

MOTHERS' OCCULT DIGEST



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MOTHERS' OCCULT DIGEST

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Theosophical Society, United States of America.

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OBJECTS OF THE MOTHERS' RESEARCH GROUP

To spread theosophical teachings concerning home and children.
To encourage mutual study in mothercraft in groups or correspondence.
To aid and learn from those working along lines of maternity & youth.

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The opinions expressed in this Digest do not necessarily reflect the policies of The Theosophical Society

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Anyone interested may join.

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From the Editor

IN THE MONTH OF MAY

In the month of May Mothers' Day is always held in America; but the month of May is a very special month for Theosophists. On May 8th we have White Lotus Day, and this year Mothers' Day falls on White Lotus Day! Then, at the full moon of May is the sacred festival of Wesak - commemorated throughout the East.

On May 8th, 1891, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, one of the two founders of the Theosophical Society, died, and on every May 8th thereafter, have we given her (and other early pioneers in the work) homage. This day is called White Lotus Day. In this number we, too, not only give homage to H.P.B. but endeavor to set forth some of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy as set forth by Madame Blavatsky's great pupil, Annie Besant.

It is said that at the full moon of May, each year, the Buddha visits earth on the anniversary of all the momentous occurrences of His last earthly life -- His birth, His attainment of Buddhahood, and His departure from the physical body.

"The Lord Buddha has His own especial type of force, which He outpours when He gives His blessing to the world, and this benediction is a unique and very marvelous thing; for by His authority and position a Buddha has access to planes of nature which are altogether beyond our reach, hence He can transmute and draw down to our level the forces peculiar to those planes. Without this mediation of the Buddha these forces would be of no use to us here in the physical life; their vibrations are so tremendous, so incredibly rapid, that they would pass through us unsensed at any level we can reach, and we should never even know of their existence. But as it is, the force of the blessing is scattered all over the world; and it instantly finds for itself channels through which it can pour, just as water instantly finds an open pipe, thereby strengthening all good work, and bringing peace to the hearts of those who are able to receive it."

"In connection with this visit of His, and quite apart from its tremendous esoteric significance, an exoteric ceremony is performed on the physical plane at which the Lord actually shows Himself in the presence of a crowd of ordinary pilgrims. (as well as the members of the Great White Brotherhood and all occult students, or those interested, who travel there in sleep, Ed.)

"The place selected is a small plateau surrounded by low hills, which lies on the northern side of the Himalayas, not far from the frontier of Nepal, and perhaps about four hundred miles west of the city of Lhassa....." *

THE BUDDHA

In a Christian land there are many misconceptions concerning the Buddha and Buddhism. One would think that Divinity students, in their studies, would be inspired by the Message of the Buddha as

with that of the Christ, but no, they are the very ones inclined to relegate this Great One to the heap of idols and false gods. Once a daughter of a missionary told me, "Oh, Buddhism teaches immorality." And a Protestant minister, who called on me recently, in his rounds of acquainting himself with those in his "parish", was quite surprised to hear what I had to tell him about the Buddha. He admitted how glad he was to get this information, saying I was the first one in his whole life who had ever spoken favorably of Buddha! I referred him to Sir Edwin Arnold's great poem "The Light of Asia" as a source of accurate information concerning the life and teachings of the Lord Gautama, the Buddha. Buddhism and many of its priests, like Christianity and many priests of the Catholic Church and those of the Protestant faiths, may have gone astray from the original teachings of the Buddha and His Brother, the Christ. However, still the TRUTH can be found in both these great religions for those who seek.

The word "Buddha" signifies an office in the spiritual hierarchy, the grade higher than those offices of Maha Chohan and Christ and Manu (those Beings who have passed the Seventh Initiation). The Buddha has passed his Eighth Initiation and is said to live on the planet Venus. The present Buddha took his last birth in India about five hundred years before Christ, as the Lord Gautama, a royal Prince, who renounced riches and everything earthly to seek Truth, and once He became illumined, to preach until his death.

Mr. Leadbeater in THE MASTERS AND THE PATH says that "Seven Buddhas appear in succession during a world period, one for each race, and each in turn takes charge of the special work of the Second Ray (love-wisdom, teaching ray) for the whole world, devoting Himself to that part of it which lies in the higher worlds, while He entrusts to His assistant and representative, the Bodhisattva (Christ), the office of World-Teacher for the lower planes.....Our present Buddha was the first of our humanity to attain that stupendous height, the previous Buddhas having been the product of other evolutions, and a very special effort was needed on His part to prepare Himself for this lofty post, an effort so stupendous that He is spoken of constantly by the Buddhists as....The Great Sacrifice.

As there have been a succession of Buddhas, there have been a succession of Bodhisattvas -- Christs -- the last one having overshadowed the body of Jesus. All through the East there is a belief in Kaitreya -- the Bodhisattva (the name of the Christ) who lives in the Himalayas. In the East they believe in both the Buddha and the Christ (that is, the wise ones do). Here in the West we believe only in Jesus, calling those who believe in Buddha, heathens! Surely we have a lot to learn! While Christians were sending missionaries to convert the "heathen", Indian pundits called the inhabitants of Europe and America "those Western barbarians" during the early days of our Society. The Founders had almost as much trouble with those learned occultists who HAD KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENT WISDOM (but who had taken vows not to divulge it) as they did with the missionaries. The oriental teachers jealously guarded this Wisdom Teaching and were violently opposed to giving it out to the masses, even though it was the wish of the Brotherhood, that Western materialism be broken down by this knowledge. Jesus said, "Cast not your pearls before swine lest they turn and rend you." Madame

Blavatsky and Col. Olcott dared to cast their pearls, and I am sure many thousands of people in the world are grateful for their sacrifices and the "rending" given them by the ignorant masses who mentally crucified them during their lives, and have, after death, often besmirched with mud, especially the name of that stalwart, H.P.B.

The Buddha, too, is dishonored in the West. Little fat statues abound as incense burners or trinkets - even costume jewelry and tops of perfume bottles. Jesus, the Christ, was killed by his own people, and Messengers of the White Lodge, are usually not recognized until long after their death. So, on White Lotus Day, in the month of May, we reverence the Great Ones, and at the Wesak, we fully open our hearts for the blessing of the Buddha.

Ah! Blessed Lord! Oh, High Deliverer!
Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong
Measuring with little wit thy lofty Love.
Ah! Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!
I take my refuge in Thy name and Thee!
I take my refuge in Thy Law of Good!
I take my refuge in Thy Order! OM!
The Dew is on the Lotus! - Rise, Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave
Om Mani Padme Hum, the Sunrise comes!
The Dewdrop slips into the Shining Sea!

(Postscript of THE LIGHT OF ASIA
by Sir Edwin Arnold)

Buddha's Birth

IN THIS WISE WAS THE HOLY BUDDHA BORN

Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
Under a Palsa in the Palace-grounds,
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
And, knowing the time come -- for all things knew --
The conscious tree bent down its bows to make
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty;
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch; while, ready for the bath,
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless -- he having on his perfect form
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
Of which the great news to the Palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin
To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down
From Mount Sumeru -- they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates -- the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearl: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds,
With sapphire shields: the Angel of the West,
By Nagas followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,

Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in cast and outward garb
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not;
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

--THE LIGHT OF ASIA

FROM *Annie Besant*
(P.T.S. 1907-1933)

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

(A few extracts from Convention
lectures during her presidency.)

"I want to ask from each one of you, a development of that perfect Tolerance which is one of the great qualifications for becoming a disciple of the Masters of Compassion. I want to ask each of you, as members of the Society, to guard the liberty of thought within the Society as its most precious possession, and to guard the neutrality of the Society.....Remember we have members of every religion and every line of work.....

"Try to remember that you and I are not at the end of human evolution, but have ages of evolution yet in front of us; that our view of any great truth must be an imperfect view, we being imperfect beings. That which I myself am at present saying to you as a translation of Theosophical teaching, whether on the Divine Unity, whether on the nature of the human Spirit, whether an exposition of the Law of Karma, whether new light thrown on the doctrine of Reincarnation -- the whole of these explanations are partial and imperfect, and they must not be stereotyped, must not be fettered on the limbs of future generations, who will be carrying on our work centuries hence. I am telling you what is true from the standpoint of today; I cannot tell you what will be true from the standpoing of centuries hence. Then humanity will have advanced further; the higher mind will have evolved further than today; buddhi will be more developed; insight and intuition will be stronger than they are now; and it is not desirable that we should so fossilise our own opinions, that we shall have to break them to pieces when we come back centuries hence.

"Many of us have had to suffer from breaking the fetters into which we were born; many of us have had to go through bitter agony, when we had to break away from the old ties which we had outgrown. Let us, by the memory of our own past suffering, guard our children and grandchildren from similar pain; let us take the humble position that we are imperfect, that we only catch glimpses of the Truth.....Our duty is to seek for Truth, and Truth is infinite, and infinite also is the search thereafter. Therefore I ask you to help me to guard the perfect liberty of thought, the perfect liberty of expression, in the Theosophical Society.....(1914).

"Theosophy is . . . all-pervading, all enlightening, all-directing, for it is the Divine Wisdom which sweetly and mightily ordereth all things. Nothing useful to humanity is alien to it; no science, no art, but is within its purview; every department of life is illumined by it, and only in the Light can we find the Truth of anything

"Let not a day pass that you do not give something of help to others, something of yourself; then as you rise and share what you have, you shall find your emptied hands filled to overflowing with more wealth to share, wealth of knowledge, wealth of insight, wealth of intuition, wealth of understanding, shall fill you with power, and the God within you shall call out the Gods around you in those who as a Master said, turn their backs on the sun, and standing in their own shadow call it dark. Have confidence in your Self; have confidence in the Self in all you meet; realise that all selves are One Self. Go forth into the darkness and change it into Light.. From God come all Power, all Wisdom, all Love-in-Activity, and these three are the world's Redeemers. Then shall the desert through you blossom as a rose. That is your work. Go forth, and do it."(1923)

A Grain of Mustard Seed

As the Buddha and herdsmen with their flocks came
in the dust and sun, "unto the river-side"--

A woman -- dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands -- saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison;' and another, 'He will die,'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill --
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe --
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;

Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child or slave hath died;
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"

The Master smiled

Exceeding tenderly. "Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagotami! But didst thou find
The seed?"

"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut --
Here in the jungle and towards the town --
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola -- black;' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died --
Husband or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child -- who would not suck
Nor smile -- beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister! thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds -- that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice --
As these dumb beasts are driven -- men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!"

--Book The Fifth, THE LIGHT OF ASIA
By Sir Edwin Arnold

From Buddha's Teaching

A little over a century ago, very little was known of Buddha, outside the East, although as many as four hundred and seventy millions follow his tenets, - more than one-third of mankind... Theosophy has given us the meaning of three of these teachings, which the Western world cannot grasp or understand: "Nirvana", "Dharma", and "Karma". The teachings of Buddha and the Christ are identical, the difference being that of temperament which colored all They taught.

Buddha is called "The Lord of Wisdom", while Christ is known as "The Lord of Love." Buddha teaches the law. He calls on men for right understanding, for right thinking, and for right doing, Christ teaches a love that is the fulfilling of the law.

Buddha taught what he called "The Middle Path," by which extremes in either direction are wrong, or irrational, and that only the middle path of Truth and Duty are right. That the good, true and spiritual life is possible for the man in the humblest station of daily labor, as well as for the priest who sets himself apart for meditation. The entire doctrine might be synthesized in these four lines:

"Cease to do evil;
Learn to do well;
Cleanse your own heart.
This is the religion of the Buddhas."

The teaching that always has impressed me, is a very familiar one in the words of the early poets, quoting the Buddha, i.e. "Hatred ceases not by hatred, but by love alone."

Buddhism has no creed, ceremony or priesthood, is entirely free from dogma, and as Sir Edwin Arnold says - gives the greatest glimpse of man's free will that the world has ever seen. For the Buddha taught that each man is absolutely the creator of himself and of his own destiny.

In His first sermon begin His "Four Noble Truths":

1. Sorrow
2. The Cause of Sorrow
3. The Ceasing of Sorrow
4. The Path to the ceasing of Sorrow.

These form a chain in reasoning, so arranged, that a single word at once calls up to the mind of the student the whole argument, and the dullest mind having once learned the chain of reasoning could not forget one of the links.

He gave five commandments, called "The Five Precepts":

1. I observe the precept to refrain from destruction of life.
2. I observe the precept to refrain from taking that which is not mine.
3. I observe the precept to refrain from unlawful intercourse.
4. I observe the precept to refrain from falsehood.
5. I observe the precept to refrain from using intoxicating liquors or stupifying drugs.

His one great teaching is, of course, "Nirvana", the Mecca of all evolution of man - one's union with the Logos and man, in one perfect, mighty, one-ness of Bliss. Not annihilation by being consumed back into the original source of all things, but an individualized perfect part of that source, as the drop in the ocean, which has in its distinctive globular atom, distinctive action and spirillae of its own.

One of the Buddha's earliest resolutions was: "Rather would I have my body crushed by a rock, rather would I drink the deadliest poison, - or starve myself to death, than not fulfill my vow to save all flesh from the fearful ocean of birth and death." And from the first He taught that all we are is the result of what we have thought; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows, like a shadow that never leaves him.

"If a man does what is right, let him do it again; let him not delight in sin; pain is the outcome of evil." "Let us live happily, not hating those who hate us! Let us dwell free from hatred among men who hate us!"

"Health is the greatest of gifts, contentedness the best riches; trust is the best of relatives; Nirvana, the highest happiness."..."He who walks in the company of fools suffers a long way; company with fools, as with an enemy, is always painful; company with the wise is pleasure, like meeting with kinsfolk. Therefore, one ought to follow the wise, the intelligent, the learned, the much-enduring, the dutiful, the elect; one ought to follow a good and wise man, as the moon follows the path of the stars."

"He who does not rise when it is time to rise, who, tho' young and strong, is full of sloth, whose will and thoughts are weak, that lazy and idle man will never find the way to knowledge. The disciples of Buddha are always wide awake, and their thoughts day and night are always set on Buddha; on attainment.

"Good people shine from afar, like the snowy mountains; bad people are not seen like arrows shot by night."

"Speak the truth, do not yield to anger; give, if thou art asked, from the little thou hast; by these steps thou wilt go near the gods."

All of His teachings are plain and to the point, and the keynote of Self-abnegation and duty to others. He preached for forty-five years, and died when He was eighty years old. In this religion there is a universal and boundless hope, and an immortality of a boundless love, also an indestructible element of faith in final good, and of human freedom. His last words, as he reclined dying, between two lofty Salatrees, in the garden, were: "All things that are earth-born are perishable; qualify yourselves for the imperishable." And His disciples calmly submitted themselves saying: "Transitory things are perishable; in this world there is no permanence. From this we can observe the meaning of the Theosophical teaching of Discrimination between the real and the unreal, the unreal is transitory, the real is imperishable within us.

"Peace be with You...Right Purity...Right Thought..Right Loneliness..Right Rapture..Right Action...Peace.".....

--From BUDDHA AND HIS TEACHINGS by Mrs. Tenney

Gounod's Mother

(ne Victoire Lemachois, June 4, 1780)

By Mary Tapping
(England)

Charles Gounod has told us that his mother was tender and charming. The story of her life reveals her as a strong character, achieving, despite incredible difficulties, notable success in two major arts, and fulfilling graciously, her obligations as wife and mother.

Deprived when very young of a mother's care, she taught herself to read and write, and she practised drawing and music. When only eleven years of age, she began to give lessons in piano-playing, saving her earnings, sou by sou, that she might have the lessons she knew were necessary.

Professor Adam of the Paris Conservatory recognised her courage, and not only accepted her as a pupil but secured the gift of a piano for her to practise on. Once in every three months she used to go to Paris for her precious lesson, absorbing the instruction eagerly, and astonishing the Professor with her rapid progress.

In 1806 she married Francois Louis Gounod, a distinguished painter.

Gifted though he was, he lacked staying power, possibly because of delicate health, and often it was due to his wife's energy that a picture was completed. She frequently cleaned his palette and re-charged it with colours. All would go well while Gounod was occupied in catching the facial expression or deportment of his subject, but he had no patience with accessories such as medals, ribbons or decorations. When his interest failed, his wife would take brush in hand and finish the painting.

In 1823, at the age of forty, she was left a widow with two young sons to educate and support. She kept on her husband's Art Class, and was so successful that the numbers increased. She learned the art of lithography so that she could teach this method of reproduction. Some of her pupils' parents asked her to give music lessons also. The time came when she could not teach both drawing and music. She chose music.

Gounod has described her long working day, from the morning lesson at six, until six in the evening, teaching continuously, often through the time when she should have been eating her simple meal. In the evening, there were household duties to perform: Gounod says that the long letters he received from her in Italy were a measure of the hours she stole from sleep.

She miraculously found time to visit destitute families and to take them garments made with her own hands.

She impressed her frugal outlook upon the boys by moral aphorisms, thrown at them as she moved about her work; "laconically",

says Gounod, "as one who has not time to chatter." "He who never buys useless objects can always buy necessities," she would say; and, "He who never loses a minute has time for everything he ought to do."

When Gounod was studying Music in Italy he was required to compose a Mass in a short time. His mother found his early "Mass of Saint Eustace," and, not wishing to risk the precious manuscript in the post, copied by hand, the orchestral score, and dispatched it to Gounod. Meanwhile, he, following his mother's precepts, by working more assiduously than was good for his health, was well advanced on a new mass, but he says, "You can imagine how I felt, on receiving in Rome, this new proof of the tenderness and patience of a mother!"

Madame Gounod lived to see her son's genius acclaimed by Berlioz and other musicians of note, but on the day after he achieved popular success, with the opera "Medeia malgre lui", she died, much beloved, and greatly mourned, at the age of seventy-seven.

My Mother

By Charles Gounod *

(Translated by Mary Tapping
an English subscriber.)

This narrative is a testimony of veneration and love towards the being who in the world gives us the most love, a mother. The mother is, here below, the most perfect image, the purest and warmest ray of Providence; her inexhaustible solicitude is a direct emanation from the eternal solicitude of God.

If, during my life, I have been able to be, or to say, or to do, anything good, however little, I owe it to my mother, and to her I gladly ascribe the merit.

It is she who nurtured me, reared me, even formed me; not, alas, in her image! That would have been too wonderful; but any falling short has been not her fault, but mine.

She reposes under a stone, simple like her life.

May these recollections by a son she loved so dearly, leave on her tomb a crown, more lasting than our ephemeral wreaths of immortelles; ** and after my life is ended, may her memory be assured of a respect that I would fain render eternal.

--From MEMOIRES d'un ARTISTE, pub. Calmann Levy, 3 Rue Auber 3, Paris

* Charles Gounod, 1818-93. French composer, author of the operas: Faust, Mirella, Romeo and Juliet, The Queen of Sheba, Philemon and Baucis and of religious music.

** Immortelles = "Everlasting flowers". The French used yellow immortelles to fashion funeral wreaths.

A Doctor Discusses

The Documentary Story DEATH BE NOT PROUD
by John and Frances Gunther

By Dr. Alice Chase

Mr. and Mrs. Gunther were the parents of a remarkably intelligent boy who died from a brain tumor at the age of seventeen. The story was beautifully written. Anyone reading it must feel deeply with those bereaved parents. They portray their brilliant young son so vividly, that the reader gets to know Johnny and to feel a kind of personal loss.

John Gunther, Jr., was no average adolescent boy. He went beyond the routine activities of boys of his age. Johnny understood the world he lived in with an extraordinary maturity. He was an earnest student of the sciences, the arts, life, and people. He was well advanced in higher mathematics and physics, and chemistry, and did much of his studying by himself independently of the regular school curriculum.

His health was apparently normal up to the time when he got his first premonitory symptoms of his ailment. His first symptoms seemed to have been a stiff neck and an appearance of fatigue. According to Mr. Gunther's report, "Johnny looked fine" when he was home during his Christmas holidays in 1945. In March 1946 he appeared to be tired. However, a medical check-up revealed no symptoms. The family physician pronounced him to be "perfectly all right." One day after that examination, Johnny complained of "a slight stiff neck." After a day, that seemed to have worn off. Around the middle of April, he again complained of a stiff neck. About April 25th, "brain tumor" was discovered. On the 29th of April 1946, Johnny underwent surgery for his brain tumor. The details as described in Mr. and Mrs. Gunther's story in the LADIES HOME JOURNAL for February 1949, are most interesting because the Gunthers are writing about their son in a bravely subjective manner that is so human, sublimely human. That story is an object lesson to other parents of growing children. Much comfort can be derived from reading that profoundly written narrative.

That remarkable boy, Johnny Gunther, was in the midst of his preparatory school studies when that catastrophic tumor condition appeared. A leading surgeon operated on Johnny. While the surgeon discovered the tumor, its location and size, he could only remove about one-half of it. What a tragedy. How limited is medical and surgical skill. Once the surgeon dared to operate on the brain, he might have tried to remove a little more of the malignant growth. Of course we would like to think of a more positive, rational approach, that might have been tried in the case of Johnny Gunther, before they drilled into his brain. A more rational approach would have consisted of a very thorough examination by an osteopathic physician. Johnny complained of stiff neck, which seemed to have had a direct relationship with the eventual discovery of the tumor. Old school medical and surgical practitioners pooh-pooh osteopathic methods and

principles. It is a crime against the sick not to give them the benefit of this scientific method of applied anatomical mechanics. Mr. Gunther relates that Johnny had a fall while he was sitting on a chair. He fell backwards against an iron radiator. When Johnny suggested to his surgeon that that fall might have caused his tumor, he brushed that theory aside because he did not show any apparent bruise. A blow against the head could quite easily be transmitted to the brain and could cause concussion of it as well as congestion of blood vessels. Perhaps Johnny's blow was a kind that produced meningeal congestion? The brain is encased in the skull which is a rather tightly fitting bowl or cage.

The blood circulation of the brain is also very interesting. The brain is well supplied with blood, but the main trunks that enter the brain are rather few in number. Two main arteries enter the brain through a groove in the back side of the atlas-occipital joint. Two veins drain the blood from the brain through the same two grooves. When Johnny sustained his blow against the iron radiator, falling backward against it, he might have produced what we call an osteopathic lesion of the atlas-occipital joint. An osteopathic lesion, in general, is an impairment and restriction of anatomical normal motion. Johnny complained of stiff neck, -- it seems, in relation to that blow, and to the eventual appearance of the tumor. Perhaps the tumor started, or was precipitated, in a congested area of the meninges. The fact that Johnny seemed to be perfectly well only a couple of months before the pronounced symptoms of intracranial pressure appeared, shows that the cause of that tumor was precipitated by that injury that he sustained. Of course, some individuals bang their heads without any ill-effects which only goes to prove that some people are susceptible to after-effects from a blow while others are not. In this Gunther story we also read about the diet aspects which are pathetic. Johnny ate a steak "six days after his operation", -- that is a tragic reflection on medical feeding. When physicians and surgeons will begin to correlate food in relation to the body under given conditions of comfort and discomfort, the sick will receive a better deal.

Poor Johnny went through hell during the course of his post-operative "convalescence." He had all sorts of tests and treatments including the injection of mustard gas which depleted his blood condition greatly. At that critical point when some of the big doctors gave Johnny but a week to live, the Gunthers grasped at a new straw, namely dietetic methods of treatment. Johnny was put on a regime of several enemas a day and on a protein-free, fat-free diet. Remarkably enough Johnny responded to that rationale. The pity of it was that the Gunthers had placed too much faith in the old established orthodox procedures and they followed this new regime with a kind of hesitancy. When Johnny's post-operative wound bulging outward and suppurating, actually began to heal and grow smaller, even one or two of the attending orthodox doctors seemed to have been somewhat impressed. The tragedy was that Johnny was anxious to make his grades for his college entrance examinations; Johnny was anxious to enter Harvard and was zealously working in his preparations. If the physician (dietetic) who put Johnny on the dietary regime would have impressed the Gunthers sufficiently to keep him for a whole year on an anti-toxic, blood purifying regime, and on perfect physical rest, Johnny might be alive today. Surely nature

cannot perform momentary miracles. Sometimes the surgeon might. Nature requires time, -- lots of time, to reorganize and readjust blood chemistry, cell chemistry and other vital phenomena. Disease of any kind has a beginning. A tumor, the tumor of Johnny Gunther, might have had a beginning in a few congested traumatized cells in the brain. Johnny used his brain intensively. His brain cells were constantly stimulated; perhaps over-stimulated, because he was a keen thinker, and deeply and sensitively emotional. A year or two of restricted physical rest and mental rest and very careful diet, diet consisting of foods that have been proven to check the growth of tumors and other diseases, he might be alive. Medicine would have a striking lesson.

The sick are hardly given a chance to be long enough under treatment which consists of pure fresh raw foods, much rest, and ease of mind. We wonder how long it will take before the public and the profession of the healing arts and sciences will wake up to the realization that simple, gentle, natural methods are better for the sick than the drastic ones so commonly imposed by the doctors connected with the leading medical centers. At times under their care the sick linger on and on. At times they die very shortly after surgical and other kind of painful treatment. When the sick have a new chance to choose the methods of fasting, pure foods, pure air, and much physical and mental rest, a new health era will be the reward of mankind.

* * * * *

DEATH BE NOT PROUD

...."It (DEATH BE NOT PROUD by John Gunther) is a touching Memoir to his Johnny who after more than a year of mortal battle with a brain tumor died in 1947 at the age of seventeen. It is a moving story of life asserting itself triumphantly even in the very face of death.

"The book takes its title from the following poem by John Donne, the sixteenth century English divine and poet:

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:
For those whom thou whink'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; not yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go --
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thour'rt slave to fate, chance, kins and desperate men,
And dost with poison and with sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
As better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

(Courtesy NEW AGE INTERPRETER
March-April, 1949)

Devotional Committee

Members of the Devotional Committee of the Mothers Research Group were sent a study sheet containing the following:

SPIRITUAL SIDE OF WOMAN

The enclosed letter by E.O. (Eminent Occultist, pseudonym of the Master K.H.) from Eliphas Levi's THE PARADOxes OF THE HIGHEST SCIENCE should be pondered on intently. I feel there is much in it yet to be discovered.

- a. How can we create a race of Buddhas or Christs?
- b. We can, also, create a race of demons, and when the Christs are born, the demons will die out.
- c. We have it in our POWER TO CREATE EITHER Christs or Demons (the foregoing according to E.O.)

I imagine, that through so much sex in marriage, without raising the consciousness to a higher plane, the "demons" slip into incarnation, since the sex act "opens the door" to whichever type of soul is lingering around hoping to reincarnate. The Christs would probably be the "planned" children; demons, those earthbound, waiting to snatch a chance at rebirth.
LET US DISCUSS THIS. This also may harm the incoming souls, for perhaps, being close to earth, they may not have had time enough to go on to get more experience in heaven life with its more enlightened education than that which is to be gathered on the astral plane, or lingering about earth.

- d. Perhaps the crime wave but follows the wave of sexual indulgence that usually follows, or goes along with war.
- e. "The light that never shone on land or sea" said E.O. "will come out of the Theosophical Society." What do you make of this?

--M.L.L.

Buddha-Like Children

By Elina Whittick
(A Glendale, Calif., member of this Committee.)

"Attached to this letter is another 'thought' regarding Buddha-like children. Might it be the Master K.H. meant that He referred to those immortals, which we, of course, someday might become? and not, as at first I took it, Buddha-like physically, just as we refer to some spiritual person as being Christ-like. For being born without sin, indicates karma-less-ness. It also seems to me we should stress her (woman's) proper place in the economy of nature. Her true function, which is just what Mrs. Hayes' article (in Easter issue) accomplished so splendidly.

Concerning: "The light that will come to it and to the world at large, when the latter shall discover and really appreciate the truths that underlie this vast problem of sex, will be like 'the light that never shone on sea or land',....That light will lead on and up to the true spiritual intuition. Then the world will have a race of Buddhas and Christs, for the world will have discovered that individuals have it in their own power to procreate Buddha-like children or -- demons. When that knowledge comes, all dogmatic religions, and with these the demons, will die out." (E.O)

I was reading THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ZODIAC and thinking over it when I read the following which might be a clue as regards to the Master's comments - 'have it in our power to create Buddha-like children or - demons':

Dr. Besant writes, regarding the Seventh Creative Hierarchy still with us, probably the Piscean Sign:

"The Seventh Hierarchy contains those whom we know best under the name of the Lunar Pitris, or the Barhishad Pitris, born of the Body of Brahma which is called that of the Twilight, the Sandhya. They have to do with physical evolution, as the Agnishvatta Pitris have to deal with the intellectual evolution of man.

Then we see crowding round them, belonging to their Hierarchy, are their agents in the work that lies before them, vast hosts of Devas, the lower Nature Spirits, or Elementals of the Lowest Kingdom, who will have to do with the actual building of the body of man. And here too are the 'spirits of atoms,' the seeds of evolution in future kalpas, with which we have here nothing to do.

"They are sometimes called the Cubes, because on the Lunar Chain they conquered matter in its quaternary, or fourfold form, and they brought that matter with them for its further evolution in the Earth Chain.

"Possessing the fourfold matter, and also the creative fire, they were able to give to man his etheric double, prana, animal kama, and animal germ of mind. Beyond this they could not go, but this sufficed for the shaping of physical evolution, for the building of animal man and all lower forms.

"These Pitris are spoken of as under the rule of Yama, the Lord of Death; he is called 'Pitripati' the Lord of the Pitris; hence the bodies they give to man are mortal; born under the domination of the Lord of Change and of Death. They cannot give the immortal; they can only give the mortal, under the dominance of the Lord of Death. Men are their progeny, and must therefore form part of Death's kingdom; and thus the children of Earth differ from the children of Buddha, the planet Mercury, for his men are immortal, whereas the children of Earth are mortal. (Underling by E.W.) Moreover, these Pitris themselves will evolve by their work on the terrene chain, and they will escape from the domination of the Lord of Death by this evolution, and in the Next Planetary Chain, the fifth, they will play the part of Manasaputras, Sons of Mind and Lords of Death."

Note by Editor:

Mrs. Whittick has sent us a copy of a lecture on THE WORLD MOTHER which she gave before her Lodge. She has done a tremendous amount of research. Her findings are so interesting and deeply thought, that we shall have to continue this discussion into the next issue, for lack of space.

We should appreciate comments by our readers, as well as further thought and discussion by the members of the Devotional Committee themselves. -- M.L.L.

* * * * *

RUKMINI DEVI'S IDEAS ON BUDDHA-LIKE CHILDREN

"...I think...in terms of the great spirit of woman. In one of our Theosophical books, there is a statement by a great teacher. He said that when women fulfill their rightful role...that Chrsts and Buddhas will be born. Well. You might say "What do those words mean?" And I can well understand. Because, you see, Christs and Buddhas cannot be born merely to the body. They must be born to the spirit. And that is again another conception we can have of Woman. Because, as I have said, the feminine body is not only the body, it is a symbol of a cosmic Being. And so, it is that Being that we have to get into! And when we have that Being--I imagine, for example the physical birth of a child, say the Lord Buddha! A child is not merely born to the physical body. Because that physical form has many, many, many aspects which take us right back to the cosmic idea! And so, a child is born to the body, to the emotions, to the mind, to the Buddhic body and to the higher bodies too. So, how can a Christ or a Buddha be born merely as a result of a man and a woman marrying? How can a Christ or a Buddha be born, for example, to the physical body of a mere woman? He cannot. He must be born to the physical body of one whose physical body is a mere reflection of what she is.

THAT is my conception of the birth of a child; as we can adjust our bodies to that which is the cosmic conception of woman, then will come a child with a little physical body. But it is not that body that saves the world; it is not that body that is going to talk; it is not that body that is going to preach new Truths! It is a body that comes with a world background. Not only of incarnations, but a whole atmosphere of being; it brings the world magnetism and beauty and life of the higher bodies. That may be true, as a Christ or as a Buddha. When you think of an ordinary child, in many ways, it is the same thing! Because the child comes, as we say, from the heaven world. What is heaven? It has come from a world which is full of beauty, full of happiness, full of great atmosphere, so he comes ready to have all his bodies filled with love, and then, the only way, he can be born, is to be born to a physical body; a mere physical body which is a shield, a shadow. Well, no great being can be born to a shadow. Because he is not a shadow. He may come as a shadow in a physical body; but it is not the body that is the true being. It is that conception which we must enter into. And I can well believe, that if we can atune our forces to all this, so that the true conception of woman comes to us right

down to the physical plane, then it is possible. Because there are many great beings, there are many great personages, not visible to us. They say, in ancient India, a long time ago, such great personages used to be born; there must then have been such great women, because you cannot possibly think of anything but the best, when you see a great teacher. "How fortunate is his mother!" you automatically think! You naturally must think "How great the women must have been! Having given birth to such beings!".....

From AN INFORMAL TALK ON WOMANHOOD
given at the Summer Sessions of the T.S.
last summer at Olcott, Wheaton, Illinois
(Courtesy League of American Womanhood)

Note: Transcript of Rukmini Devi's talk was received after preceding stencils were cut, so just this portion, re "Buddha-like Children" is used at this time. How fortunate that it arrived just in time to be used as a valuable aid in this discussion!--M.L.L.

Problems Department

"One who becomes a mother at 35 or over, finding herself unable to keep the house up to her standard of neatness and beauty with a new baby's constant needs, feels totally inadequate, and blames herself for being unable to handle the job like other women. So, she becomes irritable and 'half mad' all of the time. These 'other women' are usually young mothers who find it easy enough to let the 'house' take a back seat for the newcomer. Personally, I had to come to the conclusion that the baby was not an addition to the house, but the house was a cocoon I had been making for the Baby. Anything that did not contribute to his growing was NOT of great importance." (contributed by Jane Swarthout)

* * * *

"Am answering one of your questions 'How can we make better conditions of women and children everywhere?'

"I would say by organizing more mothers' study groups all over the country, giving them theosophical teachings. Don't you think if we printed magazines for children similar to the comic books -- I mean a book that size -- and sell them through our members or groups at a very small cost, who knows where this may lead? We could point out the life on different planets, explaining the Deva Kingdom. Explaining the animal - how it feels when man kills it, or harms it in any way. That hunting and fishing are cruel sports creating bad karma for future lives. We should treat all animals as we take care of our pets, showering love on all lower kingdoms ... Tell how fairies watch over plants and flowers, that should interest many youngsters. Let me know what you think of this plan.

--Marie Forstey

Note: One of our members, Maria Salazar, has been making an illustrated alphabet book for her grandchild, and asked us if we would like her to design a theosophical alphabet book for our Children's Committee. This, of course, I heartily agreed to. I have also long wished we could have a suitable comic strip connected with our Children's Section of the Digest, as well as helpful "comic" books!

Maternity News

By Charlotte Aiken

(Ed. Note: I might have mentioned under "Projects of Some of Our Members" that Mrs. Aiken has launched a small maternity magazine called CHILD-FAMILY DIGEST. To date the first issue has not reached me, so will have to be reviewed later. Mrs. Aiken has also written a booklet "For New Mothers", selling for 25¢, that contains many valuable references and condensed "tips" to the new mother from the NEWER point of view of Maternity Care.)

ON FEEBLE-MINDEDNESS

I hope you read the January issue of the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF ORTHOPSYCHIATRY by Dr. Douglas Murphy head of the Research of the Gynecian Hospital Institute, University of Pennsylvania, and saw his article, "Mental Deficiency from the Viewpoint of the Obstetrician."

Well, dear friends, he urges popping the babies into respirators routinely, since anoxia (lack of oxygen) and apnea (partial asphyxiation), is the main cause of feeble-mindedness, - due to the lowered respiratory activity of the mother, due to anesthesia. I have wondered in Margaret Mead's "From the South Seas", why those primitive tribes seem to have practically no feeble-minded. So we can thank anesthetized birth for our high collection of doomed feeble-minded. Perhaps tax-payers might get interested in Dr. Read's method! At New Haven Hospital, it used to be routine to put the babies in the respirator, a medical therapist wrote me, but now they 'come kicking and screaming' with the Read method.

I hope you see the Murphy article. Read of the saddle-block case he saw that produced a definitely feeble-minded baby. The brain just needs that oxygen every minute. That, as you know, is why crying, breathing out too much, is bad, and in five minutes, Ribble says, stroke the head, tip it down, try to bring more oxygen to the brain. Today I am being thankful for our sons never being let cry, and relating it to their doing so well in school, and life. (More on Feeble-Mindedness next issue, Ed.)

SHOTS

A nursing baby was made very ill by one of the usual "shots". When one reads Dr. J. F. Landon in last November MC CALLS magazine, that very young babies do not take shots so well (because they carry over immunizing antibodies from the mother's blood) and from reading in the pediatrics textbook by Dr. T. S. Zahorsky, that the bottle-fed baby rapidly loses his immunity -- but the breast-fed keeps it much longer - over six months anyway -- you can see that the usual "shots" do not apply to the breast-fed baby.

We have all the medical "shot" makers to combat. Dr. Josephine Kenyon in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, answered the question "Why do they not advise shots for very young babies?" by saying that "they (shots) do not work with young babies' especially when breast-fed, because of the anti-bodies in mother's milk. I know cases of nursing babies getting VERY ILL from shots. When the Army gave my husband a typhoid shot (he had had typhoid), it nearly killed him. He was unconscious twenty-four hours, and then they stopped giving shots. You know the well-known principle that you cannot give shots to a person already immune to that disease. Nursing mothers in our groups might be warned to postpone the usual shots! I will try to write this up in greater detail. Of course the serum makers know these things. They have just been kept from the public

CONCERNING DR. READ

One M.D. has said (belittling the good work done by Dr. Read that every good obstetrician does just what Read does. That Read's book can do great good, by reminding women to go to their doctors early and often in pregnancy, and that every doctor should have his patient's confidence. Thus fear is eliminated! He says that Read's advice will do not harm - meaning, I suppose, the classes and exercises.

The Old Order vs. the New?

Also, I hope you read the January issue of PAGEANT in which a mother describes the birth of her baby at New Haven Hospital yet does not give READ the credit. She implies that Dr. Read was COPYING the Yale doctors. Of course, that means they believe in it - and want the glory! However, I shall try to honor Read.

Shots Dry up Milk

If Dr. Read had, as he wrote me, over 98% of 500 consecutive cases leave the hospital nursing, surely our women are not so biologically different from the Englishwomen. That we had six states in the East, where OVER 50% of women left hospitals without nursing. It does not (milk) dry up that quickly without just one shot of stilbestrol - which was developed for the purpose. Mothers who wish to nurse, will be forced to remain alert, because the shot or drug might be combined with a "vitamin" shot. So all will have to learn Read's methods.

D D T THREATENS MILK SUPPLY OFFICIAL WARNS

Such was the caption of a United Press dispatch dated Washington, March 25. I see by the papers that the Government has acted to keep, as one official termed "a slow, invidious poison" from seeping into the Nation's milk supply. Also, "The agriculture department has warned dairy farmers: 'Don't spray your cows or barns with D D T to kill insects! It will kill the insects, all right, but it will also accumulate in the cow and then seep into the milk she gives!'" Again, food and drug administration toxicologists have been quoted as saying that "even small amounts of D D T in a food such as milk might prove harmful to human beings, especially infants and small children."

Question: With bottle feeding prevalent, what does the above fact mean to the canned milk industry? With DDT a convenient, well-advertised spray for cows, will farmers learn the above facts, and act accordingly, in time to save many infant deaths? Since minute amounts of poison in foods, over a period of time, invariably cause cancer, in experiments on animals, can DDT cause cancer?

LET'S KEEP THEM STRAIGHT

Mrs. Mabel Fitzhugh is teaching exercises to expectant mothers and baby posture in San Jose, California. She learned this at Yale. She has written ^{an} EXCELLENT booklet "Let's Keep Them Straight" put out for 15¢ or about that (in quantity 3½¢) by the Connecticut State Board of Health, Hartford, Conn. It does not spare the pen or commercial institutions, and it has good helpful ideas and illustrations. Every mother will want this for her child from birth to age six. It tells how to put the new baby on the side, and keep him as a side sleeper, for posture reasons, - does not mention the avoidance of smothering. She also wrote a pamphlet for California but the pediatricians rewrote it recently. In my opinion it is BAD on the subject of crying. I suggest that your State Committees ask their State Health Departments to copy her pamphlet issued from Connecticut. It is for the side position of babies in the crib, but does not mention the lives that it will save, as it will, and has in New Zealand.

(From Letters from Mrs. Aiken to Editor)

From Mrs. E.K.

(From time to time we want to share with our readers some most interesting clairvoyant experiences of Mrs. E.K., one of our Australian subscribers. She was a dear friend of the late Mary K. Neff, well known and beloved theosophical worker. Over a period of some ten years those interesting people carried on a correspondence which often involved the activity of people in the more subtle worlds. We have permission to print such passages as we think may be of interest to our readers. Also, Mrs. E.K. has contributed to our magazine, is very interested in our work, and is scattering our literature among the Young Theosophists and new mothers in her vicinity.--M.L.L.)

A CLUE TO UNMANAGEABLE CHILDREN

We are steadily being shown and taught, that we prepare our next incarnation before we leave earth each time. This is the world of doing and learning...Also, I have been shown that those young folk who went out in both wars, came back quickly with their same

inner bodies. In the new physical body they have to recapitulate the emotions and thoughts of the cut-short life in the years of growth of the new physical body until they reach the age at which they died before. Then the ego (soul) takes full control of its new vehicle rapidly and is a different person. This accounts for the intensity of the unmanageable emotions and the impossibility of managing these children through adolescence especially. The full grown emotional body and mind often resent and get intensely annoyed with the undeveloped physical body and the parental efforts to guide and control them as parents do their other children. More than usual patience and understanding are needed by the parents of these children, and they have to be given more love, freedom, and very early independence... They are most interesting but not easy to handle, and love and more love seems to be the only golden thread by which to hold and guide them -- but they are all most lovable...."

RELEASE

"F (my son's widow) was married yesterday. L (deceased son, Ed.) came this morning and knelt and put his head on my knee. Over these past two years (since his accidental death, Ed.) he has been a wonderful lesson in self-control to me. Never has he wavered and sent F a message or a word in order not to disturb her, thus leaving her free to remake a new life as quickly as possible. Right from the moment of his passing he has held me to this. Just what a sacrifice this has been can only be imagined, as it must have been very difficult when it was within his grasp each time she came to see me. But he was satisfied just to be with her and us, without speaking. Only F's good counted, and her re-marriage left him spent from the effort.

"We talked for a while this morning, because we are so near in heart and understanding, and my husband (also deceased, Ed.) stood near and just watched. Then we joined in meditation for World Peace. This brought peace, and our hearts went up as one. At the moment of deepest unity, L went (or seemed to go) up through my heart and head as a flash of force and light, and his discarded astral body lay on the floor at my feet. The sacrifice for F's good had completed his work and had freed him from his astral body. He was gone. I could only sit still and try fully to realise what I had taken part in. Never have I previously felt such peace as filled my heart. My darling was free, gone to his reward. My husband stood and watched for a few minutes and then stooped and kissed my forehead. He still looks in wonder at love that is not possessive and cares only for the good of the beloved....."

(From letters to M. L. L.)

Grace

As we gather to eat this food grown in many parts of the world and brought to us by the efforts of countless thousands of people, let us remember the inter-dependence of all people of the world. Let us ask God for understanding and love among ourselves and all others in the world, remembering always that regardless of race or creed or other differences, we are one people. (This Grace is said before the noon and evening meal at the Ojai Valley School - the progressive elementary day and boarding co-educational school

From Our Readers

A COLONY

Following the discussion in the March-April issue of our magazine concerning the idea of a "Colony" for Theosophical families comes the following letter from which only a few excerpts are printed due to lack of space:

"If we could interest some of our members with a little money to invest and purchase some land we could operate part of it as a T.S. trailer court. So many people want to visit California that if they had a place to go where they would be among Theosophists how much more pleasant it would be! Then, if they wished to stay, or would like to join the group permanently, we could have lots for sale for our people to build their own homes.

"Employment is a 'must', and as to my knowledge there is no theosophically owned printing establishment is there? If not, why not start our own printing business here on the West Coast, and around it could be built another center. We could be practical and make our own line of vegetarian foods, also. We could grind our own wheat and make real home baked bread which contains all the wheat!* (This would add much to the health of our people.) Our own school would follow in time. The present Happy Valley School is no doubt a step in the right direction....helping with a T.S. school is a dream of our lives, though we would build the program around Scouting instead of making it a 'formal' education. The joyousness of camp-life should prevail, we think.

"Well, it looks like our dream is to be held up because of the 'price system'; (at least for a while), until our children are educated and able to help provide the teachers for such a school. That is what we have in mind, but we are dreaming it into reality as we can.

"At present, it seems the 'personal work' that we are doing with families all leads to a temporary 'trial' colony to see how well we could do the work. We plan to ^{go} again to Hume Lake this summer (as we did last summer). Our trial colony may be there. Counting up the children among the families (we are interesting in Theosophy) and ours, there will be 18 young people practically 'living together' this summer. This will be done on no capital at all, what we might do later and permanently with capital; so you see, it is really a "grand experiment".

"Our two daughters are planning to be Scout Leaders and Craft teachers. We shall organize the summer into a sort of Progressive School. There will be a sewing period for the little girls and 'big girls'. There will be handcrafts for little boys (making boats etc.), there will be swimming periods, dramatics (to be given around the campfires), a band; and lectures on Theosophy.

"I will tell you how it works out, but this is really my ideal of a way to start our Colony. Several of us will be living in trailers, others will have tents. We shall be on a Government public camp ground....." -- M.H. * (Note in our Community, mentioned in last Digest, we developed our own whole wheat bread, "Gerry Bread"! M.L.L.)

CONFessions OF ST. AUGUSTINE

The following may have been a recounting of a sad memory for St. Augustine and his community-minded friends, but it amuses me. How hard it is to get a group together to live and work in harmony! To think that many, many years ago others were anxious to live the co-operative life is interesting. A community life is much harder on women than on men -- and I do not wonder that the wives wrecked their plans for their co-operative! **M.L.L.

"The Design of Establishing a Common Household with his friends is speedily hindered."

"And many of us friends, consulting on and abhorring the turbulent vexations of human life, had considered and now almost determined upon living at ease and separate from the turmoil of men. And this was to be obtained in this way; we were to bring whatever we could severally procure, and make a common household, so that, through the sincerity of our friendship, nothing should belong more to one than the other; but the whole, being derived from all, should as a whole belong to each, and the whole unto all.

"It seemed to us that this society might consist of ten persons, some of whom were very rich, especially Romanianus, our townsman, an intimate friend of mine from his childhood, whom grave business matters had then brought up to Court; who was the most earnest of us all for this project, and whose voice was of great weight in commanding it, because his estate was far more ample than that of the rest. We had arranged, too, that two officers should be chosen yearly, for the providing of all necessary things; whilst the rest were left undisturbed. But when we began to reflect whether the wives which some of us had already, and others hoped to have, would permit this, all that plan, which was being so well framed, broke to pieces, in our hands, and was utterly wrecked and cast aside. Thence we fell again to signs and groans, and our steps to follow the broad and beaten ways of the world; for many thoughts were in our heart, but Thy counsel standeth for ever....."

(Chap. XIV CONFESSIONS OF ST.
AUGUSTINE)

ON TITHING

"A remarkable instance of this is known to me. I have friends in Tasmania who are very strict Seventh Day Adventists. Their orchard, flower and vegetable gardens as well as their home are a joy to behold, spotless and orderly, with that orderliness which comes from the loving work put into it. Every year at pruning time they select three trees (different each year) and mark the plot, giving all the proceeds from them to the S.D.A. Mission Fund. All these trees receive the same attention, but no matter which three trees are earmarked for the Mission, those trees bear fruit, until they fear the limbs will break, in excess of all others. At first these people thought this was chance, but year after year, over more years than I can tell you this has been the unfailing result. Do the fairies and nature spirits know and give more aid to these trees? The idea would be considered ridiculous by my friends, but they would agree that each year God specially blesses the trees set apart." -- Mrs. E.K.

ON TITHING

"I'll do whatever you ask in the time I can 'tithe', an inspiration which occurred to me after reading the article under Tithing in regard to money -- why not tithe TIME? Of course, I may not be able to eek out quite that much at first with garden coming in (and with six children, Ed.) but will work around to it gradually in all directions. Perhaps one could include some of the time spent on the Astral Plane at night? Ha!

"The article on Organic Gardening was of great interest to both myself and my husband... He has always believed in that type of soil justice.....

"Some other day of 'tithing' time will bring you comments to cheer those caught in the Housing Shortage, to describe as best as words can the 'Miracle' wrought by seven men in just thirty-one days, of which our 'lean-to structure' falls far short of any sort of description. My husband's employer did more in every direction to help us get our house built after our eviction than was at first promised.

"Also put me in touch with the co-worker married to the Filipino. I may have an answer for the magazine, but should very much like to make personal contact with her as well as any others who have problems. To me problems have almost always been 'Opportunities for Growth' and I am finding as I go along that much of what I did unconsciously has been inspiring to others without my knowing of it at the time. Perhaps as you said long, long ago, I do (unconsciously) 'intuit' what people need? Could it be?"--A.M.

From the Director

PROJECTS OF SOME OF OUR MEMBERS

Although we have many subscribers who are doing very worthwhile things in the "world" perhaps we should tell our readers a few of the projects being carried on from those that have come to our attention:

NURSING COURSE

Our regular contributor of health articles, Dr. Alice Chase, owns and directs a retreat called "Health Rest", a beautiful estate, even in winter, from the picture sent me of an impressive large white house nestled among many trees in the snow at Nanuet, twenty-five miles from New York City.

Dr. Chase says "To treat disease is only part of the doctor's mission. The main function of a physician is to teach health to prevent disease." With this in mind, she carries on periodically her "Dietetic and Nursing Course" - four weeks' study and vacation. Classes are now forming this month (May), and I have heard from an other subscriber residing in New York, what a delightful place "Health Rest" is, and what a lovely group of people our correspondent met there. (Space does not permit us to print Syllabus of Course)

DAILY MEDITATIONS
Evelyn Benham Bull

Our friend, Mrs. Bull, has prepared a book of Daily Meditations to be used for a year. She writes, "It has been written to fill a need that you and I both have for a quiet time daily when we may become spiritually centered and poised to meet the day's tasks."

Her publisher has agreed to bring out this book if she can obtain five hundred orders before publication. The price after publication will be \$1.00, but now this book may be ordered for 75¢. These advance orders should be in not later than June 15th. Let us help Mrs. Bull "go over the top" by ordering her book!

CAMP ROBBINS - Lake Como, Florida

From a new member, Mrs. Dorothy B. Robbins, has come a delightful folder, mimeographed, illustrated by her young daughter, which tells us that "Camp Robbins - for girls from 8 - 14 will be launched this summer. She writes that they are launching this camp project for girls - especially catering to girls from families interested in Theosophy.

Her daughter, going on eighteen, has submitted one of her "camp talks" on THOUGHTS and has offered to illustrate our Digest and Children's LESSONS. Having the camp project at Hume Lake, before mentioned by M.H. and this in Florida, is most interesting, isn't it? Linking California and Florida in two of our Group enterprises!

Childrens Department

Mrs. Martha Pellan, head of the Children's Committee writes that Part I of our revised LESSONS IN THEOSOPHY FOR CHILDREN will be ready for sale at the theosophical Convention this June. Mrs. Pellan has cut the stencils and the art work is being done by Iris White, while Mrs. Frank Tezky is doing the mimeographing.

In case I cannot be released to attend Convention, Mrs. Pellan, a resident of Chicago, has kindly consented to be Hostess to our members, and will make arrangements for our Booth and program during Convention. Mrs. Marie Forstey, also will be present, and to these two members I delegate the direction of our Group's Convention (and Summer Sessions) activities during my absence. Other helpers, of course, will be welcomed by these women.

PHOTOS

Our members are far too modest to suit me! I am receiving too few pictures of our mothers and their children. Perhaps I'll even reciprocate and get my picture taken to send in return! Maybe we can pass this picture book around to our workers, after Convention, for you would be surprised how many years we have been working together not knowing what we look like....not that this matters, really, but pictures of mothers and children coming in to us, all bring us closer together, don't you think so? ---M.L.L.

The Whenerver Land

FOURTH ADVENTURE: AUNT SALLY HAS A CELEBRATING PARTY.

By Evelyn Benham Bull

Aunt Sally was Annamarabella's fourth aunt. Aunt Sally had not insisted on any name. "Let the child be as she is," she said. That was the way Aunt Sally was, very jolly and able to do things, yet making you feel that you really helped, when you asked if you could. That, is you didn't feel that she was just being polite. Aunt Sally had died a couple of years ago, and everybody had missed her very much, especially Annamarabella.

So when she went to sleep this particular night of a full moon, she could easily remember her dream adventure.

Her Dream

In it someone was telling her that Aunt Sally was going to have a party. That meant that she would both see Aunt Sally and have a party, two very wonderful things. But the person that told her was puzzling. He was a ragged little boy of about seven who looked as though he had recently been very dirty and very hungry, for he was still thin. His dark eyes had such a solemn, sad look, and yet they were shining. Perhaps that was the thought of the party.

"Who are you," said Annamarabella. "Tomas," said the little boy. "Tomas what?" she said. "I don't recall at the moment," said the little boy, soberly. And he seemed to be looking deep within himself to find something, but it must have been rather dreadful. A look of pain passed over his face, and he shook himself, and he sighed. "Come to Aunt Sally," he said brightly, "she will tell you all about it. And bring Winty," he added.

"How did you know about Winty?" she said rather breathlessly, for the little boy was going very fast, or else the scenery was moving very fast, or both, and Winty, who now was clutching her other hand, was puffing even more than usual, and seemed rather sleepy. "It is this way," he finally added, "I am a refugee boy, and they brought me to her." "Oh, you mean you have died, too, like Aunt Sally and Topsy?" said Annamarabella. "No, I am still alive," he added quietly, it seemed too quietly.

Annamarabella was puzzled, but as they whisked along, it seemed to help Tomas to think, for he continued: "Many of us are alive, but we don't have any homes, and some of us, our fathers and mothers are gone or are in prison or --" he stopped abruptly -- "maybe we just don't know." "And," he finished, hurriedly, "we have Aunt Sally-people to help us when we are asleep."

By this time they had reached Aunt Sally, and how wonderful to see her! She looked the same, only a little younger, and so well and happy. And her little dog, Tug, was with her, too. She had her house the same, except that she had made one or two improvements that she had always wanted. And in her garden her favorite flowers bloomed all the time, no matter at what season they were supposed to bloom.

And then they had the party. And being a celebrating party, Aunt Sally said it must be a little of all holidays put into one. So there were presents as at Christmas, and even a little tree in the center of the table, and carols singing quietly from somewhere. But the presents were wrapped in birthday paper and for each person there was a big birthday cake, his or her favorite kind, candles and all. Tomas could hardly cut his, he was so surprised and happy. And the favors were little firecrackers that went off with a wee boom. Not too much; not too little. Everyone was very happy.

"And here's a little box to take with you," said Aunt Sally, smiling, "with pumpkin pie and cider, and here's a mask to wear on the way home. I thought you would like that," she said. "We do! We do!" said the children - all of them.

"What day is it?" said Annamarabella, waking sleepily. "I am so mixed up."

(To be Continued.)

The Children's Cemetery

A Poem

By Piero Bellario

(Italy)

Translated from the Italian by Arlette
Moulinet and rendered into blank verse by
Elsie L. Rutledge

Within the cemetery, bright with flowers,
Apart from adult graves, the wee ones lie,
Their tombs are like spring gardens all a'bloom,
Like beds of roses are the tiny tombs.
The evening comes, the keeper locks the gate.
The tiny dead peep from their bright-hued graves
Like tender fledglings from their fluffy nests.
They call each other by the twinkling lights
Of flickering candles and go hand in hand,
A'down the paths, as high up in the sky,
The silver stars grow brighter in a trice.
While on the earth, the fireflies light the night
And soft winds pass with murmurs all forlorn,
Bearing the mothers' prayers to heaven on high,
Like glowing flames, they light the darkening sky.

From Abroad

FROM ENGLAND

A name among our contributors is that of Miss Mary Tapping a Theosophist of Tring, Herts., England, who has sent us the beautiful tributes to Gounod's mother printed in this issue. We print below a paragraph from a recent letter:

"After reading your magazine for over a year while I was being nursed through an illness by my sister at Kettering. I feel as though I know you. My brother-in-law used to pass over the magazine (our bulletins and Digests) when he had looked through it, and I loved it! I was ⁱⁿ rather low spirits, being unable to dress myself, even to feed myself properly, crying with pain even when asleep; and your magazine brought not only a touch of beauty but the warmth of a caress or a hand-shake into my life.

"Now that I am back in my cottage at Tring, those unhappy days (during the war, Ed.) seem like a dream, but I still remember the warm love which seemed to come from the pages, with gratitude..."

FROM ITALY

From our co-worker Pina Ballario of Novara has come word that she is now teaching in high school and has enclosed a letter from one of her pupils which shows to what use they have put the magazines we have been sending! The boy's letter is quoted below:

"Dear Mrs. Lewis:

In behalf of the teacher and of the students of the III Media A, I would like to thank you for the magazine pictures which we have used for decorating our class-room, which being very dingy, needed it very much. If it's not asking too much, could you send us more of them, for you see, in Italy, the magazines are very expensive and most of all perfect junk!

Maybe it's a surprise for you that I write in English but you must know that I have been in the United States for seven years, precisely at New York City, from 1939 until 1946. I started school there and when I left the States I was starting the seventh grade. It was certainly a great change coming from the world's largest city, to this little town of Novara, and most of all I forgot most of my Italian. I found a great difference between the Italian and the American school. Here in Italy we study a great deal more, maybe too much, but, unfortunately, few are the ones who can afford to go, for in this country we have to buy our own books, and you know what this means for many purses. Many schools have been destroyed by the bombs and we are reconstructing very slowly, but Italy is a poor country and with its means it has really done miracles.

We thank you again and if you have time, please write to us,

Sincerely yours,

Leo Pirani"