

## THE LAMP,

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dr. La Pierre, who usually plumes himself upon impartiality, goes out of his way to misrepresent, for the *Minneapolis Times*, the basis of action of those who disagree with him. "They are those who, like the men of old, were constantly asking for some sign," he says among other things. While Colonel Olcott, whom we honour as the President-Founder of the T. S., has admittedly taken this position, and refuses to recognise anyone without the credentials of indubitable phenomena to support his mission, it is absolutely absurd to make such a statement concerning the mass of the Fellows of the T. S. in America, or, for the matter of that, of any other branch of the T. S. Absurdities abound these days, however, and we must cultivate a mutual tolerance for our respective foolishnesses. Dr. La Pierre asserts that "truth cannot be found unless one digs for it." Another writer holds that we must climb the mountains in our search. Still another desires us to cultivate wings and soar to heights empyrean. And there are others to say

it is only necessary to open your eyes and look a little way beyond your nose. People are in the habit of making "The Light of the World" a Divine title; they ought to read Matthew v. 14, and find out to whom it was first applied.

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It seems almost inconceivable that anyone should take seriously the book on devil worship, a review of which was copied from the *New York Herald* by the *Toronto World* of the 8th inst.. The work of a Parisian, on the most charitable supposition, a pot-boiler, and bearing unquestionable marks of pitch-fork work in compilation, it makes at the same time those appeals to the ignorant, the superstitious, the credulous, and the dogmatic, which are never unsuccessful. The reproductions of medieval art will serve for many to lend verisimilitude to a narrative, which, to the few still endowed with the decaying gift of humour appeals only by its audacious incongruities, though its coarseness soon wearies. Written in a Roman Catholic community, the Satanic neophyte is supposed to be required to forswear the patronage of the Virgin, to trample on the Cross and the images of the Saints, etc.. Had the author been writing for an ultra (or Ulster) Protestant audience he would probably have varied the stipulations. Theosophists are even more especially concerned, however, with the dastardly association in such a connection of Madame Blavatsky. The mere coupling of her name with that of Katie King should be sufficient to demonstrate the ignorance or malice of the historian Blaise, but the public generally are not aware that Katie King, who is actually declared by Blaise to have been controlled by Blavatsky, is the name by which Prof. William Crookes, the chemist, knew the heroine of what is perhaps the strangest psychic or spiritualistic occurrence in modern times, the Professor's account of which is to be had at the Public Library. Madame Blavatsky had absolutely nothing to do with this incident, which antedated her public theosophical work. The attempt to couple theosophy, God-wisdom, with devil-worship, is of course quite absurd, though some clergymen have made this article a text for denouncing theosophy.