

# Foreword

by the Members of the Special Committee, General Executive  
The Theosophical Society in Canada



**T**HIS Commemoration Number of the *Canadian Theosophist* is published as a token of gratitude and esteem to one who has devoted the greater part of a long and courageous life to the *Cause* that all of us have so close to heart.

Albert E. S. Smythe has worked consistently and wholeheartedly in the Theosophical Field blazoned by Madame Blavatsky, and with unswerving loyalty and devotion to the Teachings that Torchbearer gave the world, has earnestly endeavoured to preserve them in their pristine purity.

Buffeted by inevitable storms as the Legions of Darkness ever battle the advent of Light and Truth, he has ploughed a lonely furrow, deviating neither to the right nor left, but has ever striven for the goal with his gaze fixed on the brightest star in his firmament.

For sixty years he has laboured in expounding the spirit of the original teachings; and for this purpose he is well equipped; besides being a gifted lecturer and a writer of renown, he

is a poet of no mean acclaim; with these gifts he has lightened many of the dark places of erring humanity, and has brought comfort and hope to sad and weary hearts.

To augment his efforts he has held for the past twenty-five years the office of General Secretary of the Canadian Section—for many years he was president of the Toronto Lodge which he founded over fifty years ago—and for twenty-five years has edited the *Canadian Theosophist* which owes its birth to his initiative and has since become a periodical known throughout the world, standing second to none amongst its contemporaries.

For these reasons and the far more intangible ones of his indomitable spirit, faith and hope by which he instills in the minds of men the truth of the Wisdom Religion, we offer this token of our sincere admiration and thanks.

We feel it fitting that this Supplement form a part of the Magazine wherein he has ever maintained and affirmed the breadth and spirit of the original teachings.

MAUD E. CRAFTER  
FELIX A. BELCHER  
N. W. J. HAYDON  
GEORGE I. KINMAN  
EDWARD L. THOMSON.



From the drawing by the late Joshua Smith.

**ALBERT EDWARD STAFFORD SMYTHE**



# Commemoration Number

## THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

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HAMILTON, OCTOBER, 1944

Price 25 Cents

### Preamble



THE issuing of this Commemoration Number brings about a certain peculiar situation involving several factors which in some quarters might be misconstrued.

To forestall any possible erroneous impressions therefore this preamble is indited.

Mr. Smythe whom we are honouring, is editor of *The Canadian Theosophist* and this issue being a supplement to that magazine, some people might think therefore that he had something to do with its appearance. This being far from the case, we feel that extracts from preliminary letters and other data should be informative to all concerned and put the matter in its true light.

The following letter instigated the movement:—

Edmonton, Alta.,  
Feb., 1944.

Albert E. S. Smythe, Esq.,  
Chairman,  
National Executive Committee.

Dear Sir and Brother,

It has been brought to our attention that you have been connected with the Theosophical Movement more or less intimately since 1884. Some time during the current year therefore marks out sixty years in this great work. A few, only a very few, are privileged to labour in any cause for such a length of time. Edmonton Lodge therefore, is of the unanimous opinion that suitable recognition should be taken of this anniversary year. First, as a tribute to you for your loyalty to the *Light* through thick and thin over the changing years, and second, as a recognition of your tireless work in the *Cause*; and we might add that our historical

## CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST SUPPLEMENT

records should bear proper witness to the event.

Just what form this recognition should take is a matter, we believe, for the members of the General Executive to decide.

We will be happy to co-operate, and to give our share of funds needed to make it a real success.

The commemoration of this event has already been referred to some of the members of the National Executive Committee for consideration and they have expressed approval with the idea in general, and we trust you will abide by their final decision.

Signed by the President, Officers and Members of the Lodge.

And from the letter sent to the members of the General Committee the following extracts are taken:—

“Should you be in favour of celebrating the anniversary you will readily understand some thought must be given to the arrangements, co-ordination of plans and the execution thereof.”

“Owing to the national character of such an anniversary it is only fit and proper that the General Executive should undertake the matter, and we can assure you that the Edmonton Lodge will be happy to do its part financially and otherwise in any proposal which you may suggest as being appropriate to the occasion.”

This, then, is the story of how the project was initiated. The Toronto members of the General Executive took the matter up with enthusiasm and resolved themselves into a Special Committee to carry the matter through. Two members of the General Executive viz. Messrs. Wash. E. Wilks and William A. Griffiths living in Vancouver and Montreal respectively were ipso facto unable to serve on the Special Committee but both evinced their full approval and wholeheartedness for any scheme the Special Committee might devise. Lieut.-Col. Thomson was appointed Chairman of the Committee and, later on Editor of the proposed Supplement by which it was intended to celebrate the Commemoration Year.



*All communications in connection with this Supplement and any requests for extra copies should be addressed to:—*

Lt.-Col. E. L. Thomson, D.S.O., 163 Crescent Road, Toronto, Canada.

## Editor's Remarks



N the pages of this issue will be found a great deal of information regarding the many activities and the varied work carried on during the past sixty years by the person in whom we delight to honour, all expressing gratitude and admiration for one who most richly deserves it.

Nobody knows better than the writer how the recipient will write under the broadsides of sentiment so expressed, he being as most of us know, against hero-worship, personalities and all that sort of thing. But I would say to him in the words of the Bard of Avon "*Some have greatness thrust upon them*"! This is most true, and in some cases inescapable. There are some shrinking violets born to blush unseen, but when it happens that some are born in the hurly-burly of vibrant life, and by their very actions emit an aura of light, love and compassion for their fellow beings it is but natural that the effects are such that thankfulness, appreciation and admiration are aroused which cannot be suppressed. More especially so is this, when after a long period of such, a landmark appears that focusses all these efforts into what may be described as a spotlight, it is but natural that those who have appreciated so much work on their behalf should desire to show tangible proof of their love and affection. It is therefore in that spirit that this

offering is made and we trust that it is in that spirit it will be accepted.

In writing an editorial for this issue I feel that to outline what Mr. Smythe has done for the *Cause* would be but to reiterate most of what has already been stated therefore it is not necessary for me to do so, but what I want to do is something after the manner of H.P.B., herself who, when she wrote her introduction to the *Secret Doctrine* said that hers was but the hand that tied the ribbon around the nosegay of flowers and, likewise I would desire to tie all these varied statements, eulogies and tributes together with a few additions that I feel should be added to the general eulogium.

There are many intangible things connected with the person we are honouring—small perhaps in themselves but nevertheless having a profound significance on his life in its relation to us.

Some speak of his work as General Secretary, some of his magazine, some of his lectures, some of his many acts of kindness and above all of his efforts on behalf of pure theosophy, and all of these are indeed very true but what I would like to accentuate is, the little things that go with all these, those little things which are overshadowed by the more palpable works of his lifetime of endeavour; and by so stating them decorate the bouquet with sprigs of baby-breath as it were

and place them here and there amongst the more resplendent blossoms of the nosegay.

To mention a few, for it is beyond my efforts to state them all; how many know of the continuous flow of letters that ever find a resting place on his desk? Letters from individuals mostly unknown to him, who have written in distress of heart and mind seeking sympathy and comfort even as a priest is sought in time of trouble! And who, knowing him as we know him, would fail to receive balm to the wounded soul! Who indeed with their personal problems would fail to receive encouragement, sympathy and hope! To many of such he has been a tower of strength both mentally and morally, for none is more capable than he of sympathetic communion of heart. Again, who has failed to

note during his lectures, or when he officiates at memorial services his earnest and deep sense of feeling for the event in hand or failed to notice the impression made upon all who come within his ken!

And to speak of a man without mentioning his soul-mate is but to half describe him. Only those truly happy in their wedded life can appre-

ciate the work contributed by such a team whose interests are one. To those who knew Janie Smythe need not be told of their team work; through the years she was his right hand in all his efforts, and especially so at the time when the Toronto Lodge was in the making. Many will look back with pleasure to the time when their home on Glen Grove was an open house to all. Janie was ever

interested in welfare works and many are the deeds I could enumerate as to her activities in that respect. A worthy helpmeet for one who has devoted his life to the welfare of others. The world is the poorer in her passing.

A few of us realize that the Canadian National Society works on the principle of free service. And that has no greater exemplar than in Albert Smythe himself. He has never accepted a

cent or token for services in connection with such and has received no stipend of any kind in the *Cause*. No other section does this, most of the posts are gainful, but not here. Theosophy is his watchword, he asks no return, but gives and gives freely of mind, heart and soul.

The reader will note in Mr. Belcher's article on the Magazine how



JANIE SMYTHE

we receive it monthly as a matter of course and think little of the amount of work that goes into the preparation of it. Yes! year in and year out for twenty-five long years that magazine has appeared with unflinching regularity; and at what recompense to himself? None, beyond the love of giving and the knowledge that he is spreading the Light and glorying in the fact!

But I must not fail to say that I have been privileged to see many letters of appreciation that have come with the yearly dues; and these little notes of thanks must do his heart good. Perhaps after all, many of us are not so remiss as some might surmise.

As we are about to go to Press we hear of the wounding of his only son, Major Connie Smythe, M.C., in France, and our hearts go out to him

in sympathy, and to the Major's family, and I am sure all will join me in the hope that his recovery will be speedy and complete.



MAJOR CONN SMYTHE, M.C.

In closing I present to Albert E. S. Smythe on behalf of the subscribers and my confreres this Supplement to his magazine with our sincere admiration and appreciation for everything that he has done for us and for Theosophy, coupled with the fervent desire that he will be blessed with health and strength to continue the good work; and quote the following verse which was written for such as he:—

“One who never turned his back but  
marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were  
worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to  
fight better, Sleep to wake.”





## A Poet's Tribute

**I**N this far outpost of Theosophy  
grant him, this honoured day, the purple hood—  
a knight-at-arms who battles for the good  
with one lone purpose, changeless as the sea.

He hungered in his heart to set men free;  
and from each singing rostrum where he stood  
he saw the godlike face of brotherhood  
peer through the portals of an age to be.

He sang amid the dissonance of spires,  
and watched intolerant peoples wax and wane;  
and kept, for sixty years, the vestal fires  
alight, to make the way to knowledge plain;  
and we shall hear in high to-morrow's choirs  
some note to prove he did not sing in vain.

*This sonnet is my tribute to a friend of many years, a man  
whose life has been an inspiration to a host of people.*

WILSON MACDONALD.

TORONTO, 1944.





# The Toronto Lodge



**M**R. SMYTHE who was one of the prime movers in the formation of this lodge arrived in Toronto from England in 1889. The efforts of this pioneer in

bringing the Light of Theosophy to Canada began immediately. At first he was manager of a Real Estate firm but later adopted journalism as a profession and for many years spread theosophy through his own column in "The Sunday World" under the title of "Crusts and Crumbs". He also wrote for other papers and published two books of his own verse. After The Sunday World ceased publication he became editor of the "Hamilton Herald".

With a coterie of enthusiasts amongst whom were Augusta Stowe-Gullen and her mother Mrs. Emily Stowe (the first ladies licensed to practise medicine in Ontario), Mr. Algernon Blackwood, who later returned to England and became famous as a writer on occult subjects and others, a Charter was obtained from the American Section of the Theosophical Society in 1891.

The first meetings were held in the offices of Dr. Stowe, and at the first election Mr. Smythe was elected president.

In 1892 the president inaugurated a Sunday Study Class in his own home which later evolved into the Secret Doctrine Class and has been held without a break ever since.

Mrs. Besant came to Toronto the following year and gave a couple of lectures, the effect of which was such that the growth of the Lodge developed considerably and it became necessary to obtain a hall more suitable for public meetings, such was eventually found at 365 Spadina Avenue.

In 1894 Mr. Beckett was elected president and Mr. Smythe became Secretary. This year saw the inauguration of a Memorial Service known as "White Lotus Day" in commemoration of the passing of Madame Blavatsky, and this service is still maintained. About this time Mr. Smythe started a monthly magazine "The Lamp" which he edited and published for several years. A Book Concern, under the management of Mr. Conn Smythe, the son of the President, and a Lending Library were added to the Lodge services. The Library has since grown to be the largest of its kind in the Dominion, containing some four thousand volumes and circulating throughout the Provinces through the medium of "The Traveling Library".

During these years the Lodge found it necessary for various reasons to change its headquarters, finally strong efforts were made to find a permanent home. A suitable property was found at 52 Isabella Street where a large garden afforded space for building a hall. This was purchased and altered to suit conditions, a hall was built to seat four hundred people

and meetings were begun in 1921 and have been held there ever since. In 1917 Mr. Smythe succeeded Mr. Horwood as President and with the spade work done by his predecessor he was able to establish the Canadian Theosophical Society with himself as General Secretary, allied with the International Headquarters in India, but remaining an autonomous body. To further its interests Mr. Smythe inaugurated a magazine "The Canadian Theosophist" which is now in its twenty-fifth volume, with himself as editor. As the Lodge grew in number and influence a local periodi-

Roy Mitchell (who recently passed away in New York where he was on the Faculty of the New York University), who installed a printing press and reproduced several out-of-print works of theosophical importance.

This perforce has to be a concise article on the many interesting and varied vicissitudes of this vital centre of theosophical activity—I would like to recount the many phases of endeavour along such lines as Radio Broadcasting, Dramatics, series of Lectures by eminent people and the like; also

**Toronto**  
**Theosophical**  
**News**

THEOSOPIICAL HALL. 52 ISABELLA STREET

Devoted to the interests of  
The Theosophical Society

cal became advisable informing the public of its services, Mr. Kartar Singh, the Lodge Secretary became editor of the monthly "Toronto Theosophical News." This is still carried on under the editorship of Mr. W. Dudley Barr, our present Secretary, and is in its twenty-first volume.

Another activity of literary value is the Blavatsky Institute which brought a group of enthusiastic members together under the leadership of another distinguished member, Mr.

the large number of distinguished individuals who have been members or who have passed through its portals pioneering in the interests of Theosophy but I must refrain, I will close on the note of gratitude that we have in our hands a tool by which our lodge with its many and enterprising members will continue to give service to the world and be a monument if such were necessary to the work, initiative and energy of one of its outstanding founders whom we rejoice to honour to-day.

N. W. J. HAYDON.

# The Magazine



**THE** MAGAZINE to those who know it speaks for itself. Its high prestige is recognized throughout the Theosophical world.

Beside the loyalty of Mr. Smythe to the genuine Theosophical teaching, his loyalty to the task of preparing and issuing the Canadian Theosophist calls for recognition.

Picture to yourself the task of getting out a four page affair every month, four blank pages staring at you clamouring to be filled with something worthwhile and you can picture your dismay. Some of it would be your own effort, but much would require correspondence, and the reading

of contributions on which you must pass judgment regardless of the writer's feelings.

There would be the counting of the words to have the right amount for your space and so on. There would be the readings of the proofs to keep out errors, the necessary collaboration with the printer; and you may get some idea of the task. And all this—but, thirty-two pages instead of four—without pay of any kind, twelve times a year for twenty-five years, and you will realize what a loyal, persistent will to achieve lies at the back of the magazine that comes to you so regularly that you take it for granted and as a matter of course. Think it over, Friends!

FELIX A. BELCHER.



A. E. S. S.

“A rare spirit and exquisite craftsman as a poet . . . He is Keltic through and through; and because he is Keltic in his reactions to the universe in his perceptions of spiritual meanings in all things, he divines God in men and God in Nature, or God as man and God as Nature—spiritual presences everywhere.

Mr. Smythe’s spiritual perceptions of divinity everywhere rise to a refined mysticism which he expresses with a ‘white beauty’ in exquisitely finished verse.”

DR. J. D. LOGAN in “*Highways of Canadian Literature.*”



Anastasis

*What shall it profit a man  
To gain the world—if he can—  
And lose his soul, as they say  
In their uninstructed way?*

*The whole of the world in gain;  
The whole of your soul! Too vain  
You judge yourself in the cost  
'Tis you—not your soul—is lost.*

*Your soul! If you only knew  
You would reach to the heaven’s blue.  
To the heartmost centre sink,  
Ere you severed the silver link.*

*To be lost in your petty lust  
And scattered in cosmic dust.  
For your soul is a Shining Star  
Where the Throne and the Angels are.*

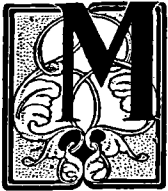
*And after a thousand years  
With the salve of his bottled tears  
Your soul shall gather again  
From the dust of a world of pain.*

*The frame of a slave set free—  
The man that you ought to be,  
The man you may be to-night  
If you turn to the Valley of Light.*

A. E. S. S.

*The following is an article written by Mr. Smythe at the request of the Members of the Special Committee.*

## All Life is a Unity



**M**EN and women are not separate beings dependent upon civic or family or other relationships for their association together.

Each is a composite

being, not merely as regards his physical body but also with respect to such forces as cohesion, gravitation, magnetism, electricity, heat, light, chemical action, and probably others like vitality itself of which we have no direct cognition, though exceptional persons appear to be able to sense some of these forces as normal people sense light and heat and to some degree electricity. These forces originate or manifest through various planes or spheres of ether, there being seven ethers it is said, so that as we have a luminiferous ether and a soniferous ether, we may have to evolve sense organs, or perhaps whole bodies or vehicles of consciousness corresponding to these other ethers as our present body corresponds with the vibrational range of the present 92 chemical elements. These ethers may arrange themselves in octaves, like the colours of the rainbow or the notes of our musical scale, for analogy evidently plays a great part in the organization of the Universe.

Our philosophers, our scientific men and their followers have been largely influenced by Archbishop Ussher's calculation that the world was created in the year 4004 B.C.

The Archbishop was not struck dumb with wonder about what God had been doing in the eternity of eternities before this recent date. When questioned the academic people now usually repudiate the 4004 date, but they allow themselves to reduce their figures as far as possible to meet the Archbishop's views.

A little thought will convince the simplest mind that the Universe must always have been a going concern, but ruled by cyclic laws such as are represented by our four seasons, and the cessation of active life represented by the four ice ages the geologists describe.

The idea behind this is that everything that happens to us on a small scale, also happens to the universe itself on a larger scale, proportional to the immensity of the time periods and the vastness of the organisms affected. We know that the sun is a million times bigger than the earth, but also there are stars like Antares 400,000 times bigger than our sun. These big and bigger worlds carry on processes of life on a scale so far beyond our conceptions of things that it is useless to talk to ordinary people about them. And there is no sense in trying to force knowledge on a mind that either does not wish to consider it, or is not sufficiently developed to entertain it.

This is why very few people are willing to take the trouble to listen to what is called Theosophy, a science or

a religion the ordinary exponents of which too often are led into making a display of the wonderful things they know than of conveying simple knowledge to the humble people who seek it. Most people suffer from the wrong instructions they have had handed down from the dark ages, which means they have been brought up in ignorance.

It is strangely true also, that such people will fight more stubbornly, more desperately, with more viciousness and bitterness in defence of their ignorance, than you might expect them to do in defence of the truth. Hence it is almost useless to try to disseminate truth among people who

have not been taught or have not taught themselves to think; or who, by their experience of life have found out for themselves that what they were taught as truth cannot be depended upon when put to the test.

It really does not matter what men believe as long as these beliefs do not

interfere with the laws of nature. Religious belief does not affect digestion, nor the circulation of the blood, and we are all subject together to the laws of the Breath, which is the Spirit of Life, so that all men breathe through the same nostril at the same time and all

women through the opposite nostril, and whether you are Christian, Buddhist, Jew, Turk or heathen, the change of breath from right to left and from left to right occurs every one hour 56 minutes and eight seconds. That is not a matter of belief. It is a process of Life.

The beating of the hearts of all living creatures is carried on in a similar manner. A scientific man made a great sensation of having taken the heart of a chicken and placing it in a suitable solution, hailed its continuing beating as a triumph of science. But he failed to indicate where the original impulse of the heart-beat came from. All our hearts respond to the central sun



A. E. S. S.  
*As A Young Man.*

tific man made a great sensation of having taken the heart of a chicken and placing it in a suitable solution, hailed its continuing beating as a triumph of science. But he failed to indicate where the original impulse of the heart-beat came from. All our hearts respond to the central sun

heart whether chicken or child, civilized or savage, saint or sinner.

The marvellous truth of the unity of all life is thus demonstrated in our regular breathing and in the systole and diastole of our hearts as the circulation of our blood through our veins and arteries follows the model of the mighty River of Life that flows from the sun and through the planetary system, reaching the earth in due course and bathing all its creatures in its life-renewing stream. Our Salvation Army friends and others sing and praise the Blood of the Lamb, little recking that the purifying blood flows for the just and the unjust alike and that we are all of one blood in very truth, the blood of the Sun of Righteousness. Let him that is athirst, Come, for this healing stream is without money and without price.

Into a universe which is all one Thing we are born separately, and the sense of separation is driven home in us till we come to think of the world as a lot of separate pieces, and are ready to take our cue from the Walrus, and as soon as we can speak, "talk of many things; of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—of cabbages—and kings." So we lose the sense of unity, and lose ourselves in diversity and variety. Naturally we listen to the conversation, or chatter, as the case may be, of our parents, or of our spiritual pastors and masters—it is all the same; they invariably instil us with the ideas of differentiation, diversity and variety.

They rarely, virtually never, point out to us that these separated aspects are not inconsistent with the actual unity of the universe of which they and we form parts. So that from our infancy we are led to accept and are disciplined in the "heresy of separateness." This is most unfortunate, for

we come to think of people, their religions, philosophies, sciences, trades, businesses, professions, economics, and properties as things which do not concern us, while all the time we are one with them, blood of their blood, substance of their substance, mind of their mind, and Life of their Life. To reverse all this in our minds is no easy task. Yet if we wish to get at the truth of things we must accomplish this change of attitude.

It is all the more difficult because all organized religions teach their adherents to oppose the other religions as being inferior, and that members of other religions are not fit to associate with their own elect. Out of these assumptions have grown the caste systems of modern society, which must not be confused with the caste observances of the ancients which depended on "being" not on "seeming", though even these have degenerated in important respects. Religion sets men apart in spite of themselves. I spoke to an eminent church official once about an eloquent and successful preacher and his comment was—"Well, you know, we do not consider him altogether 'sound'." It was not ill-naturedly said. Just a flicker of the mind.

The tendency of the Great Life is to draw men together in co-operation and harmony, and this makes for a certain amount of unity in practice, reminding one of the quantum theories by which the scientists now seek to explain the mysteries of matter. This tendency towards union manifested itself historically in the nineteenth century to a greater extent than is usually recognized, and in unobserved ways. After England had accomplished the nominal integration of the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, the fashion was admired by other nations

and when the desired result was not to be attained by good grace, it was sought by hard knocks. After 1848 Germany grew up out of a combination of four kingdoms, six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, three free towns, and what is called the imperial territory of Alsace-Lorraine. None of these gained by entering the German reich. Prussia saw to it that if there were any advantage in leadership it would not pass from Berlin. Prussia kept them fighting. They had to fight Denmark. They had to fight Austria. They had to fight France, and finally Russia, which has become united by good grace in our own despised day.

The United States of America had to fight a civil war to establish the liberty and freedom which the present war is being fought to establish these principles everywhere. Yet if Abraham Lincoln were to incarnate in a negro body, he would not be received by certain Americans who are loud in their bragging about the "American way of life."

Nature fights against such ostracism and those who practise it will reap their appointed harvest. That civil war was foreseen long before it began, and there were men raised up in the preceding generation who formulated the principles of honour without which the nation could not be. Whitman, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes in America, and Wordsworth and Tennyson, Browning and Hood in Britain, upheld the dignity of the soul whatever the colour of the clay that wrapped it round.

Whispers of these things pervaded my boyhood and helped me to form the personality which blinds us to so many realities. About the close of the Civil War, sugar became so scarce and expensive in Ireland that my

mother ceased giving us sugar in our tea, and I have never been able to drink tea with sugar in it since.

That was not the only privation Ireland had experienced. The potato famine, which was caused by lack of good seed potatoes, brought on a national and social crisis which has affected Ireland's whole future. The potatoes rotted in the earth and the population of Ireland, which had been nine millions before this, was reduced to four and a half millions by starvation and by emigration to America and Australia. I have heard that hundreds of initiates who had served as hedge school-masters and in other inconspicuous positions also largely abandoned Ireland—the White Island—at that time. The landlords and merchants shipped their wheat from Sligo and Connaught ports to Liverpool for gain, rather than feed their starving countrymen. My father once pointed out to me where as a lad he had helped his father to feed starving people from the soup kitchen established in Ahoghill Court House.

The Fox Sisters had just introduced Spiritualism to America. In 1851 a great World Exhibition had been planned by Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, and to this came one of the Mahatmas, with his message of Brotherhood to the 20-year-old Helena Petrovna Blavatsky who pledged her life and her soul to save humanity. There were other representatives of the White Lodge in the West. In Trinity College, Dublin, it is believed that one of the messengers must have been in attendance about this time, for in the university *Review* there appeared a work of undoubted occult value, *The Dream of Ravan*, the authorship of which remains a mystery till the present day. In the Public Library in Toronto there is a little volume entitled *The-*



*osophy*, dated 1855. The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny that followed, opened a new cycle of war, which still continues.

These were accompanied by a Revival movement in religion of the kind that became so popular during the next half-century, hysterical, hypnotic, inspired by fear, and wholly selfish in its personal appeal. In 1859 this delirium affected many communities. The Oxford Movement reached a more intellectual class, but was equally impotent in drawing men and women into a universal brotherhood of Love. The incarnating Ego, dropped into a world of this description, with its physical parents and nurses carrying the whispers of the outer world to its infant ears, must to some degree affect the virgin field of the consciousness that is to be woven or moulded into a personality. How far the inner consciousness of the incarnated Self affects the selection of the influences that go to the weaving or moulding of the personality is an important problem which has been scarcely touched or even recognized by modern psychology.

It is taken for granted that the personality grows out of the physical heredity of the parents and the environment in which it is placed; not even taking adequate measure of the resistance to environing influences in some cases, as well as the acquiescence met in others.

Nature has all sorts of analogies, and in this case of the incarnating Ego beginning to clothe itself with a personality, I am reminded of the caddis worm, the larva of the caddis fly, which finds itself crawling at the bottom of a stream, and to protect itself collects small bits of leaf or wood or small grains of sand or gravel which it fastens to a silken case with which it is covered, making

a rough armour for itself in which it matures until it is ready to shed its gross body and escape through the water into the air as a caddis fly. The personality which we form to protect our inner consciousness or individuality, is made up, like the outer case of the caddis, of such opinions, impressions, attachments as are agreeable or useful for our purpose and this we carry around till death comes and we drop the burden and identify ourselves with the real Self of which we may have lost sight while we toyed on the physical plane with such bits and scraps as caught our fancy.

It is very difficult for the ordinary man to understand that the personality, which is known to his friends and which he usually thinks of as himself, is only a temporary expedient, a mask, as the Latin word *persona* indicates. To some it is a staggering conception to find out that "he is not himself at all," and that all the ridiculous theological twaddle which the Church regards as so important, is not important at all, and that Jesus pointed this out again and again in the Gospels.

The personality is the *psyche* or soul, and Jesus said that if any man sought to save it he would lose it. The Church translates *psyche* as "life" thus misleading its unfortunate members. But Nature is kinder and the real man is not affected by the mistakes he makes in his innocence. How silly would we think the caddis worm to be if it insisted on carrying its little bag of bits of sticks and leaves and grains of sand into the upper air when its sub-aqueous existence was over!

There is a lot of nonsense talked about "the subconscious" and other terms meaning the same thing or something similar. We all practise the use of dual or plural conscious-

nesses. Browning thanks God he has one to "face the world with, and one to show the woman that he loves." We are sometimes too lazy and sometimes too fearful to explore the depths of these other phases of consciousness which we create for ourselves. The Vedanta system as given in *The Secret Doctrine*, (I. 157. Adyar ed. I. 212) the Seven Principles, as they have been called, are differently subdivided. They are called *koshas* or sheaths, which is exactly what any body or vehicle is, a protection.

These sheaths are also regarded as *mayavic*, illusory, actually false embodiments of the real Self. They are so false that they generally deceive the entity that creates them, and men and women come to believe that their personalities are their true and only being. The Mind that creates these illusory selves, is the slayer of the Real, and we are told that we must slay the slayer. Nothing but the realization of the true nature of these creations, our own creations, will enable us to escape from them.

One of the defects, if that is not too strong a word, of the new Adyar edition of *The Secret Doctrine*, is the omission of the running headlines on the alternate pages. One of these is "The Net of Destiny." We weave that net out of our own materials and are imprisoned in our own fetters. I have suggested some of the exterior influences which, through the talk and conversation of parents and others, may furnish the child mind with bits and scraps with which to sheathe itself. There is a still larger and more impressive, though in actual values usually a less important set of influences, in the interior family life and domestic relationships in which the child begins to learn of his Not-Self. My first ten years were extraordinarily rich in experience, though

in one sense the material might be considered scanty. There is so much of it that we may classify it under the heads, Music, Books, Fields and Gardens, Religion.

What we call public opinion in a nation corresponds in large measure with the personality of a man or woman. The analogy helps one to understand how fleeting and changeable the personality may be and usually is. All these aspects of consciousness which depend on memory for their existence, short or long, exist on the element of time, are of the mortal side of life, and give rise to the pessimism, as it is called, that pervades Christianity and Buddhism. The New Testament is full of it. What is your life? James, iv. 14, asks. It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. And Paul assures us that the things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal. Peter quotes: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." Jesus asks: What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Our most popular hymn chants—Change and decay in all around we see. Buddhism anticipated this centuries before Christianity.

This pessimistic philosophy pertains to the world of our limited consciousness only. We on earth are confined to the lowest plane of manifested life, and the consciousness possible in the sheaths provided at this stage of evolution. Hence Theosophy, aware of this condition, is not pessimistic. This world is hell, the place of outer darkness, and of weeping and anguish, natural to any hell where ignorance and its consequence of cruelty and hate are paramount. We have been taught and shown the way out, and if we prefer ignorance

and pain it is our own responsibility. If we strive to improve our lot our efforts prove cumulative, and we have clearer vision each time we incarnate. Clarity of vision in mental terms gives us discrimination, judgment, intuition, and we are able to distinguish the better from the worse and choose to follow light rather than darkness.

This is what happens when a child is born into any national environment, such as that of Europe in the early Victorian period. There is no compulsion of choice. The drift of national feeling was towards enlightenment, and with light comes love, which means Brotherhood. Personal environment mentally is more directly effective on the developing personality than the national public opinion. Space would not permit a full analysis of the childish influences which operated in the edification or building up of what becomes the personality. The main influences as noted were Fields and Gardens, Music, Books, Religion. Any one of these naturally blends into the others. Birds and animals and flowers were a first and major influence and one might write a volume on these in Gracehill, Ballymena, Galgorm, Ahoghill. God Almighty first planted a garden, writes Bacon, and the thought recalls roses and carnations, violets and wallflower and all their odorous company. Wide fields and woodlands, streams and rivers, burns and brooks, gave reason for many a ramble. Butterflies, spiders and other insects occupied many an hour in study of the One Life in myriad forms. The integration and co-operation of all nature became obvious in such studies.

Then came music, for my relatives were unanimously musical. I had an early introduction, as a triolet recording an incident of 1863 indicates—

When I heard Jenny Lind  
I was eighteen months old;  
I was swaddled and pinned  
When I heard Jenny Lind;  
It was my voice that sinned,  
Her voice was pure gold;  
When I heard Jenny Lind  
I was eighteen months old.

My Grandmother Cary played the harp beautifully, also the piano, and she sang Moore's Melodies, Scottish Ballads, and the popular songs of the period in the 'sixties. My mother played and sang. My father played the organ in church; as a young man he had played the guitar and the flutina; he also played the bass tuba in the village band which officiated at Easter and Christmas and other festivals and at funerals. My father's younger brother was a professional organist who had studied under Dr. Chipp of Ely, and graduated Mus. Bac. at Trinity College, Dublin along with Arthur Sullivan, the only other graduate, afterwards of Pinafore and Patience. Fred Smythe played the organ in St. James' Church, Belfast, which was utterly destroyed in a German bombing raid.

Books played a fundamental part in providing the early layers of personality. *The Bible*, *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe* were the delight of my early years, and to judge by the presents of books I received at Christmas, 1866, there was no limit to my reading. There were few books in my home, but my grandma Cary read aloud *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Crofton Croker's Irish Fairy Tales* and *The Robin Hood Ballads*. Two sets of magazine volumes were to me a library and encyclopedia together. These were *The Boy's Magazine* bound in six volumes; and as many volumes of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. From the former I got fiction in such stories as "King Lion",

"Reuben Davidger", "Ingonyama the Caffre Chief", and "The Young Norseman", with saga lore, and J. G. Edgar's historical tales of England, such as "Runnymede and Lincoln Fair", etc. The articles describing the Zoological Gardens were inspiring.

In The Family Magazine there was fiction by J. F. Smith, Mayne Reid, and R. D. Blackmore, not yet celebrated for *Lorne Doone*. But the most wonderful articles were a series on "Odic Force" which prepared me for future revelations. There was no Shakespeare in the house, no Scott, no Dickens, no Thackeray. Tennyson was regarded as immoral, and Shakespeare's morals were also suspect. Two large volumes belonged to my grandmother, the works of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and over his "Confession of a Fanatic" I pored with unchecked fascination. *Good Words* was the only adult magazine taken by the family and in it I read Kingsley's "Hereward, the Last of the English", which led me to Harold, and Harold, strangely enough, led me to Tennyson, and in his drama I was deeply moved by the sonorous Latin chants, concluding, reasonably or not, that at one time I must have been a monk.

I was deeply influenced by Charles Kingsley in another way. In 1868 there appeared a remarkable publication, *Good Words for the Young*. There I was introduced to Henry as well as Charles Kingsley, George Macdonald, and the author of "King George's Middy", father of William Schwenck Gilbert of Pinafore and Patience fame again. His anticipation of occult physics, and Kingsley's "Madam How and Lady Why", a treatise on elementary geology, led me into the pleasant paths of science, and to these early books and their messages I attribute the qualities

which my inner consciousness chose to build up the personality by which the Ego is recognized in this incarnation.

Any person who will take the pains to analyze his own early experiences may discover for himself how he has been led to create his own personality, and free himself from the delusion that he owes it to heredity or environment or anything outside himself. A nation is an aggregation of personalities and they constitute "Public opinion" which is the national personality.

"Of Teachers there are many; the Master Soul is One," it is written. So, in the nation, the Master Soul must one day be recognized with its eternal ideals, or the nation must decline and fade away and die as history records of so many. The Egoes who are loyal to the ideals that belong to the evolving forces, group themselves, as the Romans did in their best minds, around the ideals of truth, justice, equity, freedom and the intangible standards of honour, to return in their due cycle as they have done in the commonwealth of the British peoples. So also the great American Republic reproduces for still higher flights of achievement the great cycle of national life that poured through Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh and the Hittite Empire. If any one asks for Greece, let him behold the resurrection of France at this very hour, with all its beauty, its vivacity, its heroism and its secret altar to the Unknown God. Let us all seek within ourselves for the divine. The altar is only a negligible symbol. The Master Soul is manifest in Life itself at its highest, its holiest, its miracle of Light and Love.

It may be difficult for many in this world war to understand that this view of life is what the great War is

being fought for, and that its triumph is not to bring peace on earth and good will to men, but to bring peace to men of good will. The world has been bedevilled by theology and priestcraft, and men in their ignorance have bowed down to the unrealities and shams of so-called religion. Even the Gospels of Jesus are mistranslated and so deceive their misfortunate students. The habit of accepting with the docility of a donkey any statement that a priest or clergyman may make becomes tragic when a nation becomes imbued with the same senseless habit of obedience. The habit of obedience grows so that when a Hitler happens to assume authority, or a Mussolini, whole nations transfer their obedience from a church to a dictator without a thought. This, unfortunately has come to be the case in the theosophical communities as well as in the churches. Constant vigilance to detect the real from the illusory is the price of safety—and Truth. Some have this vigilance naturally, the result of experience in past incarnations. Others learn it painfully and with shame for their folly in not giving heed to the warnings repeatedly offered. The warning is not to believe or disbelieve, but to use their own reason about the things that are told them. When I was told that Jesus was laid in the tomb for three days and three nights, I calculated from Friday afternoon till early Monday morning and could make three days of it nohow. I was told that little boys should not question what was told them and that when I grew bigger, etc., etc., as I believe little boys are still stalled off. Then I was told I must not whistle on Sunday or God would be angry. So taking the first favourable Sunday I went to the back of the house and whistled all the tunes

I knew. As nothing happened I concluded that God was not so easily annoyed. Later on I found there was a class of people who took delight in contemplating and even gloating over the sufferings of others. I did not admire the Laocoon, nor had I any reverence for crucifixes and the pain-torn semblances of Jesus on the cross, and was glad to learn that this form of superstition was only introduced into the Church five hundred years after the alleged event which it was supposed to celebrate. The people who like to be reminded of pain and suffering are usually those who take pleasure in cruelty as the Inquisition in Spain and Brazil at one time, and those who practise the arts of cruelty, like the millions of Germans who must have been drawn together by this demoniac common interest, and incarnated to keep a hellish holiday. Men and women who belong normally to "the kindly race of man", are not attracted by the policies by which a devil-inspired group would drag humanity into physical and spiritual slavery, but have joined the great Alliance to subdue all this fiendishness.

We all know the awful suffering which our wounded men undergo in their effort to redeem the world. The redeemers always suffer, and we must honour them, not for their suffering, but for their unselfishness. Some of them lie in bodily torture for weeks and months, and it is beyond reason to ask us to compare the comparatively few hours hanging on a cross with the protracted suffering which our volunteer soldiers too often have to endure. We lose the sense of proportion and the real symbolical lesson of the Crucifixion is lost. A Montreal member wrote me recently and spelled the word Crucifixion, which might remind some people of

its true intent. The marvellous fact is spoken of in the Apocalypse, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Enough of the truth is revealed in the first chapter of John's Gospel to guide even the wayfaring man. The Word that was with God and was God, is the highest spiritual consciousness of which we are capable. It is a principle, not a Being, and is available to all at any time, for it is "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Jesus for his cycle was the typically perfect man, and we are expected to follow his example and become "fishers of men," that is, redeemers of the world, as he and all his predecessors were. None of these truths can be established by argument, but they either come home to a man's consciousness, as light comes to the eye that sees, so that he *sees* the truth, or he must wait till he evolves the faculty by the gradual development of the inner body, of which Paul speaks in the 15th chapter of I Corinthians, the sheath which is less dense and material than that through which we are conscious of the physical world.

My religious instruction began with my attendance in the Gracehill Moravian Church, where I sat in the organ loft and acquired a sense of detachment from the rest of the congregation which has followed me through the numerous churches which I have attended. Organized religion is very different from religion in the abstract. Most thinking people do not wholly agree with all the teachings and practices they meet with in the churches they attend.

The Roman Church of course is different. There the members must yield absolute belief in and obedience to the edicts of the Church. "There is no other Church" as I was once told by a

Monsignor in Montreal. Ten thousand years ago he might have had a different opinion; ten thousand years hence he probably will. An inflation of the Ego of this character may attack anyone as Haeckel in Science and Hitler in world politics.

People who are satisfied with their churches and the teaching provided should not be interfered with as long as they are content. But as soon as they are awakened to the Light that is within them, however dim it may be at first, should be given every help they are willing to accept. The most important advice is that they should cease "believing" what other people may tell them, but rely on faith in their own heart. They may be directed to the four ways in which truth can be sought, as the *Bhagavad Gita* suggests—by strong search, by asking questions, by service, and by humility. St. Paul sums it up in a sentence. "Know ye not that Jesus Christ is in you," Buried in the flesh, he adds elsewhere.

The first promptings towards faith in the Inner Light should be gently dealt with, so that this faith may be increased and strengthened in the god within. That is one's own link with the divine heart of the Universe, and no priest and no rite or ceremony is needed to keep that link vital and active but the practise of The Golden Rule. This is what constitutes real religion, and all the rest is "leather and prunella." This is the religion of the Brotherhood of Man, Universal Brotherhood, without regard to race or colour, creed or caste. This it is that distinguishes animal man from spiritual man, or man born from above from man still bound by lust and ill-will, and ignorance or stupidity. A very little of this wisdom, says the *Bhagavad Gita*, delivers one from a great danger.

The element of Fear however binds many people to their ecclesiastical fetters. The sacerdotal terrors on which the church relies to keep its members in the ranks, can only be conquered by a knowledge of the Truth. All terror, like all courage, comes from within. Fear and courage cannot dwell together. The foolish child who screams at a mouse or a spider is putting a layer of cowardice on its soul-sheath which may prove to be a heavy handicap later. The child should be taught to fear nothing, and to know that the power to overcome fear is in oneself. There are worse things to fear than anything on the physical plane. Falsehood, hate, jealousy, envy and anger are to be feared in oneself more than savage wild beasts or snakes. These personal evils make earth a hell and the only hell we have to fear, the hell we create in our own hearts.

This is not religious teaching but common sense. Such personal vices may require several incarnations of purification before they are transformed into higher forms of energy. Changes of this kind are going on all the time in the normal healthy character. The attainment of perfection is a matter of will, and if one could exert the spiritual will, bereft of all selfish aims or ambitions, perfection could be reached in one incarnation. But it requires seven incarnations to reach such sincerity of purpose, and the attainment of Buddhic or Christ-like consciousness. However, one may have already lived through a number of such dedicated incarnations and may be near the end of probationary effort. One must never cease trying, and one day the Light will shine.

Just as we wake and sleep, wake and sleep, day after day, going to school, or applying oneself to an art

or a trade, day by day acquiring more knowledge or skill, so life after life we die and come to birth again, with all our attainments secure in the inner man, the pneumatic body that Paul tells about, which endures through all incarnations and furnishes what we call character, the only thing we transmit from one incarnation to another. That is the "I" or Ego.

Madame Blavatsky, who gave the western world all it knows reliably of these facts of our inner life, gave us assurance that no effort is wasted. She gives us this message:

"There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind—but yet a road, and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte for evermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer. There is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through. There is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onwards, there is reward past all telling: the power to bless and save humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come." Those who wish to follow these thoughts should study *The Key to Theosophy*.

I started on a quest for truth in 1884 and on the way to America, which I hoped had more new Light than I could find in Belfast, met William Quan Judge, then returning from India, on board the Guion liner "Wisconsin." In due course and study of Madame Blavatsky's famous books, I came to understand something of the nature of the Masters of Light, and particularly the two who sponsored the Theosophical Movement and who may be known through the volume, *The Mahatma Letters*, edited

by Ernest Barker. Those who have not read these books and Letters have no more right to speak for or against Theosophy than the average man has to criticize the Egyptian Book of the Dead.

I have never asked any one to join the Theosophical Society. That is a privilege which is rarely appreciated. Nearly 1400 persons have joined the Canadian National Society since it was chartered in 1919, yet no more than one in ten of these have proved faithful to their undertaking when they signed the application to join. In this respect we do not differ from the other National Theosophical Societies. We do not join the Society for what we can get, but for what we can give. In 1908 Charles Cavers, then editor of the Toronto Sunday World, asked me if I would write something for his columns. I consented on condition that I could say what I liked. And it was to be a free contribution. I wrote two columns a week for twelve years, under the heading Crusts and Crumbs. It was stopped by Harry Smith, then editor, in 1920.

I came first to Canada in 1889 with the lure of the Beaver postage stamp still fresh in my mind from 1869. I began propagandā work at once, sending pamphlets on Theosophy to all the professional men in the telephone directories in Ottawa and Toronto. By 1891 there was enough interest in Toronto to form a Lodge, The Toronto Theosophical Society, of which Algeron Blackwood, the distinguished novelist, Dr. Emily Stowe and her daughter, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Mrs. Day Macpherson and myself were the charter members. The growth of the Society has been very slow, the conception of Brotherhood on the part of many active members being rather crude. A nucleus of Brotherhood

exists, however, and each new generation may take up the task with a happier view of its method.

When I was a child I was taught to pray to God to make me a good boy. That was not God's job at all but mine. Some Theosophists think the Masters should perform miracles of transformation and enlightenment. That is not the Masters' work, but theirs. When all our members realize this, the Society will make blitz progress. Devotion, wise and prudent devotion can achieve much in a short space, and if we had ten men as devoted as Sam Beckett, Charles Lazenby, Roy Mitchell, and Robert Norwood, we could do much to regenerate the world as well as Canada. Think what that splendid article by Dr. W. E. Wilks, "The Pearl of Great Price," did in raising the standard of high thinking in our ranks. We must do even so for Canada itself.

It has been the hope of many wise scholars and teachers that a national theatre would come into existence in all the great cities of the English-speaking world. Shakespeare's and other great classical plays could be constantly produced to educate the masses and teach them Brotherhood, Toleration and Charity. The Church has lamentably failed in this duty, setting up the selfish idea of saving oneself as the primary object of life. The newspapers are almost equally faulty in their concessions to the most vulgar and even decadent aspects of society. The theatre with its romantic charm and its heroic inspirations could do more than any other human agency to set the world on the high road of Truth and Justice. Failing this, we must each for himself, determine what he can do for the national life, and through that what can be done for the world. This is the real religion and will serve the world



better than the churches do.

I often think that the world improves in spite of the churches. In the years 1873 and 1874 I was invited to pay an Easter visit to the house of a relative in which Mr. McKnight, editor of *The Northern Whig*, had rooms. One of these was occupied by his library and an aviary stocked with small birds, tropical and native, in which he took great delight. But the library was my attraction and he was kind enough to give me the run of it. I discovered *The Arabian Nights Entertainment* and read it with the same interest as I had the Bible. The two books have much in common. They both furnish standards of behaviour and unusual elements of wonder.

About the same time I was introduced to *The Young Folks Budget* and for some years I enjoyed what Richard

Quittenden (Roland Quiz), Walter Villiers, Lieut. Maitland, C. A. Read and Sarah Holland had to tell me. Read novelized the classical hero tales of Greece and Rome and altogether I became indebted to these books for conceptions of life which transcended the ordinary church codes. They were not possible under church assumptions. Theosophy taught that nothing was too high or noble for man to aspire to. After

many incarnations in which one weakness after another might be eliminated and replaced by a corresponding strength, it teaches that man can renounce the glories he may have won, may leave heaven or Nirvana, the peace that passes understanding, and return to earth, either in a new incarnation like Jesus, or on the astral plane without a physical body, but using his inner body, so that he can as

a redeemer help and oversee the men whose condition warrants such assistance. To do this one must spend many incarnations in preparation and cultivate selflessness and renunciation as a rule of life. Something of this vision I put into verse some years ago, and perhaps it may as well close these rambling reflections as anything else.—I have written by request and not of my own notion. Bible students may find hints

for these verses in Romans viii. 19-22, and I Peter ii. 4-7.

When I lie down the last time  
 Breathless, sightless, dumb,  
 My life-work all in past time,  
 No more of earth to come;  
 I shall arise in wonder  
 To leave the flesh behind,  
 Beyond the clouds and thunder  
 To mix with angel-kind—  
 With starry gods and lowly  
 Serenely just and true,



A. E. S. S.  
 As He Is To-day.

## CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST SUPPLEMENT

To pace the highways holy  
    Among the chosen few.  
How then shall life sustain me  
    Amid those lofty airs  
And lift and hold and gain me  
    The ease that Wisdom shares?  
Shall then no longing seize me  
    For this poor world below—  
No future that decrees me  
    To stay their mortal woe—  
To give them light and gladness,  
    Partake their human birth  
And banish all the sadness  
    With charity on earth?  
Oh, give me will to perish  
    From out those utmost spheres,  
Swift to descend and cherish  
    The heritors of tears,

The multitudes of sorrow  
    Who suffer in the dark  
All joyless of tomorrow,  
    Unfriended, cheerless, stark,  
By ignorance demented,  
    By hatred set apart,  
By error, unrepented,  
    Chained with a sullen heart;  
Oh, may I leave the Throned Ones  
    And join the fallen race,  
The darkened and disowned ones,  
    To lead them to the place—  
Freed from the lures of Circe—  
    To earth, celestial fair,  
Transformed by love and mercy,  
    Man's pledge to Nature's  
    prayer!

A. E. S. S.



# Tributes

*Dr. G. S. Arundale,  
Adyar, Madras, India—*

Dear Colleague,

My very hearty congratulations to the Canadian Section on attaining its 25th anniversary on the 12th November next. It is quite remarkable that you were its founding General Secretary and have held that office continuously ever since. I know of no other General Secretary who has held office for so long a period, unless it is Dr. Anna Kamensky, who has done similar duty for Russia, inside and outside the country, for 36 years. Mr. Peter Freeman has just relinquished the leadership in Wales after 22 years, and Mme. Jelisava Vavra, so far as we know, still holds office in Yugoslavia after almost 20 years, both founding General Secretaries. Such length of service is phenomenal.

My very brotherly greetings to all my brethren and best wishes for the next twenty-five years, but I suppose not with yourself still as General Secretary!

Fraternally,

(Sgd.) GEORGE S. ARUNDALE.

(By permission The Canadian Theosophist, September, 1944.)



*The Toronto West End Lodge—*

We welcome this opportunity to express our appreciation for the many valuable contributions which Mr. Smythe has made to Theosophy throughout the years of his long and unselfish service. We have especially appreciated the stand which he has always taken for Truth and Pure Theosophy. At the same time we wish to acknowledge the similar ser-

vices of Janie Smythe his dear late wife whose kindness and unselfishness will always be remembered with the deepest gratitude. We extend our good wishes for long and continued activity in the work he loves so well.



*Roy Mitchell, Art Faculty,  
New York University—*

It was one night forty years ago in the old World office Albert Smythe told me about the ever-living faith. He had told it to thousands before and has told it to more thousands since. They have told it to others and they to others. Some of us have fulfilled the obligation he put upon us to relay the message and some have not, even those who have felt the power ebb and flow. But in all these years he has gone on unflinchingly. I should like to see—and sometime perhaps I shall—the great web of light which this man has spun in the world. It makes me very humble.



*The Toronto Lodge—*

passed the following Resolution at its Annual Meeting — “Remembering that this Lodge was founded through the efforts of Mr. A. E. S. Smythe who became its first president, and observing that this year marks the sixtieth year of his connection with theosophical activities, we welcome the opportunity to place on record our profound admiration for his unceasing and unwavering loyal and generous support of the basic teachings of Theosophy as given to the world by the Masters themselves in the volume ‘Mahatma Letters’; in the volumes

written by Madame Blavatsky, such as 'Isis Unveiled', the 'Secret Doctrine', 'The Key to Theosophy', 'Voice of the Silence', and in countless articles in many magazines. In view of the many devious substitutes for these that have been offered, and which the passing years have shown to be what they are, it is very gratifying to realize that Mr. Smythe's leadership has saved many of us from painful disappointments. For all of this we offer our grateful thanks and pledge ourselves to continue along the lines that have proved so salutary and stimulating".



Mrs. H. Henderson,  
The H.P.B. Library, Victoria, B.C.—

Along with the many who celebrate the Editor's long and honourable theosophical service, I am especially grateful to him for magazine space accorded me, an outsider, to restate original tenets of a science and philosophy of life as static in its essence as Nature's changeless laws, and to reflect, as far as possible the views thereon of the Editor's esteemed friend and colleague of early days, Mrs. A. L. Cleather, Founder of the H.P.B. Library. We have on our shelves relics of Mr. Smythe's editorial work of fifty years ago in three bound volumes of "The Lamp", published in Toronto, 1894-1900. It is delightful to find in its yellowed pages the characteristic open door to every outlook, with humorous or satirical editorial comments without bitterness on events and figures of those critical years following the tradition of H.P.B. not to blame persons in the exposure of evil largely due to Kali Yuga. A fine example to us.

Vulcan Lodge, Alberta—

We have always appreciated Mr. Smythe's articles in the *Canadian Theosophist* and admired the firm stand he has taken as a defender of the Blavatsky teachings. In spite of the criticism to which he has been subjected, he has always followed the same undeviating course and has never compromised. His constant fight against the setting up of a popery in the T.S. will eventually show results. We offer our congratulations and hope he will long be spared to serve the *Cause* which he loves so well.



Alvin Boyd Kuhn, Ph.D.,  
Elizabeth, N.J.—

It is a pleasure to pay tribute to a veteran labourer in the vineyard of the Ancient Wisdom while he can still receive it. One must think of Mr. Smythe as the valiant warrior for the great *Cause* that has engaged the deepest interests of his life. If one were to try to put into briefest expression an epitome of his main life work in the field of the theosophical movement, one would have to say that the main drive of his activity and the chief battle he fought were motivated by his imperious determination to protect what he, shall we say, rightly, conceived to be true Theosophy against the distortions and divagations which have unfortunately tended, since the passing of Madame Blavatsky, to twist the original presentment of the great esoteric message into bizarre and extravagant forms. Nobly he has carried the banner of true Theosophy in the forefront of the battle.

*The Edmonton Lodge—*

sends its warmest greetings to Mr. A. E. S. Smythe on this important occasion, the sixtieth year of association with the Theosophical Society. So long a connection with one organization is noteworthy in itself but, in this instance, there is an aspect of much greater significance than mere length of time. For these have not been years of passive membership, but years of increasing activity, years of unswerving devotion to one high ideal—to see clearly and to present clearly the fundamental truths of Theosophy. This year marks still another important anniversary—the twenty-fifth year of publication of the *Canadian Theosophist*. For a quarter of a century you have guided the policy of our magazine, your work motivated always by one unchanging principle—to maintain and affirm the breadth and spirit of the original teachings. Letters to our national magazine from the four quarters of the globe testify to the far reaching influence of the *Canadian Theosophist*. With our congratulations on this anniversary goes the earnest wish that your health will permit you to continue your work, and finally we wish to express our gratitude for the help and inspiration of your leadership.

*W. B. Pease, Victoria, B.C.—*

Sixty years of Theosophical endeavour constitutes a record that can have been very seldom, if ever equalled. Mr. Smythe must have been a very young man when he began his theosophical activities, one of the youngest of the pioneers! His long and successful editorship of the *Canadian Theosophist* which he founded will always be remembered as an outstanding achievement, the

value of which has been greatly enhanced by his own contributions. Lovers of true theosophy can never feel too grateful for the way in which he has consistently upheld the Blavatsky doctrine and defended it against the corruption with which it is constantly threatened. May he long continue in health and strength to uphold the truth as he sees it.

*Vancouver Lodge—*

Greetings and thanks for the opportunity of adding our meed of praise on the sixtieth anniversary of Mr. Smythe's efforts for the Theosophical Society. He has been a source of inspiration to us ever since the Canadian Section was formed. We have always thought of him as a faithful and wise disciple of the H.P.B., and the Masters, her Teachers. He has championed the *Cause* continuously, and throughout has kept the ship on a straight course, with Blavatsky's teachings ever to the front. He has never wavered in his course and for this we are entirely grateful. We have watched his efforts month by month in the *Canadian Theosophist*, and have appreciated the tireless, endless work and mental energy expended therein. Twice we had the opportunity of hearing him in Vancouver and on each occasion felt the power of his spiritual strength and wisdom. He has gained our love and gratitude for all time and may we be worthy of his great example.

*Cardinal Le Gros, Detroit, Mich.—*

I am glad to write appreciatively of Albert E. S. Smythe. A friend at one of the Conventions said that he was like a strong, weather-beaten oak in a forest of young theosophists. I agree, trusting that many of us will in service, grow up to be as sturdy of

heart, and as pellucid of mind. The sixty heart beats of Time ring with a greater music because he is here.

The guerdon of knighthood will find him yet

For the gods remember, though men forget.



*The Montreal Lodge—*

What manner of man is this octogenarian General Secretary of the Canadian Section? Concisely he is tall, distinguished and fearless. His clear deep set eyes indicate a capacity to see farther than the average man, his manner gives the feeling of confidence that he is one who can scan the horizon, see the dangers, knows how to meet and overcome the difficulties; and if we hearken to his voice, can keep us safe on solid ground, point out the landmarks that lead to the Path, for he knows that we must tread it alone.

Our General Secretary is concerned with the true purpose of life—he is teaching Theosophy, not as a doctrine, a philosophy, or a creed but as a living power in our life. In recent years there has been so many will-o-the-wisps glittering and tempting, tending to lead astray the unwary, with their vapouring sophistries that we more than ever stand in need of men like Mr. Smythe of the calibre of King Arthur and his knights, carrying aloft the motto following the Druids of Wales "Truth against the World"! Like H.P.B., Albert Smythe seeks to destroy bigotry and superstition by freeing the mind of prejudice, by giving it a wider range of enobling thoughts and by forming a grander and higher conception of the God in Nature and Man. If we are truly seeking the road to immortality and Divine Wisdom we must light our torches in the quenchless flame of

Truth. We sincerely declare that we are truly grateful to A.E.S.S. for his guidance, wise council and able leadership. Carry on! Stalwart Leader—Follow the Gleam—we will endeavour to keep within sound of your clarion call, we will trim our lamps and be ever ready to help light the seekers after Truth.



*G. Rupert Lesch, Erie Penn.—*

Sixty years of loyal devotion to an ideal; sixty years of faithful service in a cause; apart from any other consideration of a merely personal and temporal nature; could be engendered and matured only in a profound conviction as to the essential truth of the ideal, and the eternal beneficence to humanity of the cause served. These fundamental convictions in the life of our celebrant are best expressed in his own words, "Theosophy is not a creed; it is the grace of God in one's life; the power of God in one's work; the joy of God in one's play; the peace of God in one's rest; the wisdom of God in one's thought; the love of God in one's heart; the beauty of God in one's dealing with others. May this ever be a beacon light to him and others through the years yet to be, and beyond.



*Orpheus Lodge—*

On this occasion which marks the sixtieth year of Mr. Smythe's connection with the Theosophical Society, we the members of the Orpheus Lodge, desire to congratulate Mr. Smythe, not on the mere passage of time, but on the all-important use to which he has put that time.

We consider that Mr. Smythe's outstanding contribution to the Theosophical cause has been his editorship of the *Canadian Theosophist*. While we of the Orpheus lodge have differed

from Mr. Smythe upon occasion, we have never lost sight of the fact that in Canada we have a sectional magazine that has maintained a standard rare among publications of its kind.

The policy of the Canadian magazine has been to present Theosophy in its original purity, and what is equally important and much more difficult, to attack and expose without fear of consequences all those insidious and subversive influences which have obscured the Light and wrought so much havoc in the Theosophical Society.

Let us not pass lightly over all that is implied in such a policy. To thus state the truth boldly and attack the enemy directly is to invite an ordeal that few are prepared to stand up to. Such effort invokes an inevitable recoil. It produces a tension and a strain that must be accepted, and what is more, endured without giving way under the constant pressure of popular demand for a more free and easy approach to Truth, involving compromise and a lowering of standards.

Year after year Mr. Smythe has faced this ordeal with courage and sincerity. Where any issue has been at variance with the basic principles of Theosophy he has taken a firm stand by the basic principles. To do this is to invoke opposition and strife both from within and from without, but only in this way can the theosophical teaching be transmitted free from distortion. Such a stand, for obvious reasons, has been all too rare in the Theosophical Society where spiritual standards have been lowered to meet the needs of immature minds. It is thus that the teaching has lost its austere note and its vital appeal.

The *Canadian Theosophist* has sounded a very different note.

Through his editorials and articles Mr. Smythe has presented 'straight' Theosophy, and his interpretation of the teaching has been a source of inspiration to earnest students striving to get to grips with the problem of spiritual regeneration.

The theosophical cause and the search for truth have taken first place in Mr. Smythe's life—a rare attainment—it is this which has enriched the work he has done as General Secretary and Editor of our national magazine.

Mr. Smythe has given of his best to the Canadian Section where his influence will be long felt. It is fitting therefore that on this occasion we should do honour to one who is 'fighting the good fight'.



*John M. Pryse,*  
*Los Angeles—*

I wish to add my appreciation of services rendered by Brother Smythe to the Theosophical Cause. He is one of the very few among old-time members who has held true to the original teachings and purposes of the T. S., and has been mainly the influence for keeping the Canadian Section in like condition.

I also wish to express gratitude for the long years of friendship extended to me by Brother Smythe.



*Sidney A. Cook,*  
*Gen. Sec. The Theo. Soc. in America—*

I can claim membership in The Theosophical Society for only half of the sixty years during which Mr. Smythe has served its work in Canada. My membership began in Calgary—before Canada became a separate section.

I have known Mr. Smythe, through his writings, personally and by correspondence. When I once suggested

it he denied that he loves a fight, but I think that by training and by temperament he delights in the give and take of journalistic combat. Skilful in the giving and adroit in the taking he has been a redoubtable warrior in the theosophical field.

Not always have I been in agreement with him, but of two things above all others, I have unfailingly been convinced—the uncompromising sincerity with which he has chosen his causes and the impersonality of his selection of his opponents. I remember, for example, his telling me of his great admiration for Dr. Besant and of their continued friendship, though they were often on opposite sides of an issue.

His constant demand that the truth, as each could see it, take precedence over devotion to personages has been a not unneeded contribution where similar admonitions by such personages were too easily ignored. Mr. Smythe's have been sixty years of faithful adherence to that principle.

*J. Emory Clapp, Exec. Vice-President,  
American Section, T.S., Corvina—*

I have known Mr. Smythe since 1895 when I met him at the Boston Convention. We were both delegates and collaborated against the accusations directed at Mr. W. P. Q. Judge and participated in declaring the independence of the American Section in the matter of government, but extending the hand of fellowship to all other theosophists. I have always admired him for his courage in standing up for the high principles which are inculcated by the Theosophical philosophy. The Members of the Theosophical Society at Corvina, are all appreciative of the splendid work which Mr. Smythe has done for the *Cause* over a period of sixty years.



NOTE BY EDITOR:—*We regret that the World War has curtailed many tributes which otherwise would have been available—there being many ardent admirers whom owing to time and space we have not been able to contact.*

