

THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST

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CANADIAN ART

By ARTHUR LISMER

The idea of man's slow groping towards perfection is epitomized in the Art History of all nations. Each age contributing its sum of achievement to the accumulating evidence that art is not a professional practice, but a way of life. By devious ways and many paths this quality of human consciousness that we know as Art unfolds the purpose of humanity—the pathway illuminated by the work of artists of vision, who point the way upward and forward. Art is a glamorous and fickle activity, ever beguiling the spirit into new ventures, offering prizes to the superficial, the halo of academic reward to the cautious and faithful.

The devotees of aesthetics are moved to response, sometimes as an escape from the mundane realities of existence. A prettily lighted pathway, this, it leads to the hall of sweet sounds and colours where the soul is anaesthetized into peaceful submission. One dwells a long time in this atmosphere. In fact, one rarely escapes from it. Another path leads to the open air of purpose, where the free wind blows amid the trees and open spaces, beneath stars displaying the creative purpose. It leads to the vision of the creative will, the fashioning of worlds, the sensing of order and beauty in the chaos of things; the understanding that we are nature and our purpose is to understand the creative idea, and so fashion hand and eye, soul and spirit to come in tune; and that Art is a reflection of God's purpose, less magnificent, perhaps, but not less noble. And

Art moves in close kinship with religion and philosophy, because it is all these.

We like to think of nature as a sort of beneficent maternal lap on which we can fling all our troubles and cares and find therein the solace and release we seek for—an escape from material existence. It should console and care for us, welcome us into close communion, throwing open all portals and giving access to all secrets and welcoming us to a harmony with the voice of the spheres, a kinship with trees and growing things, and friendly intercourse with the music of rushing waters, a companionship with living things of the forest and field. Here we find our desire insufficient, our wishes unsatisfied, because we are unwilling to surrender our preconceived notions—that we expect the beauty of nature to surrender all at our desire, and—we have nothing to give.

Nature is tardy and fickle in revelation—rarely indeed is beauty revealed to one who is unwilling to give, and give abundantly, that one might receive in generous measure. The artist in all of us is that part of our complex nature that gives to life the desire to receive the impress of beauty. On the measure of the abundance of our response depends the glory of our reception.

Nature is not beneficent. It is ruthless with a strange, savage beauty, tearing down as well as building up, but destroying that it might create anew.

To a tender spirit with a lyrical soul attuned to subtler harmonies, The Voice

of the Silence becomes fraught with fragrant message—sensitive to more blessed strains and colours, quaint forms and fairy fancies. To a robust physical nature the loud strident quality in nature appeals like a challenge to conquest: strong and vibrant chords of wind and weather—the manifestations of force and action.

But to one who has no desire for kinship nature speaks only in terms of commonplace acceptance. A grey and unilluminated life is this; it accepts without query—without the exploring, curious activity of a mind alert. Masses of our people go through life unsensitive, aesthetically inert, insensible to the impress of beauty. We desire to possess; we do not desire to create. We must give that we may receive.

The art of a nation is its evidence, personified, of its desire for beauty. The more a people strives for aesthetic expression, the more a truer concept of its destiny is unfolded. The art of a nation is the expression of the nation's presence on the path that leads towards things of the spirit. More than politics and industrialism, than navies and armies, it speaks the longing to understand the divine purpose. It is the expression of the nation's will to create, not its will to power.

It will reveal itself in beautiful architecture, in noble saga, in compelling drama, in a democratic literature, in the arts of design and painting and sculpture. It will worship not the academic and formal; it will seek to express the nation, its environment, its typical humanity. Its national form will reveal its universal nature.

Art is not so much a form of technique as it is a form of intuition. It is feeling rather than action. It is a consciousness of harmony in the universe, the perception of the divine order running through all existence. The artist sensitive to rhythm, the beat of life, creating in space and time the image of his reception of this order, projects his vision in the eternal language of line, tone and colour, and creates not an imitative outward appearance of the common aspects of life, but an inner, more noble life than yet we all know. To do this the artist at some period in the existence of a nation must become

conscious of his background or environment. All great schools of art commence with this desire to project the background—the setting, as it were, on which a later generation of creative artists will put into form and colour the humanity that acts its drama of life.

A pioneer in any activity first becomes conscious of and acquainted with his environment—knows his place for this activity and that. He clears the ground, he turns the soil, he sows his seed, he reaps and sows again; he settles down into the rhythm of his existence, and is calmed and sustained by the order he has created. On this stage that he has created come all the strange dramas of life, the subject matter of the writer or artist of a later development.

So with a new country. As a philosopher of old said, "Man know thyself," one might say to a nation, "Know also thy country, know its character, what its form, its typical contours, its wealth of beauty in river and mountain, the effects of its seasons, its rocky barren places, its fertile valleys. Become home conscious. Love your land for its beauties. Worship the potential soil. Glorify its trees. Reverence the silent grandeur of its lakes and woods."

How can a people know this except through art, or through the will to go out and exercise the natural human curiosity of the exploring pioneer? Here is where a nation's artists are true nation builders. They re-create in terms of line and tone and colour the aspects of nature, and excite the consciousness of the participant or spectator into kinship and response.

Canada in its art is in this position of becoming acquainted in more abundant measure with its background—a glorious heritage. The artist is making us nationally conscious with our environment, setting a stage for true nationality. Art is a fundamental activity—age-long, world-wide, and before we are a whole people we must be made one with our environment.

The idea of some other older land being our home, the source of our sustenance, to which we look for support, mental,

financial, industrial and moral, is slowly passing. We are achieving the vigour of an independent nationhood, developing the national resources to establish the idea of Canada as a home land. This is evident in nearly all our activities, and in none more than in a national form of painting, which, perhaps more than any of the arts, is in a more nationally characteristic stage of development.

Canada has not the traditional pastoral quality of the older countries. It is rugged and stern over large areas, untamed—perhaps untamable. Its seasons are not the gentle, passive gliding of one into the other; they are distinctive and extreme in contrast. Its temperature is extreme, its sunlight unclouded; the emphatic, decisive nature of its skyline of serrated spruce and pine; the typical qualities of such places as the Georgian Bay, Lake Superior, the Laurentians; the Northwest prairies, Rocky Mountains, and the foothills: what grand pictures these call to mind, and what a background for the elemental forces of nature to sport in. The aspects of winter and the fall; the green riot of spring, storm and sunshine, against and on such a setting, are truly of epic grandeur—no timid play of subtleties, but bold and massive design.

This design, or form, of our country is its character, the elemental nature which we recognize as one recognizes a familiar loved shape. It partakes of our own character, its virility and emphatic form is reflected in the appearance, speech, action and thought of our people. It is the setting for our development, firing the imagination, establishing our boundaries. It is home land, stirring the soul to aspiration and creation. The physical universe exists to the artist as to the religious devotee as a means to ecstasy.

Pastoral land there is, with lyrical character of subdued mellowness; quiet stretches of farm land soothing to the eye; but in Canada mere pictorial littleness is remarkably absent.

In the vast playground of Canada there is infinite material. As a nation we are proud of our natural resources of mineral wealth and of timber reserves, all of which are being exploited and utilized to add to the industrial power of the nation—and

incidentally to the wealth of other nations. In that same background there is recreational recuperative strength. Every Canadian knows it is there, senses its vastness, goes gaily and periodically to enjoy its offerings. Also there is in it a powerful reserve of national beauty. That will aid the development of home consciousness and be an ever-recurring source of sustenance to the spiritual and aesthetic life of the inhabitants of this country.

In estimating the quality of Canadian painting and its development, there is no need to accept the standards of other countries. There is no need to call it Modern Art—which is a confusing term, often derisively used. There is very little modern art in Canada, very little sign of cults and “isms.” But there is need, if we would appreciate, that we take our ideas of art away from the taint of luxury and connoisseurship—that is the possessive instinct—and come to see that Art is an aesthetic awareness of the significance of beauty, our response to the creative idea.

Our desire to judge things, to express our likes and dislikes, often interferes with our enjoyment and understanding of a work of art, leading us to condemn that which we do not like. A work of art desires to express itself, and sometimes if our reception is keen, we feel that it is judging us. It reveals our incapacity to respond.

It is necessary that as Canadians we should believe that we are capable of producing great art, as we believe we are capable of doing great deeds. The imminent generation of the youth of Canada will come to produce fine art and fine craftsmanship because, gradually, they will be made aesthetically aware of their environment. This is the value of the modern phase of Canadian painting.

* * *

The term “Universal Brotherhood” is no idle phrase. Humanity in the mass has a paramount claim upon us, as I tried to explain in my letter to Mr. Hume, which you had better ask the loan of. It is the only secure foundation for universal morality. If it be a dream, it is at least a noble one for mankind; and it is the aspiration of the true adept.—K. H., in *The Mahatma Letters*.

AWAKENING

Pierced by mine own hand
 With fiery nails,
 Daily beneath the cross
 My spirit fails.

Bound by my wantonness,
 The crown of thorns,
 With iron grip
 Bitter my brow adorns.

Bleeding and bruised
 By thorn, and nail, and spear,
 Now on myself
 In judgment I appear;

I, who am sent
 To mend the broken mesh,
 Have failed my trust
 And slumbered in the flesh.

I, elder brother,
 Monitor and guide,
 Waken in fetters,
 Slave, and crucified!

And he, soul of my soul,
 That should be free,
 Rides with destruction,
 Mocking God and me.

O! then, God is not mocked,
 All is not vain;
 Even from death's despair
 I rise again!

Rise, and resume my task
 And soar and live!
 Brother, brother of mine,
 Hear, and forgive!

Aileen Beaufort.

* * *

The slow wheel turns,
 The cycles round themselves and grow
 complete,

The world's year whitens to the harvest
 tide,

And one word only am I sent to say
 To those dear souls who wait here, or
 who now

Breathe earthly air—one universal word
 To all things living, and the word is
 "Love."

—*Epic of Hades.*

SURYA VIGNAN

The following report of the marvellous effect of the Sun's rays displayed by an Hindu Yogi has been supplied by Mr. Ayodhya Das, F.T.S., Barrister-at-Law, Shantikuti, Gorakhpur, U.P., India.

On 29th October, 1924, at Benares, before a gathering of about 40 persons, among whom were students, principals and teachers of local colleges and schools, including Babu Bhagwan Das, M.A., Chairman, Municipal Board, and one of the most respected and prominent residents of this place, and other gentlemen, highly interesting and yet unknown powers of the Sun's rays were displayed by Swami Sri Prabhana Vishuda Nandjee at his temporary residence at 281 Daleep Ganj, close to Hanuman Ghat, Benares City. He explained that there was a science known as Surya Vigyan (Lit: meaning Sun Knowledge), which was well known to the ancient Hindu Rishis, and from which practically every thing in the world could be produced or transmuted one into another. He is starting an Academy of Science of this knowledge at Benares, where some buildings are in the course of construction.

As a demonstrative proof of the science, he showed three lenses of various sizes, varying from 1 1-4 size of an ordinary pocket watch, to that of a local timepiece. These were fixed on to small silver handles. A fragment of timber was lying there, which was shown all round. Two small bits were taken out of it nearly half the length of a match stick, about four times its width, and about three times in thickness. The rays of the Sun were focussed through a lens and were made to play on one of the pieces of the wood, which was petrified into stone, retaining the outward texture and form of the wood. Formerly it was a soft piece of wood which would not mark on stones, and when it was petrified it would easily leave a mark on the ground and stone. Both the pieces were shown around and have been kept as mementoes by Babu Bhagwan Das. The petrified piece became heavier in weight and had an outward appearance of red sandstone. Later on

he said he would try to produce some scents, and a handkerchief was given to him by Babu Bhagwan Das and one by me. Only a very small portion of the handkerchief was exposed to the rays of the Sun through one of the lenses, and very strong aromatic smells of camphor, cinnamon and khas were produced, which lasted for quite half an hour each. The handkerchief was taken round and smelt by a number of the audience, and smell of each was quite clear and strong. There was no case of hallucination or hypnotism. The European savants will be a little surprised at this demonstration of a science of the Sun-rays, which is at present known only to a few adepts of the East. Should such an Academy of Science be established at Benares it will bring about a revolution in the chemical science of the West, and will once more demonstrate the truth of the superiority of the East over the West. It also shows that the various so-called elements are merely modification of one substance, and that by proper focusing of the Sun-rays it is quite possible to turn one substance into another. My object in sending the news of this wonderful demonstration is to attract the attention of those of present-day scientists who scoff at alchemy. The Yogi is staying at Benares for some months, and those who feel interested are welcome to see him and have the proofs demonstrated before them.

The Yogi has some disciples at Puri, and it is said that he several times demonstrated the effect of Sun's rays in producing various substances to several European and American and other Indian gentlemen. An account of his marvellous yogi power in producing substances appeared in an issue of the Times of India in the month of December, 1923.

A HINT TO MEAT EATERS

Christmas was coming. The children had been told about the cruelty involved in the killing of turkeys. Ruth was torn between sympathy for the turkey and a desire for a turkey dinner. At last she broke forth:

"Daddy! why can't we have a turkey for our Christmas dinner that has died of old age?"

M. N. R.

OCCULT MASONRY

THE EAR OF CORN

By MATTHEW GIBSON

There was for many centuries in the lore of mankind a tradition that the heart is the seat of the human affections, of pure and impure emotion, and of the things that have to do with the passionate nature. The great Scriptures said so, the great philosophers said so, Jesus said so. Then a hundred years or so ago in our sudden preoccupation with physical things as containing full and ultimate truth we began to feel ashamed of the idea. The physiologists, taking themselves and their work far too seriously, as they frequently do, said: "All fiction, poetry, figure of speech. There is nothing there that has to do with affection or passion. We have looked." Instead of saying the truth, which was: "We have found nothing there yet, but we never know what we may find." Then after their hasty dicta were well established by the scientific camp-followers who write popular science books for us, another group of scientists began to suspect that the common experience of mankind is also fit material for science, and cannot be shouted down. They found that grief does affect the heart, that fear affects the heart first, that joy is recorded markedly in the action of the heart, and that people do feel their affections in the region of the heart. Moreover, some have found, and proved it, as anyone can in a few seconds, that to concentrate on the heart will dispel a fit of rage, just as the old Hindu Tantra books said it would, although it is not a particularly good way of doing it. So although most of the public, having quit going to school, have not got the notion yet, the physiologists are busy rehabilitating folk lore, and old philosophies and scriptures and finding out that the heart is physically as well as poetically the emotional centre of man.

What makes progress in this field so slow, of course, is the annoyance the scientists feel that the ancients found out these things without a microscope. They are unwilling to admit that clairvoyance produces results superior to those of our

costly machinery, because clairvoyance, if it be of a high order, takes count of spiritual causes, and never separates them from phenomena, whereas machinery can only discern physical results. I fancy they feel rather as the expensively equipped fisherman does towards the boy with a bent pin who brings home the fish.

Away back in this series of articles I posited certain things as essential to the understanding of Masonry on its occult side. That man is three-fold, consisting of Divine Self, Ego and Animal Soul, that the Animal Soul is a being in his own right, and is the monadic self of the evolving race of men, the so-called Lunar Race; that the Ego—the centre of consciousness we know ourselves to be—is here on earth in the capacity of redeemer or saviour, is of the Solar Race, the Sons of the Sun, and it is his duty to make a bridge over which the fallen Animal Soul may pass—the pontifex of the old Roman culture—to the Divine Self, which Ego and Animal Soul share. Or, as we say, the Ego is the Builder, stricken by the lower forces of the animal nature, his own pupil.

This I have offered as the key to the redemption idea which runs through all religious systems and which we have materialized in every one of them. In foregoing essays I have dealt with several phases of it in their application to Masonry. There is one phase of the story that is peculiarly associated with the second degree in every mystery ritual. It is the going down into the seven-chambered cave of the heart, establishing itself there and defeating the Animal Soul in his own stronghold.

The heart is the peculiar centre of the animal—the human elemental. It is symbolized in Greek religion as the labyrinth, the tortuous dwelling of Minotaur to whom so many were sacrificed and into it Theseus must penetrate to destroy the adversary. It is the Mithraic cave in which the bull had to be slain by Mithra and his life-blood spilled to fertilize the growing corn. It is the Crocodilopolis of Egyptian myth and the Sattapanni cave of the Buddhist story. All these systems have held that

blood is the vehicle of the animal and the Egyptian practice of embalming the dead with such care and sealing up the heart and blood arose avowedly out of the effort of the Egyptian magicians to delay reincarnation by looking up the animal potencies that would draw the Ego back again to his task on earth.

These are a few of the fragments that are useful to us as giving bearings on the middle room of the mysteries, when, after his first work of discriminating between Self and Not-self the Ego is required to do battle for possession of the centre of affections to drive out impurities and to develop the rich powers that come with control over the passional nature. Here in the cave of the heart Gautama Buddha sat in meditation making himself master of the lower forces and instructing the “race of men” until he had filled the cave with the radiance of the Solar Self.

But the cave of the heart is far older than Gautama. Sattapanni in the Pali is Saptaparna in Sanscrit, the seven-leaved, sacred plant that symbolized the heart centre, the plant that grew by the running life fluid. When one turns from the Hindu to the Zoroastrian symbolism Saptaparna becomes a magical spike of wheat or ear of corn, the symbol of a germinal centre in the heart that has to spring into leaf and ultimately be filled out in complete fruitage. The Parsis have it in their Vendidad:

“When your ear of corn is filled you will have power to drive away demons.”

They associate the ear of corn also with the principle of Virgo in man and it is figured in the heavens as the star Spica—Alpha Virginis, we call it—and each year, when at the winter solstice Spica rose in the east, the peasants, long before Christianity, went out into the fields crying: “The Sun is born.” Some Teutonic peoples to-day, in spite of Christianity, welcome it with the old cry of “Baldur is born.” The birth of an immortal body has always been identified in occult systems with the virginity of immaculateness of the physical body and so the mystical plant in Greek religion becomes the dit-

tany or dictamon—the mesh in the amniotic sac. This we shall see again when we come to the Ark.

The Egyptians used the symbol of wheat for the growth of a spiritual force in man and it runs in one form or another through all the Gnostic sects in early Christianity. The pursuit of the idea will give many many interesting lights on this second degree in the mysteries.

The Bhagavad Gita speaks of the *purusha* or spirit-form “the size of a man’s thumb” that has its place in the heart of a man—the seed, evidently, of something that must be made to grow to leaf and full grain, but before it can there are victories to be won over the human elemental who would willingly steal the spoils of each conquest. So in all systems the adversary’s host of desires must be destroyed and the test is a sacred word that only the Ego can utter perfectly.

There is an old tradition that a tower, or pillar or mount of vision must be erected or ascended in the heart, and from that vantage point all the field of the lower self can be seen. We have a tradition in Masonry that Jephthah did the same thing in his valley. There in his tower—the tower of the pure Danae in the Perseus story, and of Balor in the old Irish one—the aspirant in the true mystery, must complete the work of the second degree making the modifications of mind—the Solar Self—stand still until the work is done, and stability attained. It will not do merely to go into the realm of mind. If he does he will lose his heart to the enemy. The work must be done in the heart symbolically as well as physically.

We have watched in the last three articles a cleansing energy the *speirema* or serpent coil, described as rising from plexus to plexus in the body, *pari passu* with the purifying work on the inner planes of being. This process of cleansing the emotions is the one which will enable the heart centres to stand that new and powerful current without which illumination on earth is not possible. The test of the validity of any spiritual instruction is always registered in the physical body.

THE HUMAN ELEMENTAL

The astral spirit is a faithful duplicate of the body, both in a physical and spiritual sense. The Divine, the highest and *immortal* spirit, can be neither punished nor rewarded. To maintain such a doctrine would be at the same time absurd and blasphemous, for it is not merely a flame lit at the central and inexhaustible fountain of light, but actually a portion of it, and of identical essence.

So long as the double man, *i.e.*, the man of flesh and spirit, keeps within the limits of the law of spiritual continuity, so long as the divine spark lingers in him, however faintly, he is on the road to an immortality in the future state. But those who resign themselves to a materialistic existence, shutting out the divine radiance shed by their spirit, at the beginning of their earthly pilgrimage, and stifling the warning voice of that faithful sentry, the conscience, which serves as a focus for the light in the soul—such beings as these, having left behind conscience and spirit, and crossed the boundaries of matter, will of necessity have to follow its laws.—Isis Unveiled, I. 327-8.

THE AWAKENING

Five windows hath my prison cell,

Five little loopholes whereat we
Who in this cage together dwell,

My untamed animal and I,
The sunlight and the flowers may see,
And Time’s gay pageant riding by.

These he monopolizes so

That I can only sit and brood,
And hug my heavy chains while slow

The hours distil eternal night
Within my prisoned solitude—
An emptiness devoid of Light.

I will arise and tame this thing

That hides the goodly day from me;
He shall acknowledge me as King,

This fellow of desire and sense.
I’ll set me, in my prison, free;
Be captain of mine impotence.

G. P. Williamson.

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OFFICIAL NOTES

A reference to the artistic developments associated with the art work of the "Group of Seven," which was made in the annual report to Headquarters in 1923, elicited an enquiry from an Australian reader as to the aims of the Group. This was referred to Mr. Arthur Lismer, one of the Group, and art director of the Ontario School of Art, and he has kindly contributed the article which appears elsewhere.

* * *

The General Executive appeals once more to the officers of the local Lodges to make an effort to reinstate all members now on the inactive list. It is hoped that the record of last year will be exceeded in the present, as might easily be the case in respect of new members, but for the lapse of the old. The Constitution does not depend on the payment of dues by members, but by the Lodges themselves, and this appears to be overlooked. Five cents a week for headquarters does not seem to be a heavy tax on the members, and they should assist the Lodges to make

up this amount. In view of the approaching election, a special effort should be made to place all inactive members in good standing.

* * *

Five bound volumes of The Canadian Theosophist are now available and are excellent material for public libraries or Lodge libraries, as well as for private study. They cover the history of the Canadian National Society since its inception, and illustrate the practical application of Theosophy in the affairs of the Society generally. Price, \$2 per volume. Title page and index for Volume V. may be had on application.

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"The Mahatma Letters" are still in eager demand and may be had from the Toronto acting Book Steward, Mr. George J. McMurtrie, 65 Hogarth Avenue, Toronto, post free, for \$6. Other recent books are William Kingsland's "Rational Mysticism," \$4; A. P. Sinnett's posthumous volume, "Super-Physical Science," \$1.50; "The Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross," by A. E. Waite, \$7.50; "The Problem of Atlantis," by E. Lewis Spence, \$2.50; "The Masonic Initiation," by W. L. Wilms-hurst, \$2.50. Much interest has been excited in two books published by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London, and E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, entitled, respectively, "The Initiate, By His Pupil," and "The Adept of Galilee." The latter collates the traditions concerning the Master Jesus, removing many difficulties for the student.

* * *

Beginning with the March issue, which marks the opening of the sixth volume of The Canadian Theosophist, Mr. Roy Mitchell becomes associate editor of the magazine with charge of the printing and make-up. This appointment has been sanctioned by the General Executive as a step towards the re-publication of articles in pamphlet and book form. Taking his Speakers' Class, which is now in its second year, as a nucleus for the venture, Mr. Mitchell has been busy for the last two months organizing the Blavatsky Institute of Canada, which is intended as a service group for Theosophical students. The first

activity of the Institute is a press now established for the issue of Theosophical literature of all sorts, chiefly of books which have been allowed to go out of print. The printing plant, after a month of intensive work, is an accomplished fact. It includes the largest size of platen press, a full equipment of book types, and the Institute is proceeding to add an up-to-date bindery.

* * *

The Messenger announces "that it cannot be positively stated that" Mrs. Besant "will visit America, but very probably she will do so. She says herself that it depends upon conditions in India. Assuming then that no unusual development occurs, we may reasonably expect to have her with us at some time during the coming summer—the earlier the better, for, of course, she must be back at Adyar for the great celebration in December, and the return journey is a long one. The time she can give to the American work is as yet unknown. Mr. Jinarajadasa thought it might be no more than a month, but we will hope for a longer programme. Whatever the period may be it will, if she agrees, be so distributed that all parts of the nation will be visited, east, centre, north and south Pacific coast and the southern States. Naturally only one or two of the chief centres in each part of the country can be visited and members from the smaller cities can assemble there." Mrs. Besant has been officially invited to visit Canada.

THE ANNUAL ELECTIONS

Nominations for the office of General Secretary and seven members of the General Executive should be made by the Lodges during the month of March, so that returns may all be in by the 6th day of April. Experience has shown that it is impossible otherwise to issue voting papers, carry on the elections, make returns and scrutinize the ballots in time for a declaration in the June Magazine. Secretaries of Lodges will please see that the matter is brought before their respective Lodges, and when nominations are made have them sent at once to the General Secretary. Nominations must be made through a Lodge and reach the General Secretary by

April 6, when the nominations will close. This will enable ballots to be sent out, if an election be necessary, on or before May 1, and the voting to close on June 1. Nomination returns should be sent in a separate letter.

FELLOWS AND FRIENDS

Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe will speak in New York on Sunday, March 29, and in Philadelphia, Monday, March 30.

* * *

Mr. Frank J. Highett, who was in Toronto in July, 1920, and has been around the world in the interval, visiting India and many other countries, has been again in Toronto. For 44 years he has been travelling about the world, he states, establishing centres preparatory to the Second Advent of Christ, which he expects in 1931. Other developments may precede this, he believes. He places confidence in the document quoted elsewhere, purporting to be the 29th Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which gives an account of an alleged visit of St. Paul to Britain. This document is to be seen in the British Museum, he states. The "fountains" mentioned in the 11th verse, he explains as symbolic. "In the inner centres, consisting of twelve selected people, now girdling the whole earth, these fountains sometimes arise out from their centres, falling upon the sitters forming the circle, presenting a most beautiful transformation scene, iridescent with every colour, carrying 'healing in their wings'." Mr. Highett also lays stress upon the reference to the Census or "numbering" of verse 10. He holds that the first census or numbering of the British Empire took place in 1871, and that the seventh will fall A.D. 1931. "In" the seventh numbering—not 'on'—"their eyes shall be opened." The Seventh seal is opened 1920 to 1930; the Seventh trumpet or Church sounded also 1920-1930, being the last, or Laodicea, meaning Laos, the people, and dike, law—rule of or by the people. Mr. Highett belongs to Mansfield, Victoria, Australia, and is of independent means. He is in his 75th year, and a most amiable old gentleman. As a herald of the sixth race, he is

a gentle ambassador, but he is forbidden to shake hands with strangers. This account may be compared with the notice of his visit in the magazine for July, 1920. He declares that he is in touch with the Mahatmas, and when recently prevented reaching Shigatse, had messages from them.

"LETTERS FROM PAULOS"

In the article on "Theosophical Policy," published in these columns in February, 1923, and republished in pamphlet form, "After Forty-eight Years," I took the liberty of referring to my own experience in using the test of comparative religion for corroboration of The Secret Doctrine. 'Applying the test to the Bible, and particularly to the New Testament, I found that the teachings of The Secret Doctrine were implicitly and definitely embodied there in symbol and parable, in technical language, with express acquaintance with the ancient teachings, and with opposition to all those doctrines of sacerdotalism, psychism and special favour which have distinguished the supplanters of The Secret Doctrine."

In July, 1895, in *The Lamp*, I ventured to say of the Second Epistle of Peter: "If it be considered as a confidential letter to a body of students pledged to secrecy as to the instructions received in it, or referred to there as having been previously imparted orally, its subsequent divulgence at a later date will serve to account for some of these difficulties. It was not written to the multitude, but to those who had obtained their lot in the opportunities and advantages of that era, to remind them (i: 12) of the mysteries that had been revealed to them. The esoteric churches of the present day, with no glimmer of the truths hid in these chapters, naturally find the epistle difficult of explanation, while the English translators have concealed the meaning of many passages. The teaching followed is that of the mystic Gnostic and other philosophies of the early Christian era, and is identical with the large measure of the secret teaching made public through the Theosophical Movement of the present day."

It is not by way of claiming priority that these passages are published, but merely to point out that this view has been current in Toronto for a generation past as a result of the teachings of The Secret Doctrine. Mr. James Pryse was perhaps the first to take up the work of translation in a literal and instructed manner of the writings of the New Testament. His first translations of The Sermon on the Mount and the Epistle of James were published in *The Irish Theosophist*, and The Sermon on the Mount and a few other passages as translated by Mr. Pryse were reprinted in pamphlet form in Toronto in 1896, the first Theosophical publication in Canada of this kind. Mr. Pryse continued his translations, and published "The Magical Message According to Ioannes" (St. John's Gospel) in 1909; "The Apocalypse Unsealed" (The Revelation of St. John) in 1910, and "The Restored New Testament," not a complete translation, but a rendering according to the Gnostic tradition of passages which Mr. Pryse was assured were authentic, in 1914.

Madam Blavatsky was undoubtedly the inspiration of all this work, and of the revival of interest in the esoteric character of the Gospels, a title she used for two essays which appeared over her own name in "Lucifer," the first volume, 1887-88, and in other parts of the Bible. In her magnificent essay on "Genius" in *Lucifer*, November, 1889, she makes special reference to the esoteric character of the second and third chapters of the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. All her books are full of similar references. Her prompting sent many workers in the Movement to this vein, the most valuable in all Theosophical effort for Christendom, and William Kingsland's "Esoteric Basis of Christianity" remains as the finest exposition yet given us in this direction. Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity" has been of assistance to many students, but is less concerned with textual renderings than with sacerdotal and ecclesiastical tradition. Anna Bonus Kingsford's "The Perfect Way" is an independent and original presentation of the Christian mythos, harmonizing it with the Hermetic and other ancient traditions.

It is obvious that the various translations issued in recent years by more or less orthodox Christian scholars do not attempt to give the esoteric or mystical meaning of the Scriptures. For the most part these scholars deny the existence of any such teaching. Any open-minded student can settle this problem for himself in a very few minutes with the aid of an ordinary lexicon and a Greek Testament. We have had Dean Alford, as early as 1869, anticipating the Revisers of 1881, issuing a revision of the New Testament, and since then many hands have been at work. W. T. Stead had much to do with the compilation of the Twentieth Century New Testament, a translation in everyday English which gained many readers. Almost simultaneously came "The New Testament in Modern Speech," by Richard Francis Weymouth, and "The New Testament in Modern English" by Ferrar Fenton, continuing a four volume translation in the same style of the Old Testament. Since then Rev. Dr. James Moffatt has rendered the New Testament according to his own views and tenets, and one must think of him as blushing every time he turns to Colossians ii. 8. The honest "wheel of birth" in the margin of the revisers of 1881 becomes "the round circle of existence" in Dr. Moffatt's camouflage, and this is a fair sample of the whole. Since then Dr. Goodspeed of Chicago has given us a newspaper or journalese version of the New Testament, but no inner light is to be gained from its pages, for the very good reason that the translator does not suspect the existence of such a quality.

It is a pleasant surprise to come across such a volume as "Letters from Paulos," a volume by a scholar and occultist who conceals himself behind the pen-name of "Omicron," which gives a literal rendering, according to the understanding of the ancient mysteries, of St. Paul's two epistles to the Corinthians. The book was published in 1920 by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London, and E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, but the volume before me arrived by way of a second-hand book catalogue. The book is finely printed, and contains eight plates from ancient sources. A Foreword fills 37

pages, and an Afterword of nine chapters with three appendixes, fills 112 pages, the remainder of 276 being devoted to the text.

There is no apparent connection between the book and the Theosophical Movement, and it is perhaps a sign of the growing narrowness of the Movement or of the Society that such books are not more widely circulated, the official imprimatur being necessary to get many students even to look at a book, much less to read it. The atmosphere of ancient Corinth and the aspirations of the finest types among the Greeks are conveyed to the reader, and the reality and reasonableness of the occult position becomes evident. There never were more than a few in any generation, for all that were called, who became Children of Light.

"Nevertheless, such Children had, in truth, been born out of due season, and they had been nurtured in secrecy. In turn, they nurtured others, using a speech devised from commonest terms, but charged with an inner code: elements of expression, culled from Nature and from Mankind, that formed the vast Alphabet and Grammar of an underlying and closely guarded science." From Orpheus and Zoroaster down to Pythagoras and Plato the secret teaching had been preserved. "The crystallized thought, or the moving song often passed into a constant memory and spoken tradition. Every great leader had a repertoire of such gems from his forebears, and his followers were not likely to be lacking in discernment as to its merits, or to the value of his tenets. Neither were they likely to accept any leadership that was not the natural outcome of a recognized and personal attainment. Every leader must perforce prove his title in the gauntlet of open criticism."

It is quite impossible to do justice to this valuable book by extract or quotation, adequate space for which we have no room. But no earnest reader will be disappointed with the interpretations given to the difficult passages and the clearing up of statements objection to which has been justified by the frivolity of translations made by orthodox but unenlightened pedants. Every man in his turn must con-

sult these or similar oracles if he wishes to attain the Life Eternal. "A subsequent and very great advance in the more mature growth of the race is the definite recognition, on the part of a small but increasing number, that Man is seeking and being led along an ascending highway—the Way to Godhood. And that on the one hand, his own co-operation is increasingly demanded; whilst on the other hand, a more subtle guidance and a clearer understanding may, under the established scheme of the universe, be granted to him under certain definite conditions."

It would be well for Christians as well as others to understand that "the Stauros stood for the 'Daring adventure into Immortal Life'." The meaning of the Cross has been so changed and distorted that few outsiders can have any real appreciation of the tremendous implications it bears, not merely for Christians, but for every unit of the human race. Much may be learned from this book. It will be of deep interest to many women to read a correct interpretation of St. Paul's references to women in these epistles, and to know that all of them bear the highest and most sacred meanings relative to the union of the soul and spirit of Man. The symbol of the Virgin Birth is also given its proper weight. Another point is well expressed in this last quotation:

"The thinker withdraws from any beforetime attempt at dictatorship over other minds, over other Souls. He desires no part in the Tyrannate of Governors Ungrown. And he also declines to be a subject in any kingdom where the lust for dominion over the minds and souls of others is the crude passion of its ruling order."

A. E. S. S.

IS THERE SOME SPECIAL BOOK YOU WANT?

But you are not sure of the title, or the author, or even if there is such a book to be had—

JUST WRITE ME—I AM IN
A POSITION TO HELP YOU.

N. W. J. HAYDON, 564 Pape Ave., Toronto

THE DRUIDS AND REINCARNATION

"The Druids now, while arms are heard
no more,

Old mysteries and sacred rites restore;
A tribe who singular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To these, and these of all mankind alone
The Gods are sure revealed, or sure
unknown.

If dying mortals' doom they sing aright,
No ghosts descend to Hell in fearful night;
No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
Nor seek the dreary, silent shades below;
But forth they fly, immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life forever runs its endless race
And, like a line, Death but divides the
space:

A stop which can but for a moment last,
A point between the future and the past.
Thrice happy they between the northern
skies,

Who that worst fate, the fear of death,
despise.

Hence they no cares for this frail being
feel,

But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely
scorn

To spare that life which must so soon
return."

—Nicholas Rowe, 1674-1718.

BLACK DISCIPLINE

"Don't the Khyber tribes bewilder you? They are drawn from these very Hill tribes, and will shoot their own fathers and brothers in the way of duty as comfortably as if they were jackals. Once there was a scrap here and one of the tribesmen sniped our men unbearably. What do you suppose happened? A Khyber Rifle came to the Colonel and said: 'Let me put an end to him, Colonel Sahib. I know exactly where he sits. He is my grandfather.' And he did it!"

"The bond of bread and salt?"

"Yes, and discipline. I'm sometimes half frightened of discipline. It moulds a man like wax. Even God does not do that."—From The Ninth Vibration by L. Adams Beck.

THE NEBULAR THEORY

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 175)

The eight Adityas, "the gods," are all formed from the eternal substance (Cometary matter—the Mother) or the "World Stuff," which is both the fifth and sixth COSMIC Principle, the Upadhi or basis of the Universal Soul, just as in man, the Microcosm, Manas is the Upadhi of Buddhi.

This essence of Cometary matter, Occult Science teaches, is totally different from any of the chemical or physical characteristics with which modern science is acquainted. It is homogeneous in its primitive form beyond the Solar Systems, and differentiates entirely once it crosses the boundaries of our Earth's region, vitiated by the atmospheres of the planets and the already compound matter of the interplanetary stuff, heterogeneous only in our manifested world.—I. 101 note.

* * *

The Law of Analogy in the plan of structure between the trans-Solar systems and the intra-Solar planets, does not necessarily bear upon the finite conditions to which every visible body is subject, in this our plane of being. In Occult Science this law is the first and most important key to Cosmic physics; but it has to be studied in its minutest details and, "to be turned seven times," before one comes to understand it.—I. 150.

* * *

"How do your . . . Scientists account for the phalanx around us of active stellar systems?" They had eternity to "run down" in; why, then, is not the Kosmos a huge inert mass? . . . The query is unanswerable. But apart from this it must be noted that the idea of the amount of "transformable energy" in our little system coming to an end is based purely on the fallacious conception of a "white-hot, incandescent Sun" perpetually radiating away his heat without compensation into Space. To this we reply that Nature runs down and disappears from the objective plane, only to re-emerge after a time of rest out of the objective and to reascend once more. Our Kosmos and Nature will

run down only to reappear on a more perfect plane after every PRALAYA.—I. 149.

* * *

We know that by an "Eternity" the seventh part of 311,040,000,000,000 years, or an age of Brahma is meant.

* * *

It is a fundamental law in Occultism that there is no rest or cessation of motion in Nature. That which seems rest is only the change of one form into another; the change of substance going hand in hand with that of form—as we are taught in Occult physics, which thus seem to have anticipated the discovery of the "Conservation of Matter" by a considerable time. Says the ancient Commentary to Stanza IV. :—

"The Mother is the fiery Fish of Life. She scatters her spawn and the Breath (Motion) heats and quickens it. The grains (of spawn) are soon attracted to each other and form the curds in the Ocean (of Space). The larger lumps coalesce and receive new spawn—in fiery dots, triangles and cubes, which ripen, and at the appointed time some of the lumps detach themselves and assume spheroidal form, a process which they effect only when not interfered with by the others. After which law No. * * * comes into operation, Motion (the Breath) becomes the whirlwind and sets them into rotation."—I. 97.

* * *

Matter, to the Occultist, it must be remembered, is that totality of *existences* in the Kosmos, which falls within any of the planes of possible perception.—I. 514.

* * *

The Occult Sciences do not regard either electricity or any of the forces supposed to be generated by it, as matter, *in any of the states known to physical Science*; to put it more clearly, none of these "forces" so-called, are either solids, gases, or fluids. If it did not look pedantic, an Occultist would even object to electricity being called a fluid—as it is an effect and not a cause. But its *noumenon*, he would say, is a *conscious cause*. The same in the cases of "Force" and the "Atom."—I. 517.

At the risk of being laughed at by the whole world of physicists, the Occultists maintain that all the "Forces of the Scientists have their origin in the *Vital Principle*, the ONE LIFE collectively of our Solar system—that "life" being a portion, or rather one of the *aspects* of the One Universal Life.—I. 591.

* * *

Accept the explanations and teachings of Occultism, and the blind inertia of physical Science being replaced by the *intelligent active Powers* behind the veil of matter, motion and inertia become subservient to those Powers. It is on the doctrine of the illusive nature of matter, and the infinite divisibility of the atom, that the whole science of Occultism is built. It opens limitless horizons to *substance* informed by the divine breath of its soul in every possible state of tenuity, states still undreamed of by the most spiritually disposed chemists and physicists.—I. 520.

* * *

Why . . . do we find that the satellites of Neptune and Uranus display a retrograde motion; that, in spite of its closer proximity to the Sun, Venus is less dense than the Earth? Similarly, the more distant Uranus is more dense than Saturn? How is it that so many variations in the inclinations of their axes and orbits are present in the supposed progeny of the central orb; that such startling variations in the size of the planets is noticeable; that the Satellites of Jupiter are more dense by .288 than their primary; that the phenomena of meteoric and cometic systems still remain unaccounted for?

To quote the words of a Master: "They (the Occultists) find that the centrifugal theory of Western birth is unable to cover all the ground. That, unaided, it can neither account for every oblate spheroid, nor explain away such evident difficulties as are presented by the relative density of some planets. How, indeed, can any calculation of centrifugal force explain to us, for instance, why Mercury, whose rotation is, we are told, only about one-third that of the Earth, and its density only about one-fourth greater than the Earth, should have a polar compression *more than ten times as great as the latter?* And again,

why Jupiter, whose equatorial rotation is said to be "twenty-seven times greater, and its density only about one-fifth that of the earth" should have its polar compression seventeen times greater than that of the earth? Or why Saturn, with an equatorial velocity fifty-five times greater than Mercury for centripetal force to contend with, should have its polar compression *only three times* greater than Mercury's? To crown the above contradictions, we are asked to believe in the Central Forces, as taught by Modern Science, even when told that the equatorial matter of the Sun, with more than four times the centrifugal velocity of the Earth's equatorial surface, and only about one-fourth part of the gravitation of the equatorial matter, has not manifested any tendency to bulge at the Solar equator, nor shown the least flattening of the poles of the Solar axis. In other and clearer words, the Sun, with only one-fourth of our Earth's density for the centrifugal force to work upon, has no polar compression at all. We find this objection made by more than one astronomer, yet never explained away satisfactorily so far as the 'Adepts' are aware."

Therefore, do they (the Adepts) say that the great men of science of the West, knowing . . . next to nothing either about cometary matter, centrifugal and centripetal forces, the nature of the nebulae, or the physical constitution of the Sun, the Stars, or even the Moon, are imprudent to speak as confidently as they do about the 'central mass of the Sun' whirling out into space planets, comets, and what not. . . ." "We maintain that it (the Sun) evolves out not only the *life-principle*, the Soul of those bodies, *giving and receiving* it back, in our solar system, as the 'Universal Life-Giver' . . . in infinitude and Eternity; that the solar system is as much the *microcosm* of the ONE MACROCOSM as man is the former when compared with his own little Solar Cosmos."—I. 593-4.

* * *

Puranic astronomy, with all its deliberate concealment and confusion for the purpose of leading the profane off the real track, was shown even by Bentley to be a real science; and those who are versed in the mysteries of Hindu astrono-

mical treatises, will prove that the modern theories of the progressive condensation of nebulae, nebulous stars, and suns, with the most minute details about the cyclic progress of asterisms—far more correct than Europeans have even now—for chronological and other purposes, were known in India to perfection.—II. 253.

* * *

Occult Science has its changeless traditions from prehistoric times. It may err in particulars; it can never become guilty of a mistake in questions of Universal Laws, simply because that Science, justly referred to by philosophy as the "divine," was born on higher planes, and was brought on Earth by beings who were wiser than man will be, even in the Seventh Race of his Seventh Round. And that Science maintains that Forces are not what modern learning would have them: e.g., Magnetism is *not* a "mode of motion"; and, in this particular case, at least, *exact* "modern Science" is sure to come to grief some day.—I. 516.

* * *

The "world stuff," now nebulae, was known from the highest antiquity. Anaxagoras taught that, having differentiated, the subsequent commixture of heterogeneous substances remained motionless and unorganized, until finally "the Mind"—the collective body of Dhyan Chohans, we say—began to work upon and communicated to it motion and order (*Aristotle's "Physica," viii., I.*). The theory is now taken up in its first portion, that of any "Mind" interfering with it being rejected. Spectrum analysis reveals the existence of nebulae formed entirely of gases and luminous vapours. Is this the primitive nebular matter? The spectra reveal, it is said, the physical conditions of the matter which emits cosmic light. The spectra of the resolvable and the irresolvable nebulae are shown to be entirely different, the spectra of the latter showing their physical state to be that of glowing gas or vapour. The bright lines of one nebula reveal the existence of hydrogen in it, and of other material substances known and unknown. The same in the atmosphere of the Sun and

Stars. This leads to the direct inference that a star is formed by the condensation of a nebula; hence that even the metals themselves on earth are formed, owing to the condensation of hydrogen or some other primitive matter, some ancestral cousin to "helium," perhaps, or some yet unknown stuff? *This does not clash with the occult teachings.* And this is the problem that chemistry is trying to solve; and it must succeed sooner or later in the task, accepting *volens volens*, when it does, the esoteric teaching. But when this does happen, it will kill the nebular theory as it now stands.—I. 595-6.

The foregoing quotations are all taken from The Secret Doctrine, at the pages noted in Volume One, except two from Volume Two. The paging is that of the first edition.

THE CHILD

How can I be gay and gentle,
Wise, and strong as is the ocean,
Pure as streams of running water,
Patient as the earth?
Tell me, Mother Nature, tell me,
How can I be useful as the corn,
Or summer-rain on ripening grain?
Wisdom have I none to call my own;
The honey-bee is far more wise than I,
Culling from every wayside flower its store
Of sweetness, then sealing it in amber cells
For winter's use. Bees (unlike me) are
self-sufficient,
Yet work as living souls together, creating
and sustaining
The spirit of the hive.

THE MOTHER

All that in very truth thou would'st be
That thou art beloved;
I hold back naught from thee,
All my many powers are thine,
Within thy mind, as mirrored in clear
waters,
Behold Truth's face. Within thy heart
As in the noontide's sunlight, love springs
to birth,
Blood-red at first, then rose, shot thro' with
purple,
And then, Love's pure white flame of absolute
compassion.
Would'st thou indeed be wise with Love's
true wisdom,
Then claim and use thy heritage of freedom!

Onslow Village, England

Freida Dunlop.

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