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The purpose of the MOTHERS RESEARCH GROUP is to gather together those who are interested in work for children - especially mothers - for mutual study in mothercraft - particularly from the viewpoint of the Ancient Wisdom.

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The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the policies of
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Our work is not limited to
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Editorial

I wonder how many of our readers have experienced the deep and abiding pleasure which comes to the one who sends food-boxes and clothing, but especially food, to those in the war-devastated lands?

As we read about conditions over there, the task of feeding the multitude seems so over-whelming that we are liable to feel that we, as individuals, can do little save to give generously to the organizations which handle this work. Yet that giving, although so vitally necessary, does not suffice to satisfy our need for really personal giving. Most of us have the urge to share with them in some close personal way, just as we enjoy giving to a next-door neighbor who has had a bit of hard luck. The sending of food-boxes does give this personal contact. It is possible for each one of us to get the name of one person in a European country, send them bi-monthly boxes, write to them the words of friendship and encouragement they so bitterly need, and, if possible for us to do so, to send them also the clothing which will help keep them warm.

Even if you never receive a letter in return --which certainly is not likely--you will have such a warm rich feeling of having done a brotherly thing that the cost and the trouble will seem little in comparison, and you immediately begin planning how you can handle just one more person.

I wish you could see some of the letters I have read. Such joy at the sight of food--food such as they have not known for years--joy so great that often the tears well up and they fondle the food as if even the touch helps feed their hunger. Reading such letters, knowing that the bit you have shared with them has given such happiness, gives a savor to your own simple meals, as if together you have broken the sacred bread of brotherhood.

We may think that we do not have enough to share. But surely we can each one of us find the way to send a small box with a can of Crisco, a pint or two of peanut oil, a package of rice and a bit of tea, maybe even a pound of sugar and a package of sweet chocolate, or a package of dried fruit. These cost little, yet they would mean such a difference in a meager diet. Fats are the great need. Their bodies are starved for them. What if we do have to make over that old dress to give us the "new look"? We can wear it with happiness if we think how much joy the money we saved has brought to a hungry mother and child, or to some growing girl or boy, warped and stunted by the terrible years and with but slight hope for the future.

If you wish to know this pleasure of personal giving, yet do not know to whom to send, it will give me much pleasure to give you the name and address of someone who needs your help.

Your Editor,

Rona Morris Workman

Joan of Arc - Adept?

By Muriel L. Lewis

(From the book PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC freely translated by Jean Francois Alden out of the ancient French into modern English from the original manuscript in the National Archives of France as penned in 1492 by The Sieur Louis de Conte, her page and secretary.)

Recently my eye fell upon these words of Ingrid Bergman in a newspaper column: "Now don't make me look pretty, Joe (her cameraman), make me look like a peasant." Although Ingrid Bergman, who portrays Joan of Arc in the current Hollywood production of that name, may believe peasants to be unglamorous, history discloses the fact that Joan of Arc, although born in a peasant's hut was not only "pretty" but divinely beautiful.

The above-mentioned manuscript is Joan's biography, written by her childhood playmate who also became her page and secretary throughout her tragic career, and the last one to talk to her before death. Disguising himself as a court-reporter, he gained access to the last trials and was thus able to record accurately all that transpired at those shameful sessions. These records are legal history; the "Personal Recollections" were begun in 1492 when de Conte was eighty-two years of age. He wrote them for his great-great-grand nephews and nieces as a series of stories that cannot help but charm children. Yet, translated by the hand of one so famous in the realm of mirth - Mark Twain (Samuel Clemons), using the pseudonym "Jean Francois Alden" - he could not refrain from injecting into the translation his innate sense of humor. The antics and bravado of Joan's playmates as they tended sheep on the Domremy hillsides, the blusterings of the fat boy (The Paladin) who sued Joan for breach of promise, and who was soon made the laughing stock of the village, at the trial, when Joan, without counsel, not only won her case, but made the youth admit the whole tale he had woven was pure fiction; all the sadness and pathos in her life are, in this book, interwoven with the brighter side. The lives of the simple peasants with their romance and color make one realize that the world is the same century in and century out. The reactions of the children and youth in Domremy in the early part of the fifteenth century are no different than at present. The games and songs and dances, the neighborly parties, the boasting of the boys of "what they would do to save France when they grew up", and their loves and hopes. The oppression of the masses, the struggle for a living, the hopelessness - and the HOPE later brought by the "Maid" as Joan of Arc was called - are all made real to us.

The translator has retained the deeply spiritual -even occult understanding intended by de Conte, who was no doubt a pupil of Joan of Arc. All through the book one can see how deep

was his wisdom and appreciation for the Soul of this marvellous child who saved France at the head of the armies in battle. He has colorfully described Joan's life as a peasant girl, tending her sheep with the other village children. He has given due appreciation of her clairvoyant powers, her visions of the angels, as well as a detailed character sketch of the noble life of this pure soul whom the world may consider the greatest soldier of history, yet does not know that she may have been sent out by the White Lodge to live the culminating life of her long evolution and to die at the stake. So inspiring has this book been to me that I was not surprised when a quotation was sent me in which Joan was purported to be one of our few lady Masters. (See following article "Excerpts from WITH THE ADEPTS" by Frantz Hartman)

Although the entire book abounds in evidence that Joan was high on the ladder evolution, I shall only try to recount a few of the occult experiences mentioned.

All the children in her home village of Domremy believed in the fairies, who, from remotest times were believed to dance about "The Tree". However, the Church, believing that fairies were akin to Satan, had put a curse on the little creatures a century earlier, and they were thenceforth forbidden to make themselves visible to humans, "on pain of perpetual banishment". However, the children ever mourned the fairies and would not be comforted, each generation hanging flower wreaths on the Tree "as a perpetual sign to the fairies that they were still loved and remembered." Joan could see the fairies, but on occasions others could too. One night a woman saw them "stealing a dance"- three hundred of them - dancing about the Tree in the moonlight. When the kindly Friar was told of this infraction, he felt it his duty to banish the fairies according to Church decree.

The children would not be comforted, but little Joan was too ill with fever to plead the fairies' case (as she was so capable of doing) -- coming to the defense of anyone in trouble. So the priest banished the fairies, who for five hundred years had protected the Tree and the spring beneath. In time "the spring lost much of its freshness and coldness, and more than two-thirds of its volume, and the banished serpents and stinging insects returned, and multiplied; and became a torment and have remained so to this day." (year 1492, M.L.L.)

Joan was ever doing good to others..."the sure way and the only way to rouse her up and set her on fire was to show her where some other person was going to suffer wrong or hurt or loss." Even though a child of poor peasants, with other brothers and sisters, she was a friend of the animal kingdom, and gathered in all the stray and homeless cats and dogs, while squirrels and rabbits, birds and even reptiles followed her home from the woods and there remained. She left them free and unleashed, coming and going as they wished, eating the food she shared from her own dish. Her father did much "swearing" at this extravagance, but was overruled by a compassionate wife who was sympathetic with her daughter's strange ways. She used to say, "God gave the

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child the instinct and knew what He was doing when He did it, therefore it must have its course; it would be no sound prudence to meddle with His affairs when no invitation had been extended." So Joan went her way with a free rein.

Joan was absolutely fearless. All her playmates had nicknames, as children do now, and Joan had several: "the Beautiful", "the Patriot", but the one that lasted the longest was "the Brave". She had made friends with a mad man...a giant, confined to his cage on the edge of town, as was the customary treatment afforded the insane of that day. She would bring him fresh water to drink and cared for his wounds (one day several fingers were cut off his hand in punishment.). But one day he escaped and came towards the playing youngsters with an axe bent on killing Joan. All the heretofore Boasting "patriots" ran in fright, but Joan calmly approached him, speaking gently to him, and easily led him back into his cage where she locked him up and administered to his needs. Thenceforward she was dubbed "the Brave." But her greatest deeds of bravery were yet to come.

One day, when Joan was about sixteen, the youth de Conte, two years her senior, was in the woods and chanced to see Joan seated beneath "The Tree", deep in meditation. Then he saw a white shadow slowly gliding towards her. "It was of grand proportions...a robed form, with wings - and the whiteness of this shadow was not like any other whiteness that we know of, except it be the whiteness of the lightnings, but even the lightnings are not so intense as it was for one can look at them without hurt, whereas this brilliancy was so blinding that it pained my eyes and brought water into them...."

"Another strange thing," continued de Conte, "The wood had been silent - smitten with that deep stillness which comes when a storm-cloud darkens a forest, and the wild creatures lose heart and are afraid; but now all the birds burst forth in song, and the joy, the rapture, the ecstasy of it was beyond belief..With the first note of those birds Joan cast herself upon her knees, and bent her head low and crossed her hands upon her breast....

"The shadow approached Joan slowly; the extremity of it reached her, flowed over her, clothed her in its awful splendor. In that immortal light her face, only humanly beautiful before, became divine;"

Then, according to de Conte, Joan rose, with her head still bowed, hands clasped, drenched in the wondrous light of the Being but he heard nothing: Then she lifted her hands imploringly, saying: "But I am so young! Oh, so young, to leave my mother and my home, and go out into the strange world to undertake a thing so great! Ah, how can I talk with men, be comrade with men? - Soldiers!..... How can I go to the great wars, and lead armies? - I a girl, and ignorant of such things, knowing nothing of arms, nor how to mount a horse, nor ride it... Yet -- if it is commanded --"

Her voice then was choked in sobs and the awed de Conte walked quietly deeper into the woods and carved a mark on a tree

to test whether or not he had been dreaming. Presently Joan called his name. He feared he was enchanted so crossed himself. Then he approached Joan who was again her jolly, light-hearted self. She astounded him by referring to the mark he had carved on the tree - a proof of her clairvoyant faculty. Then she told him her Secret (that she had kept for three years).

Joan said the "Shadow" was the Archangel Michael, "the chief and lord of the armies of heaven," who had previously appeared to her many times and had instructed her preparatory to her world work. She also told him that several Saints (Adepts?) came also, attended by myriads of angels. "And they speak to me; I hear their Voices, but others do not." Her "Voices" told her of her work, but this day in the woods she was given her specific "marching orders".

She told de Conte "God has chosen the meanest of His creatures for this work; and by His command, and in His protection, and by His strength, not mine, I am to lead His armies, and win back France, and set the crown upon the head of His servant that is dauphin and shall be king."

Prophecies followed fortelling those who would be her aides and associates in the wars, and all were fulfilled accurately. Delays were many, due to the natural reticence of those in power to believe in her divine mission. It took many tests of her occult powers, before the French officials and military leaders were convinced.

Throughout her military career she adhered to her strict religious devotions and purity of life. One comical instance was her meeting with the toughest general of them all - the hero of all the children of France, La Hire. From the start he liked Joan. She soon gave him orders that fairly "took his breath away." She demanded that the rough carousing among his men stop and "Every man (including La Hire) who joins my standard must confess before the priest and absolve himself from sin; and all accepted recruits must be present at divine service twice a day." Finally when La Hire did catch his breath, he "let forth such a pathetic stream of blasphemy" that made "Joan laugh as she had not laughed since she played in the Domremy pastures." It is recorded that LaHire actually obeyed her religious commands as all others, "for whoever listened to the voice and looked into the eyes of Joan of Arc fell under a spell, and was not his own man any more."

The enthusiasm and devotion of the men for Joan was miraculous. A cowardly French army overnight took pride, and as La Hire said: "Two or three days ago it was afraid of a hen-roost; one could storm the gates of hell with it now." And they did - success upon success proved out the prophecies of Joan's "Voices". Only a cowardly King (that she had previously caused to be crowned) surrounded by scheming political advisors and enemies, kept her back from her final goal - wresting Paris from the English.

Even though she was ever compassionate in war - never having killed a man - she even nursed her own men and enemy wounded, as well, instead of resting between battles. However, the "smear campaign" grew - the idea that she was a witch. The more

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the grateful masses adored her, the more the Churchmen and the traitors surrounding the King hated her. Finally, one day while out on a little skirmish while awaiting further orders from her King, she was captured by the English, and the world knows the rest of the tragic story.

Although she had been through many unfair Court trials this last series was the worst. Heretofore she had won all Court battles through her keen intellect, outwitting the best minds of her day. Now she was thrown into prison, and after one escape, she was put in chains until her death. Finally, this child of nature, wasted away in dungeons. Sick with fatigue and mentally unstrung she was one day tricked into a confession of guilt by unwittingly placing her mark on a false document, the contents of which were unknown to her. She had no defense counsel, no open, fair trial. Her only friend was de Conte, the court reporter, who would have been killed had his identity been recognized, but she protected him by never a sign of recognition.

In recounting what happened at the stake - de Conte (who, however, could not bring himself to witness her end) said "The secular judge who should have delivered judgment and pronounced sentence was himself so disturbed that he forgot his duty, and Joan went to her death unsentenced - thus completing with illegality what had begun illegally and so continued to the end.

Excerpts

From the book "With the Adepts" by Frantz Hartmann M.D., 1910 (among Rosicrucians).

Contributed by Geneva S. Johnson

"We entered through a gothic portal into a hall (decorated with plants and flowers from the only substance of which we know, the universal primordial element of matter constituting the substance of universal mind, the Akasa."....There was quite a number of brothers assembled, (in this Refectory, G.S.J.) some of whom I recognized from having seen their pictures, but what astonished me above all, was that there were two ladies present - one appearing very tall and dignified, the other of smaller stature and of more delicate but not less noble appearance and exceedingly beautiful. To find ladies in the monastery of the brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross was a fact which surprised and staggered me, and my confusion was evidently observed by all present... The tall lady took my hand and led me to the table while she smilingly spoke the following words: 'Why should you be so surprised, my friend, to see adepts inhabiting female forms in company of those whose forms appear to be of male character? What has intelligence to do with the sex of the body? Where the sexual instincts end, there ends the influence of sex.'.....(later)

"I owe you an explanation in regard to the remarks I made when I saw your astonishment at seeing the female sex represented among the brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross. Your intuition told you right. It does not indeed very often happen

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that an individual attains adeptship while inhabiting a female organism because such an organism is not as well adapted as a male one to develop the energy and strength, and it is therefore frequently the case that those women who have far advanced on the road to adeptship must reincarnate in a male organism before they can achieve the final result. Nevertheless exceptions are found. You know that the organism of man is not fundamentally different from that of a woman, and in each human being are male and female elements combined....In a perfect human being the male and female elements are nearly equally strong with a slight preponderance of the male element which represents the productive power in nature while the female element represents the formative principle...You will find that the Moll-accord is the harmonious counterpart of the Dur-accord but that the greatest beauty finds its expression in Dur.

"If you therefore find an adept inhabiting a female organism you will be right in concluding that such an abnormal circumstance is due to some extraordinary conditions and experiences through which such an adept has passed during his last incarnation." (Then she tells of her past life and reveals that she was Joan of Arc.) Now she stood before me, the living original, with the full and strong, noble and beautiful, and yet according to history, over 450 years of age.

"'No', she said, 'I am much older than you think. That body which was destroyed was merely the grossest material substance of my physical organism. As the fire consumed the gross matter, my ethereal form arose above the fire and smoke..... The adepts who were present in their ethereal forms took care of me, and after a short period of unconsciousness, I awoke again to external life. Gradually my body hardened again by the action of the influences prevailing in my new home....to enable an astral form to continue to live after death of the physical form, it must have attained spiritual life during the

life of the physical body. I had already during former incarnations acquired that life and consciousness of the spirit. I was on my way to adeptship before I was born in a peasant hut. During my childhood I had spiritual intercourse with adepts, although I knew them not intellectually.'"

From "Voices"

By Grace T. Paine

Fear, doubt, anxiety
What a shattering of forces
 If I let thee in.
Fear, I will not
Doubt, I must not
Anxiety? I will meet my
 problem then
Not be troubled by it now.

You say, you asked not to
 be born;
Oh! How sad! Being so mis-
 taken!
I asked to be born,
You asked to be born.
Have you forgotten?
God meant it so!

From The Editor's Notebook

"Just as there is no stone that falls into water and makes no ripple, so there is no action, whether it is good or evil, that is not exactly balanced by the future that its present creates. Not only the universe, not only our lives, but every grain of sand that is blown upon the wind is meticulously balanced with that unflawed justice which is symbolised by the Great Scales of Tahuti."

From WINGED PHARAOH by Joan Grant

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"We cannot arrive at Utopia overnight. But I would rather be a builder than a wrecker, hoping always that the structure of life is growing, not dying. The destroyers who still exist in our midst....have a long road to travel before they accept the ethics of humanity....but some day with certainty all of them will remember with the Master: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself".

--Franklin Roosevelt

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"Every religion is a vessel into which the water of life is poured. The vessels are of different shapes; the water of life is the same in all."

-- Annie Besant

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"...nothing is or can be hidden from us except by our own limitations, and for every man as he evolves the world grows wider and wider, because he is able to see more and more of its grandeur and its loveliness."

--C. W. Leadbeater in THE HIDDEN SIDE OF THINGS

* * * * *

"One of the greatest instruments for practical development lying in the hands of small and great, is the instrument of SPEECH. He who guards his words and who only speaks with altruistic purpose in order to carry the energy of Love through the medium of the tongue is one who is mastering rapidly the initial steps to be taken in preparation for initiation. Speech is the most occult manifestation in existence; it is the means of creation and the vehicle for force. In the utilisation of words justly chosen and spoken, lies the distribution of the love force of the solar system -- that force which preserves, strengthens and stimulates."

From INITIATION, HUMAN AND SOLAR

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"See and serve every living being as the Absolute God."

--Shri Ramakrishna

As I Came To Me

By Thea Hehr

When I meet a fellow-member of our Society I always feel the urge of the same question: "How did Theosophy come to you? Were you so fortunate as to incarnate in a theosophical family? Or were you a wanderer like myself, drifting from church to church, from cult to cult, finding temporary lodging in each, but no abiding home?"

In this record of my search (which I now realize was the rapid recapitulation of the religious life of many incarnations) I met many kindly, sincere souls in the various religious organizations. Such people have my deep respect, whatever beliefs they may profess, and I am grateful for the help they tried to give me. But the exoteric teachings of the organizations themselves have drifted so far from the Ancient Wisdom upon which all were once established that I found no permanent hold nor reality in any of them.

As a very small child I was given a Bible with colored illustrations. Turning its pages, I became acquainted with Jehovah - an old gentleman with a stern, unfriendly face and long, white whiskers. I saw angels with pink, feathered wings finger-ing gilded harps. I also observed the dreadful writhings of the damned, roasting in hell-fire. ----Nurtured on the dogma of the most implacable Calvinism, I became a very pious child; that is, I feared both God and the Devil with all my heart. In Sunday school I was taught to address God as my "Heavenly Father", but I was afraid of the quick anger of my earthly father; how much more terrible must be the rage of this Jehovah, who wiped out great cities in his displeasure; who drowned all the earth because it disobeyed him, and could only be appeased by the sac-rifice of his only son? ----Was I Elect, or Damned? I tried to hope the former was the case, especially when exhorted by the visiting revivalists to "Come up and be saved!" But suddenly, one Sunday, when I was about twelve years old, I felt for the first time the sense of not belonging, of being in the wrong place, which was to become so familiar to me in later life. And while an unusually violent evangelist was shouting: "Come bathe in the blood of the Lamb" I walked up the long aisle and out of the church forever. No amount of pressure would make me return, so my family tried to cover my lapse by labelling me a "very nervous child."

I was finally allowed to go with a school friend to one of the great ritualistic churches. Here, at first, I was very happy, for no emotional lash harrowed my feelings. Everything was calm, orderly, and beautiful. God still had a long, white beard, but he no longer raged and thundered. His displeasure over sins of omission and comission was lulled by the pleasing scent of incense and the wellbred phrases of penitential pray-ers and priestly absolution. The glory of the altar, with its golden crucifix and great lighted candles; the dignified pro-

cessional of the vested choir; the mellow light filtering through stained glass windows; even, I must confess, the prevailing faint aroma of kid gloves and English lavender cologne-- all these things appealed to my love of beauty. But as I grew older the glow faded. I felt no reality behind the beauty; no vital truth beneath the smooth phrases and gentle prayers. Doubts closed in on me like a gray fog. Was there really a God, a hereafter? Or was all religion, with its gold and frankincense and myrrh, merely (as the Russians were beginning to proclaim) "The opiate of the people"? This state of mind grew more and more acute, till it was an anguish by day and a nightmare in the dark and I withdrew into the shell of scepticism. Outwardly I conformed to the churchly pattern, but it was a gesture without meaning, a cold and hollow convention. An exciting pattern of life, and the glamour of Europe's great cities were powerless against the inner desolation and loneliness I felt during this period.

Circumstances next led me to a small rural district of America, where the only center of community life was a little chapel under the rule of one of the great Protestant denominations. Here were warmth and ardor indeed -- friendliness, and a fervent faith! It is true, the long extemporaneous prayers of the preacher seemed calculated alternately to wheedle, nag, and dictate to a rather moronic Deity, but I was surrounded by such kindness, such genuine welcome! It was like coming into a cosy room, after wandering in a blizzard. I experienced the surge of a sort of emotional faith, which I was assured was conversion. "Praise the Lord, Sister -- you are saved!" So I joined the church and became active in its working groups and teacher of the young peoples' Bible class. The spirit of missions stirred strongly in this deomination, and frequently Brother This or Sister That addressed us on the subject of the harvest of their labors among the "benighted heathen".

I often asked these missionaries what the heathen religions which they battled were like, but their answers were so vague I had to conclude that the good sisters and brothers neither knew nor cared, so long as they could smash the "idols", furnish mother Hubbards to the female converts, and forcibly feed the dogma of the church to all comers! So I began to study such books as I could find in the library on Hinduism, Buddhism, and other religions of Asia. Even from these scanty sources I became convinced that all religions in their essential core were the same! With the ardor of a pioneer I brought this revolutionary idea to my class of young Bible students, and to my delight they eagerly caught it up. We had a period of stimulating discussion and fearless thought, but then the church fathers bore down upon us with a stern disapproval worthy of my childhood Jehovah, and all was over. However, this idea of the brotherhood of all religions may have lived on in the minds of some of those young people and have born fruit later in their lives -- I can only hope so!

Feeling that the orthodox churches had no place for me, I began a period of study among the various cults. These (or so

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it seemed to me) were divided into the "peace groups" and the "power groups"; the former offering spiritual soothing syrup to deaden pain and quiet fear, the latter promising "strange powers" at so much a correspondence course. I have always possessed a degree of untrained clairvoyance (oh, two-edged sword in the hands of an infant!) and the promises of psychic power were naturally very alluring, but I soon became aware of the dangers of this system, to say nothing of its blatant commercialism.

Several years were spent in the earnest study of the text book of the strongest of the "mind-healing" churches. I pored over its arbitrary and unproven statements for hours daily, and when "claims" of colds and indigestion assailed me I tried to "know the truth" about them, but my demonstrations were few indeed, and my rebellious "mortal mind" yearned for baking soda and aspirin to the last. I consulted many practitioners in divers cities and states. All were alike in sending large bills, one even threatening legal action for delayed payment. This seemed odd from the view point of Christian Healing, but still more odd seemed the denial of all the testimony of the senses, of the whole created universe with all its laws. Elaborate structures of logic were built upon arbitrary and unproven premises. Nor have I ever found such intolerance and fear of other philosophies as was held by this cult which denies the very existence of fear! One practitioner even refused to treat me if I did not burn all books of other faiths which I had in my library!

Nothing was left for me but the sorry prop of the neurotic derelict -- modern psychology, the "skid row" of the soul. My counsellor labelled all religions alike the figments of a consciousness that sought the sense of importance, and moreover all consciousness was motor! There was no "right" and "wrong"; merely patterns of action that were smart and others that were stupid. My fixations, frustrations and complexes were uncovered by the sharp scalpel of analysis, but this operation only increased the sickness and misery of my soul, and the utter futility of this purposeless existence closed over me in waves of despair. No outer diversions or gaieties, no mental nor physical work were of any use. I seemed to be alone on a frail raft in an endless black sea of nothingness.

One night after many sleepless hours I rose and stood by my bedroom window. The sky was beginning to pale into a luminous, blue-green against which tall fan and cocos palms were etched in black. A single great star gleamed in that dawn-sky--a star of dynamic, mighty glory. It was Venus, star of the morning. Seeing this wonder, a Voice within me cried out, not a prayer to Jehovah, nor to the God of the lace-trimmed altar, nor to the Father-Mother of the cults; it cried out in terrible agony, desperately, to the Morning Star: "If there is any help for me, oh, let it come! Let it come!"

That very day my Teacher came to me -- the Initiate who gently led me to the portals of the Theosophical Society, to my soul's true home. For every doctrine of Theosophy is just that--no strange thing, but a dear, familiar truth "That I have loved

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long since, and lost awhile." Here I find the great, basis Brotherhood of all religions which I always groped toward; here, the vast foundation of all creation, and its infinitely perfect plan explained in perfect logic. Here is no criticism of my brother's different belief, but tolerance in place of dogma and theology. Here is a Hierarchy of wise and tender protection. No longer does life teem with injustices -- karma explains them. Death is only a link in the chain of incarnations.

True, I have only part of my life left to offer, but whatever remains, whatever creative strength may be given me, I lay at the feet of the Great White Lodge. Thus only can I express my gratitude to my Teacher, and my devotion to our Society.

So Theosophy came to me.----How did it come to you?

Invisible Helpers

By Ella Pinney

Our opportunity of coming under the influence of Theosophy, C. W. Leadbeater has said, is the result of our past lives. In them we have earned this opportunity of knowing about the great White Brotherhood and its work in the world.

These conceptions of Theosophy have long been known in the Eastern world, but the Western mind has been reduced to two factors - man and deity. Of any intermediary agents we have been kept in ignorance, but the Ancient Wisdom gives to us again the splendid belief of an unbroken line of living beings from the dust under our feet to the Logos Himself.

The East has always recognized these invisible helpers; the Greeks had their gods and demi-gods; the Romans their legends of unseen helpers, and the mediaeval people their saints. And we of the present day have read of the visions seen by our soldiers in the great wars.

I have read in the papers of a fifteen months old baby who fell from a second-story window to the ground, but was quite unharmed, and I could not help believing that some invisible helper was at hand. Another case was that of a woman while riding in a train, heard a voice say "Go to the other side". She changed her seat. Almost at once a crash shattered the seat she had vacated. Mr. Leadbeater cites case after case of children saved or assisted by invisible helpers - tho often the children saw their rescuers plainly, and sometimes they were visible to older people interested in the children.

These helpers may be devas, nature-spirits, the dead, or the living Adepts and their pupils. Devas (angels) rarely interfere in the events of our ordinary life (unless called, Ed.). The Adepts are occupied with larger affairs than ours. Nature-spirits help very little, for they dislike man and shun his habitat. The dead may give some assistance, but the more unselfish

and helpful they have been, the less in touch with earth 13.
they are - therefore lingering but a short time where they could contact the physical plane. So it comes about that the great bulk of the work which has to be done on or from the astral plane falls to those living persons who are able to function consciously on that plane, the pupils of the Masters.

Do you ask, "Are not we ourselves capable of doing any of this invisible helping?" Yes, assuredly. Every time we sleep, we may do this work of assistance on the astral plane if we will so to do, and when we are awake we may do much by our thoughts to help, for thought is the most powerful form of energy - acting, I suppose, on the lower mental plane, but affording invisible help - as on the astral, and a thought of kindness, sympathy, strength, harmony, peace to one in need must have some effect.

In merely passing a person, good, bad, young or old, black or white, we may send out a thought of health, joy, tranquility, comfort, or a wish that he may have a happy day, a beautiful desire, a kind deed done him, relief from anxiety, strength to resist a great temptation - scores of good thoughts rush to us for expression if we give them a bit of encouragement. This kind of invisible help appeals keenly to me - we can use our waking hours to such wonderful purpose by this projection of thought. We know our power and can remember to use it constantly.

In sleep we may be doing far more service, but that we do not remember - while physical awakeness and awareness is ours daily at hand for use.

Taking again service on the astral plane, Mr. Leadbeater says that the chief work lies in guidance and assistance given to those who pass over - and the chief end is to further their evolution. So there is always plenty of work to be done.

The Church of Rome, with its doctrine of Purgatory, prepares its believers somewhat for this first appearance on the astral plane, but Protestantism gives no such preparation and instead of a belief that this stage is temporary, many believe in everlasting punishment. These suffer accutely - they need to be comforted, assured, calmed, and instructed. It takes much patience and earnest effort to deal with these cases, but when one can impress upon such a person his real position and its possibilities, he is helping immeasurably in the evolution of that soul.

The length of a man's astral life depends upon two factors:

First - his physical life, the emotions, desires, cleanliness and food which have made his physical and astral bodies.

Second - his attitude of mind after death. This second is often forgotten, and herein lies a great part of the work done by those trying to help.

Most people cling to earth; their thoughts, interests, desires are all of the earth - they want the physical, they will

not let go. This mental attitude is difficult to deal with and the struggle may be long - but any help given to such souls saves suffering and aids the natural astral disintegration, thus lessening his stay in the astral.

Always there will be plenty of work and we who are studying Theosophy, and know that all things are evolving, earnestly wish to do whatever we can to further this evolution, to help where and when we may those who need us. There is no mystery about qualifications for this work. The difficulty lies in developing the qualifications.

The first is: SINGLE-MINDEDNESS. It must be the one great interest of our lives. We must discern the useful from the useless, and the more useful from the less useful.

Second: SELF-CONTROL. This excludes irritation, anger, haste, and means absolute control of nerves. Candidates must pass the tests of earth, fire, water and air - to know that the astral body cannot be harmed.

Third: CALMNESS. Worry and depression must be entirely set aside.

Fourth: KNOWLEDGE. As thorough a preparation through theosophical study and reading as possible, now in this life.

Fifth: UNSELFISHNESS

Sixth: LOVE. Strong enough not to boast itself.

Strong enough to act without talking about it. Strong enough to serve without requital. Strong enough to be a perfect channel for the love of God to reach His human family.

French Orphans

Last year we mentioned in our Relief columns, the work being done by a French Theosophist, Mme. Renee Remande, who is the head of four orphanages in France. One is situated at Cannes on the Riviera, two in Ht. Rhin - at Guebwiller and Buhl, and one at Pomeyrol in Saint-Etienne-Du-Gres.

Our Group has contributed considerable clothing - even food to these orphans (through Besant Lodge of Hollywood, who had taken them on as their Relief Project). Ojai Round Table became interested in the helping of them, and later the Tables in San Francisco and New Zealand sent them clothing.

The personnel of the homes are Theosophists who are raising these little orphans in a "homey" environment as they would their own, amidst love and beauty. During the hard war years, food was sent from "foster parents" (to children who had them) in Switzerland, and from time to time vacations in Switzerland were arranged in hopes of building up as many of the children as possible.

The following article was sent by Mme. Remande, along with reading matter in French about the homes.---M.L.L.

Pomeyrol

By a Friend of Pomeyrol

"We are trying, with patience and love, to make of the children entrusted to us, the abandoned, the orphaned, the children of worthless parents and in moral danger, human beings of honour and integrity. As does a family, we are trying to discover in each one of them the secret springs of inclination and will."

The house, as you approach it along the drive lined with tall, leaning pines, is large and imposing, with the red-tiled roof of the region and dominated by a square water-tower capped and spiked like a pagoda. Away to the right a hedge of young cypresses stretches beside the kitchen-garden that it is growing to protect. This is Pomeyrol, a house of children under the Provencal sun.

Suppose you visit it at lunch-time. A girl of about fifteen, gaily dressed and aproned, goes through the house and along the terrace, ringing a hand-bell. If it is Sunday you will be lucky, because all the family will be there - that is, all except Andre, a little blond boy of two, who isn't quite old enough yet to eat with his three-year old brothers and sisters, who sit, four of them, at their own table, with two older girls to keep an eye on them. There are three other tables in the grand, rather bare room, with its scrubbed wooden-floor and the panelled walls and gilded candelabra that are left over from its wealthier if less worth-while existence. One for the grown-ups, and three or four children at a time, another for the mediums, and the other for the six - to nine-year olds. The seven-months Marie-Christine beams from her pram. A grace is sung and the meal is begun, perhaps not without a little disturbance, because the babies have recently developed a habit of shouting "Baiser, Baiser," and remaining unconsoled until they have been kissed.

This then is "Le Rayon de Soleil," The Ray of Sunshine, of Pomeyrol, and these are the children. There are twenty-six children altogether, from seven-months to nineteen years, so it would take a long time to introduce them all. All have their sad histories. The baby of the family was abandoned by its mother at the age of a few days. The parents of two of the older girls, sisters, disappeared in Hitler's concentration camps. And so on.

But they are all here now. They have come from Paris, from Strasbourg, from Marseilles, very often from the slums, from the streets, or from homes worse than the streets, to this noble house in the sun, among the vineyards and the orchards. Here now is the centre of their lives; from here they go to study at the village-school or at the local high-school, or learn their trade.

The home here is recent, dating only from February, 1946, but it is one of several created here and there in France since

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1933, born of the inspiration of Henri Rollet, a Judge, and of Renee Remande, who worked with him, born of their desire to give to the children whose pathetic helplessness was dragged through the courts something more than the cold comfort of an orphanage.

They took as their charter the declaration of the rights of children of Geneva, whose five-points are these:-

- I. A child should be given the chance to develop in a normal way, materially and spiritually.
- II. A child who is hungry should be fed; a child who is sick should be cared for; a child who is backward should be encouraged; a child who has strayed should be brought back, the orphan and the foundling should be shepherded and helped.
- III. A child should be the first to receive help in times of trouble.
- IV. A child should be given the chance to earn his living and should be protected against any exploitation.
- V. A child should be brought up with the feeling that his best talents must be put at the service of his brothers.

Pomeyrol is under the wise and understanding direction of Mme. Remande herself, who from a life dedicated to the care of children has gained a sure and humorous sympathy for their difficulties. She inspires a team of colleagues. There is a M. Bourguet, who is in charge of all the work necessary to make habitable this mansion after the war-years of pillage and ill-usage, and to make fruitful the neglected gardens. He brings from a varied life in the world of commerce not only the ability to manage all the complicated business affairs of this small community in a society where even a loaf of bread has to be unwrapped from official forms, but also a mature experience of life and an affectionate interest in children, so that he becomes rather the father of the family.

There are others, devoting themselves to all the endless and important jobs that are called housework, for no fixed wages, but with their needs supplied from the family-purse, as in most homes, after the children's needs have first been satisfied. Some of them are children of the other Rayons de Soleil, passing on in this way the training and benefits they have themselves received. And the children all help in the home, learn little by little what is demanded of them by a full social life.

Naturally, the home is not a perfect paradise. There is no panacea for getting rid of all the difficulties of childhood, the differing temperaments, the tantrums, the disappointments, the defaults. But at least here the children are not pressed into a resentful and unstable uniformity by the stony walls of an institution. There is discipline, but there is also liberty and sympathy, a child's troubles are coped with in the warm security of a family. Every fortnight there is a family council,

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where the children can grow to understand the possibilities of an honest discussion of difficulties, can speak themselves and listen to others, can appreciate responsibility.

For it is not sufficient to Mme. Remande and her collaborators to provide food and the materials of a normal home life. There is also the spiritual purpose, based on an undogmatic Christianity and an idealistic humanism, of sending out into the world human beings aware of the spiritual reality of their existence and dedicated to the values implied in the life of the spirit. The chateau here housed for many years a Protestant Retreat, a centre of prayer and meditation, which has since moved to a farm-house in the hills nearby and which has extended its care and influence to the children who have succeeded it.

These are only some of the friends of the little community, and this is only one of the kinds of help they receive. Pomeyrol exists, with difficulty often, but it exists, on the fringe of the activities of the state, by adding to the fixed and uniform allocations of Public Assistance the gifts in money and kind of people who are touched by the same concern and recognise the value of this human experiment. These friends accept a personal responsibility to a particular child, as god-parent, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, providing not only what they can towards its support, but also a continual background of interest and affection to enrich its life, visits, letters, holidays, and all the forms of contact which help to give the child a larger and deeper sense of belonging and to compensate in some way for all that it must miss.

They, these friends, are really as much a part of Pomeyrol as the house itself, the house of children lying in the sun, among the parklands and gardens.

(Those interested in helping these orphans
may write to: Mme. Renee Remande
Saint-Etienne-Du-Gres, France)

A Ray of Truth

By Gertrude Finch

It seems to me that a ray of truth is like a ray of sunshine, and the race of humanity is a prism thru which the ray of truth shines. It is a prism of worldwide dimensions and each one of us is a face of that prism. The ray of truth shines thru us, and comes out of each of our minds in a different form — colored differently, as it were, like the colored glass of our consciousness thru which it shines. The truth is pure white light, but thru the worldwide prism it comes out with as many varieties of color as there are individual minds that receive it. Let us strive to reflect as nearly as possible the great radiance of the white light of truth, uncolored by the prism of our own consciousness!

--From VOICES (Syracuse Lodge)

Diet Page

By Dr. Alice Chase
Directing Physician of Health Rest, Nanuet, N.Y.

GUIDANCE TO DAILY DIET

Food for building the body and for maintaining it in good health requires knowledge of various classes of foods and their relation to human health. An individual's diet must be adjusted to appetite, state of well being, type of occupation as well as age. A growing child or youth requires more food than a mature adult. Overweight in many adults is due to eating beyond the body's ability to assimilate or oxydize the food intake.

The above remarks, we hope, will arouse the interest of progressive adults to read up on nutrition. There are various standard books on diet in the public libraries which contain much clarifying information. Some of these books which the writer recommends are:

- H. C. Sherman's "Essentials of Nutrition"
- E. V. McCollum's "The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition"
- Alfred McCann's "Starving America"
- Otto Carque's "Vital Facts About Food"

It would be advisable for every interested housewife to own copies of these books, which they could read and study from time to time.

From the writer's standpoint, meals should be very simple and should consist of few courses. Let us now consider what should be served at each meal.

Breakfast should consist of only two foods. Growing children may have all the milk they can enjoy, sipping it slowly. This should be followed by fresh raw fruit. Adults require smaller portions of the same food. Another breakfast combination may be one starchy food such as toasted bread and butter, cooked cereal or dry cereal with a little cream. No sweetening such as jam, honey or sugar should be used with starchy meals because they are best digested when masticated thoroughly by themselves. But fresh fruit may always be served to follow the starchy food. In fact fresh fruit is always a nice course with which to end a meal. Strict vegetarians may find an ideal breakfast combination from among the fruits only. Growing children or thin individuals may take nuts and fruits for breakfast. But all should remember the rule: Eat only when you can relish your food. Miss breakfast when not hungry.

Luncheons should also be planned in a simple manner. Some may wish to eat the same foods as for breakfast. Other suggestions are a combination vegetable salad or a vegetable stew with one starchy food or with fruit.

Dinner menus may be a little more elaborate. However, a large plate of raw salad should be the basic dinner course for every member of the family. To make salads look appealing to the eye as well as relishing to the taste, assemble the vegetables in the center of the plate in neatly cut fashion. Washing the vegetables and putting them in the Frigidaire for a while before serving will add to the crispness of the salad. Seasoning for salads is hardly required because each raw vegetable has its own distinctive dainty flavor. In cold weather and in cold climates, oil and lemon juice may be added for flavoring. A few shelled nuts sprinkled over the salad will add to the attractiveness and taste. Well-made thin soup is a fine addition to the dinner meal.

The following are a few recipes for soups:

Starchless Soups

1. Creamed, strained vegetable soup.

2 potatoes, 2 carrots, 1 onion, 1 parsley root. Cut up vegetables in large chunks, cover with 2 glasses water. Bring to boil, then steam for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Add glass cold water and liquify in food blender or strain through coarse sieve. Season before serving with light sweet cream, celery salt and garlic salt.

2. Cream of Carrot and Mushroom Soup

Grate one or two onions, split four carrots and cut mushrooms very fine (about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms). Cook for 20 minutes in pint of water. Add glass of cold water or cold milk. Liquify in blender or rub through a sieve. Re-heat, season to taste with fresh sweet cream and celery salt.

Starchy Soups

1. Lima Bean Soup

1 cup lima beans, wash and rinse thoroughly. Put up to cook in 1 quart of water. After bringing to boil, cook slowly for 2 hours. Add 2 or 3 cupfuls of fresh green garden vegetables such as 1 potato, cut up fine, a few mushrooms, cut up fine, a few celery stalks, a parsnip, a carrot, 1 or 2 onions. Cook another 30 minutes. Add chopped parsley, celery salt before serving.

2. Pea Soup, Barley Soup, Lentil Soup

Prepare on same principle as lima bean soup; substituting peas, barley or lentils for the beans and cook as above.

The soup recipes are for 6 to 8 average servings.

Nutmeats make very good main courses for the dinner plate. Nutmeats may be used plain. Remove nutmeat from the container, slice it, heat in tomato juice or in any fresh made vegetable stew. Nutmeats may also be cubed or sliced and baked with soy bean noodles or with well-cooked brown rice or any other grain food.

The following are a few samples of Dinner Menus:

Protein Menus

1. Mushroom omelet, Spanish stew,
Steamed cabbage or
cauliflower
Salad: lettuce, pine-
apple, orange
Milk, buttermilk or
lemonade

2. Soy bean noodles or
Macaroni with butter
and grated cheese
Asparagus, spinach
Salad: carrots, celery,
lettuce, mayonnaise
Fresh fruit, fruit
juice

Starchy Menus

1. Baked potatoes
Spinach, parsnips, carrots,
Salad: cold slaw of cabbage,
carrots, spinach, onion,
cucumber; seasoning for
salad: lemon juice, oil,
vegetable salt.

2. Corn muffins, butter or
sour cream
Cream of celery soup
Carrots, string beans, brown
"Kasha" (Buckwheat) or
rice.
Salad: lettuce, apple, pear,
seasoned with orange juice
Beverage - optional

Meditation

By E. K. (Australia)

What is meditation but perfect dreaming, gentle and beautiful yet clear and well defined? As we do it daily, year after year, it widens in perfection and scope and our lives and even our faces show forth the beautifying effect of the inner woof and weft of controlled and beautiful thinking.

First we commence with the desire to create peace and love and harmony in the home circle and amongst those with whom we mingle. Then as we improve it widens to our neighbourhood, and then to our city. Gradually we take the whole land and population into our hearts and minds, and the picture grows in depth and beauty. The thinking has its effect and we begin to see all the nations of the world as one great family, each nation one family, each nation's need the opportunity of all the other nations to help and succour. Faith and trust and human brotherhood have wiped from our hearts all suspicion and hatred. The sure knowledge comes that every thought towards World Peace and Brotherhood is a mental brick in the store house of the Great Ones, who can only build to the extent of the material supplied by us.

How does one widen heart and mind to include in kindness all life and form? For myself it has been a long, slow and still terribly imperfect process. Given by circumstances a married life filled with suspicion, jealousy and acute disharmony, for many years I just sought and suffered, not understanding. Little by little I learned the power of thought and felt that this was the great key, but lacked the right knowledge to use it.

Then two books came into my possession, one "The First Six Steps in Mental Mastery" by Harrison Brown. Sitting by the fire reading it crippled with Sciatica, I found a sentence that awakened memory, made me realise things again that I had known through all time. There and then I set to work to see myself a perfect unit in the Absolute. One leg had been completely crippled and I had been unable to straighten my back properly for six months. In three days when the Doctor came to see me, I was completely straight and walked normally. It took six weeks for my hip to return to normal size, but Will and Thought had received their first "conscious" victory.

Soon I had lent to me "History and Power of the Mind" by Richard Ingalese. This gave me the realisation that from within myself I could bring peace and harmony to my home. So I set to work.

There was serious jealousy between one of my children and my husband. Each resented the other's place in my heart, and this caused constant quarrels and sorrow and upset the entire family. After meditation for peace each day, I would visualise my husband and daughter kneeling together in the overshadowing presence of Our Lord. It did not take very long to be able to build this picture very clearly and strongly. After three years, my daughter's husband was added to this picture. Apparently the enmity was now even worse, and we were none of us for a time allowed to see them (my daughter and her husband). But gradually this ceased and at the end of seven years my daughter and her husband and, by now little son, were drawn into complete harmony with her father.

During these seven years I had also learnt that one can only create peace and harmony to the extent to which one has completely uprooted unkindness and friction out of one's own heart. Life at the time was very sad and tragic. I had worked hard at everything else I had learnt, but this was a new angle and worth trying out, for I was determined to succeed at least in my own home. Deliverately and determinedly the work of weeding out my thoughts began, replacing every bitter or unkind thought with a kind one, strongly held. Action automatically followed thought. This process undertaken in the middle of that seven year period, is to me the turning point of my life. Little by little, as I became genuinely filled with kindness and love within, my power to build the thought-form of Our Lord increased incredibly, till in about twelve months, building a thought-form on Cathedral Hill in our city, the rays of love and peace would spread to a radius of over twenty miles.

For a long time I did this daily, then took as my guide, Bhagavan Das's "Science of Peace". This book is now written in essence in my heart. Steadily in heart and mind I became one with All That IS. Now peace and harmony had become permanent dwellers in my heart.

One morning after the usual peace meditation, reading a very beautiful paragraph about the SELF, slowly and steadily, I

22. could see the outermost body of myself, shining and white, reaching further and further out, until the whole world was within it. Steadily consciousness widened until stars, constellations, universes, all were within that shining white body of mine. And still the "I", the thing that is really me, the knower, the cogniser, stood beyond and yet in the midst of that body of "All-Inclusiveness", still the "I", the knower - was somehow one with the ALL and knew all else as the Not-self.

That consciousness has come to me several times and I have tried to focus it and steadily analyze it. As I rise out of my bodies and try to unify "myself" with the "SELF", I see strangely enough, as the central focus point, my physical heart, as a bright point of light suspended in fathomless endless space, night blue and limitless, extending above and below, before and behind this physical focus point. The stars and planets show out as moving globes of light in this somehow soft flowing night colour, but the whole of them are within the body of my "I consciousness"; and yet this "I consciousness" seems to be conscious of "All This" only through the physical focus-point of my heart. Through my heart I feel first one with all the depraved and depressed side of humanity, knowing they are "myself" in other flesh disguises; then one with all the evolved and refined side of humanity, "myself" in finer more developed vehicles; then one with all war-stricken suffering humanity, my heart enfolding all, till for all time there is no separation. Then I come back, willing the channels in my lower bodies to deepen and widen daily that more and more of the Self may flow out to those about me. It has made a great difference in my feelings toward physical things, they no longer matter very much personally, except that I want to do the job at hand as well as possible, that being the only job for me at the moment. I work harder and more meticulously on the physical plane but things no longer upset me very much. Peace has come to dwell with me.

This realisation and sight is there for every member of humanity, and once seen and experienced is his or hers, for all time undimmed. I believe this to be possible of achievement by anyone who will patiently meditate on Peace and Universal Brotherhood every day; not only meditate, but put this side of life into every day kindness and service all the time. It is the patient doing of the little, kind, loving things in our own immediate sphere of duty that eventually brings results.

* * * *

Break not suddenly the dream
The blessed dream of infancy;
In which the soul unites with
 all
In earth, or heaven, or sea,
 or sky.

-- Froebel

From The Director

MOTHERS' GROUPS

The following report may give ideas to others who are contemplating forming mothers' groups. I have long wished to see such neighborhood groups functioning as a means of cooperation between busy mothers, or as a means of diversion or for child study. Mrs. Marie Forstey, leader of the Buffalo Group seems to have hit upon a happy combination of study and diversion. She has been so successful that she has been asked to be leader of a second group of women. Here is her report:

"A Group of Buffalo mothers have started a club with the following in mind: reading articles and books which deal with philosophy, psychology and religion all of which help us understand our children and ourselves better.

"Meetings are held by-weekly in each member's home. A chapter is read and then a discussion period follows, whereby we help each other with problems. A sociable game of cards is played followed by refreshments.

"The dues are 25¢ per member. This money is put in the treasury until spring when we use it to treat ourselves to a dinner and a show.

"Our club is not strictly theosophical, as some of the mothers are not quite ready for it, although I give them as much as they are interested in our teachings.

"Harriet McCollum's writings are very much along our line of thought. Her articles are in a very simplified writing, and the ladies have enjoyed her lessons.

"I bought copies of AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER and gave a copy to each mother. They all said the book has brought them so much consolation when they are in trouble or upset. I've also loaned the women books from our Theosophical library and some books of my own." -- Marie Forstey

A LODGE'S SCHOOL

From a new member we have received news of a novel undertaking in Lodges: "Houston Lodge, of which I am president, has bought and is remodeling a large two-story house for a Montessori School. We have turned the first floor into an auditorium, seating around 200 - stage 17' x 6', several dressing rooms and a smaller school room in back. On the second floor are the small apartments for the "staff" - teachers and their families of small children. All ready to go! Please give us suggestions. We have prospective teachers holding University degrees - two with Masters Degrees - one in Kindergarten work...." -- Mrs. L.S.W.

GROUP SURVEY

Our Mothers Research Group is now getting so large that we are now devising a new system of keeping the personal touch with our members. Mrs. Marie J. Hayes, an enthusiastic member from Millvale, Pennsylvania and mother of five youngsters from 2 to 11 years of age, has kindly consented to make a survey of our Group members for the purpose of getting acquainted with each subscriber. We do not require service from members if they are too busy to help, but we should like to learn their interests and of how we can better serve them.

MOTHERS! DO YOU WANT TO CORRESPOND?

Della Arroyo of Los Angeles, too, has been thinking along similar lines! She thinks mothers might like to know each other more personally through correspondence, and she would like to see names printed in the Digest of mothers who would be willing to thus exchange ideas through correspondence.

"C I R C L E S"

I have been thinking over a plan of classifying members by their chief interests or problems. For instance, mothers of babies under one year might naturally fall into the "Infancy Circle", those with Toddlers, into the "Pre-School Circle".... The word "circle" seems to fit in well with our national work. Mothers with a number of children might work with women in several "circles", or might choose just one. In this way mothers may find others with similar problems, and they might pool their ideas for the good of our entire Group. When our survey is completed, we shall list the names of those in their respective "circles" and those who wish, may find it mutually helpful to either correspond with or to study with other mothers in their "circle". Let us have suggestions or ideas along this line!

NEW FINANCIAL SECRETARY

Mrs. Marie Dempsey of Seattle has also agreed to add the duties of Financial Secretary to those of Publicity Secretary. In other words, money should now be sent to her instead of to the Director. She will take charge of the Circulation Department and will work closely with those who mail out the copies of MOTHERS OCCULT DIGEST.

NEW DIET PAGE

With this issue we introduce a Diet Page in charge of Dr. Alice Chase, Directing Physician of "The Health Rest", Nanuet, New York. We are indeed fortunate to receive this help from Dr. Chase, who is not only busy with her "Health Rest", but lectures and writes - contributing, too, to the little magazine "The Health Rest Guide & Review".

RELIEF COMMITTEE

Due to pressure of outside work, I have relinquished my active service with relief work to our very efficient Committee. Contributions of money and clothing could still be sent to me, for I handle the bookkeeping, and money is constantly needed!--M.L.L.

From Our Readers

FROM A MOTHER-PHYSICIAN

"....Regarding the pamphlet on Natural Childbirth by Betsan Coats - at this time I feel I should go into a little detail about the article. It is a very touching, intimate thing that makes it more full and complete. This wonderful power we all have within ourselves is such a precious, dynamic wonder it seems such a pity so many have to do without it-- but it is like many other things.

"I look back - such a short time ago when I was practicing obstetrics in St. Louis. I knew nothing of the Theosophical world then, or its teachings, and yet I could feel a certain power to reach patients not only pregnant women but chiropractic patients as well - and at times it was hard to understand. In delivering the many, many babies not once did we ever have to give an anesthetic, nor did any of the women cry for it. We never had to use forceps and in the majority of cases there was little or no tearing of the soft tissues,--all due to relaxation! The women were totally conscious all during the proceedings with the entire labor period lasting a very short time. Of course they had chiropractic adjustments and were adjusted all during their labor period. The type of adjustment given not only relaxes women in labor, but anyone who seeks relief from pain and an interest in gaining their health through natural methods. The power lies within their own bodies - the chiropractor merely assists the body in a natural way to release their powers! It's pathetic that more chiropractors don't know what it is all about and in some cases it means "punching" somebody's back or "cracking" his neck! I indeed have much to be thankful for, and in some measure try to pass it on not only to my patients but to those I have found ready to accept the advanced teachings of the Theosophical Society..."

"It is indeed a pleasure to be a member of the Group, and I know I shall find much happiness with my association with the Theosophical Society."...Dr. Agnes Benedict (Buffalo, N.Y.)

(Note: Since the above letter was received by your Director, word has been received that Dr. Benedict, herself, while being rushed to the hospital, gave birth to her little one in a taxi. Both mother and child are doing well, I hear. M.L.L.)

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"I gave Rona Workman's lovely little story 'Mary Ellen Through the Ages' to one of my pupils to read. I asked her to prepare it over the week-end. She began to read it that very night and found it so absorbing that she finished it and gave a grand summary in class the very next day. Several children asked to read it." -- S.S. (a high school English teacher)

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"....In training our Group members in meditation, why not bring out the fact that even the little duties of every day can be acts of service, and thus a form of meditation?"--Mrs. J.H.

From Abroad

FROM AUSTRALIA

"During the year I have received copies of the Mothers Occult Digest and have found the articles most interesting and helpful. I am writing to renew my subscription.

"A few days ago I received a pamphlet 'Gateway of Birth'. This is really an excellent little booklet.

"At our Church (The Church of the Holy Spirit -Liberal Catholic) we hold a unique and very lovely service of meditation to Our Lady - it is called the Guild of Servers of Our Lady. As part of our work of service we keep a list of expectant mothers and at each meeting the blessing of Our Lady is asked for those whose names appear on it. We have received many grateful letters and messages of thanks for help received in difficult cases. I am in charge of the Guild.

"We plan to give a copy of your pamphlet to each mother on our list. The help given through our mother's list is very real, and the idea may commend itself to some of your groups..."

--Doris Sones, Melbourne, Australia

FROM GRAZ, AUSTRIA

"Christmas time was a joyful time for all of us. Your parcels reached us in time...Great thanks to you all, you have helped us so much!.....

"Now I will tell you from our Christmas time. I hid some things from your boxes and gave them to my husband and my children as presents (socks and a wool undershirt, shoes and hose for my daughter and the blue coat for my son). When our tree was lighted (we had only a few candles), we all sent our greetings to our distant friends. So we did at our Christmas-gathering in our lodge. My husband told the members of our theosophical friends in America.

"The childrens-party took place at the 28th of December, our Guiltless-Childrens-Day...The Childrens-party took place in the flat of Mrs. Grete Hansmann. There is a large room which could be warm heated, our lodge-room is nearly always cold. It's a pity that the room of Mrs. H. is not large enough to take hold for the children's parents too, therefore we have not been present, but Edith and Erwin (16½ and 15½) told me all the details. They prepared at home all the Christmas stockings and filled them with great joy just in the same way as you wished it (with lemon-juice, malt tablets, candy, raisins, peanuts, toys and so on). We prepared cake from Gingerbread, then other kinds of pastry and chocolate, all from your material...What a great joy we all have with the popcorn, that is quite a new and delicious food for us. The preparing is an amusement, when it pops and flies through the kitchen like snowballs. Although I have not the suitable pan with the right cover, but it will do...."Laura Lauppert