is to be THE (33) CHIEF (31) CITY (57) — 121 OF (21) THE (33) WEST (67) — 121 CHOSEN (64) CITY (57) — 121 of REVELATION—121. Now I think that you see that this is more than coincidence. It is quite evident that there is a Great Designer and a Great Brotherhood watching over the development of the human race and leading it into the New World Dispensation.

I honestly believe that Canadian Theosophists should study the Hidden Messages in the English Languages from the point of view of finding the laws of its Design. Regarding Canada's place in the New World Order we can

note the following: CHOSEN—64 LEAVES—64; CANADIAN—47 MAPLE—47 and CANADA—24 LEAF—24. Here again this is more than coincidence but is evidence of an Overseeing Hand in the Spiritual World. There can be no other conclusion!

We all know the origin of the Anglo-Saxon Australians and New Zealanders and that they are known as the ANZACS—64 also CHOSEN—64. The surprising thing with this word is that Australia New Zealand Army Corps makes this word and at the same time the word AN-ZACS when split up is precisely AN-SAX or ANglo-SAXon. Here again we see the evidence of design from the Unseen World, for it is definitely not the design of incomplete man.

I would like you to publish this little letter in your very instructive and interesting paper, for I feel that it will have a very great influence upon all Theosophists and their friends, to make them realize that man must purify himself spiritually in order to properly enter into the Coming New Dispensation. We all do not realize enough how we should be purifying ourselves spiritually so that The Great Designer and the Masters of the Great Unseen Brotherhood can work through us to usher a more perfect age or dispensation.

C. W. Deans, M.Sc., M.E.I.C.  
3049 West 27th Ave.,  
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### WORTH WHILE BOOKS

Isis Unveiled and The Secret Doctrine by Madame Blavatsky;  
The Key to Theosophy and The Voice of the Silence by H. P. B.  
Magic White and Black by Franz Hartmann;  
The Perfect Way, by Anna B. Kingsford;  
The Ocean of Theosophy and Notes on the Bhagavad Gita by Wm. J. Judge;  
Reincarnation by E. D. Walker;  
The Light of Asia, by Edwin Arnold;  
Light on the Path and Through the Gates of Gold, by Mabel Collins;  
Letters that Have Helped Me, by Wm. Q. Judge;  
Raja Yoga, a collection of articles by H. P. B.;  
The Mahatma Letters, by Two Masters.

## A "TRAINED CLAIRVOYANT"

One of those letters which all women dread was received by Mrs. Winnifred Davies of Vancouver, Canada, in the early spring of 1915—"We regret to inform you . . . that your brother, Captain James McKinnon . . . killed in action . . ."

The day after the letter was received, Capt. McKinnon's airedale, Rags, gave up his habit of sleeping before the door of his absent master's room.

One day in September, 1918, Mrs. Davies noted that Rags appeared strangely restless. He wandered up and down the stairs, then ran several times to the front gate.

A little before midnight, he made another trip upstairs, and returned carrying Capt. McKinnon's old slippers in his mouth and laid these beside his master's favourite chair. *To find the slippers it had been necessary for him to climb on a trunk, and burrow among a pile of miscellaneous objects.*

Early next morning, the family was awakened by Rags' frantic barking and a man's familiar voice. In the lower hall stood Capt. James McKinnon, erroneously reported dead. He had spent several years in a German prison; escaping, he had reached the Allied lines, then returned to Canada. A wire announcing his homecoming was muddled by a telegraph company employee and failed to reach its destination.

Remarkable as the above story is, it is vouched for in every detail, not only by Mrs. Davies, but also by two other witnesses—*From D. Winnifred Davies, Vancouver, Canada.*

A member has asked for an explanation how this dog, whose story is taken from *Coronet* of last December, page 60, could be aware of what his master was doing. The incident illustrates the magic of love in the true sense and its power to quicken the perceptions. The

dog, being conscious on the astral plane, is interested only in what he cares about—his master. Astral consciousness opens for the animal everything of a physical nature that it cares to notice. It is in touch or union with its master, to whom it looks as to a god, by reason of its love. Of course some animals are more sensitive than others, more advanced in development. If men were as fully united with the Christ consciousness as the dog is with the astral consciousness they would be filled with Wisdom. The different levels of consciousness are open to men through concentration and meditation governed by selfless Love.

## THE WAR

If the Germans have lost the war, as their own leading generals and all military experts agree, why do they go on fighting? The answer may be as long and complicated as you please, but a few points may be noted. First of all, the Germans are not a free people, but believe in Leaders, and when one of these Leaders, like Hitler, is adopted, they are bound in chains and slavery. Hitler is one of those unreasonable people who believe in miracles. He almost worked one and still believes he can pull it off. The main thing is to have time to do it. So the war must go on, though every German dies. Particularly, it must go on till the American election in November, when he believes the Republican party, which ditched the League of Nations in the last war, will be elected and will work for peace. Peace would be victory for Hitler, with opportunity to prepare for another war, with bigger and better robot bombs and more neutral nations. He has learned that President Roosevelt has quarrelled with his vice-president and got a nobody nominated in his place. This, to Hitler, means that the Americans are sick of war, that their labour men strike on the smallest excuse, that production of war material

is falling off, and the prospects for a miracle are good. Against this view we have the facts in the foughten field. Defeat is registered against the German armies everywhere. In the air they are so short of flying men they have had to plan the iniquitous robot bomb, which acts according to the law of karma, like the tower in Siloam. On all the fronts defeat confronts the Nazi devilment, and the troops are surrendering to the Allies in tens, in hundreds, and in thousands. The Russian campaign will be a marvel of history, and in the west a similar resistless tide seems to be setting in. The cautious and canny Turk, who ought to learn to play on the bagpipes, has made certain of the collapse of Hitlerism, has decided to break off relations with such an unprofitable trader, and deal only with solvent, merchants. The money changers are preparing plans by which they may continue their craft with such provisos as may enable them to escape such violent dangers in their enterprises in future. "Among those who plot, God is the greatest of plotters" wrote Mahomet.

A. E. S. S.

### A FULLER LIFE

*A Talk Given to the Hamilton Lodge*

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. L. THOMSON, D.S.O.

As most of you are aware, the talk that I gave in this hall the last time I spoke to you has been printed in *The Canadian Theosophist* and, you may be interested to know, has brought me many letters of appreciation. In telling you this I don't want you to get the impression that I am suffering from an attack of "swelled head" as that form of conceit is often expressed in our modern parlance, far from it. So when I am again asked to carry on with the theme I outlined to you then, I do so in due humility, and speak of the culmination of my war-time experience in an effort to explain how it has enabled me

to live a fuller life.

In the first place I do not wish to imply that on that fateful day in August, 1916, when my religion was dashed to the ground as it were, that I had had a kind of enlightenment or vision such as Jacob Boehme had, for instance. It was nothing of the kind. Looking at it dispassionately it seems to me that what actually occurred was that suddenly under the intense strain of armed conflict and duress of soul at the horrors being enacted all about me that the anchor of my belief, my religion and the god I had worshipped had failed me in that hideous test.

In my agony of mind I couldn't reconcile the welter of destruction, the cruel death and its accompanying defilement with the God of Love, Justice and Mercy that I had so implicitly believed in. The platitudes I was so used to hearing from "Men of the Cloth" suddenly failed to have any meaning. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord", "His yoke is easy," "Not even a sparrow falls to the ground," "Only Believe," all seemed so empty, so puerile in the face of such chaos. It seemed to me in my distress, that they were mere idle vapourings, that they explained nothing and meant nothing, and consequently everything seemed to be slipping from underneath my feet. I seemed to be on board a vessel that was leaving the dock and as the last hawser was thrown overboard, so the last remnant of the old religion seemed to slip away, and as the ship was now on its own, so I felt I was on my own, utterly and hopelessly alone. It was not a pleasant experience and I would not like to undergo another like it. But that was a long time ago, and now after such an extended hiatus and before you, I put to myself this question—"Am I a better man for that experience?" I answer unequivocally "Yes".

Before telling you how, I want to state here something else that happened

to me on that eventful day in Caterpillar Valley, for it had a bearing on my future outlook on life. Continuing my walk then on that particular afternoon back to my headquarters I had to climb the hillside and traverse an old German trench named "Maltz Horn" which ran parallel to the valley. Proceeding along it for some distance with my mind full of the experience I had just gone through, I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of laughing and talking. Looking over I saw the road which runs along the valley almost at my feet, and on it some ammunition waggons with mule teams pulled into the side. The men in charge were evidently waiting for the shelling to die down which the Hun was putting up a little further along the road. They were walking about smoking and evidently glad of the respite. I was interested and stopped to look and wondered whether the Bosche had a "spotter" out and was trying to get a bead on them. As I looked a tremendous explosion took place just below where I was standing. It flashed across my mind "They've got 'em"! I ducked, and then looked up. The air was filled with debris as an enormous geyser shot up high above me. A quick look over the side disclosed that the team and waggon immediately below me had disappeared. At the same moment a heavy thud a few feet away made me jump. Incredulously I realized what it was. The gory head of a mule staring interrogatively up at me. I was shaken, and hurried on. That mule's head with its queer looking eye often appeared to me afterwards and always it seemed to me to be saying in a dumb kind of way, "Well, what are you going to do about it all?" I often think of how it lay there as a sort of challenge. Have I risen to the occasion? I suppose only in the final reckoning will I know whether I succeeded or not.

#### What of the Challenge?

I did not accept the challenge then. I did not know that it was a challenge. I was too bewildered. But I often think of the omen and you may judge as I proceed with my talk whether I have made any serious endeavours to frame my life so as to make it more worthwhile.

As I told you in my last talk, after the upheaval and uprooting of my religious convictions that I wandered in the wilderness for many years looking for a stone upon which to lay my head. How I culled assiduously from the many books I read and eventually found Truth. But running through the warp and woof of the pattern I was slowly weaving there was a golden thread—indeterminate—appearing here and there but not fitting in exactly with the general design. For through all my peregrinations in literature embodying religions, philosophies, science and occultism I was constantly asking myself "Is learning enough?" "Is there not a life to be lived?" "What is to be the pattern of my life?"

I fully realized the importance of the knowledge I was imbibing, and I knew that it was of great benefit to me, for it aroused enthusiasm, especially for the occult teachings, and I now know that to have enthusiasm in occultism is to get in touch with the life currents of the universe. To me it is terrific that I may know something of the cosmic scheme and that I can if I will, help and contribute to its fulfillment. And I also learned that knowledge and participation must become correlated in my nascent credo.

And here I would like to tell you how I came in touch with Theosophy proper. I hope these personal reminiscences do not bore you, but as this talk is of my personal efforts to find myself, I feel they are *apropos*.

As a young subaltern in the Imperial Army somewhere near the beginning

of my career, I happened to be attached to a regiment that was stationed at Fort Chambray in Gozo, a small island near Malta. A great friend of mine, a captain in the Yorkshire Light Infantry, with whom I walked and talked on rather high-brow stuff, for he was a man of infinite knowledge, and one whom I respected and looked up to. One day whilst waiting for him in his quarters for our daily walk, I was looking at some books on his table—two large volumes caught my eye—"Isis Unveiled" by Madame Blavatsky. I questioned him about them and he told me enough to whet my curiosity and he urged me to take the first volume and read it. This I did and instantly recognized that here were things that I wanted to know. I realized it was strong meat for babes—I remember writing home to my mother how I was reading a strange book entitled "Isis Unveiled" and how amongst the marvellous things I was reading it was as though I had been taken on to a high mountain and a bandage taken from off my eyes. However I had not proceeded far when I received a cablegram from England ordering me to proceed at once to South Africa and join my own regiment there. I returned the book.

After a long hiatus in which the First Great War was fought and won I found myself in Canada with a young family. One Sunday at supper my younger daughter who, unbeknown to me, was a theosophist, said to me that I should go to a meeting that evening and hear a certain speaker whom she felt sure would appeal to me. I was persuaded and went. The lecture was enthralling, I felt at once, this was what I had been searching for. Full of enthusiasm I proceeded to their library to get something more in this wonderful teaching I had listened to. I looked along the many shelves bewildered, then my eyes lighted on "Isis Unveiled". I remembered. I took volume one out and taking it home

proceeded to devour it. I have never looked back since. I had found the Hall of Learning—it was now up to me.

#### The Great Books

I was in touch with the great books of the world. Outside of Theosophical students, professors of languages and oriental scholars there are very few people who have even heard of the names, the Vedas, the Gita, the Tibetan and Egyptian Books of the Dead, and the glorious array of literary gems that are available for those who are awakened and anxious to learn. I tingle all over when I read the glorious words of Krishna talking to Arjuna. When I read "The Secret Doctrine" I feel I am revelling in Ali Baba's wonderful cave. There is nothing in the books that I have mentioned that could lead one astray, but I must give a note of warning that in reading many books appertaining to our subject there are some so enthralling that the glamour of them leads to Head Learning more than to Heart Learning. In Head Learning we are apt to suffer delusion, and we must ever be on our guard against that. We must not constantly dwell in the mental world. We must beware lest we turn inwards and close the door as so many do thinking that they are sufficient unto themselves. That alone is a fatal delusion and one that has ensnared thousands, witness those we know and read about who have withdrawn from the haunts of men, incarcerated themselves and withered away in their retreats. As L. W. Rogers has well said, "what is the use of all the gold in the world to a man starving in the desert. The wealth of Croesus will not buy him a crust of bread". By the way, the writings of that author have given me much material for word and deed. I may involuntarily quote him in much that I say, for his elucidation of a way of life has helped me more than I can express and I hereby tender my sincerest thanks.

It is very true, all the learning in the world will do us very little good unless we pass it on. The more you give the more you will receive is a well known fact in occultism. If we do this we are helping along the great cosmic scheme and incidently helping ourselves. But how can we, you may well ask, do all this when we have our hum-drum lives to live? As Hamlet says, "Ay there's the rub". We have our work to do, our living to make, and that is hard enough in all conscience, especially in these difficult days. To quote Hamlet again, "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" make it unquestionably difficult to combine a truly spiritual life with a mundane one. Some would say it is impossible unless one withdrew from the hurly-burly! But how many of us could do so even if we would. But I ask you, "why should we?" We are of this world and must be prepared to accept the responsibilities of that state, it is our karma, so we, if we are sensible, should combine all the spirituality we possess, and work it in with our prosaic everyday life. And we should come down unequivocally to hard facts and face things as they are and not allow our minds to go off at tangents, which the overloading of our intelligence by too much learning, especially of the fascinating by-paths of occultism, is apt to do. I was in that position once. I was torn between Scylla and Charybdis and was almost drawn into the maelstrom, when I was lucky enough to read a book entitled "One World at a Time", by Bernard Hamilton. That book put me on an even keel, and I am deeply indebted to it. I was rocking badly. By it I reconciled the spiritual and the material aspects of existence and by hard thinking and serious study formulated a credo of my own and a way of life for myself and this I know, it is only by doing so can we have anything worthwhile, for in the final analysis it is only by the emergence of the Christ within

us, can it be personal and combine with the all pervading spirit. In other words we must be ourselves! Not by make-believe, not by hear-say, not by dogmas, not by creeds, not by anything outside ourselves can we ever be at-one-ment with oneself and with the cosmos.

*(To Be Concluded.)*

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## Books by Wm. Kingsland

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