

THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

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Occult Science

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VOL. XXVI, No. 7

HAMILTON, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1945

Price 20 Cents.

TAGORE AND MODERN POETRY

By Alberta Jean Rowell

Many an astute critic has felt duty bound, of late, to administer a sound verbal drubbing to certain rhythmical butterflies, in our midst, masquerading as poets. These have aimed to flash bright wings of poesy to gladden the visual sense alone. But their creations have left the mind untouched and the spirit limp.

By the careful avoidance of hackneyed and familiar expressions, and the skillful employment of novel simile and metaphor the poetic contortionist has sought to dazzle where he does not convince. Nor is he content merely with new and striking forms. An obscurity, dark and fathomless, is his peculiar preference. In fact, as has been frequently pointed out, he appears to execute after the decadent fashion approved by MacLeish—"A poem should not *mean* but *be*."

The average commonsense reader, for whose consumption poems are supposed to be written, is still unreasonably devoted to the principle of "intelligibility". He who once found Browning's *Sordello* a meaningless jumble of words now dismisses modern "clever" poetry with a sigh and a groan. From his practical point of view, though just a literary plebeian in the estimation of many

smart versifiers, the brevity of life does not warrant his taxing his intellect unduly in an attempt, often futile, to solve poetic conundrums. And when finally he does discover some thought content behind an erratic flow of images, he is hardly rewarded for his pains, for in nine cases out of ten he finds, to his extreme chagrin, that the game was not worth the candle.

In other words the mechanistic view that has robbed life of all significance and banished contentment, and produced the ultra-poisonous flower of Nazi ruthlessness and hate, has insinuated itself into much of our creative art. Style has taken precedence over emotional fire. Soul, that to the physicist is a myth and to the psychologist a reactive machine, is conspicuous by its absence. If feeling is the secret of inspiration, as Lafcadio Hearn said it was, then many of our modern poets are neither inspired nor inspiring.

To take up Tagore's poetry to-day, then, when poetic utterance is so largely a matter of phrasal dexterity, rather than genuine passion felt in the heart's deep core, is refreshing to say the least. It is like a draught from a pure spring. It is a spiritual oasis in a desert of poetic wasteland where the "hollow

men", the singers of tuneless ditties, parade their non-belief in all things sacred beneath the sun.

Tagore placed soul before form. A true poet-seer endowed with intuitive perception, he sang his songs with the careless unpremeditated rapture of one who sings because he must. An initiate into earth's high secrets, through the medium of his poetry he shares with the reader his "vision splendid" of Reality.

It is true of course that other poets before Tagore and since have bewitched the senses with grace and colour of language and stirred that dim sense of the sublime inherent in us all. But who has expressed, in modern times, with equal poetic charm the grand and noble truths of India's ancient religious tradition? The teachings of the *Upanishads* he had imbibed with his mother's milk. Their living essence had penetrated his bones and marrow, lit the world in a glow and given to his poetry its distinctive character.

From these ancient Aryan texts have stemmed more than one religion and philosophy. Long before that American religious genius, Mary Baker Eddy¹, launched her revolutionary doctrine of man's divinity upon a world made receptive to such a view through the previous propagation of oriental ideas, the *Upanishads* had repeatedly proclaimed the same truth. It taught that the soul, ever swathed in the stainless white radiance of eternity, was omnipresent and omniscient; that it had never been born and hence could never die; and that evil, inharmony and decay were but mesmeric beliefs, inexplicable superstitions, beclouding man's vision of the Real².

In consequence, Tagore's poetry, echoes again and again the view of the world embodied in the Hebrew psalmist's cry of devotion—"Earth and Heaven are full of Thee!" He beheld the natural world with its manifold colour and movement, transfigured and glorified by that light that never was on

sea or land. For Nature, to Tagore, was the hieroglyphics of Spirit writ large. Even as Wordsworth, the mystic and pantheist, he responded sensitively to that living magnetic Presence that had breathed its love and ecstasy into its own lovely dreams.

Nature, the non-Self was neither perpetual motion nor inert mass but a vast panorama of vibrant symbols that electrified him into an awareness of their holy designer. And Nature's everlasting theme-song was the joy of the creator in his own cosmic rhythms and endless flow of pictorial effects.

Not in the hermitage or sequestered retreat therefore did the poet seek his Lord but in the silence of the night hung with stars, in water and rain, in the freedom of the open road. Indeed Tagore considered that a man was cabined, cribbed and confined till he realized his kinship with the outside world. For the universal spirit that had its secret abode in the heart of man hovered also in the circumambient air and was the light of setting suns. Did not the ancient *Upanishads* teach, from which he derived his inspiration, that the Absolute had two aspects—nature and soul, *Purusha* and *Prakriti*? How beautifully he has described his realized identity with the all—

"I feel that all the stars shine in me.
The world breaks into my life like a
flood.

The flowers blossom in my body.
All the youthfulness of land and
water smokes like an incense in my
heart; and the breath of all things
plays on my thoughts as on a flute."

Time and again the poetry of Tagore gives lyric expression to this dominant idea of the *Bhagavad-Gita*³—that the Divine or Self had separated itself into two, Nature and Soul, and that the universe was built on the reality of this sacrifice. The goal of evolution, "the one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves", is the realization

by man of this fundamental unity. Therefore in his poetry we find emphasis on the emotion of love which alone can experience the mystery of union. To the sleeping god unconscious of his at-one-ment with nature he addresses himself—

“The night is dark and your slumber is deep in the hush of my being.

Wake, O Pain of Love, for I know not how to open the door, and I stand outside.

The hours wait, the stars watch, the wind is still, the silence is heavy in my heart.

Wake, Love, wake! brim my empty cup, and with the breath of song ruffle the night.”

To Tagore, reality was not *idea* as it was for Hegel, for instance, but rather that ecstatic awakening when God and the soul in a vivid and transcendent moment of communion are known to be one. If this unity was an ever-recurring theme in his work how could it be otherwise for one steeped in that perennial source of Indian thought, which Schopenhauer said would be his solace during death as in life. With what rare simplicity and loveliness of image does he figuratively present this crowning moment in the following lines—

“He who can open the bud does it so simply.

He gives it a glance, and the life-sap stirs through its veins.

At his breath the flower spreads its wings and flutters in the wind.

Colours flush out like heart-longings, the perfumes betray a sweet secret.

He who can open the bud does it so simply.”

Tagore's universalism, his refusal to draw a rigid line of demarcation, as did the Greeks, between the ugly and the beautiful, remind one of the American poet Walt Whitman, more original in his form and content than either Kipling or Browning. To Tagore, as to Whitman, even the grotesque and ugly had its pal-

pitating beauty. Because both poets were cosmically conscious, beyond good and evil in the ordinary sense, the Divine for them lurked in crooked places and repellent objects making them both wonderful and strange.

In the all-embracing love of the poet, who plumbed the depths because he scaled the heights, a blade of grass no less than a star, a temple dancer with festering sores outside the city gates, no less than the pure wife, is enveloped in that Divine mystery, that spiritual magic, which like the sun is uncontaminated by the squalour it irradiates.

Why did the spiritual idealism of the *Upanishads*, of which the *Vedanta* is the peak, centre its philosophy around the idea of unity—this all-embracing love—this surrender to the All? In the *Sadhana*, which explains the poet's basic beliefs, we are told why the compilers of the ancient scriptures evolved such an attitude toward life.

The early creators of Hindu philosophy, Tagore tells us, were dwellers in the forest primeval, free of city walls that foster naturally an attitude of separation and hostility to nature. Hence the Indian mind learned early to identify itself with the world and stressed union or devotion.

The rationalistic Greek philosophy, on the other hand, had its cradle in the city state, artificially set apart from nature. And the intellect is a devisive force, Tagore implies, seeing all things under heaven in terms of duality or as pairs of opposites—light and dark, love and hate, man and nature. But since God is beyond duality how can the intellect comprehend Him? Only the heart with its mystic intuition can know God.

Unfortunately it is this very intellect which is the source of so much poetry to-day. And its obvious purpose, as was intimated before, is to startle and confound, not elevate or adorn the seeming commonplace. In fact, to borrow Tagore's own words, these builders of

weird palaces of song "strive for originality and lose sight of truth which is old but ever new". These have forgotten the dictum of the serious-minded Milton to the effect that the genuine poet must be an incarnate poem himself. But is their vacuity to be wondered at in an age assailed by the spiritual sickness of unbelief, when pontifical emperors and fuhrers, nationalistic enthusiasms or social panaceas are the barren substitutes for Him in whom we live and move and have our being?

What a wholesome antidote, then, is the poetry of Tagore wherein the note of sincerity is struck with such force and incomparable beauty. And what a well of solacement and strength is his poetry to those of us who have followed the advice of the philologist Max Muller and studied the *Vedanta* because in it we have discovered something unique and (to quote Muller) "different from all other views of life which are placed before us in the History of Philosophy."

NOTES:

1. H. P. B. with the generosity always characteristic of her to give honour where honour was due admitted that C. S. had hold of a great truth. However, articles in the *Lucifer* warned against the dangers of *mental* healing which achieved only a temporary disappearance of the disease pushed into the darkness of the subconscious to reappear in a more virulent form.
2. It is well-known that meditation on the true nature of the soul, though our slumbering divinity but feebly stirs in the process, has caused physical ills to vanish and karmic shackles to fall away.
3. Vivekananda has declared somewhere in his writings that the Gita is the finest commentary on the *Vedanta*.

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THE SOMERSET ZODIAC

BY K. E. MALTWOOD

(Continued from August)

Aquarius

"Nevertheless, I myself will be a guide to Arthur's messengers until you come to a place where there is the oldest animal which is in this world, the Eagle." The Eagle said, "I came here a long, long time ago; and when first I came here there was a stone here, and from the top of it I pecked the stars every evening".

These quotations from *The Mabinogion* are taken from Ellis and Lloyd's translation of *Kulhwch and Olwen*, in the introduction to which they say—"Kulhwch and Olwen is the earliest written record of the Arthurian cycle . . . it displays no foreign influence whatever. It is purely Welsh (of about the 10th century) the origin of the quest of Arthur's knights".

That being so, the above agrees with what we find at Glastonbury, for the Tor and lower slopes, form the Eagle effigy. We notice that the Eagle pecks the stars, being the fruit of the Tree of Life; the mention again of the "place", is proof that we are on the right road.

The Eagle or Phoenix is one of the symbols that indicate sun worship and it is here represented drinking from the Blood well at the foot of the pilgrim way up Glaston Tor, the Druid Well being the Urn of this Water Carrier.

The early astronomers could not have chosen a more fitting cluster of stars than that which was made to enclose the head of this effigy. It is "the Circle" of the so called Western Fish, now belonging to the constellation Pisces; a lozenge shaped group of eight 4th and 5th magnitude stars, which take the exact shape of the top of Glastonbury Tor. These were no doubt the stars the Eagle pecked.

The simplest way to locate them is to find the place where the ecliptic circle

now crosses that of the equator at the Vernal equinox, which is shown on every planisphere. Owing to the precession of the equinoxes, this Watercarrier (Aquarius) instead of marking the winter solstice as once it did, is beginning to mark the spring equinox of the present day, and the point falls near the Western Fish.

One wing of the effigy Eagle holds Scat and other Urn stars, at the same time pointing to the Royal Star Fomalhaut, which is reddish in colour. It marked the winter solstice 5000 years ago when the Zodiac was probably about to be laid out amongst the little hills of Somerset. The other wing points to Deneb Katos which falls on its tip.

The effigy Phoenix has been true to symbology, for again and again in its long history, the Isle of Avalon has been immolated on the sacrificial pyre, only to rise again in spirit from the ashes. We are shown it burning more than once in The High History of the Holy Grail.

So far, in this new study I have shown how the stars of Taurus, Aries, Pisces and Aquarius fall upon their earthly counterparts in Somerset; since I have written so much about Glastonbury in my previous writings, let us pass on to the Goat whose effigy lies next below the Tor.

Capricornus

Possibly there is some human mystery or tragic history behind the original choice of this Sign. For instance in the Babylonian Epic of Gilgamesh—which existed both in Sumerian and Babylonian as early as B.C. 2000—Enkidu, the great friend of Gilgamesh, behaved in a goatish manner which was described many centuries later, in the portrayal of Olwen in the Welsh Mabinogion. After the maiden had said to Olwen “a curse be on your beard”, he continued wandering “until his clothes were all worn out, and until his body was well-nigh wasted away, and until long hair grew all over him. And he wandered

about with wild beasts, and grazed with them, until they were accustomed to him” . . . And the maiden put all the ointment upon him “whereupon the hair fell off Olwen in scaly tufts”. Then he—like Enkidu 3000 years before—became human. Legends of fauns, satyrs and the great god Pan may have sprung originally from the same source.

Looking to the stars for an interpretation of these ancient stories, they may imply that when Gilgamesh (the Archer) and Enkidu (the Goat) killed the bull (Taurus), which in consequence set below the horizon, their own stars were in the ascendant; and the winning back of Olwen from the wild beasts by the maiden, as in the Babylonian epic, might mean the return of the constellation of Capricornus after its wanderings below the horizon.

Whatever trouble his goaty legs may have given on earth, in heaven the Sign of Capricornus has been endowed with a fish tail, as on modern pictures of the stars, but not so in Somerset. There, although immersed in the mud of Red and Whitelake rivers and Two Lake Meeting, and thus difficult to trace, the flexed hind leg and characteristic hoof are still well drawn by the outline of the rivers, thus proving its resemblance to a real goat and not a goat fish.

It is an interesting point to be remembered, for all the effigies on this Round Table are realistic creatures, none are hybrids. For instance, the Archer is not a centaur, he is a man with legs and his horse has a head, sure proof that this is no stylized counterfeit, but the genuine design for the Zodiac.

The stars of Capricornus fall like an apron across the hind quarters of the effigy; some Aquarius stars, Sadal Melik and Sadal Sund, traverse his fore quarters, and his enormous artificial horn, named Ponters Ball, points to the Northern Cross when the map of the effigies is transferred to the star globe.

Here again the place name Ponter surely stands for pointer, showing a knowledge of these earthworks up to recent times. Hercules, parallel to the Northern Cross, is portrayed in the form of a cross, his outstretched arms lie on a line with the equinoxes of 5000 B.C. which in the Spring was marked by the Royal Star Aldebaran and in Autumn by the Royal Star Antares.

Thus, in every sign we see some purposeful meaning in the pose of each effigy, whereas on modern maps of the stars, the figures attitudinize with no cohesion, rhythm or reason, as in the case of Hercules sitting upside down in the sky.

Sagittarius

This Archer, according to Mythology, was Chiron, whom Hercules killed; which suggests the reason why Hercules is riding the Sagittarius horse on the Somerset Path of the Sun; for practically all the stars of Hercules fall on him, and the stars of Sagittarius fall on the body of the horse.

One can hardly imagine a finer design than the tremendous sweep from the flourishing tail (covering stars of Scorpio's tail) through the great body of the horse, up over the back of Hercules, to his arm and hand near the north pole round which the Draco stars coil, as he points to the very centre of the effigy circle.

To trace this superb composition in the night sky is the only way to realize that the astronomers, artists and geometricians who designed the zodiac, were supermen.

Besides utilizing the stars of these constellations already mentioned, Lyra was made exactly to fit the horse's head, with the sapphire coloured, first magnitude star Vega in the eye. Aquilla outlines its shoulder, with Altair as the golden chest ornament. Sagitta fits the thigh and Delphinus the knee of the Giant rider of the horse.

The Archer is sometimes called the

Bull killer; certainly from the position of the hand of this Hercules, the arrow would hit the Bull's eye, with the further meaning that when his stars rise in the east they drive the stars of Taurus below the horizon.

It is generally admitted that, according to W. T. Olcott—"there is a great deal of mystery concerning the origin of the Hercules constellation. It is one of the most ancient of the star groups and was worshipped by the early Phœnicians as representing their god Melcarth." The "mystery" has now been solved. In England, he was not only a sun god but a culture hero, for this recumbent figure, traced over the ground between Glastonbury and the river Brue, with 'Ballsborough' on his shoulder, is none other than King Arthur who vanished in the Vale of Avalon, there "where lies King Arthur".

Sir Thomas Malory's Book, *Le Morte D'Arthur*, tells us—"Comfort thyself, saith the king, and do as well as thou mayst, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul".

If the outline of his effigy is transferred to a star globe, we see at once that his crown is just falling from his head as he slips off his horse's neck at the end of the year's course. This Northern Crown glows brighter than the constellation that covers the body of Hercules, for of the eight stars that make up the diadem, seven are fourth magnitude, whilst "Gemma" the "Pearl of the Crown" is of the second magnitude. No other king had such a crown! and this is what The High History of the Holy Grail says about it, Branch XIV. Title 2.

"Saith Lancelot 'What castle is this?' 'Sir, it is the Castle of the Golden Circlet. And I go to meet the knights and dames that come to the castle for this day is the day ordained for the

adoration of the Golden Circlet.' 'What is the Golden Circlet?' saith Lancelot. 'Sir, it is the crown of Thorns,' saith the knight, 'that the Saviour of the world had on His head when He was set upon the Rood!'

It must be remembered that the High History is a Christian rendering of the pagan myths of the Zodiac. The effigy of King Arthur lies in the form of a cross, or "rood"; the cross was once looked upon as the Tree of Life, with its roots below the earth and its branches amongst the stars.

The Thatch,
Royal Oak, B.C.

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.

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THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Though the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on it in despair.

The breath of the World came and went
Like a sick man's in rest
Drop by drop on the World's eyes,
The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan
'I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

'I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!

'The stones of the field are sharp as
steel,
And hard and bold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
So grim, and gaunt, and grey,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye,
Opened and shut again.

Half he walked, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place that he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill.

A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a Cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shivered, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on,
All through the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning
wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place!

He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and
tears,
He wandered round and round.

For months and years, in grief and
tears,
He walked the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like a lighthouse
gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawled to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain
was blown
Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black
rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
And his foot-marks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silver Moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Passed on the Window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangers come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Eridegroom sat at the table
head,
And the lights burned bright and
clear—

“Oh, who is that?” the Bridegroom said,
“Whose weary feet I hear?”

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and slow,
“It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow.”

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head—
“Oh, who is that who moans without?”
The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low,
“’Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro.”

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so long and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and
looked,
And his face was bright to see—
“What dost thou here at the Lord's
Supper
With thy body's sins?” said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare—
“I have wandered many nights and
days;

There is no light elsewhere.”

'Twas the wedding guests cried out
within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
“Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!”

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his
hands

The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand
doves

Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it
off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open
door,

And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

“The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!”

The supper wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

Robert Buchanan (1841-1901).

JUDGE'S OCEAN OF THEOSOPHY

Following his consistent practice of being a Bridge and not imposing his personality on the Message, Mr. Judge writes in the Preface to this book:—

"The tone of settled conviction which may be thought to pervade the chapters is not the result of dogmatism or conceit, but flows from knowledge based upon evidence and experience . . . The writer . . . has simply written that which he has been taught and which has been proved to him. It therefore is only a handing on of what has been known before."

The key-note is struck. "The whole is constituted of the visible and the invisible." There is a complete set of inner faculties of perception in man" and there is "no unsolvable mystery anywhere." "The course of evolution is the drama of the soul" and there must be, therefore, "beings in the universe whose intelligence is as much beyond ours as ours exceeds that of the black beetle." These intelligences take life and shape and form when we pause on the next few words: they "take an active part in the government of the natural order of things." And they "were once human."

Therefore the name that links us to Them most clearly is Elder Brother. All are familiar with the mental concept that the term "brother" evokes: It embodies love, faith, service, help and advice, and a man has a "line of elder brothers," then he certainly has "never been without a friend." Just as the elders in the family watch over the younger, so They "continually watch over the progress of the less progressed . . . and continually seek for opportunities of drawing the developing intelligence of the race . . . to consider the great truths concerning the destiny of the soul."

They also "perserve the knowledge gained through æons of trial and exper-

ience." (p. 3)*

Just as younger brothers help older ones—by those little acts of service called forth by devotion to those who help and guard and guide us when young—so on the larger spiral the younger brothers help the Elder in Their work.

"Some works can only be performed by the Master, while other works require the assistance of the companions. It is the Master's work to preserve the true philosophy, but the help of the companions is needed to rediscover and promulgate it. Once more the elder brothers have indicated where the truth—Theosophy—could be found, and the companions all over the world are engaged in bringing it forth for wider currency and propagation." (p. 6)

Just as, again, the younger members of a family mould themselves on the beloved elders, because they know that they have in themselves the same possibilities of character, so the student-server takes courage as he learns that "every human being has the germ of all the powers attributed to these great Initiates." That which develops the germ is training and experience, through which the Mahatma has gone and "which has caused all the unseen human powers to develop in him."

But, as part of the work of the younger is to become in future the preservers of the philosophy, it is necessary to learn what that philosophy is. The *Ocean* takes up, in germ, the whole philosophy, emphasizing always the hidden side. It is on the inner planes that we find the workings of the Universe; it is man's inner senses that have to be developed, trained, controlled and used, otherwise he will never know *for himself* the facts. He learns that "the body, as a mass of flesh, bones, muscle, nerves, brain matter, bile, mucus, blood and skin,"—not a very attractive description of this thing which we feel so

* All references are to the Second Indian Edition.

proud!—"is an object of exclusive care for too many people . . . because they have come to identify themselves with it," whereas, in truth, man is an immortal Thinker. The aim for present man is not an era of peace and comfort, but "his initiation into complete knowledge," the reading of full self-consciousness.

The powers of the Thinker, the vehicles that Thinker uses and the potentialities locked up in those vehicles, are all objects of study and experience. In man "are the same powers and forces which are to be found anywhere in Nature." He "mirrors in himself every power, however wonderful or terrible, of Nature."

"Behind all the visible phenomena is the occult cosmos with its ideal machinery; that occult cosmos can only be fully understood by means of the inner senses which pertain to it." (p. 153)

Man's instruments are in his body and brain. By using these he has "the power to evolve forms, first of astral ones in astral substance, and later as visible ones." The task set for him is to know and admit his complete heredity, the nature of the mind, the nature, extent, function and powers of the inner organ, etc., and the whole function of the Astral Light. All this is necessary, not only as knowledge acquired, but to save the student from danger. For example, "the modern man sees no misdemeanour in looking into the secrets of another . . . but the Adepts say it is an invasion of the rights of the other person." And "if we commit felonies in the Astral world the great Law and the guardians of it . . . will execute the penalty."

Even the astral body has to be known. At present it is "a part of" the "physical, it sustains it and is incorporated in it just as the fibres of the mango are all through that fruit." Two kinds of people can use that body individually and separately from the physical: (1)

Those who do it unconsciously, "by reason of practices pursued in former lives," and (2) those who (note the difference between "practices" and "training") "have trained themselves by a long course of excessively hard discipline which reaches to the moral and mental nature and quite beyond the power of the average man of the day" (Italics ours). The result of such training is that "they have gotten completely over the delusion that the physical body is a permanent part of them, and besides, they have learned the chemical and electrical laws governing in this matter."

Mr. Judge calls the "material and scientific side of occultism" the "use of the inner hidden powers of our nature." One such power is imagination, and this "master power" cannot work without our desire being strong. In fact, "we cannot rise unless self first asserts itself in the desire to do better." Even a "Buddha or a Jesus had first to make a vow, which is a desire, in some life, that he would save the world or some part of it, and to persevere with the desire alive in his heart through countless lives." Along this line we learn that man is "really a thinker and made of thought." (p. 63) The body of the "inner man is made of thought"; "each thought makes a physical as well as mental link with the desire in which it is rooted"; yet, "being so influenced by Desire, *Manas* is continually deluded while in the body, and being thus deluded is unable to prevent the action upon it of the forces set up in the life time." (*Ibid.*) How shall we free *Manas* from delusion? The question is answered, "by living according to the dictates of the soul the brain may at last be made porous to the soul's recollections."

The inner side of outer happenings is emphasized in all the chapters even to the explanation of earthquakes and the great cycles of the Universe.

We learn more of the "intelligent aid

and interference" to help Nature, for "Nature unaided cannot do the work right." Who aids and interferes?

"It is Man who does this. Not the man of the day, weak and ignorant as he is, but great souls, high and holy men of immense power, knowledge and wisdom."

Not only is there such aid in the early stages of the world's evolution, but we have also the work of the Avatars and of the "mixed characters who have had great influence on nations." Also "the extraordinary characters who now and again appear in Western civilization, such as St. Germain, Jacob Boehme, Cagliostro, Paracelsus, Mesmer, Count St. Martin, and Madame H. P. Blavatsky, are agents for the doing of the work of the Great Lodge at the proper time."

"In the quiet unmoveable East there are today, by the hundred, persons who know of their own knowledge that the Great Lodge still exists and has its Mahatmas, Adepts, Initiates, Brothers."

Speaking of this Lodge, the Master wrote:—

"There never was a time within or before the so-called historical period when our predecessors were not moulding events and "making history." We never pretended to be able to draw nations in the mass to this or that crisis in spite of the general drift of the world's cosmic relations We, borne along on the mighty tide, can only modify and direct some of its minor currents."—*U. L. T. Pamphlet No. 29.*
—*From The Theosophical Movement for June.*

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.

THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S NOTES AND COMMENTS

It was with extreme regret we received a cablegram from Adyar reporting the death of our President, Dr. George S. Arundale, who expired suddenly on Sunday, August 12th. On behalf of the T. S. in Canada we cabled the Vice-President, Mr. N. Sri Ram, expressing deepest regrets at the news, and requested him to convey to Mrs. Arundale and relatives our sincerest sympathy and condolences. In the presence of death all controversies lose their significance and a finality seems to level them to a common denominator. We pay our respects to his memory in remembering his sterling qualities as a leader, his capabilities as an organizer and his enthusiasm for the youth movement, coupled with, as we fully recognize, his honest and earnest endeavour to carry out to the best of his ability the concepts of theosophy as he understood them. *Requiescat in pace.*

* * * *

The following letter was received from the Theosophical Society in America, Olcott, Wheaton, Illinois, dated July 23rd.—"Dear Col. Thomson, As a newly elected General Secretary (or National President as we term the office) may I offer you my congratulations and good wishes upon your own election to the General Secretaryship of the Canadian Section. The enclosed Resolution was unanimously passed during one of our 'Convention Everywhere' sessions, and I am happy to transmit it to you. With sincere good wishes, Fraternally yours, James S. Perkins, National President." Resolution—"The Theosophical Society in America at a war-time meeting held at National Headquarters and reproduced in many lodges throughout the country, sends its congratulations to the newly elected General Secretary of the Canadian Section and fraternal greetings to its

brothers in Canada. May we ever draw closer to each other and ever stronger in our common work." We wish Mr. Perkins every success in his high office and reciprocate his congratulations and good wishes, also those of his colleagues throughout America. It is our earnest wish also that we become more closely united in our efforts to further the ideals that theosophy stands for.

* * * *

I was very pleased to see Mr. Kartar Singh on his recent visit to Toronto. An old member of the Toronto Lodge, Kartar left the scene of his very active theosophical work some seventeen years ago for British Columbia where he has been domiciled ever since. Mrs. Kinman and some ladies of the Toronto Lodge arranged a pic-nic at Centre Island in order to give the members an opportunity of meeting him. This was taken advantage of and a delightful *al fresco* affair was held under the willows by a lagoon where memories grave and gay were indulged in, photos taken and a happy time spent generally.

* * * *

This letter was received from the National Vice-President of the T.S. in America:—"Dear Col. Thomson, May I offer to you and to the Section my hearty congratulations on this election. I trust that under your administration, there will be an ever deepening bond of brotherhood and comradeship between our two sections. Will you please accept my good wishes for a successful term of office, and convey my greetings to the members throughout Canada. Cordially, E. Norman Pearson." In thanking Mr. Pearson for his greetings and good wishes we heartily reciprocate his hopes for the strengthening of ties north and south of the Line.

* * * *

The sudden death of Mr. Frank Barber of Toronto was a painful surprise to his many friends. I was talking to him but recently and he then

appeared in the best of health. Mr. Barber was long a member of the Toronto Lodge and at one time took an active part in its work, was on the Executive and lectured both here and in Hamilton. A prominent engineer he was instrumental in the building of some five hundred bridges in Canada, and had been active in many lines of endeavour such as surveying and municipal developments. A great mathematician with an exceptionally keen and analytical mind he was a builder of bridges in more ways than one, for besides material bridges he was ever trying to bridge the gap between the material and spiritual aspects of man. He was a student who unhesitatingly plunged into the intricacies of Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum* and Einstein's *Theory of Relativity* with apparent ease and utmost confidence, and it was difficult for the layman to follow him in his disquisitions. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his widow and family, the more so as it was but a few weeks previous that the eldest son, Lieut. DeLury Barber, R. C. N. V. R., was drowned at St. Andrew's, N.B.

* * * *

Several people have written me regarding the next Fraternalization Convention thus intimating that the idea is still prominent in Theosophical minds. A very interesting suggestion comes from Mr. E. L. T. Schaub, well known for his interest in the Movement. He is of the opinion that Toronto plus the Canadian National Exhibition is the logical place and time to hold Annual Conventions. I am inclined to agree with him for it would kill two birds with one stone metaphorically speaking, for everybody wants to see the Exhibition so what better to attract theosophists to a convention than to have the added attraction of an exhibition at the same time? Toronto has a fine lodge where visiting members could gather to hear important speakers and at the exhibi-

tion a booth could be rented with a lounge and an office with facilities for the visitors to register, meet and have tea. The idea certainly merits discussion; anyone interested please drop me a line. Mr. Oliver J. Schoonmaker of Washington, D.C., also a leading light in the movement, writes congratulating me and the T.S. in Canada upon my election and hopes that we shall all meet again at a convention which he hopes will take place in 1946. In thanking Mr. Schoonmaker for his congratulations we also hope that it will not be long before such a happy reunion takes place after these horrible years of war which have kept such peaceful ideals in the background.

* * * *

I have before me a small book entitled *Theosophy—An Attitude Toward Life*, which emanates from the Toronto Lodge and is edited by the secretary, Mr. Dudley W. Barr who, I believe, wrote most if not all of the contents. I can thoroughly recommend it both to the beginner and the erudite. It is a collection of short articles on theosophy which have appeared in the Lodge's *Theosophical News*. Like myself, the readers of that little brochure will be delighted to see them brought together in this compact volume. Not only will theosophists enjoy the book but I believe that the succinct and lucid exposition of the varied aspects of theosophy towards life will make the public "Stop-Look-and-Listen" if brought to its notice. I strongly recommend it to the lodges not only for its theosophical value but for the use it may be made of as propaganda. It may be obtained from 52 Isabella St., Toronto, at 35c per copy.

* * * *

A word to those who have not yet paid their dues—please remember that the General Secretary has many duties to perform, one of which is to check up on this matter;—members could be very helpful if they would send these in when

they are due, this applies also to magazine subscribers. *Verb. Sap.*

* * * *

The General Secretary of the T. S. in Scotland writes me as follows:—"Dear General Secretary, In accordance with established procedure I write to intimate that Mrs. Allan retired from the post of General Secretary of the Scottish Section on the 17th June, and that I have been elected in her place. Canada is a long way from Scotland but we sometimes establish personal contact with some of your members, and in any case, Theosophists I feel should be linked in a way which transcends space and national distinctions, and I therefore take this opportunity of sending to Canadian Theosophists the greetings of the Scottish Section, and assure you that we shall be glad to be of service to any of your members, should occasion arise at any time. With fraternal greetings, Yours sincerely, Edward Gall, General Secretary." We wish Mr. Gall every success in his new undertaking and trust that now peace has descended on the world that our far-flung sections will draw closer together both in spirit and effort to make Brotherhood a reality among men.

* * * *

More congratulations:—"Dear Col. Thomson: These are a few lines of congratulations and greeting from the Cabinet and Staff at Covina to wish you the very best success in your endeavours at the head of the work of our Sister Society in Canada. From your words in *The Canadian Theosophist* we understand it will be your aim to continue the policies inaugurated by Mr. Smythe, policies which we are glad to say, closely parallel in many respects those of our Covina organization. If at any time we can be of service to you, we hope you will not hesitate to write. Please accept the hand of fellowship and good will. With fraternal good wishes, Yours most sincerely, John P. Van Mater, Secretary

General." The spirit of theosophy is embodied in this letter and in thanking Mr. Van Mater for his felicitations we accept the hand of fellowship and reciprocate the expressions of good will and hope that we shall pull together in our efforts to make theosophy a living force.

E. L. T.

THE MAGAZINES

During the month of August we have received the following magazines: Theosophical News & Notes, England, July-August; Y Fforwm, Cardiff, Wales, July; Carta Semanal No. 24, etc., Mexico; The Theosophical Forum, Covina, August; Theosophy, Los Angeles, August; The Pilgrim Way, 53 Knightwood Crescent, New Malden, Surrey, England, Spring-Summer issue; Toronto Theosophical News, August; O Teosofista, Rio de Janeiro, Nov.-Dec.; The Middle Way, July-August; The American Theosophist, August; Theosophy in New Zealand, July-September; The Theosophical Worker, Adyar, July; The Kalpaka, Coimbatore, April-June; The Theosophical Movement, Bombay, June; The Theosophist, July; Eirenicon, July-August; Bulletin of the T. S. in Mexico, May-June; Ancient Wisdom, August; The Path, Sydney, Australia, April-June; Revista Teosofica Argentina, July-August; The Golden Lotus, Philadelphia, August; Devenir IV, Montevideo, Uruguay, May; The Theosophical Forum, Covina, California, September.

BOOKS BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Bhagavad Gita	cloth	\$1.25	leather	\$1.75
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Great Upanishads, vol. I.	cloth	\$1.50		
Parables of the Kingdom	paper	.50		
Patanjali's Yoga Sutras	cloth	\$1.25		
Song of Life	paper	.75		

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

FOR KEEPSAKES

The following books have just been received from the binders, and owing to the advanced prices of material due to the war, prices have had to be raised from the moderate rates.

ESOTERIC CHARACTER OF THE GOSPELS

by H. P. Blavatsky.
60 and 75 cents.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS

by Thomas W. Willson.
60 cents.

THE EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY

by Dr. Jerome A. Anderson.
75 cents.

MODERN THEOSOPHY

by Claude Falls Wright.
75 cents.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

A Conflation by Albert E. S. Smythe.
75 cents.

Order from THE BLAVATSKY INSTITUTE
52 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO, 5, Ontario

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. Q. 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.

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 traditions 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.

THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

THE ORGAN OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
IN CANADA

Published on the 15th day of every month.



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

Subscription: **TWO DOLLARS A YEAR**

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for publication should be sent.

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

An enquiry on behalf of some Polish citizens who wish to come to Canada and desired information was sent me by the General Secretary for England, and I referred his letter to our present General Secretary. There have been other enquiries and it may be well to say, and perhaps repeat it from time to time, that all such enquiries originating in England can best be attended to at Canada House in Trafalgar Square in London, where Canada's High Commissioner, Right Honourable Vincent Massey, and his staff are always ready to give every assistance and information possible to intending emigrants to Canada.

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It has been estimated that the casualties in the six years of war just ended, killed, wounded and missing, were 55,000,000. Of these 21,000,000 were Russian. The total population of the world is placed at 2,000,000,000, so that we have 55 people affected in every 2000, or 11 in every 400. All the younger victims under 28 years of age may be regarded as speedily reincarnating. This a more cheerful view than piling up monuments in cemeteries.

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OFFICE NOTES

Members of the T. S. in Canada, who have now had three months' credit for their dues payable on July 1, please note that this is the last copy of the magazine they will receive till they pay their arrears.

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A cable announcement of the death of President George Sidney Arundale appeared in the *Toronto Star* on Monday Aug. 13. Later Col. Thomson received this cablegram: "Deeply regret to inform you our beloved president passed away last night, Saturday, 12.45, inform members, friends, Sri Ram." Mr. Ram is vice-president, and on him will fall the responsibility of conducting the election of a new president.

Devenir IV has come to hand with its usual impressive magnificence as a Theosophic magazine, its broad white front at once attracting and exciting wonder as to its contents. It opens with a study of the World Mother, with two engravings of Demeter, from an original statue in the British Museum. Here is a type of womanhood which fully satisfies one's sense of dignity, maternity, rule and affection. Among the other numerous articles is a study in the English classics. Under its new national president *The American Theosophist* has changed its face and appears like *Devenir*, with a white cover and an economy of lettering, the effect being excellent.

We copy an extract from *The Christian Science Monitor* which is taken from an old book on the Azores, which is of some significance as appearing in the *Monitor*. It indicates that interest in Atlantis is of wider spread than some people imagine. The July *Theosophist* has an article in which Fritz Kunz and a collaborator argue that Atlantis is about to be discovered by science owing to new methods of deep sea exploration, and the accumulation of irrefutable evidence.

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The death of Frank Barber sadly reminds us that the second generation, so to speak, of Toronto Theosophists is beginning to close its records. The first generation, those of the nineties, is practically extinct. Frank Barber naturally calls to mind Roy Mitchell and Charles Lazenby, a great trio. They were unique in their qualities. Mrs. Barber, charming and beautiful, has been a woman of many sorrows, but this double affliction, the loss of gifted husband and gallant son, needs a strong heart and a noble faith in the Master of life, to bear through till the end and the new beginning.

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Who will be the next president at Adyar? That is a question in many Theosophical Lodges these evenings. In the North American continent Mr. Sidney A. Cook is the name in most mouths. He recently retired from the national presidency in the United States, on account of private business pressure. Whether this would operate with regard to Adyar cannot be said, but such a call takes precedence of everything. We do not know if the Southern continent has any favourite sons but it is unlikely unless our Spanish brethren unite on Mr. Jinarajadasa. Britain has Adelaide Gardner, the equal of any other possible candidate, with no other in sight. France has only just lost her leading representative and no other European

country appears to have a leader. India has Mr. Gokhale, an admirable selection if he were adopted. Mr. Krishnamurti could pull an overwhelming vote if he could subdue his prejudices against real Theosophy. And there is always Rukmini devi

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In many quarters there is a disposition to regard Hitler as an agent of the Great Law, entrusted with a mission of benevolence to the world, and at first doing much good to Germany, but stirred by success to ambition, egotism and conceit, he fell away from his trust. And traitors are weaklings, and the sympathy they receive is of doubtful value. Judas Iscariot is the western conception of the typical traitor. Under the doctrine of Eternal Hope with which Dr. Farrar leavened the theology of the Victorian period much misplaced sympathy was developed. Sin is separation from the divine and its errors must be retrieved either with suffering or reparation. Robert Buchanan in his splendid "Ballad of Judas Iscariot" gives a poetic version of this view in which those who deplore the fate of Hitler may find some consolation.

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It appears that competent investigators have satisfied themselves that chemical fertilizers are ruining the soil of the farmers that use them; and not only soil, but endangering the health of those who depend on such farm products. We have not time nor space to go into this and many other matters of kindred interest, but we commend to those interested in such subjects to do a little investigation on their own account. In the present case the remedy is the practice of natural methods. Organic manures, composts, which do not kill the invaluable earth-worms and the tiny microbes and bacteria which are the farmer and gardener's chief allies. Information on the advantages of proper compost and organic treatment of the soil generally may be had by applying to

"Organic Gardening," Emmaus, Pa.

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On June 28th last year I wrote as follows and after this distance on reading it again, it seems worth going on record. There had been a storm on the evening mentioned. "I heard the Banshee on the night of the 23rd. M— heard it too, but insisted it was only the wind. I have heard all sorts of wind sounds ever since I was a boy in Galgorm, but never anything like this. It began with low soft crooning sounds like a mother soothing her child. I thought at first that this was what it was, but it expanded presently into something like the Cusheen-lo lullaby which you probably know. This was repeated with the crooning comforting humming sounds, so mellow and sweet you would never tire of them. No instrument I know produces such pure sounds, like a happy human voice. It lasted about ten minutes but one could never forget it. If you could imagine a rainbow translated into music, that suggests the purity of the tone. It was clearly heard over the storm." I have been unable to associate it with any special event. I know the Banshee is supposed to foretell death, but the Gandharvas have other duties.

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I have received a personal letter from Mrs. Roger of the Lotus Lodge, Philadelphia, which I am sorry she says is not for publication, as she thinks I showed "rather incomprehensible haste" in basing comment last month on a report supplied by Mr. Haydon. I realize that I should have investigated first, and will be careful to investigate statements from this source in future. Lotus Lodge was not dissolved, but has applied for direct affiliation with Adyar. The problem is really the Autonomy of the Lodges, and also of the National Societies. Adyar too often, and many national societies object to autonomy which is really the life-line of the Movement. A. P. Sinnett fought for it. The

Mahatmas backed Anna Kingsford on the issue. H. P. B. fought for it in establishing the European Confederation. Judge followed on the same lines in 1895, but Olcott who had opposed H. P. B. took the same stand against Judge. I thought Mrs. Besant had established the principle of autonomy, but Adyar will not relinquish its short-sighted policy of uniformity instead of union.

AMONG THE LODGES

Dr. Alvin B. Kuhn is paying a visit to Ontario and will deliver a course of lectures in Toronto and one in Hamilton, at the end of the month and beginning of October. On Saturday evening, September 29 he will speak in Hamilton at 8 o'clock in the Temple Building, Main and Walnut Streets on "The Great Crisis in Religion." In Toronto on Sunday evening, at 7.30, he will speak at 52 Isabella Street, on the same topic. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 8, and on Sunday, October 7 at 7.30, he will speak on these subjects: "Crossing the Red Sea," "The Seed of Divinity," "Psychoanalysis and Theosophy," "Hitch Your Mind to Reality," "Philosophical 'Peril Harbours'".

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On June 27th the Edmonton Lodge held the last meeting of the season. Meetings will be resumed on September 5th. During the past year the lodge has held thirty-seven meetings; these have all been well attended, and five constant visitors have now joined our ranks, bringing our membership total to twenty-six. At the beginning of the season we studied the "Seven Principles of Man", and later on the precepts in *The Voice of the Silence* provided a wealth of material for study and discussion. On January 31st, Professor de Savoy repeated his lecture on "Music and Colour" by request. This is a most interesting subject, and its interest is enhanced by its presentation. The dates of our meetings, and the address, have

been advertised weekly in the local papers, and over the radio, for some months, but the response has been negligible to date. On June 25th, Mr. Harry Adaskin, of Toronto, honoured us with a visit. He gave a short talk on Music and Radio, which we all enjoyed. Many of us had listened with interest to his remarks during the intermission of the New York Philharmonic concert on Sundays. We are now looking forward to their renewal. We are also anticipating his return to Edmonton in the fall, when he is giving a recital.—
N. D.

ALCHEMY OR CHEMISTRY

Well is it to be humble in our lives;
 For little have we done, whate'er it be.
 We cannot judge a soul by what we
 see;
 Who knows the inner heights for which
 he strives,
 The lures that fail to trap him, or the
 gyves
 That fret him as he struggles to be
 free?
 For what high destiny his hopes
 decree
 Rests wholly on the selfless will that
 drives.
 How can men thole the agonies of earth
 Unless the flood-tide of the Master's
 heart
 Is open to their thirst, to take their
 part
 In Life's eternal flow, ascending birth
 by birth
 To higher Wisdom, deeper Love, and
 chart
 New pilgrimages of transcendent
 worth.

A. E. S. S.

DR. ARUNDALE IS DEAD

Dr. George S. Arundale died, according to official reports, at 12.45 on Saturday night, August 11, which was really Sunday morning of the 12th. He had been ailing for some time and had undergone an operation recently. But he belonged to the passing cycle and passed with so many others, important and unimportant, who have vanished from earthly activity. Dr. de Purucker and Mr. Garrigue are notable examples among Theosophists.

Apart from the usual conventional utterances it is difficult to speak of the late president without incurring charges of malignancy. But speaking quite impersonally it would be difficult to find a man of equal attainments and similarly gifted, less fitted for the office he was called upon to fill. But he must have earned his opportunity, and it was the karma of the Society to give it to him. We often forget the double way in which karma acts. In this case it provides experience for both the Society and the President. . . . One can imagine the reincarnation of a zealous Pope coming into such a position. A sacerdotalist at heart he would find the shackles of his old credulity at once binding him to action while his vision would be blinded by priestly rites and dogmas. Whatever his past Dr. Arundale had begun to see the light. He also had the courage to admit some of his new ideas. A friendly commentator, *The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin*, for April, remarks: "Dr. Arundale, in his editorial article in *The Theosophical Worker* for March, gives his point of view of presenting Theosophy untrammelled and free. All may not quite agree with the views, but they need due consideration. We give below a brief extract: 'I feel perfectly convinced that in the setting forth untrammelled and free of the vital truths of Theosophy and of the Theosophical Society I shall be doing the

most good. This not to say that other people should not continue their membership of any activity of which they think it right to be a member, nor that they should cease from extolling some particular movement in any way in which they think it should be extolled. But I hope there will slowly be an increasing number of people who will be free from all colouring; and each of these activities is a colouring of Theosophy and is in danger of becoming a colouring of the whole membership of The Theosophical Society." But the whole article should be read, and his subsequent ones with modifications and shadings which indicate that if "Adyar is the home of the Masters" as he so frequently insisted, they did not impart to him that implicit faith in their Theosophy that might be expected in such a situation. In the July *Theosophist*, which is the latest to reach us, he returns to the subject. He had been using the words "straight Theosophy" as early as 1934 in his tour in Europe and America and in his first presidential address, — "Theosophy straight, Theosophy impersonal, Theosophy free to the understanding and interpretation of all"—and he writes "Ever since that time I have been brooding on the subject off and on—sometimes a little bit off, sometimes a little bit on, but now very much more on than off." He utterly failed to realize during these eleven years that brooding either on or off the subject was not advancing the cause of straight Theosophy. Then in this July issue he writes on the Yoga of Suffering, one of Mrs. Besant's morbid pre-occupations. No doubt he is alluding to his own malady which we understand led to an operation, and, we presume, eventually to his death. In this connection he concludes from his experience that "the Theosophy of the Heart has been subordinated to the Theosophy of the Head." He adds pathetically, "when I want to go into the depths there is no

one really who can help." Still, he hangs on to the entanglements or tributaries as he variously terms them. Another article by Dr. Arundale, "An Asala Meditation," appears in this issue. It is a sermon, or rhapsody, rather, given by him after last year's Full Moon ceremony. It is about "The Plan" which I believe we owe to the Lead-beater imagination. "The great Plan cannot be gainsaid . . . I said to myself as I became translated into that atmosphere, How magnificent is life, how magnificent is the purpose, how safe we all are. Whatever happens to us, if only we could realize it, we are perfectly safe in the Plan." Yet he did not feel safe from Freedom of Speech. We need not grudge him his faith in The Plan if it gave him peace and consolation at last. And we shall not forget that he printed a chapter of Judge's as a token. Not for a moment would I suggest that this was done as the result of a policy of appeasement. Dr. Arundale has been quite candid about his dubieties and his final conviction that "straight Theosophy" is necessary and essential. Judge's *Ocean* was honestly selected as an example of the original teaching.

Dr. Arundale was born in 1885 and celebrated his sixtieth birthday recently. He had been adopted by Francesca Arundale as a child. She was a great friend of Mrs. Besant, and when that lady in 1908 defected, or had a change of heart, or out-grew H.P.B. and the Mahatmas, or whatever happened, she carried away with her most of her own intimates, and Miss Arundale brought her adopted child along with her. So he is not altogether to blame for his position, but deserves all the more credit for awaking in some degree to realities. He has written or dictated prodigiously, and a recent catalogue lists about thirty titles of his books, most of which are negligible. The most important is *The Lotus Fire*, a study in Symbolic Yoga running to 776 pages, royal 8vo.

The American Theosophist for September has a page of eulogy under the caption "Triumphant Release" from which we select two paragraphs:

"Enfolded in the peace of Adyar, his tired earthly body no longer able to contain the buoyant spirit, our great and revered President, George Sydney Arundale, was released from physical life on August 12 at twelve forty-five in the morning. Thus closed his eleven years of faithful service as the international head of The Theosophical Society

"The passing of the President in the very hour of world victory for the forces of Light is not a mere coincidence. It was an hour of triumph for him, as well, in his dauntless leadership in the Masters' cause of Theosophy and The Theosophical Society. Faithful to his trust, he searched even in his final hours for new facets of Theosophy, new realizations of the embodiment of love and brotherhood."

THE GENERAL EXECUTIVE

The General Executive met on Sunday afternoon, September 9, Messrs. Barr, Belcher, Smythe and Thomas, and the General Secretary being present. This is the first time in years that a member outside of Toronto has attended and Mr. Thomas was given a very hearty welcome. The paid-up membership was reported as being about the same as this time last year, also the available funds. Five new members have joined in the past two months and seven reinstatements. A suggestion came from our Edmonton member by mail that the General Secretary budget for the year with the thought that this might be conducive to bringing in the necessary funds without which it is practically impossible to carry on a real live programme for the National Society. The Chairman was requested to take the matter up and bring it before the next meeting.

The nomination of a successor to the late Dr. Arundale elicited much discussion. It was the consensus that the National Society should nominate a candidate of true Blavatsky tradition in continuation of its policy throughout the years. The Chairman informed the meeting that Mr. C. Jinarajadasa had intimated his willingness to stand as a candidate as evinced by a report in the Indian Press. Eventually the meeting decided to cable Mr. Hamilton Jones, England, if he would stand for nomination and if so the National Society in Canada would support him. If he decided in the negative or failed to provide a substitute the General Secretary is to call a meeting of the Toronto members of the General Executive and decide upon a substitute.

The question of Propaganda evolved much discussion but it was felt that nothing very much could be done about it until the effects of the General Secretary's Budget could be seen. It was decided that the pamphlets that are available should be distributed to the lodges with the hope that they will make good use of them. A list of books as stocked by the Toronto Lodge with those of the Blavatsky Institute Publications would be listed in *The Canadian Theosophist* at frequent intervals. Many letters regarding the Fraternizations Conventions were read by the Chairman covering suggestions for the next convention. Toronto Lodge intimated its desire to help in every way possible. Mr. Schaub's idea of the Conventions being tied up with the Canadian National Exhibition was well received but one member pointed out that it would lend colour to the idea that Canada wished to hog the whole thing. Mr. Smythe suggested that he had previously suggested New York as a good place for the next one.

The next meeting of the Executive will be held on the first Sunday in November.
E. L. T.

WORLD DAY FOR ANIMALS

OCTOBER 4, 1945

Let us all join in the effort to abolish cruelty to animals. Cruel sports and amusements—cruelties in slaughter, and needless slaughter—killing for fun—the agonies of the trap and slow death in which animal furs are drenched—killing beautiful birds for their feathers—cruelties of neglect to animals, and the crime of vivisection, and its indescribable horrors. Noted doctors everywhere affirm that vivisection is not only useless but detrimental to medicine and healing. It is a perversion of science and un-Godly.

These and other such violations of life must be replaced with kindness and beneficent use of the "dominion" over animals that was given to man. Good work is being done in behalf of animals, but against many obstacles, and that most sacred trust has yet, to be honoured. But that must also be done for the sake of lasting peace and happiness; for the sake of our children to help them build a better world. The divine law which is eternal is "as we sow so must we reap." This may be expressed in terms of science, religion or philosophy and indeed in daily life, but it is the same law, the same truth for all, and the harvest is always according to the sowing.

Opinions may differ as to the nature of our dealings with animals, but every one can help to eliminate cruelty to some extent: THINK—SPEAK—ACT NOW for noble and consistent human and animal relations. They share the same world and the One Life! October 4th is also known as St. Francis Day.

Theosophical Order of Service in America, Department of Animal Welfare, Henry C. Samuels, Head Brother, P. O. Box 323, Seattle 11, Washington, U.S.A.

MASTER ECKART

Under the head of mystics we might class many names. All religion is more or less mystical, that is to say, in the individual it is an inward intuition, a divine experience of the soul. The Brahmins, the Buddhists, the Alexandrians, the Jews and Christians all have their mystics.

Master Eckart was provincial of the Order of the Dominicans, and the most famous of German Mystics. He had been a professor in Paris, where the influence of Abelard, William of Champean, and Amalric de Bena could scarcely have been ended. He was familiar with the works of the Areopagite and Scotus Erigenia; the neo-platonist philosophers, and above all, of Plato, whom he often quotes, and whom he calls the great clerk.

He was not aware that he taught anything different from the doctrines of the catholic church, supporting platonism and neo-platonism to be compatible with Christianity. In this belief he clung to the catholic faith to his last hour. Eckart's theology may be learned from sundry passages in his sermons. All that is in the Godhead, he says, is one; thereof we can say nothing. It is above all names and above all nature. The essence of all creatures is Eternally a divine life in deity. God works but not the Godhead. Therein are they distinguished in working and not working. The end of all things is the hidden darkness or the Eternal Godhead; unknown, and never to be known. Here we have that hidden darkness which is the same as the Dionysian Abysses of light; and that godhead, who is above being and only becomes God as He works and creates. In the Godhead, creator and creature are one; but when the creature becomes a creature, God becomes God. 'In Himself' says Eckart in another place 'He is not God, in creature only doth He become God. I ask to be rid of God, in the creature only doth He

become God. I ask to be rid of God, that is that God by His grace, would bring me into the essence; that essence which is above God, and above distinction. I would enter into that eternal unity which was mine before all time, and when I was what I would and would what I was; into that state which is above all addition or diminution into the immobility whereby all his moves to be rid of God, in order to blessedness, is an expression apparently in contradiction to the system which makes man one with God; but Eckart's meaning is never obscure. He longs for a return to that fountain of the godhead, when as yet God was not distinct from the Godhead. In another passage, he says, 'In every man who hath utterly abandoned self, God must communicate Himself according to all His power so completely that He retains nothing in His life, in His life essence, in His Godhead He must communicate all to the bringing forth of fruit; again, when the will is so united that it becomes a one in oneness, His only begotten son in Himself and then doth the heavenly Father produce me, I am one with Him. He cannot exclude me. In this self same operation doth the Holy Ghost receive His existence, and proceed from me, as from God wherefore? I am in God, and if the Holy Ghost deriveth not His being from me, He deriveth it not from God. I am in no wise excluded.

In other places he declares his oneness with deity, God and I are one knowing, God's essence is His knowing and God's knowing make me to know Him. Therefore in His knowing my knowing. The eye whereby I see God is the same eye whereby He seeth me, mine eye and the eye of God are one eye, one vision, one knowledge and one love.

Elsewhere he says, there is something in the soul which is above the soul, divine, simple, an absolute nothing; rather unnamed than named; unknown than known. So long as thou lookest on

thyself as something, so long as thou knowest as little what there is, as my mouth knows what colour is, or as my eye knows what taste is. Of this I am wont to speak in my sermon and sometimes have called it a power, sometimes an uncreated light, sometimes a divine spark. It is absolute and free from all names and forms, as God is free and absolute in Himself. It is higher than knowledge, higher than love, higher than grace, for in all these is still distinction. In this power doth blossom and flourish God with all His Godhead, and the spirit flourisheth in God. In this power doth the father bring forth His only begotten Son, as essentially as in Himself and in this light ariseth the Holy Ghost! This spark rejects all creatures, and will have only God, as He is in Himself. It rests satisfied neither with the Father, nor the Holy Ghost, nor with the three persons, as far as each exists in its respective attributes. I will say what will sound more marvellous still. This light is satisfied only with the super-essential essence. It is bent on entering into the simple ground, the still waste wherein is no distinction neither Father, Son, nor Holy Ghost; into the unity where no man dwelleth. Then is it satisfied in the light than it is one; then it is one itself as this ground is a simple stillness, in itself immoveable and yet by this immobility are all things moved. God is a pure good in Himself, and therefore will dwell nowhere save in a pure soul. There He may pour Himself out; into that He can wholly flow. What is purity? It is that man should have turned himself away from all creatures, and have set his heart so entirely on the pure good that no creature is to him a comfort; that he has no desire for aught creaturely, save as far as he may apprehend therein, the pure good, which is God. Yea so pure is that soul, that she seeth through herself. She needeth not to seek God afar off, she finds Him in

herself when in her natural purity she hath flown out into the supernatural of the pure Godhead. And this is she in God in her; and what she doeth in God and God in her.

I have a power in my soul which enables me to perceive God. I am as certain as that I live, that nothing is so near to me as God. He is nearer to me than I am to myself. It is a part of His essence, that he should be high and present to me. He is also high to a stone or a tree, but they do not know it. If a tree could know God and perceive His presence, as the highest of the angels perceive it, the tree would be as blessed as the highest angel. And it is because man is capable of perceiving God, and knowing how nigh God is to him that he is better off than a tree.

The words I AM none can truly speak but God alone. He has the substance of all creatures in Himself. He is a learning that has all being in Himself. All things are in God and all things are God. All creatures in themselves are nothing; all creatures are a speaking of God. Doest thou ask me what was the purpose of the Creator when He made the creature. I answer repose. Consciously or unconsciously, all creatures seek their proper state. The stone cannot cease moving till it touches the earth; the fire rises up to heaven; thus a loving soul can never rest but in God, and so we say God has given to all things their proper place. To the fish, water; to the bird, the air; to the beast, the earth; to the soul, the Godhead. Simple people suppose that we are to see God, as if He stood on that side and we on this. It is not so—God and I are one in the act of my perceiving Him. Concluding a sermon, in a lofty flight of impassioned eloquence, Eckart cries, 'O noble soul' put on thou wings to thy feet, and rise above all creatures, and above thine own reason; and above the angelic choirs; and above the right that has given me strength and throw myself upon the

heart of God, there thou shalt be hidden from all creatures'.

Eckart might well ask his hearers as it is said he used to do at the end of his sermon, if they had understood him, telling those who did not, not to trouble themselves, for only those who were like the truth could know it. It was not something to be thought out by the reason, but something to be received in the soul's intuition, for it came directly out of the heart of God. Like most mystics, Eckart taught that the Perfect is that which cannot be known, apprehended, known or expressed by any creature. For this reason the Perfect is nameless. No creature, as a creature can name it or conceive it. Before the Perfect can be known in the creature, all creature qualities such as I and self must be lost and done away, God or eternally good is that which truly exists. Submission to eternal goodness is the soul's freedom. He is not free who looks for a reward of his well-doing, or who does what is right through fear of hell punishment. He alone is free who loves goodness for its own sake, and does what is right because in well-doing is blessedness. Even great and good people are not always able to perceive the truth that give freedom, because they are self-limited by exoteric formulas which suppress the workings of intuitive discernment. John Eckart was accused of being in communication with the Brothers of the Free Spirit. In 1326, he was deposed from his office of Provincial of the Dominican in Saxony. As his doctrine has spread widely among the Dominicans, the whole order was charged with heresy by the Archbishop of Cologne. Eckart was summoned to appear before the Pope at Avignon and was condemned on the charge of heresy. His doctrines were so widely spread that in 1430 it was assumed necessary again to condemn them, this time by the University of Heidelberg. Professor Pfeiffer, in his

work on the German mystics, has collected one hundred and ten sermons, eighteen tracts, and seventy single sayings, which he ascribes to Eckart.

None have the right to judge the mystics save those who by self renunciation and self effacements have won the ineffable light of intuition through divine union. They only know the truth.

To all others in authority or otherwise, judge not is a commandment of Jesus the Christ to be humbly obeyed by all true seekers after truth. Who can comprehend God? Only in the silence, when all else is forgotten and self utterly obliterated may we sense the divine presence.

While aught thou art, or knowest, or
lov'st, or hast,

Nor yet believe me is thy burden gone,
Who is as though he were not, ne'er
had been;

That man, Oh joy! is made, God
absolute,

Self is surpassed by self annihilation
The nearer nothing, so much more
divine.

Rise above time and space, and thou
canst be,

At any moment in eternity.

Eternity and time, time and eternity,
Are in themselves alike, the difference
is in thee;

't is thou thyself tak'st time, the clock
work is thy sense,

If thou but dropp'st the spring time
will vanish hence;

You think the world will fade, the
world will not decay.

The darkness of the world alone is
swept away.

—By Rev. Arthur E. Massey in *The
Kalpaka for April-June Quarter.*

YOGA OF MOTHERHOOD

Long years ago, when I was a fighting Suffragette, I knew something very well. I fought in the ranks of the Women's Social and Political Union because since childhood I had glowed fiercely at the wrongs of the poor and of women. And so, when Miss Annie Kenney came to the West of England where I lived and worked, I was ripe to become her devoted follower. The local committee asked me to help steward at a big meeting in the Town Hall for Miss Pankhurst and Miss Kenney. Miss Kenney was the one who appealed to my heart, and after the meeting I ran up to her and asked her if she could not make use of me. She laughed, but took my address, and a little time afterwards sent for me to join her staff, and thus I became her first lieutenant, and amongst other adventures spent a month in Holloway prison.

But one thing struck me very much. Very often we were sent to lead debates with the Anti-Suffragettes. The "Antis" generally had spacious homes, and were lovely, well-dressed ladies of a graceful habit of life. Coming, as I did, from the hot and weary ranks of a fighting army, where, just because we were "suffragettes," women of all stations made us their confidantes, and so we had perforce to listen to many a tragic tale of sex-oppression and vile wrong, we tended to become "hard-boiled." Many of us lost our womanly look. Our faces grew hard and fierce. I remember one girl saying to me: "I am learning to hate men." Thus the contrast when we entered the stately homes of the "Antis" was very marked, and I, personally, felt a great relief. My principles were all on the side of the Suffragettes, but my heart was with the others. I wondered long over this and at last I began to see the cause clearly. So one day I said to Miss Kenney: "Annie, what this world needs is real mothers." She laughed at me for being

sentimental, but the conviction grew, and today, so many long years afterwards, it is as strong as ever. Nothing, nothing in the world can compensate for the loss of true motherhood. It is truly the centre and pivot of all that is lovely, true and gracious in life.

Then a little time later I was in India, and there one of my very dear friends was a high-caste Brahmin, who would tell me many an Indian story and divine legend. One day he told me about the ancient lawgiver, Manu, and how He had ordained a four hours' meditation for all Brahmins, beginning about two in the morning. When the people asked Him what He would ordain for women, His answer was very remarkable. "Motherhood," He replied, "is the Yoga of women."—*By Clara M. Codd in The Theosophist, December, 1944.*

THE DUCTLESS GLANDS

BY ERNEST CRUTCHER, M.D.

The Ductless glands were, until recently, reckoned remnant organs, left by evolutionary processes—outgrown but still resistant to eliminative activities. We now know these hitherto mysterious ductless organs are potential within ourselves, indispensable to life, serving a purpose and acting mutually, antagonistic or co-operatively. So important are their uses it is difficult to declare which is the most important, including the thyroid, thymus, pituitary, pineal, adrenals, parathyroids, etc. Some have particularly to do with infancy and others to maturer years, but all have marvellous utility and a story fascinating in detail, with great wonders of discovery yet to come with further study. They are especially sensitive to certain articles of food, water drunk that lacks or contains excess of mineral elements; drugs, tobacco, blood disease, etc.

The thymus gland has a florid growth in childhood, flourishing until about normal puberty, when it begins to shrivel into comparative disuse. Its

function was to hold the development of the sex glands in check until the body growth had been partly attained. When, as sometimes happens, this inhibitive power is lifted too early we have prematurity, with psychic manifestations that embarrass child, parents and teachers. If this inhibition is not lifted or reduced at pubertal age, the child continues infantile in mind and body; the voice does not change, sex characteristics fail to come in evidence. The long shanks, shrill child voice, flat-breasted, undeveloped girl or boy, easy prey to ailment and subject to good-natured ridicule, is the result.

The chief causes of the persistence of this thymus gland and consequent puerility, are imperfect diet, insufficient exercise, bad heredity, and—cigarettes.

Tobacco has an especially harmful effect on the young by its influence on the chain of ductless glands in general, particularly the thymus, thyroid and pituitary. The pituitary has much to do with development of the intellectual powers. The mental faculties fail to respond when tobacco is used by the immature. It is the cigarette smoker who flunks out of school and college.

It might not be necessary to be so pronouncedly against cigarettes and tobacco, nor make this appeal to thinkers, but for the extraordinary advertising campaign inaugurated by tobacco manufacturers who seem disdainful of the future citizenry of our country. "For of this sort are they which enter into houses and lead silly women captive" (Timothy 2:6).

If a boy wishes to be strong and manly, he must avoid cigarettes and tobacco. If a girl—but there, a clean-minded, nice girl does not wish to use cigarettes. If she rightly values her femininity and appreciates her importance as a future mother, she will never touch a cigarette.

If the simple-minded females who use

them knew the pernicious effects on their ductless glands, the organs that build and preserve the skin, brightness of hair and eyes, rotundity of bosom and form, they would never be beguiled into using cigarets.

The debauchery of our girls and young womanhood—she who is to mother the coming race; she who is guardian of all that the race has gathered in virility, physique and morale through ages gone—is a crime against all posterity! Woman is the treasurer of the heritage of mankind; the thesaurus of all that has been won through enduring time. The use of tobacco and cigarettes in a potential mother is beyond characterization; it is as evil as drugs that might impair her fertility and maternal possibilities. It is a fact, undeniable by scientific men, that tobacco in any form is hurtful to a woman, particularly if used by a young girl or immature woman.

I write as a friend of mankind. It is not prejudice, but a yearning to serve my fellows. Tobacco is a drug, and no less harmful to the adolescent boy or young woman than morphine, cocaine or other drug habit.

The use of tobacco provokes a wish for stronger narcotic by the screaming nerves, and in endeavour to quiet them, liquor or drug is resorted to by many victims.

Many anti-prohibitionists declare the increased use of drugs in the United States to be due to lack of liquor. This is untrue. Drugs are narcotic; liquor is stimulant. It is the urge of nerves provoked by tobacco that makes hunger for drugs so strong. It is not lack of liquor, but use of tobacco that has seduced so many recent victims to drugs. No man was ever a drunkard who was not first addicted to tobacco.

The flamboyant advertising lately resorted to by manufacturers to debauch our youth by cigarettes is reprehensible beyond words. It should be the effort

of every father and mother and good citizen to antagonize such malicious commercialism that would eventually reduce our proud America to the status of Mexico and China.—*No-Tobacco Journal*.

REMNANTS OF A LOST ATLANTIS?

Geographically the Azores are Atlantic islands, two thousand miles from the United States, in the latitude of Philadelphia

Speculation has ever been rife concerning the origin of all the Atlantic islands, which include the Azores, Madeiras, Canaries, Cape de Verdes, and many smaller isolated peaks. By some they are supposed to form part of a range of sub-marine mountains encircling the globe from north to south; others think them the product of volcanic agencies; while yet others regard them as remnants of the ancient Atlantis of Plato. This latter view is not uninteresting to the scholar. The great Greek philosopher described Atlantis as "situated in front of the straits which you call the columns of Hercules" and "larger than Libya and Asia put together"; "but afterwards there occurred earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain this island of Atlantis disappeared, and was sunk in the sea." The writings of the ancients abound in references to an unknown and almost mythical country,

"Beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars";

whither Ulysses sailed in search of his Happy Isles, and where lay the Garden of Hesperides with its golden fruit. Much of the language in the descriptions of this semi-fairyland is applicable to these islands now, and numerous scientific discoveries of late point conclusively to the former existence of a vast continent midway in the wilderness of waters between Africa and America.

Coming down to more recent times,

the early history of the Azores, as islands, is still wrapped in obscurity, even the date of their discovery not being satisfactorily determined. It is highly probable, however, that they were known to the early Phoenicians, those intrepid "toilers of the sea" who visited in their day nearly every section of the then known world. At Flores, Phoenician coins have frequently been exhumed from the ground. The Arabs and Normans also appear to have visited the group and left traces of their presence. But the earliest definite reference to the islands is in a Spanish map dated 1346, now in the Royal Library at Paris, and on which Corvo appears. A map of 1384 has San Jorge upon it, and the celebrated map of Andrea Bianco in the library of St. Mark at Venice, dated 1436, displays all the Azores. How the geographers knew of the islands is a mystery unsolved, and it is believed by many that the Azores were inserted some years subsequent to the first construction of the maps.

Whatever these traces of early knowledge may indicate, the islands were not made generally known to the modern world until sometime in the fourteenth century. If they had been previously discovered they were now rediscovered

The happy faculty of the Portuguese in bestowing appropriate names is apparent in the nomenclature of the islands. They derive their collective name, *Ilhas dos Acores*, or Isles of Hawks, from the abundance throughout the group of a species of bird which the early explorers thought a hawk, but which is really the *Buteo vulgaris*, a buzzard. The names of the separate islands are no less distinctive. . . Flores is the "isle of flowers"; crows, found only on Corvo, give a name to that island; Fayal abounds in a species of beech tree called the *faya*, and hence its name; Pico is "the peak," as it towers seven thousand feet above its neigh-

bours; Graciosa means "the beautiful"; and Terceira was "the third" in order of discovery. — From "*Among the Azores*," by Lyman H. Weeks. (1882.)

FREEDOM

The first step we must take toward the attaining of this Freedom is to find the path that leads to it. There is only the one Path, but many and devious are the ways leading to it, for we are all different, and have come along different schools of thought, not only in this life, but in others that are past.

Then the question arises, what are we to be freed from? The answer to this is; The Wheel of Rebirth, the bondage of the flesh. When we attain this Freedom, we pass out of the ordinary human stream and enter that of the Super-man, to which belong the Lord Buddha and the Masters of the Wisdom.

When the momentous occasion arrives, we find ourselves at the entrance to the Path, we have then to make our decision, we cannot advance one step of the way until it is made—it is a dedication.

We enter the Path, and there we have a twofold task to perform—self-training and service. The raising of our lower consciousness to the level of the Higher, to the region where we contact the Masters and our own Great Master—The Ego, the Higher Self; and in serving humanity individually and collectively, for the Law is, that in serving others we help ourselves. It is through this Service and what we put into it, that we rise to the heights and so attain Freedom. In other words, we have to work for it.

It is no easy task this, for we are tested all along the Way, to see if we are worthy custodians to whom the Mysteries can be entrusted. Of one thing be very sure, the Great Ones take good care not to "cast Their Pearls before swine".

It is here also that we have to finish paying our Karmic debts, so as to free us for the Higher Service; debts that in an ordinary way would cover several lives. Troubles come crowding on us thick and fast and try our endurance to the breaking-point, and we must either win out, or die in the attempt. I think this is the one time in the course of many lives, that the chela feels utterly deserted and alone, for it is part of the training that he should learn to fight his own battles, to enable him to stand alone and make his own decisions, in order to strengthen his character and fit him for the yet greater trials before him.

We must however take care not to fall into the error of thinking, that because we are not free in a sense, that we have no free-will. If there were no free-will, there would be no personal responsibility and therefore no restraint, and Karma and Reincarnation would be most unjust. It would mean that we were made to suffer for actions over which we had no control, that some remote Being was ordering our lives, and we were but pawns in his hands. Such is far from being the case, the Law is just, we reap all the benefits of our good actions, and also the Karma of our bad ones. It is through our mistakes that we learn, and so advance.

Good and evil are undoubtedly both put in our way, and it is for us, our lower personalities, to accept or reject it; we are given free-will in this matter, and we would do well to recognize this fact, and when the decision comes before us, to take it as a test, and to try and choose the right, always remembering that the Law of Justice reigns supreme, and we are not tempted beyond our power of resistance—for that also would be an injustice.

And what do we gain when we reach this Freedom? We are freed from the Wheel of Rebirth; having paid our Karmic debts, and have passed beyond

the petty worries and annoyances of life. We have Power and Knowledge given us over the forces of nature, and the denizens of the astral world; but only for the good of the race and never for our own gain.

We are in actual communion with the Saints, and we can only then be said to live, all else has been but Maya.

May we attain this Freedom, Lord, for it brings us a step nearer Thee.

Ellen Margaret Nash.

Taken from "The Maha Bodhi Journal", Calcutta, India, April, 1928.

STEVENSON'S HOME

It would have been a sad reflection on the fiftieth anniversary of the death of R. L. Stevenson if his former home in Samoa had remained in the possession of the Germans.

Shortly after Stevenson's death, the Vailima estate was sold by Mrs. Stevenson to Herr Kunz, a Vladivostok millionaire, and later it was acquired by the German Government. When, in 1900, Great Britain and the U.S.A., in return for compensation elsewhere, ceded full rights over the Western Samoan islands to Germany, Stevenson's former home became the residence of the German Governor.

That occupation, fortunately, was only temporary, for in August 1914 the German possessions were seized by a New Zealand expeditionary force, and in 1919 the Supreme Council in Paris conferred upon New Zealand a mandate for the future government of the islands.

Mount Vaea, the hill on which Stevenson was buried, became the property of Mrs. Strong, his stepdaughter. It has been stated that, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of his death, the foundation of a new church is to be laid on the foothills of the mount and almost under the place of his tomb—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

WINDY EVENING

Though there are times for staying in
This evening is not one
When the wind's pack pursues a swift
And copper-pelted sun

Across a hundred golden fields,
Up golden hills and down,
To lose it in a thicket of
Gold clouds halfway to town.

Though there are times for staying in
With every door shut fast
This evening is not one of those
When baying winds rush past.

Upon the wide and shining trail
Of what they'll never tree
In spite of all their eagerness,
Their hound-dog minstrelsy.

ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG.

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THE WAR'S ENDING

We are living in times which recall to many the atmosphere, the traditions and the spirit of the Old Testament. In the 18th chapter of the First Book of Kings is recorded the story of the contest between the prophet Elijah and the prophets of Baal. Elijah proposed that his opponents should compete with him in calling down fire from heaven. They failed altogether. Elijah then "repaired the altar of Jehovah which had been thrown down. And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the sons of Jacob . . . And with the stones he built an altar in the name of Jehovah; and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed. And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood, and he said, Fill four jars with water, and pour it on the burnt offering, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time; and they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time; and they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening oblation that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Jehovah, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy word . . . Then the fire of Jehovah fell, and consumed the burnt offering, and the wood, and the stone, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench."

In St. Luke's Gospel, ix. 51-57, it is recorded of the approved apostles James and John, that they were as anxious to wreak vengeance on the Samaritans as any devout Christian today on a Russian or Japanese, as the case might be. Shall we call down fire from heaven, they asked, and the Master hearing them, turned, and rebuked them.

The translation of Revelation xiv. 10 with the phrase "Fire and brimstone" has given the Church a foundation for its hell. Many churchmen will be surprised to hear that the word translated brimstone, or sulphur, is *theion*, the fundamental meaning of which is "divine fire". *Pur* is the general Greek word for fire, from which we get our word pure. But only in Luke xvii. is the proper translation obvious, fire from heaven, celestial or divine fire. The absurdity of sending brimstone or sulphur down from heaven would not impress the theological mind. At any rate the New Testament recognized two kinds of fire, earthly fire and heavenly fire. Science has not gone so far yet.

The so-called "Atomic bomb" was earthly fire, but of a definitely high order, but not the highest. It was not atomic, but molecular. H. P. Blavatsky explains this in the following passages:

"The real atom does not exist on the material plane . . . the *real* atom is beyond space and time. The word molecular is really applicable to our globe and its plane, only: once inside of it, even on the other globes of our planetary chain, matter is in quite another condition, and non-molecular. The atom is in its eternal state, invisible even to the eye of an Archangel; and becomes visible to the latter only periodically, during the life cycle. The particle, or molecule, is *not*, but exists periodically, and is therefore regarded as an illusion. . . .

"An atom may be compared to (and is for the Occultist) the seventh principle of a body or rather of a molecule. The physical or chemical molecule is composed of an infinity of finer molecules and these in their turn of innumerable and still finer molecules. Take for instance a molecule of iron and so resolve it that it becomes non-molecular; it is then, at once transformed into one of its seven principles, *viz.*, its astral body; the seventh of these is the atom.

The analogy between a molecule of iron, before it is broken up, and this same molecule after resolution, is the same as that between a physical body before and after death. The principles remain *minus* the body. Of course this is occult alchemy, not modern chemistry."

The distinction between the two fires might be roughly indicated as organic and inorganic. We have such organic fire, or electricity, in the gymnotus, or electric eel. The discussion over the Keely motor in this connection is beside the mark. Keely was evidently working with latent bodily powers under his own control. He was not allowed to go farther in this direction as it would have been an invasion of the jurisdiction of karmic law on a plane beyond the evolutionary status of the race. In the case of the "atomic bomb" all scientific workers are nominally on a similar working basis. Karma, the power that makes for righteousness, or justice, would only be affected by ethical considerations. If there is any ethical distinction in the war struggle the altruistic aim of the Allies, as indicated by the Four Freedoms of speech, of worship, from want, and from fear, would warrant any help possible going to Allied men of science. But now they have a vaster problem on their hands—how to protect humanity from their discovery. They must consider the Master's rebuke.

In the evolution of the Race the time will come when men of great inner power will be able to generate the upper or the nether fires as easily as at present anyone can blow hot or cold with the same breath. Yet this simple phenomenon cannot be explained by those who produce it.

We had to go to press early last month and missed a large number of important events that were crowded into a few days. The "atomic bombing" incident was the most important of these in its direct result of the precipitate ending

of the Japanese war, though doubtless the declaration of war on Japan by Russia had its due effect. The extraordinary turnover in the election decision in Great Britain signallized as nothing else has the advent of the Aquarian age. The new government under Mr. Attlee has made friends where open hostility was expected. The nationalization of the Bank of England was a financial bomb almost as drastic as the "atomic bomb" itself, but nobody fainted. Mr. Truman has turned out to be the man of the hour, and though not a phrase-maker, his common sense has been classic in its convincing simplicity. The Indian problem is to have Labour Government treatment. Russia has shown itself open to conviction on a number of vexed questions. The Balkans have not changed their spots and the dissident Poles have shown themselves wholly impractical in a world at least two centuries ahead of their prejudices. Japan is being handled for peace in a masterly way by General MacArthur, but Japan is still a smouldering fire, with an enormous back-log of ignorance and superstition. This will require even more drastic policies than those put in force in Germany, but we must hope for the best in the backward nations. Let us determine as we determine the most holy and sacred things in our lives that there shall be no more war in our time—for three generations to come. Then some of us may be back to meet the new occasions.

A. E. S. S.

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