

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

"Every Step Shows the Next"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

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VOL. I

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No. 3

The Old Secret

THOUGHT in the mind hath made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes
The wheel the ox behind.

All that we are is what we thought and willed;
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow—sure.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me!" If one should keep
Thoughts like these angry words within his breast
Hatreds will never sleep.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me!" If one shall send
Such angry words away for pardoning thoughts,
Hatreds will have an end.

For never anywhere at any time
Did hatred cease by hatred. Always 'tis
By love that hatred ceases—only Love,
The ancient Law is this.
From an ancient Indian Teacher.
(Sir Edwin Arnold's Translation.)



An Indian Legend

Lo the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
His Soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way.

AN experience in the boyhood of the writer when
about twelve years of age disproves the last part
of the verse above quoted. While living in
Washington, (then a Territory), on the banks of the
Columbia River, it was my frequent custom to visit a
boy friend residing ten miles distant where the Washougal
River empties into the Columbia.

Excellent fishing we had where the two streams meet.
In going from the home to the fishing place one had to
pass near a camp where there were ten Indians. While
returning alone one evening with a good catch of fish,
an old Indian medicine man known as Indian Jim stopped
us. After having accepted several of the best fish, he

asked in a gruff manner "Where you come from boy?"

Not comprehending his meaning I said, "I am going
home." "No! *not* going home!" replied Jim. The
uneasiness caused by this bluff remark was however over-
come by the old man's kind and assuring manner. "I
tell you where Indian man come from," said he, resting
one hand on my shoulder and with the other pointing
to the northern starlit heavens. "Way beyond the stars,
past the Frost Clouds (Milky Way) where the Great
Father lives, Great Red Father like fire.

"So long, long time ago, he looked through the Frost
Clouds, past the stars, and saw this great River and
these mountains and the Great Land. He called his
big red chief and said to him, 'Go down and see if
any man lives there?' Chief obeyed but found no men,
only big man-looking animals walking all bent over.

"Big chief went back quick and found Great Red
Father asleep, who suddenly awaking, like a great
bear shook himself, and flashing from his heart sparks
of golden fire rained them down from the stars, never
stopping till a spark fell into the heart of every man-
looking animal who quick as a flash, stood straight as
an arrow.

"Each a brave red Indian. Then Great Red Father
sent big chief to watch.

"When Red Indian do wrong, spark go back to Great
Red Father; then Indian bend over.

"You got spark in heart boy! Keep spark in heart
boy! Stand straight, be brave, good night boy."

Jim and I have never met since that day. The old
medicine man no doubt has gone back to his Great Red
Father.

As a boy of twelve I did not comprehend the start-
ling truth contained in the gruff recital of this Indian
legend, but it sank into my heart and as years have
passed it has ripened into a more comprehensive under-
standing of that divine spark that dwells in the hearts
of all men.

And the same understanding of this has brought com-
fort into the lives of many of the men at San Quentin.

You got spark in heart boys. Stand straight. Be brave.

STUDENT

"Down and Out"

THE following story is true in every particular with the exception of some changes of name. It illustrates occurrences in the book of life which are not at all uncommon in these days, but to whose significance we usually blind ourselves by the word "coincidence." What lessons can be learned from it and how it shall be interpreted, each must judge for himself.

Prolog

In the years 1876-1878 in a boarding school for the sons of wealthy people at Highstone in the South of England, was a boy named George Atkinson, the son of an influential family. He was a bright active lad, with curly brown hair and a merry smile, one of those mercurial boys who are always in some mischief. Just thoughtless, without being either vicious or malicious, but impatient of restraint. As he grew older it became evident that unless he learned self-restraint, his future was in danger, and so his parents removed him from the school and placed him on a training ship of the mercantile marine, in the hope that wholesome discipline might have a beneficial influence. From that time his old school-master Charles Wilson heard nothing of him for thirty-three years.



CLARK THURSTON

President of the Men's International Theosophical League

One day in October 1911, a man walked into one of the largest business houses in Rio Grande, Brazil, South America. He was clothed in ragged corduroy clothes and a cloth cap, and he walked on crutches for he was lame. He looked like a tramp. He spoke to the manager in English and offered to sell some bead rings made for children. He said he made them of wire and beads and sold them for a living. He spoke with a good accent like a man of education.

But the manager said he did not need any bead rings, and offered him a milreis instead which was gratefully accepted. The man then asked if he could beg some cast off clothing, and the manager promised him a bundle the next day. On receiving the clothes he told his story.

He was the son of a gentleman and had come down in the world through his own foolishness. Had been a sailor, then a farmer in Mexico where he married and was living happily. But one evening, on getting home, he found that his house had been burned down and his family murdered by revolutionaries whilst he was away. After this he went wild again and roamed the world. Later he was working in the Argentine, putting up telegraph wires, when the cross piece of the

pole broke, and he fell and smashed his thigh and ribs, and thus became a cripple for life. And now he was walking through South America selling bead rings.

The manager gave him his card and told him to go round to the London and Brazilian Bank where doubtless he would receive some help from the English staff.

On taking the card, the man glanced at it for a moment and then said in an amazed tone, "Charles Wilson."

"Yes," said the manager, "do you know the name?"

"Years ago I was at a school at Highstone in England kept by Mr. Charles Wilson. Was he any relation of yours?"

"He was my father," said the manager. "What is your name?"

"My name is George Atkinson."

And then it appeared that they remembered each other as they were in the old days, the one as a little

boy of seven and the other as a scholar in his father's school.

And so with the manager's help a subscription was gotten up for the wanderer and offers were made to send him back to England, but without avail. He had disgraced his family too much!

On parting the manager handed to Atkinson the following letter:

"My dear Atkinson:

"It was indeed a strange 'coincidence' (as the world calls these happenings) that brought you to speak to

me a few days ago, and that brought us to discover our former mutual connexions of long ago. I am not what the world calls a 'religious' man, nor am I a fatalist, but I firmly believe that every happening in our lives has a cause, and also that every act and deed we think of or do, has an effect, and that in between the two—cause and effect—we have free will all the time to act and think as each one of us shall so decide for himself, what store of effects we are laying up for ourselves, merely depending upon the way each one of us shall act and think during life, at the crises of life more especially. I firmly believe that as in the physical world, so in the mental and moral world—cause and effect reign supreme. It is an inexorable law of the universe.

"Your sad story shows me that you have indeed already met with the effects of many of the causes you yourself set up. I should imagine that the debits and credits of your account in the book of this life, are about balanced now, and it is for this reason that I wish to make an appeal to you to start a *new life*.

"For the sake of argument we will say that your debits and credits in the book of this life *are* balanced. What an advantage you would have—looking at it merely from a personal point of view—if you were to start a new life now at the age of forty-six or so! Think of the pleasure it would give to your old father and mother to know that the wanderer had returned and made a new start! They would pass the remainder of their days in happiness and finally die contented.

"Think this well over on your way to —. Sleep on it, dream on it. I urge you to become a man again if only to make happier the last years of the woman who bore you.

"You can write me from —. I think you will find it possible to start a new life there, if you will only show your manhood and make up your mind.

"Your sincere friend,
Charles Wilson."

The following are some extracts from a letter written to the old schoolmaster, the manager's father, a few days afterwards.

"After having accidentally met your son in Rio Grande, I thought you might care to hear from the undersigned who all his life has been a wanderer and practically an outcast.

"With all my prodigality I have always, strange to say, longed to know the Truth regarding this and the next life. Believe me I found no solace in —, —, or — nor indeed in emotional religion such as —, having for a time been employed at Headquarters. All these things have never given me consolation nor desire to — or rather a will to — live decently. I have lived a lie, a life of lies and deceptions just in order to get funds easily from time to time.

"After reading a copy of *El Sendero Teosófico* which your son gave me, my thoughts have been awakened, and I wonder is there hope for a man like me. I certainly believe in God (as I understand him to be), the Great Spirit, the all in all; but being so frail and so used to allow the lower "I" to control the upper "I," to me it seems impossible to be any good in the world. . . . Only my mother sticks to me. The very fact of my writing you in this way, goes to show that maybe there is still something dormant in me which only needs arousing. . . .

"I wonder if you can offer me a stimulant to be something, instead of being a thing that only lives for its own gratification."

Epilog

Here is a man whom the world generally believes to be "down and out." He has thought so himself but he has met with a ray of hope.

As a matter of fact men may be "down" but they can never be "out."

Once a man has realized that he is not the body, but a soul living under a law of eternal harmony which works with both justice and mercy, he will know that there is always a hope which is as indestructible as his own soul, when once he can exercise the will to realize it.

We can best help such men by pointing out that each of us has it within himself to choose the nobler course of action and start a *New Way*. C. W.

Winged Thoughts

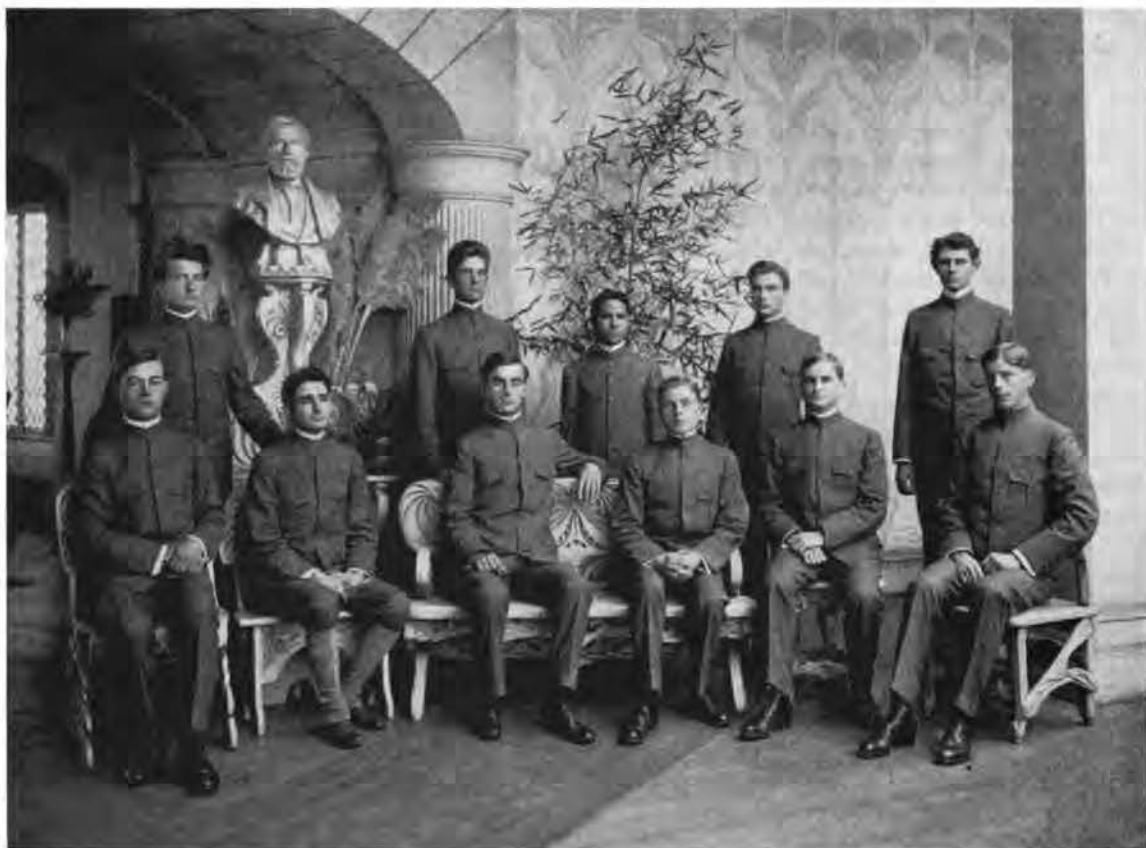
IN 1904, after conducting the regular monthly meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in the chapel of San Quentin, one of the inmates, a robust six-foot young man about thirty years of age, came up to me and requested a few private words. Observing that he was greatly agitated, trembling in body, and broken in voice, I at once acceded to his request. He told me then that he felt as if he was being overpowered by something in his mind which he could not resist. "I have vowed," said he, "to kill my wife when I leave this prison and do what I will I grow stronger in the determination each day." He told me that the woman was about to secure a divorce from him, and it was for that reason that he proposed to carry out his murderous impulse.

After hearing the gist of his story I turned squarely upon him and in a most vigorous tone told him it was a brutal coward who would harbor murder in his heart. My belligerent manner caused him for a moment to give me a menacing look. "I see," I went on, "that you feel resentful towards me for what I have said, but I notice also that you are controlling yourself. Now my friend this effort of yours to control yourself is your first

lesson; there is every hope for you. You shall have all the aid and sympathy I can extend if you will try to master yourself, this self which is in such an awful condition.

"Thoughts are real things. Your violent thoughts and attitude towards this woman — your wife — *are reaching her, killing her love for you, and inspiring in her the thought of divorce.* Cease such thoughts for by harboring them a man can create in his mind a demon of hatred and revenge which will at last overpower him.

this prison wall to that woman whose life you would have taken an hour ago and find the good you know to be in *her* character. Think of her always kindly, and when I return in four weeks you will be a changed man." And he was. At my next visit he told me that he had fought the battle of his life with himself. Yes, after a hard struggle, he had won a royal victory. For some eighteen months I repeated again and again the same advice to him, at the same time writing encouraging letters to his mother who passed them on to his wife.



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AMERICAN, ENGLISH, AND CUBAN BOYS OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RAJA YOGA COLLEGE
WHO HELP IN THE PRISON WORK AT SAN DIEGO COUNTY JAIL

It will drive him to commit crime upon crime and will so force the good out of his nature that when its murderous impulse has been obeyed and is for the moment over, he is at a loss to know how its purpose was accomplished. Then the weakened, fevered mind will collapse in remorse."

Sick as this man was in mind he began to see the truth and when I left him he had already begun to change and showed it in his countenance. Plain speaking and a kind sympathetic attitude had reached his better nature. I said on leaving, "I have been speaking to the *good* in you, overlooking the evil, and I take your hand in friendship for that good. Now you reach out beyond

When this man was released from prison his wife was at the prison gate to meet him. The following day they both visited me at my place of business, evidently perfectly at one and very happy. He made good and was steadily employed up to the time of his death, which occurred during the early part of 1910.

Many similar experiences will confirm one in the belief that there is not a man confined within prison walls who cannot be made better. We have only to follow out Katherine Tingley's directions to her representatives in prison work: Teach men that they are souls, and in a kind and sympathetic manner show them their dual nature, the good and evil in all.

H. H. S.

The New Way

UPON being asked by a person deeply interested in Prison Reform, "What general method was employed in conducting the meetings held in San Quentin Prison under the direction of Katherine Tingley?" the reply was made that it was nothing but a spirit of candor coupled with an appeal at all times to the noblest and best qualities in the men, a desire to help strengthen their moral nature and to encourage them.

This had won the confidence and respect of those who attend the monthly meetings held in the Chapel. The men appreciate the fact that no sentimental nonsense is mingled in what is said, and that the speakers have placed themselves in true sympathy with them. For sympathy opens the way to the real heart nature of all men, that common ground where the harsh experiences of life are lost sight of and the real man steps out in bold relief, the equal in all that is real and true in us all.

At such times those who meet their visiting friends in the chapel are made to feel there is no dividing line and if there be a secret way to Reformation the secret is told, for it is through the heart. It is the infusion of a regenerating moralizing force, effected by becoming one with, and uniting every unit present. This makes the magic of Reform possible.

It is no emotional force, flashing up and then leaving a man in darkness. The urge in the heart comes from a soul-flame that burns steadily therein. It is catching and where men are met together for one purpose each man to some degree experiences a betterment, no matter how languid his moral tone may be. When he leaves one of the meetings he will have experienced an impulse that quickens the best that is in him. The general unity thus effected involves all in one common purpose and everyone feels a new strength.

Surely there can be no unbridgeable chasm between the best men in prison and good men out of prison. When a man has been caught up in his own wrong doing, made a serious mistake, but now shows a determination to grow morally strong he has an inalienable right to demand of society a full measure of respect and sympathy.

No attitude such as "I am better than thou" will help any man to help himself morally. Men *at heart* are equal; personal differences spring from *mental* attitude and constitution. Once find an avenue through the mind to the heart, hard lines of separation disappear. Through the heart impulse only does a man become clean in character. For the heart is the only place from which a *lasting* impulse for good can come. The head may mold the ideas, help a man to use common sense, furnish reasons why he should be true to himself. But the divine *will* to back the reasons and the ideas lies in the heart.

The question is then, Is he resolved to be a clean man? If so he is entitled to every consideration and respect. It should be borne in mind that all men have within them the power to choose between right living and

evil doing. A man can choose both of these at different periods of his life. It is the appalling contrast between good and evil that some men must experience before they become firmly fixed in the will to follow the right.

Kindness, then, and sympathy shown for every sincere effort at right thought and effort, are the secret of our work. Through these only can a man be helped to get morally upon his feet, to regain self-respect, in other words to be a *man*. This is the teaching of Katherine Tingley to all those who, under her direction, have the Prison work of Universal Brotherhood in charge. S.

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Shakespeare among the Prisoners

A SHAKESPEARE Class would seem out of place in a Penitentiary, and yet through a Shakespearean Class in one of the Penitentiaries of the West much has been accomplished and great service rendered, not only to the prisoners themselves, but to every man connected with the Institution, to say nothing of the indirect benefits to society in general.

When this class was first started amongst the prisoners, a little over two years ago, it brought many a laugh and sneer, and the "boys" who were members of it had to tolerate considerable ridicule, but today it holds the respect of prisoners and officials alike.

At first it seemed a waste of time and energy, eighteen men (the original number of the class), a majority of them exceptionally poor readers, sitting round in a circle reading aloud the play of *Hamlet*. Unless one had a book the reading was meaningless. How the class ever managed to get through the entire play without disbanding is an unexplainable mystery, for all were bored. But by taking the most striking passages, so full of sound philosophy and good common every day sense, and by permitting a free and open discussion, it became more and more interesting. The open discussion had tapped a vein of interest; bringing out the practical lessons from that wonderful play; and as an improvement in the reading was perceptible, all were now satisfied and it was decided to take up *Julius Caesar*.

This play was handled differently; the best speeches in the first act were assigned to those who promised to memorize and deliver before the class.

Never will it be forgotten by those present, the first attempt at reciting; up rose a young man, his chest out, his head thrown back, endeavoring to assume the haughty air of a Roman Tribune, and in a clear loud voice thundered out the opening lines of Marcellus' speech, "Wherefore rejoice." Whether it was the sound of his own voice or stage fright, he stopped short, lost his assumed haughty air, and crestfallen slid into his seat amid much laughter; but a little talk and explanation encouraged him to try again, winning from his classmates hearty applause for his efforts. After that it was decided to attempt the great Forum Scene; characters

were assigned, the noble Brutus, Cassius, and the rest, the remainder of the class to represent the "Mob." The "Mob" was a "howling success," so much so that when it first broke into action the prison guards on duty thought it was an outbreak and rushed into the room to quell the disturbance.

The ones who memorized their lines and made earnest endeavor to deliver them, commenced to display a betterment not only of memory, but of carriage, general bearing, enunciation and expression; their thoughts took a wider range and their ideals were raised; their vocabulary extended, their letters home became more finished, more expressive; they were better understood and called forth replies that filled the writers with a greater hope and courage. Development along one line called for efforts along others, and the "boys" commenced practising writing so that their letters would *look* better and be more easily read. Books and magazine articles took on deeper meanings and became more interesting; the standard of their reading was raised; the full value of words began to be appreciated; beautiful and helpful passages in prose and poetry were memorized and used as quotations in talking or writing; and thus the long dead Bard of Avon was by the power of his pen spanning the great gap of centuries, doing a mighty work amongst poor fellows who had lost their way and knew nothing of their own latent abilities or the dignity of their manhood. They looked happier, more wide awake and plainly had a new hold on themselves.

The class is still in full swing. Other plays followed on, and in future papers the writer hopes to narrate incidents, often very amusing, connected with their study.

W. D.

Katherine Tingley on Capital Punishment

ON the last night of the old year Katherine Tingley addressed a large audience in the Isis Theater, San Diego, California, her address being largely a plea for the abolition of capital punishment.

As the audience entered the theater each was presented with a paper on which was the following:

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CAL., DEC. 31, 1911

Dear Sir or Madam:

Can I not have your signature (with address) to my plea that capital punishment be abolished? It is inhuman, unjust and puts the condemned criminal beyond the pale of reformation. Kindly interest yourself in getting other signatures and addresses. Use this side of the paper only and mail to me.

Faithfully yours,
KATHERINE TINGLEY.

Many hundreds of signatures were handed in at once and a steady stream of others has ever since been arriving by mail.

The following are some parts of the address:

"When one looks into the world's life today, its activities, its comedies, its tragedies, one naturally realizes that human life is playing many parts on new lines. Only a few years ago we had fewer crimes, we had less unhappiness, we had less despair. Each year adds to the sorrow of the world, and while we see many noble-hearted men and women making desperate efforts to stem the tide, yet we know that they do not succeed. They can only do their part, but if we are to help humanity in a new way, we must begin to think in a new way.

"We must look back in a sense to some of our mistakes, some of our acts of omission and commission, and we must be ready to stand face to face with ourselves and realize how much more we might have done if we had felt the real needs of humanity, if in the deepest sense we had been more acquainted with them, if we had gotten away from our own mental environment out into the great expansive sea of thought, and let our hearts grow towards those who need us. But we fashioned our lives under the old regime, living largely for the self. We have our spasmodic times of doing good, and while a hundred here and there make sacrifices, trying to clear their consciences, and while there are others, we will admit, who are working strenuously to help humanity, yet something more must be done if we are to understand the meaning of life, if we are to teach men and women the nobility of their calling.

"Of course, these words and sentiments would be interpreted differently by many, I am quite sure, but Theosophy, declaring that man is divine, that the great soul-life exists even in the most unpromising and most uninteresting, teaches us that to have a thorough knowledge of one's self, one must recognize this soul life, and one must be under the influence of the soul urge constantly. We must not rest satisfied with trying to find our souls on Sunday and forgetting them on Monday. But we must find them and work with them, and hold our minds so open, so receptive, that the light shall shine, and we shall know ourselves, know our brothers, and then we shall be able to serve.

A Great Lesson

"Yesterday morning—I have one illustration to bring up, which has its application here—one of our citizens went out in the morning into the sunlight of this beautiful land of ours, probably with no crime in his heart, no crime in his mind. He probably intended to do his duty by himself and his family and those who loved him, but he moved away from that better environment of thought and allowed the lower nature to come in. He was tempted, he took one drink, and then he took another, and tonight he is behind the bars, a murderer; and in a home in this city there sits that unhappy wife and mother in her great sorrow with her children. There is a lesson, and a very great one, in this. It has come home to us more closely than many others, for we know that crimes are being committed every day in almost every city, many of them of a kind that cannot be talked about.

"Now the cause, the first cause of that man's crime, must have begun years ago. It could not all have come about in so short a time. The seed was sown through lack of self-control, and the soul had no part in much that that unfortunate man did. He might still have gone on for years believing in right action, and wanting to do it, but his will weakened under the lack of self-control and brought about the tragedy. Under the common law, he must hang or be electrocuted. And I have no question that there are many in the city today who, in reading of the tragedy, and considering it, will feel that his life should be taken.

"My plea is that tonight we shall make strenuous efforts in the way in which you have been invited through the papers which have been presented to you, to show that by destroying life it is utterly impossible to lessen crime, or to reform the criminal. This unfortunate man behind the bars needs our help and our

sympathy. The character of the man needs refashioning. He should have a chance as every criminal should have, to begin over again in just the same way that you, who have made lesser mistakes have your chance to begin over again.

A New Record for San Diego

"We should make a record this new year for San Diego, and every citizen in the town should feel it his sacred duty to protest against the condemning of a man to death whether by hanging or by electrocution. He should protest against capital punishment in such a way that the force of his thought will be so potent that this city would set the example for other cities, that we should establish a precedent so that the near-by smaller towns and the larger cities throughout the state would follow and in no short time the whole world would know of the splendid work that has been done by the people of San Diego.

"How can we expect to build up humanity if we can allow the thoughts that come from the disposition to kill to remain in our minds? Think for a moment of the brutality of such thoughts. Think of what other thoughts are invoked by such thoughts! Realize that the mind is the instrument that is played upon by good and evil, and that if the mind can turn away from the soul urge, and the soul knowledge, which every man should have, and permit the thought, the desire to have a man killed, there is a beginning of currents of thought on planes that we cannot see—currents that cannot be caught up with.

Invisible Conditions About Us

"We must admit, if we think at all, that there are conditions surrounding us that are invisible, which we know nothing about, which we cannot control, but they are potent. Sometimes when we are in the Light for a moment our hearts tell us that around us and above us is this great law of hope, potent, persuasive, seeking to lift the minds of men to that knowledge which should make them realize the importance of recognizing that they are their brothers' keepers. We are failing, absolutely failing, we are retrograding, we are losing some of the best opportunities of our lives when we listen for one moment to any plea, any persuasion, any argument that will stand or that could stand for capital punishment. We may be cultivating something in our minds that may not be easily eliminated.

"The difficulty is that the man to be hung is not our boy. You may say, he is not ours. Don't you see that if he were ours in the very truest sense we would not endure it, we would not have it, and we would unite in such a way, in an intelligent and dispassionate way, as to refashion conditions, to refashion them quickly, that we might wipe off from the face of the earth, so to speak, such a barbaric measure as the death penalty?

"Let us for a moment, move away from our present environment, and imagine ourselves as jurymen, in court, where there was a human life at stake—saying for instance, that we were all familiar with human nature as it is and not as it appears; saying that we admitted that man is dual in nature, that there is the lower nature that should be the servant and that there is the higher which should control; saying that we felt that life was so precious, in spite of all the mistakes it had made and the crimes it had committed, that we must take a year to consider before that man should be condemned to death—don't you know that if you happened to be there—and I believe this of most of you—if you could feel the touch of the Christ spirit that he declared you could feel, if you sat like little children at the feet of the Great Law, it would be absolutely impossible for you to allow a life to be destroyed?

"The moment that your minds became illuminated enough by these laws governing human life, you would begin to feel your responsibility, your hearts would be aroused, your souls would touch your minds with new light, and you would arise as bene-

factors, as helpers, in the soul-expression of brotherhood, such as Christ taught. You would say nay, nay. Away with this barbaric custom. We are responsible. We have helped to make these conditions because we have all our lives sat quietly and let things go wrong. For a few minutes we may have tried to do something, but a great many of us have not had the opportunity; but now we are united, we are united in the spirit of Christ, we have no condemnation; we have mercy and love.

"Before many years a new time shall dawn for humanity. We shall then know that men and women have begun to find their true position in life and that a beginning has been made of something so splendid, so inspiring, so true, that those who have faltered before will come under its influence. In no long time we shall hear of humanity beginning really to be refashioned."

An Interesting Letter

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, Dec. 26, 1911

Mrs. Katherine Tingley,

Point Loma, California.

My dear Mrs. Tingley:

It was brought to my attention sometime ago that you had written a letter to the Governor, asking for the commutation of the death penalty which has been pronounced upon William Birke to imprisonment for life. I am told also that you spoke at Isis Theatre recently touching capital punishment.

In behalf of an unfortunate man who has lived a wayward life, and who has reaped much as he has sown, allow me to thank you very sincerely. I think, however, that the kind impulse which prompts you to say these things is of greater value to the community than the simple desire to save the life of a human being. I feel forced to say that the God principle within us speaks most loudly and potently when we realize that love for our fellow men, the brotherhood of the entire human family, must be ultimately the basis on which all people must live and all governments be builded.

Thanking you sincerely for your kindness, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

W. R. A.

The Soul's Song

THERE is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. . . . In that sense it is that I say to you—All those beings among whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live, that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it, you will more readily recognize it around you.—*Light on the Path*

I wish to acknowledge the kindness of Warden Hoyle in the distribution of *The New Way* and wish him all success in his endeavors to improve the conditions of prison life at San Quentin. KATHERINE TINGLEY

The New Way in Shakespeare

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself. — *Pericles*

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers. — *Anthony and Cleopatra*

They say best men are molded out of faults. — *Measure for Measure*

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in. — *As You Like It*

Let men take heed of their company. — *Henry IV*

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. — *Taming of the Shrew*

Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities. — *Henry IV*

If we do now make our atonement well
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking. — *Henry IV*

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer. — *Timon of Athens*

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies
are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so
that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, have it
sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why the
power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.
— *Othello*

My desolation does begin to make
A better life. — *Anthony and Cleopatra*

Thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care. — *Much Ado about Nothing*

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung from change of
fortune. — *Timon of Athens*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. — *Titus Andronicus*

The fineness of [our] metal is not found
In fortune's smile; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the learned and unlearned,
The hard and soft, seem all alike and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass and matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. — *Troilus and Cressida*

The Smile Column

"WHAT you want to do is to have that mud-hole in
the road fixed," said the visitor.

"That goes to show," replied Farmer Corn tassel, "how
little you reformers understand local conditions. I've
purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I made
haulin' automobiles out o' that mud-hole."

UNCLE EPHRAIM had put on a clean collar and his
best coat, and was walking majestically up and down
the street.

"Aren't you working today, Uncle?" asked somebody.

"No suh. I'se celebratin' mah golden weddin', suh."

"You were married fifty years ago today, then!"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate?"

"Mah present wife, suh," replied Uncle Ephraim with
dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it."

A SCOTCH minister instructed his clerk, who sat among
the congregation during service, to give a low whistle
if anything in his sermon appeared to be exaggerated.
On hearing the minister say: "In those days there were
snakes fifty feet long," the clerk gave a subdued whistle.

"I should have said thirty feet," added the minister.

Another whistle from the clerk.

"In consulting Thompson's Concordance," said the
minister, in confusion, "I see the length is twenty feet."

Still another whistle. Whereupon the preacher leaned
over and said in a stage whisper, "Ye can whistle as
much as ye like, MacPherson, but I'll nae take anither
foot off for onybody."

THE Brownsons were pestered by circular-distributors
and tramps, and Mrs. Brownson said they must either
go into a flat or buy a bulldog. So Brownson bought a
bulldog. It was a great big ugly brute, but Mrs. Brown-
son was charmed with it; she called it Joe, tied a pale
blue ribbon round its neck, and taught it tricks.

"Do you want to buy a dog?" Brownson asked
Swithers the other day. "Joe's for sale."

"Joe!" Smithers exclaimed. "Why, you were boast-
ing about him only yesterday. What's the matter with
him?"

"Oh, well, my wife taught him some tricks, you know,
how to carry things and so on. No harm in that, of
course. But last night Mrs. B. woke me up and whis-
pered, 'There's burglars downstairs.' I said, 'Non-
sense; Joe would half kill them!' But nothing would
satisfy her till I got out of bed. I went down the stairs
quietly and peeped into the dining-room. She was right:
there were burglars, three of them — and Joe!"

"Joe! Wasn't he killing the burglars?"

"Well, no; he was too busy," Brownson admitted.

"Busy! What doing?" Swithers wanted to know.

"Carrying the lantern for the burglars!"

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

"What Thou Wilt Thou Canst"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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The Living Law

BEFORE beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its Laws endure.

It will not be condemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, tomorrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!—Edwin Arnold

Beginning of Universal Brotherhood Work at San Quentin

PRIOR to 1890, San Francisco Center of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society began sending Theosophical literature to San Quentin Prison. The books were placed in the prison library and leaflets were put in circulation amongst the inmates. About that time one of them, who had become much interested in Theosophy, was found dead by the guard on opening his cell one morning. The Warden upon hearing of his death, knowing of his interest and being himself friendly to the Universal Brotherhood members, phoned to one of them in San Francisco, apprising him of the death and inquiring if the members desired to conduct funeral services. We gladly embraced the opportunity of showing our respect for the dead man and of saying something about the Theosophical view of death to his comrades. So the writer and one other member went to San Quentin for that purpose.

It was an event not easily forgotten. On entering

the prison Chapel the members saw a rough, unpainted coffin containing the remains, resting upon two wooden supports placed just in front of the platform stand. Immediately back of the coffin were seated twelve or fifteen inmates in prison garb, friends of the deceased who had been permitted to attend the services. After a brief appropriate reading from one of us on man's essential nature and future growth as an immortal soul, an address on the meaning and promise of life and its divine possibilities through brotherhood was given by the writer, death being shown as but the stairway onward. Then we filed past and looked for the last time upon the face of our friend. The lid was nailed down, four men lifted the coffin, and the little procession headed by the two members moved out of the Chapel, crossed the prison yard, passed through the iron door opening into the narrow corridor, out through the grated entrance door and on up the hill to the prison cemetery, a spot marked by grave mounds, headed by rough board crosses with numbers painted in white. On arriving at the open grave the coffin was lowered into it, a short invocation was spoken, the friends filled the nameless grave, and topped it off into a mound like the other mounds, and placed a numbered wooden cross at the head like the other wooden crosses—and no man could tell whose father, whose husband, or whose son, filled that grave. His name? Ah, prisons have many graves other than those of the mould—graves of oblivion, wherein lie not only forgotten names but buried hopes and shattered lives. But who shall say that this nameless, forgotten one had not done a noble work, had not lit up new hopes and left as a legacy, in the place he had filled in the hearts of some of those who had truly known him, a light never again to fade?

Indeed, and indeed, it would seem that *this* man died to a glorious end—this all but forgotten *brother*. A true nobility of character was his, even though some strands of it had become stained and gone awry. By his loyalty to the Truth when he found it, by his courageous and open espousal of it to his cell-mates, by his example, by his faith in his immortality, he had become a Light in the darkness, a Tower of Strength while living, and

his death — *a royal death, since he was true* — was an appeal, an evocation of the Light of the Soul. The Light did come to that place and has never since ceased to burn. And so, very largely because of this man's fidelity to the Truth, a New Day dawned for his comrades who were as yet groping in the shadows. To how many is vouchsafed an opportunity like that? May all the best that he had hoped for be his after the storms of his life.

Thus began Universal Brotherhood work at San Quentin Prison, which, under the wise direction of Katherine Tingley, Humanity's Friend, has brought Truth, Light and Liberation to men whose hearts once heavy with despair, now have a measure of joy because inspired by that spirit of Brotherhood which rifts the clouds and reveals the glorious heights of possibility beyond.

A. G.

"What Thou Wilt Thou Canst"

THE peculiarity of us men as distinguished from the animal is, that we can do the impossible. Every now and then somebody turns up who proves it to us. Think of Blind Tom, the famous pianist. Think of Helen Keller, born totally and incurably deaf and blind — now a highly educated woman, "hearing" all that people say and read to her by touching their lips, and herself an eloquent writer and speaker. She *willed* to come into close and living touch with the world notwithstanding the two closed avenues of sense — and did it. *Will* what you *ought* to have, to be, and to do — and you will win. Your will has the Great Will of the World behind it.

From a country where they believe that the soul has many births and lives on earth, (not *one* only, as most of us think), comes this legend:

It tells how a soul once informed "The All-honorable One" that it desired to incarnate (be born on earth) for the purpose of teaching humanity a new grace and inspiration in the art of painting. The All-honorable One approved and said, "Go." Then one of the Scribes who write down all men's deeds and thoughts stepped up and said: "It will be impossible, All-honorable One, for this soul to carry out his wish; for of such a nature is the record against him from his deeds in former lives that he must suffer the penalty of being born with withered and paralyzed arms."

But the soul replied: "I will go nevertheless and do even as I have said." Then came another Scribe and said: "Of a truth, O All-honorable One, his project is impossible of fulfilment, for of such a nature is the record on *my* books against him, that he must be born among the poorest and most ignorant, who have no knowledge of painting or any other art."

But the soul replied: "I will go nevertheless and do even as I have said." Then came other Scribes and produced records dating from many and many a life

gone by, showing that in each of them the soul had incurred such or another penalty, so that the disabilities would be altogether too great for any to surmount.

But the soul always smiled and said: "Nevertheless I will go and do even as I have said." And the All-honorable One also smiled and said: "Of a surety, O soul, thou mayst try."

Then the soul took birth among men with all the disabilities foreshown by the Scribes, and painted *with his feet*, (as some great artists, born without arms, have done), and triumphed every way and achieved its mission and taught the new grace in painting. And at last, having done all that it said, it died and returned to the Upper World.

Then the All-honorable One called the souls about him and said: "Ye have seen how this soul hath triumphed every way, over maimed and distorted limbs, over poverty, disgrace, disease, and hath taught to mankind even what he desired to teach. I saw that because of the experiences and mistakes of his past in other lives on earth, he had through suffering come to little short of perfection and that with a mighty effort he could pass those limits that make man only man and not a god. It was I that brought upon this soul all the Scribes at once, so that his *difficulties* might be his *opportunities* for noble struggle and that in this one life all the bad accounts might be squared at once. The soul hath finished all that he had to do. It is now as he will; he shall go down among men again and teach them that what he did they may do, that if they will they are gods, teach them the right ways and the meaning of life, or if he will he shall stay here in divine rest and peace."

And the soul, full of love for humanity, went forth again to labor.

STUDENT

Drinking Waves

IT is worth while to remember that all the old fables and stories have an inner meaning. When we tell them to the children we must not tack this meaning on at the tail too clearly, for they don't want their stories "with a moral." But we older folk can get a good deal out of it once that we see it. Here is one of these old stories:

It is from Japan — of a man bathing in the sea, whom the waves tried to overwhelm and drown. Each great wave, as it rolled in upon him, threatening his life with its mighty force and volume, he resisted with immense exertion. And from each one, with set purpose, he drank as much as he could.

Soon it was observed that his strength and stature were increasing. He held his head up over the waves with greater ease and drank more of each. After a long while he had become "of the stature of a god." He could now drink the whole of every wave, and the vast and increasing efforts of the whole ocean did not suffice to move him in the least.

Then the ocean declared him its master and endowed him with all its powers.

Where's the moral?

As soon as a man begins to enter upon the career of self-mastery, he begins to *oppose* himself to the waves of passion and impulse upon which he formerly *floated*, letting them take him where they would. He thought them parts of himself and therefore hardly resisted.

But now he opposes them they are dead against him. He goes down before them again and again. But his efforts to stand up are increasing *his* strength and size and decreasing *theirs*. He can "drink" some of them. For every passion-wave that we resist flows back smaller. When it comes forward again tomorrow we can *feel* that it is smaller.

At last we get the power to "drink" the whole of each. All that power that was in the *passion* and swept the man away, is now in the *real man*, under his will, in his mind, in his divine and immortal part.

Till we can "drink the waves" we may *hope* or *trust* that we are immortal; we cannot *know* it. *Knowledge* of it comes only to the mind that is strengthened and cleared by drinking "waves." STUDENT

✽

The Self-made Man

OF all the phrases that come so easily from our lips, "*The Self-made Man*" perhaps contains the most error in the fewest words. Such a man never existed. We are all makers of each other. In this way:

A kindly, genial-looking man, with a kind of Christmas Day effect about him, enters the railway car where all the passengers are firmly encamped in their own selves. They look up and are sensibly warmed up a little in their feelings by the mere look of the genial newcomer. Perhaps he announces in his hearty way that it is a cold day, or a fine one. No one answers him but

several look pleasant, as if they were on the point of answering.

Soon the car is empty; all have gone away to their several affairs. But those affairs will go a little better all day because of that cheerful presence. The men who have clerks and servants will treat them better. And in their turn the clerks will go home to their families in a more agreeable frame of mind. This again will be nice for the wife and children.

That is only a little example of the way we influence each other. That man was only in the car ten minutes. Every ten minutes of the day he is spreading the same sort of good influence—and every day of the year and every year of his life. Think what a power that life is!

We all have presences that affect other people whether we speak or not. We all do deeds—a thousand or two every day—that affect other people; we all think thoughts that affect other people. If a man is thinking dislikefully against me and I think back kindly, I shall certainly soften him in a short time. Try it! "Hatred never ceaseth by hatred at any time; hatred ceaseth only by love." If I thus cause some man's hatred of me to die away, I have bettered his character for all eternities to come. This again will react for good on all the people whom he will meet during the said eternities. And so the mesh goes on being interwoven, each contributing to everybody else's character. It has been going on for ages, and yet each of us thinks himself a unit entirely separate from the rest!

Quite properly we call life a school. But yet, is not a school rather a *preparation* for life? Well then, when in this our school, ages hence, all latent godlike gifts and powers have been brought to noblest perfection in all of us—that will not be *end* but *beginning*. Then will come that for which all was but preparation. True life will begin. Universal



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GOVERNOR WEST OF OREGON

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Governor West's Creed

I believe in the prisoner. He is savable and he cannot get away from my good wishes for him.

I believe in plenty of wholesome, cheerful, and useful labor for the prisoner.

Brotherhood will be perfected. Pain and trouble will have vanished. The sun will rise as it were on a new heaven and a new earth. The old things will have vanished. It will be the morning of the new gods who were men — ourselves.

And so onward, day following day, the light ever more glorious, life ever fuller of meanings, the eternal Law ever unfolding, yet ever more of it to be unfolded. This Law

Maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than had been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

C.

Happiness

(From Budget of the Battleship *Kentucky*.)

IT'S just a sort o' feeling that depends upon the man,
And the owner never gets it by a fixed and settled plan;
It's nothing that's to come along at any certain time,
And nothing in the atmosphere of any certain clime:
It's not cut out for customers and laid upon the shelf —
But it's just a sort o' feeling that depends upon yourself.
It never comes from growling at your luck and feelin' blue,
And thinkin' every man is stealin' some from you;
You needn't think it comes along where money's runnin' rife —
Or feel that you would find it in another sphere of life —
You ought to find it where you are; there's plenty everywhere
An' any man that is a man'll get an honest share.
The minister'll find it in the sayin' of a grace,
And the barber get his portion in the shavin' of a face,
The sailor on the ocean and the farmer in his corn,
The millionaire a-watchin' at some hole in plenty's horn;
And the hairy howlin' captain of a climbin' jungle clan
Is as happy as a monkey as he would be as a man.
It's every human's duty in whatsoever sphere
To make his life a happiness to other mortals here;
So why not be content with life and say your lot'll do?
And then you feel the duty done — an easy duty too;
For happiness from discontent is but a little span,
An' it's just a sort o' feelin' that depends upon the man.

Nature's Ways A Bird and Its Problem

A DWELLER in Lomaland was one day attracted by a peculiar tapping sound that proceeded from somewhere about his tent-house; and on going out to explore, found a sickle-bill thrush busily engaged in fighting its reflection in a broken pane of glass. The glass stood on edge, leaning slightly forward, and with a dark background, in the space of about one foot high between the ground and the tent-floor; so that the bird saw its image reflected high up. It was flying up at the glass and pecking vigorously. Every day for some weeks the bird has continued at intervals to visit the glass in the hope of getting at that mysterious other bird, and the spectacle of his efforts is very ludicrous. The other bird is a most skilful fencer, and the thrush has not (up to

date) succeeded in getting inside his guard, for the adversary parries every thrust with the most astonishing accuracy. His tactics are, however, solely defensive, and he has never been known to take the initiative. Of late the thrush has varied his procedure by making sudden lunges to the top edge of the pane and looking quickly down on the other side, in the evident hope of catching bird number two before it has time to disappear. He has also evidently speculated on the possibility of the other bird *burying itself quickly in the soil* instantly after parrying a lunge. For at times, after delivering an attack, he rushes swiftly round behind and digs a minute with his beak so as to defeat this maneuver which he supposes his enemy may have effected. Probably it has not been accustomed to see its own reflection even in water, but gets its drink from dew and condensed fog; but in any case the experience with the glass would be strange. No doubt it will slowly learn, and very likely its offspring, if confronted with the same situation, will learn a little more quickly. If a moral is needed for this story, it may be that we more advanced creatures are often engaged in pecking at our reflection in the glass: for, as Shakespeare says, there is a faculty of the mind that mirrors things in distorted shapes, presenting to us phantoms which we take for real foes. And the sooner we find out what they are, nothing but our distorted selves, the better for our peace of mind. H. T. E.

The Tree and the Ant: A Bargain

A VARIETY of Central American Acacia grows in districts where leaf-cutting ants abound, and where the ravages of these insects are so dreadful that whole areas of country are at times denuded of foliage in a few hours. This tree has however hit upon a unique way of protecting itself against these enemies. At the end of some of its leaves it produces small sausage-shaped yellowish masses, known as food bodies. Now these seem to be specially prepared for the benefit of certain *black* ants which eat the material greedily, and on this account it is no matter for surprise that these insects (which are very warlike in habit) should make their home in the acacia, boring out holes in the thorns of the tree to live in. It is not difficult to see how the arrangement works out. At the approach of an army of leaf-cutting ants the *black* ants emerge, fired with the enthusiasm which the defense of a home is sure to inspire, with the result that the enemy is repulsed and the tree escapes unscathed. — *Bastin*, in the *London Monthly Review*

LET every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close: then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly deed done for others, some goodly power gained for yourself. — *Ruskin*

How to Lengthen Life

SCIENCE says disease is due to germs. So when we are ill we are likely to be given medicines to kill the germs.

But give a sick man a piece of fine good news and see him make short work of the germs for himself! His own life forces suddenly acted like the medicines of the doctor. That shows us what they can do if we know how to rouse them.

But how are we going to rouse them?

We must do it through the mind. If as I pass through a gate it swings to and hits me in the back, I may be irritated enough to turn round and kick the gate; you very frequently see irritable men doing that sort of thing.

Some men regard all other men somewhat as gates that may hit them in the back. They look out always sourly and suspiciously through their eyes. They are not looking at other men exactly *as men*; rather as moving *things* that may hit them.

Others regard their fellows as things that may be put to profit, made money out of. That also is looking at them from the *dead* side.

But other men are *living* — just as you are; not gates, nor sponges to squeeze money out of. To look at them as living, is compassion — a word meaning *feeling-*

with. If you could enter into the living feelings of a man who hated you, you would find that he had what seemed to him to be a reason for it; or you would find that his mind was somehow twisted so that he *could* not see straight. He could not help looking on *you* as a gate that might hit him on the back.

To enter into and understand his feelings is to touch the *living* part of him, the inner part; whereas formerly you had only looked at the outside. There are a thousand things that we do every day to others that we could not do if we had entered into them, seen that they felt as we do, had the same hopes, loves, fears. That *entering into them* is touching the living side of them — and *your own life is the more for having done it*.

That is the old secret. Compassion and sympathy are ways of touching life, and therefore they give life — to yourself and to the best part of the other man.

On the other side of the case we all know that hate

is a *waste* of life. It shortens the *hater's* life; it may even kill him; it is sure to hurt his health.

Don't we speak of the "glow" of sympathy? That glow is actual life, and addition of life to our stock. Everybody knows how much richer his life is for a while when a hate or quarrel has come to an end in a reconciliation. For hatred is one of the paths to death. All the disease-germs love the blood of a man in a state of hate.

There is another point. If we would compel ourselves to feel sympathetic with a man who hated us, if we would look in that spirit into his mind, we should not only see and understand what seemed to him his good reasons but also see his better nature, his soul trying to conquer and expel the hate. So our sympathy would then deepen into a positive glow of pleasure. Our



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RAJA YOGA PUPILS AT DRILL AND CALISTHENICS
IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

own deepest nature would be touched and strengthened. We should have gained more spiritual and physical life. We should have bettered ourselves, the man who had the hate — but by that time he would probably have lost it — and even the atmosphere of the whole world.

So the duty of forgiveness and compassion becomes something more than a pious maxim; it is common sense, a tonic and medicine.

STUDENT

✽

Mental and Moral Prisons

WHILE there are many persons in every country who find themselves in the State prisons because of inability or unwillingness to comply with the law, there are also many in *mental* and *moral* prisons because of inability or unwillingness to adjust themselves harmoniously to their natural heritage and higher

nature, or to find their true divine work. Almost any of the institutions of higher learning contain scores of young men who, though apparently blessed with money, social position and talent, yet live in a mental dungeon which is pitiful. Classmate Jones says to this kind of a fellow, "Won't you do this with me?" Classmate Roberts says, "Won't you do that with me?" but they only get a listless disheartening response. Jones is too worldly, Roberts is too hale and hearty, for the sickly refinement of our mental convict.

And where did all this mental disease have its origin? Probably a few years back in the preparatory school. The boy got over-ambitious in his studies, applied himself too hard, *acquired bad habits*, kept to himself too much, and gradually let his mind drift more and more into a way of criticizing his friends, harshly condemning those little mistakes which would be certainly at least as frequent in his own case if he should make any attempt to enter with them the bustle of healthy life.

The fact is, he has made his own prison cell with the hard stones of uncharitable thought, has cemented them with his own false logic, and has left only a chink in his mental and moral cell-walls through which the cheerful light and wholesome air of the life universal may enter. And such mental convicts often serve long and bitter terms.

M.

Thou Man Seest Me

For mankind is one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the thrill of joy or shame.

TO "Thou God seest me" might usefully be added — "Thou *Man* seest me." Whatever is done in secret is at that instant — not *shall be* — proclaimed upon the housetop.

Science now knows that an electric change or a change of heat in any single atom in the whole universe is at once felt by every other atom in the whole universe, changes the electric or heat state of every other.

Are minds less sensitive than atoms? Must it not be that minds similarly feel each other's states and changes? Every feeling we have is a *mental* change or state like an atom's *electric* or *heat* change of state and must more or less affect the mind of every other man even if he does not notice it. The whole of humanity must be secretly looking on while each of us thinks and feels and acts. A mean act or unfriendly thought must be like a sort of cloud passing into the minds of our fellow men; a fine act or thought like a gleam of sunlight. All men are thus in a sense present at all times close around each man. There can be no better help to us in living rightly than this idea.

No one can possibly be alone a moment. He is at every moment going to and fro among the thoughts of

other men; other men's thoughts going to and fro among his. In this way humanity is one vast brotherhood. There will be a new heaven on this new earth when humanity feels the truth of that fact and behaves and thinks accordingly.

Meanwhile each of us can begin. After a few days and weeks of the attempt we shall find that all our clouds and unhappiness have rolled away, whatever the gloom or discomfort of our outer surroundings. One of the old prophets wrote of this: "Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept. For behold I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind."

Those who have ears to hear say that the hour is not now far away.

H. C.

The New Life An Address by Katherine Tingley

I AM looking forward and I believe it is coming, because I have faith in humanity in spite of all its weaknesses, that before I go the prisons will be closed.

A daring prophecy, you say — that many of these distressing restrictions that we have about us in our daily commercial life, to protect ourselves against each other will not exist; because men and women, having found the nobility of their calling, their true positions in life, must necessarily evoke that new quality of honor, that finer sense of honor, that lies sleeping in the hearts of men and women of this generation.

I had a glimpse of it yesterday in looking over a paper, and I can imagine that some of my unfriendly critics will smile. But I had a glimpse of something of this kind, where the sense of honor, the spirit of honor, had developed to a degree in a man who was condemned to life imprisonment for murder in Oregon. To the Oregon state prison our workers go regularly, and the governor there — Governor West — has done some splendid things in trying to evoke this spirit of brotherhood and to encourage the prisoners to better thought and action.

A few months ago — about six or seven — he became acquainted with the history of one of the men condemned for life. It seems that in order to save this man's life his father-in-law had mortgaged his house and used all his money, and the family was left destitute. When this condemned man heard of it his grief was very great — he had murdered, that was true, but his soul was speaking, his conscience, and when he found that while he, although wretched and miserable, was cared for to a degree in prison, outside his family was suffering, and an old man who had sacrificed his all for him. And what do you suppose he did? He asked Governor West to let him out on his word of honor. Think of that! A few years ago the people of Oregon would have said Governor West was mad, crazy, unfit to take charge of

the prisons, to think of such nonsense as letting him free even for an hour, a menace to the public. Well, Governor West let him out and he went away and worked six months and cleared the mortgage and walked back into the prison to take up his life sentence and the routine of the prison. Is this not something to think about?

Now, do you suppose that that poor fellow found his conscience and his sense of honor all by himself? Do you not believe that the psychological influence of the members of the Theosophical Society who went there day in and day out as the opportunities offered, who had the hearty, splendid, unselfish co-operation of the Governor—do you not believe that the psychological influence of the lives of these members, their example, their pleadings, their urging, their teachings touched that man and brought his conscience to the front, and that then was born the honor which he may never have known anything about before? That is said to have been the cause.

I could tell you of hundreds of just such cases or similar cases in my own experience, for I have met men at the tag-end of things—men who had lost all hope in life, men who had committed crimes—and in my simple pleadings, my friendliness, my trust in the divinity of man, ever within him despite his mistakes, without persuasion—I challenged those whom I have helped to a new sense of honor, to a new way of thinking. I urged them to realize what that higher consciousness is.

Oh! that indescribable, glorious power that can come to men and women and make all trials seem as naught; so that they can reach to a path along which they can walk understandingly, in the light, knowing the law, believing its power, living soulfully and righteously, and in that spirit of honor that we must evoke among men before we can expect humanity to find its true position in life.

The small beginnings, the sowing of a few seeds here and there in the right spirit—but one who professes to have the truth must live the truth as best he can, and his life must stand out in conformity to his teachings if he would have power. The only way it can be is by doing the right thing at the right time in that spirit of brotherhood that can be ours if we will.

Divinity is the power: mind is the instrument and soul is the enlightener. It is so simple, so easy.

I know there are people here who think what nonsense! what far-fetched words about the soul! for we have materialists here, those who have never believed that they possessed these soul qualities. Yet many of them, in the goodness of their hearts have fashioned out good acts and done some good service. Some of the best people I have met have been materialists though they have thought and acted under the urge of their soul: yet they knew it not.

I know it would be impossible for a man ever to think in a discouraging way of himself if he once had a glimpse of Theosophy. I believe it would change his whole life: it would change even the currents and the

atoms in his body; he would begin to exist in a nobler sense and would forever after work differently; he would become one of those splendid types of men that I have referred to, one who had found the nobility of his calling, working for the world, fearlessly and unafraid, conscious of his power. Oh, it is all here: it is among you; and humanity has this power. Let us arouse it and let our first step be for the men behind the bars. We have helped to put them there; now let us pull down the bars, slowly and surely and in such a way that there will be no resistance, no reaction—working on the lines of least resistance with the common law and the higher law.

I find many excellent people who say “theosophy is very interesting—some of your teachings are very inspiring, but it requires so much effort. It is not easily lived.” But to them I reply—all the effort it requires is to arouse the spiritual side of the nature, to walk upright with head erect, eyes heavenward and with a consciousness of one’s divinity. As I have told you before—if you cannot do more than *imagine* for a time, *play* that you are divine for a few weeks, until the very playing of it becomes second nature to you, and then let the refashioning of your character begin and you will begin to live. That is the idea. We have to think more profoundly and get more closely in touch with nature, more closely to the meaning of what life is. We must find our hearts; warm them with compassion that will reach out to the whole world, free our minds from criticism and condemnation and learn to love one another in the real way, because there is so much to do in the real way, in the self-sacrificing way, in the noble way, in the heroic way, and when that is begun, when it is done, we shall see signs in the heavens that we have never seen before, and then we shall hear a song—music such as our ears have never listened to, that will reach us and inspire us and lead us to the light.

A Letter

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY
McNeil Island, Washington

BEE, WASH., November 18, 1911

THEOSOPHICAL PATH,
Point Loma, California.
Gentlemen:

The copies of *Theosophical Path* which have been received at the McNeil Island penitentiary through your courtesy, have been read by many of the prisoners with a great deal of enjoyment, interest and profit, and I therefore trust that you will find it consistent to continue the prison library on your complimentary list for the ensuing year.

Thanking you for past favors, and wishing you every possible success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

S. Lewis,
Librarian

Approved:
O. P. HALLIGAN
Warden

The Way-Bill

NOTHING can bring you peace but yourself. Self-trust is the essence of heroism. — *Emerson*

LET us wait patiently for the day of our real, our best birth. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

HABITS of thought determine the soul's destiny; make every thought *conscious* and guard it as you would your life. — *Katherine Tingley*

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. — *Emerson*

No Man is Alone

WHEN you think that you are standing alone in your struggles to gain the victory over your lower nature, and that you are forsaken, arouse and declare yourself a Soul and make the "I WILL" of your higher nature vibrate through your own being so truly, so deeply and trustingly, that the temptations of that time will disappear; and then will come the "I WILL" of that great love which ever seeketh a place in the hearts of all men. — *Katherine Tingley*

The Companion

IF we will stop for only a moment and move more closely in touch with our inner life, our aspirations, our hopes, we shall really find the inexpressible inspiration of the Soul that is constantly urging us in the right direction. And it is the recognition of this inner urge, it is the being willing to work with it, to realize how beneficent and helpful is this compassionate Companion, and how readily we can, by following its mighty call in simplicity and trust, sow the seed of noble service; it is in doing this, in surrendering ourselves daringly and unselfishly and fully, that we commence this sowing understandingly; then we begin to gain the knowledge that is necessary for the next step. — *Katherine Tingley*

The "Princely Man"

THE "Princely Man," in dealing with others, does not descend to anything low or unworthy. How unbending his courage! He enters into no state where he cannot be true to himself. If he holds high office, he does not treat with contempt those beneath him. If he occupies a lowly position, he uses no mean arts to gain the favor of his superiors. He ever corrects himself and blames no other men. He cultivates contentment. He murmurs not at the decrees of Heaven, nor does he envy his neighbor. Hence the Superior Man dwells at ease, entirely awaiting the will of Heaven.

In respect of conduct to others the whole of life might be regulated by the word *Reciprocity* — Do not unto others what you would not wish done unto you. — *The ancient Chinese philosopher Confucius*

Light Refreshments

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandysiliogogoch is a lovely little town in Anglesey in Wales, a favorite resort of tourists. If this name is pronounced in a loud tone before and after each meal it will cure dyspepsia.

"WERE you seasick crossing the ocean, Pat?"

"Oi was turrrible sick comin' over, but nivver a qualm did Oi hov goin' back."

"Really? How do you account for that?"

"Sure and Oi nivver wint back, yure Honor."

RASTUS — "What yo' tink is de mattah wif me, doctah?"

DOCTOR — "Oh, nothing but the chicken-pox, I guess."

RASTUS (getting nervous) — "I 'clare on mah honah, doctor, I ain't been nowhar I could ketch dat!" — *Medical Times*

A NEGRO boy of about twelve years of age, barefoot, trousers rolled up to his knee and secured by only one suspender, slouch hat and unwashed face, stood before the judge in a Georgia court charged with petty larceny. "Are you the defendant?" said the judge, eyeing him searchingly and sternly, but sympathetically withal. "No judge," replied the boy; "dat man (pointing to his lawyer) is doin' the defensin'. I'se just the nigger wot stole de chicken."

A COLORED man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty, and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain dis thing to you all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full o' shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, Judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

At luncheon at Buckingham Palace one of the young sons of the Prince of Wales excitedly said to the King. "Oh, Grandpapa," when the King interposed with some severity, "Little boys should be seen and not heard. Go on with your luncheon and don't talk."

The small Prince collapsed. Presently the King said to him, relenting: "Now you can say what you were going to say."

The little Prince, with a world of meaning, said, "Too late, Grandpapa; it is too late."

The King said: "Nonsense! If it was worth saying five minutes ago it is worth saying now."

"No, Grandpapa," said the little Prince. "There was a big green worm in your salad and you've eaten him."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
For Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons

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Self-Dependence

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!"



A Soldier of Misfortune

NO. 157, in the lower tier of cells, though a mere private in a vast army, was generally rated as a man of nerve, and his record went to prove it. When, in defying the law, there had been risky work on hand, he had always taken the leading part instead of making a catspaw of some pal. He didn't believe in

vicarious attainment. And his skill and daring had hitherto brought him safely through everything.

Suddenly, by the irony of fate, he was laid by the heels and convicted on a charge of which he was *innocent*. In jail as No. 157 his resentment made him unruly and troublesome. It was of course directed mainly against his keeper, a man with perhaps as many weaknesses as he had, but of other kinds.

What now hurt No. 157 most of all was his feeling of *helplessness*—a new one on him, for his inventive self-reliance had hitherto been equal to any situation in which he found himself. At last he had to face squarely the fact that in *this* deal he was playing a losing game. He must somehow change his tactics.

In trying to be more politic the impulses of his own temper kept him pretty busy for a good while. But like the Soldier of Misfortune he was, he put up his usual fight and won out, gradually building up a good record that procured him more liberties. He had always looked down on mere brain-scheming as lacking the spice of dash and daring which he had been accustomed to put into his exploits outside. But now, working for revenge, he found a new interest in a clever counterplay which made him feel more of a fellow than ever.

His good behavior gave him the privilege of joining a class taught by an outsider who really wanted to help the men inside. A strong liking sprang up between No. 157 and the teacher of the class and both recognized the friendship as the real thing between man and man.

He soon found that doing things on the square put a fellow on better terms with himself so that at times he felt too large-natured to be bothered by small annoyances. He even put some of the others on to the same "game," as he called it, the game of squareness. Still, in the back of his head, he never let go his plan for revenge, and as time went on perfected the details of the way he proposed to get even with his enemy the keeper, once his hands were free.

Alongside of this another current was running, a current started by the class to which he belonged. He would sometimes forget himself in his sympathetic interest in the other men and his desire to help them over such diffi-

culties as he could see. He noticed that any help he could render, either by way of counsel, sympathy, or otherwise, always came back to him as a better feeling with himself. He saw others in a new light and began to know himself better, or to know more of his better nature, of which there was plenty. He came up against the fact that a steady conflict was going on inside him between his scheme for revenge and the ideas he was getting from the class and his friend the teacher. One or the other must go. Was it to be the hatred and revenge—or his new manhood? That was what it had come down to.

So he was in the fight of his life, and the soldierly courage which he had always shown did not fail him here. Looking into himself he found that he was a far worse fellow, and also a far better and more honorable and heroic fellow, than he had ever suspected before. He found also that he was free now to choose once and for all between the *two of him* and that he was at the turning point.

For three weeks he wrestled with his own case—and the better man won out. Then he quietly returned to the class and briefly explained to the teacher what he had been in for and what had come out of the fight. And the teacher understood. He had had half a guess at what had been going on all the time. Maybe his sympathetic thought had been something of a help throughout. For this sort of thought *carries* without words.

This incident was told, without name, to a certain body of people who believe in the inherent divinity of human nature, a body who might be called students of Brotherhood. Every one of them had challenged and was challenging the best side of *his* nature to win out. They were pledged to show that it could be done. They knew how hard the fight was, even with the help of comrades and with the sunshine and flowers and freedom of the place where they dwelt. They had learned how much alike men are on the inside.

So when they heard about No. 157 they at once saw that this distant stranger—a common criminal according to public and legal estimate—was by right of soldierly conduct a very Captain of Courage in the sight of that *Higher Law* by which each man is finally tried. Here was a comrade at an outpost; and because of the very odds against him they were inspired and uplifted by his example. And they all felt a new interest in the possibilities of that vast army, the Soldiers of Misfortune, who are on the long hard roads and bleak places of human life. So when the Leader of this body of people, the students of Brotherhood, outlined a plan for the help of this great army of Misfortune, each responded as to a distinct claim upon him; and No. 157, all unknowingly, has played a part in a great movement which will bring light into the lives of the thousands who feel themselves shut out from humanity and forgotten.

No one knows how far his good deed, his victory, will strike. But it is *somewhere*. L. R.

A True Indian Story

EVER hear of the township of Cono, Buchanan County, Iowa? Probably not. The Indian who gave the township its name has been dead for more than half a century. His story is worth telling and in a Des Moines paper Mr. O. H. Mills has just told it. Here it is, pretty much as he got it from Col. Davenport:

Cono was a member of the Musquakie tribe, a splendidly developed young man, one of the rising hopes of his people.

The Musquakies and Iowas were having a hunting picnic together, occupying the same camp in the most friendly way. But one evening around the fire a Musquakie had a row with an Iowa and in the quarrel slipped a knife into him and killed him. The killing might probably have been overlooked or adjusted; but the Musquakie went further. He took the scalp, the emblem of manhood, from his enemy. This was unpardonable and as soon as it became known at the dead man's home it began to make trouble.

The Musquakies proposed to settle the matter by offer of ponies, saddles and other personal property, but these offers were peremptorily rejected and the demand was made that the guilty person be turned over to them to be dealt with as they deemed best. Of course this meant a series of tortures, ending up with a painful death.

According to international Indian law there was no other alternative and the Musquakies finally agreed to the terms with the condition that the victim should have at least one month to fortify himself for the terrible ordeal that he must go through and finally prepare himself for death. The Iowas accepted this provision and a day was set for the final delivery of the offending Indian over to his persecutors.

But just about a week before the appointed time the victim was taken suddenly ill; ere long his illness culminated in a raging and burning fever. This presented a perplexing question to solve. To send a messenger to the Iowas making a statement of the case would at once arouse their suspicion that the Musquakies were not acting in good faith. On the other hand, if he were sent there in his present condition it would be a direct insult to the whole tribe.

The Musquakies were in solemn council, debating the matter, when Cono, then just upon the threshold of manhood, interrupted their deliberations by walking in and saying: "There are no squaw men in our family. I will go in my brother's place."

He was such a fine specimen of athletic manhood that the members of the council urged him to withdraw his proposal. This he declined to do. Then they most vividly portrayed to him the sufferings and tortures he would have to pass through, finally winding up with death. He told them that he had thought of all that, but that he was fortified for the torture and prepared for death. So it was finally arranged that he should be escorted to the camp of the expectant Iowas. It was Black Hawk, the escort, who told the details of the whole matter to Col. Davenport.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when the party arrived at the Iowa's village on the appointed day. The death circle was staked out, patrolled with armed guards, and Cono placed in its center, while his escort was invited into the tepee of the chiefs where they were treated to a fine repast. It was a chill November day and the sun was just sinking behind the cliffs of the Des Moines river when the escort took their departure.

Having traveled some two hours they halted and made camp, putting a sentinel on guard. Along about midnight the sentry awakened the sleeping escort with the news that he heard the



THE GRAIL

One of the paintings of the well-known English artist, R. W. Machell, in illustration of Wagner's music-drama *Parsifal*. Mr. Machell is a resident of Lomaland.

clatter of horses' feet; and in a moment more a single horseman rode up and the rider was Cono! The story he told seemed to them almost like a fairy tale.

The fires of the death circle were burning brightly and the entire village had gathered to see with what fortitude a Musquakie could endure torture. The squaws with their burning sticks were preparing to make the first attempt to extort a cry of pain and agony, when an old man rose and ordered them to stop. As he was the father of the young Indian killed, his commands

were imperative. "Stop," he said again, "let me speak. I am the one that has suffered; my son was killed and scalped by a Musquakie. I was hungry for revenge, and were the one that killed and scalped here I would shout with joy at his torture. But this young man is brave. Never have I seen such bravery before. He is too good a man to torture and kill. I give my consent to release him and let him return to his own people."

There was a murmur of approval and as the old man gathered his blanket about him and took his seat, without a single objection Cono was removed from the circle and given food and drink. A few hours later he was led from the camp, allowed to mount his own pony, and took his departure in peace.

Only a few days ago, says Mr. Mills, I went over this story in detail with Push-e-nek-ton-t-qu, the present (elected) chief of the Musquakies. His face lit up with a smile as I took up event after event and he gave me its full approval, saying: "Me used to like to hear that story told, for Cono was my uncle."

We call the Indians "savages." But a little more of Cono's "savage" sense of honor and "savage" readiness to sacrifice his life for the honor of his people, might not be a bad thing for us civilized people. But perhaps the Indians are the remains of an ancient civilization that may have been morally higher than ours. STUDENT

*

Parsifal

PARSIFAL is the name given by the composer Wagner to the hero of his mystical drama, in which is shown the soul's triumph over the evil forces of the lower nature. Wagner followed the medieval poets who sang of the young hero Percivale who by his purity and courage achieved the victory over all his enemies and was spiritually illuminated by the vision of the "Holy Grail," a name given to the symbol of the human soul figured as a cup or chalice containing the "wine" of spiritual life. This cup or chalice is in reality the heart of man,

that thrills with joy when it is raised by noble thoughts or deeds to the height of human aspiration.

Then the spiritual life of the man becomes alive and radiant; it streams out like rays of light and kindles the same divine fire in the hearts of others, making them also strong to do noble deeds. Every conqueror of himself conquers also for others, and like Parsifal, becomes a redeemer of his fellow men.

R. MACHELL

"In a Moment of Time"

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.—*Whittier*

WE all have our better moments and our worse. It may be that the better come at night when all is quiet and our minds settle down into a peace they do not experience during the day. The day's pressure and rush have passed; we begin to see ourselves a little, to appreciate how foolish was that quarrel, how mean that deed, how unkind that word. The soul is in fact beginning to show us something of *its* divine way of looking at things, beginning to speak to us. We feel more, larger, better, in some indefinable way, than we can by day, nobler, more compassionate and forgiving. At that time, too, nature seems more beautiful, music more full of inspiration; the very silence of things seems to mean something.

This also is a consequence of the nearer presence of the soul. More humanity, more beauty, more peace, more compassion and brotherhood.

If the soul can do this for us just because we have got a *little* nearer to it, when we can just feel it merely because the world and our minds are for the moment quiet, what could it not do for us, what could it not make of us, if we were quite at one with it, if we were fully awake to it? It is always awake and watching and trying to help us; it is *we* that must awake to it. We must seek and compel those quiet moments, day by day or night by night, and thus begin to find our divinity. These moments become our proof, our evidence (apart from what humanity's great Teachers have always said), that the soul is in us, that we *are* divine, and that the veil which blinds us is the mind with all its worries, mean-nesses, quarrelsomeness, greediness, passions, and changeableness.

Again, it is only because of the soul in us that to us nature may be beautiful as she cannot be to any animal: the sunrise, the moonlight's path of silver across the water to our feet, the lap of little waves when the tide is low; it is because of the soul that music is beautiful as it is not to the animals; it is because of the soul that some great emergency or human need sometimes makes a hero of the lowest of us; it is because of it that we can have pity and compassion and hope; because of it that we can, if we will, say *no* against any temptation. It is, in short, the soul that makes us human instead of animal; it is the soul which will, if we constantly take these opportunities of drawing near to it, make us divine and new-born in strength and joy. In some "moment of time," in "the twinkling of an eye," perhaps when we least expect it, the crown may descend upon us.

But if we look beyond our individual selves to the whole world, is it possible that there may be a "moment of rebirth" coming there too, and not so far away?

The kettle on the fire shows no sign of anything hap-

pening for a long time. But the heat is rising and almost suddenly the water will break into the boil. May not something like that, some preparation, be going on in the world now?

Recall what happens so often. A slow general change of thought goes on for a long time, nothing much showing. Then somebody begins to talk and the hour catches fire. There is a blaze of the war spirit; or a people strikes for liberty; or the political complexion of the country changes suddenly; a Wesley or a Luther changes a million hearts and minds; a Peter the Hermit sets Europe mad to go on Crusades to Palestine.

But there had to be the silent preparation, or the Wesleys, the Luthers, the Hermits, would have spoken to unheeding ears. They only fanned up a flame that had already been long creeping about in the underbrush of men's minds.

The signs point to the coming of a flame-moment like these, only greater than any of them. The expectancy is in the air. Men do not *know* that they are expecting some spiritual flame; but they show that they are by their readiness to listen to and try anything. Nothing is too absurd. More than one claimant to be even Jesus Christ is now living. They find they can get their following and their hearers. "Of course it's all nonsense," people say. "But perhaps there's *something* in it. Anyhow there's something somewhere coming. There must be. Things can't go on forever the way they are."

And so there *is* something coming, and that is why Theosophy is optimistic; for it knows what that is and where it is coming from.

Even our present remains of Christmas Day show how a general wave can run everywhere and touch everybody. We feel quite differently on that day, more genial, more inclined to smile and be brotherly. We would shake hands with the first man we met if we were sure he was in the same mood. He is, but *he* doesn't know that *we* are; and so we only wag the tail of our eye at him pleasantly without further salutation.

Imagine a Christmas morning a hundred times stronger, so universally pleasant and compelling and benignant that everybody resolved that at all costs it should *stay*. How if one day we should all determine to smash our shell of unbrotherhood by one grand effort? — which would not be any effort at all because of the *preparation* for this impulse now going on everywhere in the world.

Each of us can prepare, can see to it that at any rate his own moment shall come. If, while making all the daily effort at right and noble life which we can, we are *expecting* and *hoping* that in some moment of silence and aspiration the soul may stir in the heart and make itself known in the mind, then our hope has made its task easier, just as our doubt and despair might keep it imprisoned. Let us *hope*, therefore, and for others as well as ourselves. Nothing clears the mind of clouds like hope for others. Whatever real good you hope for another you will gain also for yourself.

It is possible to get during life that soul freedom and joy which some blind teachers tell us only comes at death. When, as Theosophy spreads wide, and in every nation it has taught thousands to hope and to live unselfishly and to hold sacred their moments of silence, it is they who will enable that "intensified Christmas Day" of which I have spoken, to broaden down everywhere over the world. Because of those who believed and hoped and worked, the rest, who could not believe, and had no hope,

The Three Disciplines

WE are not very fond of the word discipline. We think of it as a compulsion put upon us by something or someone outside.

One kind of discipline certainly is of this sort. But we could easily take the sting out of it. Recognize that it is only a *part* of you that does not want to keep rules, and *boss that part*. This develops the qualities of manli-



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE U. S. FLEET AS SEEN FROM POINT LOMA, AT NIGHT, ON APRIL 16, 1908

The moonlit waters of the bay and the illuminated warships produce a fairylike effect

will be touched by the same fire, lit by the same splendid dawn. There are many who read this who will live to see the day of humanity's regeneration, its release from the burden of unbrotherhood.

Theosophy therefore is optimistic. It sees that human life need not be, and will not be, the painful thing it is; and that we do not need death to open for us the doors of a new heaven. It is optimistic because it sees that there are thousands on the verge of the great awakening. It is optimistic because every one of these, once awake in the new life, will awaken a thousand others who need the help and hope that only one himself truly awake can bestow. Let us therefore fill our lives with unceasing hope and expectation.

OPTIMIST

ness and self-respect, and begets the respect of others.

The second kind is the discipline of appetites and passions — to which most men, thinking themselves free, are slaves.

The third kind, like the second, is put on a man solely by himself, when it is put on at all. It must be done daily (or nightly). It leads to the finding of that true self whom the death of the body cannot touch. Here it is in Katherine Tingley's words:

"When a man, in the silence becoming conscious of his own divine nature, begins to think himself different from what he seems, begins to find his godlike qualities and the innocence of his childhood, begins to let the imagination pulse through his heart, telling him of mighty

things beyond ordinary conception, begins to feel something that reminds him of his duty to humanity — *that is discipline.*"

The New Way is *through* these three disciplines out into a joy and freedom we cannot conceive. STUDENT

Who is Boss?

MOST of us, when we feel savage and out of temper, reckon it a very good excuse or reason that our liver is out of order. How can a man act decently or speak civilly if his liver is making trouble or on strike?

From time to time we hear of some previously good boy who, having fallen off the barn on the top of his head, is afterwards a very bad boy. He is ultimately taken to a surgeon, who finds that a splinter of bone is pressing on his brain. An operation is done; the splinter is raised or removed; and the boy is once more a good boy.

So there is a theory nowadays that each of us is whatever he is because of his body. And the body is whatever it is because of its parentage and environment. Nobody is responsible for anything he is or does. If he is a thief or cannot keep his temper, happy or a saint, there is no blame due to him in the one case, nor praise in the other. It all comes from the kind of body he got from his parents.

Now the ordinary man who really knows very little about himself, who knows almost nothing about his latent will-power, is very likely to be quite at the mercy of his bodily condition. If his liver is out of order his temper is short and his outlook gloomy. He reckons the shortness and the gloominess as parts of himself, his very self. The only remedy he can think of is a pill for his liver. Till the *liver* is right, how, he thinks, can *he* be right?

An *animal* whose liver was out of order would have no choice but to be snappish and short. It has a mind, and its mind is not identical with its body. But the two are so mixed up that if the body is out of gear the mind or temper must be snappish. Its feelings are quite dependent upon its body.

The same is true of man *to the extent that he is a mere animal.*

But he is a *man*, more than an animal, precisely because there is in him a will that *can* boss the animal of him, that can prevent his mind and feelings from being bossed by the body. He is of course not perfectly independent. If his liver is out of order he will have *difficulty* in suppressing irritability and bad temper and gloom, and substituting good feeling and courtesy instead. But he *can* do so; he *can* make a change which the animal cannot. And it is in the part that can, the will, that lies the *man* part of him, the not-animal part, the divine part.

Let us practise being men. Let us fix on courtesy and kindness and cheerfulness as our line for the day and all day, whatever the bodily condition. Let us boss the

part of us that wants to break rules, that wants to mope or sulk or hate. From the moment we begin to do *that*, our wills begin to grow; we begin to be men; we begin to affect others so that they respect us. After a while we shall find that even sickness cannot take away any of the manhood from our minds and feelings. And at last we shall find *that death cannot.* We shall have learned our immortality.

Try it. Press through the first few weeks of difficulty and the great reward will begin to come. It is *greater* than those who have not tried it can imagine. Life begins to be a new thing altogether. STUDENT

"I wish I hadn't Done It"

AT Cook County Jail, Chicago, as at other places, they had a special celebration last Christmas Day. Seventy-seven out of the nearly seven hundred who sat down to dinner were in for murder. One of them, under capital sentence, made a short speech to the others. He said: "We had too much whiskey in us when we did it. But for that, Guelow (a murdered farmer) would be with his wife and child today. I wish I could bring him back."

Yes, that's just the way with whiskey. It generally makes a man do what he wishes afterwards he hadn't done. How many wishes like that are now floating out from behind the bars? How many young fellows with their life hopes wrecked by whiskey?

We have ten thousand murders a year in this country — at least nine out of ten due to whiskey: nine thousand whiskey-murders a year! Nine thousand men more every year to "wish I hadn't done it!" A very little whiskey can outvote a man's better self, the self that will afterwards "wish I hadn't done it."

The worst thing about whiskey is that whilst it is running the man it makes him think he is running himself — every time. It is only afterwards that he gets on to the truth about the situation — and not always then.

No man ever took whiskey to help him *not* to do something wrong. It couldn't be used for that. That's against its nature. If you think that over you can learn a good deal about whiskey.

If a man wants to be a *man* and run himself and keep on the path of his manhood he mustn't mix whiskey into his brains and his heart-blood. A man is a *man* and not a mere animal, just because of something special in his brains and his heart, something an animal hasn't got. *It is that something that whiskey puts out of commission* — for the time. And just in that time the trouble happens. STUDENT

WELL for the whole if there be found a man
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.—Coleridge

The Kings

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

A MAN said unto his angel:
 "My spirits are fallen through,
 And I cannot carry this battle;
 O brother! what shall I do?"

"The terrible Kings are on me,
 With spears that are deadly bright,
 Against me so from the cradle
 Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his angel:
 "Thou wavering, foolish soul,
 Back to the ranks! What matter
 To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
 Who harken not well nor see?
 Not thus, by the outer issue,
 The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the very, the only,
 The solemn event of things;
 The weakest of hearts defying
 Is stronger than all these kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
 Mind's doubt and bodily Pain,
 And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
 That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
 And ringleted Vain Desires,
 And vice with the spoils upon him
 Of thee and thy beaten sires,

"While Kings of eternal evil
 Yet darken the hills about,
 Thy part is with broken sabre
 To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
 Nor covet the game at all,
 But fighting, fighting, fighting,
 Die, driven against the wall."



Use Your Mistake

"REGRET nothing," wrote a wise man; and yet when looking back over the follies and mistakes of his misspent life, what else is there for a man to do?

In the first place why look back at all? In recalling the past we let the present moments pass us by unused. Now is the only time we have to do things, and if we use the flying moments in calling back to life the years gone by, we do but waste the present opportunity and thus add momentarily to the regretted past. The character we have at the present moment is made up of all past moments; but otherwise the past is dead and gone and concerns us not at all. Let the dead past moulder in its grave, our business is to tend the growing plants above the ground in the fresh air and the sunshine. By thinking of our old failures we strengthen the habit of failing. By dwelling in thought upon the narrow little fox-path

we have followed for so long we shut our eyes to the open road and the crowd of comrades pressing onward in the new way. Why not wholly turn our gaze away from the dismal past and live for evermore in present effort? If we would try in the small affairs of daily life to help things along, to make life easier for others, and to radiate a little sympathy for those who suffer by our side, a great light would break out in the prisons and they would become centers of illumination for a dark world.

Let us remember that whatever the special difficulties of prison life, the prisoner is in one respect *more free* in mind than the man in the world, since he has not the often pressing burden of bread-winning. Safe-guarded for the time from that, he can give much more attention to great and strong character-building, to making noble resolves and working them into conduct, to thought and self-study. *Is that nothing?* Indeed the prisons *could* become centers of light and the men daily emerging *could* be rays of that light for the world. Think that out and let each noble-natured prisoner—and there are many despite their mistake—see what he can do for his prison whilst he is in it.

Don't wait till you get out. Start right in at once, and having felt the flame of hope within you, let it shine.

The divine urge which forces growth is just as much at home behind the prison bars as it is outside. A grain of wheat between the paving stones of a cell will sprout and show its pale green flag of hope and trust. You have all that anybody has. The germ of limitless advance, the power of steady will to feed its growth, and all the boundless forces of divinity and nature to assist you in your enterprise.

P. L.

A Letter

Police Department, City of Stamford, Conn.
 January 24, 1912

Mrs. Katherine Tingley,
 Point Loma, California.

Dear Madam:

Your favor of January 19th received, and as requested I distributed the copies of THE NEW WAY and they seem to be a source of pleasure to the inmates of our jail. I also handed a copy to a minister whom I knew would be in sympathy with your work and will enjoy reading your paper. . . .

After reading several of the articles I can heartily say that your work is a very worthy and humane one, and cannot fail to do good.

Trusting your efforts will be crowned with success, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Wm. H. Brennan
 Chief of Police

Let's Try it

WHEN things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: "O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin' sour!" Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile.—Mrs. Wiggs

In the Silence

THE man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life. — *R. L. Stevenson*

IF you are kind to those who do you good, what is the virtue of that kindness? He who is truly good is good to those who do him harm. — *Hindû Proverb*

MAN is not the creature of circumstances; circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents and man is more powerful than matter. — *Disraeli*

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you — in a book, or a friend, or best of all in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought. — *George MacDonald*

IF you would not be known to do anything, never do it. Concealment avails nothing. What a man is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in visible writing. — *Emerson*

Our [each] earthly life is one phase of the eternal aspiration of the soul towards progress, which is our Law: ascending in increasing power and purity from the finite towards the infinite; from the real towards the ideal; from that which is, towards that which is to come.

— *Massini*

ELIMINATE fear from the mind of man, teach him the divinity of his own being, show him that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, start him on his path with the knowledge of his power to overcome the temptations of life through trusting in the Higher Self — then the work of redemption has commenced. — *Katherine Tingley*

INQUIRE of the stranger the earthly road you seek, but ask your higher self for the torch that will light you on your way. In the silence of one's own being is lighted the candle of will and aspiration. No wind can put it out, no heat can melt it. The flame is of the spirit's quality — pure and of even temperature. — *The Path*

A CERTAIN person, wavering between fear and hope, revolved these things within him, saying: *If I did but know that I should persevere!* He then presently heard within him this answer from God: *If thou didst know this, what wouldst thou do? Do now what thou wouldst then do, and thou shalt be very secure.* — *Thomas à Kempis*

LET us understand that life is nothing but opportunity. It is a mountain side with a vast glory upon the top. Every moment can be made a step. Out of every barrier and every difficulty can be drawn a strength, and the great benediction streams down into the lowest valleys upon him who *tries*, touching him from the first moment of the first effort, without any reservation on account of his past. It not only blesses him who tries, but pre-eminently him who enheartens someone else to try.

— *Point Loma Student*

With the Other Fellow

Judge: "What! Do you mean to say your husband struck you and he a physical wreck?"

Mrs. Mahoney: "Yis, yer honor; but he's been a physical wreck only since he shtruck me."

EMPLOYER: "Said he wouldn't pay the bill, did he?"
Collector: "No, sir, he didn't say so — he sort of hinted; at least, when I'd picked myself out of the umbrella-stand that's how I understood him, sir."

"THAT is a funny clock you have Johnson, it is always wrong."

"It runs all right, if one only understands it. Now, when the hands are on twelve and it strikes three, I know that it is just twenty minutes to eight."

It has just been shown that the human skull is so elastic that it can be flattened by pressure on the sides six-tenths of an inch without injury, and then at once regain its form.

But this is no reason for punching the other fellow's head.

"I HEAR, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."

A STUTTERING man was arraigned before a magistrate.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"S-s-s-s-siss-s-s-s-s," began the prisoner, and then stopped.

"What's that?" demanded the magistrate.

"S-s-s-sis-s-s-s," hissed the stutterer.

"His name's Sisson," interrupted the policeman who made the arrest. "He stutters."

"So it seems," said the magistrate. "What's he charged with?"

"I don't know, your Honor," said the policeman, "it seems to be soda-water."

A RECENTLY divorced gentleman was invited to a friend's house to dinner. As soon as he was seated the host's little daughter asked abruptly: "Where's your wife?"

The man in some confusion answered: "I don't know."

"Don't know?" replied the *enfant terrible*. "Why don't you know?"

Since the child persisted he thought the easiest way out would be to make a clean breast of the matter. So he said: "Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

But the little torment would not stop. She exclaimed: "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as Pa and Ma do?"

"One common wave of thought and joy
Shall lift mankind again."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
For Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons

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VOL. I

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The Laborer

W. D. GALLAGHER

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God! Who more?
A soul as dauntless mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! Nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud ones' scorn to thee?
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No!—uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked;—

These are thine enemies,—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lonely lot;
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place,—uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water may despise the lust
Of both,—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God.
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then: that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

How to Make Good Resolutions

NEW YEAR'S DAY is a good way off. But there are some of the readers of this who do not propose to wait eight months before making some good resolutions. Nor are they frightened by the bad reputation which good resolutions have acquired.

Good resolutions have the reputation of leading to a worse breakdown than if they had never been made.

That is unjust to these living things—for they *are* living things, created alive by the will. When a *worse* breakdown occurs, it is not because the good resolution was a failure. It is because the man, while thinking he made *that* resolution, really made the *opposite* one!

Every bicyclist knows that if he sees a stone in his path which he needs to avoid, *he must not look at that stone*. If he does he will be on it, sure as fate. He must look sideways of it. In other words he must look *where he wants to go*, not where he wants *not* to go.

It is the same with good resolutions. You must not look at the thing which you have resolved *not* to do, but at the contrary thing which you have decided to *do*. If you want to acquire the habit of getting up the moment you wake instead of lazing in bed, you must do a bit of imagining at night for a few times. You must imagine yourself as waking and instantly springing up. As a rule people who resolve to get this habit imagine themselves as lying in bed and then merely say, I will not. That means failure.

The secret is that what a man thinks of doing he will ultimately do.

What is thinking of doing a thing? It is making a mental picture of oneself as doing it. That picture is in a certain way alive. It may go to sleep or step into the background for a time whilst the man thinks of something else. But later, when the mind is not thinking of anything particular, it will pop up. And unless, each time it pops up, the mind is quickly turned on to something else, it will grow stronger and finally pull the man into acting according to it.

Now it is of no use to think of doing a thing and at the same time try to resolve not to. That is not a real

live resolution. We merely have the fate of the bicyclist who looks at his threatening stone and thinks of the stone. He will certainly be on it however he may resolve not to be. He must look at the clear road beside it and think of *that*.

So for the bad habit which is *your* stone. You must think of the *opposite* good one, if possible not at the bad one at all.

Suppose, for instance, that the habit is drinking. You want to conquer it.

Very well: don't think of yourself as standing at the bar with a glass in your hand, and then say, I will not. Think of yourself as passing by the liquor-shop feeling yourself a real man that can boss anything that turns up in your mind. Think that several times a day, and at night before you sleep. *That* picture will begin to pop up at odd moments and grow betweenwhiles. At last you will win your victory and will *become* the real strong-willed man you *imagined* yourself to be.

Suppose some rule or some man always irritates you whenever you knock up against it or him. It is of no use merely to imagine that rule or man and then say, I will *not* be upset. You cannot imagine a mere *not*. You must imagine a positive opposite — namely yourself as too strong, too much master of yourself to be irritated at anything, as constantly serene, strong, friendly. Create yourself that. It does not take so long, after all. And if, when night comes and you take a final look back along the day, you recall that some man *did* irritate you by something he did or said, this is an opportunity for the exercise. Bring up the affair clearly, repeat it in memory but with *another you*: namely, a you that was *not* irritated, that did *not* "talk back," but held himself kindly and forgiving. Thus you can undo the failings of each day, night by night, till they occur no more.

Imagination is one of the great keys of life. Whatever you imagine yourself as being or doing, you have begun actually to be or do.

There is quite a noteworthy secret involved in that *night* imagining. We can (most of us) set a sort of inside clock going by thinking, the last thing, of the time we want to wake. Some assist their imagination by writing the time on their foreheads with their finger, or in the air in letters of light. The clock works away as we sleep and we find (always to our surprise) that we do wake exactly at the determined minute.

But you can do more with the same act of will. You can say, I will wake cheerful, kindly, strong-souled, a real man, boss of my moods, and stay like that all day. Write that in *letters of light*. Try it. It will work. C.



EARNESTNESS is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

By rousing himself, by earnestness, by resolution and self-control, the wise man may make for himself an island which no flood can overwhelm. — *Dhammapada*

God's Answer

(From the Spanish of Juan de Dios Peza)

A FEW nights ago, Laurita, a little girl of ten, so fresh and charming that as they say in Seville she looks like a walking rose, told me this little story. I cannot get it out of my mind, and so now I will write it down.

My little friend Lola, of about the same age, lost both her parents. So she lived with her grandmother who is so old that she cannot walk, and no one can understand what she says because she has lost all her teeth. They were so poor that sometimes they had no breakfast, and sometimes only a crust of bread and a glass of water.

One day little Lola was sent with a message to the washerwoman, and while on her way she saw on the pavement a clean, new postage stamp. And what do you think she did? She asked me for a piece of paper and an envelope, and wrote a letter to God.

To God?

Yes, to God in heaven, telling him that she and her grandmother had nothing to eat, no clothes, no bed to sleep in, no one to help them, and though she prayed her "Our Father" every day, there never came any bread, and so she had to write to God who gives all, to ask him to remember her because he was the only one that was left to her in the world.

So the letter finished. She put it in the envelope, directed to "The Lord our God, in Heaven," and full of faith and confidence, put it in the postbox.

When the time for collection came, the old postman opened the box and took out the letters. Looking them over he came upon the one dropped in by the child and could not believe what he saw written upon it. "It will be some crazy thing," he said, opening it out of curiosity and beginning to read.

The letters like fly legs, the many spelling mistakes, the crooked lines, convinced him that a child wrote it, and still more when he read this postscript:

"Answer me, O my God, at number 2 Flower street, since I am very hungry, for I have had nothing to eat."

The postman had both children and grandchildren of his own. His eyes filled with tears. He took the letter and read it to the other postmen who were sorting letters at the office. They were all very much moved with sympathy, and one of them thought at once of taking up a little subscription to help the child.

The result was splendid. It amounted to nearly twenty dollars. The postman put the money in a little packet, took it round to the address given by the little girl, and asked:

"Does the little Lola live here?"

"I am Lola, I am Lola," said a pale and delicate-looking child.

"Well, here I have brought you this," said the postman, handing her the packet.

"And what is this?"

"It is — God's answer," said the old man.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LOHENGRIN

One of the paintings of the well-known English artist, R. W. Machell, in illustration of Wagner's music-drama *Lohengrin*.

THE Knights of the Grail, of whom Lohengrin was one, symbolize the higher powers in human nature, coming to our aid when sincerely invoked. In Wagner's drama *Lohengrin* comes charioted on a white swan across the "sea" (of light) at the call of the maiden Elsa who symbolizes the personality, aspiring but of itself weak, changeable, erring and consequently suffering. The marriage of the two symbolizes the final union of soul and personality.

Wagner developed the story from one of the legends of the Middle Ages. Most peoples have had legends of similar character, evidently designed in their origin to embody facts and possibilities in human nature.

Was It Recollection?

I HAVE never known health, and now at middle age I recognize that I am for such few years as remain, a broken cripple. Upon hip-disease dating from my boyhood chronic rheumatic gout has supervened, and every joint of every limb is nearly locked—incurably. I am dependent upon help for even the common acts of life, and have to be carried from room to room and assisted even to eat. For the least change in the weather I am a barometer; but the indicator of the barometer is always *pain*.

Enough of all that. I am not the body, and that knowledge, when I had gained it, was well worth all the pain and fever, all the mental anguish as disease steadily cut me off from ordinary life, ordinary enjoyments, and the power to earn the smallest livelihood.

One night, feverish and sleepless, I began to doze—physically; but my *mind* was too restless to be stopped in its thinking for a moment.

Suddenly I and my surroundings altered. I was much younger, between boyhood and manhood; in bed, and with an aching and powerless hip. It was late in the evening or early in the night. By a little night-lamp I had been reading here and there in the New Testament. I was full of peace and hope and seemed to know that the hip-disease which held me to the bed, was slowly healing. I had plans for my future. I would teach this and that and gradually relieve my widowed mother of all the expense of my maintainance. And I vowed that however great might be my future prosperity, I would not lose hold of that spiritual life, that companionship with God as I thought it, which through the last year or two of my sickness I had slowly gained. I would reach and search; God should be an ever closer reality and should find me an ever more willing instrument for His work among men.

So I vowed; and almost as part of that same picture I saw another. It was that same youth a few years

later. Prosperity had come. I was well. Nearly every trace of my disease had vanished. I was full of work. Money was coming to me in plenty from crowds of pupils whom I was training for business life and civil service examinations.

But nothing of the earlier aspirations remained. Prosperity, money-making, left me no time for the inner life. In fact I had forgotten all about it.

Then all that vanished. I seemed to look still farther back into the past. I was about the same age as in the first picture, but in perfect health of youth. I was full of life and energy—but also of thought and aspiration. God seemed near, and I would draw still closer, find His presence in my heart and soul, and fit myself to tell men what I had found. It was all ambitious enough, of course; but I know that through the ambitions of a youth there did run a real spiritual thread.

I lost that thread. For then also, as in the later picture, prosperity blotted out the inner life, more and more as the years went on. The ideals faded and in the excitement of money-making I was content that they should.

Now suddenly I came back to my proper self and surroundings. I knew that I had looked back through two previous lifetimes of my own. I knew that I was the unbroken thread through both pictures ending in my present crippled self. And then I understood the reality and meaning of that Law they call Karma. What I now understood was this:

That in years long past, the years of two lifetimes ago, I had touched the Light—and deserted it. I had seen the Golden Door, had begun to press it open—and gone away after quite other gold.

That in the lifetime following, between that first one and my present utterly crippled life, the Law had (by means of the hip-disease) held me back for years from the rush of *outer* life that I might have the fullest opportunity for the inner. And I had lost the chance again, a chance which my own ideals and resolves had created for me.

And lastly: That out of two failures (to reach the fullness and richness of the inner life) might now come success. The disease that will hold me fast for my remaining years is the working of the Law in aid of my inner self against that outer self which twice throttled it.

Now I can think that this Law of Justice which creates all the events of our lives (events which we suppose to be chance), is somehow the expression of a will in our inner natures, *our own* inner will, ever providing and providing opportunity. If it has to work upon us—rather say, *for* us—by means of pain, that is our fault. We could go forward in peace and joy. The pain is due to turning *sideways* into dark paths, and the pain is necessary to bring us up short. If we could only see clear enough we should bless this Law as our savior.

CRIPPLE

Mind Your Words

THERE is a lot of thinking going on inside of us of which we know little or nothing. But it has its results just the same and it slowly molds our character.

If you ever went to a Sunday-school and can remember what you heard there, you will recall the teaching that you had a soul.

"I have a soul": those are the words impressed on the child's mind. At first sight they seem very innocent and profitable.

But the unconscious thinking goes on in the child's mind. If *I have* a soul, what am I that has it? Clearly *I* am the body.

That is the bit of unconscious reasoning, not put into words but very effective and gradually working itself into the child's character.

It is poison. For if *I* am the body, then *I* am sick, *I* get old, *I* die, am buried, decay and am done with. And if that is the end of me anyhow, why not enjoy myself with the body (me) in every way I can whilst *I am* around? "Let us eat, drink, etc., and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

All that is really hidden in the words "*I have* a soul," whatever else may be there.

Suppose the words were, "*I am* a soul." On *that* we could build some real teaching that might save the child from later disaster. We could make it understand that it does *not* die with the body, that it can easily learn to control the body and that it can only be really free and happy when it *has* learned that.

In the same way the child is taught to say: *I committed* this or that "*sin*." Think of the difference if the word had been *permitted*. The word *permitted*, after going through that inside thinking that the child may not know anything about, comes out like this: "*I have* something in myself, some little lower imp, which I allowed to act wrongly." Secondly: "*I need not* have allowed it, for *I* am stronger than *it*." And thirdly: "*I myself* am a something whose proper nature is to be good." And that hangs on to the other teaching that *I* am a soul.

There would not be many in the prisons if our parents and teachers had thought a little more about the words they were using and what happens to them when the child's inner mind gets to work on them. STUDENT

What Next?

"NOW what would I like to do?"
 "You would like to do this."
 "So I should; I'll do it."

Some men's whole lives are run according to that principle.

What principle?

That question cannot be answered till we answer some-

thing else. *Who are you?* And that leads to another question. We shall get home presently.

What are you thinking of?—or better, what is your mind thinking of?

It doesn't matter what. The point is that you can either let your mind go on thinking of that, or turn it off on to any other matter you choose.

You see the reason for distinguishing between you

"So I should," he answers; "I'll do it." But later on, when he sees that he is wrecking himself and his home and killing his wife and driving his children to the gutter, the case alters. Just as our minds will persist in thinking of something unpleasant when we do not want them to, this man's mind will persist in thinking of drink and drawing him to drink *after he himself wants to be free and drink no more*. It is true that he gave it that power

over himself; but once given, the power is not so easily withdrawn.

Now you see what we mean in saying that man is a soul. The soul is the man himself, whether comfortably at one with the mind, as in the case of most of us; or a slave to it as we are sometimes and the drunkard always; or absolute ruler of it as we ought to be. The ancients held that a man's highest duty and his only way to freedom was to *know himself*. A man who *knows himself* knows that it is not *he* that wants bodily pleasures, to be a glutton, to drink and the rest; that it is not *he* that wants to hate or bear ill will to any other man. His proper nature, he knows, is to be the ruler in his own kingdom, to have his mind and passions as servants, and to feel absolute good will at all times and to everybody. Then only is there permanent happiness; then only do we know of our immortality and divinity.

The last few minutes of the day sit quietly before going to bed and watch the mind thinking of every mortal thing in the universe. Then pull

it up short and make it serve *you* instead of its own fancies. Make it think outwards from the heart in good will to everybody. And when you have begun to find that warmth and *light* in the heart, that real flame which we all have, then think *That am I* and so thinking go to bed. Notice after a few trials of this how you will be feeling the next day—better in physical health even. For the very being of the soul, *you*, when it has found itself, is life, light, happiness which nothing can dim.

And then for the day, it is good to get out of the way of thinking, "Now what would I like to do?" Think, "What is the next thing that *ought* to be done?" Is there anybody to lend a hand to? Is there any book that



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YOUNG CUBANS AT THE PARENT RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY, LOMALAND

and your mind, you and your thinking instrument. The mind is not *you*, because you can as a rule do as you like with it, just as you can guide a horse where you like.

You can as a rule; but sometimes the mind is too strong for you. If there is something very unpleasant going to happen to you tomorrow the mind will persist in thinking about that even though *you* don't want it to. You can move it off that topic for a moment, but in another moment it is back again. *It is bossing you*.

Consider the case of a man slowly going down the road of drink. In the beginning he and his mind-self were at one in the matter. "What would I like to do now?" "You would like to take a drink," says the mind-self.

it would be good for my mind to make it read and study? Is there anything that ought to be thought about, any problem to be solved?

In this way we make every day and every night serve the growth of the will and of the self-soul, *I Myself*.

STUDENT

Graham

MR. MILLER needed an extra stenographer. Trade was good. So he advertised. Among the applicants for the position was a young man, scarcely more than a lad; not much in the way of good looks, but very clever, as Mr. Miller perceived. So, without bothering about references or recommendations, he engaged him on the spot. Both were pleased. It's almost as difficult, usually, for an employer to get a really good clerk as it is for an employee to get a really good job. Neither, good positions nor good clerks, are in the market long.

Next day Mr. Miller was called out of his office in rather a mysterious manner—some one wanted to see him.

"Well," said he, very curtly, for the man had something sinister in his face and manner, "well, what is it?"

"You've got a young man named Graham in your office."

"Yes!"

"You engaged him yesterday?"

"Yes!"

"Well, he's a thief."

"Is he?" said Mr. Miller, very coolly.

"Yes! He was with Chadway and Melborn, and they discharged him for stealing!"

"All right," replied Mr. Miller. "I'll look into it. You can come here again tomorrow."

The man was one of the most despicable type of humanity, the low order of detectives who make a shabby living by preying on those who have broken the criminal laws, often driving their victims to despair, hopeless criminality, or suicide. Mr. Miller had sized him up at once.

Now, Mr. Miller was well acquainted with Mr. Chadway, and so called on him immediately. He was at his lunch. Mr. Miller followed him up. After a little chat he said, "I have a new stenographer; a young man by the name of Graham. He was in your employ, and, I understand was discharged for stealing."

"Yes," said Mr. Chadway, "I'm very sorry for the fellow. He's unusually clever. Worked his way up from office boy to head stenographer. How he ever learned stenography no one seems to know. But he's a good one. Awfully quick, and correct, too. I'm sorry he got into trouble. But, you see, one of those fellows who make a living by standing in with office boys and getting them to steal postage stamps, got hold of some of my boys and formed a regular ring. We got on to it and dis-

charged the whole gang. Graham was mixed up with 'em, and of course he had to go with the rest.

"Suppose I give him a chance?"

"I wish you would. I believe you'd not regret it."

"All right. I'll try him."

When Mr. Miller returned to his office he explained the situation to the secretary, and then called Graham up. The poor chap was in a funk, for he knew what was coming.

Mr. Miller told him, briefly, what had taken place, and then said, "Now, Graham, I'm going to give you a show. Nobody but Mr. Stebbins (the secretary) and I know anything of this affair. You'll never see by our manner, or anything else, that we remember it—so long as you keep straight. So don't have any worry."

Poor Graham was now as delighted as he had been frightened a few minutes before. A little later the detective called. Mr. Miller met him outside of the office.

"Had I availed myself of your information I should have felt bound to have given you some recompense, much as I despise you and your methods. But as I have not availed myself of it, I feel free to give you a bit of my mind;" and he did.

Three years passed. Graham had become invaluable. One evening Mr. Miller was surprised by being told that Mr. Graham wanted to see him. "Send him right in here," he said. He was sitting in his library. He was much disturbed, fearing that Graham had gone wrong again; such a call was so unusual.

"Well, Graham," said Mr. Miller cheerily, in spite of his forebodings, "what's up now?"

"Well, Mr. Miller," said Graham with a good deal of hesitation, which didn't make Mr. Miller feel any easier, "well, Mr. Miller, I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful, or unappreciative of all you've done for me; but, the fact is that the Tompkins and Stuart Manufacturing Company have offered me the position as assistant manager in their works, and it's such an opportunity that I think I ought to accept it. Yet it does seem ungrateful."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Miller, warmly, "I'm simply delighted. We shall miss you, of course. Very much. But it wouldn't be possible for us to do for you what the Tompkin's people can; and I'm glad they made you the offer. Besides, you now will have a perfectly clear record. They know nothing of your past. Mr. Stebbins and I, you'll do us the credit of acknowledging, have never shown in any way that we remembered the mistake you made before you came to us. This is the first time I have ever opened my lips on the subject since you first came into our employ. But we did know of the mistake. Now you go where your record is absolutely clear. And if ever a man's good wishes went with another mine do with you. So good luck to you."

Mr. Miller is now an old gentleman, but the friendship between him and Graham still holds good. Graham is prominent in the business world, and what is best is that he is always ready to do a good turn for those who need it as he once needed it.

H. T. P.

Our Own Enemy

MATTHEW ARNOLD

WE feel, day and night,
The burden of ourselves —
Well, then, the wiser wight
In his own bosom delves,
And asks what ails him so, and gets what cure he can.
Once read thine own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years.
Sink in thyself! There ask what ails thee, at that shrine.
Riches we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrifts still;
We would have health and yet
Still use our bodies ill;
Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to life's last scenes.
We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means;
We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through;
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.

The World's Religions

MATTHEW ARNOLD

CHILDREN of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:
Thou must be born again!

Children of men! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires.

The Newspapers

IT is a bit of a grievance with some prisoners that they get no newspaper, don't know what's going on, are not posted about the latest prosecution. A man is entitled to have the news, they think.

In the first place he does get the news that's worth having and amounts to anything. If South America has been submerged by an earthquake, or the State of New York has sunk under the Atlantic Ocean and the Hudson River, or Switzerland and China have gone to war with each other, some incoming prisoner is quite likely to mention it.

We all believe in exercise. We think it a fine thing

to have big muscles. In fact the bigger and stronger our muscles, the better we suppose our health must be.

But a man does not consist of a lot of muscles strung on to a cage of bones. He has not only muscles but a *mind*. Isn't it a good thing to put *that* through some exercise every day? Shouldn't *that* be made big and strong?

Why is it that most people have *less* mind-stuff at fifty than they had at thirty, are less capable of an invention, of learning anything, of having a fine idea or an enthusiasm?

Want of exercise! Reading the newspaper! Reading the newspaper isn't exercise, isn't mind-work; it's making the mind into a cup and pouring things in. Mind-work, mind-exercise, is *thinking* things and *learning* things; it's *effort*. We take the newspaper *because* we don't want to make effort. And so, year by year, the mind gets stiffer and weaker. In old age there's none left — which is what we call second childhood.

If the prisoner doesn't get the newspaper, he does get books. And if he has any wisdom he studies, and he posts himself about matters he knew nothing of before. In other words he *exercises*, prepares himself to come out of prison with any quantity more mind than he went in with. Each day he can add something to it; each day he can get a *thought* about something.

That view of the case seems to be worth considering. For whereas a man must surrender his *body* at death, his *mind* he takes with him — and the will with which he daily compelled it to work instead of lazing over a newspaper.

How much crime is due to newspaper-reading? Every day there is an account of a murder somewhere, often with full details, often illustrated with a picture. The young people read that, usually read it first. They get their minds thoroughly stamped with the details and the picture. In a few years they have had that stamp hundreds of times, *have spent scores of hours thinking over murder*. Do you suppose that thinking goes for nothing? Don't you see that it's a *power* and a *pressure* inside them that's ever on the watch to get out into action? How many murders would there be if never a child or a young man had read the account of one?

But we're not children, you say. All right; but what good do you get out of sensational stuff? That means, what good would you get from the newspaper if you had it? The murder case, you agree, is no good to you. Real news you will get from the last man who comes in. What do you miss then? What you *gain* is the chance to tune up your mind, fill it, freshen it, get soul into it, train it to such a point in a year or two that if you saw it now as it might be then, you wouldn't know it.

STUDENT

WHEN thou art thinking, think: *By this which I think with, I am so much more than the brutes* — and thereafter have more respect for thy mind. — *Novena*

Think it Over

THE body is the City, and its heart
The Palace, and the Royal Presence there
A hid, invisible, close, subtle thing,
The Spirit!

By Mortal years the Immortal grows not old!
The Body's death
Kills not the soul! It hath its City, still,
Its Palace, and its hidden, proper life! — *Upanishad*

You may learn to consume your own smoke. — *Osler*

NEVER give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. — *Sidney Smith*

SILENCE is a solvent that destroys the personality and gives us leave to be great and universal. — *Emerson*

LET us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.
— *Lowell*

TO BE silent with the mouth is much; to be silent with the ears is more; to be silent with the mind is most, for it gives both power and peace. — *Book of Items*

WE reach the immortal path only by continuous acts of kindness, and we perfect our souls by compassion and charity. — *Gautama Buddha*

SILENCE is the absolute poise of body, mind, and spirit. The man who preserves his selfhood ever calm and unshaken by the storms of existence — not a leaf, as it were, astir on the tree, not a ripple on the shining pool — his, in the mind of the Indian, is the ideal attitude and conduct of life. If you ask him, "What is silence?" he will answer, "It is the Great Mystery. The holy Silence is His voice." If you ask, "What are the fruits of silence?" he will answer, "They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity, and reverence. Silence is the corner-stone of character." — *Ohiyesa*

JUST so far as we give up trying to *seem* anything and give that much time to an honest attempt to *be*, will our eyes open to a true discernment of those with whom we have to deal. The attempt to *seem*, the aping of the signs of a virtue we know ourselves not to possess, is not only an act of self-poisoning, not only an utter stultification of the soul and intuition, but a poisoning of all those with whom we have to deal. And it makes us utterly negative, utterly the prey of others, utterly unable to judge them aright or to repel the touch of their lower natures. Our first requirement is *personal sincerity*, an unreserved owning up to one's own soul of one's faults; and then a steady fight to conquer them. Thus we are made invulnerable to anything; and whilst we are making that honest fight we cannot poison any one else. — *Century Path*

Laugh it Off

"How well you are looking!"

"Yes, I am a vegetarian."

"That settles it. I shall never eat meat again. How long have you been one?"

"I begin tomorrow."

A New Recipe. — At an examination of nurses the young lady was asked by the physician: "What would you do to cure a cold in the head?"

She replied: "I would put my feet in hot water till you were in a profuse perspiration."

A native of the little island of Nantucket explained to a visitor that often in winter, when the harbor freezes, they do not receive mail for a month.

"Too bad," said the visitor, "to be thus cut off entirely from the mainland."

"It's as bad for them," was the reply. "The mainland's cut off from us just as long, ain't it?"

A certain island in the West Indies is liable to the periodical advent of earthquakes. One year before the season of these terrestrial disturbances, Mr. X., who lived in the danger zone, sent his two sons to the home of a brother in England, to secure them from the impending havoc.

Evidently the quiet of the staid English household was disturbed by the irruption of the two West Indians, for the returning mail steamer carried a message to Mr. X., brief but emphatic —

"Take back your boys: send me the earthquake."

While campaigning in Iowa, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak. In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's *Battle of Waterloo*, and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Speaker Cannon gave vent to a violent sneeze. "But hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster; "a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye not hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze — which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back — came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" bawled the boy, "that heavy sound breaks in once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

*"Take each day
Its step of the Way."*

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Opportunity

WALTER MALONE

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day:
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arms to all who say "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages, white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!

The Honor Men

(From a recent address at San Quentin Prison)

THOUSANDS of names are being signed to petitions circulated throughout California in favor of prison reform and against Capital Punishment. The Governor of this State has been so impressed with the general demand for the repeal of that part of the state law which demands life for life that he has suspended the death sentence in the cases now pending until this matter shall have been decided by a vote of the people at an election to be held during the present year. I know this general attitude towards prison reform

is the result of the persistent and unyielding demand made by the Leaders of the Universal Brotherhood Society and put forth in their teachings for the past thirty years.

I also believe that the persistent mental demand springing from the heart-anguish of men incarcerated in prisons, those who are trying to live better lives, has contributed largely to the growth of what is now an irresistible movement. Much of the credit is due to you men of San Quentin who have been *suffering* and at the same time *trying* to right yourselves. If there be but ten men here in this institution who stand true, they will aid in creating yet further and more beneficial results. Good must come to those who are true.

Next to San Quentin in importance — as showing results — is the State Colony at Salem, Oregon, under direct management of Governor West.

Governor West is not limited in action by the law as is the Warden here at San Quentin. He is the Governor, the Warden, the all there is to it. So he strikes right out and acts. He has been at Salem only one year. The doctrines of Brotherhood under the direction of Katherine Tingley have been taught there almost since the establishment of the prison. The result is that when Governor West took command twelve months ago he found ready — so to speak — an army of well-trained men, who had a very good knowledge of man's dual nature, of the right and wrong impulses in man, of the law of cause and effect, and how these operate, and of what moral obligation means. Consequently Governor West is telling with just pride, not so much what *he* is doing as what *his men* are doing, HIS HONOR MEN. He points to the fact that a large part of the prisoners place the highest estimate upon their word of honor.

A notable example has just occurred: a man who had been trusted on his word of honor was sent with others to do road work several hundred miles from the prison, no armed guards accompanying. The man in this instance could not resist the temptation of escaping and wandering into California and into San Francisco. But he became so overcome with remorse that he appealed

to the authorities, telling them the facts. Governor West then directed that he should be placed aboard a steamer and sent to Salem unaccompanied.

In due time report was received that the man had arrived at Salem, where he was placed among a number of honor men. They were so indignant at his conduct in betraying the confidence that the Governor had placed in him, that they refused to associate with him. You may therefore judge for yourself how Governor West's men regard honor.

This man, through the teachings of Brotherhood, was aware of his divine nature, that he was a soul; and after that recognition he failed to be true and keep faith. He thereby wilfully crucified the Christos within him and was miserable — filled with remorse.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day.
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Is it not evident that something has been at work among the men, breaking through the incrustations made by wrong action and hopelessness, bringing the personalities nearer the divine center of their being — their own souls? Could this come about by chance?

It is a new consciousness that has taken possession of the little empire at Salem, resulting from the training those men have had for years at the hands of the representatives of the Universal Brotherhood.

The training is the secret, the constant appeal for years and years to the moral nature, teaching the men a philosophy of right life. Thus by degrees has the consciousness in this little empire regarding honor been created from their own noble soul nature.

With the repudiation of the man by his former companions on his return to prison I am not in sympathy. The poor fellow showed a true manhood, for through the mental suffering he had experienced by breaking his word he was led to make amends. It requires a great deal of fortitude and courage to confess a mistake — far more than to resent an injury.

I heard Governor West speak over one and one-half hours in San Francisco, enumerating incident after incident showing the high estimate that he placed upon "giving a man a chance," reminding me so forcibly of the same expression from Katherine Tingley: "Give a man a chance, if he has made a mistake. Teach him that he is a Soul, that his personal nature should be dominated and controlled by his Soul nature — the divine that is in him."

Were it not for the divine in man there would be no sense of honor to be aroused. Had not Katherine Tingley's teachings been thoroughly soaked into the consciousness of the men in Salem Prison for years past through her representatives, there would not be the splendid efforts there we now see, which are such inestimable aid to Governor West in carrying out his great work.

Universal Brotherhood teaches that man must have

health in every part, physical, mental, and moral. Then he is progressive and can advance to his true position in life. As long as there is mental and moral depravity there is human suffering, all of which holds humanity back.

We are all brothers, welded together on inner lines that we can feel, for brotherhood is a fact in nature. If we stop to think we shall realize that a human animal and a divine being are housed in the same body. Brotherhood does not emanate from the animal side of a man, but from the divine in him.

The outside world as a class has not the faith in its unfortunate brothers that we have. But the general public does recognize good conduct and good results and it knows how you men have responded. You deserve all credit because of the awful environments that some of you have had to contact and surmount for ten, fifteen, and twenty years past.

I know whereof I speak, for it is now about fifteen years since I have been coming with other Universal Brotherhood representatives to help the boys start a fight against the lower and baser qualities in their own natures. Give a man a chance, let the Soul rule him, and he is immediately a man — as such the equal of any other man.

H. H. S.

Sink Your Well

THERE is a well-spring of joy in every man's heart, but it needs digging for, just like wells anywhere else. There may be plenty of water to be had by sinking wells in the proper places, though there may be no water on the surface and all the land may be barren as the desert for want of it — just like men's characters, which dry up and become mere wastes for want of the water of gladness.

It is hard to believe that joy is a part of life itself, and that as long as there is life in the heart there is joy there too. Life seems to be so hard and barren, like the desert. And who could believe that the dust of a parched desert could produce anything but cactus; and who could believe that those same cactus plants could bear such beautiful blossoms? Yet see how the desert blossoms into a fairy garden when a storm has passed and left its legacy of water on the soil. Even so can a man's character blossom when the storms have passed over him.

But to make the desert bloom constantly a constant supply of water is needed; the storms are too sudden and too far apart and we cannot regulate them. We need either a well or a reservoir. So too we need joy to make life rich and fruitful, and joy can only be found with certainty in a man's own heart. And sure enough it is right there that we all refuse to look for it.

Pleasure is not the same thing; pleasure uses up the energies of the soul because pleasure is self-indulgence, sometimes self-destruction. But joy is a living power of

making happiness all round. Joy is generous, invigorating, creative; it makes life stronger, for it is the very essence of life itself and is rooted in the heart where the real life of man is rooted, and while life lasts joy must remain.

But to dig that well in the heart is a man's work, and must be done by each man for himself. If he has spent his life in piling up trash there he may find the digging rough work. Yet it is better to dig for oneself than to wait for an earthquake to loosen the soil, for it may happen that the earthquake may do its work too thoroughly.

And it is better to find the source of joy in your own heart by your own effort than to wait for misfortune to break down the pile of selfish trash you have accumulated. And the time to do it is — now. R. M.

"Pardon me," he said, "I have never seen that paper. May I look at it a moment? I am a great reader."

I bowed assent, and he took the paper up, turning the pages over slowly.

We presently entered into a long conversation as to the possibility of a profounder view of human nature and a simpler teaching of the old truths which lie at the foundation of happiness and peace. After a while he launched out into the following story.

"I was brought up by God-fearing parents in every sense of the word, in an evangelical household. I went to evangelical schools, where I was taught that God was everywhere, that He was to be prayed to, and that He would answer. It may have been my own fault, but I never learned in my youth that God was *within my own*



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A VETERAN DRUMMER OF THE CIVIL WAR, WITH THE RÂJA YOGA CHILDREN

The drum is one hundred and fifty-eight years old.

A Chance Acquaintance

AN incident occurred during my journey east which impressed me greatly. I was seated in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car, reading *THE NEW WAY*, when an old gentleman entered and took his seat in the opposite corner. At intervals I glanced toward him because his attitude and appearance made a deep impression. He was, I should judge, about seventy years of age, tall, lithe, and well-preserved, clean-shaved, with a nervous and sensitive mouth, and an eye full of intelligence. His general effect was calm and sympathetic, though his face was scored with lines of pain and suffering.

Presently I laid the paper down to light my pipe, and his eye caught the title which was turned towards him.

heart, and must be sought for there. Whether my parents knew this or not I do not know to this day. I was inwardly a hypocrite.

"When about twenty years old, now half a century ago, I set out from home one day bent upon an action which I knew in some undefined and hazy way was wrong, and which nevertheless I had argued myself into permitting. Suddenly a powerful feeling came over me, urging me against it. I stood still and hesitated. I looked up and down the street and did not know what to do. I can now remember the exact spot where I stood and every detail of its surroundings is as clear today as it was then. But my inclinations got the better of the inner urge. I now know that had this not been so, the whole course of my life would have been changed. It took me nearly

forty years to learn that lesson — and I came near utter destruction in body, mind, and soul. I know not how I escaped.

"As I told you, I did not then know that the God men seek is to be found *within*, and that it was His voice which tried to stop my headlong career.

"If only the boys in our prisons would look back upon their own lives, they would many of them, perhaps all, remember such occasions as I have described. And if they could only realize now, that the opportunity is *still theirs* in the future they would have learned a lesson worth any sacrifice.

"I believe this is the teaching of Katherine Tingley at Point Loma, and it is upon this foundation the children are taught to meet the world's temptations. It is 'The New Way,' yet it is as old as the hills." W. F. M.

Sudden Impulses

ONE always has great sympathy for a man suddenly swept off his feet by an unlucky impulse. The painful consequences of that one moment may be spread out over years, even over the rest of the man's lifetime.

The sympathy is all right. We will go on having it. But we will not let it stop us from inquiring into that impulse. How came *this* man to be subject to it, and not *that* man?

The mind is often compared to a garden. Weeds and plants grow there. If you pull up that weed before it has time to flower, there will be no seeds from it to come up and bother you next year.

Leave it alone: it does its little flowering, dies away, gets mixed up with the soil, and in a week or two there is nothing to show that it was ever there at all. A touch of the rake and everything is tidy.

But the seeds are there, invisible but ready for the first spring shower, the first favorable moment. They may have blown over half the garden, prepared to give you no end of trouble.

Pity you didn't hoe up that weed *before it flowered!*
Come back to the *mind* garden.

Here's a man with nothing known against him, walking home through a back street by night. Maybe his rent and some bills are due tomorrow and he is hard up. A drawing-room window in some house he passes has been left open. That "unlucky impulse" gets him. Ten minutes later he steps out of the window with a pocket-book and a couple of watches more than he stepped in with.

Here's a young clerk bothered to death with a betting debt and a menacing tailor. The "unlucky impulse" and the open till or a chance to falsify a few figures in a ledger come together. In a month he's behind the bars and his life ruined by that one minute's work under the "unlucky impulse." One minute, even one *moment!*

But another clerk was just as bothered, got the same opportunity at the open cash drawer or the ledger, got the impulse, but did *not* go under. How account for the difference?

The second one had always hoed his weeds before they flowered. His mind garden had no hidden weed seeds to sprout up suddenly at the first favorable opportunity.

From time to time we all get impulses to do small wrong or mean things. They don't seem to amount to much, all told. None of them hurts anybody much and they never get noticed. The man's record stays good and respectable. Each of these little impulses is a weed in the mind garden. *Don't put up with them.* Don't let them flower into the *deed*. The deed is the flowering. The flower means *seeds*.

You feel all right the next morning. Nobody noticed. By midday you have forgotten it. The garden bed is smooth and the sun is shining on it. But the seed is in it and the seed is *certain* to come up some time into a larger, stronger weed than the parent.

So it goes on: until one day the weed of that particular day, and the open cash drawer, happen to come together. And that strain of weed has got to be so strong and so quick of flowering — by reason of having been always permitted and encouraged to flower — that now it does so before you have had time to think. So life is ruined.

But now, *was* it ruined by *that* "sudden impulse," or by the long line of flowered and seeded impulses that went before? If we think, we shall see that no one is really ruined by *one* sudden impulse.

Every deed, for good or bad, is a fair plant or a weed. Let the plants flower. They may vanish; there may be nothing to *show* for them for years. But their seed is waiting. The moment will come for them and you will have your full reward. Every good impulse, flowered into a *deed*, is a blessing laid up for when it is most needed.

As for the weeds, stand no nonsense. Hoe them down on sight. Don't let one of them flower. In time your garden will grow no more of them. STUDENT

The Loony

I MET him on a little farm out in the country. He was a curious sort of fellow to look at — tall, rather bent in the back; looked as if he had been through a good deal of trouble, one way and another. I asked Tom Wilson, the carter, about him once. "Oh, we calls *he* 'the Loony,'" said Tom. "'E bain't what you might call all right in 'is 'ead, 'e bain't. Innercent sort o' chap though."

However, he looked to me a good deal more "all right in his head" than many of us, and I determined to cultivate him, if I got the chance. He had the right look in his eyes.

Well, I got to know him. I passed his cottage one evening in June, found him at work in his garden; bade him good evening, talked about the weather a bit, then asked him for a glass of water, and got asked in to his one room. Found a good book on his table, much thumbed; not the kind of book you would expect in the cottages in that part of England — for it was in England. Got talking to him about it, with the idea firmly fixed in my head that he was no more a loony than the rest of us, and indeed, a good deal less. Saw him brighten up; heard him slowly and gradually express a few sound,

Kept me a-thinkin' about myself that did. . . . So I'd just start in and work for them as needed it, without sayin' nothin' to any one about what I was doin' it for; and pretty soon that did make things come right for me, somehow. Came to like doin' it."

I put that down as if he had told it to me all at one sitting; but in reality he spread the telling over about six weeks.

Things happen in Market Sludgeborough about once every fifty years. Something should be due in about thirty-five years from now; for the last event was the fire at Farmer Bunt's, which took place when I was there, fifteen years ago.

Farmer Bunt was a well-to-do curmudgeon of a man, called popularly Big Bob Bunt the Liar. The *Big* was accounted for by the size of his waist, which was enormous; I never heard what was the origin of his reputation for lies. He had a poor, worn, colorless, uninteresting wife, and a large family that increased yearly. The fire burned the old farmhouse to the ground; but I imagine it would have been heavily insured. No lives were lost, except the Looney's. It was he who brought the three youngest children out of the burning building. He died of his burns before the morning.

Someone came and fetched me to him. "I did want to tell 'ee," he whispered, "as how that old score were wiped out at last. Bob, he be my brother, thee dost

knew. Yes, 'twere he that did it. La, if 'ee did but know how I do feel!" He *looked* triumphant.

Somehow, it waked the village up to the worth of the man. They subscribed for his funeral and for a fine tombstone. Everyone turned out to the former; on the latter they had inscribed *To the Memory of William Bunt, Hero*. Nobody ever referred to him as *The Loony* again.

STUDENT



SKIRMISH DRILL BY YOUNGER BOYS OF THE NEW CENTURY GUARD

RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA

deep thoughts about life in general. Offered him the loan of a book or two that have been particularly helpful to myself, one time and another. After six months or so we were good friends, and he told me his story.

Married young; devoted to his wife; had been betrayed by his own brother. The wife came back at last to die at his door — after the brother had deserted her, and she had been on the streets. . . . You know the kind of story.

"I were like to go mad," he told me. "I did want to kill 'un. But seemed as if something were a-telling me 'twould be no use; 'twouldn't help nobody. No more 'twould; I did come to see that. Tell 'ee, I did have a fight wi' myself. Came to see the way out of it at last. I must 'a been main strange in my behavior at that time, though; for folks did come to call I the Loony. . . . 'Ee couldn't wonder at it.

"You see, I had to work, or I'd get a-thinkin' about things as warn't no good to think about; and if it were just a-workin' for myself, that warn't no good to me.

By forgiveness of injuries the wise become purified.
—*Manu*, many centuries B. C.

Do unto another what you would have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone; it is the foundation of all the rest. — *Confucius*, 500 B. C.

A MAN who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love: this is an ancient law. — *Buddha*, 600 B. C.

Original from

Know Thyself

REINED by an unseen tyrant's hand,
 Spurred by an unseen tyrant's will,
 Aquiver at the fierce command
 That goads you up the danger hill,
 You cry: "O Fate, O Life, be kind!
 Grant but an hour of respite—give
 One moment to my suffering mind!
 I cannot keep the pace and live."
 But Fate drives on and will not heed
 The lips that beg, the feet that bleed.
 Drives, while you faint upon the road,
 Drives with a menace for a goad;
 With fiery reins of circumstance
 Urging his terrible advance
 The while you cry in your despair,
 "The pain is more than I can bear!"
 Fear not the goad, fear not the pace,
 Plead not to fall from out the race—
 It is your own Self driving you,
 Your Self that you have never known,
 Seeing your little self alone.
 Your Self, high-seated charioteer,
 Master of cowardice and fear,
 Your Self that sees the shining length
 Of all the fearful road ahead,
 Knows that the terrors that you dread
 Are pigmies to your splendid strength;
 Strength that you have never even guessed,
 Strength that has never needed rest.
 Your Self that holds the mastering rein,
 Seeing beyond the sweat and pain
 And anguish of your driven soul
 The patient beauty of the goal!
 Fighting upon the terror field
 Where man and Fate come breast to breast,
 Pressed by a thousand foes to yield,
 Tortured and wounded without rest,
 You cried: "Be merciful, O Life!
 The strongest spirit soon must break
 Before this all-unequal strife,
 This endless fight for failure's sake!"
 But Fate, unheeding, lifted high
 His sword, and thrust you through to die.
 And then there came one strong and great,
 Who towered high o'er Chance and Fate,
 Who bound your wound and eased your pain
 And bade you rise and fight again.
 And from some source you did not guess
 Gushed a great tide of happiness—
 A courage mightier than the sun—
 You rose and fought and, fighting, won!
 It was your own Self saving you,
 Your Self no man has ever known,
 Looking on flesh and blood alone,
 The Self that lives as close to God
 As roots that feed upon the sod.
 That one who stands behind the screen,
 Looks through the window of your eyes—
 A being out of Paradise.
 The Self no human eye has seen,
 The living one who never tires,
 Fed by the deep eternal fires,
 Your flaming Self with two-edged sword,
 Made in the likeness of the Lord.
 Angel and guardian at the gate,
 Master of Death and King of Fate!
 (From *The Cosmopolitan*)

Eternal Hope

A stone becomes a plant; a plant an animal; an animal a man; a man a spirit; the spirit a god.—*The Jewish Kabala*

A TRAVELER on a long and toilsome road who never once looked forward to the distant prospect but kept his eyes upon the ground immediately in front, would much intensify the tedium of the way and foolishly deprive himself of much encouragement. How many men are so entirely occupied about their present standing; their faulty characters; their feeble powers; never casting a single glance ahead or dwelling in thought upon their glorious possibilities.

Get hold of the life of a really great man, and as you read, remember all the while that being fellow-members of the human family, you have the germs of all his greatness in yourself.

Unless you have adopted the absurd and despairing creed that death ends all, you have the prospect of a limitless future ahead with all its ample opportunities of growth; and who can set a limit to the power and splendor lying hidden in a living seed?

On yonder branch there sits a thrush who pours into the evening air a liquid flood of thrilling music from his throbbing throat. And yet they tell us this superb and finished product from the loom of Nature was fashioned patiently through aeons of long toil out of a scaly, sluggish, voiceless lizard of the barren sands. The prehistoric lizard has evolved into the graceful songster of today by the slow action of evolutionary law.

But man enjoys a better opportunity by far. He has the power to take *himself* in hand and guide his future destiny by his indomitable will. He need not idly wait for Nature's tides; but like a strong determined swimmer he may breast the waves and force his way with vigorous strokes towards the destination of his choice.

So let us not confine our outlook to our present standing ground. Still less look back upon the muddy swamps from which with pain and effort we have struggled free, but lift our eyes to rest upon the mountain-tops bathed in the golden sunlight of the dawn.

Yet, though we speak of reaching light-crowned summits, we are well aware that the "final" goal is something that recedes as we advance. There may be seasons of repose and temporary halting places on the tablelands; but to our journey there can never be an end.

Each upward step is but the preparation for the next advance and*never shall we settle down to stagnate in ignoble idleness and sloth because we have "attained the topmost rung." Whatever height we may achieve, always there must be a still more glorious beyond. There is no "final" for humanity. P. L.

HIGHER than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.—*Emerson*

The Great Law

THE following has been called the most eloquent sentence in English prose; and certainly its beauty and harmony are an excellent illustration of that universal spirit of Law about which the author speaks:

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy. — Richard Hooker (1553-1600)

This is the Law of the divine part of our nature; not the law of survival through conflict, about which so much is talked nowadays. The latter is a fit law for animals, but not for men; for in men it hardens the whole nature and stops the higher evolution. But the other Law makes for peace and order and beauty. *No one can prevent us from following it. No circumstances can deprive us of its help.* Nay, is it not in adversity that its power is most felt? Trials are often effective in bringing out this finer part of our nature; for they remove the gross husk of false pride, selfishness, or resentment, which had kept us from finding the kernel within. Whatever the outward storm and confusion, so long as the Soul within maintains its dignity and serenity, order must sooner or later prevail.

H. T. E.

From the Platform

GOOD evening! Gentlemen. Here I am on the platform to address you, and yet I have no words — no words to express my pleasure at being with you this evening. It is always pleasant to bask in the sunshine, isn't it? Well, I know it is night-time, and raining at that; but I'm referring now to the sun that shines all the time. Get that?

Did you ever stop to think that a human being is a small solar system where the sun shines all the time? It is surely an inspiration to know that there is a part of us which is beyond anything we now realize and has nothing to do with our sensations, passions, and desires. A hundred similes might be drawn to illustrate just how this *real* self, this silent but shining partner, compares with what we are generally pleased to call our *selves*.

The sun in the firmament shines right on, though he is often hidden by clouds. He *uses* these dark times for irrigation purposes, and when the clouds, which symbolize the troubles and difficulties of our lives, are drained, they have served their purpose and are gone. We may have other storms to weather, but things once conquered in our natures do not bother us again.

From the point of view of what we have been saying, the whole "*reform*" idea is off. The parent says: "You are a bad boy, now try to make yourself into a good boy." And one sometimes hears this: "My good man, you are desperately wicked, but you can *change*

yourself and become good." Well, well! Must we buy a new lamp chimney because the old one is covered with soot? Rub the soot off and you will find the light still burning. Change ourselves indeed! How shall we better the perfect? The light is in ourselves, and according as we rub off the soot, or shed our skins, or dispel the clouds, or — but make any simile you please, gentlemen — why, just in such measure shall we manifest our real nature.

Life now takes on a new aspect. The chimney-cleaning becomes very pleasant, especially as a great deal of it can be done by the mere cultivation of brotherliness to those about us.

I reckon you all appreciate how much it is needed. And believe me, the secret is in recognizing the existence and value of that silent and shining partner we have been hearing about; for, again a marvel, it shines in every human being, and the true love we should bear our fellow-men is the mutual recognition of these harmonious, compassionate, higher Selves, silent partners, real natures, use what name you will.

Now, gentlemen, think about it till I come again, when I will try to draw you a picture of life from the standpoint of what we have been discussing. Draw some yourselves, for comparison with mine. So long! MAC

From Within the Gates

MANY letters of appreciation are received by THE NEW WAY from inmates of our State prisons throughout the country, some of which evince deep and earnest thought upon the problems of life and human nature. The prisoner has time and opportunity to think, and he often uses them to the full. If those without the gates could read all that reaches us, their view of the criminal and of crime would get a touch of sympathetic understanding which would soon make itself felt by their fellow-men within. To the young fellows on the edge of their first mistake, a mistake that will perhaps wreck their whole after-life, such letters would serve as a danger-signal, warning them back from the precipice. Five minutes fully aroused thought of consequences might suffice to save from it.

It is this which is the pathetic burden of so many of the letters we receive. One just now to hand, from an inmate of the Leavenworth (Kansas) penitentiary, enclosing some verses made in the silence of the cell, has prompted this note. "It is those who love us, mothers, sisters, wives," says the writer, "who suffer most." Their lives too, are shadowed over with the pain and disgrace.

But the public attitude is changing much these last few years. It is becoming recognized that the man who has paid for his mistake, is once more free, and is honestly trying to fit himself into place, is worthy of all encouragement and respect. He is indeed on the way to a new and higher dignity of manhood. And the same attainment is just as possible for those who are still within the gates.

EDITOR

'TENTION!**The New Way in Emerson**

Do not cumber yourself with fruitless pains to mend and remedy remote effects; let the soul be erect, and all things will go well.

As we are, so we do; and as we do, so is it done to us; we are the builders of our fortunes; cant and lying and the attempt to secure a good which does not belong to us, are once for all, balked and vain.

To every creature is his own weapon, however skillfully concealed from himself, a good while. His work is sword and shield. Let him accuse none, let him injure none. The way to mend the bad world, is to create the right world.

THE wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable.

THE HERO fears not that if he withhold the avowal of a just and brave act it will go unwitnessed and unloved. *One knows, himself*, — and is pledged by it to sweetness of peace and to nobleness of aim, which will prove in the end a better proclamation of it than the relation of the incident.

HE is great, whose eyes are opened to see that the reward of actions cannot be escaped, because he is transformed into his action, and taketh its nature, which bears its own fruit, like every other tree. A great man cannot be hindered of the effects of his act, because it is immediate.

IN other places, other men have encountered sharp trials, and have behaved themselves well. The martyrs were sawn asunder, or hung alive on meat-hooks. Cannot we screw our courage to patience and truth, and without complaint, or even with good humor, await our turn of action in the Infinite Counsels?

EVERY man supposes himself not to be fully understood; and if there is any truth in him, if he rests at last on the divine soul, I see not how it can be otherwise. The last chamber, the last closet, he must feel was never opened; there is always a residuum unknown, unanalysable. That is, every man believes that he has a greater possibility.

THERE is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

Stand at Ease!

Wife — (dining at restaurant) — "John dear, can you see what those people at the next table are eating?"

Husband — "Can't see at all, but it sounds like celery."

Officer — Where are you going?

Recruit — To fetch some water, sor.

Officer — What, in those disreputable trousers?

Recruit — No, sor; in this 'ere pail.

A little boy who was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution questioned his mother thus:

"Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," the mother replied. "I never knew any of your father's people."

A cook has been going around a station in the south of India with the following "character," and is surprised that he is not engaged: "Abdul has been my cook for three months; it seems much longer. He leaves on account of ill health — my ill health."

"Dolan," said Mr. Rafferty, as he looked up at the city post-office, "what does them letters MDCCCXCVII mean?"

"They mean 1897."

"Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause. "don't yez think they're overdoing this spellin' reform a bit?"

There was an old cab-driver who used to make his stand regularly on the corner near one of the large office buildings in Chicago, and his horse was almost as old as himself. Rain or shine, this antique pair stood there waiting for a customer. Suddenly, one afternoon, a business man rushed pell-mell from the entrance of the building and plunged breathless into the cab, yelling to the old cabby — "Say, driver, get me over to the station in twelve minutes and I'll give you ten dollars." The old driver turned around slowly, and shook his head sadly, saying, "No, boss, we can't do it. You see, you might bribe me, but you can't corrupt my horse."

A New York justice relates that late one afternoon he gave a case to a jury and that it was 4.30 o'clock the following morning before the jury agreed upon a verdict.

"I waited for the verdict," says the justice, "and after it was returned I told the jurors that as it was possible that most of them were married men, if they desired I would give to each a certificate that he had been detained until 4.30 o'clock in the morning on jury service."

"The jurors consulted together for a few minutes, and then the foreman arose and said, 'We thank you for your consideration and appreciate the kindness of your offer and desire to say that if your honor needs a certificate to the effect that you were detained until 4.30 o'clock in the morning waiting for our verdict we will gladly so certify.' The court was suddenly adjourned."

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

*"With well squared stones of duty duly laid,
The four-square perfect man at last is made."*

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and of the International Theosophical League of Humanity.

To Thine Own Self be True

(Part of an address recently given to the Inmates of
Oregon State Penitentiary.)

I CAN truthfully say to you, that some of my happiest hours have been spent here amongst you. In the three and one-half years of our work here many changes have been brought about, as quite a number of you know, and if you will but continue your efforts along right lines, many, many more will follow in the future.

These changes have had more than a national influence on prison affairs; they have been felt on other continents besides. I tell you, the gains are permanent; they cannot be lost. Why? Because they have been made on right lines, in the right way; made by yourselves. So society has been aroused, shown something it did not

know before, and is closely watching. Let us therefore be careful to make no slip, no mistake. Then we shall find more ways opening to us, finally realizing our best hopes.

When we say "Society," whom have we in our minds? Why, those who don't think; who live for their own pleasure; who are thoughtless and selfish.

But were we always thoughtful, and did we think of others' welfare? Have we always lived rightly, and did we try to understand the woes of the world? I think not. Do we do so yet? Do we now try to think of others and be unselfish? If we do not, we not only were but are yet a part of that "Society" we speak of and sneer at and criticise. We had and perhaps have all its faults of thoughtlessness, carelessness and selfishness.

But now, though the blow has been severe, the experi-

ence most bitter, we have been brought face to face with a great truth — that we are “our brother’s keeper.” Yes, Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and as one of the world’s Teachers has said, “Until we realize that, and until we begin to work to that end unselfishly and without prejudice, it will be absolutely impossible for us to have any idea of what real happiness means; for true happiness is based on unselfish work for others.” The general tendency of our past has been to encourage selfishness and utterly ignore our responsibility. We have always looked for the fault in others, but never in ourselves. But the time has come for our awakening, and the means are at hand for us to know, and knowing, to take our true position in Life.

Whilst at first I had it in mind to give you a talk without using the word Theosophy, I have concluded to emphasize it and endeavor to give you some idea of a few of its real teachings.

Theosophy is not a difficult word either to pronounce or to understand. The most simple definition is “*Common Sense*.” The Philosophy of Theosophy is for every one, rich and poor, saint and sinner. It is one straight road to the highest goal of human life. Theosophy teaches Salvation — but only through Character and noble effort. It teaches understanding and attainment — but only through Service. It teaches that respect and honor should be paid to all Saviors of Humanity, those who have served and sacrificed all personal gain to raise the standard of the Race. Theosophy shows that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and that the inner, real self of man is divine. It shows that if men will but recognize their Divinity, their birthright, they can and will take their true position in Life and become Master Workmen, Builders, erecting that Temple spoken of in Holy Writ, that Temple not made with hands, the Temple of the perfect life.

Many of you pray, and in that prayer, so universally adopted, you state the very things I have spoken of, “that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature,” and speak of your Divinity. Listen: you say, “Our Father, who art in Heaven.” I say it, mean it, and feel it. You say it, mean it, and feel it — “*Our* Father,” therefore recognizing “our Father” to be one and the same. “Our Father who art in Heaven”; and in our search to find “Heaven” we are taught by the Bible, as well as in the sacred scriptures of all peoples, that “the Kingdom of Heaven is within”; so our Father, our God, the Divine, is within us, “for know ye not that ye are temples of the living God?” But we have wandered from the Path, the Way, and know not our selves, and not knowing ourselves how is it to be expected we can know our Father? We are all prodigal sons; we have wandered into strange lands, and foreign countries; wasted our opportunities, and instead of eating the sweet wholesome bread of Life, we are feeding on husks. Why should we not stop in our mad career to Nowhere and resolve to arise and seek “our Father?” With the sin-

cere resolve will come the understanding, the knowledge that we are in darkness, and have lost that which we had; with that knowledge will come the desire for Light, to search for that which was lost.

Never mind what the past has been, it is done, gone forever, as far as regrets might change it. That past need not be a drag to our present, or prevent the future being successful. Instead of being a drag, it may become a help, for it is through experience we grow; so whilst we may not be proud of our past, yet we can learn vital lessons from it.

Theosophy teaches us about the divine Law of Cause and Effect in operation. “As we sow, so shall we reap.” It is a *divine* Law because it is just through this very “reaping” that we get the opportunity to learn. Let us resolve that in the future we will sow only such seed as will make its reaping a joy, the seed of noble and unselfish thoughts and deeds.

Every aspiration, every thought, every act, is a cause, a seed sown, that will produce an effect, a harvest; and as we set in motion the cause, rest assured we shall receive the effect. Is there not infinite *hope* in this?

There is no one of us that does not know of the duality of his nature, that he has two natures, the higher and lower, the Angel and the Demon. Boys, recognize this fact and live. Grasp this truth and enter into an understanding with yourselves. Know your real enemy; it is your Lower Self. It is the unsatisfied, unreasonable, selfish part of you, built up on your passions and desires. We let our passions run riot, and forgetting our Divinity, our Higher Self, plunge into the abyss, degraded, despised even by ourselves. At times, the Higher Nature shines out; it lightens the gloom, knits men and women to us as friends; and then we suddenly give way again to our passions and desires, crush the better Nature in us, break faith and confidence with any one and every one and wander further into darkness. But however far we wander, our better Self is ever with us, awaiting the time when we shall realize our position, recognize our Divinity and then like the prodigal son arise and go back to our “Father,” acknowledge our mistakes and work for a true balance of our affairs. That balance must be brought about on three planes of expression before we can enter into the enjoyment of that condition which is really our right. We must clean up and balance the physical, mental, and moral, and the fruit of our efforts will be the at-one-ment, the Spiritual. Then we shall be a Light, an example and encouragement to others who are still in darkness. The opportunity is NOW, it’s up to you; are you ready to shoulder your load like Men: step out and join that mighty army that is fighting for Man’s Liberation? It requires Men, who against all temptations, however great, will smile at them, and standing “pat” say to themselves, “I am pledged. I gave my word, my parole, all I have, all that is sacred, my honor, my manhood.” This great wave of Prison Reform that is at present sweeping over the world, is at a most critical

point; its success depends on you. You hold in your hands the lives and the happiness of men, women and children; for as you know, the great question of abolishing Capital Punishment comes up before the people next November. On the general outcome of these Prison policies tried here, will depend more or less the success of the issue. You are the strongest forces in the State for weal or woe. Every act you perform turns the balance of Public Opinion. You are setting up causes.

Now the best and most effective work that you all can do, is to make discipline and order easier to maintain, and this can only be done by a cheerful, willing obedience to the rules of the Institution. Never mind if to you some of those rules appear unjust or difficult to understand. Don't you see that with a cheerful obedience to them, they must advance with your advancement? When you are singled out as the one to whom a parole should be granted, and your parole is taken, don't you realize the responsibility you assume in giving it, your word of honor? The fate of others depends on your success. You hold the key to their opportunities. So as you wish others to give you a square deal, do you give them a square deal, and when you get a trial on the outside, don't take any chances by flirting with those things that you know are temptations and stains. Remember your responsibilities and the comrades left behind.

Just a final word about the Organization we represent, the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. It has its Headquarters at Point Loma, California, and Mrs. Katherine Tingley is its Leader and Official Head. It has no salaried officers, nor paid workers, not one of the members receiving a penny for their services. The work is done under the sole direction of Mrs. Tingley, and if any thanks or appreciation is due any one it is due to her. She is truly a Friend to all and her every effort is given to bringing Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged Humanity. Boys, she has faith in you. She knows your possibilities, and she is in the field to fight for every man "Inside," to help him be that which he should be and can be. You won't let her fight in vain, I know you won't. You will follow the safe and sure path, balancing the physical, mental, and moral. Clean them all up and guard them well, and the beautiful flower of Spiritual Enlightenment will unfold itself and all Nature will rejoice as you all gradually near the goal.

W. D.

Let in the Light

"NO one knows where the light of his life may strike and illuminate the road that a stumbling brother may be traveling," a man's voice was repeating in an undertone.

"Is that Emerson, or who?" ask his mate Lopé.

"Neither; that's me, myself, I, Jacques Laporte."

"Turning preacher, you?"

"No; turning on an unused faculty, one no longer

popular in these push-the-button and get-it-done-for-you days, sometimes called thinking."

"What started you on that line?"

"Limping Liddy."

"The old last-ender? How?"

"I don't know. His patience or something has got hold of me. I can't think of him without feeling that my troubles are like peanuts to pinetrees compared with his."

"Must be interesting to be old and sick and lame and in here."

"Yes, but the look in the old man's eyes—as if he felt everybody's heartache but his own—did you ever notice it?"

"No. I've been too busy with my own difficulties."

"And so have I, and so has every last man of us, excepting old Limping Liddy; and he has a longer list of complaints against the existing order than any three here."

"How do you know?"

"I know. I observe. He has been high in the world and now he's down and almost out. He's sick every day and he's old and a cripple, but he looks to me like a man who has discovered a secret that has made him forget all that."

"Well, what's the answer? I could use a little of that kind of liniment for my own bruises."

"I don't know. I've been after it a long time, now. I've watched him day in and day out, and it isn't sham nor loony-loon. The old man has let in light from somewhere, and he's going to be suited all right if he stays in number four-twenty-two for the rest of his life or if he goes out tomorrow."

"Oh, come away, Jacques!"

"Take a look for yourself, if you don't believe it. I tell you that the old man's got something."

"If he has, he has found it himself."

"That's what set me thinking—where he looked for it. He's got something that he is giving away. Every man that comes anywhere near him is different and quieter, and even I, Jacques Laporte, can't nurse my big grievance against the world without feeling that I'd be ashamed to have that old man know it."

"Have you been talking with him?"

"Not a word. Do you know what he makes me think of?"

"What?"

"A lantern on a country road on a dark night."

"I'll have to look around at number four-twenty-two. You've certainly started me on a new expedition."

"You just follow along and tell me where you come to. For me, I'm hanging up a motto on my chamber wall, and it's just the same to me as if Limping Liddy had worked it on cardboard and framed it, all by himself, and left it at my door, ready to put up."

"How does it go—your motto?"

"Not mine yet—his. '*Let in the light and you will see.*'"

W. D.

The First Hour or So

"A CLOUDY morning, no sunshine. It cleared up, though, about ten, and by noon was splendid."

You can't tell whether that was written about a *man* or a *day*. We don't generally waken with the sun shining in our minds, do we? It's so bad sometimes that we don't want to be even spoken to. But along about nine or ten o'clock we feel better. Things are not so black. The little worries have somehow vanished. The other fellow is not so irritating — in fact we have quite a friendly chat with him.

Somebody once wrote that he made it a rule never to speak at all in the morning till the little devils had cleared away out of his mind, till he felt genial — say about ten o'clock, just as one feels in the evening after sunset.

A fairly good plan; but a doctor goes one better. Don't *think*, he says. "He who would conquer the worry fiend must tackle him early in the morning. In other words, make a firm stand against worrying thoughts at the very commencement of the day, and you will find that the fight becomes immensely easier later on. To my patients who are dogged with care I always say, 'On rising, make your mind a blank. Put all thoughts away from you one by one as they turn up, till you have breakfasted and got to your work. The effort is hard at first, but is easier and easier with practice. Make your mind empty till you need it. Then when you *do* need it, it will have stored up a reserve of power that will surprise you.'"

You can't see straight while the early morning clouds are over your mind. Little nothings look big. *Really* big things you can't see at all.

The secret is this, that the brain does not *quite* sleep. Dreaming proves that. More or less throughout the night the brain goes on fuddling over things and by the morning is likely to have made a mess of them, got them all out of shape. Some fellow's chance word has got to look like an insult. Some little irritating act looks like an awful intrusion upon your rights. Then when waking-time comes and you get back into your brain you find all that nonsense already there ahead of you *and you take it as your own*. And it needs coffee and two or three hours to get the furniture in order — even if you do get it in order for that day at all.

So one man says, Don't *talk*; which is good. Another man says, Don't *think*; which is better. And common sense says something else, which is best.

Waking up is coming back into your brain, and (usually) finding it full of rubbish. Waking up is something the same as being born. Only that being born is coming into a brain that is full of *nothing*, no thoughts and no power to make any. Nature gradually gives the power and you gradually provide the thoughts as you grow up.

We come from a "place" of spiritual *sunlight*, the real home of all souls. Each of us is a soul, and it is only brain that makes us forget it. We forget it on

waking every morning. The soul comes into the body like a light let down into a well. And then the bats begin to stir and squeal.

So when the doctor says, *Don't think* — for the first hour or so; when he advises us to give the order, *Out you go!* to the little devils of worry or of ill-feeling towards the other fellow — we answer that his advice is just half what it ought to be. The other half is *to think of oneself*, though not in the ordinary way. To the little worry devil, *Out you go!* for I will have peace in my mind. To the ill-will devil, *Out you go!* for I choose to have a thorough, hearty, good feeling to every other man. In a word, to all clouds, *Out you go!* for I propose to have the clear golden light from the place I have just come from follow after me and fill my head and heart.

This is the way to peace and happiness. Try it for a week. You will begin to understand what *real silence* can do for you.

C.

From Within

PABLO VASCON found himself facing a blank wall, as the saying is. He also thought of himself as having reached the end of a very long rope. He was engaged in repeatedly asserting in self-assuring, and exaggerated terms, the small importance he attached to the manner in which the "wind-up" came, and how soon it arrived.

"I've played the game from start to finish, and if I lose, *I lose*, that's all." This is what he said to himself in the first hours of his realization of the finality of the words that took away everything that was dear to him.

"What's the difference how the end comes? It's coming somehow, anyway."

He drew resignation from this thought, but it started up another that disturbed him greatly. In fact, his thoughts seemed like things alive *outside* of himself, and he could almost see them marching along, one at the heels of another.

"Not a soul on earth cares what happens to me."

"Whose fault is that?"

"Look at the life they gave me when I was a boy."

"But who made me what I am, for all that?"

"What chance did I have in such a crowd as Bill Town's?"

"What has happened to the crowd now? Have they missed what I've run into?"

So they made a grand circuit, his thoughts, and came back to the starting point, where he stood waving his little flag, "I don't care," expressed in a very inelegant way; and all the time his heart seemed to be tying itself into hard knots that gave him a choking pain in his throat, and his eyes smarted as though he had been shedding tears.

Exhausted by the emotions of his awful day, he threw himself on his bed and went to sleep. His first waking thought was a strange one.

He recalled a cellar where a pile of winter onions had sprouted. He remembered that on examining one of them he had been mystified by the growth of the fresh green shoots out of the rotting bulb.

Then he saw a picture, in imagination, of the big trees in the park.

"What have they grown out of?"

"A seed, and *something*, some great force, pushing its way *through* the seed down into roots and up into trunks and leaves."

"What's that to do with me, here, this morning?"

To his astonishment this thought led the procession that marched through his mind. Although it was a new one to him and he could not understand it, he felt a strange interest in it; the thought of a mysterious, veiled *Something*, pushing men and plants and all new growth from within outwardly; and the thought of the seemingly little start that big things had taken, and of the beginninglessness and endlessness of life.

"How do we grow, anyway?" he asked as the day wore along to evening. "I am six feet and came into the world no bigger than that. And where did I learn to think? And what turned me into all that devilish experimenting that brought me here? What's behind? Yesterday I was like the old onion left to rot, and today I feel as if something new had begun to sprout."

Pablo Vascon saw daylight again. His blank wall was written all over with instructions and guides to more freedom than he had ever known; and the end of the rope that he had reached never slipped from his grasp. The rope is in daily use for pulling up unfortunate acquaintances who have actually let go and slipped over the brink. W. D.

✱

MAN is the only growing thing in nature that has intelligence enough to supervise its own growing, to grasp intelligently the great spiritual force of growth. — *Leland*

The Man in Stripes

THE Man in Stripes is the whole human proposition. If he were better acquainted with himself, he would take things very differently and find everything becoming much easier. As it is, he goes on living in just a fraction of his nature — and not the best fraction at that.

Every once in a while we get hints that we are more than we seem. For instance, at the theater the spectator often has a feeling that he could play the part, too. At some points he is sure that he could do it even *better* than the star performer does. But after the curtain falls and he is at home again, he would be faint with stage fright if called upon to face the public. Nevertheless he has absorbed a previously unconscious part of himself which the play has awakened. He seems to have come more fully into his own, is more alive, more conscious and experienced for having entered into the part and played it himself in imagination.

Now the inner Man, who responded when the personal fellow was for the moment forgotten in the interest of the play, *could* act the part better than the star actors usually do, if only he were given full chance. He has all the intuitive knowledge and wisdom which the brain-mind brings out in fragments. But whilst a man's narrow and selfish impulses usually intrude upon his attention,

and often lead him astray, his better Self is too fine-grained to appear when not invited, or remain unless made to feel at home.

If a man realized the resources of splendid stuff in his own make-up, and knew that his birthright of divinity could only be lost by refusing to own it, he could solve all problems and play all parts. Furthermore, if he would realize that life is endless and that its purpose is gradually to bring forth all the hidden richness and nobility of our natures, he would see that playing even what



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SENIOR PUPILS OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RĀJA YOGA ACADEMY AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Leading the military cortège at the burial of President Estrada Palma.

we call "a life sentence" behind the bars was not the final tragedy that it appears. To pull himself together and find his own center, would enable him to regard the abhorred stripes like any other detail of the actor's wardrobe during any one play.

When you come right down to it, a man must get everything out of himself that he is going to *keep*. All the things that made up the stage-setting of a prisoner's past career — his money, his property, his clothing, his social place and political pull, his friends and family, his prospects — all have to be left behind him. The costume of old conditions and the make-up of familiar affairs which surrounded him like a garment, are put aside for the prison garb. He must play a part now in quite another drama. How if he needs the experience of this new part?

This is one of the hardest human tests which show the tone and fire and fiber of a man. It reveals how much of his humanity has been made his own — a conscious source of inner vitality to sustain him during this deprivation of the old and accustomed externals.

The instinctive search for just conditions and the eternal hope of a place where things *are right*, are proofs that something in humanity knows justice and happiness to be part of the great plan.

If the Real Man could be the victim of outside conditions, the reducing of a few souls to the bare ugliness of stripes would indeed be a tragedy. The broken human law may justly claim the offender's liberty, may restrain the outward, personal man. But no conditions can deprive him of the hidden treasures of his higher nature, always woven in with the very fibers of his being.

And the prison may be just the place where those treasures can be best got at and brought forth, the prison life just the "part" whose playing happens to be now needed. There is endless time beyond and many brighter "parts" to come.

STUDENT

Heroism in Daily Life

WHEN there is a great calamity — a fire, a shipwreck — and deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice are performed, we see that the Divine in human nature is able to triumph over the animal; we see the lower law of self-interest set aside to make room for a higher Law. And for a moment we are stirred by the thought, and then forget about it.

Why should such rare and awful occasions be necessary in order to call out the better side of our nature? Why should a man wait until the moment of his death to bring out his noble qualities, when the world is so sorely in need of them during all his life?

And surely there is need everywhere and all the time for the display of the Divine in man and its superiority over the animal in man. If any one seeks a chance to be heroic, what better opportunity can he demand than those afforded by the situations in which he finds himself

in his daily life? The kind of heroism here required is perhaps of a different kind — the slow, patient, enduring kind. Yet, if there be any truth at all in the statement that there is a nobility in man, he must be able to evoke it in *any* circumstances.

And does not this suggest the thought that perchance, in the ordering of things, our circumstances are given us for opportunities? At all events, we can use them as opportunities.

Courage is a quality which every man possesses in some degree, and it is not possible to imagine a situation where courage cannot be evoked and made available. The more trying the circumstances are, the greater is the opportunity and the greater the victory. No matter how frail and deluded we may be in the unsubdued part of our nature, there is always the undercurrent of strength and loyalty to the right; and if we can find this, then we have indeed learned one of the mysteries of life, and who knows what further may yet be in store for us?

So let us be strong and understand ourselves better, for it is always possible to start anew with all the might of a pure resolve behind us.

E.

Try that Next Step

A MAN born blind, who suddenly found that he could now distinguish light from darkness, merely that, would feel that he had been born anew, born into a splendid world of which he had before known nothing. *We* might not think much of it, we who see not only the light but also the thousand things which the light makes visible.

If, before the change, we had tried to tell that man about light, he would not have been able to get the least idea of what we were talking about.

The mind has eyes (of their own kind) just as has the body. Very few people have them open. Very few people know that there is such a thing as *mind-light*; can't be made to understand what it means. Yet it reveals a new world.

But to every man a step of mind-growth is possible. He may open his eyes to something of that new world. If the step is ever so small, if his mind-eyes open by just a mere crack, it will still seem to him almost as if he had been born anew. Each of us is, as regards the world of mind-light, a blind man who may open his mind-eyes wider and wider and always see more.

Old men, even middle-aged and young men, often look back regretfully at earlier sins and think the stains too black to wipe out. Perhaps health is gone, the mind and memory feeble, and joy a word they have forgotten the meaning of.

Is the matter hopeless? Is there nothing that can be done? Is it *ever* too late?

However low down the mountain side any man may be, he can always and always take one step upward.

However high up a man may be he can only take one step — at a time. In that way the high and the low are equal. Each has his next step to take. Whether one be near the top — where the great Light and the great outlook are — or at the bottom, the taking of that one possible step is like the opening of the blind man's eyes. A new mind-world with its new-seen light and its wider outstretch has come into view. One man's possible bit of progress, when achieved, however low he may be, is to him as glorious a gain as another's, however high, is to *him*. It is not only never too late to try, but never too late to achieve. The mind-light I can get, compared to the mind-light I have now, is always immensely great.

In judging others it is easy to be misled by appearances. A man whose youth has been stained by drink and vice but who has conquered himself through years of splendid effort and fight, may be much further up the mountain side than another who never left the path of respectability.

He who is doing as much as he can may justly hope. The divine message and promise to every man is that it will fill the cup of his life if he will constantly try to keep it clean. Let us *try*, do our best from day to day. That is all that is asked of us, all that is necessary. The great reward is being got ready. STUDENT

A Recent Letter

April 5, 1912

Mrs. Katherine Tingley,
Point Loma, California.

Dear Madam:

You will wonder who this letter is from, before me I have the January issue of the "New Way" I have read the little paper thoroughly and I wish to say that it appeals to me very much.

I do not know whether your interest in men who have fallen extend outside the limits of your own state, or not. I know that somehow I have been helped by reading the paper.

There is much good in all of us and I may say that us men who are in Prison, should not despair of ever becoming anything, there is hope for all of us and we must look forward to the time when we will have a chance to show what we can do.

I have never before heard of the work you were doing in behalf of the man who needed a friend, and as I read the paper, it seemed to me that there was still some hope.

If it will not be of any trouble to you will you please write me, I should be very glad to hear from you. I am an American young man age twenty-five, and I understand you have some young men who are assisting in your work, I should be pleased to hear from any one whom you would care, to let them know about me.

While in my younger life I had no good companions or any one to look up to, and I sometimes I feel lonely,

with the long days and still longer years it begins to be kind of hard to bear. I always try and be cheerful, and do you know that every man here is given an opportunity to show what he can do. We have a Warden who understands and to him I am thankful for many things. I shall try to do right, any help you can send in the way of advice I shall be glad to receive, I am,

Very respectfully yours.

Life's Mirror

MADELINE S. BRIDGES

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

The Bravest Battle

JOAQUIN MILLER

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart —
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part —
Lo! there is that battle field!

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave!
But O! these battles they last so long —
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town —
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down!

O! ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!

O! spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

Get At It!

NOW — *Rāja Yoga Motto*

WHAT Thou Wilt Thou canst.

NEVER strike sail to a fear. — *Emerson*

NOTHING is easy to the unwilling. — *Proverb*

THEY can because they believe they can. — *Virgil*

TIME is everything. Fifteen minutes make the difference between a victory and a defeat. — *Nelson*

THERE'S no impossibility to him
Who stands prepared to conquer everything.
The fearful are the falling. — *Shakespeare*

LET him who has a grievance against his fellow descend into himself and seek out whether he never got any good from the presence of that fellow. — *Macterlinck*

WHEN you have a number of disagreeable duties to perform, always take the most disagreeable first.
— *Josiah Quincy*

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. — *Emerson*

LOSE this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory;
True indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute:
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only begin it, and the mind grows heated;
Begin it and the work will be completed. — *Goethe*

LET us remember that in every action something of the stuff of mind and body is being spent. What is spent is replaced, and the quality of what is replaced is according to the spirit in which the action was done. By this beneficent provision of nature we can find in all work, in all action, a means of rebuilding ourselves. The new stones can be of what shape, of what material, we will. After a good deal of this fine rebuilding, done in faith and hope and courage and brotherliness, we suddenly find that we have changed our quality. — *Noventa*

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

John Fletcher, 1576-1625

After Supper

Complicated: Jones, meeting Smith on Broadway, New York, grip in hand for a journey: "Ah, Smith, where off to?"

Smith: "Chicago."

Jones: "Go on! You only say that to make me think you are going to Buffalo. I know you *are* going to Chicago. What's the good of lying about it?"

Fussy Passenger: Which end of the car do I get off?

Conductor: Whichever end you prefer; both ends stop.

Customer: Confound you! That's a piece of my ear!

Barber: Only a small bit, sir; not sufficient to affect the hearing.

THE Main Point — "I see," said Wiggles, "that Bobby Fancier and his wife have got a divorce."

"Really?" said Jiggles. "What a sad case. Who gets the custody of the poodle?"

Diner: I say, waiter! Remove this cheese quickly.

Waiter: Isn't it all right, sir?

Diner: Oh, it's all right, all right; but it's eating my bread.

"Willie, why don't you let your little brother have your sled part of the time?"

"I do, ma. I take it going down hill and he has it coming back."

Mr. E. N. Quire: "What are those women mauling that man for?"

Mrs. Henballot: "He insulted us by saying that the Suffrage movement destroyed our naturally timid sweetness and robbed us of all our gentleness."

Bien sabido es que muchas personas se niegan resueltamente á formar parte de una mesa en la cual reuna la casualidad trece comensales. Esto, que algunos espíritus superficiales llaman superstición, tiene su razón de ser. En efecto, numerosas y funestas coincidencias han demostrado que es altamente peligroso el sentarse trece individuos á una mesa, cuando sólo hay comida para ocho.

Landlord: I'm ready to let this apartment if you have no children. Children and animals are objected to in this house.

Would-be-tenant: I have six children, but, alas! they are in the cemetery.

Landlord (an hour later, after the agreement is signed): What does this mean? Here you are with six children. You told me they were dead.

Tenant: Oh no, I didn't. I told you that they were in the cemetery. And they were: they went with their mother to await until I settled this little matter with you.

"All is as the end is."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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All is as the End is

BERNARD CARPENTER

Cry ye to man when man all hope forgets;
Say: All is as the end is;
Call no day dark or bright till the sun sets.

All is as the end is. What of dark days if
evening be serene?

The past, the past makes not our destiny
But that which is the future still we see.
Man is not always what he once has been,
But rather what he hopes and strives to be.

All is as the end is.

Duty may spring from pangs which grief begets,
And life's best purposes from dead regrets,
Like scent distilled from vanished violets;

For all is as the end is.

Call no day dark or bright till the sun sets.



Take the New Way

AT one of the meetings of the Universal Brotherhood Society, held in a certain penitentiary in the West during the spring of 1909, the speaker in his remarks touched on hypnotism and suicide. After the meeting one of the hearers (an inmate who had been sentenced to life imprisonment for killing a man) asked permission from the officials to have a private interview with the speaker, which was readily granted.

The convict was thoroughly in earnest and opened the interview by asking for assistance; not "to get out of prison," but to get out of the condition he was in; to understand the philosophy of life and to know himself.

Leaning to the speaker he whispered: "I am always seeing something, and cannot get away from it. Sleeping or waking it is always with me. Men I associate with in the daytime gradually change into that something. At night when all is dark it comes into my cell and stands before me. I am almost driven to insanity. I have planned to end it all, and suicide seems the only way."

After a heart to heart talk, explaining his condition and pointing out the worse than uselessness of suicide, he was shown that if he would make the effort he could yet live a life of real service, and in so doing dissipate the shadow of his past.

From that moment the man began trying; trying to live as a man should live; recognizing his Higher Nature, his Divinity; studying the philosophy of life and trying to live it. Being as regular in his habits and thoughts as conditions would permit, keeping himself and his cell clean and orderly, performing his duties cheerfully and to the best of his ability, adhering strictly to the prison discipline, reading and studying good books, he gradually changed; his face commenced to wear a cheerfulness that would dispel the blues from any one seeing him; he became a source of help and encouragement to the other inmates.

Six weeks after the first interview he sent for the speaker and holding out his hand, his face shining with frankness and a light most pleasing to see, said: "Now I am beginning to learn what Brotherhood means; it means that we should all live to help each other. I must bravely meet the results of causes I have set up. I alone must face those effects and not try to slip them over to any one else; and I must try to make up for wrongs done, by right action."

On being asked what he thought of his old plan of suicide, he smiled and replied: "It was cowardly. No, no, I know now what Brotherhood means; we are truly our Brother's keeper and every man is affected by our acts, good or bad, and it is my duty to live."

Time passed on; each day saw this man slowly develop into a fine character. Many a poor fellow who had lost heart was cheered and encouraged by him, and when some low, mean, depraved fellow would stir up trouble or plan a break, this man, finding it out, would gradually turn the venom and the foolish plans aside and thereby save trouble and suffering to all.

The officials of the prison noticed the change, marveled

at it, considered him the model prisoner and, unsolicited, gave him permission to go about the prison at will, talking to whichever of the inmates he saw fit. One day a difficulty arose between an inmate and a guard which almost cost the guard his life; this man happened to be there and without hesitancy, and at the risk of his own life, he sprang to the rescue of the guard and overpowered the assailant who was sick and half-crazed, thus saving him from more sorrow and regrets. For this act, coupled with his past efforts, growth, and development, he was paroled and again found himself facing the world to win his way back to recognition by society.

Outside the prison, the same as inside, he kept up his efforts, gaining slowly but surely, working with patience, and studying and watching for opportunities to serve. Today he is generally recognized as a clean, respectable, and dependable citizen. Within a year from the time of his release, his employer, who by the way knows all his past, has made him a proposition to become a partner in the business. Through efforts along right lines, recognizing his Divinity, determined and patient, he has won out. This is a true recital by one who is thoroughly conversant with the facts and can substantiate all.

Pause and consider for a moment. Suppose the court had sentenced this man to hang, would society have been better protected? Had he hung, a guard might have lost his life, and society and the prison would have lost this man's usefulness.

Every man, like this one, has the same opportunities to rise out of the gloom and apparent failure he now finds himself in. All men are possessed of that Divine spark that can make them know and feel the nobility of a true life.

A PRISON WORKER

The Death Habit

THE story was told me by a friend of mine, one who knows the twisted threads of many lives like this, a true lover and helper of his kind.

The hero of it was an Oxford graduate — and when my friend met him he was behind the bars of a New York prison! He bore a well-known English name and had been intended by his father to succeed to the family estates, position, and seat in Parliament.

Whilst he was at the university his mother died and his father after a year or two married again. When he came home with his degree he found everything changed. The new mother was no mother to him, and after a scene with her and his father, provoked by a scarcely veiled insult she offered him, he flung over everything, came across to this country, and finished the severance by changing his name.

Dependent upon himself alone, he found like many others that it is only from a distance that America is the land where opportunity is always waiting for the man. The little cash he had with him was quickly run out and still there was nothing for him to do corresponding to

his education and position. He did however at last get a place as book-keeper in a small shoe store, living a lonely and silent life as best he could on the few dollars that the long week's work brought him.

After eighteen months of this, a chance acquaintance, frequenter of the same cheap restaurant, volunteered to introduce him to the New York agent of a middle-West mining company. A post was offered him if he could manage to leave the city the same evening.

Somehow the West seemed promising. It was newer ground; there might be chances which the crowded Eastern cities could never give. He could hardly be in worse case than now, and anyhow it was a change. So he pawned his watch, a ring or two, and a few possessions still remaining from better days, and boarded a night train.

How he spent a year in a small Nevada mining town matters nothing. Enough that at the end of that time he turned up in San Francisco, now with a little money. A letter from the mine manager to one of the officials of a bank in that city got him a position there, and things went more easily with him than at any time since he left England.

But his better position brought its temptations. At home he had wanted for nothing. His parents had left no wish ungratified and his father had never offered the slightest objection to the habitual overstepping of his ample regular allowance.

He soon found now that he was not living within his income and became acquainted with the evil ways of the money-lenders. Debt was added to debt and he tried to relieve the pinch by gambling. This sometimes improved matters, sometimes made them worse, and he lived in alternations of feverish exultation and a black despair in which he was ready to do anything.

Among the other occupants of his boarding-house — which was in a fashionable part of the city, was a slightly faded young woman who was said by herself to have lost her husband at sea. But there were other stories.

She was pretty, sympathetic, and decidedly accessible. They struck up a close acquaintanceship and he confided to her all his story. She returned his confidence with a plausible and pathetic tale of *her* past. She was yearning, she said, for some place of her own again which she could call home and for a friend upon whom she as a lonely woman could lean. He too, she suggested, was too much alone. Did he not think that his moods, his alternations, were due to his loneliness and could be soothed and cured by some close and congenial companionship? And what need of any formal ceremony when there was so true and enduring a friendship as theirs had become?

Now the debts piled up in good earnest. She was as extravagant as he, and his salary went for nothing against the expenses of their new life. The possibilities of borrowing were at last exhausted. Dunned right and left, with never a moment free from worry, for the first time

he began to yield to the treacherous lulling of drink. The fact soon became too obvious for concealment and he was requested to resign from his position.

And then came the final step. Driven to desperation, he raised a check which was passing through his hands during the last week of his work at the bank, and made

eight years of age, a habit that had undermined his will and made him the prey of those moods of reckless impulse with their reactions of black melancholy, which had been the wreck of his life.

It had been slowly conquered, no longer assailing him even during the night hours, but the long ripple of its effects he could still feel.

But he felt also that he was on the way to conquer and be free from these too. "Oh, if I could have another chance!" he said. "I could still do something to build up my character out of the wreck."

It was true. Underneath all, the man's heart was right. And he inspired in my friend not only sympathy and pity but respect. He had fought a great fight to a finish, had learned his lesson, and was ready to begin life again on a new basis.

When at last he came out, he made his words good. With my friend's help he got some special work connected with prisoners whose term had expired, living for years with the respect and confidence of all who knew him.

From my friend's special experience and from this man himself, I, as a doctor, learned much quite unknown to the general public concerning the habit of which I have spoken.

This habit is especially prevalent among criminals, not because they are criminals, but because it is one of the great causes of criminality. Physically it depletes the nerves and brain, leading to loss of memory, inability to keep the attention long upon anything, and epilepsy. Morally, it destroys the will, leaving the man the prey of every debased, sensual, and criminal impulse. The victim is at the mercy of his moods, and alcoholism, consumption, paralysis, insanity, or

suicide is likely to close the scene.

If the general public could be made to realize all this; if parents, knowing the danger to their young boys, would be on guard, watching for the first signs, the irritability, moodiness, change of temperament, loss of flesh (often with considerable increase of appetite)—unmeasured crime and misery might be headed off, and the jails and asylums half emptied.

M. D.



WHERE "THE NEW WAY" IS PUBLISHED

A view through one of the great gates

an attempt to fly with his partner to Europe. But at the last moment, almost as the vessel was moving off, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to a fourteen years' term.

It was during this period that my friend, who was visiting the prison, made his acquaintance and learned his story and its true inwardness.

There had been, he acknowledged, a certain habit, learned from other boys at school when he was only

Some Unknown Waves

IN a certain city there was a man who had noticed — as we too have — that on one day he would be feeling cheerful and on another dismal, on one day hopeful and on another flat and hopeless.

Why is this? he said to himself; *I* am the same man; it is always *me*; yet the changes in me are almost great enough to make several men. I will take note.

His taking note took the form of reading the papers! This was the reason:

He had found on more than one occasion that when he woke with an exceptionally gloomy feeling he had seen in the morning's paper an account of some calamity, one that perhaps had killed hundreds of people and left other hundreds homeless and bereaved.

Could there be a connexion? Could the feeling of all those people, killed, maimed, suddenly friendless or starving, have somehow rolled in upon his mind? After all it was a lot of feeling, and feeling *might*, he thought, be something like the waves of wireless telegraphy, rolling and rippling outward into the air and breaking upon other minds. Curious too, that on days like this, following some calamity, when he was feeling blue, the other fellows he met at business seemed to be feeling the same way. They either told him so of their own accord, or admitted it if he asked them.

He had noticed the other kind of feeling too. On Christmas Day, for instance, he always felt cheerful and brotherly himself, and so did everybody else. The feeling in him was no creation of his own; he found it already in him the first thing when he woke in the morning.

After a while he began to consider it in this way:

The noises in the city by day — there are millions; they never stop; trolley cars, wagons, bells, door-bangings, voices, enough to stupefy anybody if he listened to them. But because they keep on all the time I don't usually notice one of them. I only know when one of them gets extra loud or occurs at night when all the rest are still. Perhaps it is the same with feeling. May it not be that we all of us get all the time the feeling of the others, but do not notice it because it *is* all the time? But when some feeling gets extra *loud* as it were, as after a great calamity or on Christmas Day, then we *do* notice it? Maybe if people took the trouble to inquire into their moods and try to find some outer cause, they might get hold of some strange links.

One day a man whom he loved and with whom he was often in company, took too much drink, got into one of the rages that drink will inspire, and shot another man whom he thought had injured him badly. He did it in the morning, was sobered at once by the horror of what he had done, and gave himself up to the police.

Not till evening did our man know of it. But all that day he felt a kind of chill at his heart, a *fear* he could not account for, and a pity — apparently for no one in particular. And he found his mind constantly thinking of *shooting*. By evening, when he had heard the newsboys

shouting the late papers and had bought one, he understood.

Years passed, and a thousand incidents like these had fully opened his eyes. He had found the threads that link all men to all men, had followed them home, studied them, made them conscious to himself. The human race is a brotherhood, he would say, and I *know* it.

And he acted on his knowledge. If, he said, waves can come in to me, they can go out from me. I will be a center of light and help. The air shall carry no gloom nor unbrotherhood of mine. It may be just my wave, coming from he knows not where, that will save some poor lonely devil from suicide, another from a crime that will wreck his life, or another from a fixed cloud of despondency he cannot shatter for himself.

So though outwardly he was not much changed, save perhaps more cheerful, more kindly, more courteous and brotherly, inwardly he lived a life in conscious touch with all human feeling. For he came to know things that we, who do not live like that, cannot conceive of. And among these things he knew of his own immortality, that death would only touch his body, and that as a part of the great human brotherhood he could never be out of the sea of human life. And so he feared not death and could look forward to the time when all the human race would know what he did, live accordingly, and banish pain and suffering for ever.

C.

Life's Failures

IT is an awful thing to stand in the street of a great city and read the book of life as it lies open before you in the faces and figures of the passers-by. There are so many that bear upon them the stamp of failure, sometimes carefully concealed, sometimes plainly to be seen, and sometimes peeping out from beneath an aspect of serene prosperity.

Then one turns to look for the evidences of success, to find if possible the mark that distinguishes those who have succeeded. What is it? What is the crown they wear, these triumphant ones? Look for it in their faces: look into their eyes and see if there is there the light of triumph that marks the conquering hero. Look well, for it may escape you. What? Can you not see it in those well-dressed, well-fed, well-cared-for persons? No! The look in their eyes is often bold and defiant, eager or haughty, clear and masterful; but heroic? No! And yet they are successful if judged from any ordinary standpoint; nevertheless, on these "successful" ones more than on the rest is set the same stamp of *failure*. Their "success" is *empty*.

Nowhere can we see that look of calm dignity, of power and repose, vigor and self-mastery that mark the heroic character. There *are* men of such character though we may pass them by unnoticed in the crowd: for they do not wear their crowns for all to see; those crowns are woven of such stuff as has no value in the markets of the

world; yet they shine with a great light that is visible to the eye of the awakened soul. As they pass in the crowd they may stir a heart to dreams of higher things, or awaken the sinking courage in one who is struggling towards the light.

Such thought-waves do sweep through our minds at times and we know not whence they come. They are messages from those who have *not* failed in life, those who have gone before us and who wait for us to join them on the road. They are the road-makers who prepare the road by which humanity may pass to higher states in which the miseries and meannesses of this life we live so strenuously here will not be known.



LANDSEER'S LIONS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON

For man has a nobler destiny than to get wealth. There is a more heroic battle for him to fight than the mere struggle for existence. Man has a life so long that one such lifetime as we live on earth is but as a single day in the span of his career. The enemies that he has to meet in the real battle of life are just those passions and desires that bind him to his present state of slavery and blindness. These passions and desires are our only enemies, and it is they that mankind bows down to and adores as the source of his expected happiness.

And yet such triumphs as are counted most desirable, those that bring fame and prominence, are not failures in themselves; they are victories of a kind and have their lessons; nor are defeats and failures of the ordinary kind to be counted in any way as in themselves honorable. Poverty may be a mark of honorable rejection of corrupt wealth, but it is perhaps more frequently but a sign of failure to acquire that wealth; and misfortune may be a proof of mere weakness, cowardice, or incapacity; though in some cases it may be the price of a noble victory over some temptation to bow down and worship the powers of corruption.

But the hidden sense of failure that accompanies worldly success and achieved prosperity is the call of the Soul to a nobler struggle, and, if heeded, it will lead a man at last into a path in which he may employ the power and force of character he has developed, in the great battle against the powers that are enemies of human progress.

Nor need the man who fails in the ordinary sense look on his failure as a lost life; it is but another lesson he has to learn before he can stand upright and face the path he has to tread. To meet misfortune is like meeting a bad place on the road, it is but a part of the journey; but to be discouraged and turned back by it is the real defeat, and that too is a lesson, a bitter one indeed, but one that must be learned before a man will stand upon his own feet and seek the path of Liberation which is the path of evolution, the real path of human progress, on which the journey is a joy and all the struggle glorious.

R. M.

The Way Out

"It is worse than death a thousand times," said my despairing friend Leon, who was sitting on his cot, in the one dark corner of the wide world that his mistakes and the mistakes of others allowed him for his own.

"No!" said I, "It is not!"

I occupied then one other dark corner in the mansion of life that had been assigned to me under conditions very similar to those which explained my friend Leon's position. Where my negation came from I did not then know in the least.

"What!" he said, looking at me for the first time since I entered the door. "You say it is better to live in such a place as this, under such conditions as these, until the mind sickens and the body corrupts the air it lives in? You don't know what you are saying. No, sir! I would give my measure for six-foot-deep any time of day."

"Not much social conversation with friend Leon this evening," I said to myself. To him I said:

"What are you afraid of, Leon? You'll give me the terrors too, if you don't stop saying 'Boo,' at me every time I feel as though I needed a little rest and recreation."

Leon smiled. The reason he began being my friend was because he felt sorry for an irresponsible Simple Simon whom the world could not help knocking to pieces. His smile soon faded, but I had seen it again, and I could retire to my own private obscurity, knowing that Leon's mind was still there.

Three weeks afterwards, there having been discipline of many shades and variations, during which I had longed for Leon's six-foot-deep more than for my own dream of an alderman's chances with the city's money-bags, it was I who could not smile when I came back to Leon.

"Brace up youngster!" said he. Then, seeing what he knew the name for in my face, he made me lie down, while he put a wet cloth on my head and chafed my feet and hands.

Then I broke. I remembered a day in summer when I was a little fellow and had come in sick from play and my dear mother had done the things Leon was doing for me. My Mother! And that room was sweet and clean, with thin white curtains at its two windows; and always that little sick boy was going to be what I had become here in this place!

Then Leon said, "You've got to stop blubbering, youngster. Do you want to scare me out of a year's growth?"

I was too far gone to want to leave the boat until the storm was over, but Leon threw me a line and towed me in. He was talking for some time, I suppose, but his voice sounded far away, and I don't know when real words in English did begin to trickle through the sounds he was making. I don't know whether he was telling about a dream he had had, or something he had read in a book.

"I began to see that the worst mistake a man can make brings him to the very place where he can turn himself around."

That seems like the beginning of what I heard. I held my breath so that the English words would not form a solution with the general sound of his voice again.

"Then I imagined I was fit to be trusted, and I could actually see myself the kind of man that *was* trusted."

Was this Leon? I opened my eyes to see what he was looking like. I saw that he was telling something he knew.

"The trusted man I knew I could make myself; and just to be trusted is not now enough. Now I can imagine myself sound in body and mind, standing where the best of men have stood, and I know that I could not see the picture if it wasn't in me to be that man."

I was quiet then. Leon looked at me presently, and seeing me attentive he said, as tenderly as mother herself would have spoken to me:

"Find your own way out, boy. It's all life, and it's all good going, if you can only see the way."

That's why Leon is my friend, and not mine alone, for by this time I have grown big enough to share him with the world.

W. D.

Hoing Potatoes as one of the Fine Arts

THE old man had referred to himself as an art-student. His remark surprised me because of his age and appearance. He looked more like a field-laborer than a student of anything, and when I went down to his cottage there was not a sign of an art imple-

ment of any sort, no paint-brush, no easel, no chisel or marble block.

"What is your branch of art?" I asked. "Hoing potatoes, as much as anything," was his unexpected reply.

"That," I said, "is very useful and very necessary work. But would you call it one of the fine arts?"

"It is or it is not," he replied, "just according as you do it. It's myself I'm really working on."

"What sort of work?" I asked.

"The highest kind of a poem is one that don't die, aint it?" he said. "What Homer wrote is alive yet and don't seem to show any symptoms of mortification. Well I reckon that the highest kind of a *man* is one that don't die. The *binding* of him will, and the binding of a book. What's *in* the binding is the thing. That's me, in this old binding of a body."

"You're your own work of art, then," I said.

"That's the way of it," he answered. "When I first started in work, a pretty good few years ago now, I found my mind was the toughest proposition I was up against. Directly I got at a bit of hoeing or any other work, it was all over the universe in a minute, thinkin' of everything that ever was and will be — and not always nice thinks either. Every stroke of a hoe meant a batch of new ones. 'I've got to corral you, my boy,' I said. 'If you and me are going to make anything of ourselves and outlast this binding of flesh and bones, we've got to settle things a bit. How?' says I.

"I sized it up this way: 'Mind,' I says, 'Thinker,' — that's the way I spoke to him — 'you get tired with your thinkin', same as this flesh-and-bones binding you're in gets tired with its workin'. By tomorrow mornin' both is rested again — waste stuff all put back for another day's work and thinkin'. If I was to work slack and lazy for some days, the stuff that would be put back into the bindin' would be slack and lazy stuff — *begin* that way, where'd my day's work be then?"

"Same with the mind. If I let it get around the way it wants to, get into any mood it wants to, gloomy or cheerful, hard to others or kindly, think of anything it wants to, and get tired out by night, it's that same sort of stuff that it will build into itself at night ready for more similar jaunts the next day.

"I can't stand that and I never did stand it. And why not?"

"Just this way. If I let him get the trick of goin' all to pieces with his thinkin' — and gettin' tired is goin' to pieces, partly, aint it? — when I come to *die* he'll go to pieces *once and for all* along with the bindin', and I'll have nothin' to hold on to, not a blessed thought to carry me intelligently into the beyond. I'll *get* to the beyond anyhow; you can't kill a man. But what's the use of gettin' there if you haven't anything to *think* there with? A nice fool you'd look!

"There's a sunlight, thinks I, for the *mind*, same as there is for the body and the dirt. When I'm feelin' cheerful and kindly, that sunlight has got into my mind

and makes proper thoughts grow and live. If I'm feelin' dismal and cross and kickish against the other fellows, I'm keepin' out that sunlight.

"I must corral my mind, hitch it on, like, to that *spiritual* sunlight and the sun it comes from; and *then* I reckon it'll make good reliable stuff by night, stuff that'll stay by me to think with when I pass along.

"And that's what I've done all these years. My bindin' gets sick and frayed out and old, but that don't touch *me* nor my mind. We're as peaceful as clams. Now and then my mind gets so clear it can see right through death and a little way beyond. I tell you there's *life* there. Can't say exactly what sort o' life, but it's a sight finer than this, more sunlight to it by far, the sort o' sunlight that when a little of it breaks through this side it fills a fellow up with good feelin' and brotherhood, and makes him know big things that he can't say how he knows, nor get very well into words.

"An' that's why I call myself an artist. If a man can cut a *poem* that can't die, out of words, he can cut a *soul* that can't die, out of thoughts. The spiritual life and sunlight came down into the words and made 'em immortal. And it'll come down into thoughts and make the mind and the man immortal. Ever see the epitaph old Ben Franklin wrote for himself?"

The old man got a dirty worn scrap of paper out of his pocket and I saw that on it was printed the epitaph that the old sage did write. Here it is:

The Body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(like the cover of an old book
its contents worn out,
and stripped of its lettering and gilding),
lies here,
food for the worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will, as he believed,
appear once more,
in a new and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by its
Author.

STUDENT

"Weak-Willed" Men

"**W**HAT a tremendous speed that fellow's driving at! I wish I could make my horses go like that."

"He isn't *driving*; his horses are running away with him."

The man in the carriage may *think* he is driving. He may want to go that way. It is when he wants to go some other way that he will find out his mistake.

Some men sit down hopeless under the idea that they have a weak will.

It is not true. One man has as much will as another. But it may be kept concentrated; or it may be scattered about in temporary charge of *enemies*. What enemies?

The "weak-willed" man has his aspirations for strength and spiritual freedom, his regrets at his "weak-

ness." And even in these very moments some impulse (such as to drink or get into a rage) may sweep him off his feet.

But if we add together the great strength of that impulse and the little strength with which he resists it, we shall find a very fine total.

Where did the impulse get its strength, its will? *From him!* It is *his*. He gave it, little by little, through the years. *Now* he knows that the horses are running away with him, now that he wants to go in a better direction. While he was willing to go in *that* direction, up to a little while ago, he thought he was driving. And at the very first he *was* driving, continuing for a long time to give touches with the whip.

The horses of impulse, of desire, run with strength *he* gave them, *and he can get it back*. He can get it back in *one moment* of spiritual manhood. It will escape him again, of course; *but not all of it*. Repeating those moments, he can finally and permanently regain it all, standing self-redeemed, in full possession of the old flaming sword of will.

To imagine is to summon. He who in quiet moments, alone with himself, *imagines* himself in his divine *manhood*, with the divine light in his heart and about him, feeling good will to all men: he who then *imagines* his divine power to rule himself, *summons* it, has it for those moments. Repeat them, day by day and night by night, and at last you win that great battle of earth which so few even begin.

There are very few *men* around. A real man is a self-conqueror. He cannot be pulled about by impulses. He cannot be moved from his good will to everybody. He cannot be made to forget that sometime the earth will be entirely peopled by real men and that earth and heaven will be all one, shining with the great light of spirit. For spirit is that force or light which gives perfect manhood.

STUDENT

A Letter

(From one of the most influential women in California.)

San Diego, California

June 9, 1912

Dear Mr. Fussell:

Will you kindly convey my thanks to Madame Tingley for her courtesy in sending me the Magazine! I anticipate its coming with much pleasure. I am glad to affix my signature to the petition against Capital Punishment. I consider it a custom suited to the Dark Ages. The care of such criminals however is a knotty problem. Very truly yours,

Lila Munro Tainter

Notice

• IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in it, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is one dollar per year, ten cents per copy.

How to Grow a Strong Will

THE *New Way* only opens to him who tries to follow this path. For it is the Way of the *Will*.

HE who governs his tongue is perfectly able to control all his passions. — *Channing*

WHEN you feel irritated speak to every one with extra courtesy and kindness. — *Channing*

WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. — *Ecclesiastes*

MAN is only true man when he can enforce his will upon himself. — *Goethe*

NEVER take into consideration whether a thing that ought to be done is pleasant or unpleasant. — *Buddha*

WHEN several duties simultaneously present themselves, select the one you would least rather do.

— *Katherine Tingley*

WOULDEST thou have some quality? Then act as if thou hadst it, and thou shalt presently come by it.

— *Hooker*

KEEP the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. Do every day something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it.

— *Professor William James*

Couldst thou in vision see
Thyself the man God meant,
Thou nevermore wouldst be
The man thou art — content.
— *Wilcox*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.
— *Longfellow*

ANGER and impatience at unpleasant conditions are much more hurtful to us than the conditions themselves. By self-restraint we compel the conditions to become a means for the culture of our will. — *Marcus Aurelius*

THE mode of action of the spiritual will, thus aroused, "is that, asleep or awake, near or far, your true desires arising from the impulse of the Higher Self will be accomplished. For this phase of the will flieth like light, cuts obstacles like a sharp sword." — *W. Q. Judge*

KEEP the mind clean; nothing wastes the will so fast as impure imaginings. But it is also wasted by anger, hatred, and impatience; whilst discontent, longings, and despondency weaken and paralyse it. The resisting of these, the replacing of them by their opposites, become its whetstone and tonic. At its full power it will appear as a force subtly but irresistibly creating the conditions necessary for highest growth and noblest work. — *Nozema*

How to Grow a Strong Smile

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. So-and-so," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"Se-c, S-c — er — er — er — Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."

A very small negro boy was a regular attendant at a boys' reading club and always called for the same book, and always turned to the same place, at which he looked eagerly and then laughed heartily.

The attendant's curiosity was aroused by a performance many times repeated, so he followed the little fellow one night, and, looking over his shoulder, saw he opened the book to a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field. He was just about to ask what the joke was, for the laugh had again come rippling up to him, when the boy looked around, grinning.

"Golly," he cried, "he ain't cotched him yit!"

In order to impress upon his congregation the length of eternity, a colored preacher used the following illustration:

"If a sparrow, breddren, should take a drop of water from the Atlantic Ocean at Coney Island, and with this drop of water in his beak should hop a hop a day until it reached the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco, and when it got there should let the drop fall into the Pacific, and when this was done should turn around and hop a hop a day all the way back to Coney Island and get another drop and do the same thing over, and keep on doing this very same thing until it had carried the whole Atlantic over into the Pacific, it would then only be early morning in eternity."

A well-known Scottish architect was traveling in Palestine recently, when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland.

On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church, and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask out of his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand, and came nearer to whisper:

"No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot."

In a certain "boom" town of the West there were two builders. One day, when the two met, one remarked:

"Bill, you always did have better luck than I. Look at my last lot of buildings — collapsed before they were finished. That wind that put them out didn't seem to harm yours."

"That's true enough," replied the other builder, "but you forget one thing — my houses had been papered."

"The world of men shall be a world of friends."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY

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The Potencies of Brotherhood

IF man would but cultivate the feeling of Brotherhood to every other man, all his real difficulties would disappear. His health would be refined; his mind would become clear and swift. He would understand

is to injure one's own health, happiness and progress; that to be unable to forgive, is a weakness to be overcome like any other; that unbrotherhood is all that holds back life's unimaginable possibilities from becoming splendid realities for present humanity.

"THE LOVE OF COMRADES"

*HERE in the valley where the river bends
I see the great oaks standing like close
friends*

*Holding their frequent whispers in the high,
Still privacies of sky.*

*I see the comrade bees of August pass
About their merry business with the grass.
I see old cart-worn horses by the creek,
Neck over neck, as though their hearts would
speak —*

*As though it helped them bear unto the end
The unjust lash to know they have a friend.*

*Down the hill road I see three workmen walk,
Hand held in hardened hand, in friendly talk.
A light is on each face,*

Light from the Secret Place;

For love has bound them fast,

Comrades to the last,

*And as they go my heart takes sudden cheer,
Knowing that in their nearness God is near!*

Alas, how much sweet life is lost!

*How much is black and bitter with the frost
That might be sweet with the sweet sun,
If men could only know that they are one!
But it will rise, love's hero-world, at last,
The joy world wreathed with freedom and heart
fast,*

*The world love sheltered from the wolfish law
Of ripping tooth and clutching claw
It comes! The high inbrothering of men,
The new earth seen by John of Patmos, when
The comrade dream was on his mighty heart.
I see the anarchs of the pit depart,
The greeds, the fears, the hates,
The carnal wild haired fates
That sunder, bruise and mar
The brothers on this star.*

*O world, rejoice with me
For the joy that is to be,
When far as the bright arch of heaven extends
The world of men shall be a world of friends!*

EDWIN MARKHAM in "Comrade"

that all the dark ages of the world, like the darkness of the age in which we live, have had unbrotherhood as their sole cause; that to do an unbrotherly thing to another, or to think an unbrotherly thought towards another,

Brotherhood illumines the mind because it dissipates all clouds. It gives life to the body because it exchanges the death-force of passions for the great life-force of the world. It strengthens the will by the steady exer-

cise of the will that it demands, and by rescuing the will from the service of passions. And by putting us in touch with the inner nature of our fellows it enables us to influence them for their good even though we say nothing and are hindered in action by the circumstances around them and ourselves.

Yet Brotherhood is not sentimentality. The sternest conduct may have the whole heart of love within it. What is demanded of us is that we wish well to all men; to those who do evil, that they may find their mistakes; to those who are in mental or bodily pain, (whilst we try to relieve it) that the pain may bring out or strengthen some noble quality in their character; to those who are in mental darkness, that they may come to understand what life means.



The Jailor and the Gillyflower

(Even two hundred years ago there were wardens who managed to run kindness and duty in team together. Here's a picture of one of them, drawn by Xavier Boniface, a French writer, born 1707.)

THE Count, who is in prison for a political offense and is not allowed books or paper, has found one little green plant growing up between the stones of the yard in which he is allowed to walk. He watches it from day to day, notes the opening of the leaves and buds and soon loves it as a friend. In dread lest the jailor, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it; and this is the conversation they have on the subject:

"As to your gillyflower —"

"Is it a gillyflower?" asked the Count.

"Upon my word," said the jailor, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden on it long ago, without any ill will to you or it, had I not remarked the interest you take in it."

"Oh my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

"That's all very well to say," replied the jailor with a wink; "a man must do something to pass the time, and prisoners have not much choice. One of them here catches flies; there's no harm in that. Another carves figures on his deal table, never considering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place. Some breed canaries and goldfinches; others, little white mice. For my part I try to gratify them. I had a beautiful large Angora cat which was a great pet. But I gave him away, for the birds and mice might have tempted him and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse. If this plant only recalls to you the green boughs under which your mother used to nurse you, it is welcome to overshadow half the courtyard. My orders say nothing about that so I should certainly turn a blind eye towards it. If it should grow to a *tree* and be capable

of assisting you to scale the wall and escape — well, that would be another matter."

"What would you do if I should try to escape?"

"I should follow my duty and have you shot down by the sentinel as if you were a rabbit. That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower or put my foot on it — never! I always thought a man a rascal, unfit to be a jailor, who would even crush the spider of a poor prisoner; it would be a crime!"

The Count was touched and surprised, and said so.

"Well then, Sir Count," said the warden, "if your plant means so much to you, you ought to be more grateful to it and give it a little water. If I had not given it a little myself now and then when I was bringing you your allowance it would have died of thirst."

"You have been so thoughtful of my pleasure and never said a word about it! Pray accept this little present in token of my gratitude." And he held out a little silver drinking cup.

The warden took the cup in his hand and looked it over. "Plants only want water, Sir Count, and one can treat them to a drink without ruining oneself. If this one helps you to pass the time, that is enough;" and he put the cup back on the shelf.

The Count held out his hand. "Oh, no, no," said the jailor, moving back respectfully; "hands are only given to equals and friends."

"Then be my friend."

"That cannot be, sir. One must look ahead so as to be able to do one's duty tomorrow as well as today. If you were my friend and you attempted to escape, should I have the courage to call out to the sentinel, 'Fire!?' No; I am only your keeper, your jailor, and your humble servant."



A Code of Honor

THE papers tell us of a "code of principles of professional conduct," drawn up by a national institution of industrial science, for the guidance of its members in their relations with each other and with the public. This code is based on honor, integrity, and duty.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that a body of people engaged in a public service should confer for the purpose of establishing a rule of conduct based upon such primal principles as honor, integrity, and duty. It proves that those inferior motives which are so often disparagingly classed as "business," "interest," "expediency," "profit," etc., do not exercise an undivided sway. It illustrates the fact that there is a natural Religion, waiting to be appealed to, within all men.

For what is "honor," if not the instinct of our better nature? And what is the establishment of a code of honor, if not the registering of a determination to assert the claims of that better nature? Yet honor is not a *religious* word, in the usual sense of the word "religion." We may talk piously of holiness, righteousness, or even

of faith, hope, and charity; but honor belongs to another class of ideals. And so does the word "gentleman" in its best sense. These words suggest chivalry, knighthood, true manliness and womanliness.

Religions may change and grow decrepit, and people may lose their faith in creeds; but Religion itself is

A Good Man

HOW can we tell a good man when we meet him? We speak of *things* as being "good" or "bad" according to the way in which they *serve the purposes* we have in view.

If we desire to separate a pile of gravel from its sand, we choose a sieve supplied with numerous holes to let the finer particles sift through.

But this same quality of being full of holes, so indispensable in sieves, is clearly undesirable in an umbrella or a pair of shoes! A "good" sieve is a "bad" umbrella.

Before a man can be considered good we must at first discover man's function in life, what he is *for*. A "good" man is a man who does well what man is *for*.

What is a man for? There is a great incessant purpose urging all that lives to higher levels of development, and man by entering into Nature's plan and lending his intelligence and will can help enormously to hasten her advance. He is one of her aids—if he will.

The sour and stunted crab-apple of forest wilds under the gardener's magic touch becomes the fairest of our orchard fruits. The dwarfish jungle-cock of southern Asia, responsive to the poultry-breeder's skill, is multiplied into the wonderful variety of types we see in our domesticated fowls.

The barren wilderness where unassisted Nature has produced nothing but scanty herbage and the sparse and hungry population of the sterile sand, is changed into a smiling landscape by the industry of man.

Man's true vocation is to raise life to higher levels, his own life, his fellows' lives, and all other lives whatsoever. The ancients thought that even a stone which had been made to form part of a sacred temple was somehow a little raised in that ever-

lasting progress of things upward. "A stone becomes a plant," they said; "the plant an animal; the animal a man; and man—a god."

Even within the limits of our personal life we find unregulated impulses and passionate desires which may be changed by our indomitable wills to subtler spiritual powers. A man who struggles with his lower tendencies and bends them to the service of the Soul has entered on his true vocation and has earned his right to rank among



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undying, for its foundation is coeval with man himself. Just as, in lower Nature, there is a universal life-force and instincts, so in our higher Nature there is this perpetual fountain of true Life.

Would that we could attach more importance to this simple natural faith, whose sanction depends on no arbitrary authority or pedantic theory! Out of this better spirit and feeling would grow that which the world is seeking—real knowledge.

HENRY EDGE

the real nobility of humankind; the peerage of good men; the helpers of the world. Although he often seems to fail he may be sure that constant effort after self-control will generate a mighty force to aid the evolution of his fellows and himself.

A good man may bear no very visible external marks, yet he works amongst his fellows as a benediction to them. His heart radiates help and encouragement. He works in harmony with the Divine and constitutes himself a center for diffusing the Divine benevolence—that cosmic urge which ever fosters and sustains and raises, and which in man is his inspiration to nobility.

The “good” man is in fact *the helper*. He *serves the purpose* of the Divine, knowingly and voluntarily. P. L.

Annie's Roses

“THIS particular rosebush seems very closely connected with my own life,” said Annie Felton to Jim Brooke. It was the first day of June, and the following day they expected to be married.

“Why?” asked Jim.

“It was planted the day I was born,” said the girl, “and there have always been roses for my birthdays. When mother died we covered her grave with them, and now they are ready for my wedding-day. It seems to belong to a kind of inner life, always watching and helping me.”

Jim smiled, snipped a rosebud for her hair, and pinning another on his own lapel, bade her good-bye lightly and went away.

Twenty years and more passed before he saw her again. That very night under a sudden attack of insane anger he struck a companion a blow that ended his life. Jim evaded arrest and for many years lived underground, as one might say. Assuming many disguises, tramping, begging, sometimes stealing, he went from place to place; the promising young man of business that Jim Brooke had been became a day-laborer, a cook's dish-washer, a clock-hand, as occasion and necessity came.

Often Annie's words spoken on that last day about an interior, unexpressed life, came back to him. He knew well that he was at heart a very different man from the person he seemed now to the world to be. He was Himself inside of all of his disguises, and that Self was like a king compared to the angry brute that had killed a brother. That inside Self seemed to him at times to live almost on a level with the bright purity of Annie Felton's mind.

At last, after years of wandering in search of a peace he never felt, Jim Brooke had another attack of the rage that he had fancied himself cured of. He struck and in striking aimed to kill.

At the sight of his second victim he was horribly shocked. That Self outside of himself, or so deeply hidden away inside that it was like a voice from heaven speaking, convinced him that now he had come to the

very end of his evil doing; that he had done the worst thing that ever his hand could possibly have done; that from that moment he was to mend; that he was to become acquainted with the real man within.

It was as if all eternity had flashed open to his sight. In that instant Annie Felton, a white rose in her hair, passed across his vision.

A sane compassionate man was Jim Brooke when he stooped a moment later to feel the fallen man's heart, and gladness thrilled him to find it fluttering. A quiet, composed man he was when he walked away with the officer who presently appeared.

Annie Felton's rosy cheeks and bright hair had begun to fade a little by the time that Jim Brooke's sentence was nearing its end; but her heart had neither faltered in its steadfastness to duty nor wavered in its faith in his true self. The very grief that his crime and disappearance had caused her were means of bringing to beautiful blossoming a gentle and courageous nature. Everybody who knew her loved sweet Annie Felton.

So with Jim; inside the prison gates he began to find his real life—that hidden life, he told himself, that Annie must have meant the day when she spoke of the roses. He became an earnest worker, obedient, ready to help; and he, too, was loved. All the boys had a good word for Jim Brooke.

Then it happened one summer Sunday morning, that as good must sometimes (does n't it always?) happen to those who work for the right side of things, a woman came to sing to the prison boys in the chapel. Jim Brooke's attention was fastened upon the large cluster of roses pinned in her belt.

They were white roses—they were Annie's kind of roses—that far-off kind that Annie loved—and it was, certainly was, Annie herself who wore them! A changed Annie he saw, twenty years away from her girlhood, but, radiant with kindness and pity, she seemed more beautiful to him!

Annie saw him and recognized him at once. He saw *that* by the light that broke over her face. She took the roses out of her belt and as long as they lasted gave one to each of the boys passing where she stood. They were gone before Jim came up to her, but to that he resigned himself for the moment because she spoke to him.

“Jim,” she said, “is it really you?”

“Yes, Annie,” he answered hoarsely.

“Do you know what day this is?” She smiled asking it.

“It is the second of June, Annie,” he choked out.

“Are you coming to see the old rosebush again ever?” It was a question that gave him all the comfort of forgiveness and trust and encouragement and he answered it, asking:

“May I? A year from now?”

“Jim, come home and let us try to make the world a better place for others to live in.” W. D.

The Way to Knowledge

JUST what is it that we mean when we say that man is immortal? He *seems* to die. There is the body in the coffin.

Put some rose-leaves in a distilling-bottle and connect it with another. After a little boiling the *leaves* are dead. But now examine the other bottle. The perfume, the oil, the very essence of the leaves is all there, *not dead at all*.

And so, though the "leaves" of a man lie in the coffin, the man himself, his essence, is all right somewhere else.

That essence is the mind. If a man will keep thinking of himself as divine and immortal, he will at last come

thoughts, waiting for that new "day" which is a new life.

So let us learn to think a new kind of thoughts. Think of the perfume instead of the dead leaves, think of continuing life instead of death, think of mind instead of body. Let us create sunlight in ourselves instead of gloom and despair and death. Then we shall no longer fear the body's death, knowing *we* do not die. This *mental* sunlight, under which the mind grows up to knowledge of its divinity and immortality, is a heart-born good feeling to every other man. Hold that always; think always of *life*, not death — and be happy anyhow. Those three will in no long time carry us on to the knowledge of ourselves which mankind has lost through unbrotherly ways and through fear of death.

H. C.

Mind Your Words

A MAN who keeps repeating the same lie, keeps telling of an adventure that never really happened to him at all, will at last come to believe his own words.

For words have a great power over the man that uses them. Suppose that during the last few centuries, instead of saying, *I die*, we had accustomed ourselves to say, *I go through death*: what a difference it would have made! Death would not be the black shadow over life that it is. No one would think of fearing it. *I die* means that *I* become a corpse, go into a coffin and a grave, and decay.

I go through death means that whilst *my body goes* into a coffin *I* pass on to a new field of life.

There is a short period when the soul, *I*, is neither this nor that side of the gate, but in the gateway. It can look back into this world, the darker, and forward into the other, the world of freedom. And as it goes into that other, before the moment of actual death it often hands back a message for the comfort of those it is leaving. It is a great fact to which, so far as this writer knows, there is no recorded exception, that no soul which has ever reached the gateway with its dying body still responsive enough to its touch to be capable of yielding speech, but has spoken in the final moment, of *light*, of freedom, of peace, of joy. And if those who stand by would remember that they too are souls; that their hour of freedom, too, will come; if they would put aside their grief and try to *feel with* the departing soul, feel its joy of freedom, feel its touch upon their hearts, they would strike a bond of union with it, which, because from soul to soul, would be eternal.



IN MEDITATION

to know it as surely as he now knows he is alive. There is no need to wait for death to introduce us to our immortality. Knowledge of immortality is natural. We have only lost it because we live and think so *unnaturally*.

This is the way to think in order to get back our natural knowledge:

Think of this present life you are now living, *as one day*. Think of many, many more such "days" (the eternal sunlit ages) opening out in front of us in which to grow to godlike manhood, with the large minds of gods, understanding our work and place in the universe. If we think like this, we are *thinking life* instead of thinking death (*of death*) as we usually do. We are seeing *life* in front of us, seeing death as an incident to be followed just as naturally by more life as the going to sleep is followed by more daylight.

Life is the real thing, not death. The plant seems to die at the touch of winter. We know it does not. It has gone on into some of its own seed, merely waiting for spring to awaken it, just as man goes on into his own

We ought to think of death as *freedom* for the soul, the I, just because the body is a sort of *bondage* for it. The soul is in the body as a man in the roar of a great factory. Every cell, every muscle and nerve, is in continuous touch with the soul, which may, as it were, be said to be in among them—though there is a diviner part of it, the guardian and inspirer, which is not. Death is the reunion of these two.

So the embodied soul must lend its attention to the busy hum, even though, when all is going well, we do not know how closely our attention is tied up. But let a few cells of the liver or the nerves get out of gear! Our "liverishness" or neuralgia will soon show us where we are and even render us unable to notice anything else.

The real soul life is of course there in us, latent, all the time, but we do not know it. We cannot find our true being.

Suppose the man who was suddenly put in amidst the roar of a great factory and compelled to give his mind to the working of a complicated machine, were a musician full of fine harmonies that he was working out. What chance would the harmonies have? In the roar and the work, the man would have to forget that they existed.

Nevertheless there have always been some who have won their real soul life while in the body, while *living* as we say. And one of the purposes of all great religions—and of THE NEW WAY—is to show how to do that. It is the one thing worth doing.

Let us say and think in future, *I go through death.* C.

The Law of "Ought"

(Abstract of an address recently given at San Quentin Prison.)

I TALKED with a man in this chapel a few years ago who shot another man in sudden rage. Ten minutes before the deed was done he did not *dream* of such a possibility. I asked him to tell me how it came about.

He said, "I left work to go home, felt that something was going to happen, wanted to get home to my wife and babies, met a friend—and another man whom I did not like joined us. We had a drink. I had promised my wife I would not drink away from home. I was persuaded against my will to play a game of cards for money—all the time something inside was urging me to go home. I lost several games and next I lost my temper and I hit the man I did not like. He pulled a gun, I knocked him down, got his gun and shot him. I am now doing ten years for it."

Boys, do you get the key to the whole situation? He had an inner urge to go home. There was an intelligence about him, a consciousness of impending danger, a voice from God, as it were, warning him what to do and what not to do. He refused to obey. He preferred to let the human animal rule, and say to the God within, Just wait till I play a game or two of cards and then I will obey you. Who was primarily at fault? You all

know. I told him it was the unbridled human animal in him—he knew it was.

So there is a lot in this story. Let us look into it a little closer.

The man knew he *ought* to go home; the great Law of *Ought* touched him just there.

Something within him *knew* that there would be trouble if he broke this Law.

We all have that "something" within, the Soul.

We all know of that great Law of *Ought*.

In our brains and hearts we can always feel the urge of the Soul to obey that Law, always have *some* knowledge that if we don't obey, pain and trouble will come.

We are not only men of flesh, animals; on the other side we are Souls. It is our task to get the man of flesh into harmony with the Soul. *Then* we shall know of our immortality; *then* we shall have clearly in our minds all the wisdom and knowledge of the Soul. So far we have only enough of it to know what is right and wrong to do, and in a general way that wrong will always bring trouble sooner or later.

If we always obeyed the Law we should have physical, mental and spiritual health. We call it a divine Law just for that reason, just because it leads to health and to every kind of growth and happiness. Even when it is inflicting the worst pains on a man it is only trying to develop will in him, give him peace and happiness, and bring out fine things in his character. It is always compassionate. Let us follow it more and more loyally and trustfully till we understand its purposes for us. H. S. S.

Eye-Speech

THE eyes of man alone can utter truth;
His lips long habited to shameless lies
Are powerless to bespeak his hidden soul.
In city streets what secret eyes reveal,
Lips ne'er would whisper in confessional!
What hungers, hopes and heartaches there betrayed!
What yearnings for responsive sympathy!
But still the lips would sneer in mock protest
If such a word as "sympathy" were named,
And man, like peevish, fretful babe declares
He wants not that for which he longs the most.
But be your eyes a beacon light, clear shining,
Calm and compassionate, passionless and pure,
You then may look through heart of man and give him
A wordless love, a silent sympathy
Which will unseal his lips to truth once more.

From *Out West*

Notice

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in it, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is one dollar per year, ten cents per copy.

Address: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The Man and the Tool

"I THINK I need sharpening," said the man. So he took the saw, placed it in a vice and started to file it.

"But are *you* the saw?" I asked.

"Comes to the same thing, I reckon," he answered.

"Fond of music?" said I.

"Mighty fond, but I can't play anything."

"Well, you could be taught. Suppose you got a fiddle and learned to play it and came at last to play it so well that you could teach others. Wouldn't need any saw to earn your living with, would you?"

"Reckon not."

"Should I, if I dropped in one morning, hear you say as you took up your fiddle, 'I think I need tuning'?"

"Well, 'twas only a way of speaking."

"Certainly; you know you are neither a saw nor a fiddle; they are what you *use*. You sharpen one and tune the other with your *hands*, don't you?"

"Sure!"

"Then you *use* your hands, same as you *use* the saw and fiddle. Suppose I heard you say, 'I need washing'; would you *mean* your hands?"

"No, I should mean the whole of me, the whole body."

"But if your hands are not *you*, because you *use* them, by the same token your whole body is not *you*, because you *use* it."

"Well who in the nation am I, then, if I'm not this body? If the body was killed there would n't be any *me*, would there?"

"If your saw was broken there would n't be any *saw*-work. If your fiddle was broken there would n't be any *fiddle*-work. If your body was killed there would n't be any *body*-work. Agreed, all that. If sawing was the only mortal thing you could do, and your saw was broken, you'd get a chance to learn another tool — or the fiddle; though you might feel kind of dazed at first with the loss, not quite know where to turn to. Don't it strike you that if your body was killed you might get a chance to learn to use something better? If the killing of the *saw* gave you a chance to let out your music on the fiddle, the death of your *body* might give you a chance to live some altogether higher kind of life. You might be dazed for a little time, but you'd soon wake up."

"That your philosophy?"

"Yes, that's my philosophy. I use my body and I use my brain. What I *use* is n't *me*. If my brain gets broken it don't follow that I am broken, nor that I have lost the power which in life I used in working the brain — a very fine and subtle power that. I'll get hold of something else, as much finer than the brain as the fiddle is finer than the saw. A man's got more music in him than he can ever get out through his fiddle, let him play as well as he likes. And likewise he's got more thought and knowledge than ever gets out through his brain.

"A man may play wrong notes on his fiddle, too flat or too sharp. As his ear gets better he comes to know that those are not what he wanted, don't answer to the music within him. We play wrong notes on the *body* all the time — wrong deeds, wrong thoughts and passions. We sometimes make ourselves think they are all right. But as the spiritual ear gets better it simply won't stand those false notes and then the man straightens up and tunes his life finely. He begins to know what sort of a harmony of life he is in the body to play. And I reckon that after death the spiritual ear is opened anyway and we understand our mistakes and brutal false notes. But if we can open it *now* we shall be all ready for some fine new instrument that's waiting for us.

"What kind of an instrument, and where? I can't get that through my brain yet. But what does it matter? Maybe it's too fine a business for *brain* to understand at all. If we could warm up and waken the *heart* it might have something to tell us in its own way."

PHILOSOPHER

A Criminal's Heroism

THE King of England has conferred the Albert Medal on one of the New South Wales aborigines, a criminal, a "savage," and a black man. The story (from a N. S. W. paper) is this:

A mounted constable in the Northern Territory was returning to the Roper River police station with an aboriginal prisoner, named Neighbor, whom he had arrested on a charge of raiding a fencer's hut. The officer found the river in full flood, and he set the black, who was wearing a chain, to swim the river in front of him. The black reached the other side in safety. The constable followed on his horse, but the animal was caught in a swirl and turned over, and before the constable could clear himself he was kicked on the face by the horse and rendered unconscious. The current was quickly carrying the unconscious man to what must have been certain death, when Neighbor raced down the other side of the stream, coiling his chain by some means round his neck as he ran, and plunged into the river. He reached the senseless trooper, and, after a terrible struggle, succeeded in bringing his captor safe to land. The magistrate in Port Darwin who tried the case said that this was a deed which the King would delight to honor, and gave the man his liberty.

It seems that, somehow or other, this brave act was brought to the personal knowledge of the King, and he has fittingly acknowledged it.

State of Tennessee

Brushy Mountain Branch Prison

Petros, Tennessee, June 18, 1912

Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society,
Point Loma, California.

Gentlemen:

I wish to thank you for the two hundred copies of THE NEW WAY and to assure you that they were appreciated by the men here. I have seen to their distribution, and thank you for the same.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. E. Burrow,

Warden

Before You Sleep

THE Spirit dwells ever as inward soul within men's hearts, to be conceived by the imagination, the heart, the thought; deathless they become who know this. For the Spirit is light unfading, the ever-present.

From the Indian

HE who wishes to revenge injuries by returning hatred will live in misery. But he who endeavors to drive away hatred by means of love, fights with pleasure and confidence. Those whom he conquers yield joyfully, not from want of force but increase thereof. Therefore he who lives under the guidance of reason will repay another's hatred with love, that is, with nobleness.

Spinoza

ENTER the Path! There is no grief like hate!

No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!

Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot

Treads down one fond offense.

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams

Quenching all thirst! there bloom the immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng

Swiftest and sweetest hours. — *The Light of Asia*

It is by the faithful performance of small duties that great characters are made. It is along the line of small duties that the will comes to its strength. The universe knows its business and never leaves a man unpromoted to great duties *who is ready for promotion*, never. It is more anxious than you that you should be a big man. It needs you and in proportion as you become worth helping it helps you. Its friendly power lurks hidden and disguised behind circumstances, behind your superiors, behind injustice, behind "accident" and "chance." All these it uses — *for you*. Trust it. Drive your nail straight, if that is the one duty in front of you, and all will go well. — *Century Path*

THERE is only one desire that brings undying satisfaction and that can have no reaction. It is the desire for the greater and greater good of all that lives. And that is also the Divine desire.

It is no small thing to give up a desire for personal comfort or welfare in order to advantage or help some other person or cause. A beginning has been made. A root of future pain has been pulled up. For in proportion as you desire your own comfort will you be pained by your present or coming discomfort. That pain can by practice in the other kind of desire be quite done away with for ever. And you gain instead the joy of harmony with the divine part of your own nature and of the world. At last this joy becomes permanent and it is the only joy which is permanent. Why not try it? And try now and then for a few moments, especially the last and first thing in the day, to feel this Divine as an actual Presence in and about you. — *Century Path*

After Dinner

Old Lady (to newsboy) — "You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

Newsboy — "No, mum; but I kin give you a cigarette."

A teacher who had written to a boy's mother suggesting a more liberal use of soap and water, received the following by way of reply:

"My son ain't no *rose*. Don't smell him. Learn him."

"William," said a Georgia minister to an old darkey, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"No sah, Ah doan bleeb in 'em; and wot's more, Ah doan want nothin' to do wid 'em neider."

"Breddren an' sistern," said the old colored preacher. "I'se gwine to preach a powahful sermon dis mawnin'. I'se gwine to define de undefinable, I'se gwine to explain de unexplainable, an' I'se gwine to unscrew de unscrutable."

The Magistrate (about to commit for trial) — "You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning."

The Prisoner — "Now, yer Honor, no flattery, please: no flattery, I begs yer."

Haroun al Raschid — "What kind of a language are those two old fellows speaking? I can't make out a word they say."

Grand Vizier — "O Commander of the Faithful! Those two patriarchs have lost all their teeth and are speaking gum Arabic."

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Bruddah Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reticence, "when you preaches a speshul good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show me de same consideration."

A Pennsylvania student, hurrying out of Powelton avenue was stopped by a friend.

"What's your hurry?" asked the friend. "A good case?"

"A good case? Rather!" said the student. "We've got in the ophthalmological ward a woman so cross-eyed that tears run down her back."

"Dear me!" said the other. "You can't do anything for her, can you?"

"Of course we can," the student answered. "We are treating her for bacteria."

"Try it!"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
For Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

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Try It!

"WHAT'S the use of talking about making life beautiful in a place like this? You can't have beautiful things without money, so it is no use talking about it. It's a cash question, like most things."

"What do you think are the most beautiful things?"

"Oh! I don't know: some people like good furniture, and good clothes, and good food; and then some want pictures and sculpture and books and music; oh yes! some of course only want flowers and sunshine and things like that; but even then you must have money, for you can't live where there are flowers and things unless you can pay your way."

"Some people think that children are beautiful, and there are children everywhere."

"Yes, children are all right — when they smile."

"Ah! when they smile. And don't you think that

almost any face becomes beautiful when it is lit up by a smile? Think of it. When you are feeling sad does it not cheer you up just to see a smile on a happy face as you pass? Is it not like a gleam of sunshine? Is it not better than sunshine? Isn't it *human* sunshine?"

"Oh there you go again into your poetical talk: human sunshine! ridiculous!"

"Not so ridiculous either. A human heart is like

the sun. It may be clouded and when the clouds pass it shines out in a smile. And it costs no money to smile. And no money will buy smiles of the true kind. It costs more than money perhaps to smile when the heart is clouded with bitterness and anger; but if a man who

feels as if his heart was dead is strong enough to smile for the sake of making some one else feel happy he is giving a gift that no money could buy. And if you want to make life beautiful that is how to begin. All the other things are worth nothing if there are no smiling faces around. All the flowers are no use if there is no sunlight to show their colors. That seems too small a thing to think of seriously, does it? Try it! You will see that it will take all your power of will to wear a smile when you want to be sour and bitter, and to nurse your grievance, and to criticize other people. It is no child's play; it is a *man's* work. Anybody can make

life beautiful even where there are none of those other things you spoke of to be had."

"But how can a man smile in such a hole of a place as this?"

"Try it! It'll make a man of you. It is never the big difficulties that are difficult; it is the little ones. It is through *them* that the will is brought out and trained. A smile when you don't feel like it is one of the little difficulties that may take a very hero to pass." R. M.

THE RISING SUN

UNBROTHERLINESS is the insanity of the age. It menaces, to no small degree, the progress of our civilization. Its power cannot be broken or destroyed until man has had ingrained into his heart and mind the fact that he is divine in nature, until he realizes that he possesses the immortal potentiality of good, that true freedom exists only where the Higher Law holds in subjection the lower nature.

Not until he seeks to gain the ascendancy over his lower nature can man do his highest duty to his fellow-men, or be a brother in the truest sense of the word, or live in the freedom of Freedom.

Let us hope with that grander hope of the soul, the energy of right action, that the day is not far distant when the great, sweeping force of Love — of true brotherliness, shall encompass humanity, when the knowledge of right living shall be in the grasp of all, and shall be lived in the truest sense of the word, when children shall be conceived and educated in the atmosphere of purest thoughts and grander action; then and not till then shall humanity commence to build the solid foundations of a golden age and work in the Kingdom of Freedom. — *Katherine Tingley*

Tretmore's Luck

"TRY your luck, Tretmore. It's never too late to try," said Peter Brackton, the wise and ancient clerk of Hotel Rosalee.

"Been trying my luck ever since I was born, and haven't had a show yet," replied Tretmore, gloomily.

"Look here, my friend, you listen to me. You take the Owl train out of here and you stop at Parker's and answer that ad."

"All right, sir! I'll do just what you say. I leave here tonight at eleven two and I get into Parker's at four twenty-three A. M. and I present myself to the boss and I say, 'Brackton sent me down to try my luck. I'm answering the ad,' and the boss says, 'Sorry, but we put a man on last night,' and I take the seven ten and get back to the Hotel Rosalee in time for dinner. That's what the program'll be."

"Say, Tretmore, if Good Luck put her head inside the door there this minute you'd shoo her out before she could tell her news. I'm just going to give you some sound advice and you can take it or let it alone. You go upstairs and shave, and black your shoes, and put on a clean shirt and necktie, and you go down to Parker's, and you just pretend to yourself that you have a big lot of respect for Samuel Tretmore, Esquire. If you're back here tomorrow morning, I'll pay your expenses."

Tretmore looked the old man in the eye a bit unsteadily and then, bracing up with a kind of sudden determination that comes only once in a great while to men of his stamp, he said:

"I'll go you, Brackton. You're my friend, no mistake."

He went up to his room. As he entered he was struck by the evidences of his own listless character in the clothing that was lying about in disorder, the bed-cover that bore the marks of dusty shoes, the water that stood in the wash-bowl, the soiled towel that lay over the back of the rocker. The realization that he had never taken his own make-up into consideration before that moment confronted Tretmore and surprised him.

"A slouch! That's what I am," he said.

He took the cover off the bed and shook it and, turning it wrong side up, laid it neatly in place. He emptied the bowl, folded the soiled towel, and gathered up the scattered clothing. He shaved carefully, washed his face and hands, made the washstand tidy, changed his garments and presently stood in the door of the office.

"Here's the key, Pete. So-long!" he said.

"Off?" said Brackton. "So-long! Good luck, Sam."

Tretmore smiled. "I'll make it good luck or quit," he said to himself.

The summer sun was dancing on the far hills when Tretmore walked into Parker's ranch house. The head

boss met the early comer at the door before he knocked.

"I'm Samuel Tretmore. Pete Brackton sent me down to try my luck. I'm answering your ad in the *Journal*," said Tretmore, using the very words he had spoken the night before.

"Well, I'm sorry, but we put a man on last night," said the head boss, exactly as Tretmore had anticipated. Then, looking the applicant up and down, the boss added, "You come in and have breakfast. Maybe there is something for you here, anyway. We're always wanting men."

Tretmore sat down. He was still busily taking stock of himself and neither the words nor the actions of the head boss surprised him. He was now indifferent to the result of his request, so absorbed had he become in his new study. He was astonished to find how little he knew himself. "Big, ungainly, a slouch, in hard luck most of the time, coarse, with *such* an appetite, and *such* a thirst,—" thus each moment of reflection seemed to add material to his disgust.

Then after a time he seemed to come to the end of his list of gross attributes and the words of Brackton returned, "respect for S. T., Esquire." He began to feel that in spite of all his shortcomings there was something better within himself than he had ever imagined.

"I'm no fool, and I can learn," he said to himself.

"Tretmore, do you know anything about doctoring animals?" asked the head boss, after breakfast.

"What I've picked up when I've had to," said Tretmore.

"Well, see here," said the man in authority at Parker's. "I know a lot about it, but I haven't the time to do it. I like your looks, Tretmore. You look to me as if you could mind your own business and make good. Now, don't you say a word to the boys about not being on to your job, but come to me if you get into a tight place. You're Chief Veterinary at Parker's, if you're asked."

"All right, sir," said Tretmore, steadily, and swore a solemn oath to himself, "I'll make good or die trying." He went to the telephone and his new boss was edified by the following snags of conversation:

"Hello, is that you, Pete?"

"Send down my trunk tonight, will you, please?"

"No, not coming back to the Rosalee."

"Luck? Luck nothing! It's respect for S. T., Esquire that did it. I guess."

"Thanks. Same to you. So-long!"

FRED WINSTON

The Hidden Heroes

IT seems to be human nature to blame some one else for our misfortunes and to feel that our good luck gravitates to us by natural right. Do we not all incline to emphasize the part that *others* play in our downfall or loss? As a matter of fact, the Divine Law



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE BUILDINGS AT THE HOME OF "THE NEW WAY"
Flowering Agaves (Century Plants) in the Foreground.

returns to the inner Real Man who is playing the game of life, exactly what he needs as experience.

When fate seems to rain hard blows and takes things away, the outer man thinks it is all over with him. On the contrary, it often means the beginning of a bigger thing than he has ever before been ready to learn to do. Every man has it in him to be a hero or a coward. It is best to "judge not" which of these your neighbor may be. A man may be regarded as the hero of the hour, who is making very little real progress. His un-

popular neighbor, with little money and few friends may in reality be putting forth far greater effort to overcome his own failings, effort that will sometime bear fruit in a strength of character which no misfortune can shake.

The game of life is continuous, and however one's possessions may come and go, nothing can take away those elements of character which a man has won. He carries them through death with him.

The seemingly fortunate man, with his fine body, his good reputation, his commanding position and money, must have in himself the causes which produced them. But all this show is compatible with very weak places in his make-up. The generosity which, without depleting his resources, marks him as a "good fellow," might melt away under the test of poverty and show a nature too niggardly to give out simple good will. The charm and dignity with which he fills responsible positions might revert to a surly and brusque behavior under the pressure and sting of a narrow and obscure lot. He might even lose faith in himself when others ceased to believe in him. And some time he will have to face this. The Divine Law may lend us *good* fortune for a while in order to make the subsequent *ill* fortune a better lesson and will- tonic.

Now the Real Man inside is something more than the changing costumes and scenery of the outer man. Herein lies the clue to the "nobility of his (the latter's) calling and his true position in life." There are positions so humble or distasteful that the

nobility and dignity of the work depend upon the *way* in which it is done. Here the worker's own nature must have a natural strength and fineness to *lend character to the work*. Here is the test of the real hero.

If need be, wear the stripes and walk the lock-step with a dignity and manliness that will picture upon the screen of time new patterns of human life and hope and possibilities. Believe that if a little printer's ink can carry this thought to you, the vital message of your *living* example will even more surely reach your fellow men by

the wireless lines of natural Brotherhood. However men may question the motive of a noble pose in those outside the gray walls, they will *have to believe it is genuine in you!*

L. R.

How to be Healthy

WE meet a man we knew very well some six or seven years ago. After a talk with him we find him about the same as he was before. "The same old kettle of fish," we say.

Why is he the same? There is probably not one particle of his body as we now see it, which was present before; not one particle of his body of seven years ago which has not been removed and replaced.

Well, if you take brick after brick out of a house and put in others exactly like them, you will at last have a house which is at the same time exactly the same and entirely different.

This constant change of body-particles is a law of nature. We are always shedding the body and (by means of food and air) replacing the shed particles.

Why do we not take advantage of this to put back *better* ones. Why remain "the same old kettle of fish"?

It was three-quarters of a century ago that a German writer pointed out a way to health through the mind. Put the *mind* on The New Way and the body will find a new way too. Have your mind so full of cheerfulness and good feeling that whoever comes near you draws off a spark of it as if he had come near an electric conductor. *You have not enough brightness for your own use unless you have enough to give every passer-by a spark of it.* The body will then get encouraged as it were to do its own work, build itself up, throw off disease. The two, tenant and house, mind and body, light and lantern, will rejoice together in a new health. The writer says:

Man's happiness and misery are determined by the thoughts and thought-pictures predominating in his mind [and only by externals as far as he lets these affect his thoughts]. Why, then, should it be impossible to cause bright thoughts to come as we want them, just as we can cause dark ones to go? Why should we not control and master the whole thing? Why can we not train our (mental) eyes to brightness as we so often, alas! painfully train them to see only the dark sides of life. The raging of the storm upon the heath which chills and crows the companions of King Lear, leaves *him* unaffected. For the inner storm of fury raging in his heart drowns the fury of the elements without. Incredible as it seems, the most convincing proof of the power of the mind lies in its very weakness. Who does not know that those unfortunate beings whose souls are roaming in the night of insanity, remain, in their gloomy prison, free from many of the bodily ailments which attack the normal persons around them? The mind held captive by delusion renders the body insensible to external influences by turning the attention *away from the body* [which can then attend to its own affairs properly]. Ought not then the trained will, directed by high purpose, to be at least as strong as anger or insanity?

Has not every doctor found in his own case that at certain critical times only the most self-sacrificing devotion to his duty could dispel the clouds that threatened his moral and physical health? This devotion to duty is in itself a shield against dan-

gers inseparable from the doctor's life; and, indeed, we often find further that whatever harm we sustain *in the discharge of duty* carries a healing balm with it.

Here then is our secret. Think of the body as a house. Every hour, let us say, an old brick falls out. Every hour therefore a new one has to be put in. If in that hour we are gloomy, moody, bad tempered, a *bad* brick goes in. If in that hour we are leaving a duty undone or doing a duty slackly, a bad, ill-baked, crumbly brick goes in.

Be kindly, helpful, cheerful; stand up to every duty and to everything which has to be done—and you build at last a new body and a new mind. And when even *that* body begins to wear out in natural old age, the mind will have been prepared to understand life and death and to pass *through* death consciously into the great sunlight. *The building goes but the builder remains free.*

STUDENT

The Cussedness of Things

AN English writer once wrote an essay on the innate cussedness of things. That wasn't exactly his title, but it is what he meant.

It is easy to bring out this "cussedness." But when brought out it may look a little like *blessedness*.

There are several ways of bringing it out. One of the best is this:

You have, let us say, a short temper and a rough rude way with you, especially in the morning. Once in a while you wish you had not.

This fault will do to bring out that "cussedness" of things. You have resolved, let us say, to conquer it and be serene and courteous all day long. You will begin tomorrow.

You think of it overnight, and tomorrow duly comes. The day sails forth with you on deck.

Isn't it your experience that in proportion to your determination to be serene and courteous will the little daily rubs and bedevilmments be piled up in your path that particular day to throw you off your base? Won't the other fellow be exceptionally irritating and in your way?

Won't things go wrong at every corner? And if you do manage to hold your own *that* day, won't you find that the *next* day is worse still, that you wake up out of tune and even don't care a rap *for your own resolution*? Aren't you more than likely to throw it overboard and let your temper have all the fling it wants? Very well: that is the innate cussedness of things, and you have brought it into view.

But how *blessedness*? This way: that things are challenging you to *make good*, are testing your strength, and ascertaining whether you have grit enough to hold on day after day in spite of failures, are showing you how *very* weak is that weak place in your character which you have decided to mend.

In other words, things are trying to *help* you in the only

way they know how and the only way that is any good.

They play the same game with every other fine resolve and effort you make. For an inward blessedness (however veiled by outward cussedness) visibly runs the universe if we would but look. C.

Man or Mud?

MAN or Mud? Each of us has to answer the question which of these two he will be. We mostly follow the *mud and matter* line; it is easier than the man line. A heap of mud stays where you put it and gets flatter and flatter. A man has a will. Matter, when there is no will in it, begins at once to drop deathward. A branch of a tree, cut off from the tree and thus cut loose from the will of the tree (a real live will, in its way), drops slowly deathward and becomes at last the very lowest sort of matter, mere soil and gas. Our own bodies, directly we (the willers) have got out of them, begin at once to do the same.

This matter-mud tendency to drop, flop, sink downward and backward toward death, cease to make effort and take the easy line, shows itself very plainly in our lives and minds. The simplest showing of it would be the desire to stay lolling in bed. That is the mud-matter of our bodies trying to take one of its slothful drops deathward, do-nothing-ward, to flatten out as it were. When a man decides to take a pleasant walk instead of doing his duty, he is yielding to the same tendency. His walk may cost him great effort. But it is the *easier* of two lines of conduct. So it was really prompted by matter, by the *death* tendency. He would have been more man and less mud, more really alive, if he had resisted.

The man who would be really alive must train himself to feel degraded by and to resist the tendency to take the line of least effort just because it is least effort. It is only when he is free from that tendency, the downward matter-tendency, or has quite got it in control, that he is developing the true quality of a *man*, is in full possession of will. He is the god-man. This constant use of will gradually separates the man from death. He has taken himself out of its power. The body, the mud part of him, goes one way—downward; he, the other, out into the joy of real life. Man only dies so far as he has let the body get in on him, let it run him all his life, done the *easy* thing, let his duty go, followed every pleasure he could get sight of. Let the body in on you and run you—and you must share its fate, die. Keep your will alive, be the master all day, and you get out of death's reach. Will is the same as life. And it is the same as true manhood. When it is kept busy in acts of duty and brotherhood and self-discipline, it is creating life that death cannot touch. It is drawing the line between *man* and *mud*. Hope now has its abiding-place in such a man. His judgment is balanced. Passion and desire for revenge are killed. Then come the great surprises in possibilities of helpfulness. STUDENT

How Big Are You?

MOST men do not know how big they are till they try. They are too prone to *make* themselves small and smaller by their excuses to themselves for their own conduct. "I had a bad bringing-up, or no bringing-up"; "a bad father or mother, or was an orphan"; "I was born with bad eyesight, and science says that bad eyesight makes a fellow go wrong."

So he sits down under the situation, regards his offense as justifiable or excusable and himself as ill-used because he got into trouble for it.

Now it is often the case that the biggest and strongest men—in respect of *latent* character—are born or raised with just such handicaps to *bring out* that latent character. The Higher Law that runs through this universe knows what it is about and is doing the very best for such souls in running them into difficulties. If they would think in the silence they would feel its urge to come forth and be great.

Never make any excuses for yourself. If there are any to be made, let some one else do it. And if no one else is compassionate enough or knows enough, that Higher Law will do it at the reckoning-time of your life.

Everybody, in his heart, knows about that reckoning-time. He knows that after death there must come a moment when in the stillness that follows the dropping away of the body the inner eyes open and the man sees himself exactly as he was and as he might have been, sees his failures, his successes, his efforts, his cowardice, his nobility. He is compelled to be his own judge, finding then that his memory—which perhaps he drugged or silenced somehow in life—has forgotten *nothing*. There is no judge on earth so stern, so just, so in-seeing, as is each man to himself when the hand of death has unblinded him.

Let us so live as to be able to bear seeing ourselves.
STUDENT

Self-Conquest

Never was anger appeased by anger; anger is only appeased by Love.

TWO friends, one Jacob, a German; the other Hans, a Swede, thought much of each other. Jacob had a young lady friend he hoped to marry some day; he might have been a little awkward in entertaining the gentler sex, but he used to take long walks with her occasionally, and they seemed very happy.

It chanced that between times he saw Hans out walking with this same girl. This happened quite frequently, but he said nothing about it to Hans, but treated him in his usual friendly way.

He had read somewhere about two dignified Frenchmen who got into similar difficulty. A duel was arranged, and the one who came out best was to have the girl.

This incident preyed much on the mind of Jacob, and

the more he thought about it the more it seemed to him the course to pursue with Hans.

Next time they met Jacob exploded, telling Hans in plain language what was up, and challenging him to a duel to settle the question about the girl.

While all this seemed quite romantic and unnecessary to Hans, still he accepted the challenge. So next day they met in the orthodox formal way, in an opening in the woods. They agreed on the distance, etc., got their backs together, paced off twenty steps, and faced about.

Hans had not concerned himself about the means of combat, and Jacob, too, seemed to have forgotten to order "guns for two and coffee for one." Hans however had decided in his own mind that the old fistic way would serve every purpose.

There they stood, grimly facing each other, a fierce battle before them, a grave question to settle. There they stood, looking, waiting, thinking—who knows what passed in their minds? Finally Jacob broke the spell, saying, "Hans, come here vonce, I vant to told you sometink." Hans, ready for the fight that should win the prize, quickly responded, and as they stood close to each other, with riveted eyes, a terrible struggle was going on inside, Jacob fighting a duel, not with Hans, but with himself. Finally he burst out saying, "Hans, do you tink I can stand here and look you in de face and hit you in de eyes mit my fist? No Hans! no! if you will do me noddink I will do you noddink too; even if I lose de gairl, I cannot fight you, for I never could be happy. No Hans, you take de gairl and be happy, den I can be happy too."

With moistened eyes they threw their arms about each other, and the duel ended.

Had there been a fight, it never would have ended, and the demon of hate, once aroused, would have grown continually until it finally expressed itself in murder.

A man may slay ten thousand thousand men in battle,
But he, who conquers himself alone, is the greatest Victor.

G. F. M.



Am I My Brother's Keeper?

MAYBE I am. But by the same measure he may be my keeper.

What! Some other fellow have me on the end of a string to dance to his tune? Not if I know it!

Well, whose tune do you dance to? Your own? Consider:

Yesterday was a pretty good day for you. You felt serene and pleasant all along. You would be glad if all the days were like that.

But today you've got a corner sticking out all over you. There's not a thing the other fellows can do that doesn't exasperate you. There's hardly one of them you want to chum with.

You're not happy in this condition; you don't like it. Just so! *You've got to dance to a tune you don't like,*

live with a mood today that you wish were the mood of yesterday. If you have will enough to *change* today's mood to that of yesterday, then you're dancing to your own tune. If you have not, you are dancing to some other tune. *Whose* tune? Who is setting it?

If I run a moment's electric current through a coil of wire in my study, certain waves will flow out from it in every direction and start a slight current for one single moment in every other coil that may happen to be in the same city. Wireless telegraphy depends upon that principle.

May not men's minds be at least as sensitive to each other as coils of wire are to each other?

In that case the way you hold your mind is affecting some other fellow's mind that happens for the moment to be tuned to yours. Unknown to yourself you are building him up or tearing him down, giving him peace or maybe despair. That anger of yours on such and such a day was perhaps the last touch that sent So-and-So to the gallows or asylum. It did not bother you much and was soon over. But he happened on that day to be a center attractive to such things; and the little addition you made to the clouds and storm already in his poor mind was what toppled him over. In that case a part of his guilt, as Divine Law would look at it and reckon it up, was *your* guilt, wasn't it?

Again, that high thought which you held in your mind the last thing before sleeping every night and came back to the first thing every morning: you did not know that it was a rope of salvation flung out into the sloughs and quagmires of the world, into all places where the outcasts are, and the fallen and hopeless. Yet it was so. Some one was kept from suicide; some one remembered just in time the purity of his boyhood or the face of his dead mother.

Are we not then our brothers' keepers? STUDENT



The Strength of the Strong

THERE is a mighty power in every man. It makes equally for good or ill. Its source is in the Heart of the Universe. It is the incoming of this force to man, its passage through him and the direction he gives it, that makes him as he will: beast or worse, a fiend of selfishness and cruelty—or *man*, and later, the man a god. Each of us feels this power and responds to it by thoughts and actions which produce for him and his kind and all creatures either inevitable disaster and suffering, or peace and progress. Ours is the choice.

The future destiny of each man is determined by the man himself. Neither stone walls, nor iron bars make prisons or prisoners; nor does wandering at will outside of itself, mean liberty. That man alone is free whose Divinity is the acknowledged master of his being, that real SELF which ever condemns the wrong, ever approves the right.

"Right" and "Wrong!" It is the superb heritage of every man to know *that!* No man can ever wholly veil the Light that burns within the shrine of his own heart; forever he stands in its Presence. Be it in the turmoil of the day or in the silent watches of the night, that Presence — his Divine SELF — is ever the Revealer.

Those who have done wrong and now suffer, are those who have attempted to put out the Light. Ah! it was only an attempt! The protest ceaselessly rings in their ears and they stand naked before the Truth.

Now is their opportunity. Now, if Hope be born, and courage, and Reliance in the Law, is the hour for the play of that giant strength which has been gathering through all the ages of the struggling, striving past — the hour for Liberation.

Arise, my Brothers, arise and be Free! The present is yours for Conquest and all the future to weave as you will. The weakest will become strong in his effort for self-mastery and for service of the Law; for all the constructive powers of the universe, are his allies, and all the "failures," all the stress and all the sorrow of the past will appear as but the teachers, the preparation, for this glorious victory. Seize it, and there will surely come to you in the progress of time an unshakable happiness and peace, and the Power to Serve those who yet slumber but may be awakened and join the triumphant host, the Sons of Light.

WARRIOR

The Pessimist Firefly

S. W. Foss

A PESSIMIST Firefly sat on a weed
In the dark of a moonless night;
With folded wings drooped over his breast
He moped and he moaned for light.
"There is nothing but weeds on the earth," said he,
"And there isn't a star in the sky;
And the best I can do in a world like this
Is to sit on a weed and die;
Yes, all that I need
Is to sit on this weed,
Just to sit on this weed and die.

"There is naught but this miserable swamp beneath,
And there isn't a star overhead."
"Then be your own star! Then be your own star!"
An optimist firefly said.
"If you'll leap from your weed, and will open your wings
And bravely fly afar,
You will find you will shine like a star yourself,
You will be yourself a star;
And the thing that you need
Is to leap from your weed
And be yourself a star."

Then the pessimist firefly leaped from his weed
And floated far and free;
And he found that he shone like a star himself,
Like a living star was he.
And the optimist firefly followed and said:
"Why sit on a weed and groan?
For the firefly, friend, who uses his wings,

Has plenty of light of his own;
He has plenty of light
For the darkest night,
He has plenty of light of his own."

Ye firefly souls with your folded wings,
Why sit with the weeds in the night?
Lift up your wings and illumine the dark
With your own self-luminant light.
For darkness comes with the folded wings
And shrouds the starless land;
But there's light enough for the darkest way,
If you'll let your wings expand.
There's plenty of light
For the darkest night,
If you'll let your wings expand.

Behind the Mind

(From the Welsh)

WHO hath not
Within him felt some long-forgotten world
Sweep through the corner of his former Self,
Or touch some jutting peak of memory?
Or can we prove a poet's imaginings
Are not the remnants of a higher life,
A thousand time more glorious, lying hid
Within the deepest seas of his great soul,
Till comes the all-searching breath of Poesy
To bid them rise? O Hail! All Hail the hour
When God reveals Himself, and like the Sun
Illumines every epoch of our being,
And through them all the Spirit's path shines clear
From God, through Nature, back to God again.
Hath not
The Soul a hidden story of its own —
A tide of mysteries breaking on a far
And distant shore, where memory was lost
Amid the mighty ruins of a world,
Or worlds, now vanished?

"Good Words"

WE heartily congratulate the prisoners of the U. S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia, on their paper *Good Words*, of which we have received the first six numbers. It is admirable as a piece of craft work, as a reflector of the best aspects of the prison life, and as literature. The editorials are full of thought and heart, and one of the contributors is a poet of no mean order. Such a paper as this must do much to raise the tone of the prison life. We hope that its circulation may widen beyond the walls, for the great world outside them knows too little of its epitome within.

EDITOR

Notice

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in it, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten Cents per copy.

Address: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

Thorns and the Rose

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*

OUR life is compassed around with Necessity; yet is the meaning of life no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force: thus have we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies mysteriously written in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, day or night, till it be read and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. — *Carlyle*

THUS . . . was the infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me: living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there.

— *Carlyle*

WAS it not to preach forth this same *Higher* that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine thou also art honored to be taught; O Heavens, and broken with manifold *merciful* afflictions, even till thou become contrite and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hast need of them; the [lower] Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death.

— *Carlyle*

THERE is in man a HIGHER than love of happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! — *Carlyle*

MAN'S Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury. Will the whole Finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one shoeblack *happy*? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two: for the shoeblack also has a *soul* quite other than his stomach. — *Carlyle*

Woe to those who live without suffering! Stagnation and death is the future of all that vegetates without change. And how can there be any change for the better without proportionate suffering during the preceding stage? Is it not those *only* who have learned the deceptive value of earthly hopes and the illusive allurements of external nature who are destined to solve the great problems of life, pain, and death? — *H. P. Blavatsky*

Serve with the Coffee

"Doesn't your choir sing at the prison any more?"

"No, several of the prisoners objected on the ground that it wasn't included in their sentences.

A pair of twins coming to school for the first time were asked their names. "Jule Brown," replied the first. "Don't say *Jule*," said the teacher; "say *Julius*."

The name of the other was Bill.

"Are you related to Barney O'Brien?" Thomas O'Brien was once asked.

"Very distantly," replied Thomas. "I was me mother's first child — Barney was th' sivinteenth."

"I have always wondered," said the newly-arrived missionary to the genial cannibal, "what became of my predecessor."

"Oh, he," returned the cannibal — "he has gone into the interior."

Overheard on Geary Avenue: "Queek! Queek! Bringa da shova and da peek!" "What for? What are you howling about?" "Tonio he in da mud-a." "Well, so 'm I." "Oh, but Tonio he uppa to da knees." "Tell him to walk out then." "He no can walk out, he wrong end-a up."

Georgia Lawyer (to colored prisoner): "Well, Ras, so you want me to defend you. Have you any money?"

Rastus: "No; but I 'se got a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two."

Lawyer: "Those will do very nicely. Now let's see: what do they accuse you of stealing?"

Rastus: "Oh, a mule and a few chickens and a hog or two."

A city hunter, rigged out in a corduroy suit, double peaked cap, leggings, and other picturesque paraphernalia, engaged a small country boy as a guide.

The two were greatly astonished when a rabbit jumped out from behind a log, looked about and dropped over as if dead.

"There isn't a mark on it!" exclaimed the sportman.

"No," replied the boy. "I guess he must have laughed himself to death."

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi one day during the flood lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darkey rammed her head up through a hole in the roof, where the chimney once came out, and yelled at the captain on the roof, "Whar's yer gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nothin'? Fust thing yer knows yer gwine to turn dis house ober, spill de ol' woman an' de chil'en out in de flood, an' drown 'em. What yer doin' out here in de country wid yer boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de co'n fields an' get back into de ribber whar yer b'longs. Ain't got no business sev'n miles out in de country foolin' roun' people's houses nohow!"

"Therefore,
Set free the soul alike in all."—BROWNING

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

Published by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
For Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons

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The Great Citizen

THE NEW WAY has nothing to say about politics.
It is of no party.

But it earnestly desires that this great nation
of ours shall lead the way,
develop a grander and nobler
national life than the world
has ever known.

Do you want your country
to lead the rest? Do you
want it to show the way?
Do you want it to be an ex-
ample to the others?

You can't make poor bricks
into a good house, however
excellent your architectural
plans.

Design as fine laws and
constitutions as you like, you
can't make a great nation un-
less it consists of great indi-
viduals. We, you and I, must
be individually great if the
people that is made of you's
and I's is to be great. The
state can never be nobler-
modeled as a whole than the
average of the citizens that
compose it. If a man wants
the greatness of his country,
he must make the citizens
great. And the first citizen
he meets every morning at his breakfast is — himself.

A man is only really great when his conduct and
thoughts, if they were fully known, would be respected
by the rest. Can you, can I, answer to that test? Are
we prepared to have the light thrown in on us? If not,
we are not yet "great citizens" and are not yet doing
our full part to make a great nation.

A "great citizen" tries to be an example to the others.
He tries to have his whole life and all his thoughts such
as it would be helpful to the others to see and know. He
desires and as far as he can he works for the happiness
and welfare of all those about
him and—if any—under him.
And he desires the welfare
of all other nations, of human-
ity as a whole.

A "great citizen," a real
patriot, answers to this de-
scription. It is perfectly ob-
vious that the way is as open
to the prisoner as to any other
man; often more open, for
he has time to think and to
study. He can come out self-
made into an example and a
help to his nation.

When there are enough citi-
zens like this, America will be
the greatest of all nations,
leading the rest. Its general
mind will produce the noblest
literature, the noblest music,
the loftiest philosophy; will
move on swiftly in science,
art and invention. Life will
lengthen, diseases and poverty
and misery disappear. There
will be general happiness.

All this is waiting for us
when we have become great citizens — which is the same
as great-hearted citizens. It is worth working for. And
the work begins with the first citizen we meet in the
morning. Many of us may find our hands pretty full
with that alone! But while we are doing it we are in-
spiring some more to do the same. And so outward.
Let each shoulder his share.

PATRIOT

The New Keynote

*The men who want to change the prison
system know that the old system spelled
revenge (a legalized "getting back" at the
prisoner by the State) and that revenge "spells
hate — and hate always breeds more hate."
... The attitude of society is not changing
towards crime, but it is changing towards the
so-called criminal.*

AMERICAN "REVIEW OF REVIEWS"

*Never hath hate gone forth by hate;
It is by compassion alone that hate goeth forth.*

GAUTAMA BUDDHA

*Don't brand a man as a criminal. Teach
him that he is a soul and give him a chance.
Let him feel that some one believes in him;
give him the encouragement that perhaps he
has missed through all his life and the lack of
which may have helped to make him what he is.*

*And this is really the keynote — the recog-
nition of the soul in men, whether they be
black or white, despairing or hopeful.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Looking Backward

THE night was cold with gusty splashes of rain fitfully blowing. A man, whose irregular steps told the tale of advanced age or the feebleness of ill-health, slowly approached an old and isolated farmhouse that stood in a group of beeches at the edge of a wood. With trembling fingers he unlocked the door, removed the key, and entering, took care to lock it again from the inside.

Austin Lowert, the one time "Friend of the Poor," was now both old and sick, and he was experiencing the pain of having been forgotten by an ungrateful world.

He tottered into a room at the back of the house, where with considerable difficulty he made a fire in a cook stove, set on a kettle to boil, and presently sat down to a cheerless solitary supper.

He sat at table but did not eat, and he found that he did not wish to eat. An unexpected feeling of contentment came over him that gave him the sense of having had all hunger appeased forever, and all thirst quenched.

For months old Austin Lowert had been combating an intermittent resentment against the world he had served. Throughout his life he had given his strength, his intelligence, and all his substance, to the alleviation of the miseries of his city's poor. To find himself in his own old age suddenly stricken with suffering; to be homeless, alone, and friendless, had awakened in him a fiery condition of mind that had for the moment consumed his nobler thoughts.

Now, tonight, out in the blustering winds in the wide spaces of country land, he had come to an understanding of the supposed injustice he was enduring. He saw that there had been no injustice whatever. He remembered that he had received what in youth he had asked for, because he had never bestowed his charity in order to have something returned for himself. He knew that in spite of his own present desolation he had nevertheless been fully rewarded for all his good deeds. He had had his reward in the doing of them. He had been conscious that the light of his own soul was upon him throughout, that he had been drawing nearer to it from year to year. And at last, because of this nearness, he had somehow come to know that death could not touch *him*; it was but the removal of the veil between himself and the soul that had inspired and upheld him all those years. Was not this reward?

He had been thinking, as ever he continued to think, of little Bert Thornton, the waif in whose weak body he had long fought to keep a feebly flickering spark of life; of Bert Thornton, now the famous young barrister, standing well within the doorway of success. One word, he knew, would have brought Bert quickly to him, eager to serve and repay; but he could not speak that word.

Now, tonight, he was seeing far back into the beginnings of his experiences and out to their end. The world and man's life in it, including his own life, looked no

longer like an intricate puzzle. It seemed to him now like an old-fashioned school where the boys and girls came up for instruction. The harder the task the more fit for greater work became the one who accomplished it. He saw that to serve others was *to come up for instruction* from the great Teachers, life and the soul, and that there are few great enough to try it.

A rap, followed by a quick rattling of the door, started the old man from his meditation. He tried to rise in order to respond to the voice that called "Father!" but he found that his body had obeyed the mind's last call.

A day or two later Bert Thornton stood beside the coffin of his benefactor. Hundreds of men, women, and children, who had remembered their beloved "Friend of the Poor," were there also, listening to simple words uttered in the presence of the great mystery—to him, in the illumination of death, now no mystery.

"Too late! Too late!" Like the monotonous clanging of a tolled bell remorse had been dinning these words into the consciousness of the young man, who by the hand of this dead benefactor had been rescued from the streets; who had been sustained and raised up to manhood; whose heart, at the fire of that old heart, had been kindled into generously noble impulses.

"Too late! My God, to have come too late!" he groaned.

Then he looked at the face on its pillow of flowers, and suddenly he knew in part what old Austin knew. What we call injustice, the great Teacher, if we permit, transforms into opportunity for growth.

A woman's sweet voice sang and peace came into the place and settled down like a mother-bird come home to its nest.

W. T.

Staircases and Walls

IF the steps of a flight of stairs were piled straight on the top of each other they would be a blank wall and could not be got over.

If your eyes were defective so that the steps *seemed* to be piled on the top of each other, there would *seem* to be an impassable obstacle.

Our *mental eyes* are blind. There is never any wall in front of us. There is never anything but flights of stairs. There is never anything in front of us but opportunity.

Circumstances do look sometimes pretty discouraging. They are painful. There is no need to deny that. But a flight of stairs looks painful to an intensely lazy man.

Imagine the very worst and painfullest set of circumstances that ever surrounded a man, and imagine yourself in them. Make them worse than anything you have ever been through.

Are they not *opportunity* to develop the power of endurance, will?

Will for what? Will to endure them with courage.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

H. I. M. MUTSUHITO, THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN
(From his latest portrait.)

Japanese Verse Maxims

(The first five by the late Emperor Mutsuhito.)

THERE is no second way whereby
to show
The love of Fatherland.

Whether one stand
A soldier under arms, against the
foe,
Or stay at home, a peaceful citizen,
The way of loyalty is still the same.

THE clear blue sky spreads far as
eye can see;
As limitless my heart should ever
be.

WHEN hearts of men
Are cloudless, free from all defiling
strain,
The mighty gods, clearly beholding
them
Fill them with their pure light.

NO NEED to bear
Grudge against heaven, or wreak
one's spiteful spleen
Against one's fellow men when one
reflects
On his own errors.

THE thing we want
Is hearts that rise above Earth's
worries, like
The Sun at morn, rising above the
clouds,
Splendid and strong.

If thy heart be in harmony with the
true way,
The Gods will protect thee even
though thou prayest not.

DO NOT abandon hope on account
of your want of skill. By practice,
dust, they say, may accumulate into
a hill.

THE Buddha and the Gods have no
dwelling but in man;
Fear the shame of your heart, for
the Gods will know it.
(From the *Yamato Damashii* and
the *New York Independent*.)

❦

with calmness, with cheerfulness. Will is will. Develop it in any way you like; it is then, when developed, available for any other task, any other work, any other sort of self-conquest.

Self-conquest. The more a man conquers himself, the more he is. Never be afraid of getting small by conquering yourself, by learning to bear without kicking what must be borne. Self-assertion is the growth of weakness, however fine it may look.

But suppose the circumstances about you were so bad as to kill you; men do sometimes have to face such.

Well then, you pass through death. How? What sort of man? The man who has borne what had to be, has brought out all the sleeping greatness of his character and will? Or the man who just let the wave break over him and drown out his courage? As which sort of man would you wish to cross into the wider life on the other side?

But try something better than developing will *for yourself*. Do the enduring, gain the will, open out the courage and cheerfulness, mount the steps — *for others*, that they may get some strength from seeing what you do;

that they may be exampled and encouraged by your nobility. You will gain as much for yourself as if you thought only for yourself—and much more. And you will sound a note of courage and strength that will never stop vibrating on earth in all coming time.

And then lastly, consider this:

That even if the very worst and blackest of fates that can befall a man, the worst of circumstances that can surround him—are really opportunity for him to bring out his good, his best; *the universe itself must be really good*. However evil *men* are, they cannot make things so bad for each other as to take away opportunity from each other. They cannot build walls that do not turn out to be staircases. It is *men* that are evil. The *universe* is good. And however evil men may be, the good of the universe is stronger, follows on close, and turns their evil inside out. The compassionate heart of the universe is greater and stronger than the evil hearts of all the evil men put together. At the top of all staircases is the great light; mount them as you come to them and you will finally come in sight of it and at last enter it. Then you will find that it was looking after you and encouraging you all the time, you and all others, and that it will sometime soften and transform even the worst of men. Life is not ended by death. Death is a comma, not a full-stop.

OPTIMIST

The Silent Cabbage

"OH he's only an old cabbage," said Wilbur.

"My dear boy," I answered, "you couldn't have paid him a higher compliment. I have the deepest respect for cabbages."

"Now for one of your old parables, I suppose," laughed Wilbur as he filled his pipe.

"It is and it isn't," I answered. "We have been highly counselled to '*consider the lilies of the field*,' have n't we? Well, a cabbage—perhaps they did n't have cabbages then—will do just as well.

"The chief points that strike me about the cabbage are its tireless industry, and its power to make food out of everything. I might add that it is immortal and acts as if it knew it."

"Immortal!" interrupted Wilbur. "We had one for dinner!"

"The interruption is crude and unseemly," I returned. "I will now proceed with my remarks, and you can move an amendment later.

"The cabbage, as I was saying, avails itself of everything to make food with. It harnesses every ray of sunshine that falls on its leaves; it levies a tax on every passing breeze and every drop of rain and every ounce of dirt about its roots. Bury an old shoe within its reach, and it will find nourishment there. By night it completes the digesting of the food it has acquired by day. It is never a moment inactive. After a certain while it passes

itself on into its own seeds, leaving its body to be eaten by such creatures as you and I—if we choose. Growing once again in its seeds, it achieves a somewhat higher measure of perfection. Science tells us that everything—except man—is always varying a little for the better.

"So the cabbage knows of its immortality and prepares its seeds to be immortal in. It never wastes a moment of time. And it finds materials for food in everything. That's my peroration. Loud cheers, please."

"But—" began Wilbur.

"Permit me to add a few words before the division," I interrupted. "The cabbage has another virtue. It is *silent*. It stores force from its own silence, *using* its thought-energy, not *dissipating* it in chatter.

"You referred to old Albert as a cabbage. It was high praise, but not, I think, too high. He passes from duty to duty, never hurrying, never resting. He regards them as containing forces offered him by life for his use in making food for his will and his character. He says that if he misses one, or scamps it—which he never does—he feels that his character and mind seem to have missed a bit of food they were entitled to. Each sort of work, as it turns up, stimulates his mind to the production of fine and deep thoughts which he regards as seeds in the whole of which he will live on immortally when he has turned his body over to the cabbages in return for their kindness in turning their bodies over to him. He will also, he says, improve those thoughts everlastingly when he comes to clothe himself in them. He is always cheerful, for there is always the next thing to be done, the next bit of his ripening to attend to. He is always kindly, for he says you cannot grow in any other state of feeling. Unkindliness and anger he regards as blight and mildew and fungus. He admits that his duties—which as you know, are mostly the cleaning out of the basement—do not seem dignified and are never noticed by anybody. But the thing that makes *all* duties alike and fine is, he says, the peculiar quality of *having-to-be-done*. This *havingness-to-be-done* indicates their common divine quality, shows that life furnishes them in its great wisdom as materials for character-food, however tasteless and useless and unnecessary they may seem. The moment he sees this *havingness-to-be-done* in anything whatever, he perceives a divine gift offered there, an opportunity, a place and time to grow some thought he needs. . . .

"I move the previous question."

Then I got up and went away. Next day I sent Wilbur a present of a cabbage all nicely wrapped up in silver tissue paper in an elegant scented cardboard box. I have n't seen him since.

C.

THE man who has the habit of silence, of attention to the within instead of the without, silence like that of the plant as it ripens into seed, will presently find a way into the place of peace and strength.—*Norvena*

The Unlucky Man

HE was unlucky, there was no denying that. Things went wrong with him in ways that were surprising.

Everything he undertook failed, and the full blame always fell upon him. He got his share of all the trouble that was going around. At last his friends got together and decided to offer him a chance to try his luck elsewhere; he forgave them for wanting him to go away, and accepted their offer. But it was the same story again, and though he kept moving on, he never reached a place that was lucky for him. He came to the conclusion that his ill luck was a part of his own character, and when that idea got into his head he felt that it was up to him to decide what he was going to do about it. Then his mind seemed to resolve itself into a debating-club, one part, or, as it seemed to him, one self said: "You're a fool to keep on trying to live honestly when every one else is looking after his own interests the best he can; of course you fail; give it up and *play the game* like the rest!"

Then another self said: "Don't you be such a fool as that; you're born unlucky, and it's you that will be caught first time."

Then came a third with: "Never say die! Better luck next time!" and a lot of stuff like that, which he thought was all very well for ordinary men, but when a man is unlucky he's bound to fail all the time, and the best thing to do seemed to be to make an end of it.

So he shut up his room good and tight and turned on the gas. And they buried him cheaply, as he knew they would.

But after a little while he woke up, so to speak, and began to take notice. He was there sure enough, but how he got there was a puzzle; and then he had no sort of idea where it was that he had got to. All he knew was that he was there.

"I'm *here!* that's certain," he said; then after a moment's reflection he added, "well, where else could I be? I was always *here*; that is, it was always *here* to me wherever I was; and it is just about as much *here* now as it ever was anywhere else." So he got up and asked the first man he met where he was; and the stranger said: "Why you're here; where else could you be?" and passed on. This set him thinking.

"It is sure I'm here, and it seems reasonable to suppose that the place I came from was 'here' too when I was there; and if I go on somewhere else to a new place, as soon as I get there it will be 'here.' So what's the good of going anywhere? Wherever I may be, it will always be '*here*' and '*now*.' So I may as well stay where I am."

This was easier said than done; he could not stay there doing nothing; besides he was getting hungry.

So he set off once more and soon met people who gave him food and told him the best way to go to get regular employment. He thanked them and asked where he was.

They all laughed and said: "Why you are here of course; how could you be anywhere else?"

This answer became tiresome, and all the more so because it was so obviously true. Suddenly an idea struck him—that so long as he was himself he could not get away from the "here" and "now." But then arose the question: Could he be anything but himself? Now he knew that every one he had ever met was as sure as he was that each one was "himself." Then the greatest idea of all struck him—that they were all as much "himself" as he was.

"*Why, we are all one self!*" Then it seemed as if his mind spread out, or opened and let him out; or else he just shone through it, and was everywhere and always; but as soon as he tried to understand it, he was back again in the "here" and "now," and "himself," as before.

But in that moment, when he knew he was everywhere always, he saw that people were all unhappy, no matter how lucky they might be, so long as they did not know the great secret of the *one self*; and as he thought about it he saw that this was the lesson they all had to learn. Then he saw that trouble was one of the teachers. He thought about that a little, just to get used to the idea, and then a kind of memory came to him of his recent life, when he was so unlucky, and he seemed to see himself going about with his teacher beside him, and he not learning his lesson, but stupidly running away from his opportunities. "But I know it now," he said to himself. With that he partly awoke, just enough to know that he was not properly awake, or alive (he did not know which it was). He found it hard to breathe, and he had a horrible feeling of nausea, and, as he struggled for breath, he heard some one say:

"He's coming round after all, he certainly does manage to fail in every thing he attempts."

But he thought to himself "there are failures that are better than success, and this is one. I know now that I am myself and a part of the Self, and that it always is and will be a glorious *Here* and *Now*." R. M.



Our Mind-Fight

MEN don't differ so much, after all. Whatever you see in an extreme degree in some one else, good or bad, you have in a slighter degree in yourself.

Look at the people you meet going along the road. Here and there is one talking to himself. Here and there is one who suddenly frowns, scowls, or laughs aloud. He has thought of something that angers or amuses him.

Is that the right way to put it, that *he has thought* of something?

Or would you say that *his mind*, wandering along at *its own will* from thought to thought, has suddenly lit upon something unpleasant or pleasant? Don't you get a picture of a man being dragged along by a dog at the

end of a string? But the man is so occupied with what the dog is doing and nosing up along the road that he does not notice that he is *being led*.

So all day long we let our minds run us and drag us into all sorts of thought-places, some of which are unpleasant and even painful, some pleasant and amusing. Those fellows scowling and smiling to themselves at what they are thinking of, are merely extreme and visible cases of what goes on in less degree and invisibly in us all.

The mind is constructed for the purpose of digging up *truth*, great ideas, inspiring conceptions of life and the universe and all great human and divine things. It ought to nose up a piece of buried gold every few minutes of the day.

Does it? Does yours? Or does it nose up nothing, trash, personalities, harsh judgments of others, useless memories, useless hopes and anticipations and fears and worries?

How did it get this bad habit?

Merely by being allowed, year after year, to do just what it liked, think of whatever it wanted. It is now out of hand, often persists in thinking of things *you* want to forget, stirring up coveys of fears and memories that you would prefer left sleeping and quiet.

But there is no need to put up with this. You can make yourself the boss once again. The mind can be trained back to its proper work — gold-finding.

As an Edison walks about, his mind is nosing among electrical matters. That, in his case is *one* of the duties proper for it, one of the places where it belongs. Consequently it frequently noses up a great electrical idea.

A man's mind has several proper places or duties. One of these duties is the finding of great and true ideas or gold-pieces of idea concerning the problems of life. As Emerson, for instance, walked about his garden, his mind was always finding these. When it found one and showed it to him he saw at once what it was. Each of us has the same power of perceiving the true metal — when it is there — in what the mind digs up. We have only to train it to dig in the right places, train it not to waste its forces.

Reading is one way of making the mind stay for a long time upon one and the same place.

Suppose you read the whole of a magazine full of short stories before going to bed. You will probably half dream them over again more or less of the night. All the next morning they will be in and out of your head.

Suppose you read *Hamlet*, the story of the man who could not screw himself up to do what he thought was his duty, the man of fine mind who speculated and pondered about death and what comes after. You too think over your duties; you too wonder what comes after death. And your mind fills up with the great lines of the play, the great poetry, the atmosphere, the picture of the man who was noble and fearless and yet afraid.

You will be a better man next day, larger, fuller, freer from little and worrying thoughts. And you will find

that you have begun to have some feeling or idea about death and what comes after, which is in the right direction.

This does not mean that the short story, or the long one, is to be avoided. *Hamlet* is itself a short story. Some stories, short and long, are well worthy of guesting in our minds.

But don't be run by the mind. Run it yourself. Feed it, especially toward bedtime, with the best mental food you can get for it. Put it on the best lines of thought. Don't let it get off, criticising the other fellows. Remember that it is capable of reaching places where it can get actual and profound knowledge about life and *about you* in your real divine nature; that it can be trained to give you permanent peace and happiness just as it now gives you mostly worry and unpeace. Fight yourself day by day into mastery of it and in no long time you will win, then knowing that behind the body *you* are immortal.

And two-thirds of the fight is won when you have trained it to constant friendliness and kindness to every one about you. The others are in the same fix with their minds as you are with yours.

H. C.

The Cowherd and the Radish

A CERTAIN poor man had in his garden a radish, marvelously great and beautiful, so that all the neighbors on beholding it were astonished, believing the vegetable to be something magical. It seemed good therefore to the poor man to present the radish to the king. And coming into the city he spoke to the guards, saying that he brought a present for the king; and they led the poor man in. Seeing him, the king asked what the gift might be; and he answered that it was small, yet of all his possessions it was the finest. And the king, pleased with his devotion, gave him much gold.

Hearing of what had happened, a certain cowherd thought that he likewise might get something. Selecting, therefore, from his herd a calf of particular beauty, he presented it to the king, thinking that he would give him something extraordinarily valuable for it, since he had given so much for a mere radish. But the king, not ignorant of the man's motive, spoke as follows: "I accept. O best of men, the calf which thou bringest; but I should blush to send thee empty away, for I perceive that thou meanest well by me. Therefore I shall give thee a gift for which I have just paid much gold." And saying these words, he gave him the radish.

E.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"? —*Lowell*

In Fancy's Realm

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THERE'S a wondrous necromancy
In the magic land of fancy,
Where my spirit when 'tis jaded loves to roam;
I delight to go a flying,
Into all its secrets prying,
While my worn and weary body stays at home!

There I find all sorts of heroes —
Troubadours and caballeros
From the page of fiction, song, or history;
I can take a ride with Dante
On Quixote's Rosinante,
Or with Jonah go a whaling 'neath the sea.

I can chat with Marco Polo
In the distant land of Jolo,
Or embark with old Columbus if I wish;
I can sit hard by a brooklet
In some soft and dreamy nooklet,
And with dear old Izaak Walton lure the fish.

If my mood is tuned to battle,
I can seek the distant rattle
Of the cannon and the guns of Austerlitz;
Or sit down 'twixt Rome and Pisa,
Watching famous Mr. Caesar
As he hands the Roman foeman out his fits.

I can visit Epictetus
While he's busy on some treatise;
I can joke and jest with Hamlet if I will.
I can hoe a while with Adam,
And eat apples with the madam;
I can call great Mr. Shakespeare "Brother Bill."

Oh, that teeming land of fancy,
With its wondrous necromancy —
What a joy its mystic valleys all to roam,
While my body, worn and weary,
Stretched before a hearthstone cheery
With its tired toes a-toasting rests at home!
From *Munsey's Magazine*



The Toys

COVENTRY PATMORE

MY little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him and dismissed
With hard words and unknissed —
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,

And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,

To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"



The Child's Message

(One of the poems of an Iowa life convict about to be liberated for steady good conduct.)

THE new morn's sun across the way,
Had turned night's tears to gold,
Had blazed a path for blushing day
Across the dew-wet mould,
When I, with prison bars between
My earth, heaven and hell,
Gazed out upon the rise of green
That lies beyond my cell.

A fair-haired boy of tender years
Romp'd o'er the velvet sod,
And as I gazed, forbidden tears
Welled in my eyes — and, God!
The morn, the child, the slope of green,
The sunlight's mellow glow,
Recalled to me a memoried scene
And joys I used to know.

The memoried scene was of my youth,
My childhood and my play,
When all my paths were paved with truth,
When life was ever gay;
When I, a child, unspoiled, unstained,
Dreamed life was but a song —
But now — ah, now — by sin profaned,
I know the price of wrong.

I steeled my heart (the night I came
Within the prison gate)
To pay my debt with voiceless shame,
To stifle love with hate;
To still my sobs, my hopes, my fears,
But when I saw this child
I welcomed back love, hopes, and tears,
I mourned, and, mourning, smiled.



IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz. for Gratiuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

Let us Rebuild

THOUGHT in the mind hath made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. — *From the Indian*

MAN'S only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating SOUL-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil and doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature, his body, his mind, and emotions, he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul and dissolved away its limitations.

Katherine Tingley

IF one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty. — *Thoreau*

It is by trying that man gets the power of doing. His efforts may seem to accomplish nothing, but there comes a moment when they suddenly sum up into success and he finds to his amazement that the door has yielded, that his battle is won. — *James*

TRY. Ever keep trying. A hundred failures are not irremediable if followed by as many undaunted struggles upward. Is it not so that mountains are climbed?

H. P. Blavatsky

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon. — *John Milton*

GRAY in their monotony stretched the years in front of me. And as, with sinking heart, I contemplated them, behold an angel stood in my tent with me. And he said: "I know thy thoughts. I look through thine eyes and behold with thee the grayness of the coming years. Wouldst thou but know *my* thoughts and look through *mine* eyes thou wouldst see lasting joy and life and light and change." And I said: "Lord, who art thou and how shall I think thy thoughts and see what thou seest?"

And he answered: "I am *thyself*, behind thy mind, ever present with thee. Find me and thou findest all."

From the Arabic

The Dinner Hour

"Did you hear about the defacement of Skinner's tombstone?"

"No. What was it?"

"Some one added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"'He did his best.'"

"You saw this horse?" asked counsel for the defendant.

"Yes, sir, I —"

"What did you do?"

"I opened his mouth in order to ascertain how old he was, and I said to him, I said, 'Old fellow, I guess you're a good horse yet.'"

At this juncture opposing counsel leaped to his feet. "Your Honor," he cried, "I object to the statement of any conversation between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present."

Census-Taker: How old are you?

Old Woman: Well, just count for yerself. My mother was born the year the rats ate old Mrs. Jeffrey's chickens, an' a fine flock of chickens they were. She, my mother, was married the year after her father died, an' then I was born two years after my sister Betty.

An irritable old farmer and his ungainly, slouching son were busy grubbing sprouts one hot, sultry day, when the old man suddenly stumbled over a small stump.

"Gosh darn that everlastin' stump," he exclaimed. "I wish it was in hell!"

The son slowly straightened up from his work and gazed reproachfully at his father.

"Why, you oughtn't to say that, pap," he drawled. "You might stumble over that stump ag'in some day."

Father, to little boy: Now, remember, Tommy, when the minister asks you if you know any text, say, "Yes sir; 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

Later. Minister: And can you give me a text from Holy Writ, my little man?

Tommy: Yes sir: 'Whatsoever a man sews always rips.'

Pat: Why didn't yez wait five minutes longer, ye coward?

Mike: Sure it's better to be a coward for five minutes than a corpse for the rest of your life.

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller): "How is your little girl?"

Caller: "I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl."

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation): "How is your little boy?"

Caller: "My dear, I have n't any little boy, either."

Small Girl: "What are yours?"

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

"Your own shall come to you."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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Whoever and Wherever You Are

BE of good cheer, brave spirit; steadfastly
Serve that low whisper thou hast served; for know
God hath a select family of sons
Now scattered wide through earth,
Who are thy spiritual kindred, and each one
By constant service to that inward law
Is weaving the sublime proportions
Of a true monarch's soul. Beauty and strength,
The riches of a spotless memory,
The eloquence of truth, the wisdom got
By searching of a clear and loving eye
That seeth as God seeth. These are their gifts,
And Time, who keeps God's word, brings on the day
To seal the union of these minds with thine,
Thine everlasting comrades. Ye shall be
The salt of all the elements, world of the world.—Emerson



The "Honor Man"

AN "Honor Man." What a sound that has! What's
he "on honor" to do or not to do?

That's according to how full the word *Honor*
is to him. To me that word looks as big as the Statue
of Liberty, and clothed with purple light.

He's on his honor. He's a pledged man. He's
pledged to the fellows inside. He's pledged to the prin-
ciple of honor—which is his own soul.

On honor. If he constantly repeats that to himself
and thinks it out, it will draw forth his soul into his
life, make him look different, feel different. In a way
that nobody can see, he's a marked man, marked be-
cause his soul is at work with him; they are companions,
in one sense elder and younger brothers. As he repeats
the words "*on honor*" the after-echo of fine feeling, of
dignity, of manhood, pulses all through him, straight
from his soul.

Now he is *on honor* in a much fuller way. His life
must be an example of rectitude to those he works with.
He is inwardly pledged to be a *helper* wherever help is

wanted. He gradually becomes one of those strong men
to whom the weaker, and those in difficulty and trouble,
naturally come for encouragement and counsel. Others
feel the better for being with him. They get added
strength to resist their temptations. He does not mind
their knowing that he is an Honor Man. "Yes, I made
a bad slip once and paid for it. And I'm glad I had
the paying to do or I'd never have known how much
was in the word *honor*. It's a great word."

Then he goes on: "The soul? Yes, I never knew
anything about it till I tackled the word *honor*. The soul
is in that word. A man can find his soul with it. When
a man's got his soul about him, whatever he does some-
how turns out good. Things seem to happen so as to bring
him to the place where he's needed. His thoughts get
to be different, though he can't always just say them right.
There's a lot of *meaning* in his mind that he can't talk.

"*Interesting?* I tell you there ain't anything like it,
not a dull look-out in the day. Things heap up a bit
strenuous sometimes, but you only say: 'I'm an Honor
Man,' and slog straight out at them. And somehow they
kind of melt away, one by one, get done in the end, and
get done right. The Honor Man's always got time
enough to do what ought to be done. He does the *next*
thing right along. Morning and night, first thing and
last thing, he says: 'I'm an Honor Man; it's up to you
and me, soul in there, brother, to make good.'

"No, an Honor Man don't pat himself on the back,
nor hand himself bouquets, nor think himself any better
than any one else. His heart feels too friendly all around
for that. He thinks of the kind of man he *wants* to be,
on honor, on honor to do his duty, on honor to help,
on honor to let his soul show through him what honor
is. When he looks another fellow in the eye, he thinks:
'You're on honor too, old chap, if you only knew it.'

"Oh yes, there's glum times, now and then. An
Honor Man's taken a big job. But the glum times get
shorter, and they come seldomer. And the in-between
bright times get brighter." A NEW WAYFARER

The Notebook and Pencil

"WHAT I like about this life is its monotony," said Aitken.

We were having a little chat in the prison-yard after the Sunday morning meeting. I had been speaking about the possibilities for self-development which prison-life afforded, but Aitken's remark surprised me a little, nevertheless. Knowing him always to take his own view about everything, I got him to proceed.

"You like a monotonous life?"

"I surely do," he replied, "*now*."

"Got used to it?"

"A field's monotonous, ain't it?" he said. "Soil from one part is the same as soil from any other. But you can *grow* a thousand different kinds of plants in it. Life here, and the work, is a field, same one day as another mostly. That got on my nerves when I came here first, made my temper as jagged as a rip-saw, and about as blue.

"Pretty soon I knew that wouldn't do. I must find a way out of myself somehow. I said that to old Martin, as cheerful an old chap as there is about the place. And he said: 'Try to find a way *into* yourself,' 'How?' says I. 'Get a thought every day and add 'em up,' he answers. 'I don't suppose you've ever had a thought in your life. Very few people have.'

"It's true, not what *he* called a thought. And he told me his way. That's how I got the field idea.

"I began the same night. Last thing before turning in I tried to think a thought to write down. Not a blessed thing came, only wishes I could get out, memories of life outside, thoughts—though that ain't the right word—about what some fellow had said to me.

"But I wasn't going to be done, so I pulled up a text that I learned when I was a boy, somethin' like 'They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall have it.' '*Righteousness*,' says I. 'That must mean *rightness*. Consequently, a man that wants rightness will get it. A man that doesn't want it wants wrongness, and *gets it*. Which is why men are wrong.'

"Well, all that was a *thought*, I reckoned; so I put it down. All next day 'twas more or less on my mind. Nothin' that you could call a *thought* about it, though.

"Same in the evening. So I managed to get up another of the same Sunday-school sayin's that I hadn't called on for duty in thirty years. Ran like this: 'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' If any fellow ever wanted peace made in him, it was me. Then, 'the kingdom of heaven is within you,' calmly walked across my mind—invited itself to show up.

"I nailed the three together. If I wanted rightness, I'd get it. If I wanted peace, I must make it. If I wanted the kingdom of heaven, I didn't have to get it or make it. 'Twas there inside, anyhow, ready.

"So I wrote all that down under the other.

"I felt pretty good the next day, with peace, rightness, and the kingdom of heaven—whatever that might be—locked up inside waiting for me to open the door and go in. Rightness, thinks I, is to do things right, anyway. And I did 'em right, that day, every last touch of the hammer and saw, everything in my line of work. It seemed pleasant, somehow, to do that.

"When night came along, I got out my pencil and little book again. And first thing I saw, the rightness, so far as I'd got with it, had made peace in me. *I felt good*. I wrote it this way: 'Blessed are the rightness-doers, for they shall inherit peace.'

"Rightness-doers,' thinks I; '*somethin'* runs this universe, and I guess it runs it accordin' to rightness.' That was quite a thought. That *somethin'* and I, for one day, had worked in team. I guessed that if I kept up the rightness game, it would fix up things somehow all right for me. Down that went in the book.

"I had to stand up against a lot of nasty things next day. But they didn't seem to shove me off my base. I kept up the peace-brewing business, and the rightness, and never said anything to anybody.

"Come nightfall, I took the pencil again. 'The *some-thin'*,' thought I—I didn't give it any other name—'is answerable for my entire job'—meanin' my life, my whole term; 'if I keep up the rightness game, I'll have done my duty. It'll do *its*. I guess that's what they call *faith*.'

"I felt kind of *near* to it, somehow, as if we was beginnin' to understand each other. 'I'm a *man*, anyway.' I thought; 'and a man is what it wants to get its work done through, or part of it. And I'm in jail, and there's some of its work to be done in jail, same as out of it.' Peace *makers* seemed a bit bigger thing. 'I've got to get some of that peace into the other fellows.' But I never held with preaching to 'em, and I don't now. If I got the peace and held it hard—seemed in my heart, not my head—they'd begin to feel it and have some too. And they'd just as soon play the rightness game as anything else, once they thought there was somethin' in it. Men aren't fools, and very few are downright bad. I never met one that was bad all through.

"Anyway I gave it a try, and it worked. One way and another they came along and I put 'em on to the game. Some of 'em got little books, same as me, and busted out a stray thought, and another, and another. Once in a week or two we read up what we'd got to each other, and I tell you, we're beginnin' to find out somethin'.

"Understand about the monotony now? It gives the finest sort of a chance for that *thinking* life inside, plantin' the field with good stuff. If a fellow gets the rightness and the peace, the kingdom of heaven will show up. It's the same as the peace. But not *empty* peace. It's full of a right peculiar fullness, is that peace."

"'What?' Well that's what I *can't* tell you. But it means something, all the same."

REPORTER

The Other Side

WHEN Whittlesby found himself, at last, on the wrong side of a barred door he was a very angry man. He was not noisy in his rage, but his hatred for all who had contributed to brand him as a criminal was perhaps the more intense for its exterior calm. He was on fire with plans for revenge.

His first glimpse of his new housemates shocked him. He had known that the place was full; but as he had never before seen any of its inmates his mind could not take in the fact that he had entered into a new life, a new world.

While he was exchanging furtive glances with those about him, the face of an old man held his attention: He called it a good face, and he wondered with particular curiosity what crime was written there. Later in the day this old man, who evidently had earned special privileges, whispered to him:

"Keep still, my boy, and feel your way."

"Thanks!" Whittlesby said, and his eyes asked his question so pointedly that the old man answered it:

"I killed my brother. I was crazy with drink."

Whittlesby stared, amazed. The face of his companion fascinated him. What strange little world had he come to? Did murderers acquire the faces of saints? He looked around at the other faces and shook his head.

"What put us in here wasn't all there is to any of us, you know," continued the old man. "There's another, bigger side to every one of us, and that side can grow in here, just as well as it can outside."

"Well, I guess you're right," said Whittlesby, and the men spoke no more at that time. Whittlesby felt that some of his anger was oozing away from him as his interest grew in this question of the double-sidedness of people. Suppose the ten years were up, and he were back, and the chance came to "do for" the fellows he meant to get even with — would he take it?

One day, while carrying a bucket of water, he slipped and fell on an icy pavement. One of the boys was there to help him to his feet, almost before he had struck. A train-robber, Whittlesby knew he was, and he smiled as he limped around that day to think of the good and bad streaks there are in all of us.

Another time when fire broke out and his first impulse sent him running to help those who were in danger, Whittlesby found others who had obeyed the same call as selflessly, and while they worked, sweating and straining with superhuman strength, he felt his heart swell with affection towards all these bad good men whom he was now beginning to understand.

Ten years gave Whittlesby a great opportunity for studying character. If there was not a perfectly good man among his companions, neither was there a wholly bad man. The fact was that with his observations, cramped and cornered, tracked and trapped, Whittlesby was growing so fast that when he opened the door of

the little chamber where he kept his memories of the awful things he was going to do to So-and-so when the time came, he could scarcely squeeze himself inside.

One summer day a prison guard came to him and told him to report to the office. He went, wondering.

"How much education did you get outside?" was asked him.

"Grammar school, and two years in High School," said Whittlesby.

"Write a good hand?"

"Oh, fair. At least, I did once."

"Well, we need you here. Report to Mr. Jonson at seven-thirty tomorrow. It's hard work, but in a way it's an advance, and you've earned it."

"Thanks," said Whittlesby, and added, "I'll do my best."

He did. He "made good." He had caught hold of the idea that the old man had given him and, as if it had been a geranium slip he had planted it in his own garden, it was growing fast and getting ready to bloom. "Two-sidedness," Whittlesby called it, his rapidly growing slip.

The ten years passed. Whittlesby said good-by to the place that had in some strange way grown dear to him, and walked back to his old haunts. They had changed, but he saw no such change in them as had taken place in himself. He had grown too big for them, too big for the little old meannesses, the petty tricks that made the life he had known there; and he lingered only long enough to confirm his belief that the old Whittlesby had given place to a new Whittlesby, and then he went out into new scenes and began his life as his life was meant to be.

Slowly, with bitter fighting sometimes, he grew upwards into his true character, and no one knew about the ten years' time, nor about the other folly-filled years that had gone before; and so well beloved was he that had any known they would not have cared. That the blossoming geranium that was his new life had been potted and had gotten its first roots in the pale sunlight of a prison cell made it none the less a beautiful sight to see. W. D.



THE key that unlocks the door that leads to a truer path in life is continuity. In fact, the path we have so far traveled in the past is the tracing of the continuous desire that urged us onward. Be it crooked or straight, its continuity can be traced backward to some small beginning. It follows from this, that if we so choose, a new ideal of manhood can be projected from our imagination on the screen of the future. It then remains for us to *attach* our aspiration to that picture, and reap the joy of watching it grow as our desires and thoughts float towards it and finally give it full life and being. But the key to it all is continuity — sticking to the job unflinchingly — like men. — *The New Way-bill*

All the Difference

WHAT shall be said to a man who wilfully makes himself a nuisance to his neighbors? How can he be made to see that what he is doing is stupid and unnecessary?

The answer will of course be that he must be shown that there is something better worth doing. This is so obvious that we ask ourselves at once why it is not more generally done. Do the reformers themselves know *why* it is better for a man to make life pleasant for others than to make himself a nuisance? And, as to showing the offender a better way to live, one that will make him happier as well as his neighbors, do they themselves know the way?

In every man's inmost nature there is a light of wisdom which is Truth. That is to say every man does know the Truth deep down inside himself. But his *mind* is full of mistaken notions about people and things, about himself and about life itself; and these notions prevent the real truth from reaching him, except in a very confused form. So a person may feel that honesty, virtue, morality, are good things, but when he tries to persuade any one else that they are so, then the trouble begins, and he finds, or perhaps it is the other man who finds out, that he really does not know why.

Now it is generally found to be true that you can not give to others what you have not got yourself. The deadly belief has been implanted in us all that the brain-mind is the real man, and that the soul is at least but a doubtful proposition.

This idea is worse than a prison wall, it is worse than a chain, it is like blindness, deafness, and paralysis in one. And it is this idea that paralyses the efforts of reformers. It has been persistently stamped on the collective mind of humanity in this age so systematically that all are more or less molded by it, even though they know it to be false; while a majority probably still honestly believe it to be true.

When a man knows that he is a soul, and when he knows that all other men are like himself, and that they are in reality all so united that what is good for all is good for each, then it is no longer possible for him to wish to make himself a nuisance to others.

If this were not true, it certainly would be a hopeless task to try to teach it to men who do not believe it. And if the teacher does not certainly know it to be true, it will be hard work to get the pupil to listen to the lesson. In fact, a doubt in the teacher's mind is a doubt in the mind of the pupil. And these doubts are *used* by the lower nature in order to prevent the soul from being allowed to come forth and conquer it.

Once a man realizes that he is a big fellow inside, whatever he may be physically or mentally, then he wants to act in a big way, and has no wish to make either an ass or a beast of himself. He no longer thinks it good enough for him to be a hog, he wants to be a man. More than that, he sees that if he is a big fellow inside,

then other men are so too. And then he begins to treat them differently. They are his brothers even if they don't yet know it and may for a while yet go on making nuisances of themselves or acting in unbrotherly ways. Their time for seeing is to come and meantime he will help them.

R. M.

The Swinging Sign

FIRMNESS is a good trait: but it is well not to be *too* firm on all occasions. A man who is firm in the wrong place is simply stubborn.

Did you ever watch a swinging sign in a gale of wind? Everything else that is loose or can be loosened by the wind is blown down and swept helter-skelter before it. The swinging sign, however, though it was no more securely fastened than its displaced neighbors, is back in place again when the storm is over, ready for regular business, and none the worse for a vigorous airing. The fixed signs are like the men who refuse to adjust themselves to disturbing elements beyond their control.

If a man cannot change conditions, he is always free to change the way in which he meets them. A hateful situation cannot bear so heavily upon any one who does not hate it. Often the only way to escape the bitterness and sting of things is to keep your feelings so busy holding on to their highest level, or your mind so busy along lines of healthy thought, that you can forget all the rest. If the prison conditions are crowding you, just swing into line with the general drift of things, for a time. Go the way the wind is blowing. It is sure to change. Your opposition only offers a better purchase for the situation to defeat you and put you on bad terms with yourself.

When you forget your personal *feeling* about a thing, you can *see* it in a new light. "The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." There is a wave of prison reform rising all over the country. Conditions are being bettered steadily; and the prisons themselves have more power to hasten this than the people outside.

Do you feel as if you were being helplessly buffeted about? Take a hint from the swinging sign and offer the least resistance to the stress and strain of the storm. It will wear itself out. Don't get embittered. *Keep silent.* Throw out something helpful to those who are weaker or more blown about than you are. That is the way to *use* the situation instead of being used by it. It is the way to make it give you added strength of mind and will and soul, to make it show you how to live within yourself instead of in outer circumstances. It is only in this life within himself that a man begins to see that nothing can really hurt him. Then he is on *The New Way*.

L. R.

THE man who can *use* bad conditions, get food for his growth from them, knows how to live.

The Blues and Greens and Blacks

IT was a cold day and I felt dismal, chilly and dismal. The chilliness ran down my back and I began to be vaguely afraid of something without knowing what. Was I going to be ill? Was there some sort of calamity gathering in the air?

Calamity or not, I might as well get warm. So I lit the stove and put on another undershirt, a woollen thing. And in a few minutes I was all right. No calamity was going to happen.

Then I began to think. The *body* was chilly. *It* felt in its own way that it was losing hold and that if it went on losing hold it might not be able to get it again. Some bad attacks of grippe and one of pneumonia had taught it what *that meant*.

So it feared and the fear took hold of *me*. And then I began to fear calamities the body could not understand—business failure, death of somebody, or what not. When the body got warmed up, the whole lot vanished.

I wondered how many other kinds of dismals and blues and blacks that affect us from day to day are really only the body telling back into the mind. A man went into battle once, trembling so that he could hardly stand. A comrade said: "Why Bill, you're *afraid*." "No I'm not," he answered; "it's only my *legs* that are cowards. *I'm* all right. If your legs were as much afraid as mine you'd run for your life."

One man lets his body get in on him; another man doesn't. Most of us let our bodies get in on us at the meal-table—just a little, eh? Then the liver gets out of order and has the blue or the blacks. And the mind, instead of holding its own, takes the blues and blacks over on to itself. And the man goes about like a bear with rheumatism in its back and nobody can so much as speak to him.

Make your body give you the password before you let it in on you. It's a fine morning and you stand in the early sunlight and the body feels cheerful. Let that in and *use it*. Turn your best self out to the other fellows. But when your body is in the other moods, blue and green and black, *don't* let it in on you; *and*—turn out to the other fellows the same self as you turned out on the fine morning!

That's the way to be a *man*. The bear can't help his temper. His body runs him. But a man has got something—or rather is something—much more. In that something, once he calls it out and uses it, lies his conscious immortality. If he practises, so that the body is not allowed at all to get in on him as it chooses during life, it won't get in on him at death. *He* will know, when death comes, that *he* is not dying but getting more alive.

This *something* is what is usually called the soul. It may be called the *man* if we give the word man its proper meaning. It is the *will-user*, he in the body who uses the will to hold himself upright against the winds of passion; who will not permit the blues and greens

and blacks; who will not hate nor snarl nor mope nor snap; who *will* be everlastingly kindly and friendly and encouraging and helpful and cheerful.

Stand as a soul, stand as a *man*, for a month; and then see what you know that you don't know now. You will have begun to live a real human life. And human life, once really entered upon, shows itself as a path of ever-growing happiness that few can imagine. This expansion is eternal, without limit. Break down all obstacles, win your foothold. The universe *means* something. Use this life of a few years that you are now living, to find out that meaning, to enter into the essence of things, the mighty life of this noble tree whereof all of us are leaves. The tree has its roots everywhere and we can think of the earth as its trunk. And the eternal sunlight, visible as it were in the sun, is upon it. C.



The Scullery and the Castle

"THE other fellows judge me unjustly."

"Maybe, maybe; I daresay they do. Of course you don't judge them in the same way?"

"I guess not. Can't I see what they do and hear how they talk?"

"What do you think of Jones?"

"That glutton! You should see him eat!"

"It *was* a pretty good poem in the last *Record*, that about the man's mother and how he came back from sea and found her dead. Liked it, didn't you?"

"Brought tears into my eyes. But what's that got to do with—"

"Just you wait. Jones wrote it—one of them."

"There ain't two Joneses."

"Yes there are, several. There's Jones at the table. You've built the whole man out of that. There's Jones in his cell, writing poetry about the fellow's love for his mother and her's for him. That's *two*. Then there's Jones in the same cell wishing with all his soul that he could get the better of that thing *in him* that will be eating and eating, and wishing he could get a bit nearer the noble fellow he wants to be. That's *three*. You're a numskull; you don't know Jones at all, not *any* Jones! What you call Jones is the animal *in* the real Jones that he wants to get on top of. I wonder what Jones thinks of *you*."

"Hardly takes any notice of me. Thinks I'm of no account. I try to show him what I am, too."

"No you don't. You try to show him *what you want him to think you are*. You'll respect Jones now you know he wrote that poem, won't you? Forget the glutton part of him?"

"Mostly, I guess."

"Quite so. You know a little now of what he *is*. You might have *felt* it before if you had not been thinking about what you want the others to think of you and how unjust they are. They did feel what Jones is. Same

with you. When you really are something worth they'll know it. Now what are you really? There's several of you, same as with Jones. But according to your own showing *the chief thing you are is the fellow that wants to be thought much of, wants to be respected and liked. It's that they feel. Are they likely to respect it?*"

"Well, what am I going to do?"

"Chuck that fellow out. Look after what you *are*; stop troubling about what the rest think of you; drop it altogether, from now out. That's the first thing. Get to yourself; look yourself over. Find the nobler part of you; follow out its counsel in your conduct. Try and feel it present with you all the time, night and day. Get its approval, its good opinion of your thoughts and acts."

"What's the next thing?"

"The next thing is to think better of the rest. When a man's drunk you don't say the real man's come out. You say the real man's *hidden* over, drowned out. The real man in Jones comes out when he's alone. Most fellows *can't get the real man out at all*, alone or not. But he's there. How are you going to help the others? By looking at their worst side and building up *from that* a picture in your mind of the whole man? Like going into the back kitchen of a noble castle and building up a picture of the whole castle from that and the sink and the scullery! Or are you going to look out for their moments and gleams of *good* and build your picture from that? The truth is that if you want to be a big man you must fill your mind with pictures of the big and noble in others. That's the only kind of pictures you must have. *They'll tell on yourself*, for a man becomes what he thinks of. Your thought will not only gradually draw out the best in them but the best in you. And then the others will begin to feel the real man in you, and to gain the real man in themselves. And the irrigating spirit of noble brotherhood will fall upon you all and change your lives. Get at it, my friend; you're O. K. inside."

OPTIMIST

Face Yourself

"**H**E'S a clever fellow," we say of some man. But is his cleverness the *fellow himself* at all? Where is his cleverness?

It may be in his hands. He can turn out a smart bit of handwork of some sort.

It may be in his mind. He can think of things quickly, invent, has a swift memory, is never at a loss to know what to do.

But now you're talking about his *mind*. I want to know about *him*. You said he *is* a clever fellow; what you mean is that he *has* a clever mind. His mind is one of his instruments. His hands are another.

You can only tell what a man *is* by what he *does*. If you were in business and wanted to engage a clerk, would you rather have one with a very clever mind

whom you could not trust out of your sight, who might be falsifying your ledger and preparing to bolt with the cash? or one with a duller mind but upon whom you could depend?

You want a clerk who *is* an honest fellow even if he did not *have* a very sharp mind.

A man *is* the character. You can know your own character by finding out whether you respect yourself. You may be a very clever fellow, but when you come in alone with yourself, *do* you respect yourself? Do you scamp your work, or do it honorably? Are you a bit of a coward? Can you keep your good resolutions? Would you be ashamed if the light were suddenly turned in upon your private doings and thoughts? Do you do a mean thing now and then? Do you run down other fellows in your talk?

Face yourself, and if you don't see a self you can respect, get to work on yourself. Little by little make yourself a fine self. Somewhere in the mind of this living universe is a picture of you as you ought to be and can be. Rise up to it. You will find it waiting for you after death, the other and diviner self of you. Make yourself so that you won't be ashamed to meet it. Here, from an old Indian poem, is the picture of the man who can look at himself and not be ashamed, the man of *The New Way*:

Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will
Always to strive for wisdom; opened hand
And governed appetites; and piety,
And love of lonely study; humbleness,
Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind
That lightly letteth go what others prize;
And equanimity, and charity
Which spieth no man's faults; and tenderness
Towards all that suffer; a contented heart,
Fluttered by no desires; a bearing mild,
Modest and grave, with manhood nobly mixed,
With patience, fortitude, and purity;
An unrevengeful spirit, never given
To rate itself too high;—such be the signs,
O Indian Prince! of him whose feet are set
On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth!

We cannot get all this in its fulness at once; but we may as well make a beginning. There is no other way to that happiness and peace which no earthly happenings can shake for one moment. C.

THE threads of thought that proceed out of the heart of our sincere aspirations are attached, like threads of a spider-web, to the points we desire to reach. Fragile and thin at first, they strengthen and broaden under the warmth of persistent aspiration, until, at some supreme moment, the living bridge is finished, and by its own invitation and power of attraction, it carries and supports us—body and soul—to the goal we have longed for, and we commence life anew, *as a new man*.

The New Way-bill

The Hand of Yesterday

PERCY AINSWORTH

THE years that might have left the spirit wise
Have flung the chains of reasoning round the soul —
Have turned the gaze toward an earthly goal,
And drifted mists of learning o'er our eyes.

And so we toil for that which is not bread,
And wear our lives out forging prison bars
Through which we catch but glimpses of the stars
Shining with mocking brightness overhead.

We leave the simple master-words of life
Behind us with the toys of childhood years,
Whilst in the book-bound wisdom of the seers
We seek some scant equipment for the strife.

Yet now and then a sunset or a flower,
Or some old haunt revisited once more,
Or the sea's story whispered to the shore,
Or the wind's music on a listening bower,

Will bring again the unalloyed delight
We knew before our life had held a wrong,
Recall the refrain of a cradle-song,
And lift the shadows from our saddened sight.
— *Selected*



If — ? — !

RUDYARD KIPLING

IF you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run —
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a man, my son!
— *Selected*

My Own Shall Come to Me

JOHN BURROUGHS

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor 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 hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights,
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

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



My World

I HAVE found my world again,
My world, not the world of men,
Of purblind men, who have bartered all
That the *real* world gives, at the strident call
And the lure of money and place and fame.
I have failed in the race, I have lost the game,
I am beaten in all that men call success,
But I count it a victory none the less.

For now I know in my inmost soul
The joy of him who has won the goal;
I see, like the blind restored to sight,
The wondrous stars with their peaceful light;
I hearken again to the singing birds
And the friendly trees with their whispered words,
And I know, *I know*, I am richer far
Than the winner's of Mammon's prizes are.

F. L. W. in Out West



Notice

INASMUCH as THE NEW WAY does not reach many of its readers until the beginning of the month following that of its publication, it will henceforth be dated accordingly. This issue is therefore dated December instead of November.



IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz. for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is One Dollar per year, Ten cents per copy.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

Kernels

PRAYER for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which seizes the gift it seeks. — *Meredith*

COME what may
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Shakespeare

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
James Russell Lowell

EACH hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left:
And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and love
And patience, which at last shall overcome.
James Russell Lowell

A SAD man on a summer day
Did look upon the earth and say: —
Why am I thus the only one
Who can be dark beneath the sun?
But when the summer day was past,
He looked to heaven and smiled at last: —
Because I am the only one
Who can be bright *without* the sun.

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down,
Grab a spar or something — just refuse to drown.
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit,
Smile in face of danger and hang on to your grit.
Folks die too easy — they sort of fade away;
Make a little error and give up in dismay.
Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit,
To laugh at pain and trouble and keep up his grit.
Thayer

PERHAPS just pleasantness has not a very heroic sound; but the human heart, that, knowing its own bitterness, can yet carry itself cheerfully, is not without heroism. Indeed, if that human heart does no more than hold its tongue about its own aches and pains it has a certain moral value that the world cannot afford to lose. "Pleasantness" does not sound as well as self-sacrifice or wisdom or spirituality; but it may include all these great words. — *Margaret Deland*

A PURE, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day.

In this life the petty follies of every-day friction disappear. In place of lack of faith in oneself, there is self-respect; the higher consciousness is aroused, and the heart acts in unison with the mind; and man walks as a living Power among his fellows. — *Katherine Tingley*

Shells

Mrs. Mommer: "According to this paper boiled cow's milk is not good for babies."

Mr. Mommer: "I can see where the paper is right. A raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one."

Young lady: "What is the name of this wheel?"

Bicycle clerk: "That's a Belvidere."

Young lady (after a stony glare): "Can you recommend the Belvy?"

Miss Jones presents her compliments to Miss Smith and begs to say that she has an umbrella which is not mine. So if you have one that is not hers no doubt they are the ones. Will she please let her know?

There had been a quarrel between two Western editors. But Smith got the best of Brown unquestionably when Brown, who owned a small farm, bought a mule. Smith printed a paragraph about this purchase and headed it: "Extraordinary Case of Self-Possession."

Food crank, lecturing: "Friends, two years ago I was a walking skeleton, couldn't stand upright, couldn't digest anything, couldn't think. What do you suppose brought about this great change in me?"

A Voice, from back of hall: "What change?"

Mrs. Nuwed: "Mary, for dinner I think we'll have boiled mutton with caper sauce. Are there any capers in the house?"

Mary: "No Ma'am."

Mrs. Nuwed: "Then go out in the garden and cut some."

Doctor, writing out a diet: "Follow this diet and see me again in a fortnight."

Fortnight after. Doctor: "Worse, eh? Did you follow the diet I gave you?"

Old Lady: "Yes, Doctor, to the letter."

Doctor: "Took nothing else?"

Old Lady: "Only my regular meals."

The auto driver kindly picked up the old German as he was toiling down the road and delivered him quickly where he wanted him to go.

"Danks," said the old man, "so awfully mit de ride. If I had known myself to be here already two hours in front of de clock yet I vud be at home fast asleep already to start unless I knew you vud not have picked me up since."

Donald and Jeanie were putting down a carpet. Donald banged the end of his thumb with the hammer and began to pour forth his soul in language befitting the occasion.

"Donald! Donald!" shrieked Jeanie, horrified. "Dinna swear that way!"

"Wummun!" vociferated Donald, "if ye know any better way, now is the time to let me know it."