

GIFT
JAN 19 1916

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"We, we have chosen our Path,
Path of Advance!"

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE PLAZA DE PANAMA AT THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

The Evolution of Pat

KATIE stood washing her breakfast dishes, as fresh and sweet as the dew on the shamrock.

"What," said her mistress, "marry Pat? Katie, I am horrified! Do you know what sort of man he is—

brawling and fighting half his time? Do you know he cannot hold a job for drink? He's a fine workman at his trade and could do so well. Everybody calls for him when they want a fine job at plumbing. And at the town-meeting they count upon him for a clear head and

good judgment too. And his jokes and wit keep all merry. But Katie, think well, think! Look before you leap!" And she went out. Her face to the wall, her back to the ice chest, Katie did not turn her head when Pat the ice man entered, only said "good morning," and wiped a cup.

The ice chest was a highboy, opening at the top, and she stood with her back to it. Just as the pulley raised the huge block into place the ice slipped and falling struck silent, unexpected Katie in her heels. Back she fell upon the ice, laughing and crying at once.

Pat, all tenderness, lifted and carried her to the nearest chair, for her wounded heels were bleeding profusely.

"Let me send for the doctor, for the love of God."

"I don't need a doctor. I'm all right. Just open the lower drawer over there and bring me some rags." Pat obeyed meekly, and putting down his ice-tongs, fell on his knees before her and proceeded to assist in binding up the wounds.

"Thank ye, Pat," said Katie.

He rose from his knees before her, picked up his ice-tongs and stood looking at her. His expression was a mixed one. He had a heart as big as an ox, and through the storm of regret and sympathy gleamed the love-light in his eye.

"I'm goin', Katie, but by the livin' God, it was all your own fault. You know my heart is breakin' for you, and you would not even turn your head to look at me. So I turned and cocked my eye at you and then the ice slipped. Begorry, Katie, I hope it is not so bad, but I'll drop in tonight and see how ye are." And off he started. But he ran back, poked his head well inside the door, and bawled out at the top of his voice: "Begorry, Katie, the ice slipped! The ice *slipped!* Maybe it's a good sign." And away he went again. His day's work done, he started for home. Someone stepped from the doorway of a saloon, and slapping him on the back, said: "Come in Pat, and have a drink on me. Come! You know, Pat, I'm countin' upon your vote for the watering-cart. It'll go hard if I lose that job."

"I'll give ye my vote, sure; you can count on me."

"You're not goin' widout a drink for success, man? Come on!" said Tim.

"Just one, then," said Pat.

He took one too much, got into a row, and was soon brawling and fighting on the street. The cop took him in hand; he knew him well, had let him off many times, but this time he meant to teach him something.

By the time they reached the lock-up, what with the walk and the not too gentle handling of the cop, Pat had come to himself.

"Holy Moses! Meyers, don't shut me up tonight, don't. Today I have had a chance maybe, that might make a stiddy man of me. It's only half a chance, but just let me off this once and you'll see me a new man, ye will. Just one more chance."

This touched Meyers' heart. "Well, Pat, go home

this time and grow wiser. You shall have *one more chance.*" All was dark when he reached his boarding-house; not a light, and the door locked on him. Pat reflected: "I'll go into the cow-house and sleep on the sweet hay. I loike them critters terrible."

So, by the moonlight he found his way to the old barn, climbed the ladder, swung open the door in the loft, and nestled in the sweet hay. Gazing from the open door upon the moon-lit meadow, he tried to compose his mind to sleep. No! no! not yet; he must think it all over first. There was no sound to be heard but the drowsy hum of insects outside and the cows below him peacefully chewing the cud. "It's ashamed I am of myself. Och ahone, betwixt Katie and the barn, I'm gittin' it bad. I'll turn over a new leaf. Meyers was right, it's my last chance. Tomorrow I'll tell her she'll niver be ashamed of me ony more."

Then he saw himself once more on his knees, helping Katie to bind up her lame foot. "And she smiled at me, she did that, and sure I've loved her for mony a weary month. God in heaven help me, I'll git back my job, I will."

He leaned over to the big door open wide, took a long look over the scene, and its peace passed into his heart.

"Cop Meyers is my friend, and I must mend my ways now. Och, Katie my darlin', ye'll niver be ashamed of me ony more! Katie at the dishes, wid her back to me as I walked in with two hundred pounds on my back and a foin new shirt to beat the band, and she would not turn her head to look at me. I say it just *was* her fault: for then I just cocked my eye around and let the pulley swing too far, be jazes, I did that. But ha! ha! just the same Oi was on me knees to her for once, and she smiled at me when she sat so sudden on the cake o' ice. And begorry she smiled again, as Oi said, as Oi said. said: 'It's a good sign, says Oi, it's a good sign.' Katie smiled, she did that."

The next day, when he brought in the ice, Katie was not there, but he heard her coming. "And how are ye then," said Pat.

"Oh, just lame and sore a bit, but not so bad, not so bad."

"Katie, Oi've made up my mind to get on my job and to kape it too; won't you help me Katie? I'll pledge meself to your sweet life if you'll only trust me. Oi've thought and thought and Oi've made up me mind to stick to it, for Meyers meant it, and he's right, it's my last chance."

Katie looked straight into his honest eyes. "You mean it today, Pat? Vows are vows and words are words. How long will they last? It needs a strong man behind the vows and words, Pat. 'Tis you must do the fightin' just yerself inside, Pat, and it will take all yere strength to keep it up. Just try your-strength for three months and I'll consider."

He did keep it up. Katie did trust, did marry him. Katie's mistress had her doubts, but they did not avail;

so, giving the pair her blessing and something more, she went off journeying and a stay in the West.

A year and a half had passed before she returned home.

Sitting in her auto, she noted Pat at a neighbor's gate picking up his plumbing tools. He looked over, and seeing who sat there, he put down his load and made a rush for her. Snatching off his cap he lifted his shining face.

"God bless ye, Marm, I am all right now. Oi've writ it in fire, in my heart. I'm so happy, and Katie is as happy as a bird, with a nestling, with our boy, you've heard of course, he's a month old tomorrow, marm. His name is Pat, and not a day passes widout a blessing for you, inclade it's truth Oi'm spakin'. Not a sup does Katie put on our board widout a blessin' for you, and noting always the teaching ye gave her, and the patience too. God bless ye, marm." Next day she sent the boy a cup with his name on the front, but also had engraved on the handle: "Right is Might." STUDENT



The Place of Peace

"YOU tell me that there is war in every human nature, every human being, war between the inner or higher self and the outer or lower. And you quote the words of a Teacher, who, speaking as the higher self of each of us, said that he brought not peace but a sword.

"Not having yet come home to my higher self I know nothing of this war which it is waging upon my lower nature — except, perhaps, that when I am thinking of doing something wrong I feel that my conscience is making a fuss. That, you say, is an echo (which I can just hear) of a war going on all the time.

"Very well. But you also say that coming home to the higher nature is the way to *peace*, that one only has real peace during the moments when one has got in under his higher self, got near to it, is trying to get home and has made a little headway.

"But one would think that since the higher self is the center from which *war* (upon the lower) is being directed and waged, the nearer one got to this higher the more would one get the feeling of the war. Coming home to the higher self should, on your showing, be coming into the most disturbed of places. How do you reconcile?

"Moreover, when a man gets the touch of his higher nature is just when he begins to make a fight consciously, *on his own account*, against the lower tendencies. Where, then, is the peace you talk of?"

"Very well put. But there is no contradiction.

"A man's higher nature is at grips with his lower all the time. If it were to stop work and withdraw, we should be fiends, all of us, the same day. Every lower impulse would be free, the field to itself, unhindered to work out its worst. Why don't you now kill every man who annoys you? Why don't you surrender to every

temptation you meet? You wouldn't do these things even if you were certain you could go undetected. In nearly all men these weaknesses are in greater or less degree held in check, kept partly bound and partly paralysed, by a power which is (in most men) mostly beyond their present knowing—their higher self. And it never lets up its work, its war, while there is any gleam of good in them to make them worth saving and fighting for.

"*But it can't score a final, once-for-all victory without your help.* You've got to take a hand in the game for that.

"A man's lower tendencies have no show at all unless they can, for the time being, make him feel that they are he. When a man is sitting at table, the tendency to keep eating too long, to gorge, tries to make him feel it as himself, tries to make him feel that he himself wants to do that. Once he thoroughly feels that, he is likely to gratify himself, isn't he? Once that he *thoroughly feels* that it is not himself, it is paralysed, for the time ceases to exist. His withdrawal from it paralyses it and he has peace from it.

"So, when a man in moments of aspiration touches his higher self. He has to that extent and for that time withdrawn altogether from the field where his lower tendencies work; to that extent and for that time they are lifeless, powerless. Their life consists in their hope of a victim, their hope to be able to make their victim think they are he; and it culminates during those deeds which he does while thinking that. Without this hope they are nothing. To get at one with the higher self is, for that time, to end the war. For the enemy is without power. If the union is permanent the peace is permanent. Anyway there is peace during the moments of the union. And each time it is effected, the enemy is left weaker. Each time, the man comes from it with more strength to take more share for the future in the combat himself, that combat which for him consists in holding himself as himself and refusing to think any lower impulse to be himself. It is by practising that, that a man finds out at last what he really is, a royal piece of knowledge."

"What are these lower impulses?"

"They are forces. When they cease to be forces working on their own account against the man, when he has conquered them instead of being conquered by them, they become his servants and reinforce his efforts in everything he does. Every thought of good will towards others which he has, becomes, after that victory, not a mere thought but an active power to help and uplift. That is just an example of what it means to have these forces as aids instead of enemies. His mind becomes clear and strong beyond anything he can now imagine, and his health tends to become firm and established.

"All this, and much more, comes of winning the *place of peace.*" STUDENT

That Mind of Ours!

I HAD just finished breakfast and was walking up the little hill that led to my rooms from the downtown restaurant. At that moment the sun showed his glowing rim above the eastern mountains, and I paused to enjoy the splendor of his rising. I was a bit liverish that morning and doubted whether I ought to have taken any coffee. The coffee had not been very good, either — confound it, here was I thinking of that coffee when I had intended to keep my whole mind on the glorious sun. So I came back to a contemplation of the burning, life-giving disk. I needed a dose of life that day, for at Smith's house the night before — bless my soul, here am I thinking of Smith's supper-table and that lobster salad! I would fix my thought on the sun or perish! Why can't a man concentrate his mind for *one second?* — which reminded me that the second-hand of my watch came off yesterday. I must take it round to the watchmaker's on 4th Street — mind slipped again! The sun was two-thirds up and a fine day promised. Good for our proposed auto jaunt that afternoon — and so it went on. Ten times by the count, while the sun was getting his disk above the mountains, had my mind slipped: pictures of (1) the coffee, (2) lobster salad, (3) watchmaker's, (4) the excursion, (5 . . . 10) six other things in succession, not here needing mention, and (11 . . . ?) probably a lot of other things too quick to notice, having come between me and the glorious picture I had wanted to see and to think of and drink in and get life from!

And that's the way the mind treats us all the time, won't let us give more than two or three per cent. of its power to the seeing or thinking of anything. Is it any wonder that we are such a lot of mental incapables? One of these odd things, somewhere between wobbles (5) and (10) had been a rather insolent remark made to me yesterday by another fellow. The memory woke up even more than the original irritation and I knew it was going to be at the back of my thoughts all day, taking the edge off any pleasure I was going to get from the afternoon's holiday. That was another count against my mind — yet no; another count against *me* that had led the mind get into such a condition, let it get so out of control.

Then I thought of the advice of two great Teachers of wisdom, one in Palestine, one long before in India. Here's the first:

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. . . ."

And the other:

"He (the Teacher) went on to inform them how one should so act as to become strong of thought. Whatever action he performed should be performed *with his whole nature concentrated upon it* and in full presence of mind; in going forth and coming in; in looking and watching; in bending his arm or stretching it forth; in

wearing his robes or in carrying his bowl; in eating or drinking; in sleeping or walking; in talking or being silent. Thus he exhorted them."

Here is something from an English writer on the same score:

"For me, spiritual content (I will not use the word 'happiness,' which implies too much) springs essentially from no mental or physical facts. It springs from the spiritual fact that there is something higher in man than the mind, and that that something can control the mind. Call that something the soul, or what you will. My sense of security amid the collisions of existence lies in the firm consciousness that just as my body is the servant of my mind, so is my mind the servant of *me*. An unruly servant, but a servant — and possibly getting less unruly every day! Often have I said to that restive mind: 'Now, O mind, sole means of communication between the divine *me* and all external phenomena, you are not a free agent; you are a subordinate; you are nothing but a piece of machinery; and obey me *you shall!*'"

"The mind can only be conquered by regular meditation, by deciding beforehand what direction its activity ought to take, and insisting that its activity take that direction; also by never leaving it idle, undirected, masterless, to play at random like a child in the streets after dark. This is extremely difficult, but it can be done, and it is marvelously worth doing."

STUDENT

A Cure for Insanity

NO man that we are ever likely to meet is quite sane. And we shall not meet him by standing in front of the looking-glass. What we call an insane man is merely a man more insane than we ourselves are. For a deep insanity is at the root of the minds of us all.

If you want to understand the fine, unnoticed forms of insanity, study first the gross, obvious forms of it, and then work backward.

In a well-known gross form of it, the victim thinks that everyone is conspiring against him, in league against him, sometimes from the President downward.

As you work towards the finer forms of it, you come upon the man who thinks that he is generally "put upon," generally treated unjustly, misunderstood, his rights disregarded intentionally, slighted. This sort we don't put under lock and key. It is too common. In fact most of us get fits of it.

Another slight form is that of the shy young man, who thinks that as he walks about or enters a room everyone must be looking at him, noticing the crease of his trousers, the color of his necktie, some trifling peculiarity of gait or manner, and probably laughing at him behind his back. When he gets older he recognizes that to have been a mild sort of insanity and that mostly no one was looking at him or thinking of him.



HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR HUNT OF ARIZONA
Fighter for the Abolition of Capital Punishment

In most asylums there are one or two inmates who think they are their clothes. Sometimes they won't undress because it would kill them. Or they look at their coat getting more and more frayed and say, "Ah, I shall be dead soon." Just as to think that the whole country, from the President downward, is in a conspiracy against you — just as this is only an extreme form of thinking that you are generally slighted and "put upon"; so the man who thinks he is his clothes is only an extreme development of the young fellow who is so conscious of his trousers or neckties that he thinks everyone must be looking at them.

And now we get to the roots of all insanity, including yours and mine, my friend and fellow-voter.

First: we all arrange the world of our acquaintances with Ourselves in the center, the all-important center, and the others out around, with whom we have relations and who have relations inward towards ourselves. We forget that each of the others is to himself an equally important center and that to him we are but an item out somewhere along the outskirts. We all have a little of the same disease as the man who thinks himself important enough to have the whole country in a conspiracy against him.

Second: we may laugh at the man under lock and key who thinks his clothes, the clothes of his body, are himself. But as young men, too "self-conscious," we had a touch of the same complaint. And every one of us is the victim of nearly as gross a delusion *in thinking that his body is himself*.

We ought to start upon the cure of these universal forms of insanity. No one who does so need have any fear from his past or his heredity. He can get altogether out of reach of it.

And the method?

The method is, firstly, not to be your own center. The method of *this* is, the acquirement of a general, habitual, outshining spirit and warmth of good feeling, of kindness, friendliness, which has the happiness and welfare of others as its aim. That gradually breaks up the center of disease, which is *I, I*.

The rest of the method is to get into a way of thinking of yourself as *in* the body, in it for a certain length of time to learn certain things and acquire certain powers of character and mind and will. Keep up the effort for a few weeks or months and you will actually know this is the case and no more fear death than you fear the wearing out of your coat. You will have won the only real kind of freedom.

This is the prescription against insanity, the sure prevention of what we call insanity and the cure of that real insanity which is at the root of the other and which affects us all.

M. D.

Faith — A Prison Talk

I BELIEVE that a man's wrongs and grievances, if they are really that, will always get righted and compensated in the long run.

"In the long run" means, when it's time for them to be, when his character's had all the good, all the discipline, out of them that they can then give him. For that's the real meaning of them.

That does not mean that he shall do nothing to alter them or remove them. If a man wants to go somewhere and comes across a shut door, common sense will tell him to turn the handle. If the door then opens, all right. But if he finds it locked, the opening is a question of violence.

In the same way a man can turn the handle, so to speak, of his wrongs and grievances. If they give easily to him — well, it's all right. Their time is up. But if he finds they stick there in front of him, can only be shoved aside with great effort and then keep coming back as before or in slightly altered shape, or can only be got rid of by doing wrong — then their time is *not* up and it's much the wiser to wait. For at present they belong to the man, or he belongs to them. The thing to do then is to look into yourself and find out what sort of strengthening or corrective work those unpleasantnesses or pains are trying to do for your character. They're at *something*: take that for granted. You'll find it sometime, sure; and when you have, take a hand in the game and co-operate. Get after the weak place on your own account.

This is what I call *faith*. And it's founded on experience, the experience of looking into the wrongs and grievances I have had to put up with and finding at last what they were at; and the experience of feeling something inside me or above me, sort of say, when things were at their worst: "It's all right, my son, I'll look after the thing." If I trusted that, the trouble went by as quickly as it could consistently with its duty to me. If I kicked, tried to be forcing the lock, the trouble only stuck the closer and stayed the longer, though perhaps changing form a little.

And moreover, I lost something. For I've long found out that if a trouble is taken the way I say, if a man only *tries* to take it that way, there's compensations, ease-ments, let-ups for him of some sort scattered along the way. Sometimes they're so marked and speaking-like that they hit a man right in the bulls-eye of his gratitude place (if he's got one) and almost bring the tears to his eyes.

I tell you, boys, we're looked after. Let's have faith and stand up like men to what comes. We've got chances in here to be the real thing, chances that men at ease outside miss altogether. And that, if we took large views of time and life and ourselves, would itself be one of the compensations for the being here. We've got time to think and build.

REPORTER

The First Gate

A GREAT Teacher said: Love your neighbor. He knew what he was talking about, and he was not counseling mushiness or sentimentality. He was indicating the way of progress, the way to unfold latent powers, the way to peace, the way by which a man may come to know what he is.

To go that way, the mind (the maker of the stream of thoughts) must be changed from an enemy into a friend and obedient servant. To go that way there must be mental peace.

Draw the mind, then, steadily off thinking any harm of anybody. Don't let it get tangled up in the faults of anybody. Nothing hinders peace and concentration more than that. Nothing gets the mind more thoroughly out of control than that. One such thought leads to another. Presently you can't see anything in the man but his fault. The thing may go on till you hate him. If, as some men are, you are weak enough to be an entire slave to your mind, you may even come to wanting to kill him.

Keep off all that. Put kindness instead of criticism into your thought. There's no tangle threatening you in *that*.

Now come off considering your neighbor or anyone else altogether. Come home to yourself, you and your mind, in the peace and silence. Raise the mind to that Power and Light which you know sustains the universe. This is an appeal, and the Light answers it by coming nearer to you, by enfolding you in an influence which you will quickly learn to recognize and look for night by night, day by day. The Light comes in closer and closer and one day you suddenly come to know it for certain, as it is, and yourself for certain, as you are behind your daily changing moods, behind your conditions of sickness and health, behind the ceaseless stream of daily thoughts, behind all that much of you that death can touch.

This is the path, through peace to light, which that Teacher desired all to follow when he said: *Love your neighbor*. Not till that has been obeyed have we any chance of following the instruction of the old Greek Oracle: *Man, know thyself*.

STUDENT

You who, in your quiet moments, have ideals of right life which in the whirl of the day you cannot bring out into conduct or perhaps even remember — never suppose you cannot win out. Think out your ideals again and again; think forward from the quiet into the whirl and *imagine* that then you will be speaking and acting and thinking in harmony with them. Strength will come. Imagination will become *will*, and little by little you will find you are winning. "Let us not despair," says a great thinker, "at having a mind so practical and so lowly, so unpoetical and so little spiritual; within the innermost of each of us is a marvelous something of which we are still unaware, which dreams and prays while we labor for our daily bread."

The Shrine Within

(Written in the trenches by a young English soldier of twenty, subsequently killed.)

FROM morn to midnight, all day through,
I laugh and play as others do,
I sin and chatter, just the same
As others with a different name.

And all year long upon the "stage"
I dance and tumble and do rage
So vehemently, I scarcely see
The inner and eternal me.

I have a temple I do not
Visit, a heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine—and yet, and yet

This sanctuary of my soul
Unwitting I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou should'st care
To enter or to tarry there.

With parted lips and outstretched hands
And listening ears Thy servant stands,
Call Thou early, call Thou late,
To Thy great service dedicate.



The Universal Song

BY RALPH HODGSON

THE song of men all sorts and kinds,
As many tempers, moods and minds
As leaves are on a tree,
As many faiths and castes and creeds,
As many human bloods and breeds
As in the world may be;

The song of each and all who gaze
On Beauty in her naked blaze,
Or see her dimly in a haze,
Or get her light in fitful rays
And tiniest needles even,
The song of all not wholly dark,
Not wholly sunk in stupor stark
Too deep for groping Heaven—

And alleluias sweet and clear
And wild with beauty men mis-hear
From choirs of song as near and dear
To Paradise as they,
The everlasting pipe and flute
Of wind and sea and bird and brute,
And lips deaf men imagine mute
In wood and stone and clay.

The music of a lion strong
That shakes a hill a whole night long,
A hill as loud as he,
The twitter of a mouse among
Melodious greenery,
The ruby's and the rainbow's song,
The nightingale's—all three
The song of life that wells and flows
From every leopard, lark and rose
And everything that gleams or goes
Lack-luster in the sea.—*Selected*

The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart.

—Mencius

Now

THE little child was trying to dress himself and it was a long and hard process. He did not know what buttoned on to where, nor what came first and what next, nor which side came out and which in and which up and which down.

Does this have to be done every day? he asked the nurse. Yes, every day. All my life, day after day and all the years and years till I am as old as grandfather? Yes.

The prospect looked appalling, impossible to face.

The nurse knew that he did not have to do tomorrow's dressing now, merely today's. Tomorrow also would be merely a today, and each tomorrow-today would find the task easier, so that at last it would be nothing. But she could not get him to see.

Nothing has to be done tomorrow. The whole secret of every kind of progress lies in the easy now. The easy now leads on easily through the most tremendously difficult and impossible-looking tomorrows.

A man wanted to give up smoking. What! he thought; go through all the years henceforth without the comfort of my pipe? Can't face it!

He was multiplying the slight discomfort of doing without it for a day by the number of days in a year and years in a lifetime. If he could have really looked forward a week or so he would have seen the discomfort tailing off into nothing.

You want the immensely valuable power of perfect mental concentration? Well, concentrate your mind *now*—on washing your face, on the page of your book, on knocking in that nail with your hammer. The whole going lies there at hand, the whole ultimate success.

You want a fine, noble, upright character? Well, don't do that little mean thing *now*, just skip that one. There never is nor will be more than one to skip.

Let us be punctual—*this* time; concentrate—*now*; do finely—*this* act; overlook *this one* insult, living neither yesterday nor tomorrow. That is the way to accomplish everything that man can do. STUDENT

THE bishop left word at the office that he was to be called at seven sharp. The clerk instructed the boy who did the calling that since it was an English bishop the proper formula after knocking and being asked *Who's there?* was *It's the boy, my lord*. But the boy was frightened at having such a dignitary to deal with, and when the august voice asked who was there he stammered: "It's—it's—it's *The Lord, my boy!*"



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The New Way Guide-book

WHEN Heaven is about to be gracious to any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering, and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to extreme poverty, and confounds his undertakings. In all these ways it stimulates his mind, strengthens his nature, and supplies its incompetencies.

— *Mencius* (ancient Chinese)

ONLY be clear about what is finally right, whether you can do it or not; and every day you will be more and more able to do it if you try.— *John Ruskin*

THE amount of effort we put into procuring pleasures or avoiding petty annoyances, would, if put into acquiring indifference to annoyances or pleasures, make us permanently happy. To be thinking of possible pleasures develops the craving for them and therefore increases unhappiness when they are not to be had. To fret at annoyances increases their annoying power. So we lose all along. A mind that has acquired indifference has become like a sharp razor that can cut to the heart of anything it needs to understand.

NOTHING irritating which happens to us has any importance anywhere near the importance of not getting irritated at it.

This refusal to be irritated seems to provoke things to become more irritating. They seem to have taken up a challenge.

That's a mark of progress. Another mark is that we get more irritated at ourselves for getting irritated than we do at the irritating thing.

A few victories will bring us into some danger. The danger is pride. "I am a man who can't be irritated." A big fall is right in front!— *The Notebook*

To nourish the heart there is nothing better than to keep the desires few. Here is a man whose desires are few; in some things he may not be able to keep his heart, but they will be few. Here is a man whose desires are many; in some things he will be able to keep his heart, but they will be few.— *Mencius*

A MAN who lived in the same house with a very disagreeable and difficult person used to dread meeting him in the hall, and when this person was away from home, my friend suffered from dread of his return, until one day it occurred to him that it was not this other person he was dreading — it was *himself!* It was his own attitude of mind and heart toward the other that made him suffer, and not the other one at all. That was a release — and brought relief at once, for he could change his own attitude of mind and he could not change the other person.— *A. P. Call*

THE sense of shame is to a man of great importance. When one is ashamed of having been without shame, he will not afterwards have occasion for shame.— *Mencius*

Heard This?

THE POWER OF LOGIC. Professor Slesby: "My spectacles are gone. A thief has either stolen them or has not. If he has, he either needed them or he did not. If he did not, he would not have taken them. Therefore he needed them. But if he needed them, how could he see to find them? Therefore he did not steal them. Still, they are not here; I can see that. But how can I see that without my spectacles on? Therefore I must have them on."

And he had.

Station-master: "Hey you porters, what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that! Just be more careful there."

Passengers, not believing their ears: "Great Scott!"

Station-master, continuing: "Can't you see you are making dents in the concrete platform?"

She told her husband that a party of friends were coming in to tea that afternoon. He immediately got up, went into the lobby, and began to hide the umbrellas. "John!" she said indignantly, "do you think my guests will steal your umbrellas?" "No, my dear," he returned calmly, continuing his proceedings; "what I fear is that they may *recognize* them."

The prisoner at the bar, a woman, wept and wept and wept. It seemed as if she would float away on her chair. "Why is she weeping like that?" asked the judge. "I think, your Honor," said the attendant, "that she wants to be bailed out."

Farmer: "I can't find any old clothes to put on the scarecrow."

Wife: "Use some of the fancy duds our boy Josh brought home from college."

Farmer: "I'm only tryin' to *scare* the crows, not to make 'em kill themselves with laughin'."

"When you are down in the mouth, think of Jonah; he came out all right."

Old Scotswoman: "The last steak I got frae ye I could hae soled ma boots wi' it."

Butcher: "And why did ye no dae it?"

Woman: "So I wid if I could hae got the nails tae gang through it."

Fat Lady (in the park): "I am going to ride on one of the donkeys, and I'll pay for one for you if you'd like to accompany me."

Small Boy: "Thankee, mum; but I'd rather sit here an' laugh."

Irvin Cobb asserts that a certain Tammany leader and East-Sider, being on his way to a Democratic Convention at Denver, gazed from the window of his parlor car as the train was rushing through Iowa and remarked in tones of profound surprise to his companion: "No matter where you go, there's always human life."

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

GIFT
FEB 18 1916 "Who rises every time he falls
Will some time rise to stay."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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RÂJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL ORCHESTRA PLAYING AT THE EXPOSITION — SAN DIEGO DAY
NOVEMBER 17TH, 1915

How do You Stand?

HOW many men are burdens to humanity? Are you one of them?

It was a rough question roughly put. But the speaker meant well and under his exterior of roughness had as kindly a heart as anybody. He proceeded to amplify his meaning.

"'A burden to humanity' seems a big thing to say of some ordinary fellow like you or me. Nearer the mark in some such case as Nero or Attila. But the thing came to me this way:

"I used to reckon myself a pretty decent sort of fellow, liked among my friends, popular at the club and

the office and so on. But I was no saint: I drove my own furrow and looked strictly after my own interests. Though I was honest as standards go, I certainly never sacrificed my own pockets for anybody. If I had dropped suddenly through a hole in the bottom of the bucket there wasn't a soul among my circle that would have been in any way the worse off for it or would even have noticed it much.

"It struck me one day to ask myself whether anybody was the *better* for my existing, any other man's life was the easier or the higher because of anything I had ever done or said, whether the general march onward was a bit quicker for my being among the marching crowd?

"I couldn't honestly say yes. If I wasn't a drag I surely wasn't any help. So far the case seemed indifferent. I was a neutral. That's better anyhow, thought I, than with many fellows. For many fellows, when their quit time comes, have to own up to themselves at the last view that they have actually left things here and there the *worse* for their having lived.

"How were things in my home? 'There was the rub. I knew at once, come to think of it, that I was a good deal of a bear at home. When things were as I liked, when I felt well, when the children were good and quiet, when my wife had fixed up everything—why, then it was all right. I read my paper, potted around, strolled off to the club, and was fairly decent.

"But things had got to *be* exactly so, or I had my growl and snarl that very moment. And pretty often I had 'em just because I felt like having 'em anyhow. Liver out of gear, maybe, or some trifle of an office upset that I brought home to supper with me and that was still roosting on my shoulder the next morning at breakfast. To be dead honest with myself, I knew that all the folks at home were under a steady strain to keep me in good temper, and that every one of them felt the strain and was in more or less of an anxiety when they heard my key in the door as to what sort of a state father would be in tonight—'Let's hope nothing's gone wrong.' And it's just that sort of a home-atmosphere that four fellows out of five keep up. As for being a *help* at home, fixing myself so that the wife and kiddies would be *glad* to hear the key, and perhaps run to the door—that never crossed my mind.

"And then I saw this: That my boys were growing up with just that as their idea of a father, nothing better. I was no sort of example for them. Year after year it was printed in on them that the man of the house may do as he pleases and that what he wants must be served up to him quick. They would grow up just the same as me, nothing better, no ideals of home-life, ideals of sweetness and self-sacrifice and burden-sharing ever got from *me*. And each of them, because of my training—or no-training—would make a home in his turn just like I had mine, maybe worse. Or one of them might drift off on to the black-sheep line and land up behind the bars, life ruined. And so the influence would go outward through the years in a widening circle. How could I guess how much evil I had sown for the coming years and generations?

"Taking a broad view then, I reckoned that as far as I could see I was one of the burdens of humanity, one of the fellows that despite decent appearances must be marked down in the Great Book as having delayed the general march. And that's the inwardness of the rough-sounding question I asked you. Is general life any where the better for you and me having shared it for our fifty or sixty years?

"So since that I've made my little try, as well as I could to improve my record for that Book. C.

Let it Out

THE man in the room above mine had a violin. He was out all the afternoon, but his mornings he spent in playing upon his instrument. It was a fine instrument and he a fine player, but I rarely heard him play any composition known to me. It was always improvisation according to the mood of the morning, from day to day sad, triumphant, yearning, searching, finding, failing, achieving. I enjoyed it all, let it into me, and never found that it interfered with my work.

One day an accident made us acquainted and in a little while we were close friends, often spending the evening in each other's rooms. Then, naturally, our talk was much of music.

"I hear what I play," he said once, "before I play it, hear it inside. It is just the natural expression (for me), in sound, of the feeling that happens to be upon me."

"You hear it interiorly first, then?"

"Yes, as clearly as if it were being played upon an instrument."

"Then what makes you play it? Why won't the interior hearing of it suffice?"

"That's a question I used to asked myself, and the answer to it contains a good deal of philosophy.

"For a long time once, weeks, I think, I didn't play at all. I let the music go on inside me and just enjoyed it that way. I didn't know where it came from: it just came of itself and I let it run along.

"But in a while I noticed that it was not so clear as it was at first, didn't come so often or stay so long, and was easily interrupted for good by anything that happened around in the house and the street or by odd things I chanced to think of. This got worse and worse and finally I found that if I wanted to get the music clear, and keep it, and find it improve in richness all the time I must play it out loud. I had to *do* something about it, *act* it, not merely dream it.

"Music, as I think, comes from the very Soul of things. There's a great Soul in the universe and this expresses itself to different people, or in different people, in different ways. To me it comes most vividly as music. To another man it might come as fine thoughts, full of insight into things. To you, some other way. If men attended to it and then *acted*, *did* something, they would get closer and closer to it, understand it, come into tune and oneness with it, and life would be perfectly happy and developing in every one of us in every way all the time, new powers of every sort according to each man's inner speciality.

"Most men don't know anything about their inner speciality. They've let the current from the Soul get interrupted so often and by so much rubbish, let their minds fill up with such a mass of things that don't matter at all, and done so little with what they did get, that now they're almost wholly out of touch with it. They go to church, maybe, and get some notions of right conduct and brotherhood and honor, and assent

to them. The notions correspond to what the great Soul is trying to awake in them. But they don't *play the music*, they don't *do* anything about what they hear or what they may happen to read or think of along the same line. And so they get farther and farther from their real life, the fuller and richer messages from the Soul that would follow the simpler ones if the simpler ones were acted on; and mostly they don't now *know* anything at all about it. At the best, pious faith and hope have to do for a *knowledge* they might have.

"If they want the full message and the full knowledge, if they want every power in their natures to start ripening in a way that would almost make them gods, the very humblest of them, compared to what they are now, they must attend to and act out such faint messages as they do still get. If they feel kindly they must say or do a kindness. If they feel a pull of duty on them they must get right up and do it. If in the silence they feel a touch of the Soul, the indescribable softening of it, they must reach out after more and then try to hold the touch and work it out into conduct all next day. It's action according to the *small* right impulses that will bring the *great* right impulses and the great ripenings of power and light. I say that if a man wants for instance to be a great inventor, this same is the path to opening up his mind to the flashes of inventive inspiration he needs. If he takes this path of ready response to all right impulses — duty, kindness, service, self-sacrifice, meditation, traveling it at the same time as he travels his path of brain-study in the science he has chosen — then his studies will have a fruit they never would otherwise. Men have divided their lives, mostly, into what you might call the business part and the spiritual part. These have to be re-united and the one made as active as the other if there is to be real progress. The world is as it is today just for that mistake, and it's going to be worse if the mistake isn't corrected. The great Soul must be let in and held to and let out into action. Let it out in the simpler actions we all know about, and the rest will follow. Life will get transformed, and each individual life will ripen along the lines of its noblest individual possibilities of all kinds. Every man living has got it in him somewhere to be a genius of some sort.

"Let's get out for a bit of a walk under the stars."

REPORTER

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Creating Ourselves AN AUDITORIUM TALK

THERE'S a good deal of difference between happiness and pleasure. No one ever grew more of a man through pleasure; but through happiness, if you use the word rightly, he does grow.

The State doesn't furnish us prisoners much opportunity for pleasures, and I don't know that we ought to quarrel with it for that. As to happiness — well, the

State, which is made up of men and women, doesn't itself understand how happiness is got or what it is.

Much of the work which we have to do is utterly uninteresting. But so is most of the work done by the men and women that make up the State. What is there interesting in the work of the bank clerk who has to add up figures all day or pass cash through a grating? He gets paid for it, and there he scores on us; but that does not make the work *in itself* interesting. Happiness is what comes of interesting work. And there's hardly one of us that's ever thought to ask himself what it is that makes any work interesting.

A man ought to have a hobby. A hobby is an occupation a man gives himself over to in which he's *making* something, using his making or creating faculty. He requires a hobby for his spare time just because, speaking generally, his day's work, bread-and-butter work, *don't* call out his creative power. Does a bank clerk's, or a shop girl's? As a rule, when these people have done their day's work, they get after some *pleasure* instead of *happiness*. That's because they're too tired for anything else or because they can't think out or get hold of any hobby work, any creative, *making* work, any interesting (that is, happiness-producing) work. Pleasure is what you get done *on* you by surroundings and the like; happiness is what you *get out of yourself* for yourself; it's active and comes of creative or "make-active" action, right work. A man who works at his garden, evenings, or at a violin (playing one or making one) is getting something to come to pass from his creative effort, flower beds and flowers, music, or an instrument. He's happy. He's got his creative soul in the job. If he were a paid gardener or violin-maker he might do that same work mechanically, not for the love of it, not creatively, and so get no happiness. Then, in his evenings, he'd have to get some work he did love or go after pleasure. Every man's got creative capacity along some line in him, but not many find out what it is.

Well then, you'll say, what chance of happiness for us in here? Where's *our* chance of creative work? Monotony all day and emptiness all the evening.

I say that we've got *ourselves* to create, and that if we started on this job we should find not only the evenings but the whole day producing happiness, find the whole game interesting.

Most of us will be out of here sometime. Out of here the same man as we came in? — or self-created all over different? How many of us stand upright and walk like men? Wouldn't a little attention and a few daily exercises in those matters bring interesting results, beside helping our health? How many of us can control our moods and tempers? How about a few weeks' practice in acquiring an inner evenness, if not cheerfulness, that can't be ruffled and that begins with the first foot we put out of bed? Wouldn't that be worth having? Think what a will-power we should grow in the attempt! Think how our health would improve if we ate every

meal in that spirit and with a will that the food should build us bodies that will serve us instead of hindering, and be a joy to live in! We eat eleven hundred meals a year and the body changes all through in a few years. We can make new ones on a new pattern altogether!

How many of us have minds that we can control? How many could carefully read a good long sentence or a verse of poetry and then look away from the book and repeat it right? If we could steady and strengthen the mind enough for that we should have mighty little difficulty in learning anything—say a useful language or two.

How many of us are up in electricity or engineering or chemistry or a thousand things like that that would double our worth as money-makers when we get out? These matters, languages, shorthand, there's no end to the things we have time and opportunity to get in here.

And in the highest thing of all, self-knowledge. Which of us knows what he is, what *that* is that can train the mind and guide it, can boss the moods and have the one that is good to have, can hold the thought that is good to hold? We forget that if we can boss the mind and the mood we must be bigger than they are. Isn't it worth while to give a little time every evening at bedtime to the idea *I am, I can will, I can be what I will, I can feel myself as creative soul behind this mind, in this body, clouded by these moods?* That's creating oneself *free* for the first time.

If we were to get to work along these lines we should soon find life happy and growing in every part, and in a year or two we shouldn't know ourselves. And it's all just as well worth doing for those who (as it now seems) won't get out as for those who will. REPORTER



Our Suits of Clothes

CLOTHES make the man, say the French, who always put things neatly and sharply. What the saying means is that a man feels differently, feels a different self, according as he is well or badly dressed, in dirty, torn trousers and coat and with no collar, or in smart, ship-shape attire. In the one case he's likely to feel like slinking around a back way and may not care to look you in the eye; in the other he'll walk like a man among his equals. It may make the difference between having and not having any self-respect. It may make the difference between doing a mean thing in the one case that he wouldn't do in the other.

Now suppose we go deeper. There's another suit of clothes—the body! Aren't a man's feelings affected by the kind of body he's in?

It's rather a new idea. We can't answer it as easily as the other question for the simple reason that we don't keep two or three bodies, one in good repair, smart and ship-shape and well-formed and six feet high, and another half-hunchback with a weak chin and a slouch. If we did we should find by the contrast that the kind of

body we were wearing had a thousand times as much effect on our feeling of ourselves and our doings as the kind of coat and trousers.

The body has two sides to it, an inside and an outside, like a suit of clothes. But it differs from the suit of clothes in that the inside has far more than the outside to do with our feeling of ourselves. The outside is what other people can see, height, shape of chin, gait and so on. The inside they know nothing about. But we know it! *We* know how differently we feel and act according as the liver is all right or out of order, according as we are chilled and hungry or warm and well-fed, rheumatic and neuralgic or sound and fit.

We put aside a number of suits every night. First we take off our outer clothes and get into bed. Then, as we pass on toward sleep we lay aside the feeling of our height, shape, muscular condition, and so on. The next layer of feeling, a deeper layer, such feeling, for example, as fullness or emptiness of the stomach, and some that we cannot exactly locate at all, remains perhaps a little longer. Then this too dissolves or gets put off, and what the nurses sometimes call the "dream-shirt" alone remains. Lastly that goes too. We have got beyond dreams.

Where are we then? What are we then? "Unconscious," they say. Let us add to that word. Unconscious *of the body*, of bodily feelings, of memories, of brain-working, of dream pictures. But we may be very conscious of things that the brain cannot understand nor think out, nor the memory write down on the sheets of the brain, things so high that they slip out of reach as soon as we get back to all that. "The soul, verily, goeth to its own place," says an old book from India. "beyond thought, beyond dream, beyond mind-knowing. Then it knows its own being."

In the morning we come back, take up first the garment of dreams, then put over it the garments of thought and body-feeling. That we call being awake. We are once more John Smith, William Jones, and so on, of a certain age and nationality.

Some men can look you as straight in the eye, can feel their self-respect and act out their self-respect, as fully in torn and soiled clothes, if they have to wear them, as in any other.

Some can hold their will firm, can keep their courage, their cheerfulness, their kindness, in frail, weakened, diseased bodies, till the hour of death and beyond it. And they can live fine, straight lives with all the forces of bad heredity at work in mind and brain. Verily man is a soul, and when he has learned that—whatever the words in which he has got it—he can hold himself as a soul against environment and "clothing" and inherited tendency and mis-education. All honor to him who fights all his difficulties. For however far away may be the time when he can fully win out in his battle, however many his falls and mistakes, the *fight* is the mark of his manhood, and repeated and kept up it will surely have



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A LITTLE CHRISTMAS GROUP AT THE POINT LOMA RĀJA-YOGA SCHOOL

its reward. For it is to gather strength through experience and struggle that the soul takes up the "garments" of life. May we all return home as warriors that have made their good fight and are ready for new life.

STUDENT

✽

The Three Stories

NOW and then we should ask ourselves where we live. For each of us has a dwelling house of three stories, and living can be done on any or all of the three. So there are then several sorts of possible life.

Some men live in their minds almost entirely: live in keen, intense thoughts and reasonings. They are often tireless inventors and scientists and mathematicians. While they eat you can see that the restless mind is engaged upon some one or other of its problems. And when they have done eating they may not remember what they have had or even whether they had the meal at all. Not living much in their bodies, on the body-story, they care little for physical comfort and are usually short and light sleepers.

They live in the middle story of the three. The

ground-story dwellers, on the other hand, are body-livers. With them, comforts, foods, bed, sensations of any kind, take the first place. They are miserable if anything in the body goes wrong and usually terrified lest some serious illness is at hand. Death they refuse to think of at all, so fearful are they of it. All the sensualists and the practitioners of all the vices live here. They only go up to the second story to think how to gratify the body and get bodily pleasures..

The *top* story is the soul. Few dwell here altogether; but here at times—their best times—dwell the musicians, the poets, the great artists, the nature-lovers, the lovers of their kind, the heroes, all who sacrifice themselves unselfishly for a cause, for others, for humanity. Not living in the mind, they yet use it for all it is worth to advance that which they have at heart, to record their inspirations, to think out the fruitfulest ways of work. If they are wise they look after and train the mind to its limit that it may serve them at its best. If they are wise they keep the body at its best that it may best serve their work and hamper them the least with ill-health. In that way they may be said to dwell on all three stories at once.

And this should be our ideal, all of us. Whilst holding the body as servant instead of master we should see that

it is as healthy as circumstances and heredity permit. Refusing to let mind run away with us and have what thoughts it chooses, we should train it to its best, to the power of concentrated attention, to the power of learning anything we choose to learn.

And we should try to dwell betimes as soul-dwellers, to still the mind and mount beyond the trains of brain-thought into the region where there is always peace and light. The third story is always there and in its roof are the great windows that open upward to the sun and sky and stars. Trying day by day to dwell there we become aware at last of our immortality and aware of that all-presence in nature and in ourselves which is the root of our life.

STUDENT

The Small Steps

“LEAVE a bit for manners’ sake”: Mother was always telling us that. She hated to see the plate cleaned as if we had used a cloth on it.

If one looks at that little habit one finds something more important than “manners” in it. You will not allow the animal, that wants to eat everything in sight, to have his whole way to the last moment. In that last moment you assert yourself as his master and compel him to leave something. So that little something, that fragment of food that the animal wants and hates to leave, becomes a symbol of your mastery. Instead of letting the lower nature have it, you offer it up, as it were, to your higher, and rise from the table with your self-respect.

It is a small thing, but all big things are made up of small ones and begin as small ones. The great victory, in which a man triumphs once and for all over his lower nature and attains real divine manhood, is begun in that and similar little victories. We shall see this quite clearly when in that great moment we look back to these. The sense of inner satisfaction and approval as each opportunity is taken and used is the warranty of the good work they are doing. For they do have the approval and backing of the soul, the higher man, and are, as it were, an offering to it.

There are all sorts of small chances every day. Get into a way of making use of them. They sum up to a lot in a week. Drop something you are very interested in doing, so as *not* to be that three minutes late to a duty. When there are two or more duties take the one you would least rather do. Once a day, anyhow, look some man full in the eye, recognizing that behind is the same sort of live world of thought and feeling, of hope and sadness and memories, as there is in you — and mentally salute him, whatever his faults, in that spirit of understanding. It will presently do more to free you from yourself and your worries than you can imagine. Forgive an enemy fully in your heart for one minute, for half a minute. Feel the presence, the watching, the help, the friendliness, of your higher self for one minute, for

half a minute, especially at bedtime. Don’t be put off that by anything.

In all these ways and the like of them, the will is made to grow; true manhood is attained; the mind is cleared; health bettered, new steps brought into view. Truly there is no limit to this way of growth by steps that look so little but are really so big.

STUDENT

Try it Out!

“THAT sort of thing isn’t in me; it’s no use trying”: have you ever said that when the idea of starting off on some quite new line was suggested to you?

You would not like someone to say it *of* you, anyhow! “Oh, it’s no use *his* taking up that; he hasn’t got the stuff in him.” What does that fellow know of me? you would think; how should he know what I can do?

Very good, but you don’t yourself know what you can do. No man does till he starts out to do it. It’s just the power to try out something he never did before that marks off man from the animals. It’s just the trying that develops the power. “The law of nature is that they who do the thing shall have the power; they who do not the thing have not the power.” And (still Emerson) “No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw today the face of a person whom he shall see tomorrow for the first time.”

Fear of making a mistake, fear of failing, fear of looking silly — it is these fears that hold us back, keep us within the same narrow lines of life. We ought to make a move every day, opening up new and better ways of action, new mental fields, new spiritual chambers hidden within. No one ever comes to the end of possibilities in any part of his being, in any of his faculties.

Being always willing to try, we must make ourselves equally willing to fail and fail at first, indifferent to failure and to ridicule. Then add faith in ourselves and we make success certain.

STUDENT

Never!

NO one is beat till he quits,
No one is through till he stops;
No matter how hard failure hits,
No matter how often he drops,
A fellow’s not down till he lies
In the dirt and refuses to rise.

Fate may slam him and bang him around,
And batter his frame till he’s sore;
But she never can say that he’s downed
While he bobs up serenely for more,
A fellow’s not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till no longer he tries.—*Selected*

THEIR past looks formidable only to those whose moral growth has ceased.—*Macterlinck*

Behind the Clouds

By JOHN KEATS

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning; . . .
 And other spirits there are standing apart
 Upon the forehead of the age to come;
 These, these will give the world another heart
 And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
 Of mighty workings in the human mart?
 Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

**If you have Faith**

YOU that have faith to look with fearless eyes
 Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
 And trust that out of night and death shall rise
 The dawn of ampler life;
 Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
 That God has given you, for a priceless
 dower,
 To live in these great times and have your part
 In Freedom's crowning hour.
 That you may tell your sons who see the light
 High in the heaven, their heritage to take!—
 I saw the powers of darkness put to flight;
 I saw the morning break!—*Selected*

**To Dad Mobilized**

(By the little ten-year old daughter of an
 English colonel, as a letter to her father, who
 is fighting in France.)

WE sailed along, and we sailed along,
 Singing our song and singing our song,
 The song of the unknown sea,
 Just you and me, Dad, just you and me.
 We sailed along, amid fairy isles,
 And brought our booty in glowing piles,
 Booty that none could see,
 'Twas only for you, Dad, and only for me.
 We were passed by birds with jeweled wing,
 Birds that only for us could sing;
 Rubies fell from an emerald tree,
 They were only for you, Dad, and only for me.
 Strangers could never our sea explore;
 No one could land on our magic shore;
 Everything we could hear or see
 Was only for you, Dad, and only for me.
 On our unknown sea was never a storm,
 Nor anything else that could do us harm,
 It was all as happy as happy could be,
 Happy for you, Dad, and happy for me.
 Though at home on the lake we may not float,
 Side by side in our little boat,
 In dreams we sail on our unknown sea
 That is only for you, Dad, and only for me.
 —*Selected*



HAPPINESS is rarely absent: it is we who do not feel
 its presence. To commit a wrong is to prove that we
 have not yet won the happiness within us.—*Macterlinck*

The Man who Failed

TIME after time he climbed with dogged patience
 towards the sunlit peaks which shone superbly
 bright against the blue, only to fall back into the
 mire from which he came. Yet from the fogs and foul-
 ness of that place time after time he rose like the clear
 morning sun and took the mountain road with bounding
 step.

The light of deathless hope gleamed in his eyes. In-
 domitable purpose burned like a furnace in his breast.
 He never let the mists of dull despondency invade the
 precincts of his soul. The clogging memory of past mis-
 takes he cast behind him as he climbed. The tear of
 penitence was never suffered to bedim his eager gaze,
 fixed on the distant goal. Passed out of sight, I know
 that I shall see him in some latter day standing serenely
 on those shining peaks he failed so often to attain.
 That dauntless hope, that fire of never-flagging enter-
 prise, could not ultimately fail, and from those heights
 of purity and power he will extend his help to multitudes
 of persevering strugglers pushing upwards from below.

His watch will never be relaxed nor will he sink into
 his well-deserved repose while there is one who needs
 his aid; for his incentive, that which drove him on, was
 not the wish for personal success; but a divine, imper-
 sonal desire for place and power to serve as vantage
 ground and opportunity to serve the race. P. L.



VERY few can sit down quietly when they have lost
 a fall in life's wrestle and say: "Well, here I am, beat-
 en, no doubt, this time; by my own fault, too. Now,
 take a good look at me, my good friends, as I know that
 you all want to do, and say your say out; for I am
 getting up again directly and having another turn at it."

—*Thomas Hughes*

Lawyer, to plaintiff in a petty larceny case: "Do you
 swear that you recognize this auger as yours?"

Plaintiff: "Yes, sir."

Lawyer: "How long have you had it?"

Plaintiff: "I've had that auger ever since it was a
 gimlet."

Sergeant, to new recruit who has hit everything in
 the landscape except the target: "Great Scott, man,
 what in thunder becomes of your shots?"

Recruit, cheerfully: "I don't know, I'm sure. They
 leave here all right."



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The New Way Guide-book

A MAN, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet are ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in.—*Carlyle*

LET a man stand fast in the supremacy of the nobler part of his constitution, and the inferior part will not be able to take it from him. It is simply this which makes the great man.—*Mencius* (Chinese)

A MAN is like this or like that according as he acts and behaves; a man of good acts will become good, a man of bad acts, bad. He becomes pure by pure deeds, bad by bad deeds.—*Indian*

But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.
—*Matthæw Arnold*

WE are apt to give up work too soon, to suppose that a single breakage has ruined the cloth. The men who get on in the world are not daunted by one nor a thousand breakages.—*Lord Morley*

HEAVEN sends a man the circumstances of his life, leaving it to him to determine how he will bear himself towards them.—*Chinese*

EVERY good resolution kept, is a step to freedom. You don't chain *yourself* up; you *free* yourself by chaining up that *other* that has hitherto bound you. Every time you think of your resolution, attach the great word freedom to it.—*The Notebook*

WE [the Quakers] believe that we and all men have, or may have, at the back of our personality, a Presence, a Spirit, which is akin to, or one with, the Spirit which was at the back of the outward human personality of Jesus Christ.—*Prof. J. W. Graham*.

FORTUNE smiles my way lately; all's bright and prosperous. Shall I dare to look superiorly on you with whom for the moment all goes amiss? On some tomorrow it will be my turn for the clouds and ill-luck and yours for the sunshine and fortune. In the long run and with all men, from the highest downward, this is Mother-life's wise way. Let us watch her game, take the changes as they come, study out the lessons lying behind it for us all, and suffer no abatement of our self-respect when things go wrong or of our good-comradeship when the wheel, ever turning, has carried us to the top.

—*From the Chinese*

SOME men think they are feeling grateful when in reality they are but feeling pleased. The grateful man is thinking of the donor; the pleased man is merely feeling his own pleasure. The grateful man must give something back or do something in return; the pleased man is on the look-out for another service.

—*From the Chinese*

Heard This?

Anxious Wife, as the doctor comes downstairs from her husband's bedside: "How is he, doctor?"

Doctor: "He will be all right after a good sleep. I am going to leave a sleeping draught."

Wife: "When shall I give it to him?"

Doctor: "Madam, the draught is for you. I said he needed quiet."

"Give a plain answer, yes or no," roared the attorney to the quiet witness.

"It is not every question," he replied, "that can have an answer in a plain yes or no."

"Yes, sir," said the attorney, still bullying; "every question can, for an honest man who wants to tell the truth."

"Very well," said the witness; "have you quit beating your wife?"

The Judge: "Five years' penal servitude."

The Prisoner, to friend in the gallery: "Go an' tell the missis I shan't be 'ome to supper, Bill."

"An oratah is dis yere way. Us common folks says, two an' two is fo'. An oratah, he say: 'Wen in de cose of human events, it bekums necessarary an' 'spedient ter coales two intergers ter two udder intergers by de komplikated process of komputashun, I 'clare ter yo, sah, widout feah er favah dat de usual an' de nateral result is fo'."

The Colonel, thoughtfully: "What with this ptomaine-poisoning and the delirium tremens you don't know what to eat or drink nowadays."

Teacher: "Can the leopard change his spots? Now, Tommy, answer me."

Tommy: "Yes, sir, he can."

Teacher: "Nonsense! How can he?"

Tommy: "Well, sir, when he's tired of sitting in one spot he can change to another, can't he, sir?"

"No, Johnny, you cannot have another piece of cake. I'm afraid it will make you sick."

"I say, mother, why don't you let me have all I want, just once, and teach me a good lesson?"

The lad went out in the winter morning before sun-up to harness the mule. One of the cows had got into the stable, but the boy didn't notice it and was too sleepy to light a lantern. After a while the farmer yelled impatiently to know why he was so long. "I can't get the collar over the blamed mule's head," yelled the boy back. "His ears is froze."

An honest old Dutch judge listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel, and then said:

"Dis case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dere have been some ferry nice boints of law brought up. I shall dake dree days to consider dese points, but I shall eventually tecide for de blaintiff."

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

GIFT
MAR 15 1916. There might be a heaven, not only here,
but now."— Florence Nightingale

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY
(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

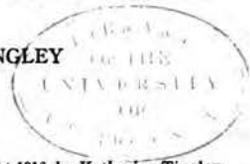
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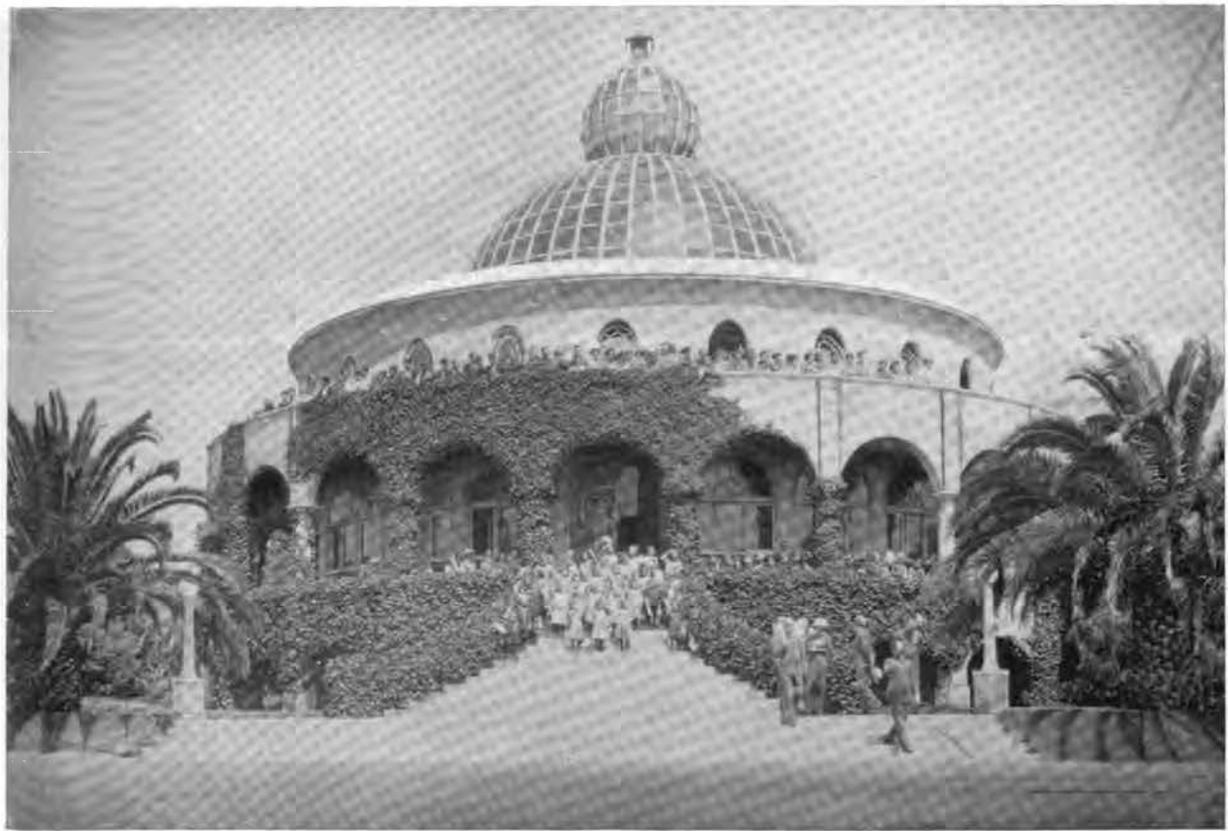
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WELCOMING THEIR GUESTS

Students of the Râja-Yoga School and College, Lomaland, on the steps of the Temple of Peace.

"Only One Jimmy"

"THERE are strange things about my business," said the schoolmaster, "things you might never get on to in anything else, things you can hardly believe when you do get on to them."

He was sitting in the schoolroom during the noon recess. The window looked upon the large playfield, now

alive with shouting boys. His lunch had been brought in to him and placed so that he could look out upon them while eating it.

What he had said was in reply to a remark of mine — that I wondered why, during the recess, he did not go to his quiet study, take his lunch in there with a book, and try to forget his boys for an hour. I could not see

the bearing of what he had said and I asked him to explain further.

"Well," he answered, "I used to do as you suggest till I got at one of the strange things I spoke of. I'd go to my study, throw the school business out of my mind and take a book. I'd got a right to the quiet. 'This is *my* time,' I used to say as I pushed away the lunch tray after eating, put my feet on the table and lit a pipe.

"There was pretty often a row in the yard, a general scrimmage, two or three boys fighting—things of that sort, so that as often as not I had to go out and attend to it. And then the afternoon session would be difficult and uncomfortable, nothing going right at all.

"Now and then I didn't do that, had lunch in here same as today, and kept the playfield in view. I like my work, you know; I love to see the signs of growth of mind and character in the boys. In a way I love them all, trying enough to a man's temper as some of them are. A sort of pull they make on me, on my heart, perhaps, all the time, as if I were a kind of father to them, as if something was all the time going out from me to them.

"I noticed that when I didn't shake off that feeling, when I sat here and kept an eye on them—though they couldn't see me and knew nothing about it, didn't think of me at all—one of those rows never happened. With all their boy noise they kept peaceful and orderly and didn't break any rules. On time to the bell they trooped in happy, and the afternoon went well.

"I often thought this must be just an idea of mine at first, but I tried the thing so often this way and that, that I got dead certain about it. Sitting here with my mind and good will on them they *did* feel it though without knowing anything about it. And when I was browsing with myself in my study they did feel the loose rein, did get out of hand.

"Now all that is a fact, believe it or not as you like.

"So I'd got to solve the question of 'rights.' If I had a right to my quiet hour, hadn't the boys a counter claim, unknown to them and unexpressed, on me? So I judged that my rights had to go. And I'm the better for it in many ways. That selfish hour of mine didn't do me any real good. Certainly I was more tired in the evening the other way, but I felt good along with it, somehow, and the night's sleep rested me more. As a fact, I've gained in health, body and mind. My mind's partly out there with the boys and maybe it gets something from their boy life and energy that does my body good.

"The school doctor was in here yesterday. As you know, there's an epidemic of gripe about, and he told me he was run off his feet with work. He said that a lady whose little boy was down with the general complaint had actually asked him at his morning's visit to spend the rest of the day at her son's bedside. She was wealthy and accustomed to have everything give way to her. 'But, madam,' he said, 'what about my other pa-

tients, many of them worse than Jimmy here?' 'Ah, but doctor,' she answered, '*there's only one Jimmy.*' She was willing that the rest of his patients should be neglected so long as *her Jimmy* was well looked after!

"Now, what I'm coming round to is this: That woman and her Jimmy is only an extreme case of what is everywhere. Each little family lives all to itself with hardly a thought of real sympathy outside, a little closed circle. You might even say that mostly each member of each family lives to himself in a still smaller circle within the other. We're mostly our own Jimmies and there's only one of them. The rest can take care of themselves. And it's that spirit that makes human life the cold, lonely, painful thing that for most men and women it is. There's no sympathy in the air, no kindly hearts warming it for the lonely. The only cure, real and permanent, the only thing that will sweeten life and take all the pain and trouble out of it, is for each in his way and according to his opportunity to do what something taught me to do for my boys—*not* to live in that selfish way, *not* to be always planning a private good time, *not* to shut out the rest from one's thoughts at all; but to live as it were with the thought *outward*, with the feeling that one is a member in the *great* family, and in particular as in some way responsible for some of that family as I for my boys. If life were lived like that, and thought like that kept alive, and feeling like that encouraged, the world would be another place in six months. Crime would disappear in that atmosphere of brotherliness, and disease too. Till we do begin on that cure the congresses and parliaments may enact what they like without touching the real evils of our social life.

"But it's time to ring the bell for the boys."

REPORTER

✱

Human Unity

"IN here, shut away from the world,"—that was the way it looked to me. A sad enough business. I was facing, as it seemed, a wrecked life, wrecked, cut off, cut out of the circuit for good. For I had a life sentence. Might as well be called a death sentence. I thought, for all the chances of anything worth while that it left me.

So it then seemed. I want you to follow me along the way in which it came at last not to seem so.

It was nearly Christmas when I got in, and there was that sort of stir in the air that made you know that, outside, people were buying things and thinking of buying things and looking forward happily to the coming holiday. You know that holiday feel. But inside our walls we had to be content with the feel; there was nothing *doing*.

But how did the feeling get in to us shut-ins, get through the walls from the people who were making it outside? How came it to be so strong in with us that

we could almost see the crowd outside thronging the streets in the afternoons and buzzing around the gay shop windows?

As a matter of fact a man *can't* be shut off from his fellows, from the general crowd. He can be held off from *doing* as they are doing; he cannot be shut off from *feeling* as they are feeling. He comes to know that for a fact when feeling sets very strongly in some direction, as at Christmas. Then he knows that one life runs through us all, manifest in the general feeling. Out of it each takes his little private share and makes it his; but it remains connected with the whole.

Another time when a man comes to know this is in the spring, along about Easter. However old or feeble he is, he can feel that general life make a new stir in his bones. Plants, animals, humans, all get that new touch.

Well, I didn't feel so shut in and lonely when I had thought of all that. If I was myself with my own life, I was also a part of all the life outside. I could not *do* as all that other life was doing, but I could not get cut off from *being* as it was being. And the more I thought of this the closer I felt to all that was going on with the people outside. I felt that I wanted to send out some help and encouragement to them. If the current between us could get in from them to me, something could get out from me to them. You can't imagine what a certainty comes into that thought till you try it and dwell on it and keep your mind in steady touch with it.

But I didn't let time get empty as regards doing, either. I was an ignorant fellow; knew almost nothing but my trade, no science, no history, nothing about the nations and the countries, not a word of another language, not a notion about the great inventions. What sort of a member of the human family was I, that knew nothing of the past and present of my brothers?

I took up history and I took up science, especially electricity. I got to know something about the world of life, plants, animals and stones. I touched astronomy a little and chemistry a little. And I read some of the great things that men have written in the way of literature and poetry—read indeed everything I could lay my hands on.

And all the time, the feeling that I was getting closer to the great general life grew stronger. I didn't really have a dull minute at last. And I got sure that when the time should come for the part of me that *does*, to go, to die—the part that *thinks* and feels and *is* would remain alive because it is part of the great general life itself.

I haven't said anything of what brought me in behind the four walls. Like every sin or crime, it was due to the part that *does* getting run away with by a spark of wrong feeling, a bit of feeling getting away from the feeling of oneness with the rest. If a man will get that feeling and encourage it to grow strong, he will never do any of those things that can get him into trouble.

The only evil comes from the separate-life feeling getting too strong. The only way to kill that is to encourage the other. Send out your good feeling all the time, and that will lead you to *know* the general life, and at last to know that great Heart of the World which is sending to all of us currents of *its* good feeling—rich beyond words—all the time.

In the prison I got positions of trust with any amount of chances to help the rest. And in time I got my parole and am on it now and always at work for the fellows just coming out.

REPORTER



In Tune with Nature

IT is a deep instinct with mankind that there is some way of renewing life. Life is everywhere about us. Nature is full of it. How can we get it and renew ourselves?

In the Middle Ages they sought for some magic elixir that would do the trick. In our own times is the cult of physical exercises—good enough, of course, in their way. Another school has tried to strike deeper. You can *assert* and *affirm* yourself into new life and youth, they teach. "I am well; I am healthy; I am full of life": assertions like this, constantly made, are said to be the key. Thus may nature-life be drawn in for our renewal, thus, by a mental attitude.

Is that all the prescription? Or does it do good (when it does any) *negatively* merely, just by abolishing fear of death or failing or disease?

What are the conditions by which nature's rich life-stores in sun and air and earth may be tapped? We talk of "nature," but doesn't she as often kill as bring to life? "Union with nature" might be very good; but suppose you got your mind and mood and ways and instincts into union with her *destroying* mood without getting into touch with that aim which she has behind all her destroyings—namely to bring to new life again—how then? Some men really do this, either partly or altogether, and you can see the consequences in their minds and bodies. We can meet nature at any point of her work, and the results for us correspond.

We can kill a weed wantonly, or we can do it in order that a flower may grow there. It is the motive that classifies us.

I watched a man walking along idly knocking off with his cane the heads of the golden daffodils by the wayside, leaving a trail of broken stalks behind him. A little green frog jumped out of the wet grass, and he struck and killed that too.

Another picture stood up in my memory and made a contrast in human nature. One hot dry day last summer I walked down a garden path with an old lady who had to use crutches to get along with. There was a bush of shasta daisies by the side, and the wind had left a layer of dry dust on the leaves and petals. "The poor thing can hardly breathe," she said, and, supporting herself

on one crutch she pushed the other into the middle of the bush and gently swayed it about so as to shake the foliage free of the clogging dust film.

She was a fine gardener. Things would grow for her when they wouldn't for anybody else. She belonged to the creative side of things, the life side; and though she had to use crutches there was plenty of life left in her at ninety. Everybody, especially children, loved her, and when the children were sick they said they got well quicker if she would come and sit by their beds. Because she let the kindly nature-stream of life go through her to every living thing—though she had never thought of it in that way—it gave a rich share of itself to her as it passed.

A man was recently convicted of setting fire to houses—occupied ones, too—in a little Californian town. He had no motive, just the instinct to destroy, the killing instinct. He belonged to the same side of things as the other who was beheading the daffodils and killed the frog.

Nature *has* two modes in her ways. She has the life mode, the one that makes growth in plants and animals and children, that heals and vivifies. And we can see the other at work with her where she undoes and destroys. But wherever *she* undoes and destroys it is to build again. She only draws back her life-wave to flow it forward once more and a little further. Her destructions are means to constructions. But the fire-bug and the man who killed the daffodils and the frog were pure destroyers, death-agents, not only useless but noxious in the general scheme.

Those who would live more in mind, body and soul, who would renew themselves, must do so from life going *through* them. And it is only going through when living things are helped, loved, encouraged; conscious kindly helpfulness in every direction that is open to us, becoming our mode, the activating spirit of our conduct. Whatever other measures we undertake, *that* must be undertaken to give real success to those others. That is getting into tune with nature. She knows her helpers and will stand by them. Say good morning to another man in the right way and spirit, and in the moment she has added something to *your* life. Tear up a weed that a flower may grow, because you love the flower, and you are still one of her constructors. You can "assert" to yourself for ever that you feel full of life, but the renewal will not amount to much unless you let the life pulse out *through* you in the spirit of helpfulness and love to other living things from your fellow man downwards. It is life coming *through* us, not merely *to* us, that feeds and renews. Keep out of the mind the fear of disease, the forebodings of decay, of failings, of death; create the sense of life, and make to yourself, if you find it helpful, the affirmation of new life; but kill your antagonisms and set your heart in the mode of brotherhood. This is the way to win. STUDENT

The Middle Chamber

LOOKING into the view-finder of a camera, you see a minute reproduction of the view in front, the last detail, every play of light and shade.

All that spring morning I had been taking photographs of the scenery around the lake, experiencing unusual pleasure for some reason in watching the living miniatures in the finder.

I was tired by noon and after getting back to my rooms I threw myself into a chair for a few minutes' rest before lunch. For just a flash I must have dropped asleep—long enough, however, for a dream.

Things of the waking hours, when they turn up as part of the stuff of dreams, sometimes change their nature a little and become symbols of profound truths. So it was with my morning's work. The view-finder into which I was looking in my dream was *my own heart*. There too was a little picture of all nature, little trees green and perfect, with their waving leaves, blue sky with the white cloudlets blowing across it, the lake among the trees mirroring this sky, the country lane with the hay-laden cart coming along it and the man walking at the horse's head carrying his whip—everything there, all in this tiny chamber of my heart.

But the sunlight and colors of that little picture not only filled the little chamber but radiated out from it and filled my whole body. My whole body was alive with the light of the spacious spring morning sparkling in every muscle and fiber, the light and the joy of it. And I knew then what it was to be really alive.

I woke wondering. And I remembered the words of many old books, pointing out to us that man's heart *is* intensely a part of nature, that nature's exhaustless life springs in it as in the world around, that in it may be felt all that goes on in the greater world it epitomizes, the joy and pulse and new births of spring, the full-pressed life of summer, the deepening of autumn, the unseen ripenings beneath the seeming sleep of winter, the thrill of every sunrise, the peace of every sunset. All life, the fulfillings of all life-promise, are in the heart would we but find our way there and live there and so be happy. And there too is the deathless Power that sustains all and carries all onward and upward through the range of changes to greater and richer life, greater and richer, always greater and richer for evermore. "Bear love to all thy fellows"—that opens the heart's door for our own entry; that is the light shining out through the little door, the light that will give us the eyes to see in our hearts all nature and to understand with our hearts the Power that upholds all nature. And once we have truly entered the heart, in and from that moment we know our immortality, our freedom, our potencies of joy and growth.

It is always Now in the heart, never yesterday or tomorrow, a growing and expanding Now, a peace beyond regrets or longings, and the warm shining of light. A.

Rhythm and Wrangle

THE guards signaled to stop work; the machines came to a standstill; the long line of men filed out of the prison shop, their footsteps echoing back *tramp, tramp, tramp*, down the stairs, across the yard, through the long corridors and into the cells.

As the door clanged behind old Davey and his partner Allen, the young man sank on the edge of the cot, elbows on knees and head in both hands.

"What's the matter?" Davey asked.

"Oh, those machines! They rattle and roar and creak and creak and rattle and groan until they drown out every earthly sound. Then their noise goes through your empty ears and gets into your brain and blood, and tries to make your mind and pulse keep time with them

"So far, in my case, *they* do the finding and have searched out every inch of me."

"Exactly. The clumsy, discordant machines make you hum *their* tune because you haven't a better one of your own. To begin with, they are an old cheap make. They need oil and cleaning and adjusting, so everything can work together better, and with less noise and friction. Now the different parts strike their own keys and are a fraction out of time or alignment, and the result is as inharmonious as a lot of selfish men, each pushing for himself. A good violinist could go into the shop and make his little instrument speak, so its clear, sweet voice would cut a path through the din and pick up a lot of separate tones and unite them and gradually tame the discord, so you could hear the music if you tried."



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THE LIBERTY BELL IN THE PLAZA DE PANAMÁ AT SAN DIEGO'S EXPOSITION
Cast in England. Found cracked on arrival in America and recast. First rung in 1753.
Last rung in 1835, when it cracked again.

until every nerve is raw and your senses dissolve and run together so you see and smell and taste noise, and can almost hear with your skin."

Allen suddenly straightened up and looked into Davey's eyes. "As I live," he said, "if it wasn't for you, old man, I'd be daffy before now. But something about you untangles my frazzled nerves and steadies me. You seem to understand a fellow's ragged edges without having any yourself. If we jarred on each other as some do in the cells, I'd have gone off the hooks long ago. How did *you* ever manage to find a way to keep so cool?"

"Well, the machines drove me wild until I got so busy trying to find myself that I forgot about them."

"Well, it's me for an orchestra in here, then. Imagine the guards keeping us in tune with a fiddle!"

"It's for you to strike your own live keynote, and make it clearer and stronger than the tune of the hulking wood and metal monsters. They won't groan so loud if you don't help them any, and you can't carry their tune and your own at the same time.

"Years ago I had a locomotive on an eastern road. I knew it to the last screw and cared for it like a pet and could get more out of it than any one else. Sometimes, in dreams, I'm back, looking out of the cab window, rocking with the swing of old Ninety-nine, as she measures the miles of shining rails, with that right, steady, smooth, happy hum of a perfect machine. I

knew the engine better than myself; that's how I lost it.

"A man's body is his machine, and Life starts him out with a new one, and tries to teach him how to run it. The live machine is ingenious enough with its clever joints and muscle pulleys and electric nerve wires, and heart pump, its automatic adjustments and repair and waste sections. It's handy and it's always at hand. It works and plays, laughs or groans, sins and suffers, just as its owner decides. The trouble is, most of us never quite learn to run our living machine; it gets neglected and abused and is driven pell mell through good and bad places, gets clogged and weakened and worn down here and rusty there. Finally it gets a lot of waste motions and cranky ways and demands so much attention from the owner, he cuts a sorry figure going about in an uncontrolled machine which gives him no rest with the jar of its unsteady vibrations. Then with so much fret and friction inside of one's skin, you easily feel any outside thing that jars and jangles."

"But what can a fellow do?"

"Learn to run the machine he's in instead of being run by it. When the heart pumps a kind or helpful feeling into the circulation, make the thinking parts in the brain-case work with it, and use the resulting force in doing something worth while. Manufacture some A I thoughts and feelings and actions. Have a purpose in operating a human system of scientific management that makes time and work count. The work we do here is not worth enough to the State to pay running expenses, and the brushes and blankets we make soon wear out. But the self-knowledge and speed and skill that the real man gets by putting his mind and heart and hands into the day's work — that gain is a permanent asset. That is safely stored up deep in his nature, becomes part of himself, and helps him to do more perfect work when his body machine wears out and leaves him free to rest a while.

NINETY-NINE

If we will stop for only a moment and move more closely in touch with our inner life, our aspirations, our hopes, we shall find the inexpressible inspiration of the Soul that is constantly urging us in the right direction.

— *Katherine Tingley*

THE situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest — here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom: and working, believe, live, be free!

— *Carlyle*

We men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise. We have enough.
Here on the paths of every day —
Here on the common human way —
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a heaven, to mould and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build eternity in time.— *Edwin Markham*

I Will

"POSITIVE and negative," as terms applied in the science of human nature, mean somewhat the same as in electrical science. The current flows from the positive to the negative.

Most men are negative to their minds and emotions, their thoughts and moods. The mood arises somewhere in the man's make-up and flows from there into *him*, over *him*. He takes it as it comes and notes that he is feeling gloomy or irritable or cheerful today. Thoughts stream along as they like, and whether the man likes them or not he takes them just as negatively as the negative pole of the battery takes whatever current comes to it from the positive pole. Many a man would give anything not to have his desires, say the desire for freedom or something else he can't get. They cause him agony, but he is their prey, he is negative to them. They flow into him and over him as they will and he never realizes that he need not accept them, that he can be himself the positive pole and make his desire-part and his thought-part accept from him whatever thoughts and whatever desires he chooses.

Thus we get in sight of the first law of peaceful life — to be positive, to rule, instead of being a cork danced on the uneasy sea of thought and desire.

It is in this life of positive action to which we are all called, that we can win our rightful positive supremacy. Many times a day we are tempted to do some little (or large) wrong thing or slip doing a right thing. The wrong thing gives a little pleasure; slipping the right thing escapes a little trouble. Either way we are negative to a desire.

Don't do the little wrong thing; do the troublesome little duty. Then the desire-pole, denied the place of positive, feels hurt or angry. Don't accept that as *your* hurtness or anger. If you note the situation carefully you will find that you, your better self, has got *pleasure* out of this bit of will-work. It is always pleasant to a man to stand positive, to stand as a man.

Take up the positive position the moment you rise in the morning. Start the current of will as your feet touch the floor. I WILL is the great formula. Think it out. *I*, the true man, do WILL to rule my nature.

This stand reveals the two natures in human nature: the nature that bothers us with thoughts and desires we don't want, that likes to do wrong and shirk right; and the true nature of *I*, the nature that wakes little by little as we stand to our I WILL, the nature that learns little by little what *to will* means. This latter nature seems empty, nothing, at first; it is the other, the nature of desire, that seems to have all the life. Keep on. As the true *I* awakes it finds its own joy and peace and fullness. It finds the knowledge of what true manhood is, how great are the now sleeping powers and knowledges of true manhood, true selfhood, true I-ness. Let us no longer be the negative pole of our own battery. STUDENT

The Task

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE deed that I would do
 Involves no valor of the sword,
 That in one moment mad of rue
 Should earn for me some rich reward,
 And cause posterity to rear,
 Where an admiring world might see,
 To pierce the upper heavens clear,
 A bronze or marble shaft to me;
 But in some corner of some squalid way
 Where misery shall lurk, to fight
 To bring the sunshine of a joyous day
 To dawn on souls oppressed by might;
 To put unhappiness to flight,
 And start
 Some hopeless heart
 Upon the road to hope; or where distress
 Hath dwelt, by acts of tenderness
 And words of courage, helpfulness, and cheer,
 Drive out some mortal's fear,
 And set him on his way to light.—*Selected*

The Three Gates of Hearing

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THERE is another gate, not yet unclosed.
 For through the outer portal of the ear
 Only the outer voice of things may pass;
 And through the middle doorway of the mind
 Only the half-formed voice of human thoughts,
 Uncertain and perplexed with endless doubt;
 But through the inmost gate the spirit hears
 The voice of that great Spirit who is Life.
 Beneath the tones of living things He breathes
 A deeper tone than ever ear hath heard,
 And underneath the troubled thoughts of men
 He thinks forever, and His thought is Peace.
 —*Selected*

Keep A-goin'!

IF you strike a thorn or rose,
 Keep a-goin'!
 If it hails or if it snows,
 Keep a-goin'!
 'Tain't no use to sit and whine
 When the fish ain't on your line;
 Bait your hook and keep on tryin'—
 Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
 Keep a-goin'!
 When you tumble from the top,
 Keep a-goin'!
 S'pose you're out of every dime?
 Gettin' broke ain't any crime!
 Tell the world you're feelin' fine—
 Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
 Keep a-goin'!
 Drain the sweetness from the cup,
 Keep a-goin'!
 See the wild birds on the wing!
 Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
 When you feel like singin'—sing—
 Keep a-goin'!—*Selected*

Fruition

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
 But for a thousand years
 Their fruit appears
 In weeds that mar the land
 Or helpful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
 Into still air they seem to fleet.
 We count them ever past,
 But they shall last,
 And in some far-off day
 Each must we meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
 For the love's sake of brethren dear,
 Keep thou the one true way,
 In work and play,
 Lest in that day their cry
 Of woe thou hear.—*Selected and adapted.*

Watch Yourself Go By

SAY, what's the use in taking stock in all the things we hear?
 Why rip the lining out of Jones and make Smith
 look so queer?
 You cannot always tell, my boy—perhaps it's all a lie—
 Just get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by.

You will find that things look different; the crooked paths
 are straight;
 That Smith is not the only man that sometimes stays out late.
 Perhaps your wife's own husband sometimes gets all awry,
 So get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by.

In business, as in pleasure, as in the social life,
 It doesn't always pay, my boy, to let yourself run rife.
 So just try and do the best for those who in your pathway lie,
 And get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by.
 —*Bindery Talk*

IN men whom men condemn as ill
 I find so much of goodness still,
 In men whom men pronounce divine
 I find so much of sin and blot,
 I hesitate to draw a line
 Between the two where God has not.—*Joaquin Miller*

“Do what you have to—and then some; it's the
then some that counts.”

“It depends on the stuff you are made of whether the
 grindstone of life grinds you down or polishes you up.”

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The New Way Guidebook

To us it seems plain that evil is the outcome of man, of his own free will refusing to be guided by the Divine conscience within him. In his ignorance he has sought to achieve happiness by easier ways, and painful experience is teaching him how mistaken he has been. The only question is as to how bitter is to be the experience humanity must pass through before it awakens to reality — *The Athenaeum*

“There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behooves any of us,
To find fault with the rest of us.”

Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth — the newer, and greater, and higher, and nobler the work, the slower is its growth, the surer is its lasting success. Mushrooms attain their full power in a night; oaks require decades. Accept slow growth if it must be slow, and know the results *must* come, as you would accept the night — with the absolute assurance that the heavy-led moments *must* bring the morning.

— *W. G. Jordan*

The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part, a small, unknown proportion: he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him impulse, he reaches down to the Infinite, with that so steadily imprisoned soul of his, and can do miracles, if need be.

— *Carlyle*

Brotherhood

is not sentiment;
is not emotion;
is not so-called love.

It is

putting oneself mentally in the very place of another and realizing his difficulties, while showing him that compassion for which we should hope in like place.

— *W. Q. Judge*

Hold fast the ideal, for always the ideal precedes the actual. Everything begins in an idea.

— *Florence Crawford*

“Don't expect from other men more consideration for your welfare and interest than you have been accustomed to give to those of other men. Why should you? Where is your claim? If you get no consideration, take it that whatever you may have thought you never really gave any.”

“Every man who is not in sympathy with the simple, little, common, everyday things of life, who is not in touch with the multitude, and whose heart does not go out to the many — is a good man to let alone.”

“Will Power is the most vital form of Man Power.”

Heard This?

His mother was making jam. As she filled each jar she labeled it: *Gooseberry Jam, put up by Mrs. Mason*. and placed it on the top shelf. A few weeks after, she took down one of them. It was lighter than she expected and the label now read: *Gooseberry Jam, put down by Johnnie Mason*.

“I am afraid, dearest,” he said as they were selecting their furniture, “that we shall not be able to afford a servant at first.”

“But oh, Harry, whatever will the neighbors think when they see me doing my own work?”

“Why, darling,” replied Harry, “whose work is it that you want to do?”

Insurance Agent, to little boy at the gate of the villa: “Is your mother at home?”

Kiddie, politely: “Yes, sir.”

Insurance Agent, after having knocked at least a dozen times: “I thought you said your mother was at home?”

Kiddie: “Yes, she is, but she doesn't live there.”

Teacher: “How many bones are there in your body, Dora?”

Dora: “Two hundred and eight, miss!”

Teacher: “Wrong; there are only two hundred and seven.”

Dora: “Yes, miss; but I swallowed a fishbone today.”

The long-haired poet complained to the village constable that a certain boy had insulted him. “He stopped me and asked the time,” said the poet, “and when I told him it was ten minutes to three he said, ‘Get your hair cut at three,’ and ran away.” “Well,” said the constable slowly, consulting his watch, “you've got a good eight minutes yet.”

Lady, to prospective servant: “One thing more. My last maid was much too friendly with the policemen.”

Maid: “That'll be all right, mam. I was brought up to hate the sight of 'em, mam. My dear old dad was a burglar.”

A New York girl, spending her holiday on a farm, complained to the farmer that his bull had chased her. “Well,” he said, “it's all along of that red blouse you wear around the place.” “Dear me,” said the girl, “of course I know it's awfully out of the fashion, but I should never have thought that a country bull would have noticed that.”

“James, my son,” said the milkman, “ye see what I'm a-doin' of?”

“Yes, father,” replied James; “you're a-pourin' water into the milk.”

“No, I'm not, James. I'm a-pourin' milk into the water. Allus stick to the truth, James. Cheatin' is bad enough, but lyin' is wuss.”

GIFT
APR 26 1916

"Man's greatest powers come only from the Silence."
—Katherine Tingley

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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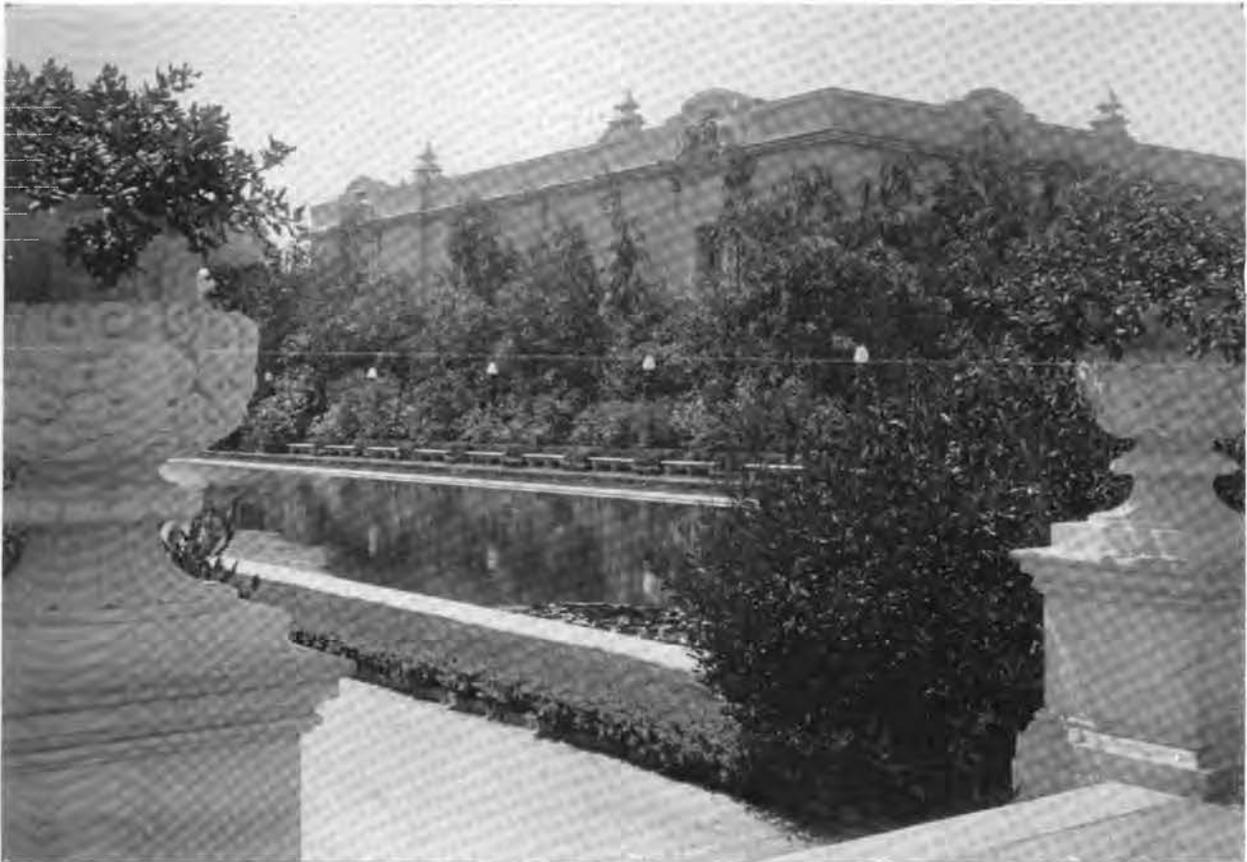
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THE LAKE OF FLOWERS. PANAMA-CALIFORNIA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

The Passing of Vengeance

IN savage times, before there was law, the man who was wronged by another took vengeance to satisfy the hate which the wrong had aroused in him. If he had been robbed he therefore took the vengeance in addition to recovering his property.

Then a little law and order developed. Society de-

cidated that the vengeance should not be taken by the wronged individual in person but by Society itself through specially appointed agents and in specially appointed ways. Though this process was called "punishment," it was that same old vengeance. And the hate, being now spread over a larger area of people and diluted thereby, was thereupon called "resentment."

In the old times the vengeance mostly took the form of killing. For the other man would naturally resist, and a fight would follow, ending in the death of one of the fighters. The avenger, even if on the one hand he did not go so far as to kill, on the other he certainly had no thought of *bettering the other man's character* so that he would not commit his offense again!

When Society took over the avenging business it improved it a little. It made more sure of the identity of the guilty man. It did not award death to *every* offense. And it came to think that its vengeance, when short of death, might incidentally be useful in altering the offender's subsequent ways—through *fear*. It is these additions to the original simplicity that enable us to give to the vengeance the softer name of punishment, just as the diluted hate is now called resentment.

Another idea is beginning to come in—the idea of altering the offender's ways by the *betterment* of his character instead of by the worsening and cheapening of it in the arousing of fear. We are beginning to think that that is the only attempt we have a *right* to make, and that if we do more than what we have a right to do, the results will be bad for *us*, Society. That is, we shall be punished for our wrong-doing. For it is wrong-doing, whether in an individual or in a society of them, to overstep its own rights and tread on the rights of another or others. Society's punishment in this case takes among other forms that of the presence of more hardened and resentful criminals in its midst, men determined to retaliate on it for the spirit and method of their treatment; and that of the necessity of spending more and more of its money and energies in taking precautions against these criminals and in the apparatus for dealing with them. And its children tend to become infected with the crime spirit from the atmosphere and directly from the criminals it has hardened and embittered and made hostile.

But offenders now in the hands of the law must recognize that since they were and are a part of Society, *they are themselves guilty to a degree of the mistaken ways adopted against them*, just as guilty as the people outside. They may understand this by reflecting that before they fell under the law and so got their attention upon the matter they made no protest against, had nothing to say against, did nothing to alter by vote or otherwise, that very spirit and method against which they are now chafing.

But their attention *is* now upon the matter and their opinions about punishment are educated and reformed. They know that the betterment policy is the right one. Collectively they constitute a great mass and weight of opinion, and as most of them return to Society in a constant stream, this mass, voiced as it is beginning to be by intelligent spokesmen from its midst who command respect and attention, is fully capable of effecting the necessary general reforms.

Vengeance never yet begot any good. Prison life, despite itself, offers certain special and peculiar oppor-

tunities for the growth and strengthening of fine character and educated minds. If the prisoners will take heart and avail themselves of these opportunities they can become the force required for complete reform and do more to better human life than any other body of men in existence. They can set the example of regenerated life and they can teach from their own knowledge that Society will only begin to see the end of crime (1) when "punishment" *only* means methods designed to alter for the better the will and character of offenders and to protect itself while the alteration is in progress: that is, when "punishment," once meaning only vengeance, comes to mean only beneficence; and (2) when we have learned so to educate our children that they always take sides with their higher natures against their lower; instead of, as now, either with the lower against the higher, or by turns as they happen to feel. STUDENT

✽

A Counter-charge

From *The Cambrian*

"PRISONER at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be passed upon you?"

"I have. Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife.

"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, ready to be hung for the crime. Had it not been for the human traps I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—cast out on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State.

"God knows, I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor.

"For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and

children were supremely happy and our little home a perfect paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against reopening saloons in our town. The names of one-half of this jury can be found today on the petition certifying to the 'good moral character' of the rumseller, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was 'necessary in our town.' The prosecuting attorney on this case was the one that so eloquently pleaded with this court for the license, and the judge who sits on this bench, and who asked me if I had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon me, granted the license.

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar — legalized and protected by the voters of this commonwealth.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husband and father to prison or the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of the courts, and blasts every community it touches.

"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution and murdered according to the laws of this State."

✱

"Stimulants"

THE doctor left his game of chess and walked over to the club-room fireplace round which a group of us were sitting after dinner. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," he said; "give a poison a good name and drink it as a beverage. It's the word 'stimulants' that I'm after. One of you fellows just said that 'stimulants' didn't agree with him. 'Stimulants' is a false nose. It's as dangerous and deceptive a label as 'refreshments' would be for morphine and cocaine. Alcohol has been found out and exposed these many years and medical science has given it the proper name. But the public still hypnotizes itself with the old one. There wouldn't be half the drinking if it weren't for that."

"Let's have the right word," said Carson.

"Give it a name that tells what it does. It doesn't stimulate and it *does* paralyse."

"Doesn't stimulate!"

"No, only seems to. In every form it's a paralyser pure and simple, from first to last, never anything else."

"Doctor, you're saying the thing that is not. Doesn't it quicken up the heart? Don't you use it in your practice for that very thing? Doesn't it loosen up a man's tongue, make his digestion go better, give him energy and courage? Is it something that *paralyses* which you give your typhoid patient to tide him through his worst days? Defend yourself now, Aesculapius!"

"Well, you fellows have brought the lecture on yourselves, so you can't complain.

"I said alcohol was a paralyser in every form and dose, and so it is, whether you take it as wine, beer, whiskey, or what not. If it seems to stimulate in one place it is because it has paralysed something in another. Take first a general view of a man getting drunk. It's a picture of paralysis spreading downward from one level of his make-up to another. What we call self-control is the first thing to go, the first thing to get paralysed, isn't it? The man can't keep silent, blabs his own secrets, boasts, gets quarrelsome. You might say that his talking department is stimulated. The proper way to put it is that *his power to control* the talking department is paralysed. A little later the department itself is paralysed; his speech gets thick, his words lose their beginnings and ends, and at last won't come at all. After the moral, the intellectual and mental parts of him get the paralysis. He can't remember or think or reason. He becomes a brute, an animal. You might say that the brute instincts are stimulated. The proper way to put it is that the proper human *control* of the brute is paralysed. Then the animal powers and sensations go. He can't feel if you touch him. He can't walk, can't stand, and finally falls into a merely breathing heap, a breathing cabbage. If the thing goes any further, breathing itself stops and he is dead.

"Now what's the sense in calling a thing a *stimulant* that *paralyses* a man layer by layer downward — first the spiritual, then the intellectual and human, then the animal, and at last kills even the breathing vegetable?"

"But you use it in your practice, don't you?" I asked. "Don't you sometimes give it to tide a man's heart over the worst days of some disease like typhoid, when he would go under without it? In other words, don't you use it to *stimulate* the failing heart?"

"It used to be given for those cases more than it is now," replied the doctor. "But even when alcohol is, as they phrase it, 'stimulating' the heart, it's really doing its work by paralysing. It stays true to itself. It doesn't stimulate the heart; it paralyses or deadens the nerve whose business it is to hold the heart in check and prevent it from running away from itself. It cuts the curb-rein. It paralyses this nerve more, at first, than it paralyses the heart itself. Consequently the heart seems to be stimulated. But the drug has played true, always effecting its apparent stimulatings by paralysing.

"Take another case. I heard one of you fellows say that he always felt as if his digestion were going better if he had taken a drop of 'something' with his meal. The same thing is true here. Alcohol at once begins to paralyse the nerve that leads upward from the stomach to the brain. Consequently the man does not any longer get those sensations that would let him know if his digestion was going badly or if he had had enough to eat. Consequently he will not learn from experience what things he ought to avoid, and he is pretty sure to eat

too much. Things will feel all right at the time in the stomach department; it is the next morning that tells the tale.

"Secondly, the drug begins to paralyse the nerve that controls the blood supply of the stomach. The lining of the stomach consequently gets more blood and can pour out more gastric juice. But along with that and for the the same reason is an extra outpour of slimy mucus, in other words, a temporary state of more or less catarrh which in time tends to become permanent, involving the liver and the whole digestive tract. This mucus more than offsets the benefit of the extra supply of gastric juice. And inasmuch as the millions of cells or living particles that make up the body are by the same dose a little lowered or paralysed, they can't well *assimilate* the food which has been taken even when it is *digested*. So it lies about the system, clogging everything."

"How do you know," asked Carson, "that all the cells as you call them of the body are lowered or partly paralysed?"

"In many ways. First, that it has been proved that after the smallest dose of alcohol in any form, all the senses—eye, ear, touch and the rest, all of course made up of these minute cells—are lowered in sharpness in proportion to the dose, notwithstanding that the man feels that they are raised and made keener.

"Secondly, if you take a dozen young plants—whose bodies are also made of cells—in separate pots and water them with water containing different proportions of alcohol, from none up to five percent, their growth is slowed down in the proportion of the alcohol.

"And thirdly, by the way damage to the cells, from the smallest regular dose, tells in the long run. It is a fact known to and allowed for by insurance and benefit societies, that even the most moderate of habitual users of alcohol has on the average a feebler resistance to disease—taking sick allowance a larger number of days a year—and a shorter life-expectancy than the total abstainer. And when taken beyond a certain amount the damage done by alcohol to every organ and tissue of the body is too obvious to be questioned."

"But why is it," asked one of the group, "that if alcohol does all you say—is so absolutely a poison, that men feel, at any rate for a while, the better for a dose?"

"Just *because* it has poisoned their nerves. In our day the cells of the body are never quite healthy. Here and there, all over the body, numbers of them are sending small messages of their uneasiness and below-par-ness to the brain, hindering the natural feeling of perfect health. Alcohol damps down these messages so that the body feels to the man inhabiting it that everything is going perfectly well. The following day he gets the other side of the story, and instead of doing the proper things to get perfect health, he again gets its imitation with more alcohol.

"Now think over all this, you fellows, read it up for yourselves. And then cease for ever more from calling

this poisoner and deadener a stimulant. . . . But my chess game's gone cold all this while, like the coffee."

REPORTER



The Odd Corners

"LOOK after the corners; the middle will look after itself."

Something I have often heard my mother say when she was teaching the girls to sweep the room. I didn't take much notice of it then, but it has seemed to me since to have a tighter packing of wisdom to the square inch than any other half-score of words I ever heard put together.

It counts nothing to a man's credit to get out of bed in the morning. He's got to do that anyhow. What counts is that he gets up on the minute instead of five lazy minutes later. It's the difference between bossing the body instead of letting the body boss you; between will used and therefore growing, and will not used and therefore rotting; between asserting the man and being overlaid by the animal.

Hardly a small matter then, that five minutes!

It scores nothing to a man's credit and counts for nothing in his growth that he somehow gets through a day's work that he's got to do anyhow. The scoring and counting for him, the will-growth and character-growth, come from whatever extra snap and finish he does it with—not to get anybody's favor but because it feels good to him to do it that way.

And happiness. Your five-minutes extra-in-bed man, the man with his corners unswept, is never happy on a permanent basis, just gets the little chance doses that come to us all. Happiness is only on a permanent basis when a man has made it for himself. It's only to be made by self-respect. And self-respect comes from the way that corners and odd five minutes are attended to.

We want more life of every kind. Well, it only comes from the proper *spending* of what we have, not by economizing trouble, not by paring our work down to the bare necessary bone, not from saving ourselves the corners or lolling five minutes more in bed. It is in the small matters all along the day from the beginning to the end of it that we can be amassing more life in body, in mind, and in soul. The soul comes into action through the will when we attend to corners and put the extra touch of snap and finish to our work.

To get the full benefit out of this plan we must work it as thoroughly as possible. If we but say good morning to another fellow we can try to say it with so much friendliness that he will feel the better for the greeting. A general spirit of good temper and goodwill kept up all day (the *seeming* of it, anyhow, if we can't at first manage the reality all the time) adds that final finish to all our other efforts that will give them thrice their value. The rewards are more life, stronger and stronger will; in time true self-knowledge, soul knowledge. STUDENT



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AMIENS THE SINGER, TOUCHSTONE THE CLOWN, JAUQUES THE MISANTHROPE,
AND ORLANDO THE LOVER, IN KATHERINE TINGLEY'S PRESENTATION OF
"AS YOU LIKE IT." (WHICH IS WHICH? CAN YOU TELL?)

The Way of Light

"I ALWAYS go into that room when I feel gloomy," said a man to me once; "it puts me right very quickly. I fixed it up just for that purpose." And he led the way into it.

It was very full of light, being mostly window. What wall there was, was papered white with a fine gold thread pattern upon it. Not much furniture, and that, together

with the floor, of very light wood. White curtains and one water-color picture with a narrow gold frame. A window looked on the sea, another on a lawn with a road and fields beyond, and some far hills beyond that.

"Why not carry your room about with you?" I asked him. "Have it in your *mind*."

It has always seemed to me good to have a gleaming picture in the mind, ready to be fallen back upon at odd moments or when gloomy. If well chosen and often used, it improves, gets richer and fuller of meaning and gleam. And it displaces little by little all those other pictures which are the source of most of our troubles, failures and disabilities.

Life is an affair of going onward; it ought to be always full of new inner states and acquisitions for us. There can be no end to it and there can be no limit to its expansion in power, joy and light — at least no limit except what the mind sets and only as long as it sets them. We should refuse and dissolve these limiting pictures, and especially our foolish picture of death as the end of us.

But we can only dissolve them by the substitution of a better one, constantly referred to, constantly called up at odd moments till it stays of itself and grows of itself, till we have created it alive.

If life is a path, why not a picture of a path? A path with a noble gateway, stretching on and on under the great blue space, a path with more and more golden light flooding it as if it went straight forward towards the rising sun, opening out more and more view as it proceeds.

As the picture grows clearer to the man's imagination its symbolism takes hold of him and he sees its application to mind and soul. It permeates his body and betters his health and refines his senses and feeling. It lifts him above the small worries and frictions of daily life. He is himself, with renewing youth, upon that path, bathed with its light. The picture has become the truth and he may be sure that as it develops in his thought with its

light and strength and peace, he is giving of these to all whom he contacts in his daily work. In treading it for himself he is without words showing it to others, showing to them also that death can effect no interruption to true life.

STUDENT

✽
"He"

"THE senses and organs of action verily are esteemed great, but the mind that rules them is greater. Greater yet is judgment, but greatest of all is *He*. . . ." I have often pondered over that old saying, especially the last clause. Who is "*He*"?

Most men verily do greatly esteem their sensations and the "organs of action" by which they enable themselves (if they can) to get pleasant ones.

"The mind that rules them" (the senses) is greater — especially when it does rule them and is not run by them. We mostly respect other men (and ourselves) according to the amount of mind. A mind that can learn anything, however difficult, quickly, that forgets nothing, that turns out witty or brilliant conversation and can manifest itself in fine oratory — that we always "esteem" or envy.

But a man with that sort of mind may have little judgment, may be always "putting his foot into it," may be his own worst enemy and totally deficient in self-control.

Wherefore, "greater yet is judgment." And in the original — the proverb is Hindu — the word for *judgment* includes the meaning of *will*.

The fourth item in this classification of human nature is "*He*." Men know themselves as bodies, think themselves to be bodies and sensations and organs of action. Or they feel themselves as minds and thoughts, including judgment. Some of that lot, or all of it, they mean when they say "I" or think "I."

But according to the proverb the real "I" or "He" is still further in, not known at all to most of us. And, "great" as the mind may be, we get so tangled up and absorbed in its thoughts, memories, worryings, regrets, hopes, fears, resentments and anticipations, that it totally prevents us from even suspecting that there is any "He," or "I," hidden behind all that, unmoved by it.

Round some of the little islands in the Pacific there is a circle of coral reef just projecting above the water. Outside, the ocean may be rough enough. Always it is rough just at the reef, where the waves break. *Within* the reef, between it and the island, is water smooth as a mirror, reflecting the tall palms, the green slopes behind them, the sky. Peace and stillness within, and the mirroring of luminous sky and the living island: waves, foam and turmoil without. If the island were conscious it might be so preoccupied with the waves and noise and unrest about the encircling reef and in the ocean beyond as to know nothing of its own calm, the calm of its real self.

So with us humans. We are so occupied with the rest-

lessness and noise and boiling of our minds that we know nothing of our own true selves, there where there is peace and the mirroring of the divine light and the verdure of ever-springing divine life.

Why will we not know ourselves? Why will we not win the power to come inwards into the sacred peace, into the place of growth? Why are we content with a mind-made "I" when the true "I" is there within, behind?

If we would come in behind desires, behind the ceaseless tossing of thought, we should find a deep silence that would take voice and teach us all that life means, our immortality, our power, our possibilities, our true standing in the universe, our divinity.

STUDENT

✽
Drop That!

EVERYBODY covets a good memory, but we are not nearly as ready to see the need of a good power of forgetting. A good *power* of forgetting; for as there is unfortunately a kind of forgetting which does itself and is very common amongst us, there is another and very valuable kind which has to be (and ought to be) acquired — by effort and practice.

Passive or weak forgetting (the ordinary kind) occurs in proportion as we cannot control our minds, cannot fasten attention unbrokenly enough on what we are hearing, seeing, reading or doing. Then we forget it.

Active or strong forgetting is the *power* to drop unnecessary or mischievous stuff from the mind. It is the presence of this stuff that causes most of the other kind of forgetting, for it prevents concentrated attention.

A man's proper life consists in passing forward into an ever opening future. If there are no specially new *outer* things opening, there are in properly lived life always new *inner* ones, always development. We should not let the past catch hold of our coat tails and delay our march. The past, whether it was this morning or ten years ago, should be permitted to come back only to the extent that we can learn from it, can be enriched and developed for the present from it, can use it for our own character-building or for the help of others. That sort of coming of it which causes discomfort and pain or longing should never be allowed. A man may remember his mother with love and gratitude, and that will be good for him and her. But that is no reason why he should let himself be weakened and made miserable by the presence or encouragement of useless memories of scenes of his earlier years. That is not using them for any value they have. It is being used by them.

If we have had a quarrel with someone and lost our temper, the only possible use to us of the memory of that quarrel is to note where we were weak in self-control or in making allowances for the other, thus getting some wisdom out of it for use on a future occasion. Having sucked the juice out of that situation we should drop it out of the mind; which means — forget it.

"Drop it from the mind"—aye, there's the rub! How is that to be done?

By practice, which gives perfection in this as in everything else. It can be done. The power can be got, the power of active forgetting. Then the deck is cleared. We sail forward into our future ready for anything and fearing nothing. Outer things, even the worst, matter very little to a man who is conscious of being the master of himself within.

The practice consists in letting go what is easy to let go; that brings the power to let go what is difficult. It is not yesterday nor this morning that we are moving through; it is *now*, this afternoon. There was that little annoyance yesterday, perhaps just an unsatisfactory dinner when you were hungry. Or you did a peculiarly neat little bit of work that you are inclined to look back upon and purr to yourself over. These and the like are at your mind's door waiting: not so very anxious to get



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PASSERS-BY, WATCHING A GAME ON THE ACADEMY BALL-GROUND, POINT LOMA

in; only just willing if you let them. Here is chance for practice. A *no* or two, and they go. You can do as you wish. If you let them in you have *missed* the chance for practice and also given some more strength to that crowd of very troublesome memories of bigger matters, opened *their* way—already too wide—a little wider. So in refusing all small useless memories, not looking backward but onward in hope and courage to the future and outward in alert cheerfulness to the immediate now with whatever it contains—we gradually develop the power to keep the mind clear of pain, the ache of useless memories.

"There was nothing to be done about it, so I dropped it from my mind"—if we can acquire the power that those words mean, we shall have doubled our efficiency and opened up a new life. Practise with the small things as we find them; as they come. Then we will have power to deal with the large ones.

STUDENT

Waiting

By JOHN BURROUGHS

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.—*Selected*

CIRCUMSTANCES change; our opinions change; our passions fade out; our hopes fall and vanish; the pulse of health dies down; but *will* remains, that unconquerable force of will which in the maturity of life corresponds to the passions of youth.—*Bohemian*

IN all lands and in all ages God has made himself known and has permitted pure souls to find him when they sought him with earnestness and reverence.—*Professor Pfleiderer*

"I count life as just stuff to try the soul's strength on"

IN the degree that men study their being and penetrate into their inmost spiritual nature, they discover the same altar, recite the same prayer, aspire towards the same end—*Auguste Sabatier*

THE soul is bound to the body by going with the bodily passions and attains freedom from her bondage by becoming indifferent to them. Nature, indeed, bound the body to the soul, but it is the soul that binds herself to the body. That which nature binds, nature dissolves, and that which the soul binds the soul dissolves. Nature therefore parts the body from the soul, but it is the soul herself that gains freedom from the body.—*Plotinus*

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The Notebook

To say that different races worship different gods, is like saying that they are warmed by different suns. The names differ, but the sun is the same, and so is God. As there is but one source of light and warmth, so there is but one source of religion. To this all nations testify alike.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson: *The Sympathy of Religions*

THESE, then, are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The "scientific" proof that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some state of being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may turn to the faint-hearted, who here declined to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great battle had been gained: "Hang yourself, Crillon! We fought at Arques and you were not there!"—*Prof. William James*

HUMANITY is the Superior Race; *humanity* is the greatest of the nations. Be patriotic of *humanity* in God's name; and you shall come at last to be rightly patriotic of your own land! The consummation of the ages is ages ahead; and all mankind is to take part in it. No people but has been in its turn, or shall be, the Chosen People: chosen by the Law to lead mankind for awhile, and to stand to its age as Messenger of the Gods.

K. P. M.

LIVE

- (1) If you are distressed in mind, *live*; serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul.
- (2) If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, *live*; and be wiser for the future.
- (3) If misfortunes have befallen you by the faults of others, *live*; you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself.
- (4) If your success is not equal to your merit, *live*; in the consciousness of having deserved it.
- (5) If your success hath exceeded your merit, *live*; and arrogate not too much to yourself.
- (6) If you have been negligent and useless to society, *live*; and make amends by your future conduct.
- (7) If you have been active and industrious, *live*; and communicate your improvement to others.
- (8) If you have spiteful enemies, *live*; and forgive their malevolence.
- (9) If you have kind and faithful friends, *live*—to protect them.
- (10) If, hitherto, you have been impious and wicked, *live*; and repent of your sins.
- (11) If you have been wise and virtuous, *live*; for the future benefit of mankind. And lastly:
- (12) If you hope for immortality, *live*; and prepare to enjoy it.—From *T. P.'s Weekly*

Heard This?

- "Let me see, how much for that dog?"
 "Six dollars, mister."
 "But I thought you told me five yesterday."
 "Yes, but he's eat a chicken since then."
 "Has that girl got rid of her piano yet?"
 "Yes, I'm happy to say she's got a trombone instead."
 "Happy to say!"
 "Well, you see, she can't sing at the same time as she plays that."
 "Why do you say that Chaucer must have dictated to a stenographer?"
 "Just look at the spelling!"
 "Gosh, I'll have to see a doctor for this insomnia. Can't even sleep now when it's time to get up."

"Oh, look at that funny man, mother. He's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a piece of banana peel!"

Romantic young lady, spending the summer on a farm: "Just hear how those old trees in the orchard moan and groan in the storm, like the crying of a lost soul!"

Small Boy: "Well, I guess you'd make a racket yourself if you was as full of green apples as they are!"

A Dutch farmer lost his horse and wanted to advertise it. The editor asked him what he wished to say.

"Yust put vad I tolt you," was the answer. "One night de udder day about a veek ago last month I heard me a noise by de front middle of de pack yart which did not use to be. So I yumps de bed oud and runs mit der door, und ven I see I finds my pig gray iron marc he vas tied loose and running mit der stable off. Who every prings him pack shall pay fife dollars rewardings."

Ex-con, temporarily flush, dining at a fashionable restaurant and greatly puzzled at the French names on the bill of fare, to waiter: "Where are pork and beans on this card?"

Waiter indicates the disguised item.

Ex-con: "Well, bring me everything above and below that line."

The doctors score anyhow. Bad cooking brings them one half of their patients and good cooking the other.

"Dangerous," said the teacher, "means full of danger. Hazardous, full of hazard. Can any boy give me another word ending in *-ous* and meaning *full of*?"

"Yes, ma'm," said Lipson, "*pious*, full of pie."

Tourist: "I say, guide, it's about time we were getting near the falls, isn't it?"

Guide: "Yes, sir. May I request the ladies to stop talking for a moment, and you will then be able to hear the thunder of the waters."

LECTURE: "The Panama Canal," illustrated with slides

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

GIFT
MAY 26 1916

"Know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Where some of Shakespeare's plays are given by Katherine Tingley's students.

Self-Knowledge

A MAN knows what ideas are in his mind, or running through it; and he feels them to be his. He may be said to look upon his mind and see what is there.

So we understand what an old philosophy-teacher of India said, defining the soul: "The soul is what looks directly upon ideas."

Soul, and mind, for him, were not the same. The

soul, he taught, was the man himself, the "I" in each of us; it is what looks directly upon the ideas in the mind. Along with ideas or thoughts, we include of course desires. A man looks on at his desires, knows what they are, as well as at his thoughts.

In general, a man does not trouble to feel the distinction between himself (the soul) and his desires or thoughts, or has never had his attention called to the distinction. He is so thoroughly in with and along with

his thoughts and desires that he feels himself to *be* them, to consist of them, feels that they are he himself. He thoroughly shares them and is affected by them, just as a clear crystal takes the color of a piece of colored glass held up between it and the light.

We ought not to be drawn into the mind in that way; we ought to hold ourselves back from it and guide it; we ought, that is, to hold ourselves as souls. But in general we don't. And that is why we know nothing of the soul, nothing of what we really are. The strongest of us, unless he has practised soul-knowing, self-knowing, is entirely under the influence of his mind.

To see how generally influencible we are, note a lot of men watching a horse-race or a wrestling match. They are so thoroughly in it, have so thoroughly lost themselves, that *their* muscles too are on strain and at critical moments *their* breath too is held. With their own bodies they follow the wrestle; they too are wrestling.

For that reason theatrical wall-pictures of crime, say a stabbing, should be forbidden. Everyone who looks at such a picture feels for just a moment as if *he* was holding the uplifted knife. That feel from the picture leaves a trace in the hidden depths of his mind, and in weak or criminal natures this may suddenly start forward at some later time when a fit of rage and a handy knife make up the necessary conditions for a murder.

We share the muscle-tension of the wrestlers. Our own muscles go on tension. But more than that. If we could see the fierce *desires*, the longings, impulses of various kinds that are actuating and running some of the outwardly quiet-looking people we pass in the street, desires just as hotly on tension as the wrestlers' muscles, we would share them too, get into a more or less momentary likeness of state. In the one case it was the picture of the straining wrestlers that came into the mind; in the other that of the passer-by's desire. In both cases, though the whirl originated in other people, we (souls) are drawn into it because it has infected our minds.

If, then, we are so influenced by pictures and desires and thoughts that originated *outside* of our own minds, we can understand how much more completely we are the prey of the same when they originate at home, are of our own mind's making, and seem to be our very selves — are *our* thoughts and desires!

In that is the whole trouble of our lives.

Watch yourself eating next time you are hungry. You can be in either one of two states. As the eater, you can be all absorbed in the eating, caught up in the whirl of desire to satisfy hunger; or you can hold yourself apart, look on, as it were, at the eating department in its desireful activity.

That suggests the whole secret of self-control in everything. A wave of desire or anger, held back from and looked at as it rises, (the man holding himself as soul), comes a little under control. Go on with the prac-

tice day by day, and in time there comes full control.

Now make use, *purposefully*, of the tendency to be drawn into mind-states. But select the states. Build up some mind-states, or thoughts, or pictures, and some desires, that it is *good* to be drawn into and occupied with. "A man becomes that which he thinks of; this is the old secret."

For instance: the soul does not grow old; it has eternal spiritual youth, the light and spring of eternal youth in it. Keep that thought of yourself, that picture; don't permit the bodily sense of ageing to affect you. Hold your sense of life and power against everything that may happen. The body itself will presently benefit by this.

You feel lonely, forsaken, forgotten, useless. Don't allow that. The beneficent, conscious Power and Light that upholds the world is with you and in you; its support and encouragement and companionship can be found and known, especially at night when the mind and senses are stilled down a little. And you will soon find that unexpected good work of some sort is right at hand. The souls of us all, moreover, are in closer mutual touch than we realize, behind those minds of ours that make us feel so separate, each to himself. Act that out. Try and feel something, some light in the heart of every man that is in touch with your true self, with the heart-light of yourself, however external follies of thought and conduct may have hidden this fact.

These are a few of the ways of new right thought, leading to perfect self-mastery, to new knowledge, to the unfading joy of the man who has found himself as soul and made his mind come up with him into that realization and begun new life. He has found the thread that leads to the Heart of all things. STUDENT



The Mind-Cure

"I'T'S not much of a mind, mine. I never could learn anything. I've tried languages, shorthand, lots of things, all no use. Some men are made that way and must put up with it. — Now don't be getting off any talk about will, perseverance and all that sort of thing. I've been all through that."

"Of course you can't cut anything much with a blunt saw. Instead of trying that any more, or instead of merely giving up trying that, why not get at the *saw*, study it a little and then sharpen it?"

"I tell you the teeth won't take an edge."

"You've never tried. What you've tried, hard and honestly at, is to use them without an edge. What I'm suggesting is a new way altogether. It worked with me and I don't see why it shouldn't with anybody else.

"Let's try and get some idea of what the mind is and does, a better idea than just to say it thinks.

"Suppose you're studying Spanish and are trying to remember the Spanish word for *table*. Suddenly you find that that word isn't there at all, but instead a

thought of something else, what somebody said to you yesterday or where you would like to go tomorrow. You might put it that both these other thoughts want to be thought about, and that their want is stronger than your will to think of that Spanish word which you are seeking.

"You take up the consideration of that word again, but you can't hold it long enough to remember what is the Spanish for table, because some other thoughts bob up here and there one after another, desiring and demanding to be thought about. The mind is full of thousands of thoughts, just below the surface, all interesting to you, or all—as we put it—desirous to be thought about by you, desirous to get your attention, all at war with your present will to think of something else—say that Spanish word. Some of them bob up but then get out of sight again so quickly that you don't notice that they did bob. But they did, and they did get a flash of your attention, just a flash, unnoticed, but yet enough to hinder your attempt to get at that word. If you have the Spanish word in front of you in the book, and are trying to get it into your memory, these momentary flashes are all the time hindering you without your notice. To get a foreign word at one go firmly into memory requires, say, two seconds of unbroken attention upon it. If in that time attention flashes off, say a hundred times, for a hundredth of a second, you can't bag that word. You don't know why you can't bag it; the flashes are too quick to notice. You simply say to yourself you can't learn languages and that your memory is bad. But what's at fault is not memory; it is attention.

"I know a man who can learn a page of poetry by

heart at one reading. But while he's doing that reading you couldn't get his attention with an earthquake. If in that reading his attention wavered for a hundredth of a second towards his cigarette then smouldering on the table in front of him, even though he would not notice the waver, it would be just at that point, in reciting the poetry to himself after the reading, that he would find his memory of it at fault.

"We can put it that our task is to match our will to think of something against the wishes of a thousand other things to have themselves thought about. Of course we gave them that wish; it is really our own liking to think about them. But we must learn to paralyse it for the time in favor of our will to think of this present topic or word. We have to train our attention so that like a spotlight it stays where it is directed, not flickering and not moving. Attention needs training the same as muscles do.

"A man looks in at a store window for a moment and thinks he saw pretty much all that was there. Let him try instantly afterward to say to himself what he did see there. The attempt will show him that ninety-nine percent of his attention wasn't really running along his eye-glance at all, though he thought it was. Look a moment at a man you don't know and try afterward to say to yourself exactly how he was dressed. As a rule you

couldn't describe anything he's got on or say the color of his eyes. Read a sentence in the newspaper. You think you've got it. Look away and see if you can repeat more than the four or five chief words in it. Your attention flickered all the space between those main words.

"These suggest ways of practice, of sharpening, don't



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SIR JOHNSTONE FORBES-ROBERTSON
THE NOTED INTERPRETER OF SHAKESPEARE
(From the portrait by George Harcourt, R. A.)

they? Can you lace your shoes and then honestly say to yourself that your mind never thought of a single thing but the lacing while you did it? That's another way — short spells of close concentration on duties.

"Thinking of nothing, holding that silence of mind in which come to us the strength and help of the soul, is another.

"Don't let's libel our minds and memories. They're all right in all of us, equal to anything. It's we who are too lazy to practise attention; or more often, have never thought of the thing in this way. Our great enemy is mind-wandering, dwelling upon longings, castle-in-the-air-building. That sort of thing teaches the mind the trick of wandering and flickering." STUDENT

✱

The Child and the Man

THE man sat at his desk thinking. It was late at night and the house was long silent and, save his study, in darkness.

Tomorrow would be an important day in his life. He and another man were to consummate a "deal" which meant wealth for both of them.

He needed the money. He had been speculating during the past year, using money that was not his own to work with, reckoning to pay it back with the "sure" winnings of his speculation. But the "sure thing" had not fulfilled itself, the venture had failed, and in a few days he must make good somehow.

Since learning of the failure, now many days ago, he had been almost wild. His mind had run from project to project, and as each was successively dismissed as impossible his heart had gone colder and colder and heavier and heavier. The man whose money he had used was no friend. He had no reason to hope for any mercy from him. There would be prosecution, exposure, ruin and — jail! He, so respected, so full of his own self-respect, with his position in society and the world of affairs — would have to take the convict's garb, the discipline, the humiliations.

Then suddenly a way had opened, the opportunity for that "deal." It was shady enough, a dishonorable advantage taken of a bit of knowledge that had accidentally come his way. And it meant ruin to many a little nest of savings gathered year by year against old age by toiling men and women. But for him it was release, the maintenance of his position, his respectability, his credit, his standing among his equals.

He was able to argue down his conscience at last. He had no right, he told himself, to be ruined. He had no right to let his children be disgraced, no right to bring that shock upon them, no right to wreck the faith in human nature of those who looked up to him as a very type of integrity. There were people dependent upon him, too; for his charity had always been ready enough. And his subscriptions and donations meant so much to his church. So he argued it all out to himself.

So at last he got his conscience quieted, completed his work and went to bed.

But not to sleep; his conscience began again when he was between the sheets with nothing to look at, no papers, no ledger, no letters, nothing but himself and his arguings.

Surely there was a little noise! Surely the door had creaked! The room was dimly lit by a little glow-lamp. Without moving from his position he could see the door as he lay, and it *was* moving.

He held his breath and softly slipped his hand to a revolver beneath the pillow. The opening grew wider and now he could see a little white figure, a little head, pushed in — his own little son!

The child crept forward, forward, cautiously, to the dressing table. A pile of loose silver was there, a gold piece and some notes, his trouser pocket contents. The child came to the table, took a dollar from the heap, and crept from the room!

A new agony for the father. He loved the boy with every fiber of his heart. He had never imagined such a possibility as this. The pure little face had never seemed to suggest anything but intelligence and innocence. And he was a thief!

The door was opening again. It was the child once more, creeping forward to the table. In his hand was the dollar. He put it back gently whence he had taken it and turned to creep out.

But as he passed the bed he suddenly threw his arms about his father's neck, put his head on the pillow and burst into tears. "Father," he cried, "you didn't see me; you were sleeping, father, but I took it, and I couldn't and I put it back. Tell me you forgive me, father; I couldn't see you tomorrow with *that*. Oh, I am so wicked. But I put it back, father, and I won't ever, ever do it."

Next day the man went to the one whom he had wronged and told him what he had done, glossing nothing. "Now," he said, "you can expose me, ruin me, wreck my life. But if you will not, if you will wait and count your money as *invested* with me, I will drop every luxury, cut out every dollar of unnecessary expense, and never rest till you are repaid in principal and interest."

"Well," said the other slowly, after a pause, "I don't know that I should do so much better taking what you've got now, and you behind the bars, than if I settled the thing as you say. Anyway I'll think it over."

During the day he heard that the chance of a certain big "deal" that was easy enough and safe enough, but more than shady, had been thrown away by one of the parties concerned.

He did some thinking. "That fellow might have come through all right with that in his pocket," he said to himself. "Wonder why he didn't. Seems to be a

bit of dark going here that I don't see into. I guess I'll go around and see him and try to get some idea of what's up."

So he went round and got the father's account of the thing that had changed him. The two men have been curiously intimate friends ever since. STUDENT



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"AN HONEST DOG'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN"

"What Eats is Fed"

"WHAT eats is fed": a queer little sentence I once read in a queer little old book called *Life's Maxims*, or something like that. There was one maxim to a page, three hundred and sixty-five pages to make the year. The reader was supposed to take one maxim each day, first thing in the morning, and hold it more or less in his mind for that day. He was assured in the preface that by nightfall it would have budded into a cluster of other thoughts that would do him lots of good. I saw the book at a cheap book-stall, and before I put it down I had taken note of this and some few others of its sayings. Most of them seemed

about as empty as this one did. Thinking them over afterwards, this and the others I did note got so full of meaning that I've never forgiven myself that I did not buy the book.

"What eats is fed": surely the limit of silliness.

But is it? The fellow must have meant something.

Well, what *docs* eat? I remember mother used to "ask a blessing" on the food before she let us begin the meal. "If you'll eat, boys, according to the spirit of that blessing," she would say, "you'll get more than your bodies fed."

Of course we none of us had the ghost of a notion what she meant.

Mostly, "what eats" is just the fellow that does eat, that's hungry, that wants to get full and to taste the stuff. This is the fellow that "is fed." The rest of the man, generally speaking, isn't present, takes a back seat.

The sacred books of some of the old nations prescribed that a man should "offer up" the first bit of his food, while eating it, to "the gods." "The gods," as other parts of those same books sometimes explained, meant the higher parts of the man's own nature.

In other words he should begin his eating thinking of himself as higher than his body, higher than the animal, thinking of himself as full of the dignity belonging to a man, a man in the best sense of the word, ruler of himself in every way, throwing out good feeling and light all around him.

So he takes up into *himself* some of the stimulus that food imparts, instead of letting it go for the body only. The first minute or two of eating, like the first few minutes after waking, are, as it were, shunting places, change-carriage places: minutes when a man can do much more to work a change in himself than in the regular routine-running parts of the day. But he must see that he *gets there* to take advantage of the shake-up that is going on, to take charge of the new energy.

That's "calling for a blessing," that's "offering to the gods."

And the body doesn't suffer for that touch of the rein and bit, I tell you! It's the better for it. It gets more and better stuff out of what's locked up in the food, more life, more lightness and power. If this is kept up, day in and out, meal after meal, it grows healthier: any little chronic troubles tend to get well; the whole machinery improves. It gets rebuilt on a new plan altogether.

"What eats is fed"; what's fed grows, good or bad. If a man wants to find himself and his true dignity, and call out the latent powers of his nature, why shouldn't he make even eating help him out with his job, help him to *re-create* himself? It can do more than most of us have even begun as yet to suspect. STUDENT

Misery and its Cure

A VIVID talker, always with something fresh to say, always interested in everything, novel views about everything and apparently happy. What's his prescription?

Well, look at the other kind of man, the morosely silent man, the mopy groucher. He isn't happy. Why won't he be? It is surely pleasanter to be happy than unhappy.

He is never out of his own thoughts, hardly any other topic than I, I, my grievances, what I want, what I can't get, etc., etc. There is little or nothing of his mind left to fly up off the ground into the sunlight and get some thoughts about things in general. It is a law of nature that a man is happy just in proportion as he unhooks his thoughts from I.

But isn't it a law of nature that men try to be happy? Why, then, do they persist in so looking up their thoughts as to keep them unhappy?

Two reasons; one easy to see, the other not so easy.

The easy one is that by pressing and pressing and pressing for something he's all on the itch for, a man now and then gets it and gets a bit of pleasure out of it. That keeps the itch alive. He's unhappy, of course, all along in between; but he keeps hoping that every next hour or every tomorrow he'll be able to make another score for himself.

The other is that he's *imagining* the next score all the time. Imagining is of course not the same as the reality. But it's a sort of taste of it and gives gleams of the same pleasure even while at the same time it makes a man more miserable and worsens his longings.

Once we see all this the path seems to be pretty plain. A man is unhappy in proportion as his thoughts are folded in upon himself, and in the same proportion is uninteresting to other people. He is happy in proportion as his mind is free from that sort of topic.

As a matter of fact we've got a chance to develop a new I altogether, one that's permanently happy and rich in thoughts and insight.

If I can look on with some equanimity at a little slight or wrong inflicted on Smith or Brown or Jones, why mayn't I look on with the same indifference at the same slight or wrong inflicted on Robinson, regardless of the fact that Robinson is *me*? In the present state of human nature so many wrongs and slights will be inflicted every day. What claim has Robinson (*me*) in particular to escape his share?

Now if I can get the least bit to look at myself in that impartial way, to that extent I have become a new self that can look on at the old one and see it as just one of the myriad selves in the world. I haven't lost myself; I've become new, become a self which, because it refuses to be tied down to itself, gradually acquires new powers, new thoughts, new outlook, a fresh happiness that no outer circumstances can disturb, and a new interestingness to other people.

It's just a new habit that is wanted, the habit of turning yourself out of your thoughts. Little by little you come into the fruits of that. STUDENT

Peace

PEACE, the deep peace in which the soul grows, in which a man's character slowly reaches his ideal of what it should be, in which will comes to its full strength and true manhood is won, in which every hour of the day, whatever the difficulties of outer circumstances, brings its own color of inward satisfaction — this true heart-peace does not come by the mere longing for it. It must be won, a little at a time, a minute, a half-hour. But it may be won and in no long time by him who takes advantage of the enemy's respites.

The enemies of a man's household are his thoughts — till he has conquered them and made them serve him.

Get there first. Thoughts do not wake in their full strength and numbers as soon as the man does. There are minutes after rising, when, if one will seize the chance, it is possible to create and hold the real peace, to fill up with it, keeping the mind still till it is won, to make a light in brain and heart. Permit no thought, save that of silence and of light and of peace. One minute, two minutes, five minutes — as much as may be, till the waking day of duties insists on coming in upon you. You have willed and held the peace till then. Will it to stay with you through the day.

All that day will go better. Now and then you can recall and create anew for a moment the morning's peace. At night you can get it again, and the last act of will ere you sleep should be that tomorrow's morning shall find you possessed of more of it.

There is the secret. *Get there first.* In time the peace will have conquered the entire day. You will have won freedom. Monotony and dullness will have vanished forever. Outer circumstances will change to fit your needs and even your wishes. For the will acquires strange powers in the man who has mastered himself. STUDENT

THERE is one road leading upward to light and joy unimaginable. Upon this road every man may travel and attain the goal.

Consider the man's self as he who sits in the chariot of the body; judgment is the driver; mind the reins; the senses are the horses; the objects of the senses are allurements along the roadway.

He who keeps the driver alert so that the reins are well held and the horses restrained, swift and sure, is traveling upon the road. He indeed attains the goal.

But not he whose horses, feeling not the slack reins, turn at their own will into the hedges and stray along the blind bypaths that open from the road.

Let not the senses rule the mind; rule mind by the judgment; keep judgment ever alert. Thus shall thy traveling be swift and sure.— *Eastern*

The Self-Exiled

BY WALTER C. SMITH

THERE came a soul to the gates of Heaven
 Gliding slow —
 A soul that was ransomed and forgiven,
 And as white as snow:
 And the angels all were silent.

"Now open the gate, and let her in,
 And fling it wide,
 For she has been cleansed from stain of sin,"
 Saint Peter cried:
 And the angels all were silent.

"Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,"
 She answered low,
 "I came not hither to enter in,
 Nor may I go":
 And the angels all were silent.

"I may not enter there," she said,
 "For I must go
 Across the gulf where the guilty dead
 Lie in their woe":
 And the angels all were silent.

"How could I touch the golden harps
 When all my praise
 Would be so wrought with grief-full warps
 Of their sad days?"
 And the angels all were silent.

"How love the loved who are sorrowing,
 And yet be glad?
 How sing the songs ye are fain to sing,
 While I am sad?"
 And the angels all were silent.

Saint Peter he turned the keys about,
 And answered grim:
 "Can you love the Lord and abide without,
 Afar from Him?"
 And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be nearer Christ," she said,
 "By pitying less
 The sinful living or woful dead
 In their helplessness?"
 And the angels all were silent.

The Lord himself stood by the gate,
 And heard her speak
 Those tender words compassionate,
 Gentle and meek:
 And the angels all were silent.

Now pity is the touch of God
 In human hearts,
 And from that way He ever trod
 He ne'er departs:
 And the angels all were silent.

And He said, "Now will I go with you,
 Dear child of love,
 I am weary of all this glory, too,
 In Heaven above":
 And the angels all were silent.

"We will go seek and save the lost,
 If they will hear,
 They who are worst will need me most,
 And all are dear":
 And the angels were not silent.

— Selected and condensed.

Self-Dependence

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
 What I am, and what I ought to be,
 At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
 "Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
 On my heart your mighty charm renew;
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
 Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the rustling night-air came the answer:
 "Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! Long since, severely clear,
 A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
 "Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
 Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

THERE never was a night that had no morn.

WE begin best toward finding the real delight of silence
 by studying to listen — to listen with real and courteous
 attention. The more truly we listen to those about us, the
 better prepared we become for deep interior listening to
 the best that is within us.— *A. P. Call*

THE child who has formed the habit of picking up his
 scattered toys, cleaning his own floor, making his own
 bed, emptying his own slops, washing his own plate,
 and polishing his own boots, is already half cured of the
 original sin of the race. For the original sin is the
 desire to rule. The original virtue is the wish to serve.
 —"Footnotes to Life" (Frank Crane)



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The New Way Guidebook

"Man, know thyself": herein is the talisman which every man should prize as though it were a jewel; for true self-knowledge is that which is lacking to bring joy to the whole world.—*Katherine Tingley*

SOLDIERS break step crossing a bridge. Otherwise the rhythmic vibration, constantly intensified, would crack the steel and concrete.

By the same principle a man may crack the steel and concrete of his own limitations and lower nature. Rhythmically, daily, at some hour when he is alone, let him reach up to his highest self in will and aspiration. It is by this daily rhythm, never omitted, that he will some time win his victory and transform himself.

"WE shall take a great stride towards contentment if we will start with the basic theory that the people that Fate moves to meet us are the most important people in the world for us to know. . . . The man you sit by on the street-car came from the ends of the earth to meet you. The stars set that man down by your side at the hotel table. Are you studying to see what destiny meant? Are you taking that problem as it is handed to you and seeking the answer?"

THE only way not to be caught doing a thing is never to do it.

"MAN'S body is an instrument on whose strings his thoughts play incessant harmonies or discords, making for its health or unhealth. These harmonies and discords remain in the strings and at later times are sounded back into the mind as thoughts and feelings that help or hinder, that sustain in trial or are themselves trials of the worst sort. We are now making the mind of tomorrow and many tomorrows."

"A MAN may have many fine thoughts about life and the soul, interesting and profitable to listen to; but unless they are warmed by the steady glow of brotherhood in the heart they will come to nothing so far as he is concerned. That unless so warmed they have no strength to guide or help is shown by the fact that men who have them in profusion are sometimes found to be secretly living utterly unclean lives."

"Your circumstances are painful? Make use of them; get something out of them, some kind of strength, some new power. Some time—small as may now seem to you the possibility—you will have to have pleasant circumstances. Then you will look back and wish you had done more with the present opportunity. Painful circumstances give opportunity for the development of several fine qualities which pleasant ones do not. Life, like a pendulum, swings between the two for us all."

Heard This?

He was a considerate husband. But of course there are limits. One morning his wife asked him to buy her a pair of button shoes and gave him a close and detailed description of the sort she wanted. He said he would get that exact sort or die.

In the lunch hour he dropped into the shoe store and said he wanted button shoes for his wife. The clerk said: "What sort?" "Doesn't matter. Any sort, so they don't button in the back."

A contemporary reports this. A young Pole was being tried in court and a lawyer was questioning him.

"Now Laszky, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked Laszky.

"When you work, of course."

"Vy, I work then."

"I know," said the lawyer, "but what at?"

"At a bench."

"Oh! Where do you do it?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"You make bricks, then?"

"No, de factory is made of bricks."

"Now, Laszky, listen. What do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"No, no; what does the factory make?"

"I dunno. A lot of money, I tink."

"But what kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Oh! good goods."

"I know. But what kind of good goods?"

"The best."

"The best of what?"

"The best there is."

"The best of what?"

"Of dose goods."

"Your honor, I give it up."

Lady Patient: "And, doctor, I ought to tell you that I always have such a terribly tired feeling."

Doctor: "Let me see your tongue."

Scene: St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Guide is holding forth to American traveler:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe ever produced."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. It is the tomb of Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophiggus weighs fully forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel recepticle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that is a ma'ogany coffin holding the ashes of the great hero."

Yankee: "Well, I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out o' that, wire me at my expense."

GIFT
JUL 13 1916

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit..."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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A GROUP OF TOTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL AT POINT LOMA, COMING OUT TO WELCOME SOME GUESTS

Substance and Shadow

THE prison doctor was off on a trip the day Murray was struck down by a falling timber as he passed the new shop being built. Picked up stunned and bleeding, he found himself later in the hospital, full of pain and so weak that it seemed to him as if he could

never again rouse up enough energy to fill his lungs.

The busy nurse moved aside a screen and behind it Murray saw the white shelves of the operating cabinet, filled with rows of cold, clean instruments that made him shiver. The doctor's assistant, moving about briskly, was getting things ready for the emergency surgeon.

Murray had always lived pretty much to himself. His only comrade had been his mother, who had died and left him alone when he was fourteen. Since then there had been nothing homelike for him in the wide world. He had come to accept his loneliness as a part of the scheme of things for him, and knocked about from place to place with a sort of indifference as to what happened. There was to be no more love and comradeship in *his* life anyway, though something within him was always looking for it. Oh, he was sure if "mumsy's" arms were round him now he could fight off that dreadful sinking, when even his own weak heart-beat jarred him. But why not let go and just sink out of sight and find rest? Nobody would care if No. 359 went or stayed.

Then somehow his memory recalled some sermon, long forgotten, on punishment after death for the guilty. He had usually had trouble enough on hand and never bothered much about the other world. Now he wished he had found out what to expect if he should decide to let himself slip through. He wasn't a coward, but he just did not know whether to try to swim back to the harsh world he was used to, or to float out into the deep water of the unknown. "Mumsy," out there in the silence, always knew the best thing to do, but he might not find her if he let go here before his time came. The young assistant entered the room with the surgeon, and Murray wearily closed his eyes as the story of the accident was being narrated. But suddenly he heard something about "getting the ether." If they made him unconscious before he had decided which way to go, he thought, he would surely be *nowhere*, and that was worse than pain. With a desperate effort he gasped: "Wait! I can—stand it—without anything."

"That will be all right," the surgeon's voice answered, with a steady kindly ring in it. He sent the assistant and nurse away with new orders. Then with a strong light touch he changed Murray into a new position, drew the cramped hand out from the tight blanket, rubbed the long fingers lightly and held them with gentle firmness while he felt for the pulse.

Something in the touch and the tone seemed to clear the air and lift the weight a little from Murray's chest and send some hidden strength trickling through his veins. He looked up into a face very calm and strong, marked with some lines of sadness. Out of the depths of the clear eyes something looked into his and read him through and through, and understood, and believed in him. It was the very way "mumsy" used to look when she seemed nearest to him. It seemed simply natural to find that look again on a human face and to feel a touch like your own flesh and blood, a missing part of your very self. The haunting doubt and fear were gone now; it was somehow clear enough that a fellow *could not* get lost anywhere he might be while there was this protecting brotherhood in some human hearts. That would keep him always one of the family,

wherever he was. There was something about that feeling that could not help going on and on; it *had* to be.

"I'll take anything you want me to," he said calmly. "I'm ready now to go or stay."

"Put your will on it, old chap, and stay. Take the ether and go to sleep like a baby, and we'll do our part to set things right."

The assistant usually finished the surgical dressing after operations, but this time the surgeon attended to every detail himself and was still beside the table when Murray began to talk. The sentences were broken as he swung back and forth on the incoming waves of the silent sea.

From deep unconsciousness he was coming out of the ether quickly, struggling to keep hold of something that was vividly real to his deeper sense but was rapidly becoming dim in the light of common day.

"I know now that I"—he began.

"Some of these men are afraid of ether because they think it will make them tell tales on themselves," said the assistant. But the surgeon was intent on the patient's words.

"I know now that I, Jack Murray, am part of everything that is." Then the flowing tide swung him out and back again. "I know that I—always have been and always will be. It sounds as if I were woosy, but I *know* what I am saying." He spoke with great certainty and in clear even tones. "I can bring this message back to you, that the tie between you and me and all men is the only thing that lasts. Heart-light is life itself; all the rest is passing shadows."

What began like a day of disaster was the beginning of a new life for Murray. L. R.



Mind and Matter

"**M**E an' my wife, we don't need to do much talkin'. Forty years, come this June, we've been married an' never a rough word all that time.

"We don't need, as I was sayin', to do much talkin'. 'Tain't that we've talked ourselves out an' got nothin' to say. There's more and more all the time.

"We sit by the fire after the evenin' chores is done. I with my pipe and she a-knuttin'. All of a sudden she'll say: 'Yes, that's so, Jim.' Don't strike me as anyways queer that she gets my thought. We think along together and half the time we don't need to speak out at all. Forty years is a long time and minds get linked up so as they don't need any words to pass a thought across from one to the other. Words is poor counters to play with anyhow when the thoughts get rich an' full with the years of experience.

"I was lookin' out o' doors the other mornin' early, just after breakfast, takin' the first pipe of the day, which is the best of the day and clears up a fellow's mind wonderful if he smokes it on the lookout for that an' watches what's goin' on in him. The spring buds

was openin' an' all the roses an' sweet peas spreadin' out their wings to catch the air and light. 'The very earth seemed to have somethin' alive in it, somethin' astir an' doin'.

"'Earth,' says I to myself; '*matter*,' that's what they call it; an' the buds and petals *matter* too, and the trees. Maybe. But if they're *matter* an' that's all, how can they get touch of my *mind*? Seems to me like two fellows talkin' different languages. Don't seem to be the same world, *matter* an' *mind*. But if that's so, how can this here *matter* get across into my *mind* an' make a true picture of itself there? How can what's heavy an' dead an' outside, come over into me and turn itself into the furniture of this livin' mind of mine. *Matter* turnin' itself into *mind*, that's what it seems like.

"An' then I thought o' them fireside talks with my wife, talks without words, full an' free an' deep, but not needin' any words. How was that?

"An' the answer was easy. My old woman's mind could speak right into my mind just because it was *mind*, the same stuff her side an' mine. Well, why ain't it the same in nature? Why ain't nature a *mind* too, a great livin' *mind*? An' all the flowers an' things the thoughts of that *mind*, the *mind* takin' joy in imaginin' all that beauty and color and play? *Mind* talkin' to *mind*, that's what 'tis. An' the thoughts of that great *mind* are all so clear an' splendid and alive that they get over into me and other men, into *our* minds, just as alive as they are outside. 'Thinks roses and trees and rocks—that's what he does, till there is roses and trees and rocks come alive, come real. An' my *mind* can take it all in and understand just because there's *mind* both sides o' the talk. Gettin' pictures from the great *mind*, that's what lookin' at nature is; though there's very few that's come to know what's goin' on.

"You try the thing that way an' see if it don't seem right. What's springtime anyway? Ain't it the great *mind* pourin' more an' more of its live thought into its creations, makin' them more an' more alive for their new work for the summer? An' this spiritual life's floodin' into you an' me too, straight in as well as round about through nature into our bodies. We can get it straight into our minds, an' this time in the year, accordin to my feelin's and reckonin', do more spiritual inward growth and get more *mind-peace* an' *mind-joy* than in all the balance of the year put together. There's more *mind-life* an' *soul-life* flowin' around and surgin' up against us and risin' inside of us.

"I tell you if a man'll only think right for a while, train himself out o' the way of thinkin' of 'dead' *matter*, think life all the time, he won't have no trouble in knowin' he's immortal. A man's a livin' *mind*. If he'd hold himself that way an' stop makin' pictures of death for himself he'll come to know there ain't any death for him. Death's the soul shakin' open its wings into the sunlight. Though I don't reckon a fellow's got to wait till then for that. I've met two or three in my time that looked

as if they'd done it while they was here walkin' about with the rest of us."

I thought, myself, though I did not say it, that the old man was not far from being in his own person one of these wing-openers he spoke of. REPORTER

*
"When I have . . ."

NO man's life is such as he intends it shall be later on. He works with an eye upon a pleasanter future which he intends to bring about or hopes will come about. He lives on, preparing and hoping and expecting. Most of his pleasure now comes from the thought that he is getting on towards that other life in the future.

The curious point is that no one ever gets to where he can say: "Now I am content; things are just as I want them. I have no further wishes. Life is now quite satisfactory."

The reason is that deep in our inner minds we have an ideal of a life that is fully worth living, that is large and splendid and satisfying. We know that such a life is somewhere, or is somehow to be got. Our error lies in supposing that this life can be realized by possessing particular things or being in particular places with selected surroundings, or having some sort of outer gratification. It takes us all a long time to learn—and most men never do learn—that the life we inwardly know of is not to be got in any such ways. They all disappoint and leave the longing unappeased, the undefined ideal unrealized.

This real life has nothing to do with outside matters and can be just as splendidly and gladly lived in one place or set of circumstances as another. It comes only by finding the true self, the self which is light and joy, hidden behind the body self and brain-mind self that does duty for the true one and thinks it is the true and only one.

"I *will* that the nobler life shall be in me"—he who takes that stand and lives by it, he who so pledges himself to himself and despite all failures and mistakes holds on, he will win. STUDENT

*
"I RECKON there's more done for us than we ever knows of," said the old philosopher, "or could understand if we did know of 'em. I put a pinch of soda in my old dog's drinking water every day to help his rheumatism. He don't see me do it, and if he did he couldn't get any notion of what I was really doing. But he'd a-been too stiff to move long ago if I hadn't done it right along. So I say again, there's lots done for us that we never see done and couldn't understand if we did see, and that safeguards us from troubles we'll never know of. *Who does 'em?* You must think that out."

Buried Alive

"WHEN I'm six feet in the ground——"
That's the way most men think of the time when they will be dead. It's a piece of very bad thinking. We are in the ground now and we shall never be any more there than we are now. The body is merely a piece of ground which is more alive than the ground it walks on. The body is "ground" come alive. Which is not very accurate, either; for the ground we walk on is itself alive in a way, even the mineral part of it.

We are in the body, buried in it, sharing its life, taking its life as ours, pulsing in every pulse of it. And all so thoroughly that most of us cannot conceive of any other sort of life, cannot remember the life we had as souls before we got buried.

At this rate, death is not getting buried; it is getting unburied. Some ancient religious ceremonies symbolized birth as entry into a tomb, death as being delivered from it.

It took a long time—many, many million years of earth's life—before the "dust of the ground" could be made by nature into a living body. Life and will and consciousness are in the stone, in every particle of dust; but they have to lie latent. Countless ages back, the first plants began to appear amid that "dust," very minute and rudimentary, of course. But in those plants the indwelling life of the "dust" had taken a step forward. It had learned how to make the dust particle move under its constant pressure of will, to move in that slow way that is possible to plants. Minute animal forms likewise appeared. The indwelling life had learned the next trick in making its shell of matter responsive to its will. And of course it became more conscious in proportion as there was a chance for its consciousness to work. It became more and more aware of its needs, more and more desirous of satisfying them, more and more capable of moving its body—for now we can call the little enclosing mass of "dust" a *body*—to do so.

And so at last the earth became the home of all the plants and animals we see about us. Gathered forms of "dust" they are, animated by keenly conscious life, responsive to all the forces of nature, sunlight, magnetism, electricity, heat, sound and the rest.

All was now ready for man, the conscious soul, to come amongst it, to enter into close inside touch of all this nature-life, to get "buried" in it. How much he is "buried" in this living "ground," how much he is at the mercy of the animal forces and impulses, depends on him. It is for him, while still in this bodily animal life, to get back the joy of his *own* life, thus really then living two lives at once.

To manage this he must undo his old way of thinking and think always along a new line—an alteration that takes time to bring about. He must train himself to think of himself as *in* the body instead of identical with the body. In all ages there have been men who have

thoroughly accomplished this work and found the great truth. It is because of their teachings, founded on their experience, that we can go so surely and confidently upon this path of right thought. For all of humanity's great teachers are at one about this. It was no mere belief with them. They had achieved *knowledge* and they wanted all the rest of us to go the way of knowledge too. So this *New Way* is also very old, as old as humanity itself.

Heaven and earth have come together in every man. The earth part we know of. The heaven can also be known of. It is the part buried in the upright six feet of ground that we walk about with and so misuse. Spiritual health can be got as well as bodily health—by exercise. But this is an exercise of thinking and rightly used imagination. Rightly used imagination is imagination used to imagine what *is* instead of what is not. As soon as we can imagine in this sense that we are souls in bodies, we have found the unbreakable thread of immortality, know that we are immortal.

STUDENT

✽

The Power of Silence

"THE POWER OF SILENCE— is that just one of the cant phrases of the day, or does it really mean something?"

I was passing a bookstore in whose window two men were gazing, and it was the title of a book that had caught their attention. This was a remark made by one of them to the other. I could not very well stand up behind them and listen to the answer, so I reserved the question for an answer of my own later on.

"How can a man be anything that *is* anything after death? Without a brain there cannot be thinking. Who wants to live on like a cabbage?"

That remark too, a few days before, I had happened to overhear. It was said by one of two young men coming out of church on Sunday evening as I passed them. I wondered why they had gone there if they had that sort of attitude.

Perhaps fate put me in the way of both these snatches of talk. For I could make them help each other out to a common answer.

To say that the brain is the instrument of thought is not to say very much. It does not explain *why* thinking should need fifty ounces of that sort of matter to work itself out on. We can come closer and do better.

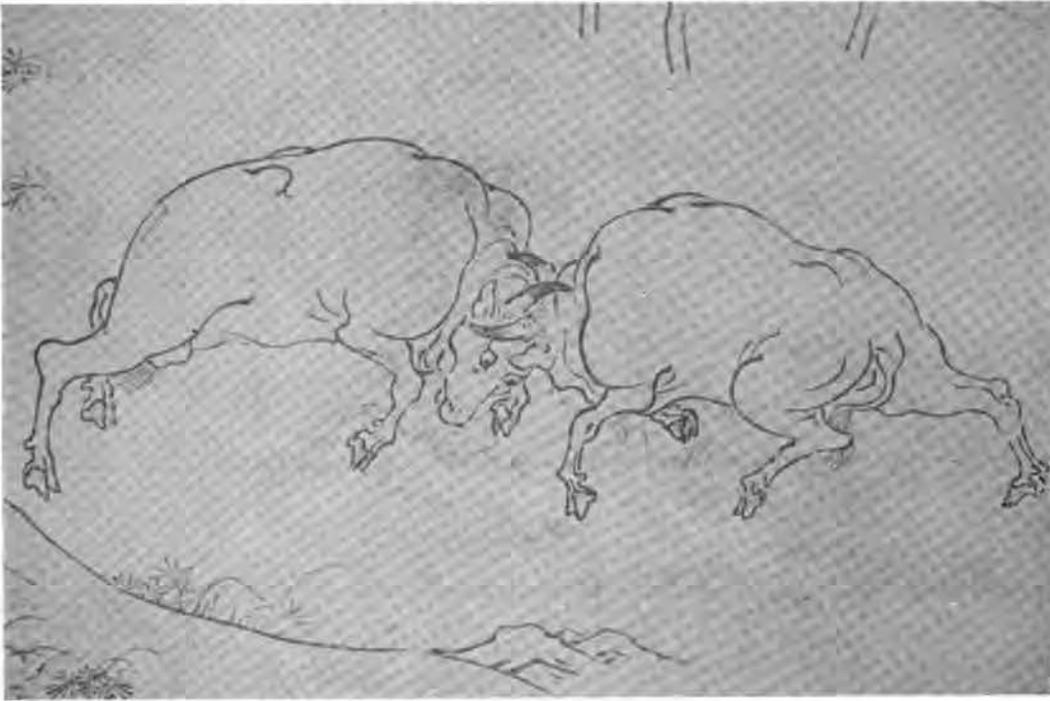
Brain is the organ from which nerves go to all the muscles, including the muscles of speech. It is therefore the organ by means of which thought *comes out into action* of some sort, including the action we call speech. Even when we are not speaking aloud, we are *thinking* words; and small nerve-currents not enough actually to move the muscles do run to the lips and tongue. In fact some men do move their lips and tongue a little while thinking; a few almost audibly whisper to themselves; and some talk their thought aloud.

Can we think without words, even mental words?

Are there thoughts that won't go into words, that have nothing to do with words? Such thoughts being beyond expression in words, would have no use for a brain, no use for the organ of word-making. The brain is the organ for the expression in words (or deeds) of such thoughts as *can* be expressed in that way. It is the

thought. What wonder that we suppose ourselves mortal and ended up for good when we leave the brain behind?

He who wants to know about chemistry must have faith that what the chemists' books say is true; or, much better, he must go through the experiments himself.



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DISCUSSING POLITICS. AN OLD JAPANESE PAINTING

organ for the living of our outer life of action and of communication with our fellows. We have never got used to paying attention to the far greater mass of thought that won't go into words and has nothing to do with actions of body. Consequently we don't know anything about it. Consequently we assert (some of us) that when there is no brain there is no thought and that death is the end of the thinking man.

We should regard a man as a fool who, never having tried a single experiment in chemistry himself, denied that there was any truth in the statements of chemists as to what they had discovered by experiment.

Well, in all ages there have been profound searchers into human nature who have testified that there is a region of mind that does not connect with words or physical doings at all, too high, too profound for that, and that this is really the most splendid part of our being, a divine part, and incapable of being reached by death. At birth a little (only) of the whole mind comes into brain, enough to live life with, to act and speak through the brain with, to collect experience with and learn by experience. It is the thinking of this part to which alone we pay attention and which alone we call

It is the same with the study of our own nature. We must find for ourselves that greater mind in us which *knows*, whose thinking is not limited by the necessity of being cased up in words and which therefore contrasts with that rough, slow, brain-thinking that words are made for, that guides bodily doings and holds the memories connected with all that. The way is *silence*. It is the "experiment" of silence that we must try. The power of silence, the power gained by the practice of silence, is the power to know and come into the deeper, fuller world of our thought and being. The fullness, the richness, of ourselves cannot be known till we have practised when alone with ourselves the silencing of thought-chatter, the thought that runs along in words even when they are unspoken by the lips. We must turn away from this for a while every day, try to keep the brain still, to stop the stream of memory-pictures, and to reach up after the great presence that is about us, our greater mind-self, reach in to the place where at first seems nothing but stillness, but which in time we find to be the source of a new knowledge, of sustainment against all the troubles and difficulties of life, of sure guidance and inspiration.

THE LISTENER

Nature's Way

IN the evening air, over the lake from the mile-away grove of beeches, came the last song of some bird.

A mile away and the song quite clear. For at least a mile every way out from that bird the air had been set thrilling. A great sphere of a mile radius. He had not any reason for singing; just nature-life pulsing through him and taking voice as it pulsed. The sound waves fell upon all things within their range and set them vibrating, countless millions of particles and molecules and atoms set agoing by that bird, shaken to their inmost centers by him.

This fine shaking of things by unnumbered birds all day long and age after age all over the earth must surely, thought I, play some part in nature's great game.

"The hard stones softened and became plants," says an old book, quaintly describing the ways of evolution. The plants *are* evolved stones anyhow, mineral stuff gathered into definite shape, come alive, and growing. Is that coming alive helped by the ceaseless pulsation of bird song all over the earth?

There is finer vibration than that. The unseen sun rays, X-rays, ultra-violet rays, meet and mix in the plant with the unseen magnetic life of the earth; and when both are at their strongest, through spring and summer, the plant breaks through its steadfast green into many-colored bloom. In the birds the unheard nature-life becomes audible; in the plants the unseen nature-life becomes visible. The bees are drawn by the color. May not all insect and animal life be somehow changed and raised, made a little finer, a little more alive, by the incessant summer-long pulse of color, and the vegetation be itself stimulated by itself? May not that be another way in which nature goes at her everlasting work of evolution?

I wore that old coat of mine for years before I threw it away. Can I think that even the atoms of the fabric were not somehow specially altered, raised, helped onward, a little awakened, by those years of closest association with me, with the incessant thought and feeling playing in my mind and through my body? *Something* of me went into them, for my dog could pick out that coat from among a million.

The poet and thinker write at their desks. Out of the silent full life within and about them, great thoughts and high feeling take shape and then pass into words, and the words awaken and deepen and refine a thousand other minds that read them.

Thus nature's secret life works. Out of the unheard, the unseen, the beyond-thought, it comes out into sound and color and thought, and affects, each in its way, all her creatures. Each has something to contribute for the rest; each brings something hidden into manifestation for the evolution of the rest. Truly all living things are one mighty family, dependent each one on the rest.

We can get no real or lasting happiness till we have seen and learned to practise a great duty revealed in

that. We have to turn some of our energy daily into kindly deeds; some of our higher unmanifest life into kindly thought and feeling and word; some of our moments of deep silence-life into thoughts which, whether we can utter them or not, will go out from us into other minds, giving them often enough that inner touch which shall bring them some light or help or understanding.

STUDENT



The Great School

ONE special form of egotism, very common among us, is the imagining that our troubles and annoyances are of a peculiarly irritating, painful or depressing kind, more so than those of anybody else.

It is a mistake. In this respect life is in the long run the same for us all. Life is no respecter of persons, however things may look. Everybody betimes gets all the troubles and worries and pin-pricks he can stand, and everybody gets intervals of needed rest from them. One man keeps his troubles to himself and smiles; and we think he has none. Another just accepts them as part of the normal run of things, or as part of the training that life gives us; and he too deceives us by his quiet way with them. Another has a set of troubles that to us would be nothing, and though they are sharp enough to him we suppose that he finds them as trifling as we should. Some men are as much hurt by a passing slight as you or I by a stinging and intentional insult. Life gets home at everybody to the limit of their enduring power. Then it lets up a while so that they may have a sufficient rest, or it sees to it that they feel and know the compassion that underlies all the troubles that come upon them, so that they get the compensation along with the pain.

Some men get embittered by their misfortunes. They have chosen a compensation in strange form. For they actually get a pleasure out of their own bitterness, a sweetness out of their resentment and self-pity, an up-sidedown sort of solace in the thought that they are selected by fate for so much ill-use.

Pain and pleasure balance up in every life, given time enough. The great thing for us to look after is to get the *highest* form of compensation for our pains. For we can choose. The matter is left with us far more than we realize. We should seize and cultivate the strength and power of endurance that pain can give. We could find our souls in finding the compassion that is always underneath and along with bitter pain, compassion wrapping us round and awakening a new and richer manhood. We can take the slight worries as opportunities for acquiring self-control and evenness. And so in these ways there comes a welcoming of the pains even though they remain pains. There is peace and ultimately joy within through all that may be happening without. Out of pain thus taken and studied we learn to live two lives at once: an outer that feels the pruning and may

vince, and an inner that rejoices at the growth made possible by the pruning. Whatever things may look like, compassion is at the heart of them, a compassion radiating from the great Heart that all religions have pointed to. Life is a school and each event that comes forward to meet us is but one of the lessons. But school-days do not last for ever! A wider life awaits us beyond.

STUDENT

✽

The Vision of Knowledge

(From the Persian)

WORN with my much thinking, my body slept and freed me. And as I stepped forth from it radiant, I regained that joy of faith and hope which is hidden, deeper than thinking, deeper than mind, in the hearts of all men. I let the faith and hope pulse through my being so that thought was overpassed by them and transformed. At last I saw; through their light, their power, I had passed upward into knowledge. The glory, the purport, the unendingness of life became known to me. In the intensity of perfect vision, perfect knowledge, I remained still and held myself.

I came back to the body. I awoke. But now I had left the vision, the fullness of the knowledge. Not in the poor body can man wholly have that. But the hope and the faith that lead on to it, these he may have and the joy of them.

Once again began my mind to spin its thoughts and reasonings. But I said: "O mind, mind, alone thou canst solve nothing and thy path will be upon the earth, like the serpent's. But if thou wilt take and keep the wings of faith and hope and take and keep their joy, then some reflex of the vision shall come upon my thinking even here; some of the illimitable truth thou shalt find born within thee. So shall preparation be made in life for the light-baptism of death."

✽

A Prisoner's Contribution

THE following verses were received by Madame Katherine Tingley from a prisoner in one of the large penitentiaries. They are the tribute of a grateful heart, and their brave and manly spirit will appeal to every reader. In his letter, the writer says:

"I take the privilege of addressing you to thank you for your kindly words and endeavors, and the instructive thoughts you and your most capable lieutenants have rendered so beneficently to the prisoners behind these gray walls. To say we appreciate all you are doing, and to express our heartfelt gratitude to you and your assistants is the best any of us can do. We know that some time, somewhere, you and yours will be amply rewarded by seeing the resultant good that is sure to accrue as a direct outcome of the enlightening and elevating thoughts and the sunshine shed abroad in our hearts.

In our present condition we are encompassed about by scenes that are drear, and carry, some of us, burdens within that would seemingly overwhelm, were it not for the realization that we are indeed divine; being endowed with an understanding that how much of the Divine shall shine through us depends wholly on ourselves, after the true light has been unselfishly sent forth on its purifying mission.

We say in all candor that those who have given their time to talk to us and who are connected with the Point Loma Theosophical Headquarters are indeed men in the broadest sense of the word; and their encouraging words will certainly be of indeterminable benefit and lasting good to all concerned, in appealing to man's better self and awaking to fuller consciousness the divine spark within all."

* * * * *

FROM off the top you lofty mount,
Across the hills and little bay,
Nestled securely, safe and sound,
Is seen San Quentin, cold and gray.

Within these walls in humble mien,
Are many true souls who look to home;
In the past they see what might have been,
But manfully fight their woes alone.

Who knows that life's Law brought them there,
To work out years for another try,
And mindfully all their burdens to bear?
Look deep to solve the hidden why.

As these souls tread daily to and fro,
Their necessities and tasks to attend,
Ponder, sometime, as you daily go
On your path, and willingly lend a hand.

Life is most rosy when things go right,
But one misstep may make all wrong;
Then one must try by inner might
To meet his suffering and be strong.

So, in your walk each and every day,
Don't turn aside with a listless ear,
For beneath a ragged coat there may
Lie a heart that's big and true and dear.

Remember the fellow who's fallen astray
May have been once just as good as you;
And now, if he's wearing the stripes, don't say
He cannot as friend to friend be true.

And when you think of us, alone,
Every good act and kindly line
Will return to you if you have sown
In truth and love, the seed Divine.

✽

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Gleanings

THE tree winced and protested when the gardener came to prune it:

"I loved that branch."

"It was mis-shapen and sagged downwards towards the earth. In time it would have pulled your whole trunk over and twisted your straightness."

"And of that one I was proud."

"It was taking too much life and would have dwarfed your upward growth into the light."

"And why must that one go?"

"It was diseased and would have infected your whole life."

"But the cutting is painful, painful."

"There is no other way, and the pain calls forth the energy of growth."

And years after the tall and stately tree looked back and rejoiced at the pruning and the pain of it.

AY, be we faithful to ourselves: despise
Naught but the coward in us! That way lies
True wisdom making passage through our slough.

— *George Meredith*

IT is the heart, not the mind, that possesses the power to pray. Prayer is the yearning of the heart to *overcome*, and it can never be denied.

FOR those who wish to progress, the way is always and everywhere open.

WE are too apt to think that nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits.

WE are not punished *for* our sins but *by* them.

THIS is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.— *Bacon*

MAN is his own devil. When he is strong enough to whip himself, all other enemies are as straw, and may be laid flat by the push of a knuckle. The real gymnasium is the one in which the muscles of the soul are made competent.— *Richard Wightman*

QUIET minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson*

BE always displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest I have enough, thou perishest. Always add, always walk, always proceed. Neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate.— *St. Augustine*

To be man with thy might,

To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and
live out thy life as the light. . . .— *Swinburne*

Heard This?

Did you ever look at your watch to see if you had time to go back and get it?

"Mother, do missionaries go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear."

"Do cannibals?"

"Oh no, I think not."

"But, mother, if a cannibal has eaten a missionary he will have to be taken in, won't he?"

Life says that Angelina was correcting a misimpression under which Algernon was laboring. Here is her statement: "I want you to forget that I told you I didn't mean what I said about not taking back my refusal to change my mind. I've been thinking it over and I've decided that I was mistaken in the first place."

The vicar's wife was reading the Bible to an old woman of the village and the subject of the reading happened to be Solomon's establishment. "Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" asked the old woman. "Oh yes, Mary; it is so stated in the Bible." "Lor', mum, what privileges them early Christians had!"

"Come to this?" said Tomkins as he suddenly came upon his friend in the gutter beside the curb arranging vegetables upon a coster's barrow. "Why, I thought you told me you were going on the stage."

"I did," said the friend. "I appeared the night before last at the music-hall and while I was doing my turn the idea struck me that I might as well start in the vegetable line. I had the stock sort of forced upon me as you may say."

A tall, gaunt young man entered the office of an American Freak Show and asked for the manager.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the podgy man in a check suit.

"I want an engagement as a freak. I am Enoch the Egg King."

"What is your specialty?"

"I can eat three dozen hen eggs, two dozen duck eggs, and one dozen goose eggs at a single sitting."

"I suppose you know we give four shows a day?"

"I understand that."

"And you think you can do it?"

"I know I can."

"On Saturdays we often give as many as six shows."

"All right."

"And on some holidays we give a performance every hour."

The young man hesitated.

"In that case," he finally said, "I must have one thing understood before I sign a contract."

"What's that?" asked the manager.

"No matter how rushing business is at the museum," the Egg King replied, "you must give me time enough to eat my regular meals at the hotel."

GIFT
JUL 31 1916

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Be thou wakeful that each day
Mark a step upon thy way."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

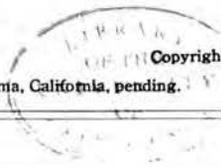
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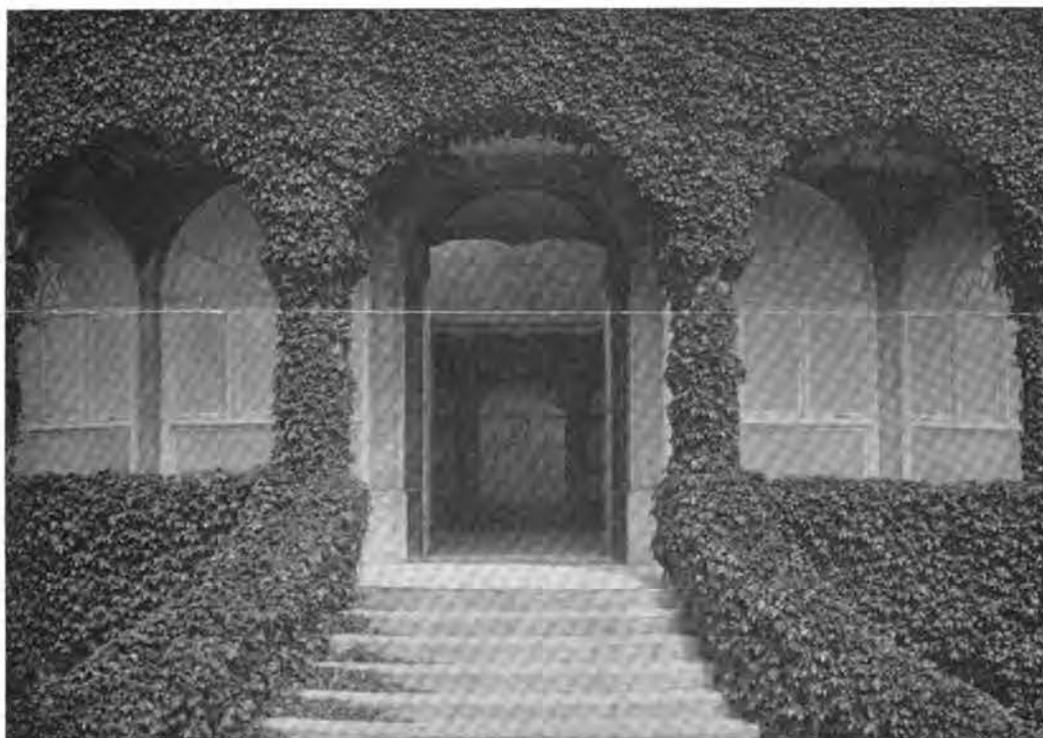


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THE DOORWAY OF THE "TEMPLE OF PEACE," LOMALAND

The Mind-Cure

"CHEW, chew, mull, mull, that's what the mind does all the time, never a let up."

"Do you give it anything to chew on?"

"Don't have to; it finds its own stuff. I wish it didn't sometimes. They say a lot of chewing gum is used in this country, but I never heard of anyone selecting gum that was bitter-flavored and sickening. Yet it's that sort that a fellow's mind takes to mull on as often as the pleasant. Which is very strange, come to think of it."

"Not so very, if you consider what the mind is really doing, which is scratching a sore place and making it worse. People think the brain-mind is the organ of intelligence, but it isn't. It's very unintelligent and needs watching and guiding like a child playing about in a room where there's a lamp and a razor and a fire and a revolver and some tacks and things like that. Intelligence is what does the watching. Intelligence can't make ordinary brain-thoughts of its own. Its work is to decide whether the thoughts of the mind are good and useful ones and worth going on with, or ought to be

dropped. But with most of us intelligence is a slacker and has let the mind get out of hand long ago."

"That don't explain why the mind often chooses bitter gum to chew on."

"You mean bitter memories, painful thoughts, fears for the future, chafe against restriction? It's because there's an ache somewhere—out in full consciousness or dimly away in the background—and the mind goes there or feels around to see what's the matter, to see and remove what is preventing it from being happy. It doesn't know the real cure. Just like the child with the hurt place, it only makes the matter worse and is preventing that healing which time and nature, if not interfered with, will do as well to aches of consciousness as to aches of body. It's only a guided mind, not one loose-running, running where it will, that can find the thoughts which will aid instead of hindering time and nature. *Then* the three constitute a physician that never fails to heal any kind of mind pain.

"The mind is like a child, really very ready to be guided on to proper lines. The job seems difficult, either because we never thought of trying it at all, or never knew how to try. A very few days of right work of this sort will show you what you can do. You only need to remember that if you, the intelligence, don't give the mind the right stuff and see that it sticks to it, it will chew and mull over the wrong and the useless. Yesterday morning when I woke, my mind started off recalling a story I had read the night before. The morning before that it was all on the worry about business. Another morning its chatter was about a little quarrel of the previous day. The reason was that in the evening, last thing, I had been reading the novel one time, thinking about business another, and about the quarrel another. Those were what I had given it in the evenings to chew on half consciously through the nights; and of course it was still chewing in the morning. You must give it the best stuff at night if you want a good day following.

"That chewing symbol is all right in its way, but there's another that gives us a better picture in some respects. You see a man thinking along about nothing in particular, letting his mind run where it wants to, and suddenly he laughs. His mind has rooted up something funny, happened upon a pun or a queer combine of ideas, just by chance. If he was an inventor you might see his eyes suddenly flash as in the course of his mind's runnings it happened to scare up the idea of some great invention which will make his fortune.

"A man out in the woods after some particular game will likely be depending on a dog trained for that particular scent, and will suddenly see that the animal has picked it up and will follow along himself.

"But the dog must be *trained* for that scent. And so if a man wants real truth about life and the soul he must train his mind for that business. And then it'll be on the hunt more or less all the sleeping and waking hours

and some time *find the trail*. Incidentally it will learn to drop scurrying along trails that lead nowhere or to painful scenes of the past and present and future. Give the mind a bit of training every night before you sleep. Read and think the best you can. Hold yourself as the directing intelligence and guide the mind into stillness as regards all such stuff as men mostly go to sleep on, and into alert receptiveness to the soul and to the highest ideas you can get out of books and yourself. In no long time you will be out of reach of pain and your days full of strength and peace that you can't now imagine. Great ideas, flashes of real truth, will be coming all the time and there will be no more talk of monotony or dreariness."

STUDENT



The Other Kinds of Thinking

"A MAN'S his body, I tell you. And when his body's dead there ain't any more of the man."

"His body. Then he *owns* it and consequently can't *be* it."

"That's just a catch on words. I mean a man is a body, just matter, and when the body's dead the man's dead."

"Is that a *thought* you've just uttered?"

"Yes, sir, and a good one."

"That is to say, at this moment you are a man thinking. What are you thinking of?"

"I told you—body and matter."

"But a thought isn't the same stuff as what it thinks of, is it? If you're thinking—and able to think—of body and matter you can't *be* body and matter. A man is what thinks. Matter is what can be thought of. Two distinct affairs. All the difficulties of life have come from mixing the two. For instance, we see matter wearing out or apparently coming to an end. A coat wears thin and gets done for. A burning candle seems to come to nothing. A stick gets broken. Looking on at this, man gets the ideas of wearing out, coming to an end, or getting broken. Ideas are made out of what's seen in matter, events happening to matter. But then he transfers these ideas to *himself* and out of them makes the idea of death. He sees some kinds of matter as blue or red, and some kinds taste sweet or bitter. He might just as well apply these ideas too to himself and think that *he* likewise could be blue or red or taste sweet or bitter."

"But you can see a man wearing out and feel yourself wearing out. And you can see a man die."

"No, you can't. You can see his *body* wearing out and feel your own wearing out. You can see his body die. But what's that got to do with the *man*?"

"But you can feel your *mind* wearing out—your thought feebling down."

"No, nor that either. What you feel is your *brain* wearing out, that piece of matter, the headquarters of the senses. And so, if you never learned to do any

other kind of thinking than what depends on the senses, that's concerned with the senses, you'll naturally seem to yourself, as they wear out and the brain wears out, to be yourself wearing out."

"What other kind of thinking is there?"

"Several sorts. You don't love your mother with your brain, do you? That love is one of the deeper actions of mind, beyond brain. Your brain gives you, gives your mind, a picture of a tree. That deeper kind of mind action with which you love your mother, if you knew how to turn that on to the picture of the tree you'd understand the tree, know what it was for, how it grew and what became of it when every atom of its wood and leaves was burned in a forest fire. You hear music with your ears and brain, but you don't get the meaning, the feel of it that way. Your brain gives you, gives your mind, the sound only, and then you appreciate the *inwardness* of the sound by another kind of mind action altogether. If you've sacrificed your comfort and sat up all night with a sick friend, it isn't with your *brain* that you get the feeling that you've done right. That feeling is sure knowledge, a sure piece of thought and mind-work, but not the kind of thought that the brain can do. In fact while you were sitting up and knowing you were right to do so the brain-thought might be doing its best to show you reasons for getting to bed.

"The true man is what has these deeper kinds of thinking. We got the idea of death from looking at decaying or broken or finished-up matter. Then we apply it to *ourselves*, with which it has nothing to do, and then proceed to get depressed or frightened. Man himself is something that death has nothing to do with.

"And even matter doesn't die, either. It only changes form. Nothing comes to an end; nothing ceases to be; except form. You and I change form at death, of course; pass into higher forms of you and me, a higher you and a higher me because of the very fact that we've no longer the passions of the body to pull us about and cloud over our true thinking. But the higher you is still *you* and the higher me is *me*. Stop that *brain-thinking* of yours now and then, and dig deeper in the silence into the other sort of thought and you'll find your true self that doesn't change with the body. The love that we ought to have for our human brothers, turned inward in the silence and so becoming also faith and trust and aspiration— is the key to knowledge.

REPORTER

Being Dead

I'VE never bothered about death since trying it once; rather, in fact, look forward to it.

It was this way. I was mighty sick with erysipelas of the scalp and got worse and worse for some days. Lots of fever, of course, and I kept slipping off into wild dreams that were mostly of frightful attacks and perils. I would wake up and find a doctor or a nurse around, or maybe the night silence and dim light

of the ward—and then the hot pain all over my head.

One night, about a week after I was taken sick, the pain, which had for some hours been all I could know of or think of—I seemed to be all head and the head on fire—began suddenly to ease, a most blessed easement I can tell you. In a little while my head and all my body seemed to get cool and light and restful. I never had such perfect bodily peace, I might say bliss, before.

Then I seemed to fill up with a sort of quiet radiance, moonlight-like, and the same light flowed out from me. I was bathed in it, and the sense of rest after the hot storm was real heaven. I wondered whether I was dead or suddenly well, but I didn't seem to care any. It was enough to be like that and enjoy it.

Then I saw a quiet lake with the moonlight on it and green trees and grass sloped all about and there was a sound of falling water and something musical. I was a boy again, back in the little old village, and the mill-wheel up the stream was gently turning.

But there began to be more and more light, not seeming to come from anywhere, just *there*, fuller and fuller, out around and all through me. And music like I never heard, coming and going in waves, till there was nothing but light and color and music and meaning. I seemed to understand everything. There was compassion, a great love working itself out into some tremendous plan. Somehow I knew I was part of that plan, holding it up, working it out, serving it; and my purposes about it seemed to go out into the music and the light, very swiftly and constantly, and charged up with meaning. And so there was life, intense life and movement and light and music and the meaning of things and the compassion.

Suddenly I heard someone say: "Yes, better, temperature normal." And I opened my eyes upon the ward and the doctor standing by me. I was cool and comfortable, no pain, only a sense of everlasting weakness that couldn't raise a finger. I shut my eyes again and tried to get back to the other thing. But I couldn't altogether. It was going like a dream. And whilst I was trying to get it I guess I went to sleep, just ordinary sleep. There were some hours of this and when I woke there wasn't any more of that other but a sort of general memory of the bliss of it, and the light and music, nothing that I could locate definitely.

But I knew that I *had* understood things in that while, and that somewhere in me, too deep to know, everything was going on as I saw it, and I was somehow a working part of it all. And the feeling of the compassion in things, underneath them, has never left me. I knew and I've known ever since that I was *dead* as people call it. And that's why I've never feared death. It's the way into real life. Live the best you know, boys, for the better and straighter you live, the better fit you make yourselves for the real work and the joy of it and the understanding of it the other side. STUDENT

Gods in Germ

"IF ever I'm inclined to think too low of human possibilities," said the yard philosopher and prison optimist, "I remind myself of the kings across the water, and then I feel better."

"Bosh!" said the yard sceptic, who, when he graced the outer world, used to favor a red necktie and believed in shirtsleeve diplomacy. "Ain't a king the same as the rest of us fellows here, varying around the present yard average?"

"That's just exactly the point," replied the philosopher. "Everybody knows that the average king is the average man. The question is, Why is he credited with extraordinary virtues and wisdom and sanctity? How ever happened it that these qualities got to be attributed to a visibly ordinary man and corresponding honor paid to him?"

"Came about gradually. I reckon," said the sceptic.

"Well, first of all, it didn't, as far as we know. Look way back, as far as history goes, back to old Egypt, Persia, India; and farther yet, into legends, legends of China, Scandinavia, Ireland, Wales, and so on; and in all these places and times you'll find the kings credited just the same with superhuman, and well-nigh superhuman, qualities and wisdom and powers. And the case is worse for you if you reckon it did come about gradually. For you've got to explain how, in the face of the obvious fact of their dead averageness, these dead average fellows got credited century by century with more and more of these well-nigh superhuman attributes. In England, for instance, it's a part of the Constitution that the king's wisdom is absolute; of himself he can do no wrong. He has the prerogative of mercy and may pardon anyone sentenced in any court. He, and he only, can confer rank on anybody, causing that person to get some of the same honor as is shown to himself. He's the head of the church and appoints all the church dignitaries, being supposed to have all the necessary spiritual wisdom and power to read character that that implies. A sort of peace-influence is supposed to radiate out from him all over the kingdom, so that a disturber is charged with 'breaking the king's peace.' He's supposed to be present in a sort of mystical way in the persons of judges and coroners. And if he appears in public he's greeted like a god from another planet—notwithstanding the fact that, as Sceptic points out, every man who thus greets him and half breaks his neck to look at him, knows him perfectly well to be just an ordinary man and sometimes below that.

"And it's all this that heartens me about human possibilities.

"For what I say is this: That men could never have been credited with all those attributes of wisdom and power and sanctity that they over there credit their kings with, unless some time in forgotten human history and in every people there had actually been men who had those attributes. There's no other way for it."

"Why don't they pay us a visit nowadays?" sneered the sceptic.

"I never said they were bred as thick nor as easy as cones on a pine," replied the yard philosopher. "There ain't more'n two or three tip-top poets or musicians to a century, and these other chaps must be rarer yet. Moreover it don't follow that when one does turn up he'd necessarily want a king's job. He'd think, maybe, that there were now better ways of helping the people. Or he might stay out of the West altogether, thinking that the peoples there had to learn a lesson of suffering before he could do much for 'em; might think China or India or somewhere gave him a better work-field for the time. Or he might take up some job that none of us can make a guess at. Or he might decide that his best line was to write as a great thinker and spread abroad some ideas or teachings that people needed and would take to and get help from. I don't know. But I'm safe set on it that there are and always were such fellows, one here and there, and that because of them arose the king idea and ideal. There's possibilities in human nature, your nature and my nature. There's a god-seed in every fellow and it's up to us to ripen it. And here and there you can see some that have got part way on in the ripening.

"So there's my hope for the possibilities of human nature, a hope got from wondering and studying how the king ideal could ever have come to exist."

"This yard full of latent kings will now go in to supper," said the sceptic as the bell rang. REPORTER



The World's Creditors

A MERCHANT doesn't usually owe his clerks any thanks. The balance is even when he hands them their monthly envelope. Thanks and gratitude would only be in order if one of them had voluntarily stayed a bit late or took an extra bit of trouble that wasn't in the contract.

To how many men does the world owe any thanks? Plenty of men serve the world—or that bit of it to which they have access, their city, for instance. But they mostly do it for pay of some sort, to be honored, to be looked up to, to widen their business connections, for a salary, or even for a chance of a quiet pull at the city treasury.

They get their pay and the contract's closed; nothing owing.

'Tisn't what men actually do that counts in the world's real progress; it's why they do it.

Here's a great inventor whose inventions make travel easier, or increase comfort or the general sum of wealth. But any amount of that is compatible with wide-spread physical and moral degeneration.

Why did the inventor do it? Because he loved the interest and excitement of invention? He got his reward as he went along. For cash? Generally speaking, the same is true. Either way the account is closed.

But if he did it in order to serve humanity's progress, to make life easier and more fruitful — purely or mostly for that?

Then he made a *gift*, and the world is his debtor. Not so much, perhaps hardly at all, for the actual thing he gave; but for the spirit of giving which he poured all along into his work, for the acted-out desire to give. *That* was what he really gave; that, poured in an unseen way into the world's starved life, was what furthered progress.

Think of an organism, say the human body. If each organ were to work and feed thinking only of itself, the general life of the body as a whole would die down and the body fall to pieces. The general life is high in proportion as each organ, besides feeding itself out of the bloodstream, contributes to the whole.

Christmas morning is fairly happy. There is a spirit of real good-fellowship, of giving, in the air. This spirit is life. Every heart is more alive on that day.

So the inventor who works to *give* to the world something, the city councilman who takes office that he may better the life of his city, these men who do their work in the spirit of giving, or do part

of their work in that spirit, as much as they can spare, are giving the world's life that touch which, when given for a few hours by everyone, we call the Christmas spirit.

You see, it is for want of that spirit that the world's life is so poor and thin, that there is so little health and happiness. So few people give a bit of their day and their thought to making the world their debtor.

Do you make the world your debtor? Do you do something everyday for the help or encouragement or betterment or happiness of someone else or some few else? Have you the spirit of good fellowship, of giving, alive enough in you for that?

It stands to reason that a man's life after death must be rich or poor according as, during his life on earth, he *gave* little or much to the world-life of humanity. If he gave nothing then there is nothing owing to him. If he gave much, though few may have known of his gifts, there will be the joy of finding that he is one of the great company and fellowship of those who in all ages have worked in the spirit of giving. It is a company which every true giver has unwittingly joined. And his heart knows it and is sustained by the fellowship; for the heart knows more than the mind. C.

The Triple Man

(The members of a California medical association recently visited the Rāja-Yoga School and College founded by Katherine Tingley at the International Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma. The following is part of an address of reception from one of the resident physicians.)

IT was one of Mme. Katherine Tingley's objects in the founding of this institution to show the power of a rounded and completely balanced education to develop among the children here under her care a unique perfection of health.

As men who are familiar with the vital statistics of the day, you will know that whilst our medical science has lengthened the average span of life, this lengthening is mainly due to an increased knowledge of the diseases of *childhood* and of the methods of warding off and treating them; but that in spite of all we can do, the diseases peculiar to middle and old age are increasing the number of their victims and steadily extending themselves back to the earlier periods of life. In other words, the people's hold on life is secretly lessening, underneath the deceptive lengthening of life.

Katherine Tingley desired to show a new way

of health through a balanced education which should call out the powers of *all* parts of the child's nature, holding that only in the co-operation of *all* the powers could secure foundations of complete health and long life be laid. The physical, mental and spiritual must evolve together for mutual perfection.

(1) The *physical* life is here developed to the full. The climate permits of open-air work and play all the year round. Games, drill, exercises and gardening are part of the daily program. And the dietary is carefully studied and under constant medical supervision.

(2) In healthy bodies the *minds* of the children are alert and eager, and as fast as they awaken are applied by carefully trained teachers to every department of modern education, singing and instrumental music being specially considered.

(3) But beyond the physical and mental the children are from the first awakened to recognize the moral duality of their own natures — the *spiritual* as the controlling higher, and the wayward *personal* as that which is to be controlled. They are steadily taught to recognize this fact of conflict between the two, and in that early recognition of the real existence of the higher they



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SURELY THAT WAS THE DINNER BELL!

learn to take sides with it in the conflict, and it becomes a more and more fully developed conscious element in their lives. It is Katherine Tingley's teaching that it is only by the full co-operation of this third element in human nature, the full letting of this into active life, that mind and body can come to *their* best. It is this highest aspect of our threefold life which gives the power of self-control, the power to resist the impulses whose so-often unrestrained gratification in the ordinary man gives us doctors the most of our work; and it is this which can come to the aid of and sustain the vitality when in the ordinary case it begins so prematurely to fail. Our life is threefold and each of the three requires the development of the others for its perfect functioning. And the spiritual, the controlling part, the seat of will, when it is fully awake in consciousness, when it is fully present as a part of the mind, gives awareness of immortality, keeps the vista *open* before the mind's eye in later years when ordinarily the thought of death would begin to cloud the horizon and to become one of the principal factors in depressing vitality and shortening life. The spiritual, in a word, keeps mind and hope and energy and will alive. It therefore gives power to resist disease, to extend the years, and to make old age a serene period of the richest ripening of consciousness.

It is the application of this principle of threefold education, the full eliciting of the three great activity-forces of human nature, which constitutes the system called by Katherine Tingley Rāja-Yoga, words meaning "Royal Union," union of the three.



On, On!

THE little things we let ourselves be delayed by! And the goal so greatly worth reaching!

What should we think of a runner in a game who should stop to pick up a piece of paper and quarrel with the man who had dropped it?

Time sweeps on and would carry us on with it as our friend and helper, if we would allow. But for how many bits of paper have we stopped!

It is not so much the *great* falls and mistakes that delay us. They have their lessons of pain, and pain is itself progress. It is the *little* things that waste the days. Some little wrong or slight rankles till nightfall and comes up again among the first thoughts of tomorrow. A day wasted! A day's progress lost! How many days have we lost like that? How much growth have we failed each year to make because we stayed over trifles, quarrels, worries, whose smallness and unimportance we can now see?

Take the lesson from that. Today has its trifles and possibilities of quarrel and worry just as had the today that is now a year or ten years back. What might you not have become by now, if as each came up you had sounded the great watchword "*On, on!*", flung the thing behind you and gone forward?

Begin now. Think, as each day offers its disturbing trifle: how large will this look in a year's time? In ten years' time, looking back, how shall I wish that I had dealt with it?

On, on! let the by-gones become forgotten by-gones in the instant of their passing. Fling them behind and go forward. You have not time for a quarrel, for friction. Forgive, overlook, regain your kindness, your peace, and go forward. Thus you make each become a stepping stone. The man has no fear of death, and no reason for fear of it, who has so learned to live by the watchword "*On!*" that his whole being is alive with the feeling of it.

STUDENT



Remorse and Repentance

LET us never confuse remorse with repentance. Remorse is born of fear and kills the will. Repentance is alight with hope and courage and resolution. Remorse disintegrates; repentance builds. Remorse looks backwards into shadows; repentance forwards into new life and a new way. Seen through remorse the past threatens and paralyses; seen in repentance it teaches and guides. Let past mistakes have their burial. What you did you cannot change; the man who did it you have already—in repentance—willed to change and begun to change, and are regaining the right to your self-respect.

Now see the changed quality of the future. Suffering there must be. No life is worth anything without that. It will be no more than necessary to show you how to complete in yourself that change you would not know your nature deeply enough to complete without it. As that is done, step by step, it passes; for that was its purpose. Search into it; trust it; find its meaning; work with it. So will its burden be light and its guidance very plain. Behind all life is a profound compassion that is nearest to him who suffers most. And this, when its presence and touch are known, makes all suffering welcome.

STUDENT



"Whenever I feel low and seedy and dispirited and irritable I think around over the other fellows, warmly, kindly, commending them for whatever of good I know them to have, take them all in, go out to them all. I find this does me a lot of good and I can get at my work with a new spirit. For life, as an essence, is this sort of good feeling. Any other sort is more or less of putrefaction and death. To get more life one must create more good feeling, good solid friendliness and commendation. In fact, I have sometimes thought that a good lot of the ill-health and disease we get is a sort of working out into the body of our ill-feelings towards each other. That slows down the general working and the microbes then get a chance. But it need never happen."

The Coming Race

BY JOHN A. SYMONDS

THESE things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.—*Selected*

**We, we have chosen our Path**

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

WHAT is the course of life
Of mortal men on the earth? —

Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish;—and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone.

But there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain. . . .
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey.—*Selected*



In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained, for knowest thou
When Fate thy measure takes or when she'll say:
"I find thee worthy; do this thing for me?"

Pluck wins! It always wins! . . . though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

Tender-hearted, stroke a nettle and it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it like a man of mettle and it soft as silk remains.

A Poor Unfortunate

BY FRANK L. STANTON

HIS hoss went dead an' his mule went lame;
He lost six cows in a poker game;
A harricane come on a summer's day,
An' carried the house whar he lived away;
Then an airthquake come when that wuz gone,
An' swallered the lan' that the house stood on!
An' the tax collector, *he* come roun'
An' charged him up fer the hole in the groom'
An' the city marshal—he come in view
An' said he wanted his street-tax, too!

Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry
An' cuss the harricane sweepin' by?
Did he grieve that his ol' friends failed to call
When the airthquake come an' swallered all?
Never a word o' blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Nor *him!* . . . He clumb to the top o' the hill—
Whar standin' room wuz left him still—
An', barin' his head, here's what he said:
"I reckon it's time to git up an' git;
But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yit!"

—*Selected*

That freckle-faced girl stopped at the post-office and
said:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for John Murphy?"

"No, not a bit!"

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"Absolutely nothing!"

"Anything for Tim Murphy?"

"No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor Denis Murphy, nor
Peter Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any other
Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized
or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female,
black or white, naturalized or otherwise, soldier or citi-
zen. No, there is positively nothing for any of the
Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and
forever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment.
"Please" she said, "will you see if there is anything
for Bridget Murphy?"

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The New Way Notebook

LET us consciously and deliberately put aside self at the turns of thought, and in no long time the clouds that hide all heights will be swept away. All we need is courage in facing ourselves.—*Katherine Tingley*

It is no shame to be commonplace—the shame is in staying so.

TOMORROW you have no business with. You steal if you touch tomorrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep any man occupied.

FINISH every day, and be done with it. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, have crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day, too good to be encumbered with old nonsense.—*Emerson*

IF we could see into the heart of the man we dislike, we would instantly sympathize with and understand him—his likeness to ourself would be so complete.

THE energy wasted in postponing till tomorrow a duty of today will often do the work.

WRITE it on your heart as each day comes that it is to be the best day of the year.

NOTHING goes out of life except to make room for something better.

FIGHT when you are down; die hard—determine at least to do—and you won't die at all.

THE quickest way to change present circumstances is to face them like a man and do the very best with them. As soon as they find you have thoroughly mastered them they will bow gracefully to you and begin to withdraw in favor of new ones.

MOST people have, once or twice in their lives, gone through that desolate time when before them stretched out a gray sunless prospect along a dusty road where there must be a solitary plodding. Until we have tried it ourselves we cannot believe that after all the first view is the saddest part of it; that as we go along we come to banks with starry flowers; tiny wayside streams—all manner of sweet surprises, and even more, above them all, the eternal blue of Heaven.—*Ruskin*



Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

THE star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast;
Serene and resolute and still,
And calm and self-possessed.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Heard This?

Heard as a funeral passed: "You don't mean to say that poor John Jones is dead?" "Well," was the reply, "they are going to serve him a nasty trick if he isn't."

"Please, Mrs. Smith, mother's sent your bucket back. She says she's sorry she broke the handle, an' will you 'ave it mended before Friday, 'cos she wants to borrow it again then."

Sandy: "There's no much pleasure in smokin' nowadays. If it's your own baccy you're thinkin' o' the awful expense, and if it's somebody else's your pipe's so full it won't draw."

"You was askin' why Dabe don't travel, Hyne. Jake Piper brought it up down to the post-office. 'Look here, Dabe,' Jake says, 'whyn't you travel some, now you've got money an' can afford it just as well as not?' An' Dabe looked at Jake as if he thought he was kind o' crazy!

"'Travel,' Dabe says, 'What do I want to travel for? Ain't I here now?'"

The wizened little man was asking for protection from his wife.

"In the first place," asked the judge kindly, "where did you meet this woman?"

The little man glanced apprehensively at his wife as he replied: "I—I didn't meet her, sir. She—kind o' overtook me!"

Irishman: "O'id have ye know, Pat, that O'i've got a foine boy baby, an' me neighbor's say he's the picter of mesilf."

Friend (consolingly): "Well, Murphy, what's the harm if he do resimble ye, provoidin' the choild's healthy?"

Two men were discussing the service as they made their way home from church.

"What was that sentence the choir repeated so often?" asked one.

"As nearly as I could make out, it was, 'We are all miserable singers,'" replied his companion.

Said the London coster: "It was superstition as made me marry my cousin Anna. It was a toss-up atween her and Mary, an' one day when I was athinkin' which of 'em I'd have I see a cigar on the ground. I picked it up, an' blessed if it didn't say on it 'BEST HAVANA,' so I took 'er."

"I wish, Henry," said the editor's wife, "that you'd try not to be so absent-minded when you are dining out."

"Eh? What have I done now?"

"Why, when the hostess asked if you'd have some more pudding, you replied that, owing to the tremendous pressure on your space, you were compelled to decline."



THE surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.

SEP 8 1916

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

*Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.*

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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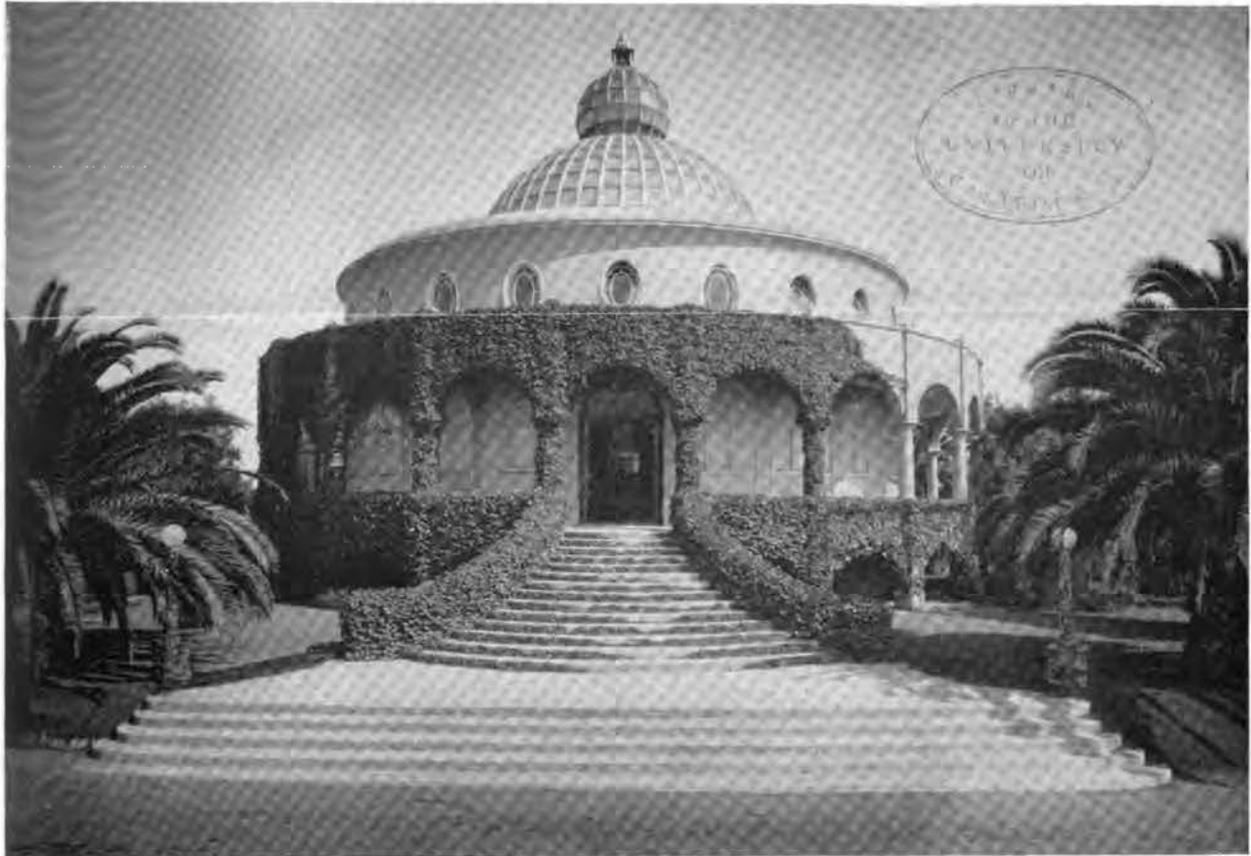
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THE "TEMPLE OF PEACE," AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA

The Ripple Widens

IF you study the earlier works of some great musician or poet you will easily find traces of the influence of other masters in the same art. He has come to his *own* best through the help of all who went before. And the currents go across from one art to the other. The poet writes better poetry for the great music he has

listened to; the musician better music for the great poetry he has read. Each of them needs all the rest to help him come to his own message, the message of poetry or music that he gives out to the world.

The matter is clear enough so far. But it is not so clear, though it is equally true, that *all of us need all the rest of us* in order to come to our best.

I'm not a great musician or poet — so far as I know! But none the less I've a message in me that all the fellows around me are in need of to come to their best and get alive by. It's a great message, too, but I can't get at it, and so can't give it out. That is to say I can't give out much of it. But if I pass a friendly and cheerful good-morning to the first fellow I meet, I *have* given a little of it. He isn't a poet or musician either; but his thoughts and work will go a trifle better all the day for what I gave him; and mine will go the better for having given it — especially if I was feeling blue and had to put some will into myself to speak cheerfully. And if he feels a bit better the betterness will go out into his talk and into his letters (if he writes any) and so out into the people he talks to or who read his letters. It may presently find itself even in Europe and in the long run help to head off some far future war. The world is just a trifle better at this moment for some fellow's cheerful good-morning or kindly deed of a hundred or a thousand years ago. The ripple of these things never dies away.

The neighborhood of and association with a healthy-minded, kindly-minded man, does me good. Association with a second such man presently will also do me good, the good being of a slightly different flavor, so to speak, because it was from a different man. Each gave me a ray of his special and peculiar "message." I need both of them. If I am to get my best I need a similar touch from all such men as are now on earth. And all men on earth need a touch from *my* best to help them to their own. And we all fall short of our best because so few of the others are trying to put out *their* best.

If you want to get to your best, be the best you now can to all the people you touch. They'll respond with something for you from *their* better side. And then it's your play again. So this fine old game will go on if only you will start it. Treat it as if it all turned on you and the result will surprise you. In prison there's an extra fine lot of opportunities, and since a stream of men is constantly going out, your influence on the world is as great as — perhaps greater than — if you were out there.

Deep inside we are all of us great and with a greatness that will help all the rest. We may not be able to get at it fully in this life. But to have the will to help, the will to encourage the best in as many others as we can — is the way to begin unlocking our hidden store. There is no telling the surprising things, the powers and capacities, we may unlock. In the meantime this is the only way to a sure and steady happiness and peace.

STUDENT

Let a man try *for one day* not to resent anything in his surroundings or in what happens to him, and to turn his thoughts away from his own personality — and by evening he will find he has gained a point he will never willingly recede from.

STUDENT

Mind and Muscle

"YES, I do about ten minutes' exercises night and morning. It's a fine practice once you know how to work it. But until I found that out they did me mostly harm."

"How could ten minutes' exercises do you any harm whatever way you did them? They'd grow your muscles anyhow, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, but there isn't much in that. If a man wants really healthy muscles he must line them all through with a healthy mind. The mind works the brain-cells, the millions and millions of particles of brain-stuff, each of them a living thing on its own account besides sharing the general life of the whole brain. And these brain-cells, in addition to being the keys and keyboard that the mind plays on for thought, have the job of moving the muscles under the mind's direction and keeping the organs at work. They send down the nerve-currents along the nerves that end in the muscles and organs. Through them, therefore, the mind itself connects with and communicates with the muscles and organs. And along the nerves, the other way about, the muscles and organs send back messages to the brain-cells and so through to the mind, letting the mind know how they feel. Mind and body are linked up and communication goes both ways. That's why, when the mind learns of a bit of good news, the whole body is revived by it and the heart and muscles feel and do better. And that's why, when the heart and lungs and muscles get the fine air and sunshine and pine scents on a mountain top, the mind feels good too.

"Well, when a man wants health, he must look after both ends of the circuit. If the mind is pumping sour thoughts and feelings through the brain-cells all over his muscles and body along with the currents that make the muscles move and keep the organs at work, what good are his exercises likely to do? He's undoing one way what he does with the other.

"I notice that for a while after I get out of bed in the morning my mind isn't doing much thinking. But directly I begin my exercises it wakes up and starts a stream of thoughts. They used to be mostly sour ones, grouches against people and rules, sharp snags of memory of what some fellow did or said to me yesterday, longing for this or that, disliking for one thing or another. The muscles sort of squeezed all that stuff into my brain and mind and often I'd finish the exercises right out of tune with everybody and everything.

"That's no good, I thought. No health's coming *that* way.

"Seems to me as if a man has got three sets of clothes. There's the garments he takes off and puts on, what we ordinarily call clothes. Inside that is the garment of his muscles and organs and brain-cells, his body. Inside that is his garment of thoughts and feelings, lining his muscles and body inside. I'd got to clean and health-up that inside lining if I wanted the

next outer layer in good shape. Exercises are no good to a man, no more than his food is, if his mind is sullen or slack or hopeless or dirty.

"So I took a hold on myself. I'd got to have hope and confidence that those exercises were going to make me all over again. I'd got to have the feeling that I was getting made over, the new feeling of growth and spring, the feeling of a light, gold sunlight, all through my muscles and body. I'd got to have a thorough good heart towards everybody, no grouch, no criticising, no fault-seeing and fault-remembering. I'd got to feel that I was giving life to my body and that the life was in me somewhere to give, that I was in touch with and could draw upon the great Life-Center.

"Well, I did my ten minutes' exercises night and morning like that. It was a fight with my mind at first, especially mornings, perhaps for two or three weeks. Then I began to win and I wouldn't quit those exercises now for anything. I don't know what I may *look* like, but I know that I have changed my body and mind all over and all through. And I've learned, too, for sure, though I couldn't exactly say how, that when the muscles and nerves and body do in the course of years get so that they can't take up any more life from me and nature, and drop away, I and my mind go on through into a new life that can't be very well understood yet because it's so different."

REPORTER

The Key of Gold

"I NEVER see a flower without there's a kind of tenderness in me for the little plant. It's doing its best with its bit of life."

The speaker was one of those large-souled men that love everything alive, flowers, birds, animals, children, their fellow-workers. I never heard him say anything against anybody, always found something to appreciate in the poorest human specimen. He'd got the *good-feeling habit*. I told him that one day.

"Why not?" he said. "It's as easy to acquire as any other habit and much easier than a good many. It's a dead safe habit, can't get you into any trouble. It gives you solid comfort all the time. And it's a universal key to knowledge."

"To knowledge?" I said.

"Yes, knowledge. Sympathy gives knowledge, a deep sort of knowledge that only comes that way. You can't know nature or human nature without it, not really know and understand them. It's easy enough to see faults in others. The morally and mentally smallest human atomies there are can do that. A man's faults are mostly on the surface and are not *him*. And there are not many sorts of faults anyhow, though they show up in so many different ways. Keep your attention on faults and you'll never see real human nature — though you may think your knowledge of faults is knowledge of human nature. For real knowledge you've got to

look beyond the faults. And the more you can get to see of another fellow's real nature, his real self, the more you will get touched yourself with his especial good qualities. No man develops his best except through the touch of the best of the other fellows. What a man thinks of he begins to take into himself or get wakened up in himself.

"Same with lower nature. There's a difference in gardeners, isn't there? One tends his flowers just because he likes the colored show they make, or for the money in them. Another because he loves them, loves them as living things with a kind of conscious life of their own that he knows of and is in touch with because of his sympathy with them. And they answer to him in the way they grow for him. That's a deeper knowledge than ever a man's brain could get if he wore his eyes out looking through a microscope. Not that I'm running down brain and microscope knowledge; the best thing is a combination of it with the other that comes by way of the heart and sympathy. It is the blend of mind and heart that we want for the attainment of full manhood.

"It's with a man's heart that he gets the deeper knowledge, the place in him where he loves his mother, where he sympathizes with children, the place in him that every flower touches as he looks at it. The heart is the center of tenderness and understanding sympathy, just as it is the center of life, the place where a man's life streams out over his whole body. It's the place where we make touch with divine life, the deeper life in everything and beyond everything."

"If a man will search for the place where he loves anything living, bird, flower, dog, a comrade, or what you will, he'll find it's his heart, the warm life-center there. Let him cultivate that, keep it warm and always warmer, keep a light there burning, and he'll some time make a great discovery. He'll find the rest of himself, much the biggest part, the part that's never before had a chance to show up and teach him. It's in touch with him, below, on earth, and with the source and essence of all life and intelligence above, the link between earth and heaven for him. We don't know ourselves and what we are, we little body-bound fellows; and the only way to know is to light up the heart; and the only way to do that is everlasting sympathy for everything living, the everlasting hunt for something to sympathize with and have tenderness for and understanding of. Drop the criticising and fault-thinking and sneering and girding. There's no progress for a man while that's going on. To get rid of that and get the opposite is the quickest way out of one's own faults and weaknesses, the quickest way into power to tackle them. Get the heart going. Wake up the heart if you want to live. That's the key to life and to understanding of life, and Life with a big L, to it. Genialness is the oil to the key, and love of everything living turns it in the lock."

REPORTER

The Self-Made Man

"A MAN is as his Maker made him"—is a sentence I often used to hear from my father. He was a kindly man, and that was the way by which he excused the faults of others.

But although I respected the allowance-making spirit of the remark, it always seemed to me that if a man is "as his Maker made him" he has neglected his opportunities. After a certain number of years he ought to be *as he has made himself*.

We start life with a certain character and as soon as babyhood has passed and as fast as the brain develops we show up what that character is. We are now in the hands of Life. Life puts us through experiences, pleasant and painful, fortunate or unfortunate, exciting or monotonous, and in this way effects changes in us.

But what have we done *for* ourselves apart from what we came with, apart from what Life has done upon us? Anything at all?

Mostly very little. Some men never at all turn their will inward and use it upon themselves to accomplish a fixed plan of self-creation.

"Endurance is the badge of all our tribe," says Shyllock, meaning that his people had had so many wrongs to put up with that at last they had got hardened to them.

But this is not endurance *won by will*, but endurance forced in by Life, by experience. That sort of endurance may be useful to have, but it does not inspire respect. If, five seconds after a man's alarm clock went off in the morning, a bucket of ice-water were poured over him, he would learn to spring out of bed on the instant of his clock, and after a while the habit would probably persist though the ice-water were no longer forthcoming. But this would be a very different sort of promptitude from that which a man would acquire who trained himself by unaided will to spring from bed on the instant of the clock's stroke. Will and character grow by acquiring powers *not* forced on us by Life and circumstance.

Keep ahead of them, therefore. Don't be content to be "as your Maker made you." Keep the *will to be* going all the time.

There are any number of books published nowadays that pretend to tell you "How to grow a strong will," "How to be a forceful personality," and so on. They are mostly misleading nonsense, and what isn't that, you know already as soon as you begin to think.

Every hour in the day the will ought to be a bit stronger than it was the hour before. For several times each hour we can practise it. We can will to wake three minutes *before* the bell goes and to get up at the moment we wake. We can spend a minute then in looking forward along the day and willing that each hour shall find us men on deck in command of ourselves. We can use our will in refusing to be disturbed from serenity and kindness by other men's little peculiarities and irritating ways. We can eat with the will that the food

shall gradually build for us bodies of finer health and of purer tendencies. We can give that last touch to all our work and duties. We can walk with a better carriage. We can refuse to let memories come in on us and awaken longings, remorse, fear, or the blues. We can compel our lazy minds to study something every day, a language, science, or what not. And we can insist upon it with our tired selves that the last few minutes of every day shall be spent in an attempt to feel the helping presence and comradeship of our higher nature.

All this will in time give us a character of our own making, grown for ourselves and above (or perhaps altogether replacing) that which we brought with us, or came to us by heredity, or was forced upon us by the experience of our lives. We shall have become in the true sense the *self-made man*. STUDENT

✱

Let Us Wake Up

I WAS dreaming. I knew that afterwards. But it seemed to me that I was awake, and anyhow I had some amount of intelligence and judgment—and that is not usual in dreams. Moreover I recognized the waking life as distinct from the dream life I was then in—which is likewise unusual. Dream life, while we are in it, is just as real and vivid as waking life.

I was dreaming, then, vividly, going through various happenings as we do in dreams. But as I said, I was also thinking. This, I thought, is of course the real life; it is these happenings and this scenery that is the real. That other life that I shall have to come to presently, that life which when I am in it I call waking life and which then seems so real—that is the illusion. Yet when I "wake," when I come into that other life, I shall look back at this, shall suppose it unreal, and dismiss it as a "dream."

Well, in time I did wake. It was of course as I had known it would be. On this side it was the other that seemed illusion, just as when on the other it seemed that this was.

Then it occurred to me: Suppose *both* of them are illusions! How could I be sure that this waking life we all live so interestedly was not an elaborate dream?

Certainly there could be only one way of knowing: namely to *wake up* and from that truly awakened standpoint see that the life we now call dreaming and that which we call waking—are *both* dreams. Many old philosophies have taught that and have laid down the rules for this true awakening.

It is good at times to think that this passing highly-colored show is unreal and there is a sublime reality beyond or within, possible to us. The show does not bother us so much then, gives us far less pain and anxiety.

But the show may be unreal and yet be of great importance to us. We ourselves are real anyhow, and the show is for our training towards a nobler destiny, the

true waking life. That life is already being lived somewhere within us, by some part of us. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," said a great Teacher: like a faint melody going on all the time underneath the crashing of coarse noises, the machinery of the show. You don't have to die to find and enter that Kingdom, to hear the melody, to awaken. Act according to what you get of it as fast as you get it. Stand up to duties. Bear quietly with slights and injuries. Look for outcroppings of the real man, the seam of gold, in other men, and keep that alone in your thought of them. Help, encourage, sympathize, in every direction. Cultivate honor, unselfishness, courtesy, charity of judgment.

These are the ways by which we may awaken. These

all around it, and get an original view of it and see the fun of it if there is any, or the poetry or inspiration of it if there is any. "I, my miseries, my wrongs, what I'm hoping to get, what I can't have but would like to —": all this sort of stuff doesn't get in on him. Consequently what does get in on him is worth being got in on by. A man's self is a cloud—and the only one—between him and the sun; it's a pair of green goggles—with flaws in 'em, too, that twist things out of proper shape. It's got hold of his mind and does his thinking for him; or rather does *its* thinking for itself instead of *him* doing *his* thinking for *himself*. That latter sort of thinking is worth while; the other is mostly a nuisance. The mind ain't like a bird; it can't be in two places at once.



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THE MAIN BUILDINGS: THE TEMPLE OF PEACE AND RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

are the ways by which, as we remain in and of the show, we make it serve our growth—which is what it is for—and deprive it of its power to trouble us or to swerve us from our path. Rightly looked at, the outer life, in all its succession, consists entirely of opportunities for progress. Every moment of aspiration is a momentary entry into real life, though at first we may be conscious of nothing. Encourage them and one day the new life will suddenly become clear and certain, running alongside of or within our present one.

STUDENT

An Impromptu Sermon

(OVERHEARD)

"NEVER thinks of himself."

"Well, what does he think of?"

"That's it. Because he doesn't think of himself his mind's got time enough and snap enough, and is clear enough from clouds, to think right into anything it wants to think into, and think to the bottom of it and

If one gets it the other can't have it. —Yes, sir; a man's got to look after his own interests: that's all right. He's got to take his food, too. But it doesn't follow from that, that he must be *thinking of taking it* all the time. The less he's on that between meals the better. And the less he's on the general topic of himself in the other between-whiles, the better. —Yes, I know; it's while a man is on some mechanical occupation that his mind gets to mull over self and wrongs and all that. But it's just then that he's got the finest opportunity to practise stopping that game. If he'll use the chance he'll find after a while that when he's alone his mind'll start of itself along a line of topics that are worth while and more than worth while, a line that will show him the very heights and inwardnesses of things, a line that will take him away from pain forever. It'll one day happen on some trail of thought that's got its top in the sun, and he'll only have to walk up.

"In proportion as a man stops looking after himself he gets looked after. In proportion as he doesn't think

so much of himself he gets thought of. In proportion as he gives out kindly thoughtfulness, kindly thoughtfulness comes at him. Whatsoever a man giveth that also shall he be given." REPORTER

How to Read Poetry

THE NEW WAY sometimes receives contributions of verse which show that although the writer has some of the feeling necessary for true poetry he has not read enough of it to have well mastered the art of expression.

The keys of a piano, struck in any chance order, do not yield a tune, a melody.

Melody, music, but of a special kind, can be got out of words if they are properly selected and arranged. The poet has a meaning to convey, but he must select words which will not only do that but will do it along with this peculiar word-music.

A man that has taught himself to appreciate word-music has brought something into his life that is well worth having.

Let us try over these two lines, bearing down long and hard over the syllables in italics and rippling lightly and quickly over the syllables between:

Mine eyes have seen the *coming* of the *glory* of the Lord;
He is *coming* like the *glory* of the *morning* on the *wave*:

We seem to swim on the words. And then we notice that the first letters of the repeated words *coming* and *glory*, the hard *c* and *g*, seem to strike like gongs; whilst the vowel sound *aw*, in *glory* and *morning* and *Lord*, rolls through the whole piece like an echo.

That is word-music. Here is some of another sort:

A *child kiss*
Set on thy *sighing lips* shall make thee glad.

Go slowly over the words in italics, making a pause after *kiss* and *lips*. We note that the vowel sound in *child* and *sighing* is the same, and in *kiss* and *lips*; whilst the *s* of *kiss* is repeated in *set* and *sighing* and *lips*.

Here is a musical little line of Swinburne's:

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain:

and we see now that the music is the repeated *l* of *ripple* and *lisp* and *leaves*, the repeated *r* of *ripple* and *rain*, and the repeated *i* in *with* and *lisp* and *ripple*.

The *moan* of *doves* in *immemorial elms*.
And *murmur* of *innumerable bees*.

Take it very slowly and note the *ms* repeated all along. Another from Tennyson, very short, but very suggestive of yet another principle in poetry:

Break, break, break,
On thy *cold gray stones*, O *Sea*.

Here we have the same vowel sound in the three *breaks* and in *gray*, in *cold* and *stones*, and the repeated *s* in *stones* and *sea*.

The words move slowly in order that each may con-

tribute to the gloom of the picture. See how they do contribute when you give them their weight. *Break* — as the word is dwelt on and repeated, the mind half reads into it the thought of hearts that break, of everything which in breaking leaves loss and despair behind. *Cold* and *gray* deepen the gloom, and without actually saying it give us a half-picture of the leaden sky and the chill day's depression. And into the silence comes the heavy fall of the wave.

So in this way we can see the principles of poetry — the use of words which say what has to be said, which in their arrangement yield us the peculiar word-music, and which suggest as well a large mass of meaning and feeling.

To a man who doesn't know much about poetry but would like to get on the inside of it — and we repeat that this is well worth doing — we would say: read Tennyson first, especially *The Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, and others which have a story in them; read Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Noyes' *Drake*, and Weir Mitchell's poems, the earlier ones in the collected volume. Go slowly; try to *taste* the melody of the lines, especially Tennyson's; and if any passage appeals to you as especially beautiful, learn a little of it day by day till you have it all.

This will strengthen the power of concentration and give you a hold on the mind you may never have had before, besides opening a door in to a new realm, one where there is some of the soul's light. STUDENT

Too Late

It is never too late.

Of all the fear-forged lies that shackle the human spirit one of the cruelest is implied in those two words: "Too late!"

Among souls nothing is irrevocable.

We men and women who are alive live about on this earth, little glowing sparks of divinity.

There is no rain of circumstance can put us out. There is no iron heel of catastrophe or malice that can cover and crush us.

If I have wasted my youth, well, I have yet my life, which still can be shaped to my will. If I have missed an education in the proper schools, the school of days is always open, the school of spare hours, of running time: I will attend, with myself as master, indomitable, with myself as insatiable pupil.

What are habits? I make them. I can break them. If it hurts I will not whimper. I will take myself in hand.

All about the walls of my room I will write: "I can. I can. I can."

I will not weep, nor go with those who weep, over lost opportunities. For every opportunity lost I can find ten new ones.

Said Oliver Schreiner: "It is never too late for the soul of man." — *Dr. Frank Crane* (Selected)

A Creed

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I HOLD that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise
Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust:
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,
Has many a hundred times been dust
And turned, as dust, to dust again;
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
Is curse or blessing justly due
For sloth or effort in the past.
My life's a statement of the sum
Of vice indulged, or overcome.

I know that in my lives to be
My sorry heart will ache and burn,
And worship, unavailingly,
The woman whom I used to spurn,
And shake to see another have
The love I spurned, the love she gave.

And I shall know, in angry words,
In gibes and mocks, and many a tear,
A carrion flock of homing-birds,
The gibes and scorns I uttered here.
The brave word that I failed to speak
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads
To urge to heights before unguessed.
My road shall be the road I made;
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreath my head,
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mold,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.—*Selected*

The Road'll Turn Some Day!

I KNOW the road is rocky
And the hills are hard to climb;
I know the feet get bruised and sore,
And it takes heaps o' time.
I know the burden's heavy—
Oh, you needn't 'ttempt to say;
But just keep a-ploddin' onward—
For the road'll turn some day!

I know that homesick feeling
And the ache you bear alone;
I know your heart is breaking
By the bravely stifled moan.
I know the arm you leaned upon
Has now no power to stay;
But just keep a-ploddin' onward—
For the road'll turn some day!

I know the structures you have hewn
Of youth's day-dreams lie low,
I know you see their ruins stare
Everywhere you go.
I know the sunbeams round your path
Long since have ceased to play;
But just keep a-ploddin' onward—
For the road'll turn some day!—*Selected*

To Thy Full Stature Thou Shalt Grow

BY thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed.
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-worn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part,
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow;
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is run,
And thou mayst look back from thy place,
And see thy long day's journey done.—*Beatty*

In a Friendly Sort o' Way

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WHEN a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the
sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region o' the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what
to say,

When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.
—*Selected*

A MAN'S faults are connected one with another, and many of them that look very different have the same root. The small ones are usually miniatures of the large ones, and we are never safe from bad falls with the latter till we have fully taken up the task of wiping out the former.

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The Notebook

THE great majority of troubles would be trifling were it not that we add to them the anticipation of other like ones that may come (but probably will not), and the memory of former like ones that in their singleness were by no means as bad as they now look in block.

GRIEF is always conceited. It always thinks its case peculiar and unmatched.

MINNIT a man stops lookin' fer trouble happiness'll look fer him.

A TROUBLE can either be remedied or it cannot. If it can be, then set about it; if it cannot be, dismiss it from consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become transfigured to a blessing.

Some of your griefs you have cured.

And the sharpest you have survived:

But what torments of pain you endured

From evils that never arrived!

THE universe pays every man in his own coin: if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends. Censure, criticise and hate, and there will be some to censure, criticise and hate you. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust, and confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, love begets love.

MEN are like fish. Neither would get into trouble if they kept their mouths shut.

THE most profitable display of energy is to take on the activity nearest at hand, not journey to some far off section to find a job that will just fit your inclination.

Is a man "a thief" because he commits a theft? Is there no more of him than the thief part? Why should you label the whole of him with a label that belongs only to a part? Condemn a deed, not a man. You don't know a man's heredity, nor his upbringing, nor the force of temptation and circumstances. He may not have come to realize what he was doing in its true light. He may have resisted but just lost his battle by a hair. And against some other weakness in his nature he may be making a very fine fight of which you know nothing, much finer perhaps than any fight you are making against your weaknesses.

THE young plant grows old and puts forth flowers—but the flowers are young. The flowers fade—but the seeds they nourish are young. The seed decays, but out of it comes a new plant. Everything makes for its own renewal. Why will we not live in that spirit? For every wearing out there might be something new within us. Indeed the wearing out is only for that.

Heard This?

He was (he himself admitted it) a very expert driver, able to drive through a garage gateway so narrow that a new coat of varnish which he gave his car was grazed on both sides. But then he sandpapered the gateposts, and it was all right.

"Didn't you have a brother attending these lectures last year?"

"No, sir, it was I. I'm taking the course again."

"Extraordinary resemblance, though; extraordinary."

A negro preacher, having announced his text from Jeremiah, thus proceeded: "This good man's name was Jerry, but after his enemies threw him down into the dirt it was changed to Jerrymire."

He: "My dear, a burglar fired his revolver at a man and the bullet struck a button, thus saving his life."

His wife: "Well, what of it?"

He: "Only this. A man could shoot at me with a revolver and never hit a button in a month."

A little boy, having been assured that

Satan trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees,

asked why, since it produced that effect upon him, Satan should take saints upon his knees.

A medical student, learning the use of the ophthalmoscope, was told to examine a patient's eye. "Most extraordinary!" he said, after a long inspection: "I never heard of such a condition before. My man, have you ever had an expert's opinion on this eye of yours?" "Yes, once," said the patient dryly. "The man who put it in for me said it was a very fine bit of glass."

Bill, in temporary charge of circus during absence of owner, wires to latter as follows: "Chief leopard escaped, prowling about town, children in danger, wire instructions." "Go out and shoot him on the spot, you idiot," was the instantly wired reply. Bill pondered the reply a while and after an hour or two wired back: "Which spot?"

"Here's a story of a man who got a piece of ice lodged in his throat and choked to death."

"Ah, another case of death from hard drink."

"That drummer is certainly a persistent salesman, isn't he?" remarked Old Fogey.

"Should say he was," replied Grouch. "Why, if he ever gets to Heaven when he dies he will try to sell St. Peter a card-index system."

A Scotch minister from a large town was asked to fill a rural pulpit for one Sunday in lieu of the usual occupant. Among other matters he was to pray for rain. There was rain in floods next day, destroying some crops. Hearing of which, one elder remarked to another, "This comes nu o' trusting sic a request to a meenister who is no acquaintit wi' agriculture."

GIFT
OCT 16 1916

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

*Each Today with purpose true
Let the soul be born anew.*

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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SWEDISH DAY AT THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, JUNE 24, 1916
THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE EXPOSITION OVER THE PUENTE CABRILLO

How to Grow Old

"HERE'S another day," groaned the man as he wearily pulled himself out of bed.

That was the keynote he struck for himself every morning. Every morning he deepened a line in his face or added a new one, and every morning he got two days older than he was the day before.

Two days?

Surely. Time itself made him one day older. And he himself not only gave himself the other but spoiled the quite different kind of olding that wise and kindly nature would have liked to do for him.

Every spring the Earth in its circling round the sun gets into such a position that the solar rays wake up new

life. We all know the spring feel in our limbs and blood. We are renewed to some extent year by year notwithstanding that we are also growing older.

In its degree every morning does the same for us as the spring, gives us a new dose of life, renews us. The body is ready to take it if we don't hinder the dose with our minds; still more if we make our minds actively co-operate.

"Here's another day!" Think it, say it, with something of a ring. Stand a minute in the mind-silence and salute the new come day; take the gift of life. Time has made you one day older since yesterday morning. But Time knows his business; the kind of growing older that he brings about is not the kind we make for ourselves. We spoil his work. Youth and the middle years and old age are all in the plan for us, all necessary for our full growth through experience. Old age was meant to bring richer and wiser and fuller inner life just in proportion as the life of the body and its faculties quiets down with the years. The plan was increasing *freedom* from the body, not increasing tetherance to it, a freedom that death would complete. The later years were to bring a finer flowering of mind.

Why should we not live along that line? Why not take every morning in a new spirit, in the spirit of renewing, feel the mind refreshed, the body new-charged for the day, the soul-life stronger?

In a cell? Just as well in a cell as anywhere else. A man's growth in mind and spirit, his preparation for a great life beyond, doesn't depend on where he is or what his work is. One set of surroundings may be pleasanter than another; but we can find the light to live richly by just as well in one as the other.

If we will take each day's beginning in this way we can not only greatly extend our years but make old age, when it comes, the time of ripening that nature intended it to be.

STUDENT



The Deeper Freedom

A MAN has not necessarily told us all about it when he says he wants his freedom. We want to know what part of his nature he wishes to have free.

He may, for instance, want freedom to see things as they really are.

"Well," you may say, "let him go ahead. Let him see things as they really are if he wants to."

But there's the rub. A man's got to see things through his *mind*, see them as his *mind* sees them, think about them with such thoughts as his *mind* makes. And these thoughts may be all wrong. He may even know them to be wrong while compelled to have them. This is surely bondage, the opposite of freedom.

"I know it isn't that way, but I can't help thinking it is," said an unfortunate inmate of a lunatic asylum once to the writer. He was properly a man of much intelli-

gence, and, as his remark shows, was one of those not few insane persons who know they are insane. To be quite accurate we should have to say that his *mind* was insane but that *he* was not. His delusion (his *mind's* delusion) was that everybody was conspiring against him, and though he knew this was not the case he had to take the over-strong thought of his mind about it and in general act accordingly. He got on top of his mind at last, bossed it, and became again a sane man.

But in some degree we are all in just that case, even worse. This man knew that his mind was colored with a false conception. But though our minds (yours and mine) are undoubtedly full of false conceptions and notions about everything, we don't know they are false, accept them as they stand, make no judgment about them.

A dreaming man does not make any judgment about the nonsense he is then occupied with, takes it all as O. K. But after he has waked he does make a judgment about it, judges it, namely, to be mostly nonsense.

To get real freedom of the sort we are considering we have to carry our waking a stage further. How are we going to manage it?

It seems to me that we have to get such complete power over the ordinary brain-mind as to be able to get it on occasion out of the way altogether and look at things as it were over its head, then seeing things as they actually are. That would be the fuller waking up.

So we want the power of real silence, mind-silence, not mere lip-silence. We want the power to prevent the mind from throwing across our eyes its empty thoughts, whims, moods, fancies and general nonsense.

Feeling our way inward behind the mind, feeling in, as it were listening in for a while for a sense of the truth about things, about ourselves, about life, is the method. A man begins to feel himself something bigger than he ever dreamed before, after a spell of that. He will feel humble too; there's no vanity about that. He will feel as if he were a light shining down on himself and all through himself, a light that makes him feel kindly to everyone, and young and full of some sort of higher strength. He fills up with the gladness of that and begins to know what he really is and will be, though he can't put what he feels into words or exactly think it in thoughts. For it's too large and deep a piece of knowledge for his brain to tackle.

But if he goes on doing that, more or less every day, gets a habit of reaching in like that, in betweenwhiles as chance offers the opportunity, his mind gradually changes and grows, so that at last it *can* make thoughts to correspond with what he comes to know about life and himself. He's expanded his mind to suit himself instead of letting himself be narrowed down to his mind and so imprisoned.

Wouldn't that be real freedom? It is open to us all and when we have got it we shall not bother so much about any other sort.

A FELLOW-PRISONER

The Bird's Nest

"MY best thoughts come to me when I'm working in the fields or at some mechanical job that doesn't need the whole attention. The balance of the mind sometimes hatches out some fine ideas then."

"The other way about with me. My mind starts off then on some tack that drives me half crazy. I wish I knew what to do about it. If I could only get myself out of my own thoughts——"

I watched some sort of bird feeding its young once.



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WHERE SHAKESPEARE LIVED
STRATFORD-ON-AVON, ENGLAND

It stood on a branch a little above the nest with a bit of food in its beak. Then it just dropped the food down into the midst of the young, all with their mouths wide open, ready. I reckon the strongest and quickest got it oftenest, so that he kept ahead of the rest in his growth and activity.

When a man wakes in the morning there's generally nothing much doing in his mind so long as he lies still. But directly he stirs and gets out, the customary buzz of his usual line of thoughts begins.

The reason is not hard to understand. The brain is like a central telegraph station, millions of minute charged batteries connected with wires (nerves) that run out to the muscles. The mind in the middle touches off these batteries according to the movements we desire to make, whether the little movements we call speech,

or larger ones. Thought is constantly tending to run out into motions of one sort or another. The more active the thinking, the more is the whole body tuned up through the brain into readiness for movement, though of course there is higher thought that is beyond the brain's business altogether.

The thing works both ways. Just as thinking can stimulate and touch off the brain-batteries, so the brain-batteries—which are all connected together—when they get a good sparking charge, can and do stir up the mind. During life the mind stands in very close touch with the brain.

Whenever a man starts to make a movement, that is, wakes up a current in his brain, to send it down along the nerves to the muscles concerned in the movement, some small part of the current remains behind and spreads itself as a backflow through the brain as a whole. That's why any muscular movements start thoughts a-going. And it stands to reason that the thoughts that are the strongest or most ready or customary to the man will be those that start first and keep at it the most steadily. Whether this is a benefit or a curse to him then depends upon *what* thoughts come most readily to him, *what* thoughts he has allowed his mind to foster and develop. He must face his own work, lie in his bed as he has made it. But if he finds it uncomfortable he can of course begin to make it differently for the future.

The time to do this, the time to make a new set of thoughts for the mechanical work to rouse up, is when we are alone and quiet. Though of course we can at all times be trying to replace poor thoughts that worry us with good ones that have light and hope in them. So the cure is to spend some part of our quiet time, especially the last half-hour of the day before sleeping, in hatching out some thoughts that it is good to have and that lead on to peace and freedom. How can I get more power to fill my mind with peace and light; how can I get more willingness to see the best in other men and overlook the worst; how can I find the deeper current of life and thought that goes on within me; how can I get to know what I am, back of the mind-scurry?—it is thoughts and questions like this that we must begin on.

Let us remember that all the thoughts that worry and

irritate us come from that twisted knot of thought in the middle of the mind which we call our personality, ourselves. This is not the true Self. If, in our quiet moments, we turn away from that, with its constant fearing and worrying and grieving and complaining, if we give it no voice then in our thinking, if we then for the time disregard it and make for the ever-present Light, we can gradually find our real Selves. The whole outlook will change and the mind become reborn. And then the hours of the day, the hours of mechanical work, will be pure pleasure and profit and growth. We have opened the waiting vein of gold which we did not know we had.

STUDENT

✽

That Irritable Feeling

FEELING irritable—ready to go off at half-cock. We're all of us liable to that at times. Some few unfortunates are never in any other state.

Monday morning is the great time for it. We don't get our usual exercise on Sunday, and we have leeway to make up.

Being irritable is really a spring-reeness to make short spurts of exertion for unreasonably small causes. For instance, to smash out savagely at a fly.

The thing is worth study.

The body has a great influence on the mind. Some morning when you are feeling pretty spry and cheerful, take on a dejected slouch in your walk. You will find that the mind and feelings will presently also take on in their way a dejected slouch.

Another morning when you are feeling blue and slack and spiritless, stand well erect, walk as you would if you were full of energy and snap, do your work in the same way, keep the thing up for ten minutes or so, and by that time the mind and feeling will *be* full of energy and snap.

Of course the thing works both ways. A man whose mind is for the time alert and hopeful will find that his body behaves and looks quite differently from what it does in moods of hopeless depression. The body takes the color of the mind and the mind is under the influence of the body.

If a man has got one leg crossed over the other or swinging free from a high stool and you give it a tap just below the knee-cap it will execute a kick. But the kick will not be because he wants to kick you. The mind will have no share in it.

On Monday morning there is a lot of energy on board not used up on the lazy Sunday. That is why we smash out with such unnecessary violence at the fly or some such trifle. That is why some other man's careless chance word or act may even draw a blow.

To be irritable, then, means that the body contains lots of little stacks of energy stored up in the nerves irregularly and where they should not be. It is not

that large and regulated storage of energy which means health and readiness for general activity. The irritable man may have very little energy of any sort, but what he has is lying about among the nerves in wrong places and amounts, ready to explode on small occasions uselessly. His mind takes on the bodily conditions, feels itself irritable, and has distorted views of other people, their actions and motives, and of conditions generally. The fly calls forth not only an explosion of *bodily* energy but of misdirected passional or *mental* energy too. It is as if the man whose knee-cap was tapped for the sake of experiment found that not only was his leg responding with a kick but his mind also with the *desire* to kick.

Now as we are men and can do what animals cannot, that is, alter our minds at will whatever the bodily conditions, let us *be* men and refuse to let the body's irritability make *us* irritable. Let us cultivate our wills by being extra serene-minded and kindly and courteous on irritable days. It is sometimes best, on those days, not to let the thought of other people into our minds at all, or of grievances. Leave it all to another day. Some effort of that sort will in a few weeks produce an astonishing clearness and evenness of mind, a recognition of how small and distorted are the views of things and of life which we have been taking, and how swift would be our progress if we got above it all. The mind of every one of us is by nature as clear as a telescope lens if we would but keep the fly-specks off, as strong as a giant if we would but untie the thousand little strings of self-thought. The further we take ourselves from the animal limitations the nearer we come to the god's freedom and joy.

STUDENT

✽

Intuition

SUDDENLY I seemed to see myself, what a poor creature I had really been all those years. Small and mean is no name for it; and yet I had been perfectly satisfied with myself all along."

An animal could not take such a view of itself as that. Science considers man as just a highly developed animal. He is that—*plus* the something that can take a critical view of this highly developed animal with all its modes of behavior and capacities of thinking. If he finds the thinking animal unsatisfactory, "a poor creature," he can alter it to suit his ideal of what it should be. Standing, as it were, over it and holding his position, there are no limits to his power of growth.

This seems to imply that there is something in man beyond his brain-mind, a higher story of knowing and thinking, a mostly little lived-in story above the ground-floor. There is, but we have no very good and complete name for it. We live there, and we don't live there. Both these are true. What we call intuition shows that some part of us is really there.

Intuition is the power of understanding something not

yet understood by the brain-mind, of seeing a reason for doing or not doing, which has not yet been seen by the brain-mind.

But we are accustomed to take no account of knowledge that is not brain-knowledge. We live with our brain-minds almost entirely, and what is not known there is mostly not known at all, or at any rate is quite disregarded. Conscience is intuition. It often knows of extremely good reasons for the doing of something or avoiding the doing of something which are not apparent to the brain-mind. For it can look far into the future and see the outcome. It can look in upon the man's "self" (or what he is accustomed to reckon as himself) and see the effects upon him of the deed. But all that ordinarily gets into the brain-mind is, as it were, the words *do* or *don't*. "I felt it was wrong," said a man to the writer once, "but my mind reasoned down the feeling with a score of reasons why it was right after all. I couldn't answer them, and though this inward feeling never changed and was a kind of dead weight at my heart all the time, I did the thing."

The results of the deed had wrecked his life.

The place of intuition and of conscience is also the place whence come his harmonies and melodies into the mind of the composer, and the suddenly flashing inventions into the mind of the great inventor. In the same place there is full understanding of life and why we live and whence we came into life and the greatness of the future for us.

So it is a place well worth getting to know. It is the place where "The New Way" begins. There is a "light that lighteth every man (mind) that cometh into the world," but the mind has got out of the way of noticing it, and it has become very dim, as it were from disuse. It is the light of intuition, of conscience. The way to brighten it again and make it a constant joy and companion to us, with all its knowledge, is just to discipline the mind to attend to it and to follow its leading more and more. Try it.

STUDENT

The Doer and the Deed

AN OMITTED CHAPTER FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"

"IN this country," said my guide, "we have a perfect system of justice, which allows of no caprice or whim on the part of the judge, and in no way depends on his temporary state of mind. He is supplied by the State with a book in which all crimes are accurately listed in respect to their character and magnitude, the proper punishment for each being subjoined to the

description. The judge has therefore but to turn to his book, find the particular crime, and announce the punishment appended to it. The affair is almost automatic. The crime is, as it were, put in the slot, and the punishment proper to it falls out below. Our judges are held in much honor and are men carefully selected for their cold, clear intellects."

I must admit that I was moved more by astonishment than admiration. I told my guide that in our country we give less attention to the offence than to the man who has committed it. We have no such book, I said, as you have described, and much more is required of our judges than a cold, clear intellect. They are selected from those of our young men who from their early childhood have shown most knowledge of hu-

man nature, most compassion for its failings, and most kindly wisdom in their dealings with their fellows, as well as — of course — most rectitude in their own lives. For all our children are carefully watched from the first, and under the constant supervision of and in constant companionship with wise and specially trained persons who are as much their friends as their teachers. So the selection of those who are in later years to fill important positions in the State is easy and sure. And among these positions we consider that of judge as most important of all.

The judge, in our country, I continued, informs himself of the prisoner even more exactly than of the crime. He talks confidentially with him, gets into touch with his real character, its strength and weaknesses, es-



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"FOR WHAT I AM ABOUT TO RECEIVE . . ."

timates the temptation and provocation, and finally determines what treatment — we do not call it punishment — may be hoped so to better that character that it will for the future be able to surmount that sort of temptation and provocation. He inquires into the prisoner's health and education, and where these are defective arranges for their betterment. He may order immediate complete liberation, or liberation under certain conditions, or detention of indeterminate length with such or other kind of suitable and beneficial work. Everything, you see, with us, turns on what the prisoner *is*; with you, solely on what he *did*.

With my guide's reply I need not trouble the reader. At best he would but admit the possibility of some advantage in a compromise between the two methods — much of the exactitude of one system with some little of the flexible humaneness of the other.

God

A TALK OVERHEARD

"YES, I used the word God, and now you ask me to define what I meant. I don't know why I should not make a try at it. Here are a few scraps of definition as they come to me:

"*The supreme Essence of Light*, throwing off lower and lower essences, or denser and denser ones, till the last of them is what we call matter.

"*The great Thinker*, thinking the thought of the Universe and slowly working out that thought through all the forms of life that exist.

"*The Great Musician*, working out a symphony in tones that common ears cannot hear. You know that experiment with fine sand? There are trumpet-shaped or funnel-shaped brass tubes to be bought now with the large open end turned upward instead of forward. A parchment or rubber membrane is stretched tightly over the open end and sprinkled with a layer of fine sand. When the small end is put to your mouth and you sing a note or a succession of notes into the tube, the sand begins to move and takes shapes, geometrical shapes, shapes of crystals, shapes of leaves, ferns, trees, and so on. That is, sound or music throws matter into forms, the forms we see about us in nature. And so it wasn't so very unreasonable when some of the old philosophers said that there was unheard music all through nature, causing matter to build itself into forms of crystal, plant and animal.

"*The Center of that vibrating bond between all things* which, when we humans become conscious of it between ourselves, we call kindness, brotherhood, compassion, sympathy.

"*That to which the living centers of all things unconsciously aspire*, the force of this aspiration resulting in the vast scale and ascent of evolution. But man can aspire consciously. And if, having got that far, he refuses to do so, he's out of the scheme of things and is

making for the repair-shop or even for the scrap-heap!

"*The Source of all sorts of life*, from the lowest life of the crystal or the living speck in the pond, up through plant and animal life, up through the life of human minds, up to the grandest soul-life of the greatest men — which they consecrate to this Source with every breath and which they use to further general evolution and to make men more conscious of the bond between them.

"All these, as well as many others, seem to me to be *aspects* of God. The living Reality is too much for *mind* to understand. To understand we must *get there*, and for that it is open to all of us to become great souls."

REPORTER

Silence

THE talkative man can no more be a deep man than a leaky cistern can ever be a full one. For owing to his habit of talking out what he thinks and of trying to talk it out as fast as he thinks it, he loses the power of having thoughts that *cannot* be talked because they are too deep for expression by words. That is, he has lost the power of meditation. But it is by just such thoughts or states of thought-feeling as this that we must pass through into the Light, into real knowledge. The talkative man may, it is true, have *flashes* of such thought, but owing to his habit of attending only to the thought that can be talked, the flashes will pass mostly unnoticed through his mind. Moreover the speed of his thought gradually comes down to the speed at which he can talk it, though his swift talking may get him the credit of swift thinking. But in reality he will have but one clear thought where the man with the power of silence will have fifty. What thinking he does do, even when alone, will always go by broken jerks instead of in one strong onward flow, because his mind has acquired the fixed habit of standing still a moment between the jerks while he listens to his own words. And his thought will be all over the place instead of in one line because the power of guidance is too preoccupied with constant superintendence of the *expression* of thought to be able to give proper directing care to the current of thought itself. So the current is mainly free to wander at its own will.

For all of which reasons we cannot do better for ourselves than the practice of deep mind-silence when there is no talking that needs to be done. But this does not mean that we must become morose or refuse a friendly chat on occasion.

STUDENT

THE situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest — here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free!

— Carlyle

Play Ball

THIS world's a diamond, with the bases laid,
 And on it Life's great game of ball is played.
 The teams are Human Beings versus Fate,
 And Time's the umpire, watching by the plate.
 We're at the bat. Our purpose o'er and o'er
 To wield Ambition's club and try to score,
 To try to solve the curves the pitcher throws,
 And lam the sphere where not a fielder goes.
 Some of us seem to bat with skill immense,
 Knocking long homers o'er the deep field fence.
 Others bunt infield hits, but wildly race,
 And beat the ball down to the primal base.
 Still others, though they strive their best, no doubt,
 Fan wildly at the air, and then—strike out;
 Then seek the bench, downcast, with visage drawn,
 Crestfallen, shamefaced, blue, ambition gone,
 Or rag the umpire, growling like a bear:
 "You robber. That decision wasn't fair."
 That's not the game. Be not a grouch or quitter.
 What though you're not a straight 300-bitter,
 You've got another chance. Stand to the plate,
 Grab tight your bat, get braced and calmly wait.
 Wait for a good one. Let the others rip,
 And when it comes—now—Lam it hard and zip—
 It's got to go. And so must you, old man,
 Hike for the base. Keep going—yes, you can
 Steal second—good—now, easy,—not too gay,
 There—get a lead—a hit—now you're away.
 Keep on—don't stop—don't lose that dandy stride,
 You've got to beat the throw-in—slide now—slide.
 Hurrah—you did it. Score? Of course you scored;
 See—there's your tally marked up on the board.
 And now you'll win the game—no doubt at all;
 You just can't lose, old man, if you'll Play Ball.

—The Maize

✽

That new leaf we turn over comes straight from the tree of knowledge.

The office-boy who cleans inkwells by letting them soak while he does something else is on the way to success.

WORRY is as a dangerous, injurious book, the reading of which not only takes up the time that might have been spent in reading a good, instructive and helpful book, but, at the same time, poisons the mind of the reader, corrupts his soul with evil images, and sets his feet on the pathway to destruction.—*Bindery Talk*

GOVERNOR HODGES of Kansas was called to inspect the State Prison at Leavenworth. The warden had notified the prisoners of his visit and some hundreds of them had collected in the assembly hall to welcome him. The Governor was invited to make a short address. The request visibly embarrassed him, but after a moment of hesitation he began: "My fellow-citizens—" This did not seem exactly the right thing, so he paused and presently started afresh: "My fellow-convicts—" But this seemed wrong too, and a number of his hearers were smiling broadly. So he tried again, dropping his formal manner and with a smile spreading over his face too: "Well, I don't exactly know how to address you boys, but I'm mighty glad to see so many here."

French Trench Philosophy

"You have got two alternatives—either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about. If you are, you have two alternatives—either you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about. If you are at the front you have two alternatives—either you are in reserve or you are on the fighting-line. If in reserve, you have nothing to worry about. If you are on the fighting-line you have two alternatives—either you scrap or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about. If you do you have two alternatives—either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about. If you do you have two alternatives—either you get slightly hurt or you get badly hurt. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about. If badly, you have two alternatives—either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever."

—From *The Cambrian*

To find the real value of a man and an egg—break them.

✽

MR. T. B. ALDRICH once paid a little visit to Mr. W. D. Howells, and after his return wrote him the following letter:

Dear Howells:

We had so charming a visit at your house that I have about made up my mind to reside with you permanently. I am tired of writing. I would like to settle down in just such a comfortable home as yours, with a man who can work regularly four or five hours a day, thereby relieving one of all painful apprehensions in respect to clothes and pocket-money. I am easy to get along with. I have few unreasonable wants, and never complain when they are constantly supplied. I think I could depend on you.

Ever yours,

T. B. A.

P. S.—I should want to bring my two mothers, my two boys (I seem to have everything in twos), my wife and her sister.

"I think she'll make a fine wife. I have been calling on her for several months now, and nearly always find her darnin' one of her father's socks."

"That caught me, too, until I found out that it was the same sock."

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The Notebook

BE not an advocate for thy vices, nor strive to justify thine imperfections. Think not that to be concealed which the sun doth not behold: that which the sun doth not now see will be visible when the sun is out and the stars are fallen from heaven. Meanwhile there is no darkness unto conscience, which can see without light. There is a natural standing court within us, examining, acquitting, and condemning at the tribunal of ourselves, wherein iniquities have their natural condemnation and nothing evil is absolved by the verdict of himself.

— *Sir Thomas Browne*

THERE is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

— *Sir Thomas Browne*

SURELY it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams, to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both. We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the [deep] slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul.

— *Sir Thomas Browne*

Let every soul,
Heed what it doth today, because tomorrow
That same thing it shall find gone forward there
To meet and make and judge it.

— *Sir Edwin Arnold*

FRUITFUL is thought if it be girded with meditation; fruitful is meditation if it be girded with right deed; Thought thus girded can destroy the great evils of our nature.— *Hindu*

He drew a circle that shut me out,
But love and I had the wit to win;
We drew a circle that took him in.

HEAVEN is neither a place nor a time. There might be a heaven not only here but now.

THEY will enter no region of darkness or grief whose mind is the abode of kindness. No evil that the soul dreads can come upon him who is kind and protects all creatures. This great, rich earth, with all its generations of men, is vigilant that sorrow shall not come upon kind hearts.— *Hindu*

THE source of final happiness is inherent in the heart; he is a fool who seeks it elsewhere. He is like the shepherd who searched for the sheep which was in his bosom. That light, like the morning star, that dwells in the inmost heart of every man, is our refuge.— *Hindu*

Heard This?

"I used to be very gay and fond of the world and all its fashions till I saw my folly. I liked silks and satins, and ribbons and laces, and feathers, but I found they were dragging me down to perdition, so I gave them all to my sister."

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

Neighbor: "I s'pose your Bill's strikin' the 'arp with the hangels now?"

Long suffering widow: "Not 'im. Strikin' the hangels wiv the 'arp's nearer 'is mark!"

Mistress: "Look here, Biddy! I can write my name in the dust upon this table!

Biddy: "Indeed, mum, there's nothing like a bit of eddication, is there?"

Cavalry Sergeant: "I told you never to approach a horse from the rear without speaking to him. First thing you know they'll kick you in the head, and we'll have a bunch of lame horses on our hands."

"When I said my prayers last night didn't you hear me ask God to make me a good boy?"

"Yes, Tommy dear."

"Well, he ain't done it."

Doctor: "You must give up all mental work for a time."

Patient: "But, Doctor, I shall starve. I make my living by writing poetry for the magazines."

Doctor: "Oh, you can keep on with that."

Village Clergyman, going his rounds: "Fine pig, that, Mr. Dibbles, uncommonly fine."

Pious Farmer: "Yes indeed, sir; if only all of us was as fit to die as 'im!"

Willie: "Pop, what are ancestors'?"

Father: "Well, I'm one of yours—your grandad is another."

Willie: "Oh, I see. But why is it that folks brag about them?"

"The idea of letting your wife go round saying she made a man of you; you don't hear my wife saying that."

"No, but I heard her telling my wife that she did her best."

Prisoner: "There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey: "Phwat? Run away an' niver come back agin? You shtand roight here an' Oi'll run ather yur hat."

Binks: "Shafer, do you know that woman across the street?"

Shafer: "She certainly looks familiar. Let me see it's my wife's new dress, my daughter's hat, and my mother-in-law's parasol—sure! It's our cook!"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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WAITING FOR A GUEST: SOME LOMALAND SCHOOL TOTS IN THE GARDEN

Neutrality

SOME think America missed a great chance at the opening of this war and that it has now passed from her. She did not miss it in proclaiming neutrality. There is a neutrality which says: "I will have no part with that fighting crowd. Their quarrels are no affair of mine. I take neither side."

There is a neutrality which would have said: "*I take BOTH SIDES in the name of the Soul of humanity. That Soul is mine and theirs alike.*"

It can never be wounded without all feeling the wound, every nation, every individual in every nation. It is more than an ideal of the idealists: it is a living reality everywhere; its spiritual energy is the sole sustainer of

civilization, the sole preventer of lapse into barbarism. First present in the hearts of nations and men as the spirit of brotherhood, it can pour in no more of its limitless gifts till that one is harbored and encouraged. Upon that one we should have built our neutrality. "Their quarrels are no affair of mine"—*that* neutrality was no lesser a stab to the Soul of humanity than the war itself.

In the avowed name of this Soul, proclaiming it, rising to a new sense of its being, we could at the beginning, in compassion, have called a halt, sounding a peace cry more potent than ever yet was any war cry. So great a power would have been behind us that our cry would have paralysed the spirit of war not for an hour, but, by birth of a new and most glorious precedent, *for all time*. We, the American people, making ourselves for the first time among nations the mouthpiece of the proclaimed Soul of humanity, would have ended war forever and suddenly conferred on humanity an aeon of progress by our faith-ensouled new Declaration. As a nation we should have made ourselves the cornerstone of the human Temple of the Human Soul.

But we lost that offered and possible leadership of the Western peoples. "Their quarrels are no affair of mine."



Dismal November

WE are all feeling a bit dismal just now. Nothing exactly the matter, and yet the thing is undeniable. No snap in the day, nothing seeming very interesting or much worth doing.

A medical writer in the Sunday issue of a California newspaper tells us that the feeling is an echo from ages past when we lived clothed in skins. The October fall heralded the cold and barren winter. The plenty and warmth of summer was over and food would soon be difficult to get. There would be no more berries and wild fruits. The lakes would be frozen, fishing impossible, and the hunters would have to stay at home with nothing to catch. So these primitive men were depressed and anxious, and their depression and anxiety recur periodically even to this day.

Has the writer got the whole of the truth? We will try to go one layer deeper, anyhow.

Our bodies are a part of nature and partake in nature's changes, and very few of us are strong enough to prevent our minds from being colored by our bodies.

What is nature doing now? The pulse and thrill of spring have long gone by. And dying down now is the rich life of summer. The trees and shrubs have borne their flowers and ripened their seeds. Their year's work is done. It is getting time to rest. The annual life-tide is well on the ebb.

It is this same receding of life that we all feel, going on in us as well as outside us in nature. We are bound to feel in our bodies some lessening tendency to activity and to pleasure in activity. What we are *not* bound to

feel or allow is the mental depression and perhaps irritability or surliness that are so apt to develop out of the lessening life-tension and thrill. Resist *that* and the natural season of fall will not *age* us, will not leave its traces permanent in our nerves and fibers. And we shall be ready instantly to take advantage of nature's new life when she stirs again.

Why do men, not in Christian countries only, but in nearly all countries, celebrate Christmas? They never made some common agreement with each other to do so.

At that time the new nature stir begins. The spirit of life begins to stretch his wings. Something is born again. The older nations felt that life is always something divine, and so Christmas time to them as well as to us was a divine event. They felt that the *soul* of life stirred anew then, within and at the same time with the outer natural pulses; and that if they aroused themselves to it, to the sense of its new presence, they could themselves be spiritually new-born. Upon this idea Christianity set its seal and warrant.

So let us hold on steadily, quiet and even-minded and undepressed, between now and then, merely counting it as a period, as it were, of partial life-rest. And when Christmas comes with its real new birth and new brotherhood, let us seize and hold the spirit of it alight on through the days till spring shall awake all things physically as Christmas awoke us spiritually. So doing we can always, year by year, be growing younger in spirit even while the body slowly ages. We shall have learned to live.

STUDENT



Dead Days

THERE are some days, we all get them, when the bottom seems to have fallen out of things. Nothing looks worth doing, nothing is interesting, nothing offers any hope of pleasure.

The cause of such a day we may not be able to discover. It may be some heavy blow from the hands of fortune. Or it may be a reaction from a spell of keen enjoyment. Or it may come from a disappointed expectation.

As a matter of fact these are the most valuable days of the year. They give us an opportunity for insight into the real values of things.

Life mostly is, and always should be, intensely interesting to us. But we get our interest wrongly located, absorbed in the wrong places, in doings, enjoyments, that are not worth anything like the amount of interest we put there. But on the dead days our interest is cut loose and there seems to be nothing we can attach it to. Tomorrow, or a little later, we shall get back to our normal again; but, as before, we shall be at any moment in danger of another dead spell.

We are in this danger because we do not rightly treat this dead spell when we are lucky enough to have one. We get negative, sit down under it, fail to study it.

It is not man's business to be tied up and swamped in

externals — doing and enjoyments. Behind all this he should be living another and much richer life. The dead, blank days are the chances to get at this. A wise man would refuse to look out for or accept any means to sidestep the chance, would refuse to hunt up anything outside to make a diversion. He would take quite another way. It only requires a little grit.

The problem is to alter oneself into a kind of self that does not care how things are outside.

"Oh, what's the use?" On dead days a man as it were flings himself down with that exclamation. "What is in it all for me?"

Say it another way. What is the use — of this dead day? What is in it — for my profit?

Be hopeful and confident that there is something for you, and feel back into yourself for it. Keep the confidence; keep living inside yourself instead of looking out. Let each passing half-hour still find you like that, hopeful and confident, and by evening you will be conscious of something of a victory, a new peace. You will have got nearer the real life and will be able to hold it. Some more fights like this and you will break through, becoming a new man that no external blanks (or fullnesses) can ever again disturb from his peace in the deeper life. And this deeper life will go on getting deeper and fuller of life and interest and change and perception and understanding with every passing year. The mind and feeling will have entered the great current of general human life and will then soon find itself sharing some of the incessant divine work of clearing and purifying and enriching it. Conscious co-worksip with divinity is always a possibility for us, and there is nothing like that for interest and joy. STUDENT



The Cyclic Chessboards

LET us remember that it is not in the plan of things, not in the way of nature, that we should feel alike two days running. If we were completely masters of ourselves, in conduct and thought and moods completely self-guided, we should still have daily changes of feeling and tendency. The cycles will go on even when all weaknesses and faults have been removed. Different parts of our natures come up with the passing days, each part with its special strength, its special possibilities of failure. Some of these cycles are of weeks, some of days; some come round year by year. Some seem quite irregular, peculiar to each of us.

We are as a man playing many games of chess with as many opponents, turning from one board to another and advancing each game by one move at a time. It is the move of *that day* that he has to make, the problems of that particular chess-board to face, not the move or problems of the last or the next board. It concerns him only to make well the move of the day on the board of the day. But all the time, from board to board, he will be growing in skill.

Let us stand up, then, bravely, each day, to the problems and difficulties presented for us that day. Let us at its close be able to write down in our hearts: "Good work today. No result (perhaps) visible, but I know it was good work because it was hard." Then we are ready for tomorrow.

Each "chess-board" in its recurring turn comes round again. The good move we made on it last time it came is there to our credit, of itself suggesting and inspiring another. For always, when conditions recur, there recurs with them the spirit (or perhaps, the spiritlessness!) with which we met them at their last visit. Meeting each day for all we are worth, we can be sure, even though no result may be yet to show, that we are banking strength, strength that will some time measure up to all the difficulties of all the days. We shall have won the medal of manhood, whose real nature is known to so few.

STUDENT



Habit-Making

O *DESIRE, I know where thy root is. Thou art born of thought. I will not think of thee and thou shalt thus cease to exist.*

That is a text from a very ancient Eastern book. It contains the key to making ourselves anything we want to be.

Desire to do a thing comes of thinking of doing it.

We do something once, perhaps quite casually. A memory of the doing is registered in the mind. When the thought chances upon that memory a little desire to do the thing again is apt to be born. Yield to that desire and the memory-picture is made clearer, and then the desire is stronger, and in no long time there is a habit.

The thing done may be quite trifling, hardly giving any pleasure at all, and yet a binding desire and habit may be born of it. Dr. Johnson could not walk down Fleet Street without touching every lamppost with his hand. He had done it once and at the next post there was a faint memory of having touched the last one, and so a faint suggestion and desire to touch this one, and at last he had that little craze unmasterable.

In the same way men have grown a craze even for torturing themselves — mostly, as they thought, "for the love of God." They did it once and got some pleasure out of it behind the pain, the pleasure coming from the sense of having will-power enough to do it or of being holier than others, or of having specially pleased God. And from the thought of it the desire to repeat it. And at last the whole life was given over in joy to the habit of self-torture.

How much more is this true when the first doing of the thing gives actual positive pleasure in itself! In this case thought is strongly attracted, desire born at once and quickly in full growth, and at last there is a habit which may easily wreck the entire life.

But we can of course make this principle work for our good. If we steadily refuse to let the mind think of

some evil or mistaken action, the desire to do that action begins to die at once, after a while gets too weak to overmaster us any more, and at last dies out altogether. It is quite easy to acquire the habit of not letting thought be drawn in any particular direction, though not so easy to give the mind the habit of running nowhere save where it has been told to run.

And it is quite easy to acquire an overmastering desire to act rightly. Act rightly once and let the thought of the pleasure of having done so, of having used the will victoriously, remain in the mind a while or come into the mind at an odd moment. Yield at once to the new-born desire to do that thing again when the chance comes. We can soon create and nourish a set of desires which will redeem us, re-create us, give us a nobility of character and a power of mind which will measure up closer and closer to our highest ideals.

Act rightly once. There is the seed. Be content for the moment without laying out a long plan of acting rightly for evermore. That sort of plan-laying into the future wakes up oppositions in our nature which there is no need for. Only think of the right act with satisfaction, and the desire to do it again will come naturally of itself. The only danger is lest satisfaction become *self*-satisfaction, self-applause, a sense of superiority to others. Keep totally clear of that sense of superiority, of any criticism of others who don't seem to be making any efforts — any attitude but kindness — and you are all right. We are all brothers anyhow; the backwardest of us will awaken some time; and some time we shall all be at the top together, able to look back and wish perhaps that we had begun the climb sooner. STUDENT



The Song of Life

THE spring and thrill of the morning seemed to have got into everything. Some children danced hand in hand, singing, down the village street towards the little bridge. A lithe young fellow swung past whistling. And from every tree the birds were flooding the air with their song.

Poetic sort of things I had read in various places about life and its song came up into my mind. "Divinity sang at the dawn of the worlds," says some old writer, "and the song became the life of all things. It has resounded ever since, though few be they that hear it." "Listen to the song of life," says a little book of guidance for those who wish to reach the divine soul of things. "For as the individual has voice, so has that in which the individual exists. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song. There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced — but it is there."

As I said, a few things like this came up into my mind, and I began to think. My first thoughts stepped off

towards — physiology! which must be forgiven a doctor.

So I remembered that the ear has two other functions besides hearing. One part of the ear contains a curious little apparatus which enables us to tell whether we are upright or not, which gives us the sense of balance. And the third function is concerned with the tone, the tension, of fibers throughout the body. This is shown in the fact, for instance, that when we are listening very intently, many of the muscles are apt to take on so much tension as to be quite set, especially the breathing muscles. Breathing may indeed stop altogether for a few seconds.

An air that I heard sung last night came into my mind and echoed through me a long time — a sort of background to my thinking. *Where* was it sounding? It seemed all through my body. To say it was in my memory would not explain anything.

Might not the body, as a vast system of strung fibers be considered as a sort of harp? Bearing in mind that third function of the ear, may not the attention and listening to music bring about among other things a tightening up or tuning of all the fibers in succession that are capable of responding to those notes? And may not the after-echoes in "memory" be due to the same waves or thrill rippling once again (in a fainter way) over the same strings?

We could not understand music or make anything of it unless it was in some sense already within us, any more than we could understand a man's speech unless we knew his language, or understand high thoughts from a book unless we already had those thoughts latent in us, waiting to be called out.

All music must be somehow already in us, though we don't notice its presence. Listening to music is having our attention called to what is there ready to be noticed and understood.

It must be life itself, that thrill always passing through the body and into and through every cell and fiber of it, that contains the essence of all harmony and melody. Outer music, listened to, in the act of listening, tunes up some of our fibers to respond to a fragment of the previously unfelt music of *our own* life-thrill. We seem to need this outer help because we are so accustomed to take notice only of what has come to us from without. We have never accustomed ourselves to listen to the inner life-thrill, the "song divine" itself. But that is no reason why we should not open our inner hearing to this song of life as it is constantly sung both within us and outside in all nature. If we practised for a little while every day, in the silence, when the senses are unoccupied, paying no attention to the stream of mostly worthless thoughts that is always passing through the mind, and make for something higher, the higher ranges of feeling, beginning with full generous love for everyone and everything living, we could soon attain sense of the deathless music of life, soon reach understanding of what it is doing in and for us and in and for the whole of nature.

M. D.

Tommy's Philosophy

HIS mother had been trying to teach Tommy something about sin and God's punishments for it.

"I don't like that, mother," he said. "I want to love God and I can't if he punishes."

"But he punishes you for your good, my dear, and he loves you all the time."

"Is it God's punishment, mother, if baby puts her finger in the candle and burns it?"

"Oh no, dear; that's what we call nature. But God made nature, too. It isn't a *sin* when baby puts her finger in the flame. It would only be a mistake, and the burning would teach her not to do it again."

"But when I played with the matches yesterday and builded a house with them and they caughted fire and burneded me, you said it was God because I knew I

was good just because you was afraid not to be. That's why God waits. But mother—"

"Yes, my dear."

"I gets teached about fire when I puts in my fingers to the candle and it burnus me."

"Yes."

"And you said it's nature teaches that."

"Yes, that's how you learn that fire burns."

"Then I think it's nature that makes hurts on people when they sin. And then they know—but it's an awful long time after—that sin makes hurts. So they gets teached about sin. And now I think I can love God."

"Oh, Tommy, didn't you love God before?"

"I don't *think* I did"—very doubtfully. "You see, mother, there was some of God that punished and I didn't love that part. And there was some that made me



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THE LOMALAND COLLEGE BAND

mustn't play with matches. Does God sometimes burn people and sometimes nature?"

I went on reading—carefully, hearing nothing. I wanted to know how my little wife would deal with this subtle problem. Evidently she decided to evade it.

"I don't think you can understand these things yet, dear; you will know more when you are older."

This was unsatisfactory and Tommy fell to doing some thinking on his own account. And presently he began again.

"Mother, I don't think God punishes sin at all; he lets nature do it all the time. And sometimes neither of them don't do it, neither of them."

"Oh yes, dear. God always punishes sin sooner or later."

"Why don't he do it at once? If people always getted punished the minute they sinned, they wouldn't sin any more when they found that out, would they?—But I know. There wouldn't be any good in being good if you

want to be good, and I do want to be good sometimes, mother, and I did love that part. But it's *nature* that teaches us about sin. I think God's very nice, after all. Could I speak to him, mother?"

"I think you do speak to him, my dear, in your heart, when you want to be good."

"And if I wanted ever so, oh, as much as that"—throwing out his arms—"would I see him?"

"No, dear, I don't think you would *see* him, exactly. But you would feel his light in your heart and you would feel his love."

"Mother, I think God's made of light."

"What makes you say that?"

"'Cause when I'm good it's all lighter everywhere. When I'm naughty it makes me think the windows is all grayed up and dirty, and all the house—yes, mother, and all out of doors, too—is darky and horrid. Yes, I think God is partly made of light. An' it's a light that wraps up people an' gets into them an' they sees things

out *through* it. And he tells nature to teach people all what sin is and not to do it and *he* makes them *want* not to. — Oh, what a lot of questions there is to be asked! — Mother, I think God listens when you asks a question, and then he makes you think of the answer, and that's *him* answering. But you must make long, long thinks, too, for yourself, before he tells the answer into your mind. Daddy thinks out of books. There's think books and picture books. — Oh, you naughty pussy!"

The kitten had knocked over the brick house Tommy was building.

REPORTER

Count Yourself In

ONE of us had been doing some reading at a physiology book that usually lay quite undisturbed on our library shelves, and had been giving us some newly acquired wisdom on the subject of diet. The prison diet, he said, was all wrong: much too starchy, and contained too little flesh-forming matter — which was why we were out of health and had bad digestions.

"Yes, I've read that book," said the yard philosopher, "and some others like it before I got in here. I read them for the same reason as our friend here — to get some notion of the body I walk about in or that walks about with me in it. I suppose I did get *some* notion, but on the whole it was the play of Hamlet with the noble Dane's part left out. To be clear, *I* was omitted.

"Now, that's quite an omission, for in all the doings of my body I've got to be counted in while *I am* in.

"Part of the year some of us have got duties out here when the sun rises. Now a man can do what he wants to with the sunrise. The first rays strike right through him, wake up his body and give him a certain amount of new energy for the day. That would be as far as the physiology books get, if they get that far — the passive side of the business, what'll happen anyhow.

"But suppose I actively and voluntarily take that sun-picture into my mind, consciously encourage the new glow all through, feel my mind awakened up as well as my body, make use of the livening up as a fine opportunity to feel myself as a soul with power to live more and higher that day than I ever did before, and then turn away and get to my work without losing hold of all this: — why, the thing has done a hundred times as much for me as for the other fellow who was merely passive. I've counted myself in and made myself count for something.

"The diet here may be wrong, as Tom was proving out of the book. But the book treats of this food business as if a man was nothing more than a bit of mechanical apparatus, a steam engine with no more to do in the matter than to open his door and shovel in the fuel. That *is* about the case with most fellows. They eat with themselves left out of account.

"Suppose they step into the game. Let them do more than open a hole in their faces for the food to go in at.

Let them stand inside the doorway and *receive* the food, stamp it with their wills. 'I'll make this food do its part to build me all through in better shape. It shall yield its life to me. It shall give me a new vim. It shall make me a brain fit for higher and finer thought than I could ever do before. I'm a soul with power to make it do all this and add the effect to the effect of the fresh sunrise.' Let a man count himself in in that way and eat a thousand-odd meals a year like that. 'The body is changed all through by the end of every few years. Let a man superintend the change himself, eat cheerfulness and kindness and higher life in general into his feelings along with the food into his body. And then he'll get to know how thoroughly he can make even a bad diet do a good job and renew him into health of body and mind.

"The books talk a lot about work and waste and repair. So much work, so much waste; so much food and then so much repair. They leave the *man* out. Why shan't he count himself in? Repair's going on all the time, every cell in the body repairing itself nearly as fast as it wastes all day, and at night making up the deficits. A man can make his work, whatever it is, a way to health and renewal. His mind can be a help or a hindrance to his body. If he'll keep cheerful and hopeful and kindly, his interior building work will be along live and healthy lines. He can work away no small part of his bad heredity, what he got from his parents; and very often *all* the bad heredity — to call it that — that he's made for himself by the mistakes of his past, building in new stuff that fits the new mind-tone that he's decided to adopt. He'll feel so different in a year or two that he won't know himself. And contrariwise, the moody man with a grouch half the time is making his body build his moods and grouches into the living fibers. A man can play what tune he likes into his body, and it holds the tune. That's the principle of taking advantage of the quickened waste and repair that work brings about and counting yourself in.

"And if he'll get to bed filled up with the best thoughts and highest feelings he can command, why, the night's repairing will be done accordingly, and in the morning and all the next day he'll be feeling the benefit.

"Count yourselves in, boys. Don't take things as they come. Be on hand when the sunlight comes at you, when food goes in, when work is a-doing, when it's get-up time or go-to-bed time, when there's disagreeables or agreeables in the flow of things, and use everything to rise to more life by, or get more will by, or feel yourself more of a soul by, a ruler of life, not a slave or a victim of it. Boss the whole business." STUDENT

HERE in these autumn months of time,

Before the great New Year shall break,

Some little way our feet should climb,

Some little mark our hands should make,

For liberty and manhood's sake.—Gosse

Will-Culture

A CERTAIN man's ways were irritating me, though there was naught in them of my concern. I surmounted the irritation, and my will grew thereby.

Another had a spite against me and did me small hurts and ill-turns at every chance.

I forgave him and surmounted the irritation, and my will grew by yet another step.

All my surroundings were oppressive and restrictive. But I could at last refuse to be oppressed or cast down by them, and thereby had my will grown yet further.

I desired much that I could not attain. But I rose in my nature beyond the desires, banishing them again and yet again till they returned no more. And now my will was sure and promised full growth to godlikeness.

My mind was weak and unstable, but with long effort by day and by night, at meals and in duties, in study and in thinking, I mastered it so that it would hold fast upon whatsoever thought I would and gather for me whatsoever knowledge I needed.

And my will could now tune tight all the strings of my nature, so that there was music where there had been discord, and in the peace and harmony I knew the all-presence of God.—*Eastern*



The Companion

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

MAN has his unseen friend, his unseen twin,
His straightened spirit's possibility,
The palace unexplored he thinks an inn,
The glorious garden which he wanders by.
It is beside us while we clutch at clay
To daub ourselves that we may never see.
Like the lame donkey lured by moving hay
We chase the shade but let the real be.
Yet, when confusion in our heaven brings stress,
We thrust on that unseen, get stature from it,
Cast to the devil's challenge the man's yes,
And stream our fiery hour like a comet,
And know for that fierce hour a friend behind,
With sword and shield, the second to the mind.

O little self, within whose smallness lies
All that man was, and is and will become,
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam.
That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,
The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,
And in the hovel can consort with kings,
Or clothe a god with his own mystery.
Oh with what darkness do we clothe thy light,
What dusty folly gather thee for food,
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.
O living self, O god, O morning star,
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.—*Selected*



"You know I never boast," the opponent began.
"Never boast? Splendid!" And he added quietly,
"No wonder you brag about it."

A Humanitarian Worker

ANOTHER effort is shortly to be made for the abolishment of Capital Punishment in the state of Arkansas. Just prior to the meeting of the last Legislature, a vigorous campaign was made by members of the Universalist Church along these lines, and by their efforts the law was modified. One of the greatest of the workers in this humanitarian endeavor was Jonathan Kellogg, Major-General, commanding the Arkansas Division of the United Confederate Veterans. Four years ago Gen. Kellogg, whose home is at Little Rock, Ark., prepared a bill providing compensation for prisoners, so that they might feel that they were doing something to provide for their families, the amount earned by them to be thus devoted. This bill passed the Senate, but did not come up in the House of Representatives. Gen. Kellogg is making another effort, and is determined to persevere until he succeeds.

Quite recently, by request of Mme. Tingley, Gen. Kellogg called to see the Warden of the State Penitentiary at Little Rock, to inquire in regard to the reception and distribution of THE NEW WAY among the prisoners. He was most cordially received by the warden, and learned that THE NEW WAY was read with much interest by the men, and that he, the warden himself, quite frequently took home a copy for his own reading. It is a pleasure to pay tribute to Gen. Kellogg for his efforts on behalf of prisoners, and also for his efforts to abolish Capital Punishment. We regard him as one of those who are helping to point "the New Way," and we wish him every success.



'Too late? When you all gather around me and are sad, and say it's all over with him, you will be deceived, for all will have just begun. For then I shall know the truth of the deep guess of the old Greek: "For what if death be life, and life be death?"

'Too late? Perhaps, for some, but not for spirits. I am a spirit.

I PRAY the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you;
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;
Through days of labor, and nights of rest,
The love of Allah make you blest;
So I touch my heart, as the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you.



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The New Way Quote-Book

WHOEVER is allowed always to follow the path of least resistance will soon find any work drudgery and any effort tiring and a torture to his nerves. A child who never has received an order, but who at six years of age has been only begged and persuaded, will never be his own master at twenty-six. There is no work in the world most of which is not drudgery and an irritation to the nerves for one who, in his time of education, forgot to learn the joy of doing his duty.

WHEN a man finds himself touched with fear at the thought that he cannot escape the consequences of his deeds, he may remember that this applies to the pleasant consequences of good deeds as well as to the painful consequences of bad ones; that he can learn little by little, beginning with the smaller daily happenings, to live on a level from which he can look down with perfect equanimity and indifference upon both pleasant and unpleasant; and lastly, that from all circumstances, especially from painful ones, he can extract material for his growth. Nature, which is the sum-total of events everywhere, exists for the evolution and progress of souls.

NEVER talk about what you are going to do. That sets up a serious and often fatal leakage of the power to do it. This is one of the meanings of the advice not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

FOR every flaw in a man's nature there comes a time when he can will it away forever. But that time will never come unless he constantly tries to do so at times when success seems impossible for him. In other words, success is built on failures and the way to heaven is paved with efforts which seemed fruitless.

SUCH as men themselves are, such will God seem to them to be.

SOME men think they are patriots when they are only jingoes. The true patriot has a big heart; the jingo has the big-head.

IF you can't get conditions to suit you why don't you get yourself to suit conditions? If it's a square hole, get square; if a round one, get round, and then go ahead in peace with your growing inner life. You may find that the conditions to which you had to adapt yourself were just the right ones after all, quite friendly and favorable underneath their uncomfortable feel.

Opportunity does not knock only once at a man's door. That is a sickly fancy. Opportunities stand in line at my door every day, crowding to get in.

HE whose heart is pure and good, who is without pride, is mild, persevering, simple and plain, who considers every creature as his friend, and who loves every soul as his own, who behaves uniformly to everyone with kindness and love, who wishes to do good, and has abandoned vanity — in his heart resides the Lord of Life.

Heard This?

Lady of large family (just increased), to curate who has risen to go: "But you haven't seen my last baby yet."

Curate, seizing his hat and making for the door: "No, ma'm, and I never expect to."

"My, but these shoes are tight! I'll never be able to get them on till I've worn them a week or two."

Fair visitor (at private hospital): "Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"

Matron: "May I ask if you are a relative?"

Visitor, taking the bull by the horns: "Oh yes; I'm his sister."

Matron: "Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

"Sam, I understand there's a schism in your church," said the jocular man to his colored man-of-all-work.

"Kain't be, 'less'n somebody done made us a present of it, 'cause we done spent all ouah money foh a new ohgan."

Young woman, timidly: "I want to look at some false hair, please."

Shopman, tactfully and encouragingly. "Yes, ma'am; what shade does your friend want? Something like your own, perhaps?"

The man getting his hair cut noticed that the barber's dog, lying on the floor close by, was watching his master's work with close attention. "Intelligent dog, that," he said; "seems to understand all about it."

"Tain't so much that," replied the barber. "You see, I make a bit of a slip now and then and nip off the corner of a customer's ear."

"When a man dies, is an inquest always held?"

"Oh, no. If a doctor has been in attendance the coroner is not supposed to have to inquire into the cause of the death."

Two housemaids were busy comparing notes: "Shure, Mary," said one, "a gas range is a foine stove. We have one where Oi wurrk. Oi lit it two weeks ago an' it ain't out yit."

Wounded hero: "Yes, I 'ad so many bullet 'oles through me that the men in the rank behind were complain' of the draft."

"Tell me noo, Jamie, what was the most wonderful thing you saw when at sea?"

"I think the strangest thing I saw was the flying-fish."

"Noo, laddie, dinna mak' a fule o' yer mither. What ever heard o' a fish fleein'?"

"Another strange thing I saw when crossing the Red Sea. We dropped anchor, and when we raised it again there was one of the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot entangled on it."

"Aye, laddie, I'll believe it. We've Scripture for that."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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SOME OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, WHERE "THE NEW WAY" IS PUBLISHED

At the right is the Temple of Peace; in the center is the dome of the Rāja-Yoga Academy building;
in the foreground is one of the private residences.

The Great Thanksgiving Day

ACCORDING to the old story the warriors were sitting in the great hall feasting after a long day of hunting. The torches stuck into brackets on the walls flared unevenly and threw more of their smoke than of their dim light up through the gaunt, blackened

rafters to the roof which rose high and dark above them. Out of the night, across the hall, and out into the night again, flew a frightened bird.

"Such, O king," said the old bard, "is the life of man. From we know not whence, he comes; lives his few years sorrowing and joying; and then out through death

again we know not whither. From the dark to the dark, speeding across the dim light made by the torches of earth."

The bird symbol, this symbol of the soul, is very old. In other uses of it the life of earth with its experiences was a tree on which the soul-bird alighted for a time to eat the fruits, sweet and bitter.

In neither case was the bird supposed to *begin existence* when it entered the hall or alighted on the tree, nor to end its life when it left the hall or spread wings and flew up from the tree into the sunlight.

The most casual view of human life and character should show us at any rate that men are not beginning to be when they come as infants to birth here amongst us. For as soon as they show anything at all they show already formed character, already marked traits, standing up quite clearly through and amidst the traits inherited from their parents or developed from environment. Some are young, essentially young, and stay so underneath an ageing body and through old age, immaturity, interested always in little things and things of the present. Some, from the first, take the leadership of their fellows, have "old heads on young shoulders," are self-contained, are forces for good or evil wherever they are.

Any crowd of men much together, as in the case of men in prison, soon fall into relations with each other of leaders and followers, into a scale of personal weight and influence which has little to do with their bodily age. The more they are together, the less, in fact, will their bodily age count for anything in their sense of each other.

Only contemplate human life with eyes wide enough open, and you will soon see quite clearly that this one life is just one little chapter in the great life-story of each of us, one of the places and occasions where we meet one another, renew ties made long before, gather a little more experience one with the other, and then — not *good-bye* but *au revoir*, somewhere!

Perhaps the solar system has a great Thanksgiving Day for the whole family, quarrels all made up and a new start! The small one, the once-a-year one, was perhaps an idea we got from our unconscious knowledge that that great one comes and comes in its great cycle of recurrence, our unconscious memory of bygone occasions of that vast periodic home-coming. STUDENT

✽

"Preparing to Die"

IT had been a long time since I had had a chat with old Chris, so I thought I would cycle down that Sunday afternoon and see how he was getting on. A few hours with the old man in his rose-covered cottage with the little garden opening upon the road, and the fields and stream beyond, always did me good, as it were brushing my mind clear of the city's smoke.

He was sitting on his porch having an after-dinner smoke, and reading out of a heavy old leather-covered volume.

"Blair's sermons, son," he said in reply to my question. Seven or eight hundred pages of 'em. Forgotten now-a-days. I gave old Jem Edwards, down in the village, a few cents for the book. Been lyin' on his top kitchen shelf years and years; said his grandmother used to read it. Queer stuff those old people used to get comfort out of. Listen to it ninety minutes by the clock Sunday mornin' before dinner, and snooze over it all the Sunday afternoon after dinner. Good old Blair and his sort used to read up on *Revelations*, take all them symbols and allegories for straight talk, mix it up with the bits of hints that Paul used to give out, and worry out a program of life hereafter that was as clean-cut as a map o' the United States. Mother used to tell me a lot o' that stuff — seventy years ago now."

The old man was silent a moment, pulling at his pipe and his reminiscences. Then he went on:

"They reckoned that was the program death let 'em in on to. No queerer maybe, though, than the notion of the modern fellows that thinks death wipes 'em right off the slate, *finis* and done-with for good."

"What do *you* think comes after death?" I asked.

"Parson was in here a day or two ago," he said, apparently passing my question by. "Letting on I oughter be 'preparing to die.' 'What shall I prepare for?' I said. 'Eternal life,' he tells me. 'Well then,' I says, 'it's preparing to *live* you mean, ain't it?'"

"Son, there's a lot o' power in words, in the way you says things. It's a sort of a dismal business, preparing to *die*, and it'll gloom and glum you all over and all through if you keep it at them words. Preparing to *live* — now that's a tonic. And if it is living, why not put it that way? So I says to this young parson and he answers me that 'death's a very solemn matter.'"

I thought I would strike in again. "What do *you* make of death, Chris?" I asked.

"I ain't no program-maker, son," he replied. "But I don't reckon the deep things of life are hidden from any man that'll open his eyes and look and think."

"I got down with the rheumatic fever once — way back in my prison days. Seemed like every last nerve and sinew was tryin' to ache hotter than all the rest put together."

"Suddenly I sort o' slipped past all that ache business and a string of dreams set in, all the pleasant places as ever I'd been in and all the pleasant times as ever I'd had — a reglar heaven, 'twas, and me livin' it all through, not a cloud nor a twinge nor a memory of so much as one rough time. The dreams kind of came and went and left me free to think. An' I *could* think! My, what thoughts didn't I have! Saw right into everything, mind like a glass."

"Then a twinge here and there and another and some more, and pretty soon I was shot all through and all

over with them pains again, 'I reckon I've took on my body, all right,' says I to myself. 'Wire overcoat and wires red-hot.' Then I knew where I was—in jail, son! Nothin' worth gettin' well for, nothin' to hope for. That's what it seemed then. I never knew *this* was on the books for me"—and the old man pointed around to the cottage and garden with the stem of his pipe.

"I'd took up my mind, son, same as I'd took up my body, painful enough both of 'em. Took up *one* mind, anyhow; and as fast as I took up that one, the one all mixed up with daily life, the other, the clear one I'd been using there beyond, that knew things, slipped out o' sight.

"Well,' says I to myself afterwards, 'I reckon I know now somethin' about what death is; aye, and birth too.' A man's a spirit, I tell you, son, a spirit-mind, clear like light. And he comes into the body, the body born of woman, and kind o' gets all dissolved through it, and presently he don't know himself any more. And bein' mixed all up with the senses and what's goin' on all around, and his body feelings, another mind—the common sort that you and me's got—grows up bit by bit out o' the mixture. But, son, it's a substitute for the real thing.

"I never said all that to the parson. I let him talk and thought my own thoughts. He's O. K. in his heart, but he don't know yet that he don't know anything.

"Preparin' to *live*—that's the trick. Gettin' into the silence long o' nights, or in the quiet of your first smoke after breakfast, and feelin' after that other mind till you begin to get the know of it and understand that death cleans off the rubbish that's layin' all over it—that's the idea. 'I die daily,' said Paul. I reckon this same is what he meant—taught himself to do for himself in life, in the silence, what other men wait for death to do for 'em. But they don't have to wait. Nothin' hinders a man gettin' all the knowledge he wants while his body is on him."

The old man was silent a while and there was no sound save the murmur of the bees about the domed straw hives at the bottom of the garden. REPORTER

✽

The Day's Birth

WE are often conscious of a piece of bad news or something unpleasant about to happen, even when we are not thinking of it. We know it is there in the background, ready to come forward and be thought about directly the mind is free from immediate business. The same, of course, with good news, or a happy event impending.

There is usually something of the same sort of state for the first hour or two of the day, sometimes even till nearly midday. The mind is not altogether on deck, seems partly absent somewhere, preoccupied though with nothing discoverable, upstairs or in the background, not yet taking up its customary thoughts and worries, not

yet beginning to plunge about in the brain. There is a half silence in the market-place. As a fact, the mind is not yet fully in touch with the doings of the body, not yet fully incarnated, one might say.

But by midday at latest, maybe a good deal sooner, the body claims the mind's full attention. It must come in and take full notice of everything, come out of its own place of silence into the world's and the body's market-place. Mind and body are now thoroughly together, making the blend that we call our personality, full of its intentions, wishes, thoughts and perceptions. We are "come," we are *there* for the hours of afternoon.

In the evening we quiet off again, though the day and its events and doings are still alive in mind. But they are cooling off, and that peace is setting in, in which it will be possible to take a review of them and judge them with a certain aloofness, at a little distance. We are again withdrawing into the silence, but carrying towards it the experiences of the day. We tend to live in the memory of the day now that we are no longer in the day itself. And for this reason we can now sit in clear judgment upon ourselves, see where we failed, make new resolutions for the future and sketch out the character we will to build.

Then is sleep-time. We go in or back further, and the day's memories, now left almost to their own guidance, begin to get mixed and distorted and foolish. There is anarchy because the ruler is going and gone.

And then deeper into our true selves, away altogether from the daybook of common memory, into the place where there is freedom from even dreams, the divine place of real life. We have re-become spirit. "*Know ye not that ye are gods?*"

All this seems to be like getting born, living out life, and dying. For the first years the true self is not "there" exactly; the deeper mind-nature is still in its own silence, still in its own place of deeper being. But, the body is manifestly active, growing, getting into full touch with nature and the pulses of nature-life. And the vividness of this blinds the mind to what is still going on in its deeper levels.

More and more we are drawn in, more and more have to pass from the silence of wordless thinking into blend with the body, so that thinking has to be in *its* terms, thinking with poor words and in common pictures of external experience. The true memory, memory of the other states, memory of the soul's realm of freedom, has evaporated in the heat of bodily life. We develop our life's personality, blend of thinker and bodily sensation and impulses and characteristics. It is adult life.

And then the withdrawal into the peace of old age and its quiet retrospect of the closing life. Full consciousness there should be, but consciousness spiritualized again.

Then perhaps a while of dreaminess, some confusion of past and present. And then perfect withdrawal of soul again to its own place—"death," as we call this; really return to life. STUDENT

How We Got Here

A PRISONER'S AUDITORIUM TALK

WE have no great poets among us now-a-days — so the critics tell us.

Anyhow the average man would not read them if there were. He has mostly no interest in poetry.

Maybe that is *why* there are no great poets. A nation that produces great poets is a nation of whom the great majority of average men have just a touch of poetry in them; of whom a large number have a good deal more than a touch and who read all the good poetry they can come at; of whom a good few have so much of it in them that they cannot help letting it out into print—the corners of the newspapers and magazines and in little books of it; and of whom a very fine few flower right out into poetic geniuses of the first class.

A graduated scale, you see, running from just a touch up to supreme genius. You can't have one end of a stick without the other. You can't have the supreme-genius end without the just-a-touch end.

The same with everything else. In this country we have the supreme money-makers of the world. They are one end of a stick, the top of a scale. The scale must have a bottom, namely, the average man with the average money-making urge in him. Because we are beyond other nations in the number of supreme money-makers, our average man must have more of the money-making lust than the average man of other nations.

Every man has *more or less* instinct to take, on occasion, what isn't his. In some it becomes rather strong and they yield to it in some small ways. They do shadyish things. In some it is rather stronger, and they yield more. In some it is again stronger. They step over a certain line, under pressure of need or desire make a bad break—and get into trouble. In a few it entirely runs them, and these are the habitual and apparently incurable thieves of various kinds. These latter carry to an extreme the thief instinct as the supreme poets carry to an extreme the poet instinct.

There is much trouble and talk over the increasing fullness of our prisons, our ever-increasing prison populations. Something is wrong. People don't know what. They think the prison system or the sentencing system or something like that is wrong and therefore needs reform. It is. It does. Much evil is done by present methods, and much good will come of reform of them.

But the trouble of increasing fullness of our prisons won't be *cured*. For people don't see the scale, the other end of the stick: *their* end. They don't see the inevitable relation between the average man's *bit* of thief instinct (I am talking just now of that line of crime only), and the thorough thief's big *chunk* of it. If they want to get rid of his end of the stick they must get rid of their own. Let the average man thoroughly clean up his own house in respect of his *bit* of thief instinct, get it right out of him, get dead honest in his thoughts and wishes from stem to stern—and he'll no longer be doing his part to create

that general atmosphere in which the full-fledged thief grows as surely as big poets grow in a nation whose average men cultivate their bit of poetry instinct.

Men come on earth with certain qualities waiting latent, each man with his specially proportioned set of ingredients. Those qualities grow that find a favorable atmosphere, poetry or thieving or money-making or what not.

Home influence is the first atmosphere round the new-comer. As he grows up and gets out into the world he comes into the larger *social* atmosphere. If the home atmosphere was dead right, there'd be nothing to fear for him in the social atmosphere.

But mostly it is not dead right. The father may think he's setting his child a good example all right if he just keeps a straight course of visible conduct. But how about the conduct that nobody sees? How about his unspoken thoughts and instincts? *They* make the child's atmosphere. No words needed. No acts. The children breathe in the parents' minds and get that color, however well-looking the parents' *acts* may be. Each child comes, as I said, with its nature, good and bad mixed. It's up to the parents to see that the bad gets *no* atmosphere and the good *all* the atmosphere. *Then*, when they've done all their duty in act and thought, if the young fellow goes wrong, it's because he's *willed* wrong of his own free will, not (like most astray young fellows) *drifted* into it for want of right guidance and want of right atmosphere. And no one is wise enough to say, in any particular case, how much of any young fellow's wrongness was want of guidance (for which the parents must take the responsibility) and how much was of his own will (for which he alone is responsible). A higher judgment than man's comes in there, and a higher law than man's—mercy and sternness balanced on the point of real justice—must and will have the final dealing with all of us.

I haven't said anything new. You all know all this as well as I and far better than the average outsider. Indeed I think that the instruction of society on these points will largely come from men who have been inside and learned and thought what only this inside life can teach. As soon as society is wise enough and brotherly enough it'll listen to such men. A day not far off. Let's work on ourselves so as to be ready for it. Teachers of society—that's what some of us can be. But for that we must have become straight men, men straightened in this school, a unique school, and we in one way privileged in having lived through its discipline and opportunities of thought and self-study.

LET us remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves. Adventures come according to our everyday thoughts; and deeds of heroism are but offered to those who, for many long years, have been heroes in obscurity and silence. Our adventures hover round us. They seem to be all on the watch for the signal we hoist from within.—*Macterlinck*

Freedom

THE place was very chilly and I felt the chill settling "into my bones." I did not want a bad cold or an attack of fever of some sort, so I made that kind of internal effort of positivizing the body which one does make in trying to resist an invading chill. I was sleepy, too, and I knew that if I withdrew into sleep and left the body to itself I should wake with the cold well in residence. So, sustaining myself awake and positive, all went well.

underconscious attention which the guidance of the bodily life demands.

I was hungry and found my body hurrying of itself, of its own will, towards the restaurant. I of course was also willing; but I could see that the body's will was quite an addition to mine. For the sensation would have been very different if I had been going, say, to my daily work—an errand in which no bodily appetite would be interested.

So my body led me—and I let it—to the restaurant.



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CORNER OF THE RECEPTION ROOM AT THE LOMALAND HEADQUARTERS

From which I understand how the self is really the sustainer of the bodily vital currents, putting forth his sustaining guidance by a steady effort of which he is not conscious because of its continuousness, and that what I had done was only a conscious intensification of this permanent underconscious work.

And also that death is merely the ceasing of the self to make this underconscious effort any more and his departure into freedom from this labor. Death is freedom, and freedom from this arduous task of bodily life must be a great joy.

But there is a freedom along another line which we ought to be able to get during bodily life and which, if got, would do much to offset the continued drain upon

How many a man's body leads him—even *against* his will, sometimes—to the beer saloon!

This much more, then, can be understood of freedom: that it would mean perfect rulership of bodily appetite, indeed unconsciousness of these appetites if there was any important and urgent work filling the mind and demanding attention.

One can understand an extension of this freedom. For one's *mind* drags one wherever it will, into thoughts and memories and anticipations that one is willing or glad to have. The mind never ceases, in all the hours from waking to sleep, never ceases to drag us, sometimes willing, often not, along with it in its current of changeful thought. This is so incessant that it appears to us

quite the natural thing and mostly we raise no complaint nor think of raising any. We call it our own thinking, not considering that it goes on of itself when we have not set it in any particular direction. But sometimes the thoughts or memories are very objectionable or painful, and then we may groan about our slavery.

Freedom would therefore consist in perfect control of the mind-flow as to where it shall go or whether it shall go anywhere. That would be freedom for the self, which, turning back from the mind, could then realize who and what he was, and his immortality, and why he is in this life, and what is the nature of the upper life, the deeper life that the mind-flow left to itself can never understand.

But the getting of this freedom takes time and practice. In deep dreamless sleep, the old Teachers said, we have this true freedom. But because the brain is not then conscious, and registers practically nothing, we cannot bring back into it, or reflect down into it, the knowledge of ourselves and of life that for the time we have or are in.

But in the times of practice of deep mind-silence we keep the brain conscious, though without letting it work on its own account. And then the knowledge of all realities and of our immortality that is latent in us, that has not come forth so that we can see it in the mind and know it in that way, *can* come forth and shape itself into thought and become fully present before us. With mind thus trained we can draw out from ourselves and make known to ourselves our hidden knowledge of that world and state of which ordinary mind-action keeps us ignorant by absorbing all our attention. Having it we know it not. To know it is the reward of the practice of mind-silence, which is freedom. STUDENT

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Mind-Training

“TAKE a book and read, my boy,” my father used to say when he saw me sitting doing nothing.

It was good advice, for he knew that my mind was wool-gathering all over the scenery and probably stirring up more hornets than I could settle in a week. “Satan finds some mischief still for idle *minds to think*.”

But there might be a point of development reached in which the taking of a book would often be an absurd mistake in generalship.

We all want strong minds. In the best of us the mind is a pretty shaky and undeveloped instrument and so full of its own notions as to what it will think about that we can hardly get it to come to heel for a second.

We are willing to give a lot of trouble to the training of the *body*. If our bodies were no better instruments than our minds we might just as well have never left the cradle.

Suppose, when you wanted to take a particular book, your hands and arms preferred to reach after another one, or even something else altogether; or having taken your book drop it at once and drum on the table or wave

about in the air; or, even when willing, were too shaky to hold on to anything.

Suppose, when you wanted to go somewhere, your body preferred to lie on the ground and stretch about in the sun; or was so weak that it could only take a few steps; or, when you wanted to sit quite still and think, the body kept up an incessant twitching and reaching after everything in sight.

If you will consider a moment you will see that it is just in those ways that the mind serves us and that its weakness is so great that it can't think out anything to the very limit.

In the case of the body we should take the matter seriously in hand. To cure the weakness we should go in for some regular courses of muscle-exercises. We should recognize that growth in muscle and in nerve alacrity does not go on *during* the exercises, but in the quiet afterwards, and that if there were no quiet there could be no growth. For while the body is externally quiet after exercise, its *internal*, unseen, building and recuperative activities are at their height. So we should also give time to some practice in stopping all the twitchings and unnecessary movements, putting as much will into this as into the exercises.

Why do we not adopt this same double course of practice in the case of mind, instead of being content with the mind as it now is?

Because when young we were only taught one-half of the theory of mind-training. We were taught — though not well — the *exercise* part of the program, but not the *stillness* part of it. Consequently, as growth comes in the stillness that follows hard exercise, our minds never had much of a chance to grow! They did grow, in spite of the bad training, perhaps up to the age of twenty or twenty-five at most. Then, in the case of most men, the growth in mental power and alacrity stopped. Whose mind keeps on growing through middle life and even old age? Ah, you ask; but does the body go on bettering itself either, through those periods? No. But that is because of all sorts of bad habits and sins against its health; and also because it is so incessantly worried (and sometimes made downright ill) by the perpetual racket of the untrained mind it houses — a mind never still a moment.

Well, the *exercise* part of mind-training consists in many things. Hard and concentrated study; concentrated attention upon all one has to do; concentrated learning by heart; persistent thinking of things out, no other thoughts being permitted but those on the topic in hand; and so on.

When we have had a spell of hard physical work we drop the body as it were, sit down quietly and proceed to live in the mind, in thoughts of some sort. (What sort!) So, if we want mind-growth and mind-strength we must learn the art of dropping or stopping the brain-mind thought at will when the proper time comes for that. This needs a little daily or nightly practice, and

it can't be done all at once. It takes time, but the benefit to the mind and the body begins at once.

The practice is to "drop" the part of the mind that is concerned with brain-thought and is occupied with the common events of life, and to live in the higher part, that is concerned with soul-thought. At last we become able to reach the point where, when we choose, we are souls thinking instead of brains and personalities thinking.

So we drop for the time all the thoughts connected with our daily life, perhaps reading a little as an aid in some high-keyed book that bears on what we want to do and the sort of life we want to live.

It is *peace* in the mind that we need, and mind-silence. The thoughts of *peace* and of *silence*, dwelt on for a while, help the mind to attain these conditions. It is in these that a man gradually begins to feel the presence and help of his soul and to get its light all through him.

And then the mind is resting and growing and getting more power. If one goes to bed like this the growth goes on all night.

This is the double way of mind-training.

STUDENT

"No Coward Soul"

BY EMILY BRONTË

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life, that in me has rest,
As I, undying Life, have power in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
The Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in thee.

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—thou art Being and Breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

"DURING a long life I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver."

The Unbroken Thread

BY T. B. ALDRICH

I VEX me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Ofttimes, indeed, strange sense have I of this—
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was not all well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

A pessimist says: "Is there any milk in that jug?"
An optimist says: "Pass the cream, please."

My self-school shall never close. I will regard my
condition as fixed. I will be an eternal boy. Every day
I will be improving, learning, in training.

Old? My body may be. But my soul never ages.
When death comes he will find me plowing and sowing
on.

"Allo, Mrs. Murphy!" cried Mrs. Pinker to her neighbor at Bolton's Court. "Why you looks quite festive today. Wot's up?"

"Wot! 'Aren't you 'eard?" exclaimed the excited Mrs. Murphy. "My son comes out today."

"Today! I thought the judge gave 'im seven years!"

"Yes, but they've let 'im out two years earlier 'cos he's be'aved hisself so well."

Mrs. Pinker held up her hands in pious approbation.

"Wel!" she gasped. "And what a comfort it must be to you, Mrs. Murphy, to 'ave such a splendid son!"

'Bena was much excited over the prospects of a camp-meeting that was about to take place in her neighborhood. For weeks she had been preparing gay and gaudy feathers for the array, and now her outfit was complete, save a pair of much-desired patent leather slippers. She approached her mistress.

"Miss Ford," she said, "I sho wants to git a pair o' slippers 'fo' de meetin' commences, an' I ain't got a single cent lef'."

"What size do you wear, 'Bena?" asked her mistress.

"Mah right numbah is fo'," she replied, "but I has to weah sebens, 'cause fo's hurt me dat bad I jes' nacherly caint hardly walk."

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The New Way Quote-Book

MAN'S business is to work to surmount difficulties, to endure hardships, to solve problems; to overcome the inertia of his own nature; to turn chaos into cosmos by the aid of system.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the meanest of us, have an end.

WHAT we commonly call man does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we may not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he but let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend.

LIFE is simply a matter of concentration. You are what you set out to be. The things you read and think of today are the things you will become tomorrow. You are a composite of the things you say, the books you read, the thoughts you think, the company you keep, the things you aspire to become.

YES, the man's faults are very irritating, no doubt. But first of all they give you an opportunity at self-control and will-growth in refusing to be irritated by them or moved off your friendliness; and secondly, an opportunity to look past them at some good quality he has, and thus, by contemplating it, to make it yours too.

THE end of life is that we should do humble and common things in a fine and courteous manner, and mix with simple affairs, not condescendingly or disdainfully, but with all the eagerness and modesty of the true knight.

For yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow is
only a vision;
But today, well lived,
Will make every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Such, then, is the salutation of the Dawn.

KING HASSAN, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong or any labor failed:
"Tomorrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.
Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll,
Tomorrows fresh shall rise from out the night
And new-baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.
No one, I say, is conquered till he yields,
And yield he need not, while like mist
from glass.
God wipes the stain of life's old battlefields
From every morning that he brings to pass.
New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed. What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief to thee?
Forget it, then — here lies the victor's way.

Heard This?

Doctor, to mother, after examining patient: "Your little boy has eaten too much watermelon."

Mother: "No, doctah, dey ain't no such ting as too much watahmillion. Dat niggah boy jus' ain't got 'nough stummick."

Two workmen strolling through a picture gallery were much struck with one of the paintings. It represented a lovely girl leading a hideous bulldog, and was labeled *Beauty and the Beast*. They remained in front of it a good while, and at last one of them said: "Ay, and he *is* a beauty, too!"

Shopman, impressively: "Yes, ma'am: those shirt-waists were marked \$2 last week, but in consequence of the fall we have reduced them 50%. The price is now \$1.98."

Lady, impressed: "Give me six of them."

"What are you taking an umbrella for?"

"Because I'm sure it's not going to rain, and when I'm sure it's not going to, I'm sure it will."

Brown: "What precautions do you take against contaminated water?"

Jones: "First I boil it for twenty minutes and then filter through charcoal and porcelain."

Brown: "Excellent! —And then?"

Jones: "Then I drink beer."

Witness: "No, your honor, the defendant was perfectly sober when he went to bed that night."

His Honor: "How do you know he was sober?"

Witness: "Because he told me to call him early the next morning."

His Honor: "Why did he want to be called early?"

Witness: "He said he was going to be Queen of the May."

Foggs (in London for the first time): "Hi, policeman! I've just missed my wife. If she should come along will you ask her to wait for me?"

Policeman: "But how am I going to know her?"

Foggs: "Ah, to be sure, I hadn't thought o'that. Well, tell her not to wait."

A physician, passing by a stonemason's shop, called out: "Good morning, Mr. Jones. Hard at it, I see. I suppose you finish them as far as 'In Memory of,' and then wait to see who wants a monument next?"

"Well, yes," replied the old man, "unless I hear somebody's ill and you're attending them, then I keep right on."

"Does my practising make you nervous?" asked the man learning the cornet.

"It did when I first heard the people around about discussing it," replied the sympathetic neighbor, "but now I'm getting so I don't care what happens to you."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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AN ITALIAN GARDEN

The Fraud of War

MCDERMOT strolled up to the group that were talking about war. He was mostly a silent man, more interested in drawing out the views of others than in contributing his own. A sympathetic presence, though, and had a way of helping a fellow out

with a question or two that would sometimes clear up the whole matter under discussion.

But now and then he broke loose, and what he said would be worth hearing. It was this remark, contributed by somebody, that fired his train:

"In my opinion war is like an abscess, in its way a

sign of health. Evil matter accumulates and accumulates and at last there's an explosion and it's driven out. In the body the explosion is an abscess; among nations it's a war."

"What is the evil matter in the case of nations?" asked McDermot.

"Oh, jealousies, hate, all that sort of thing. Accumulate and gather for decades and at last break out."

"That's the worst analogy I ever heard. An abscess does clear the body of something rotten, but war breeds more of the very things you name as its cause: more hate, the desire for revenge, jealousy. It mostly leaves a burning sore place that doesn't heal and only leads to preparations for another try on the part of the conquered later on. War's the exact opposite of an abscess.

"But that's not the only bit of nonsense talked about war. I heard some fellow the other night calling it a law of nature: the universal law of struggle and the survival of the fittest.

"There is some struggle in nature, and that's the only thing these fellows can see, their entire idea of what they call Darwinism. Why don't they open their eyes and see the law of *combination* and co-operation and organized harmony lying behind and in front of and all through and all around the law of struggle? It's more and more marked the higher you go in evolution, gradually cutting away the ground from the law of struggle.

"Ever look through a microscope and see the little specks of living stuff — cells, they call them — swarming about in a drop of dirty water? Well, they're about at the bottom of the scale of life. No combination there: every one of them fighting for his own hand all the time, feeding on whatever's smaller and weaker. Permanent state of warfare.

"But some of them civilize enough to take a step upward and combine together into one little mass, a little harmonized organism. And some of these combine again and you get a higher organism — and so on and so on all the way up till you get the highest and most harmonious combine of all, our own bodies: a combine of thousands of millions of the same living units that you find swimming about separately in the drop of dirty water.

"What's the next step? Combinations of men into tribes and of these into nations. And the next? Combination of the *nations* into one great harmonious *organism of humanity*, working together as one: peace and progress. And yet they talk of war as the natural and eternally appointed condition! It's one line and one method of evolution, marked plain enough, all the way up.

"They talk of sociology, too, these fellows. Tell us about the time men roamed singly as savages in the forest, each of them fighting with the others like the cells in the drop of water. Then, they say, the *tribe* developed, and the strongest tribe licked the smaller and weaker. But they don't tell us how the tribe came to develop at all. Wasn't it made up of fellows that were evolved enough to be able to combine into some sort of

harmony with each other? Didn't their higher degree of evolution just consist in that power? Evolution is the power to combine, and as it's evolution we're after it's just that power we're after. The future of humanity depends on its becoming a harmonious organism with a life as much higher than we have now as our present individual life is higher than that of the creature in the dirty water.

"Here's another fraud. They say that war brings out the manly virtues. What else does it bring out? It brings out the devil, the tiger in man, the thing that wants to kill, and gives it for the time free rein to do all the killing it wants. And the man's memory fills up for ever with the pictures of what he has done and seen done — passing, I guess, into the make-up of his children later on.

"But about these manly virtues: courage, comradeship. Ever read any history? Back, back, way back as far as history goes and a sight further, back through the thousands and tens of thousands of years, there's been war and war: never a let-up, never from the beginning of history to this minute. Now don't it strike you that if war did really develop the manly virtues, courage, comradeship and the rest, and was really good for the physical and moral stamina of nations and of individuals — that by this time, at the end of this vast stretch of wars and struggles, these virtues should have had time to grow to such a pitch that every man, woman and child alive would be the last possibility of splendid courage: should be filled with the very soul of unshakable good comradeship, and should be a perfect Greek god for physical stamina and make-up? Isn't it manifest that war *don't* develop any of the fine qualities it's credited with, or that if it does they're so overlaid and suffocated out by the bad qualities it lets loose that they don't cut any figure whatsoever? Isn't it about time to try another tack, another method? The way we look up to and reward courage and look down upon the coward and make it hot for him would be sufficient to develop the one and eliminate the other — little by little. It would have done the work, too, had it not been that for ages the wars have been *killing* the men of courage and *conserving* the cowards, the weaklings and the men of no stamina — who stayed at home and *begot the next generation*. Apart from war you know very well that life will everlastingly offer opportunities for courage, physical and moral. I guess the very gods need courage."

REPORTER

3

Keep Alive

YOU can't measure a man's life by the length of it. You have to multiply the length by the man himself.

Sometimes there is hardly any man to multiply with and the life comes out as nearly nothing.

The *man* is what does things, not what is merely pushed about by what happens to him.

Doing things requires the two-in-one creative powers: Will and Imagination.

Which is the same as to say that man is a creator. Creator, first of all, of himself.

A *man* is always ahead of himself, always seeing with his imagination what he might be, and working with his will to get so. He imagines himself with more self-rulership, more power of unmoved endurance, more steadiness and grasp of mind, more serenity. Then pro-

ceeds to move himself on into what he has imagined. Keeps his will always at work on himself.

the matter in a moment and turns to something else. His present mood and output of power never satisfies him. He always has a better in his imagination. There is imagination and will in the whole universe. Something better and higher than what is, is always being imagined, and then will proceeds to put it through. How else could there be evolution? Once, ferns and mosses were the highest vegetation on earth. Imagination saw flowering plants, and will worked on the ferns



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“SEEMS TO ME THERE’S A RABBIT AROUND”
A personal friend of the Editor’s

ceeds to move himself on into what he has imagined. Keeps his will always at work on himself.

“I inherited that from my mother,” says some fellow of a silly trick of mind or body. The *man* takes hold and pushes it out of his life.

“I’ve always done that: can’t help it,” says another of some foolish habit. The *man*, as soon as he has noticed it, never does it again.

The Englishman, they say, puts up with things till they are unendurable, doesn’t readily react to them, imagine something better, and then at once put it through. The Frenchman’s imagination is always active, seeing if things might not be better some other way, and then trying it out. The French, from that point of view, are the alivest people on earth, whatever mistakes their imagination may lead them into.

We think of poets and musicians when we talk of imagination. But the plain man, so long as he is a man, may have and use as much of it as they, and sometimes more. His mind plays round every situation and arrangement to see if it couldn’t be bettered, and if he can do the bettering he sets about it. If he sees he can’t he drops

to carry some of them that much higher. More being, higher being, more life—that is evolution, creation. We, taking up our share of the business, must be at work all the time, first on ourselves. This hot day makes me feel flat and spiritless. But I will get at things with my usual energy, each time that such days appear, till at last I cannot be mentally unstrung by thermometers and barometers.

Remember that a man may be failing in outward appearance all the time, and yet, because of his steady effort, be interiorly growing throughout. It may even be not till after death that his full growth becomes known to him. But he *lived*, and so death could not kill him. Death cannot kill a *man*. Imagination and will are what live on immortally; they are the man alive.

Live all around your circumstances; read all around the pages of your book; see larger views; react everywhere; keep alive; do the difficult; face what you shrink from. These are the ways to the exulting pulse of life.

“I did not feel like doing that today.” —Well, today is the day to do it.

STUDENT

Two Ends of the Same Stick

WHEN I was a boy I used to dread the joy of the annual summer holiday by the sea because of the dreariness of its ending and of the return to town. The more joy, I knew, the more pain and dreariness when it went. If the joy had been merely moderate, the return to town would have been only slightly depressing. If I had not cared whether I went or not, the return would have been likewise indifferent.

Life always manages in the long run to strike a balance. If a man has but few joys, those he does get will be very keen. If there are many opportunities for pleasure, none will count for much. If there is much pain, the peace that follows each spell of it will itself be happiness.

If a man wants to get so that he is not pained by pains—and we all do want that—his only way is to refuse, little by little as he can, to be pleased by pleasures. As fast as he succeeds he wins peace. But this is a totally different kind of peace from that which comes from having for the time everything you want. It is a peace which if persisted in and followed up, deepens to a permanent joy. And in it the mind becomes lit with a new light in which the depth and richness and splendor and promise of life are understood. It is the peace in which the soul grows to its full stature.

For consider: is not a man a *little* man who is always shaken about between pain and pleasure, always shrinking in avoidance of one and itching for the other? Isn't he the man who has least philosophy, least understanding of life, least power of mind and least concentration?

Then the opposite is true of the opposite kind of man. And it is open to any of us to become that opposite. It is in order to tempt and encourage us to become that, that nature has tied the pains and pleasures together, the losses to the gains, balancing the two. It looks like a cruel law until we see the purpose, the purpose to make us step up beyond both pleasures and pains into the peace, the joy and the power of true re-won manhood and soulhood.

This sort of life does not imply that we refuse proper pleasures when they properly come. It is refusal to look back upon those that have been, or forward upon those that may be. It is quiet recognition of the fact that pleasures and pains are parts of one program to be accepted in their alternation while we search our natures in the silence for something better. If, instead, we are searching for pleasures we must wince at the pains, which are but the other end of the same stick, and so remain halted outside the door of real life.

It is in the heart that the peace is born and from there it shines into brain and mind.

STUDENT

OUR humanity were a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs within us.

No day is ever really like another though it seems so.

The Old See-Saw

A GREAT Roman general, after a campaign of unbroken victories, returned in triumph with his army to Rome, to be received, as was customary, with a great thanksgiving ceremony. Whilst the ceremony was in preparation he lost one of his two beloved sons, and three days after its celebration the other.

The city wondered how he would bear himself after the double calamity. Knowing this he had the people assembled and thus addressed them:

"I, who never yet feared anything human, have always feared fortune as faithless and inconstant; and for the very reason that she had been of late so favorable I was expecting some reverse. After many preliminary successes, in the short space of fifteen days I brought the war to a favorable issue. So I surmised that perhaps on the way home fortune would visit me with some calamity. And even after my safe arrival among you here with my army, the spoils of war and the captives, finding you all full of joy and congratulations, still I distrusted, knowing well that fortune might now be surely expected to show me the other side of her face. If she did not visit me with her ill-favor, then I thought that perhaps something evil might befall the city. But she struck me in my own family, and in the midst of the rejoicings I had to carry my two sons to their tombs. Now therefore I am free from danger for a time, and I trust that fortune, having wreaked her ill-will upon me and shown me the usual instability of her favors, may now be harmless to you."

"I knew there must be something unpleasant coming, for things had been running my way for a time."

Less stately words, but meaning the same thing.

And, "after a storm comes a calm," and while the calm is reigning another storm is brewing.

It is the regular oscillation of life. Fortune is *not* capricious. She has never dealt with men in any other way than by this system of alternations. For by it she carries out her purpose to train us into strength, to teach us not to be elated when all goes favorably or depressed when all seems to be failing us.

Both are parts of the game. *Our* part in it, once we have "got wise" to it, is to make the one move that gives us final victory, to keep heart and mind serene whatever comes. We cannot stop the alternations. If we somehow seize a little more pleasure than is in the program, we have added a little more pain to *that* side of the balance when its turn comes.

Nor is it "resignation," in the meek, hopeless sense, that is what is required as the right attitude. That is not much better than complaint. That which, to become real men, masters of our lives, we have to get, is the unmoved mind and heart. It will not be so difficult if we recognize that the game, often so painful for us, is only played on us for our benefit. Fortune is at work for the soul, and tries to drive us to that.

In proportion as by practice and thought we gradually gain our serenity, a state that is neither to be exhilarated by good fortune nor depressed by bad, another life begins for us, a deeper understanding opens within us. We have opened the way to the soul.

But there is no such understanding, and no peace and no abiding joy in the heart of the man who is not trying to win this self-mastery. He is not yet the soul that death cannot reach.

STUDENT

Another Chance

THE saddest thing in life would be the thought of what one might have been, if there were no hope of making that picture a possibility once more. If every fall were final failure there would indeed be little hope in life for any man.

Well is it said that "while there is life there is hope." But a great part of the world is hopeless and is yet alive. Why is that?

Simply because men think that they cannot have another chance. And by the power of that mere thought they shut themselves out from it. For both hope and despair are powers, acting both on circumstances without and on the man himself, at work either for him or against him. Another chance is what every fallen man cries for. And it is within his reach all the time if he will but use his strength upon himself instead of asking someone else to give him another chance or cursing others for not doing so. It will never come till he has risen to meet it. But it will come when he has.

What holds a man down is usually the memory of his mistakes and the belief that he must carry the corpse of his dead past upon his back and the ghosts of all his failures in his mind until death sets him free.

Why not start each day as if it were a rebirth? Why wait on death for the clean slate?

We have the power to wipe out the memory of the past, to bury the corpse of our former life, to clear out of our minds the ghosts of our failures and weaknesses, and to rise reborn in strength and hope. Mental corpses and ghosts are no fit companions for a man who wants to make a new start in life.

The new start must be inside a man's own mind. That made, the rest will finally take care of itself. A man always attracts the conditions without that fit his inner attitude. He does not realize his own power in this matter.

We must put the past behind us—where it belongs—and keep it there if we would give ourselves another chance.

Clear out your ghosts! Wipe out the past! Give yourself a fresh start! You have another chance within you all the time. No one else can give it to you. You must take it or make it for yourself and in yourself.

A man can be born again in this sense, if he has the WILL. But he will never do it if he is relying on other people to do it for him.

If he is not strong enough to do it all at once, let him free himself gradually from the corpse of the past; let him get rid of his ghosts one by one, keeping on trying until at last with the great I WILL of the Soul he can suddenly create himself a new man. And then all the rest follows.

STUDENT



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"I THINK YOU MENTIONED DINNER TIME"

Another friend of the Editor's

unshakable foundation, on which rest the hopes, the performances, the strength of a man's soul. Has he the vitality of conviction and the immovable loyalty to stand when all help seems to fail him? That hour is the supreme test of the man. . . . When Cavour, broken-hearted by failure in his ardent dream of a united Italy, was on the verge of suicide, success was already in his hands; and it was during that tragic winter when Washington's troops, ragged, half-fed, seemed like the ghosts of a lost cause, that a compact and effective army was created for him.—From *The Outlook*

"Keep on Keeping on"

WHAT shall a man do when faith seems to fail and hope dies and final failure seems to soak in like an impenetrable cloud? Keep straight on. It is the moment of supreme peril, for, according to the old fable, the devil's best weapon is despair. It is the supreme test of character, the moment which shows whether faith has been a matter of sunshine, of prosperity, of happiness, or has become an

The Way Out

WE sometimes say of a man that he doesn't seem as if he were "all there."

Well, where is the rest of him?

Perhaps wool-gathering. Or if he is a great inventor or musician the rest of him may be in his inventions or his music. Or it may be burrowing dimly in the field of memories. In rare cases it may be preoccupied with profound thoughts. A man's consciousness may be shining intensely upon any part of his mind as well as feebly upon the part that he is now talking to you with or using for his routine work.

Walt Whitman, for instance, always felt that part of his consciousness was with the winds and the great trees and the sea and earth and surging to and fro with the great world of men, sharing with them a great common life. That is why he cared so little what happened to his personality. He did not feel it to be the whole of himself. Himself was that other that was out abroad with earth and men and winds and stars. He felt the spirit of evolution, of expansion, of progress, everywhere, and felt himself to be part of that spirit. Hence he knew that though his body and personality would die some time, he himself was deathless.

It depends, you see, upon where you have yourself, where you live.

Consciousness, the light of knowing by which a man is conscious, is the man himself. It is usually so entirely and intensely upon the body and the little personal personality and the limited brain-mind that it seems to him as if that were the whole of himself. It is this mistake that gives rise to all his pain. Whitman never made it, and we need not. As we stop throwing the spotlight of attention, of consciousness, on the personality, pain begins to cease and life to get bigger and to fill with exultation. The new and larger self that we are beginning to make is soon very much more splendidly interesting to us than the little old one of personality. The thing is pure gain at once, though it may take a little time to see it.

Hand over the personality to the rules and duties of the place you happen to be in, thinking: "I am more than that." And with that thought accept what comes: slights, frictions and all the rest, remaining yourself as it were apart in peace, looking on. Try it a day and then a week and so on, trusting that things will somehow work out all right for you in the long run. And they will.

From the first comes a new sense of freedom, of growth, like that of a plant taken out of a cellar into the open air. You begin to understand the great life opening ahead of you, not to be limited or cut short by anything — ahead of you and all other men and creatures.

Try a few steps on this path. At first it may seem as if everything, events and people, were conspiring to hinder you. But you will break through that, and events, finding you their master, will soon be visibly arranging themselves to help you.

STUDENT

Fear

THE further we go in the study of human nature — a study which begins with the search into our *own* natures, the more do we become aware that there is some power in man which knows in advance of every misfortune that is about to come upon him and is ready to supply him with the strength to meet it. And more than that, that is prepared to show him what he can get out of it to his profit and for his growth.

The way to get the most benefit from this power is belief and trust in it. The way to get little or none is *fear* of what may come. Fear is the great paralyser of life, the deadener of life in body, in mind and in will.

A great general in the field will *use* a reverse and somehow make it turn out to his final advantage. But for that he must be able to depend on his troops not to get disheartened by the reverse nor to fear one in advance.

That is the spirit in which to face life.

As soon as a man takes up the work of trying to get fear out of his nature, this power will help him in that very work. And he will presently find that some situation that would formerly have paralysed him, has now only aroused his fullest energies to meet it and deal with it.

He cannot *know* of this power till he has begun to work on himself, and to live, as confidently as if he did know. Then he becomes more and more certain of it till at last he finds it as his soul.

The soul is the power that gives power and gives life: so that its work is exactly opposite to the effects of fear. No one ever yet got anything good from fear. It is pure loss. No one ever yet lost anything from the faith that if he stood upright like a man to face whatever came, he had the power of the soul to profit by whatever came and to come through with it — this side or that of death — a bigger man.

Let the waves of life, then, come on as they will, angry or smooth and sun-bathed. We can get refreshment from the one and strength from the struggle with the other. We are all of us in life's great school, and may remember for our encouragement that school-days do not last forever.

STUDENT

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still;
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled,
With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

— Matthew Arnold

The Holly Bough

BY CHARLES MACKAY

YE who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinned-against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old love and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburthened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now —
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.— *Selected*

Prison Work in San Diego

ONE of the pleasantest duties which each Sunday brings to the Râja-Yoga students at Point Loma is the preparation of the little bouquets and greeting which are put up for the prisoners in the County Jail in San Diego. These flowers, together with some literature, are taken to the jail by one of the older students who, after distributing floral greetings and reading matter, furnishes a short musical program. The inmates of the prison welcome this Sunday entertainment as a token of Râja-Yoga good-will. The eagerness with which the men come forward to receive their small bouquets, the warmth of their thanks, their close and quiet attention to the musical selections, and the hearty thanks which follow the rendering, all afford evidence that much more than mere superficial pleasure has been aroused. In fact, the majority of them realize these small tokens for what they are — an effort to show them that despite their mistakes, there are those who have faith in their possibilities, and who wish to inspire them with the same confidence in their ability to regain their self-respect.

What Might Be Done

BY CHARLES MACKAY

WHAT might be done if men were wise —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect
And share the teeming world tomorrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother —
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung.

If men were wise and loved each other.— *Selected*

Our Cycles

THE great law of cycles pertains to every individual man in his daily life and thought. Every idea that you have, every thought, affects your brain and mind by its impression. That begins the cycle. It may seem to leave your mind; apparently it goes out; but it returns again under the same cyclic law in some form either better or worse, and wakes up once more the old impression. Even the very feelings that you have of sorrow or gladness will return inevitably in their cycle. This is a law that it would do good for everyone to remember, especially those who have variations of joy and sorrow, of exaltation and depression. If when depressed you would recollect the law and act upon it by creating another cycle of exaltation, on its returning again with the companion cycle of lower feeling, it would in no long time destroy the depressing cycle and raise you to higher places of happiness and peace. It applies again in matters of study where we use the intellectual organs only. When a person begins the study of a difficult subject or one more grave than usual, there is a difficulty in keeping the mind upon it. But by persistence a new cycle is established, which, being kept rolling at last obtains the mastery.

W. Q. JUDGE

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The New Way Quote-Book

TRUE greatness, in spiritual and in worldly matters, does not shrink from the minutiae of business, but regards their performance as an act of divine worship.

OF what bad practice have you cured yourself today? What vice have you resisted? In what respect are you better? Rash anger will be moderated and finally cease when it finds itself daily confronted with its judge. What then, is more useful than this custom of thoroughly weighing the actions of the entire day?

THE universe hits back, says someone. But it also blesses back if it gets the chance. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. The harsh word returns some time—maybe when we have forgotten it; *and so does the kindly.*

THE day begins—verily, but *what* day? Poor observation that sees not *several* opening before us every morning. The day is not a string of hours; it is the man who passes through them. Each morning, then, which day will you choose? In five minutes you have either made your choice or let it be made for you by the first thoughts you permit or summon. Create your sunrise and live all day with the sun, your own private sun that is always willing to light up heart and mind and brain and keep them lit.

But the other possible days lead to a thousand dark places of thought and moods, places of shadow you need never enter.

THE assassin will tell you, "I murder, it is true, but at least I do not steal." And he who has stolen steals but does not betray; and he who betrays would at least not betray his brother. And thus does each one cling for refuge to his last fragment of spiritual beauty. No man can have fallen so low but he still has a retreat in his soul where he shall ever find a few drops of pure water and be girt up anew with the strength that he needs to go on with his life.

WE should never look forward to the chance happening of some pleasant outer event. It may happen, certainly, but much more usually it doesn't and we are disappointed and have increased the general blankness of the days. We should look forward to some *internally* satisfactory event *and see that it comes*—a new step of growth in will, in self-control, in power to hold peace. Let us be expectant for this. If we treat a few bad, blank-looking days in this way we shall form a habit which will make them impossible, will fill each opening day with interest and lead us on to ever more and more peace and power and happiness, and at last to full light.

It is not in the power of Fate to prevent a man from transforming each single affliction into thoughts, into feelings and treasure she dare not profane. Be her empire never so great over all things *external*, she always must halt when she finds on the threshold a silent guardian of the inner life.

Heard This?

"When Billinger bought his new house, it was with the express understanding that he should have a room all of his own—a den or study."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Did he get it?"

"Yes; and his wife furnished it."

"How?"

"With a sewing-machine; a cutting table, two dressers, dummies, three sewing chairs, and a full-length mirror."

Lawyer: "Do you drink?"

Witness (huffy): "That's my business."

Lawyer: "Have you any other business?"

"My husband is very abstemious in his smoking. He likes a cigar after a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two in a month."

McTavish and MacPhairson adrift at sea in an open boat. McTavish, on his knees: "O Laird, I ken I've broken maist o' thy commandments. And I've been a hard drinker, Laird. But, O Laird, if we're spared this time, I promise never—" MacPhairson: "I wudna commit mysel' ower far, Donald. I think I see land."

ALMOST INDEFINITE. Landlord: "In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?"

Author: "I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."

Pat was hard at work again in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, when the foreman on his rounds stopped and eyed him sternly.

"Did yez not receive a letter from me, statin' yez was foired?" he demanded.

"Oi received a letter," answered Pat calmly, "the insoid says Oi was foired, but th'outside says 'Return in foive days to Baldwin's,' so Oi'm back."

The guide, in referring to the Egyptian pyramids, remarked: "It took hundreds of years to build them."

"Then it was a government job—eh?" replied the wealthy contractor.

An old lady with a peaked black bonnet got aboard a Pennsylvania train. She turned to a boy, and, pointing to the brake-cord, asked: "What's that?"

"That's the bell-cord; it runs into the dining-car."

The old lady hooked the end of her parasol over the cord and gave it a vigorous jerk. Instantly the brakes were set and the train came to a stop.

The conductor rushed in and yelled: "Who pulled that cord?"

"If you please, a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich," replied the nice old lady.