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CANADA'S JUBILEE

The sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Dominion of Canada on July 1 has been the occasion of many notable expositions of national idealism. For one thing it has done much to give unity to the national feeling and spirit of the scattered millions who occupy the vast territory north of the United States. It is not generally known that Canada has in the "Canadian shield," as it is called, the pre-Cambrian rocks which cover the eastern and a great part of the western area of the country, the richest endowment of mineral wealth possessed by any nation. This is the oldest part of the earth. If the magnetic north pole is meant in the Secret Doctrine in speaking of the Imperishable Sacred land then Canada contains that land. There is no land at the terrestrial north pole according to all the navigators. Such a heritage as this must become a burden or a guerdon to the people who possess it.

These people of Canada are awakening to the wealth at their doors. They already have the greatest gold mine in the world. They have the most phenomenal oil well. They have the greatest deposits of nickel. What they have in coal and iron is unreckonable. The fertility of their prairies, the expanse of their forests, the teeming life of their lakes and rivers, their healthy and invigorating climate, the beauty and inspiration of their scenery, are all factors which go to make a national character.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain,

Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, speaking to an audience during his visit said that our business was to develop the nation's soul. "Our most valuable real estate," he remarked, "is our character, its steadiness, its reliability, its personal integrity, its capacity for toleration, and, I may add, for a quiet humorous boredom with things." These are qualities which Theosophy is more adapted to develop than any other system of thought, on account of its breadth and its synthetic outlook. The Prince of Wales, who more and more proves himself worthy of the estimate which the Canadian Theosophist made of him in February, 1926, has shown appreciation of the Dominion over which one day he may be called to reign, by making his home in characteristic fashion in a typical part of the country. The visit of these two men has been an opportunity to dedicate many memorials and monuments appropriate to the jubilee. Any one who cares to have their spirit summed up in novel fashion should procure the phonograph record of the performance of the noble anthem, "O Canada!" by the great carillon in the tower of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, with the statement made by the Prime Minister of Canada, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. This unique record embodies in a curious way much of the spirit of Canada, though it must be interpreted symbolically.

Nor can it be accidental that in many popular fields sons of Canada have dis-

tinguished themselves in this jubilee year. In the realm of sport young Joseph Wright showed himself the greatest living sculler. George Young has taken rank as a phenomenal swimmer. Canada also has mothered the chivalrous and intrepid young aviator, Colonel Lyndbergh. These material things only indicate what is possible when the fine ore is passed through the fire. The educational standard in Canada stands high even if the methods of some schools and Universities still savour of outworn experiences. The age of the young is at hand, and what is more, the age of woman is dawning and in the very nature of things much that commended itself to the merely masculine temperament must pass away. It is very difficult for most men to understand that they are not really superior to women, or that their opinions do not really represent the Divine Wisdom. Once men learn some of the humility that they have imposed on women for centuries, and gain a knowledge of the Law of Cycles, education and social conditions will advance by rapid stages. Few know much about the Law of Cycles which is one of the chief revelations of occult science. Yet a book on the First Principles of Theosophy has been written in which the Law of Cycles was never mentioned.

Canada will not evolve. That is one of the present day delusions. Canada will manifest herself as the new generations roll into her vast territory, an invasion from the skies such as brought Egypt into being a hundred milleniums ago. A nation may erect barriers, set apart Ellis islands, refuse to honour visas, and hedge themselves around with privilege, but when the armies of the skies begin to march the mothers of the world receive them and nations change their character. Thus the cycles unfold themselves, and the ancient times are reborn anew, but on higher levels. Already Canada has set a high thought before the world in her peaceable neighbourly contact with the United States, three thousand miles of frontier without anything more separative between the two nations than a custom house! Perhaps in another century we may be able to dispense even with them.

At the moment of writing a great Educational Convention is in session in Toronto and will continue for two weeks. The Universities of the Dominion are of a progressive character, and every province has been at pains to do its best in furnishing higher education for its people. The commercial side of the nation has been energetic and enterprising, but it has not shown the larger heartedness that comes with wide experience and foresight. The tariff has been used for selfish, if not greedy ends. If the manufacturers and capitalists of Canada generally would squeeze the water out of their stocks and use the tariff for protection and not for profit the business of the country would be vastly increased. Nor are Canadians able to develop their own resources, whether on account of poverty or lack of faith in their opportunities. Capital from the United States and elsewhere has supplied the developing organization with the result that profits slip over the border and Canadians barely get wages out of their wealth. This condition must correct itself as the years pass. And the intimate relation thus set up with the United States assists the preservation of good fellowship between the people of the two nations, and may yet operate to bring about that federation of the English-speaking races which may lead to a world unity.

In an article in the New York World pointing out the progress of the Dominion in this jubilee year attention is called to the low figures of our crime record. "Canada has crime, but it is not the crime of the United States. The homicide rate for this country between 1911 and 1921 was 7.3 per 100,000 population; that of Ontario and Quebec for the same period was 0.5. The Canadian courts are as efficient as England's, and murder is swiftly punished, yet the death sentences for the whole Dominion average only 25 a year. Canada has her political scandals, but such epidemics of federal corruption as the United States has endured twice in sixty years, in the Grant and Harding administrations, are unknown in Canadian history. Municipal

inefficiency is met across the border, but very seldom municipal boodlery."

Perhaps Canadian Theosophists may be pardoned if they sometimes imagine that in the next 200,000 years, the period in which the Fifth Race is to draw to its close, there may be as good an opportunity for the development of the Sixth race as in any other portion of the American continent. At any rate Canada has ideals of honesty, diligence, peace and brotherhood and is not forgetful of Truth and Beauty.

A. E. S. S.

"HAVE I LIVED BEFORE?"

By Viscountess Cave.

Most people, at some time or other in their lives, have a curious experience. When seeing something or someone apparently for the first time they know instinctively that it is not the first time. This may point to a previous existence, to a knowledge of something that you cannot put into words; or it may be owing to some curious idiosyncrasy of eyes or brain.

In my own life there have been such instances. When I was a child—about four years of age—a little old woman used to sit by my bedside when the lights were out in the night nursery, rather huddled up, and watch me. I can see her now, her thin delicate face with those wonderfully brilliant deep-set brown eyes lit up by the firelight.

I was never afraid of her and used to look through my fingers to see if she was still there. These visits went on till I was seven, when we went abroad, and I never saw her again after we left Somersetshire.

I never told our old nurse, who had also been my mother's nurse, as she used to say that my mother had been "full of fancies," which meant, I suppose a very imaginative child (she was an artist) and our old nurse was determined that history should not repeat itself in this respect in the next generation.

Any flight of imagination in the nursery was considered the result of an inward disorder, and was at once treated

as such by a dose of castor oil—from old nurse's point of view an infallible cure. So it was to the under nurse, Louisa, that I confided the visits of my old friend.

I was born in May, and on the day before each of my birthdays we used to walk out to a wonderful field where every wild flower grew, to gather flowers to make a Xiranodola—a gift of flowers and fruit arranged into a pear-shaped ball. This was given to me as a great surprise on my birthday morning, and was suspended from the nursery ceiling.

So one 15th of May we set off for this yearly adventure. Through this beautiful field ran a brook, and by it was a great rock; and, being apart from the others for a moment, I went to see what was behind it. There I saw clearly, sitting on a small hillock, my old friend. I ran to fetch Louisa to see her, but when we got back the hillock was there and the flowers were there, but there was no sign of my old friend.

I said: "But she was truly there," and the answer came back as kind as ever, "Of course she was, dear. I expect she has gone to get her tea." Soon after this, my seventh birthday, we went abroad, but she remained clear and vivid in my memory.

After I was married I was very ill, and again those wonderful eyes watched me; my nurse told me that when I was delirious I used to talk about them. So surely, if it had only been imagination, the imagination was very persistent.

Five years after my illness came the materialisation. One morning I was walking across the Green at Richmond. At the end of the Green there is a seat close to the path, and on this morning, sitting on the seat in the sunlight, was a little misshapen figure of a man. As I passed I looked towards him, and I saw, looking at me from a thin, delicate face, the same brilliant star-like eyes which I had so often seen as a child.

Almost without knowing what I was doing, I went up to him and said: "It is so nice to sit here in the sun, isn't it?" And he answered, "Yes. I love to sit here, and I often watch you, and I so hoped you would speak to me because I seem to have known you for such a

long time." And I said, "Yes, it is a very long time."

I often saw him afterwards sitting on that seat in the sun, and always talked quite naturally to him as if we were old friends, but I did not know his name and he did not know mine.

Some time afterwards I was asked to open a flower show for a brotherhood, and when I arrived it was my little friend who received me; and for the first time I heard his name and history. He was an artist and a poet. He was ill and suffered terribly, but he never complained; and he helped everyone with whom he came in contact by his wit and wisdom, and his pure, beautiful soul. He lived for some years after I met him on the Green, and the end came suddenly and beautifully.

In the morning he said to his wife, "You have not altered the calendar for to-day." She tore off the previous day's date; and the words for the day of his death were: "And they marvelled together, saying amongst themselves, 'What manner of man is this?'" They talked it over, not seeing how it applied, and he said, "Perhaps some day we shall understand it." The day went on, and—suddenly he was gone.

Afterwards, as his wife was looking at the words, he lay quietly there with all the lines of suffering gone for ever from his face, and the delicate body resting after its cruel passage through this world to the next; and, remembering all the work this frail suffering soul had done for others, she knew the meaning of those words.

About ten years ago we took a house in Somersetshire, and one of the first places we went to see was Wells. Taking some friends with us, we had tea at the palace, and then went to the cathedral. The verger asked whether we would like to see the chapter-house. As the others preferred to sit in the car, I went off with the verger, who opened a small barred oaken door in the wall of the chancel, and I passed through.

The moment I did so I turned and said to the verger: "I have seen this staircase before." I even knew where the steps were so worn away that you

had to be careful not to slip. I believe there is no other staircase like it, and the date is about 1275, so I had plenty of time to visit it in a previous life.

There are eighteen very wide steps before you come to the remarkable group diverging to the right. It is almost like a cross current, sweeping up to a large stone octagon chapel house. In fact, the steps themselves, looked at from below, are like a mounting sea. The part of the staircase that continues onward and upward is narrower, and leads to the chain-gate bridge—a covered gallery between the cathedral and the vicar's close. I also knew quite well that the stone roof of the chapter-house sprang from a single pier.

I have heard of far more convincing evidences of what may be a previous existence, but, interesting as they all are, they lead to nothing definite.

THE EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY

By Dr. Jerome A. Anderson

(Continued from page 86)

IV.

Thought, Reason, Intuition, Instinct,
and Feeling.

If we now examine thought, as thus analyzed, we will find much of the doubt and uncertainty which surrounded it capable of explanation. In its dual aspect, as we have seen, it is composed of reason and imagination, these being opposite poles of one and the same faculty, and each necessary to the activity and even existence of the other. But thought is capable of still further analysis because of the fact that man is not identical with, nor the outcome of, the molecular and chemical activities going on within his body, as our Materialistic philosophers would fain prove. That is to say, its effects are so different, accordingly as it occupies itself with high or low ideas or images, as to entitle it to a dual classification, as is the case also with the desires, which are beneficent or malefi-

cent accordingly as they are directed to high or low things.

Again, if we would regard the mind as only one of many faculties of the soul, and the brain-mind as only a semi-material organ, just as the eye and ear are purely material organs, much of the perplexity as to what happens to the soul at death would be relieved. Just as the eye, ear, and so on, are organs which relate the soul to molecular vibrations upon this, the molecular plane, so the brain-mind is but a superior kind of organ to enable the soul to synthesize all the various reports conveyed to it by the senses, and to reason out the relation which one bears to another. We over-estimate the importance, and imagine that the brain-mind is our very life because its bombardment by the senses is so incessant, and its response thereto so prompt.

It is as though one were to assume the superintendence of a vast, rapidly revolving machine which demanded his entire attention. He would have to merge his consciousness entirely in the work which it did, and for him, while so intently occupied, the rest of the world would be non-existent. Now, sight alone bombards the senses with many trillions of vibrations per second for the violet ray alone, while if we include the whole spectrum, whose united effect is light, the number of vibrations exceeds all comprehension. Add to this, that all these vibrations reveal to the delighted soul an ever-changing panorama of beauty—an almost infinite Aladdin's Palace—and it is easy to perceive that it cannot but be overwhelmed by the senses, and entirely over-estimate the importance of sensuous life.

Sensuous life consists almost wholly of thoughts and images aroused by the senses, and gloated over, so to speak, by the brain-mind without even an attempt being made properly to exercise the reasoning power of the soul upon them. The Sensualists are not wholly unphilosophical, but they mistake the part for the whole.

As we retreat inward we may, perhaps, reach a point where reason and imagination, as we know them, are one. We

can well fancy creative imagination and divine intelligence, or reason, to be united in unmanifested deity. But in man they are in manifestation, and therefore opposed. They relieve one another, so to say, in the eternal cycle of life. When the one is most active the other is in abeyance. Both afford the very highest states of bliss. But reason offers no higher happiness than the imagination. Creative imagination even when dulled and materialized brings a happiness, as in the case of the poet or painter, which is akin to ecstasy. What must it be, then, when one has but to will, and see his images spring forth in all the glorious beauty of a primal birth?

Reason, indeed, might be said to mar the highest bliss, even as would the conscious exercise of the imagination. There must be no sense of effort in our happiness, or the soul will sooner or later tire.

Reason passes without any perceptible break into instinct, below, and intuition, above. Studied by the light of these relations, its function and office in the economy of the soul become still more apparent. Both instinct and intuition are relatively much nearer the divine than is reason; each fuses into and becomes indistinguishable from the other under certain conditions. Instinct is intelligent change of relations, unaccompanied by self-consciousness, or the intervention of reason, and reaches down into atomic and molecular activities, upon the one hand, and upward into the semi-self-conscious response to necessities of environment, upon the other. Intuition is more difficult to describe because it transcends the present normal state of consciousness for man; yet it represents the same certainty of knowing, without the possibility of erring or the necessity of reasoning, upon mental planes, that instinct displays in action among material environments.

As said, reason merges into intuition above, and into instinct below, as it must do if consciousness be unity in source and essence. In its own domain proper, reason is but the process of comparison between things, with conclusions drawn therefrom. It is said to be the crown of man; it is rather the collar of the serf.

It is the sign of imperfection; the acknowledgement of ignorance. It is the groping of a blind Samson among the pillars of a material prison, and is often as destructive when it puts forth its strength. Except the real nature and essence of the things which it compares be known, its deductions must often, perhaps always, err.

The presence of reason in the universe would seem to indicate that the Absolute itself is capable of change; of having the sum of its conscious experiences added to; and a widening of its conscious area in consequence. For if the universe exists by virtue of the Absolute, then either man, with his experiences of hopes and fears, his sufferings and bliss, is a part of and due to the action of this Absolute, or he is apart from it, and but an evanescent will-o'-the-wisp, resulting from chance combinations in the elements out of which nature constructs her eternal verities. But man can unquestionably uncover depths in his own consciousness which link him to and make him an essential factor in, the cosmos in which he apparently awakens to being; therefore, within him is acting an actual portion of the Absolute; and as he is continuously undergoing new conscious experiences, the Absolute is also doing this by means of him, its representative and agent.

The infinite unity of the Absolute can only manifest itself finitely by means of an infinite succession of finite phenomena; so that unless nature be postulated as a weary treadmill where the same experiences are, after ages have cycled by, gone through with again, there must be recognized the possibility of an infinite number of new experiences. Mathematics hints at the same thing in demonstrating that an infinite number of atoms require infinite time for their infinite permutations.

Self-consciousness accompanies and distinguishes reason. For illusion is the producer of self-consciousness, and within its grasp the soul must grope. Reason represents consciousness so blinded by matter that it believes itself separate from the great Whole; upon which erroneous conception the entire structure

of personal self-consciousness is reared. Failing to recognize that the Self is the same in all, but perceiving its glimmer among the clouds of its material encasement, it proceeds to erect an impassable, if wholly imaginary, barrier between that light of consciousness within itself and the same light illumining the (to it) outer cosmos. This basic error well illustrates its nature and its province. It is the servant of pure consciousness; the hardy and fearless explorer of those unknown abysses, those dreamed-of but unattained powers which must continually arise in the infinite changes of an illimitable, resistibly progressing Universe. It is the pioneer; the explorer; and as heedless of peril as pioneers ought to be. It blazes out the rude path which intuition transforms into the broad highway. With infinite patience it changes chaos into cosmos, and is rewarded by being itself transformed into intuition in the process.

So that reason represents divine consciousness struggling with that infinitely new succession of phenomena which the manifestation of changing universes implies and necessitates. Dealing with the eternally new and unfamiliar, it is for this reason uninformed and fallible; it ought therefore, to be cautious. It is divine in that it represents the divine potentiality of consciousness in grappling with and mastering new problems.

Instinct is creative imagination impressed upon plastic, obedient, unreasoning substance; therefore, the latter plays its part blindly and well. Yet, as this impress is also an emanation, reason is bound to be born from the seed so implanted, and it appears as feeble, yet as full of promise, as a child. Its first concepts are as those of a child; it makes mistakes, commits errors, falls under the sway of illusion, but, because of its oneness in essence, it finally wins its way back to its divine Source; its new experiences, ripened into intuition, are added to the stores of Absolute Wisdom.

Reason, therefore, must be assigned its proper value in the study of consciousness. It is not the supreme and only arbiter, as modern thought would teach. This function has been assigned

it through the glamour of its own illusions. It is invaluable as a servant; it is but a blind master. While groping in the bonds of matter, man must perforce trust it; but he should know its weakness, recognize that its conclusions are finite, founded upon imperfect knowledge, and liable to be set aside at any time by larger experience. And he ought ever to seek for the light of intuition which glows within his heart, and foster, encourage, and wholly trust it, for it is the lord, and reason but its humble vassal. Then slowly the recognition of the divine man within will dawn; his divine powers will begin to function; and reason, controlled and directed, will prove of a thousandfold more service than when it ignorantly claims the throne of the true man.

Yet reason will always be. There must ever arise new conditions, new states of consciousness; for the great heart of nature can not cease to beat, nor the universes die. And with these, as we have seen, it must always be its province to grapple; so that before it is the priceless promise of endless employment; a future which can never weary nor grow commonplace.

Intuition again, is usually described as that faculty of the soul by means of which it recognizes truth directly. Yet while the soul undoubtedly possesses this faculty by virtue of its divine origin, it is only as a potentiality until further developed by its expansion through conscious experience. Intuition is stored knowledge, the memory of which the soul can draw upon; it is also the perfection of reasoning processes which go in a flash from the known to the unknown; it is the ideation of the Higher Ego—the divine Soul which informs body after body, and which is untouched by either birth or death. For intuition is utterly inexplicable except by the light of reincarnation. Admitting—which is, but the truth—that the soul lives life after life, retaining the aroma, so to say, of its conscious experiences, then intuition is seen to be but the conservation of consciousness—the expansion, through infinite conscious experience of the finite I am I into the infinite I AM!

Instinct is its counterpart in the animal kingdom, but here the conservation would seem to be hierarchal—as, indeed, it may be in man, in some great Oversoul, which we can dimly sense, but can not yet clearly perceive. Instinct seems to be hierarchal because each member of any particular family possesses all the conscious power that any other individual has. One bird builds its nest just as perfectly as another of the same species, with only the slightest of divergings. Imperceptible as are these differences, they are yet in this kingdom the point of unstable equilibrium, where the ascent of life is actually taking place, and constitute the only mark by which we are sure that instinct is not a fixed quantity and, therefore, evolution not a dream, and the Cycle of Necessity a fable and an illusion. So, intuition also marks the point of unstable equilibrium for the soul—the conserved faculties of the divine man, the Ishvara who “dwells in every human heart.” It is admittedly greater in some than in others; in many it seems entirely absent, while not a few men show very clear traces of being still under the dominance of instinct—at such infinitely varying stages of evolution have the different members of the human race arrived!

Of the faculty of feeling little can be said. Feeling is consciousness; to analyze it is to explain the mystery of life, to answer the riddle of the Sphinx. It is the synthesis of all the various faculties of the soul. All alike root in it at their last analysis. The consciousness of life is a feeling at its base; the consciousness that *we* are alive, or self-conscious, is no less a feeling. To feel is to know, to be conscious.

Yet as the faculties of man run the entire gamut, from the lowest to the highest and most divine, so do the feelings naturally divide into those of the lower and those of the higher man. The former we speak of as “emotions,” although the latter are often, but wrongly included in this designation. Properly speaking, the emotions are those which appertain strictly to sensuous experiences, while the truer, deeper feelings, such as pity, compassion, love, hope, and

so on, belong to the higher nature entirely. Not but that these may be evolved—perhaps liberated would be a better word—by and through sensuous experiences, for sensuous experience is the schoolhouse of the soul, but being once evolved they are naturally conserved by the real, and not by the transient, men. We see, indeed, the germs of compassion—not to be confused with the animal maternal instinct—in many animals, but this only shows the common base of all consciousness, the unity of life on all planes.

The opposite of feeling is, of course, matter, feeling being only a synonym for consciousness, or spirit. Yet matter is only embodied entities whose consciousness is so different from our own that to us it seems non-consciousness, so that spirit and matter again are shown to be only opposite poles of the same thing. Certainly, in the deeper feelings, we are in the land of divinity, and far beyond our ability to analyze. We may not question; we can only accept and bow before the mighty mystery of life.

(To Be Continued)

MABEL COLLINS

The death of Mabel Collins (Mrs. Kenningale Cook) occurred in March last, but the news has been slow in reaching Canada. She was born in Germany in 1851. Her connection with Madam Blavatsky included her co-editorship with H.P.B. of "Lucifer" from September, 1887 till February, 1889. During that time she contributed "The Blossom and the Fruit," the story of a black magician, to its pages. Her outstanding books are "Light on the Path," "Through the Gates of Gold," and "The Idyll of the White Lotus."

Unusual Books

are my specialty, on any subject from modern sports to "The Ancient Mysteries." Let me know what you want, and I will let you know what can be had.

N. W. J. HAYDON, 564 PAPE AV., Toronto 6

THE RINGS OF H. P. B.

Three rings, two of them talismanic and one merely a finger-ornament, have been the subject of controversy among Theosophical gossips who love to pose importantly as the possessors of "inside information" about events in the T.S., although they could not possibly know anything about them at first hand. Thus one ex-Tingleyite (whose followers unblushingly advertise him as "a pupil of Mme. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge"—although he never met H.P.B. and was only superficially acquainted with Mr. Judge—put in circulation a story that Mr. Judge, when in London, appropriated H.P.B.'s ring, which upon his death passed into the possession of his "successor." This baseless fabrication fits in with the wicked legend, coming from the same source, that Mr. Judge purloined the manuscripts of two unpublished volumes of the S.D. Mr. Judge was too honest to take things that did not belong to him, and he never had H.P.B.'s ring.

The first "magic" ring was worn by H.P.B., who called it "the Master's ring." One evening, during conversation, H.P.B., speaking of this ring, which she showed me, said that there had lately been a "lump" on her eyelid. "But," said she, "I rubbed it with the Master's ring, and it went away." She illustrated her statement by rubbing with the Master's ring the eyelid from which the sebaceous nodule had been erased. This ring is now in the possession of my stanch and dear old friend, Mrs. Annie Besant.

The second "magic" ring was worn by Mr. Judge. It was said to contain (so Mr. Mead informs me) "a sample of M.'s tobacco." This ring is now in the possession of my old friend and colleague, Mr. G. R. S. Mead.

The third ring was worn by Mrs. Besant. It is a jeweller's copy of H.P.B.'s ring; the "Old Lady" had it made for "A.B."—who was, as H.P.B. once told me quite proudly, "her personal pupil." This ring, sad to say, ultimately fell into the hands of a person whom a non-theo-

sophical magazine has dubbed, with brutal frankness, "the Boob Baiter of San Diego."

Mr. Mead wrote me that after the death of H.P.B. "there was a swap of amulets and magic-box rings: A.B. got H.P.B.'s, Judge got A.B.'s, and I got Judge's." Long afterward, after the falling out between Mrs. Besant and Mr. Judge, and the later estrangement between Mr. Mead and Mrs. Besant, Mr. Mead in view of the many absurd and baseless rumors and reports that were then, as now, current amongst gullible partisans—facetiously spread abroad the legend that Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Judge's rings had been "occultly changed, so that Mr. Judge had the real article, viz., H.P.B.'s potent finger-circlet of magical power," and Mrs. Besant "had her own small-beer *apotropaion* back again!" This satiric and implausible fabrication was taken seriously by credulous partisans opposed to Mrs. Besant, who were only too glad to believe that she had been deprived of "the Master's ring."

After wearing Mr. Judge's ring for a month or so, Mr. Mead, who told me that he "hates rings," laid it by. So I made bold to ask him to let me have it; but he seems to have a suspicion (from what has happened to its wearers) that its magical virtue is the reverse of *apotropaic*, precipitating rather than averting bad luck, for he answered: "As to the ring—perhaps I may send it to you. Though, there again, I don't want to do you an injury!" Yet both he and I loved William Q. Judge like a brother, and remember him with affection, even though we suffered cruelly through his disastrous dabbling in psychism and mediumship.

James Morgan Pryse.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE

Mr. Bertram Keightley, in a lecture delivered at the Adyar Convention, 1890, made the following statement, as reported in the July, 1891, *Theosophist*, p. 586:

"H. P. B. handed over to him the

manuscript of the 'Secret Doctrine,' with a request that he should read it through. He read through the substance of the two volumes, and the third still unpublished, and when he got through that, he felt very despairing. He was really in despair that she produced a monster that was fifty times worse than "Isis Unveiled." When he said that what would now be the third volume of the history of Occultism was to have been the first volume, while the treatises on Cosmogony and the Genesis of Man were to form a later series, they could imagine that the scheme of the work lacked clearness and arrangement. He did not want to throw any reflection on H. P. B.'s ability, of which she (? he) was conscious as anybody else. When he made that report to her, she said: 'I make you responsible for the whole thing. Do what you like.' He then drafted a scheme with the natural and obvious order, namely, the Evolution of the Universe and the Evolution of Man, etc., etc. The next thing they did was to rearrange, with his brother's (his nephew's) help, the manuscript according to the scheme, and then they had the whole thing typewritten out. They next proceeded to investigate it and found that the matter was in a very confused condition, because, when she started to write notes on some subject, she would write an actual commentary on some matter connected with science, and go off into a long note on it and at last having completed the thread of discourse, plunge back into stanzas without any connection with what had preceded. They made three divisions of the Stanzas and their Commentary, the Symbolism and Science. This involved great work in the rearrangement of the matter. Of commentary on the Stanzas there were about 25 pages to each volume. The result of all this process was a manuscript and typewriting such as no compositor could make out, owing to the lines here, there, down the corner, along and around. He said all this, as there had been very many complaints of want of coherence and arrangement. The last stage—the preparation for the press—was not completed till nearly a year and three months after

he had started in the work, that is to say, in June, 1888."

In a letter dated London, February, 1891 (shortly before H.P.B.'s death, April 8, 1891), published in the April, 1891 *Theosophist*, p. 438, Mrs. Alice L. Cleather says:

"I am sorry to have to begin my letter with the news of H.P.B.'s ill-health. It is, unhappily, the case that she has been far from well of late again; and we can only hope and trust that, with the disappearance of frost and fog, she may regain somewhat of health and strength.

... Another edition of the 'Secret Doctrine,' too, is in course of preparation. . . . Moreover H.P.B. has already started on Vol. iii."

Mrs. Cleather, who lived at Harrow, was a frequent visitor at the London Headquarters, but was not a member of the working staff, and some of the news-items she gives in the letter quoted above are quite inaccurate. According to Mr. B. Keightley the present third volume was originally the first, but was left unpublished after the publication of the other two volumes, which H.P.B.'s arrangement of her manuscript were the second and third. Yet according to Mrs. Cleather it was only two months before her death that H.P.B. "started on Vol. iii"—and none of us who were on the Headquarters staff, not even Mr. Mead, who edited all her MSS., knew anything about it. In several conversations with H.P.B. which I had, at that very time, concerning her writings, she never mentioned any further work on the S.D. Once she told me that she had started to write a second volume of *The Voice of the Silence*, but had given it up. I urged her to take it up again and finish it, but she replied that she could not do that style of writing in cold and foggy London. When I tried to coax her to make the attempt, she said, "No, I can't do it here; but if I were sitting in the shade of a tree in your sunny California I could write it easily." At another time, when I brought up the subject of *Isis*, she exclaimed: "Oh, *Isis*, my dear, is a dreadful book! When I find time I mean to rewrite it, and cut it down to one volume." Mr. Mead,

who had just entered the room, mildly protested against her doing this, pointing out that by so doing she would only reduce the profit on her books, and that her time could be more beneficially spent in writing new matter. The "Old Lady" was like a mother to me; and George Mead was, and is, like a blood-brother. She had chosen him to edit and revise all her manuscripts; she had cabled me to come to London and print her esoteric writings; and she talked to both of us freely and confidentially about her literary plans and work. If she had written a fourth volume, or intended to do so, she would have spoken of it.

No; H.P.B. did *not* start to write a new volume of the S.D. at that time, when her strength was failing and she had but a few more weeks to live. Both the Keightleys have stated positively that at the time she turned over to them the entire manuscript of the three volumes. She had not even begun to write a fourth volume, and the record of her activities from that time on shows conclusively that she never had leisure or strength to write it. Yet the legend of a fourth volume, based on H.P.B.'s impulsively anticipative announcement in the S.D. that the fourth volume was nearly completed, is still in circulation. The most preposterous version of this legend is the one which is cherished as an article of faith by the followers of Mr. Robert Crosbie (deceased), an ex-member of the Council of the Point Loma caricature of the T.S., to the effect that Mr. Judge, as soon as he learned of H.P.B.'s death, hastened to London, and surreptitiously gained possession of the manuscripts of the third and fourth volumes, which he brought back to the U.S.A. These two volumes, the dupes of the ex-Tingleyite asseverate, are now in safe keeping and will be published when the proper time comes. This legend fails to take into account the glaring fact that if Mr. Judge had abstracted any such manuscripts from the London Headquarters he would have been a common thief, while any one to whom he might have transferred them, or who might now be holding them, would be a receiver of stolen goods. None of H.P.B.'s literary

output belonged to the T.S.: it all passed to her lawful heirs. Directly after her death her relatives were notified, and her personal property, including all unpublished manuscripts, was turned over, for due administration, to the proper British authorities, who promptly secured every article by winding tape around it and sealing it with wax officially stamped. Mr. Judge did not reach London till nearly two weeks afterward. Mrs. Besant published the third volume, acting as literary executor for H.P.B.'s estate. No one acquainted as intimately as I was with Mr. Judge and Mrs. Besant could for an instant question their rigid honesty. Yet both are now accused by various fanatics and cranks of misappropriating the manuscripts of their Teacher! The charge that Mr. Judge "gave a misleading material form to messages from the Master" is trivial as compared with this slanderous legend that he, while a guest at the London Headquarters, stole the manuscripts of his dead friend.

I would not cast the slightest reflection on my friends, over-enthusiastic "Bert" Keightley and lovable "Arch" Keightley, who toiled so unselfishly over the S.D. H.P.B., who was (as her letters prove) weary of much writing, and anxious to see her work in print, gladly turned it over to them and made them "responsible for the whole thing." Fortunately, the damage they innocently did, by arranging its material to accord with a modern "scientific" theory which is exactly contrary to the occult tenet, is by no means irreparable. Any accurate scholar, versed in ancient philosophy, and trained in literary work, could easily rearrange the contents of the three volumes in proper sequence, and make all necessary corrections, thus shaping it into a comprehensible and serviceable text-book for students, which it really is not in its present form.

James Morgan Pryse.

Two mottoes guide all true Astrologers: One is: "The stars incline; but they do not compel." The other is: "The wise man rules his stars; the fool obeys them."

SO MANY WAYS TO GOD

The Theosophist is above these little stupid failings which divide one Creed or sect from another. In the outer world one sees little children fighting among themselves because they belong to different Creeds or sects. In the daily press how often people say, "I have the truth and others have the falsehood." It is always we who have the truth and the others the falsehood! Everywhere one sees Christianity divided into sects in spite of the great commandment of the Founder of all Christianity that we should love one another. We do not care about Christ. We will not allow Christ to interfere with our everyday affairs and our everyday ways of going on. We do not love one another, and many of us do not want to love one another because we are so certain that we are right, and because part of our self-satisfaction is to be delighted to be so separate and so above others.

The Theosophist is not such a fool as that. The Theosophist does not add himself to the number because he knows that within and beneath every Creed there is the great life of God, of Nature, and although one particular form may not appeal or be helpful to him—possibly the reverse—he is not such a fool as to say, "Everything I believe is the only truth," as though God were confined to any particular part of the earth. He is happy and glad that there are so many ways to God on which the people of the world can travel and feel happy.—Dr. George S. Arundale in Convention Address at Sydney, April 17, 1927.

POETRY

Poetry is the revelation of truth as perceived by the individual soul. It is either a real expression of that perception, or a false pretence to perception. If it is real it is poetry, unique in value as the human soul that gives it birth. If it is false it is worthless. What is true is different in kind from what is false. You cannot compare them, and poetry that is real is, and always must be, unique, and therefore essentially incomparable. — Max Plowman in "An Introduction to the Study of Blake."

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OFFICIAL NOTES

We must in future decline to take cheques for One Dollar from the United States unless the bank charges are included. As we gladly accept Dollar bills it does not seem necessary that our kind friends should go to the trouble of making out a cheque.

* * *

Mrs. Besant has been occupied with a Continental tour of Europe, generally by airplane, but occasionally by motor and rarely by rail. By the end of September she will return to London where she will celebrate her 80th Birthday on October 1, and a few days later will sail for India.

* * *

Special attention is directed to the article by Mr. James M. Pryse dealing with the disposition of the various rings associated with Madam Blavatsky. The first of these was the gift of the Master. This was phenomenally duplicated. A third was made by instruction from Madam Blavatsky to Claud Falls Wright who had a facsimile of the original ring

made by a Cornhill jeweller. Mrs. Besant has the first; Mr. Mead the second; Mrs. Tingley the third.

* * *

The Weekly Dispatch of London, England, has been publishing a series of articles on Reincarnation. We reprint one of these this month by the Viscountess Cave, and hope to find room for another of these interesting statements from the Countess Grey of Falloden. The Dispatch is to be congratulated on its courage in printing these fundamental clues to the problems of life, which most people who think at all have already accepted, and which the churches in the next generation must embody in their outworn creeds.

* * *

The British "News and Notes" reports that Mr. Jinarajadasa is happily recovered from his recent illness. Mr. J. R. Aria, secretary of the T. S. at Adyar, is on a visit to England, for the first time. Mr. Schwarz, the treasurer, has just returned from his trip around the world, to Adyar. An appeal is mentioned from "a lonely Theosophist in Northern British Columbia who wished for correspondents." If he will report himself there are many Canadians who would be glad to respond. The General Secretary of Poland, Miss Dynowska, has been visiting Edinburgh. She says that the Poles are exacting in the matter of sincerity. Theosophists were often asked by the man in the street: "Do you live this teaching?" In Poland, therefore, they had to be very careful that they lived their life in accordance with the principles they professed. Poland is no exception among the nations, except, perhaps, that they speak out.

* * *

The meeting of the General Executive was characterized by great cordiality, and all the decisions were unanimous. The whole situation in Canada was fully discussed and while the subject of reunion of the scattered Theosophical forces was broached it was not considered timely to do more than extend greetings to the separated brethren. The constitution of the T. S. in Canada is the broadest and freest in the world, and if

minorities can summon up sufficient breadth and tolerance to permit majorities to have their way until they change their opinions all might be well. The T. S. in Canada is in a minority, perhaps, in the general Theosophical Society, but it does not withdraw on that account. Brotherhood and tolerance would forbid such a policy. Freedom is always possible where there is a will to freedom.

* * *

Professor Henry Bedinger Mitchell calls attention to the inaccuracy in our report last month of attributing his address to his brother, Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, and it was the latter and not he who was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge McBride on the Executive Committee whose members are seven in number, not three, Messrs. Charles Johnston, E. T. Hargrove, Dr. Archibald Keightley, Col. Thomas Knoff, K. D. Perkins and Professor Mitchell himself being the others. We are glad to have these names which did not appear in the Theosophical Quarterly report. We regret that Professor Mitchell has been deprived to any extent of the credit due him for his address, but no doubt he will feel as we do that it does not matter so much by whom a good thing is said as that it should have the widest circulation.

GENERAL EXECUTIVE MEETING

The meeting of the General Executive on Saturday, August 6 was the first at which all the members have assembled at one time since the formation of the National Society. The visiting members were Mr. J. E. Wright who with Mrs. Wright, starting at four o'clock in the morning, motored from London; Mr. E. E. Bridgen, who rose from a sick bed to come from Montreal, and bravely sat through the two sessions; and Miss Gates who had the shortest journey from Hamilton. Shortly after nine o'clock the General Secretary took the chair and opened the meeting with a reading from "The Voice of the Silence" in "The Seven Portals, from "Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of thy mind," and the following seven paragraphs.

The agenda included a large number of matters which had been suggested for consideration or discussion. Mr. G. C. McIntyre was reappointed acting treasurer. Resolutions were adopted expressing appreciation and thanks to the Toronto Theosophical Society for the free use of a room for the office of the General Secretary and accommodation for the National executive; also to Miss Maud E. Crafter for her valuable services freely rendered in the General Secretary's office.

In reply to Mrs. Besant's official letter announcing the approaching election for President of the T.S. the General Secretary was authorized to acquiesce in the nomination of Mrs. Besant for the office by the General Secretary of the T.S. in England.

A discussion on the best way to carry on propaganda during the season resulted in the abandonment of any lecture tour project and the adoption of the Travelling Library plan which has been in operation by the Toronto T.S. with successful results for some time past. Advertisements will be placed in papers which will cover the whole Dominion, and in cooperation with the local lodges everywhere it is hoped that further interest may be stirred in this way. Mr. Kartar Singh was appointed to look after this work which will be coordinated with the Toronto activity. The Executive set aside \$500. to carry out this work.

A further sum of \$500. was set apart for work in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec which have never had any propaganda work done in them by the National Society, all lecture work in the past having been devoted to the West. It was proposed also that public libraries be approached with the object of placing Theosophical books on their shelves. The cooperation of the Lodges is requested in connection with this, as they will know what can be done in this direction.

A discussion of the Magazine brought out many suggestions. The Lodges are requested, where the Secretary is unable to do so, to appoint a member who will send in every month a report of the Lodge activities, and of all events concerning the members. If there be nothing to report

it will be the duty of this member to write and say so. It has been very difficult to get news of the Lodges for the Magazine with the result that members everywhere lack the inspiration of knowing what is being done elsewhere. A proposal that a study course be prepared and published in the Magazine was left over for consideration.

On motion it was agreed unanimously to extend greetings to the Lodges of the Canadian Federation and the H. P. B. Lodge of Toronto affiliated with Adyar, the preparation of the letter to be left to the General Secretary. The meeting was adjourned after sitting from nine till four with a luncheon interval, to meet in three months again.

FELLOWS AND FRIENDS

Mr. Roy Mitchell has been giving a most illuminating series of talks on comparative religion on Sunday mornings during July and part of August in the Theosophical Hall, Toronto. The attendance has been remarkable for Sunday mornings in the middle of summer and almost equalled mid-winter evening meetings. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are leaving Toronto this month to reside near New York for the next year or so. They will engage in literary work and will maintain their Theosophical work as an avocation.

* * *

Dr. D. T. MacDougal of the Carnegie Institute of Washington has placed himself on record as incredulous of the demonstrations by Sir J. C. Bose before the British Association for the Advancement of Science of pulsation and heart action in plants in connection with the circulation of the sap. He thinks the idea is "too infantile for serious consideration," "A menace and a danger to sound science," etc. He will go down to posterity along with the member of the French Academy who insisted that Edison's phonograph was a fraud and its reproductions of sound as due to ventriloquism! Dr. MacDougal must be getting along in years.

* * *

Both The Messenger of Chicago and

Theosophy of Los Angeles favour their readers with photographs of the new headquarters buildings that are being erected for their activities, one at Wheaton, Illinois, and the other in Los Angeles, California. The Wheaton Headquarters is a very handsome pile and is distinctly scholastic or academic in its style of architecture, very appropriate to the mission to which it is devoted. The cost is a quarter of a million dollars, and the money has all been raised except about \$30,000. - The building is to be opened on the occasion of the annual Convention on the 27-31st insts. The Los Angeles Temple, which we fear looks rather like one of the new Mausoleums, is entitled Theosophy Hall, and is to have 24,000 feet of floor space with accommodation for all the work of a Theosophical centre. It is to be associated with the memory of Robert Crosbie, founder of Theosophy magazine.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Lynd McCaughey, B.A., who has been representing the Women's Graduates Association of Northern Ireland at the Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations held in Toronto, August 7-12, has been a member of the Toronto Lodge for many years and at one time filled the office of treasurer. She has been doing some constructive work for her sisters in Ireland, as she was instrumental in founding the University Women's Club in Belfast, and is its first secretary. This Club welcomes women from overseas, and has entertained guests from many parts of the world. Some of its members live as far apart as Saskatchewan and India. Over 300 graduates have affiliated. The Belfast Club numbers among its members graduates of all the British Universities. Its headquarters are at The Carlton, Belfast. Miss McCaughey is on the faculty of Queen's University.

* * *

Dr. George and Mrs. Rukmini Arundale are to arrive in Toronto at 11.40 a.m. on Saturday, November 5, as at present arranged, and will leave on Monday morning, the 7th, at 9.15 for Rochester, N.Y. Dr. Arundale will give two lectures at least from the subjects "The

Problem of Death," "Mysticism," "The Science of Consciousness," "The Religion of the Sun," and it is expected will address a meeting of members only during his stay in Toronto. Other special meetings may be arranged. His tour in America has had to be curtailed by two weeks and several engagements had to be cancelled on this account. Dr. Arundale is announced as being particularly interested in the Labour movement, and is willing to address labour meetings. All arrangements are being made through Dr. Stone, 826 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago. The Toronto meetings will be held in the Theosophical Hall, 52 Isabella Street.

ECONOMIC THEOSOPHY

VI.

IF poverty is appointed by the power which is above us all, then it is no crime; but if poverty is unnecessary, then it is crime for which society is responsible and for which society must suffer.—Henry George.

In the end man may find that a sound money and social justice are synonymous terms.—H. G. Wells.

As our problem to-day is not one of production and as it is from no principle of true self-denial that consumers do not consume, we must come to the conclusion that in the method of distribution of goods is where the system breaks down i.e., our knowledge of the medium of exchange is faulty. Let us examine it, therefore.

In early primitive communities the commercial exchange system was that of barter. As the present civilization developed however, this system became not only cumbersome but impossible. Some agreed standard became necessary as a medium of exchange to replace, as a labour saving device, the direct swapping of the products of labour. In short, goods-tickets were evolved. This is called money. Hence money, the symbol of wealth, is based on real wealth—goods.

The special symbols employed have

been at various times, in various places, of many forms. Stones, teeth, cattle, shells, beads, metals, paper etc., have all been used. By public consent the possession and presentation by the individual—the method of securing being ignored largely—of these goods-tickets gave him the right to have an equivalent value of the community's store of wealth—goods. Through faulty thinking we have to-day come to regard the symbol of wealth as wealth. Thus the interest of the individual has come into conflict with the interest of the community.

The fact, therefore, that money is merely goods-tickets cannot be too strongly stressed as without a correct understanding of the true function of money no understanding of our present economic difficulties is possible. Destroy the existing currency to-day and it would only be a matter of hours until a substitute currency could be evolved. No great hardships would be a feature in the interval. But suppose the industrial plant of Canada was destroyed by some cataclysm, distress would follow, since replacement of the industrial plant is not a matter of public consent but a matter of toil and time. A currency, then, is not based on some other form of currency such as the gold myth, but on goods.

A given quantity of goods needs an equivalent quantity of goods-tickets (money) to distribute them. The financial system fails to supply this and, ergo, the present social discontent.

A strange feature to-day is that although our capacity for production is, perhaps, 100 times faster than that of half a century ago, yet consumption of that wealth is little better than it was then. Prices instead of decreasing uniformly with the increase have actually risen. Now prices are the means whereby currency is cancelled along with consumption of wealth (goods). It would seem, therefore, that if price control is a private monopoly then the community suffers. In other words at some stage in the development of currency a public right has been changed to a private privilege. How did this change come about.

In explanation I quote the following

from *The Solution of Unemployment*—W. H. Walkinshaw, M.A.:

"Having thus established the actual meaning of money as goods tickets, we must pass on to the next stage in which a slightly more complex form of currency is involved, though its essential similarity with the simpler variant is still clearly apparent—let us imagine an independent and self-sufficing community of, say 300 souls living quite cut off from the world, and under mid-Victorian industrial conditions. Their total working money is a metal coinage, let us say £10,000 in gold, but they have no banks. A very natural thing for some enlightened individual, full of that philanthropic ardour that distinguishes inevitably the millionaire in our present system, would be to point out that, instead of the risk and anxiety to themselves and temptation to others, they should allow him to keep as much of their goods-tickets as possible for them, these to be drawn out, of course, at any time. This they do and instead of stocking hoards, etc. etc., we may fairly argue that they bank perhaps £7,000 of it and work on £3,000, for there will be barter and in addition, counter-balancing between individuals in such a community, as between present day bank branches.

"Then the banker, the flame of philanthropy again flickering high, has another brain wave. Instead, he points out of inconvenience gold coins, etc., so unhandy and weighty for the pocket, why not just hand them in to him and let him keep them, providing paper notes to take their place? If of course, any man is so foolish as to refuse their acceptance, he can always have the gold on presenting the note at the bank."

We thus have, now, metallic currency and bank notes. In the next article other forms of currency will be dealt with.

C. V. Craik.

STILL CRUCIFYING

Just why the Editor of the *Canadian Theosophist* sees fit to publish the lucubrations of minds like that of William Loftus Hare, (in February issue) is not quite clear to the writer of the present

article. The only purpose such a policy can serve is more strongly to confirm the serious student in his sincerity and integrity of the great teacher of Theosophy, H. P. Blavatsky.

While it is quite true, as the editor points out in his comment, that "if humanity were wiped out of existence, Theosophy would emerge again into the consciousness of the new race that would take its place," it is always necessary and important to vindicate the honour and integrity of one, who, like her, was chosen for so vital a mission.

It was her karma during her life-time, that she should be assailed in the manner now pursued by types of mentality represented by Mr. Hare and countless others. She was always able to look after herself. Now that she is gone, her defamers have a better chance, for there is not one among her followers and believers, who can approach her powers of intellect, or even feebly glimpse the stupendous range of her vision.

I have before me a volume of H.P.B.'s *Lucifer*, published in October, 1888, containing a letter and some comment on the very subject with which we are now dealing, namely, calumnation and suspicion of H. P. Blavatsky, in this instance headed and encouraged by no less a person himself than H. S. Olcott, president of the Theosophical Society. This letter was written by one of the Mahatmas. We can still honestly believe that, when a situation had arisen which demanded the interference of one of the Masters, something was out of joint, and that a time of crisis was at hand.

It is a striking commentary on the vagaries of the brilliant, but eccentric personality known as Colonel Olcott, that, while this letter made a profound impression on him at the time, when trouble was looming in London for the Theosophical movement, the incident within a few years, became nebulous, vague and indistinct in his remembrance. In fact, in writing his *Old Diary Leaves*, after the death of H.P.B., he states that this letter was received in 1883, some five years before the actual writing. The manner in which H.P.B. handled this letter is strikingly characteristic of her

charity, her forbearance, and her amazing forgiveness. Her published reference is as follows:—

“Moreover, the extent and limits of such interference are very succinctly and clearly defined in a letter from one of the Masters, to our President, Colonel Olcott, received by him on his way from India to Europe, only a few weeks ago. Besides general instructions respecting the policy he should pursue in the present crisis, there were the following special paragraphs relating directly to the undersigned. Colonel Olcott's sense of justice is so strong that, although some of the passages in the letter have a tone of reproach for his having permitted himself to think harshly of his old and tried friend and co-worker, he has unreservedly given permission to copy the passages relating to her, in extenso; and with full comprehension of the risk he runs of being calumniated. He has done this in the hope that the warning conveyed in this letter may prove profitable to others who find themselves in a hostile mood towards the undersigned.

“As the Master's letter can interest none except certain members of our Society, it will be sufficient to quote in this magazine only a few select sentences from the said letter;—‘ . . . Misunderstandings have grown up between Fellows, both in London and Paris which imperil the interests of the movement. You will be told that the chief originator of most, if not all of those disturbances is H.P.B. This is not so, though her presence in England has, of course, a share in them. But the largest share rests with others, whose serene unconsciousness of their own defects is very marked and much to be blamed. . . . Observe your own case, for example. . . But your revolt, good friend, against her ‘infallibility,’—as you once thought it—has gone too far, and you have been unjust to her, for which I am sorry. . .

“Try to remove such misconceptions as you will find, by kind persuasion, and an appeal to the feelings of loyalty to the cause of truth, if not to us. Make all these men feel that we have no favourites, nor affections for persons, but only for their good acts and Humanity

as a whole. But we employ agents—the best available. Of these, for the last thirty years, the chief has been the personality known as H.P.B.’ . . . Imperfect and very troublesome no doubt, she proves to some; nevertheless, there is no likelihood of our finding a better one for years to come and you: Theosophists should be made to understand it.

“‘Since 1885 I have not written, nor caused to be written, save through her agency, direct or remote,—a letter or a line to anybody in Europe or America, nor have I communicated orally with, or through any third party. Theosophists should learn it. You will understand later the significance of this declaration, so keep it in mind.’ . . . Her fidelity to our work being constant, and her sufferings having come upon her through it, neither I nor either of my brother associates will desert or supplant her. As I once before remarked, ingratitude is not among our vices. . . .

“‘To help you in your present perplexity; H.P.B. has next to no concern with administrative details and should be kept clear of them . . . But this you must tell to all: with occult matters she has everything to do . . . We have not ‘abandoned her’ she is not ‘given over to chelas.’ She is our direct agent. . . In the adjustment of this European business, you will have two things to consider—the external and administrative, and the internal, psychical. Keep the former under your control and that of your most prudent associates jointly; leave the latter to her. You are left to devise the practical details. . . Only be careful, I say, to discriminate when some emergent interference of hers in practical affairs is referred to your appeal between that which is merely exoteric in origin and effects and that which, beginning on the practical, tends to beget consequences on the spiritual plane. As to the former, you are the best judge; as to the latter, she. . . .”

“‘ . . . (This letter) . . . is merely given you as a warning and a guide; . . . you may use it discreetly if needs be. . . . Prepare however, to have the au-

thenticity of the present denied in certain quarters. . . .”

(Signed) K. H. Olcott.”
Extracts correctly copied, H. S. Olcott.”

In view of Mr. Hare's recent pronouncement of his conviction that the Letters of the Mahatmas came from the conscious mind and hand of Mme. Blavatsky herself, the foot note to the above correspondence which appears in *Lucifer*, is highly important. It is as follows;—

“No use repeating over and over again that neither this Master nor any other Colonel Olcott and I have to do with are ‘Spirits.’ They are living and mortal men, whose great wisdom, and occult knowledge, have won the profound reverence of all those who know them. Those who do not are welcome to spin out any theory they like about the ‘Adepts’—even to denying point blank their existence. Meanwhile, the incessant charges and denunciations, the idle gossip and uncharitable constructions to which the President-Founder and the undersigned have been subjected for the last 3 years, force us now to make the declaration which follows.

“H. P. Blavatsky.

“A Joint Note

“To dispel a misconception that has been engendered by mischief makers, we, the undersigned, founders of the Theosophical Society, declare that there is no enmity, rivalry, strife, or even coldness, between us nor ever was; nor any weakening of our joint devotion to the Masters, or to our work, with the execution of which they have honoured us. Widely dissimilar in temperament and mental characteristics and differing sometimes in views, as to methods of propagandism, we are yet of absolutely one mind as to that work. As we have been from the first, so are we now, united in purpose and zeal, and ready to sacrifice all, even life, for the promotion of Theosophical knowledge, to the saving of mankind, from the miseries which spring from ignorance.

“H. P. Blavatsky. H. S. Olcott.”

It is interesting also to consider the character of the deletions made by H. P.B. in the Master's Letter, which she re-published in her magazine. The first

is, “One of the most valuable effects of Upasika's (H.P.B.) mission is that it drives men to self study, and destroys in them blind servility for persons.”

The second deletion is particularly delicate and thoughtful. The Master wrote as follows: “for which I am sorry to say you will have to suffer hereafter, along with others. Just now on deck your thoughts about her were dark and sinful, so I find the moment a fitting one to put you on your guard.” Comparison with what was published in *Lucifer* shows that H.P.B. was content to finish the phrase with the words “for which I am sorry,” omitting mention of the Master's prediction and of what he could read in Olcott's mind.

The third deletion is a purely personal reference to H.P.B., and is strikingly significant, for the Master had written, “we employ agents—the best available. Of these for the last 30 years, the chief has been the personality known as H. P.B. to the world, *to us otherwise.*”

The next deletion is also highly important, as establishing the different status of relationship between the Masters and H.P.B. and the Masters and Olcott, or what the Master K.H. had written to Olcott and which H.P.B. omitted, was to this effect: “with yourself, our relations are direct, and have been, with the rare exceptions you know of, like the present, on the psychological plane, and so will continue through force of circumstances. That they are so rare, is your own fault, as I told you in my last.”

Further references in the Mahatma's letter include the following warning to Olcott, “I wonder you can permit your suspicions and resentment against her ‘many follies to bias your intuitive loyalty to her,’ and, in addition to this, a most important statement with regard to the authenticity of the writing of the Secret Doctrine. One would have thought that H.P.B. could not have refrained from publishing this statement in her magazine, with so much controversy raging around the bona fides of that stupendous work. Even Olcott had his suspicions, as Mr. Hare has at the present time, but this is what the Master wrote at that time, and this letter in its

entirety is now at Adyar, a physical and material proof of its genuineness. The statement follows:

"I have also noted your thoughts about the Secret Doctrine. Be sure that what she has not annotated from scientific and other works, we have given or suggested to her. Every mistake, every erroneous notion, corrected and explained by her from the works of other Theosophists, was corrected by me or under my instruction. It is a more valuable work than its predecessor, an epitome of occult truths that will make it a source of information and instruction for the earnest student for long years to come."

In conclusion, the writer desires to say that his one object in asking the indulgence of the Editor of the Canadian Theosophist to publish this somewhat extensive reference is to accord information to those who may not have the leisure, the means, or opportunity to delve into the archives of the Movement, and of considering contemporaneous facts.

During the momentous times of the movement when H.P.B. was suffering under the calumniations of the Coulombs, and the indictment of being a Russian spy, she addressed a letter to A. P. Sinnett, which has recently appeared in the appendix to the Mahatma Letters, which Mr. Hare might read to some advantage. Here are a few extracts:

"An old dying woman, confined to her room, forbidden to mount a few steps lest her heart burst, never reading a newspaper, for fear of finding there the most vile personal abuse. O Britishers of India, where is your valour? It is only he who knows,—as he knows that he lives and breathes, that our Mahatmas exist, and phenomena are real, who do sympathize with me, and look upon me as a martyr. Pamphlets by reverends, books and articles exposing me from top to toe, appear every day. 'Theosophy Unveiled,' 'Mme. Blavatsky Exposed,' 'Theosophy Humbug before the World,' 'Christ against the Mahatmas,' etc. etc.

"But then they forget that so far, I am the only link between Europeans and the Mahatmas;" (we have seen in the Mahatma K.H.'s letter published in Lucifer, some three years after this statement

was written to Mr. Sinnett, that K.H. confirms this affirmation).

Among her concluding sentences to Mr. Sinnett is one for us all to ponder over and remember. It is as follows: "And all because we have profaned truth by giving it out indiscriminately, and forgot the motto of the true occultist *"to know, to dare, and to keep silent."* Hamilton. W. M. W.

BROTHERHOOD, NOT OCCULTISM

Every student of Theosophy should bear in mind that the movement which culminated in the formation of a society in New York City in November 1875, was conceived and sponsored by the teachers of H.P.B. Writing to Sinnett in February 1882, the Mahatma Morya stated: "One or two of us hoped that the world had so far advanced intellectually, if not intuitionally, that the occult doctrine might gain intellectual acceptance, and the impulse given for a new cycle of occult research." "It was stipulated, however, that the experiment should be made independent of our personal management, and that there should be no abnormal interference by ourselves."

The Master then points out that in casting about, they found a man in America, to stand as leader of the new society, in the person of Colonel H. S. Olcott, "a man of great moral courage, unselfish and having other good qualities" "With him we associated a woman (H. P.B.), a woman of exceptional and wonderful endowments, "We sent her to America, and brought them together and the trial began. From the first, both she and he were given clearly to understand that the issue lay entirely with themselves, and both offered themselves to the trial. . . . "as soldiers volunteer for a forlorn hope. For six and a half years they have been struggling against such odds as would have driven off anyone who was not working with the desperation of one who stakes life and all he prizes on some desperate supreme effort. Their success has not equalled the hopes of their original backers, phenomenal as it has been in certain directions."

This establishes quite clearly the con-

nection of the Himalayan adepts with the movement and the society itself.

In writing to Sinnett in October 1880, the Mahatma K.H. impresses upon his English correspondent that the chief object of the T.S. is not so much to gratify individual aspirations as "*to serve our fellow-men*," and in describing the term selfishness, the following understanding is given:

"Perhaps you will better appreciate our meaning when told that in our view, the highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness, if in the mind of the philanthropist there lurks the shadow of desire for self benefit or a tendency to do injustice, even when these exist unconsciously to himself. Yet, you have ever discussed but to put down the idea of a universal brotherhood, questioned its usefulness, and advised to remodel the T.S. on the principle of a college for the special study of occultism. This, my respected and esteemed friend and Brother, will never do!" (page 8, Mahatma Letters).

These statements could be repeated ad lib. but for a complete summary of the objects of the society, the student is referred to the third section of H.P.B.'s Key to Theosophy. W. M. W.

"NIRVANA"

Unquestionably there will be critical comment from some who read Dr. Arundale's new book on "Nirvana." (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar). It must be regarded as a revelation if it is to be taken seriously, and there are only six other Arhats who are capable of estimating its value, only six, that is, of whom the world has so far been informed. Others who enter upon the dubious task of criticism must at once be adjudged incompetent, or bear the ignominy of rushing in where anything short of Arhats must fear to tread. One cannot, however, be prevented from making comparisons, even though the practice turn out to be odious.

The book almost immediately suggests Dr. Maurice Bucke's book, "Cosmic Consciousness." This learned Canadian collected a number of instances, 39

he catalogued, of persons who had had abnormal experiences of expanded consciousness. While he classified them all together, it did not take long for the reader to perceive that these persons had the most varied kinds of illuminations. They ranged as high as the Buddha, and Jesus of Nazareth. There were examples as ancient as history, and others contemporary with Dr. Bucke himself. His theories about these manifestations were vitiated by his own prepossession in favour of an evolutionary development which worked from without inwards, while in nature all evolution is from within outwards. When the facts did not support him he asserted what, no doubt, he thought was true. For instance, that no one has ever seen colour or heard music in dreams. As most of us who dream have both seen colour and heard music when dreaming Dr. Bucke's theories do not hold water. But his observations remain and they are of value, especially to the lay brother who comes across a book like "Nirvana." Then there are the official religious scriptures which record instances of transcendental consciousness as having been attained by various Great Ones, Saviours, Prophets, Saints.

Hitherto we have not been vouchsafed much information about the highest states of consciousness. The old rule was "To Know, To Will, To Dare, and to be Silent." We are to understand that this rule is now superseded, and that the more we tell, the greater will be our glory. Buddha held that only two things were eternal, Akasa and Nirvana. The attainment of Nirvana was possible to those who kept all his precepts, he said. But he told us little or nothing about the state of Nirvana itself. It is a state of utter desirelessness. Without that it cannot be entered. Jesus was strangely reticent about what is evidently the same thing to him as Nirvana—the Kingdom of the Overworld, or Ouranos. His method of attaining it was the opposite of that suggested by Dr. Bucke, and apparently in vogue among many who profess to enter it in our own day. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of the Overworld and all these things will be added unto

you," was the pregnant hint that he gave his disciples. This is the way of Raja Yoga, but it has been so confused and alloyed with Hatha Yoga methods that the west is being quite misled, not only on the basic truths of the great religions, but on the nature of Nirvana itself.

Then we have the clear-cut and scientific analyses by Madam Blavatsky of the states of consciousness up to a point beyond which ordinary men reach, and there are many things in her statements which lead one to think that, while the states described by Dr. Arundale may be aspects of Cosmic Consciousness, they do not conform to the suggestions she makes concerning Nirvana.

"No Entity," she says, Secret Doctrine, I. 81, "whether angelic or human, can reach the state of Nirvana, or of absolute purity, except through æons of suffering and the *knowledge of evil* as well as of good, as otherwise the latter remains incomprehensible." She is discussing a point which too few so-called Theosophists inform themselves upon. "What is human mind in its higher aspect, whence comes it, if it is not a portion of the essence—and, in some rare cases of incarnation, the *very essence*—of a higher being: one from a higher and divine plane? Can man—a god in the animal form—be the product of Material Nature by evolution alone, even as is the animal, which differs from man in external shape, but by no means in the materials of its physical fabric, and is informed by the same, though undeveloped, Monad—seeing that the intellectual potentialities of the two differ as the Sun does from the Glow-worm? And what is it that creates such difference, unless man is an animal *plus a living god* within his physical shell? Let us pause and ask ourselves seriously the question, regardless of the vagaries and sophisms of both the materialistic and the psychological modern sciences." Among the latter she would undoubtedly have included the absurdities of psycho-analysis and its derivatives.

For the general reader there is much in the book that may assist him to higher valuations of life and higher determinations for himself. For the student trained

in the courses laid down by Madam Blavatsky the taint of sacerdotalism which pervades it will be repellent. Equally so the incipient phallicism in the worship of Our Lady, and the superstition of transubstantiation, by which the processes which naturally are carried on in every physical body are reserved to a priest with an alleged power of magic or hocus-pocus. Science and the higher science of atma vidya have lifted the wiser students of life above these "weak and beggarly elements," as St. Paul styled them. It does not seem likely that one who had attained the transcendental wisdom which accompanies all who enter the Nirvanic state would engage in debasing the truth of Theosophy with any admixture of error.

The reader can judge for himself, as must always be the case, and decide whether that which is recorded in this volume belongs to the factitious revelations of the astral light, or is derived from that pure Æther where is the "blessed and only Potentate, the king of kings and lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen nor can see: to whom be honour and power everlasting."

A. E. S. S.

NIRVIKALPA SAMADHI

Beyond the realm of thought, transcending the domain of duality, leaving far behind Maya with all her changes and modifications, towering above the delusions of creation, preservation and destruction, and sweeping with an avalanche of ineffable Bliss all relative ideas of pain and pleasure, weal and woe, good and evil, shines the glory of the Eternal Brahman, the Existence-Knowledge-Bliss Absolute, in the Nirvikalpa Samadhi.

Knowledge, knower and known dissolve in the menstruum of One Eternal Consciousness; birth, growth and death vanish in that infinite stretch of Existence; and love, lover and beloved merge in that unbounded ocean of Supreme Felicity. Quelling all doubts and misgivings, stopping the oscillations of the mind, exhausting the momentum of past

action, breaking down the ridge-poles of that tabernacle in which the soul has made its abode for untold ages—stilling the body, calming the mind and drowning the ego, descends the sweet joy of Brahman in that superconscious state.

Space disappears into nothingness, time is swallowed up into Eternity, causation becomes a dream of the past, and a tremendous bursting of effulgence annihilates the oppressive darkness of sense and thought. The world with its myriad heavenly bodies melts away—even thought is hushed into silence—and only Existence is. Ah, who can say what the soul feels in its communion with the Self? He only knows that state who has experienced it! It is all stillness indefinable. The soul after a final struggle leaps over the last barrier of relative existence, shatters to pieces its prison of matter and merges in the Infinite Glory of Brahman!

—Life of Sri Ramakrishna, p. 251.

WILLIAM BLAKE

By a curious coincidence the death of William Blake and the birth of Madam Blavatsky are both celebrated on August 12. He died in 1827 so that the centenary of his death is being observed this year. She was born in 1831 and her centenary will occur four years hence.

William Blake, poet and artist, was one of the greatest mystics of all time. He will always be difficult for minds unexercized in either thought or imagination, but much of his poetry and a good deal of his art will appeal to the simplest. A memorial to this great Englishman was unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral in London last month and the following short oration was delivered by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres during the service of dedication.

"We assemble to honour the memory of William Blake, the great mystic, the poet, artist, visionary. Wherever we touch his life and works we find ourselves warmed by his sunshine, chilled in his shadows, tortured by his terrors or fervent in his faith. How he makes us live and see, as indeed from his own childhood he beheld the unseen and grasped the intangible!

"We recall his vision of trees filled with angels, or how he wandered among the haymakers while the angels, too, walked in their midst. Exquisite is his joyfulness, his innocence. In the valley of youth he gathered the flowers that never wither, growing beside the waters of spiritual life. So, too, in the Songs of Innocence, or the Songs of Experience, we find this joyful harmony of line and sense. What freshness as of bubbling streams, of waving branches, of infant smiles, and moony beams of dew at dawn.

"The circumstances which brought Blake through a brief training in art to be an engraver's apprentice led him on to work which seems to have set the seal upon his heart and to have signed the documents of his life. His true teachers were the monuments of time in the sanctuaries of eternity.

"Young as he was, he was long employed to work among the Westminster Abbey tombs and chapels, often locked in for hours and hours together till night came down, and the mysteries deepened as the light was spent. Small wonder that a youth of his ardent imagination should come to regard the land of spirits as a land of reality. Small wonder that for him those moving shadows should be tremulous with life and presences, and that the darkness itself should glow with visions of angels and, indeed, of Christ Himself.

"Here in these dim sanctuaries was developed that excessive culture of the imaginative faculty knowing no bounds or limits. To him imagination was the only thing, a faculty dealing with the highest verities, unfettered by time, uncramped by space. 'All things exist in the human imagination; imagination is the real and eternal Word.' The unseen governed the causes of the seen. He judged all things in fear and love. For him sight was transformed into vision; sound became the mighty wind or the still small voice, but always the voice of the spirit vibrating in his nature and in his art.

"His design was music to the words he wrote. Drawings provided the melody, colour its orchestration. Sometimes

these drawings were turbulent as his text, sepulchral as his phrase, and sometimes blazing with dazzling magnificence of ineffable light, but anon they were dulcet, limpid as the ripple of quiet seas lapping upon the golden sands of sunset. However turbid or ironic the emanations of his brain, we know that through the phantasmagoria Blake's soul pressed forward in perfect pellucidity, drinking of crystal streams. He lived and died a little child.

"To touch on Blake's home life is to come in contact with things sweet, austere, sacred. Was there ever a wife like his Katherine to share the burden of such a genius? It would seem she never failed him, never doubted the visions which she came to share, nor questioned the source of the revelations—indeed, the hallucinations which must have strained her utmost powers of endurance, struggling as he so often did against acute indigence.

"When Blake encountered compassion for the poverty that personally hampered him so little, he would say: 'They pity me, but they are just objects of pity; I possess my visions and peace.' Surely in his poverty he still makes many rich, but in those days Katherine Blake would rise up night after night, fireless and frigid, to comfort her husband while the storms of genius surged over his soul. Were he climbing up into Heaven or going down into Hell, neither he nor she would question whose hand it was that led him on. Both ways were familiar both were innate truth. 'Truth is always in the extremes (he said); trust these,' and he trusted them.

"We may take one last glimpse of him as he lay dying in his little room, Katherine by his side, while with the last pencil bought with the last shilling he draws the 'Ancient of Days'—the old abiding theme of his life, the Alpha and Omega of his art. The day declines but the room is aglow with light and filled with songs—no longer Blake's songs, for the Spirit's light and voice flow through the poet whose path is already shining more and more serene as it leads him towards the perfect day."

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

On the front page of the June Canadian Theosophist was printed the Secret Doctrine statement of the development of man through a triple evolution, physical, intellectual and spiritual. The antiquity of man upon earth has been a sore point with uninstructed theologians for many centuries. Since the development of geological science the 6000 years allotted to man on earth by Archbishop Ussher has been more and more extended until now the 18,000,000 years of The Secret Doctrine postulate is not regarded as the absolutely impossible conception which it was held to be fifty years ago. Science is also veering round to the Secret Doctrine view that Man, the truly human entity, has never been an ape, and that the ape forms no part of man's ancestry. The ape, in fact, says The Secret Doctrine is descended from man, but with the bar sinister in his escutcheon.

Sir Arthur Keith, and our own Professor Hill-Tout are among those veering towards The Secret Doctrine view, and now Dr. Osborn, one of the leading anthropologists, has made a statement in The New York Times, April 30 last, inclining still more strongly to the ancient teaching. This is what he says:

"First—The antiquity of man is now to be reckoned, not in thousands, but in hundreds of thousands of years, and we foresee the soon approaching period when it will be reckoned in millions of years.

"Second—The Age of Man, or Pleistocene, can no longer be regarded as Act I. of the prehistoric human drama, but rather as the final act, because at the very beginning of the Pleistocene we find the human race well established and widely distributed over the earth. Act I. of the Age of Man is during Tertiary, in what may be known as the 'dawn man' stage and the 'pro human' stage.

"Third—While still supported by very able anatomists, such as Gregory, the ape-human ancestry theory is, in my opinion, greatly weakened by recent evidence, and I am inclined to advocate an independent line of dawn-man ances-

tors, springing from an Oligocene neutral stock, which also gave rise independently to the anthropoid apes.

"Fourth—The dawn-man belongs to a distinct family, ground living, cursorial, alert, capable of tool-making, and living in a relatively open country on the high plateaus and plains of Northern Asia."

By "the sin of the Mindless" in the early third race, before the intellectual evolution of man had begun, when he "knew not good and evil," and when, in fact, he was irresponsible, the physical bodies of man, prepared for the reception of the Sons of Mind but not yet having been guided by them, united with animal forms and from that union sprang the apes.

It was the reluctance of the Sons of Mind to enter the bodies of flesh that had been prepared for them that led to the "Sin of the Mindless." Under the great laws of Rebirth and Reaction—Reincarnation and Karma, the Sons of Mind must repair the ill their "rebellion" permitted. It is not the bodies of men that suffer particularly. It is their minds—the Sons of Mind—that are afflicted. Their task it is to redeem the world, which, by their refusal to help, they allowed to go astray. Theirs is the sin of the Elder Brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son, the taint of self-righteousness. They will work it out in toil and tears, and in the great day of at-one-ment, when all have been sought and saved, they shall shine as the Stars. These are our own very selves, if we knew ourselves aright. Through them shall we reach to the Eternal Truth, the Heart of Being.

WHAT WE ALL NEED

The cycle of fifty years of the Theosophical Society has but recently finished, and the tendency among many has been to stop and take stock of ourselves, to look over the condition of the society, its strength and its weaknesses, and to suggest its needs for future development and progress.

This has made some of us formulate ideas and phrases, the general tenor all

of which is—"What the Society needs is—such and such."

The Theosophical Society is in need of nothing but the thing that is needed by everyone and everything in the world—unselfishness. We are persons and we come and go with the years, but the society is an idea and persists; so why not give our energies more completely to the idea and neglect the personalities which soon pass on?

Good or evil comes to us as we deserve, and if our schemes are not to be carried out, we must lay them aside for the present, yet we must build for the next incarnation if we expect to see our position advanced.

To my mind the most powerful sentence in all the Bible is in the Gospel of St. John. The scene is the court of Pilate. The pride of the Judge has been wounded, and he arrogantly claims the power either to crucify Jesus or to release him. The reply is so quiet and so unaffected as at first to lose the terrific power of it.

"Thou couldest have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above."

So why should we be anxious and afraid that some one will destroy our schemes and upset our plans? It is quite impossible for them to do so unless our Karma leads in the direction, and that means that only we ourselves are able to thwart our desires and wishes.

This fact, too, is true in the opposite direction. If our Karma lies in the direction of great achievement, no one will be able to interfere with it.

So, why worry or become irritated?
"I am the Master of my fate;
I am the Captain of my soul."

G. C. McIntyre.

England has a case which in some respects parallels the Sacco-Vanzetti case in Massachusetts. Oscar Slater has been imprisoned for 18 years for a murder his innocence of which is generally affirmed. Sir A. Conan Doyle points out the manifest error of the conviction.