

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"Time will run back and fetch the age of gold."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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No. 1

A Blot upon the Record

THE expectant, upturned face of the desert night is flooded with light from many stars. The glimmering, outspread sands of Time reach to the confining belt of distant blue horizon.

Here the Spirit of the Age is summoned to render his account to the Recording Angel, who hears each era tell the story of the pictures which it paints upon the screen of time.

"What is your name?" the angel asks, ready to write the imperishable record for the Future's unveiled eye.

"The Twentieth Century," the Spirit replies.

"Men call you the Age of Progress?"

"Aye: the Era of Enlightenment."

"You illumine the darkness of men and things?"

"We aim to reveal the secret of all things."

"What are all those countless moving things of metal and wood?"

"Those are our machines, inventions, discoveries."

"Do they make man happier, more contented, more unselfish?"

"Nay, they have naught to do with either love or pity which are mere fancies of the mind. Science, not sentiment, reigns as sovereign lord."

"One machine in your pictures has remained the same for many ages."

"It is the gallows."

"Does it remain among you that men may be brought to it to learn better how to act?"

"Nay, its purpose is to stop their further action; to remove from our midst those who stand in our way and block the path of progress."

"But the force evoked by a strenuous age impels all men actively to express their natures."

"The embodied force in that human body now hanging from the gallows there was working evil. We could not control it; it threatened our civilization, and therefore we removed it from our midst."

"Why was its current not directed on to higher levels,

even as heat is changed to light and so made useful.

"There is no mechanism to do this; and we are too busy perfecting machines to have leisure to stop and study men. See how quickly the murderous energy is separated from the body!"

"Your science proves force to be indestructible; hence by your own reasoning the murderous energy is not destroyed, but merely liberated from the body in which it was hitherto focused. This power set free by execution is now beyond the reach of your control. Gravitating to its natural level, it adds enough to some evil weakling to impel him on to murder. How does that protect society?"

"He also is hanged."

"Then, by your mathematics, is the total force thus liberated for further action, increased or diminished?"

"We are a practical age, not given to imagination. The power of human impulse, intangible to the five senses, the majority agree to discount or to ignore."

"You rest upon your law-given rights to destroy these images of the Creator?"

"The trained senses of the best-equipped chemist and microscopist and vivisectionist have found no Creator; and we are now beyond these old legends and superstitions. There is only blind evolution."

"You label your mother's love a superstition?"

"It is not in the list of realities that may be analysed or measured."

"Science then believes it has discovered everything?"

"It believes that what its methods cannot discover is undiscoverable. We rely upon you to credit us justly with all our achievements."

"Every word and deed and thought are indelibly painted upon the screen of time at the moment that men make the living pictures, with tongue and hand and mind. While the world lasts, it may read your evidence of failure to understand or control the opposing forces that sweep through a human heart. Word for word, and without comment, I will copy your own confession of cruel sin and shameful ignorance. LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

Seizing the Reins

JEEMSIE was born with a song in his heart. There was music underneath the noisy nasal cry in which he tempted you to part with your nickels in order to read all-about-the-this and all-about-the-that. Sometimes in the refrain of a popular air the song that was all his own got itself for a moment expressed; sometimes it could find no utterance whatever. It was in his heart, that safe place, where the song he was born with flowed ceaselessly on, like a perennial spring among the hills.

"Jeemsie, got a dime to spare?" asked Hobbly Hutton, constitutionally in need of a loan.

"Just banked my cash," said Jeemsie. "Shall I write you a check?"

It was a cold and blustering winter's night. The headlines were unattractive and the hands that jingled loose coins came unwillingly out of warm pockets. Jeemsie was cold and tired, a little sick of his job, and wished terribly to get quickly out of the boy class and into a man's place in the world. If the song had not sung itself into his hopes perhaps he would even have begun to consider "quitting."

How did people *quit*? It was a question that occurred sometimes. But he did not waste much time over it. Business was business. So, singling out a pale young man who was muffled to the eyes in a warm ulster, the boy shook his papers and chanted his cry. But he suddenly noted something in his intended customer's eyes and altered his key.

"Gee! What can a rich guy like you be up against?" he exclaimed.

"All hell," said the young man with sad intensity.

"Say, you ought to be trying to sell de news on an empty stomach wid de Christmas breezes blowing down your spinal column!" Jeemsie's remark was not in the least tinged with self pity; he merely wished to arouse the stranger's mind from its abnormal state. He was successful, for the sick man asked:

"Are you hungry, boy?"

"Oh," replied Jeemsie, laughing, "I wouldn't mind having my breakfast sometime before midnight!"

It was ten o'clock. Laying a shaking hand on Jeemsie's shoulder the young man proposed: "Let's make it a dinner party."

They went into the nearest eating-house and there Jeemsie performed his duty. His white-faced host sat silently watching the process.

"Where do you sleep nights?" he asked, presently.

"Say!" said Jeemsie, with cheerful resignation, "I had a bully place up till last night, but w'at d'you t'ink? I got notice at t'ree a.m. dis morning to vacate."

"Where are you going tonight, then?"

"Dunno. A'nt t'ought dat far. Dis is good enough. Ain't you goin' to eat, yourself?" He wanted to find out about that look in his host's eyes, but didn't exactly know how to begin. Suddenly he added: "You don't need a *valet*, do you?"

"God! I need a *nurse*!" exclaimed the young man.

"I can shine your shoes and brush your clo'es, and anyway I'm a good-natured kid to have 'round." His earnest wish to help his benefactor was only partly hidden by the impudence of his speech.

"I'll just try you," was the decision. "What's your name?"

"James du Laney — Jeemsie de Warbler, which you like."

"Well, Jeemsie, come along. I'm sick and tired and not very good company, but we'll see what can be done tomorrow."

Jeemsie needed no urging. He tossed away his unsold papers with all the indifference of a man of luxurious habits casting aside a half-smoked cigar.

"Say," he remarked when some minutes later the elevator had discharged them into the upper front corridor of a modern apartment house, "you certainly live swell, Mr.—?"

"Mr. Blake, Jeemsie, but it isn't my real name any more than du Laney's yours."

"What's de difference, s'long's we're happy?" asked Jeemsie.

"What's being happy, anyhow, Jeemsie?" Mr. Blake also, evidently, had entered upon a new field of investigation.

"Gee! An' I was wondering how it seemed to be a quitter!"

"Jeemsie, suppose you had been for years taking poison into your system, poison that broke you up and spoiled your life, disappointing every one's hopes in you?"

"I a'nt got de facilities for supposin' anyt'ing like dat." Then he added: "I know de cure, just de same."

"You do, do you? By heavens, if you can show me the cure for this cursed appetite, I'll make you the luckiest chap in this city. Let's have your prescription."

"Why, boss, it's dead easy," said Jeemsie. "You come wid me in de morning an' I'll show you somet'in' dat'll make you see you're having a picnic here."

They left off talking. Jeemsie was thinking of Hobbly Hutton and a pay job, of old Aunt Moll and her "bunch of kids," and of dozens more who lived always on the verge of despair and starvation; human beings who, through ten minutes' human interest aroused in the heart of a person of influence, could be set straight and made safely self-supporting, happy and content. The broken-down young-old man was thinking beyond the darkness of his despair toward the light, because on the couch outside his bedroom door lay a dirty child of the streets.

In the morning they went out together and, until night-fall, they never stopped work except for meals. Jeemsie's knowledge of the city's misery and vice was unbelievably extensive. It seemed to Blake that evening when he was back in his rooms with the child, having gone for twenty-four hours without his "dope," that he had before him the vista of a thousand useful lives instead of a single, useless, sick one; and though he longed for millions of

dollars where he had but thousands, he saw that under Jeemsie's tuition he could do more good than a score of fatter-pursed but less-thoughtfully-counseled charity workers.

The child was sleeping. To Blake he seemed the most beautiful being that he had ever seen. And to think of the wasted years! And all that Jeemsie knew going on right under his nose.

So the world was changed for him—or he for it. The “dope” was dethroned. He had taken the reins himself.

W. D.

Chest Up!

WHAT style of chest are you wearing these days? Is it broad, narrow, full, depressed, inactive, free, well-poised, or constrained? These styles are all being worn this season—just as they always have been.

The trunk seems too solid to change much; yet the majority of faulty carriages can be quickly bettered so as to give the whole man a different look. Learning to stand is not a lesson for babies only.

The body is balanced on the legs. The weight and its supports are therefore adjusted to each other. The center of gravity calls for an equal amount of body north, east, south, and west of it, so to speak, to prevent toppling over. If the chest is flat and depressed, the lower part of the trunk protrudes as much as the chest recedes. This flattens the natural backward curve of the lower spine, to equalize which the good straight back above rounds out. The chin comes forward, and often the knees bend a little. The distance from chin to legs is shortened from one to several inches, and the reduced space inside crowds and congests every organ. Even the arms act with less strength and freedom. The whole picture is one of weakness and limitation. The man is neither standing firmly nor poised flexibly enough to move quickly or positively. His attitude is typical of the way he stands in relation to life.

Even if he has a certain amount of nerve and courage and will, his position shows some basic traits of weakness and a want of natural balance which make him hold himself at a discount.

The limp figure of a morphine habitué, suddenly deprived of the drug, is typical of the weakened will, and along with the drug victims are a few million others whose figures likewise prove that, in various ways, they have also discounted their will and manhood. A man's character is written all over him, and in his every act,

for any one who knows how to read the human alphabet.

Contrasted with the limp habitué, but out of balance in another way, is the trained prize-fighter. Standing in the ring, with feet planted apart, full, powerful chest, and iron muscles, he is a picture of the animal not balanced by the higher *human* elements. His *moral* fiber, his higher will, has been left undeveloped in his worship of muscle, and he has but little chance of reaching old age. Man is not only a physical being, but also a mental and spiritual. And he must attend to the culture of *all three* parts if he would have perfect health in *any* of them. The physical prowess of the pure athlete finally fails him because it has no feeding roots in the higher parts of his nature. Health must have two other roots beside that in muscle. When it comes to losing sleep and working over a sick child, your athlete will show up very badly beside the little pale mother energized by *love*!

The number of athletes laid upon the shelf in mid-life with damaged hearts, points to a central weakness of inner resistance. They train to be stronger *animals* rather than more perfect men.

Some of the best Greek statues show great muscular power in the models. But how much else do they show! What ease, grace, refinement, balance!

Character has a secret power to shape the body in keeping with it. The muscles will cease to pull down the chest of the depressed, aimless, or depraved man whenever he begins to use his moral backbone and straightens up.

To find out where you stand, just try to balance on the balls of the feet with right arm pointing skyward, and see how many inches taller you can get. It's even chances you will begin to topple over at once. Try again. Pull the chin back; flatten the shoulder blades and abdomen; restore the natural

spinal curves; raise the head and chest straight up, *up*, and lo! you strike a new center of balance. Keep it. It isn't such a baby trick to take a stand that does you justice.

Who has kept you down more than yourself? Frankly, have not most of the schemes been for gratification along the lines of the lower levels? Take a vacation, and come up out of your boots and your pelvis and your abdomen, and try the experiment of living above the belt for a while. Your mind and your muscles will help each other to make the change. Begin the day by tuning up your body, getting your will all through it, into every muscle, the will of a *man*, a soul. Who knows what beginnings of disease you may not stop?

Your delight with the results will only be equaled by your disgust at having spent so much time playing low-down tricks on yourself.

TRAINER, M. D.



MERCURY

Don't Forget the Kite's Tail

IT was a common enough sight. The man had tried to pat the dog's head. The dog had declined the overture, growled, and showed his teeth.

At the next man the same dog sniffed a moment, considered, and finally wagged his tail.

The first man had attracted hostility; the second, friendship. The first man went away sore, wondering and grieving that he could not attract the friendship and confidence of animals and children.

"Am I a magnet," he thought, "that can only attract the *iron* in life as the stream flows by? Some fellows seem to attract the golds, friendship, love, pleasant things. Nobody cares anything for *me*."

The magnet draws iron filings out of the sawdust-heap because they are of its nature and belong to it. It cannot change its nature and attract something else. But a man can.

You say this is only an analogy; a man is not a magnet.

But he is. He attracts people, particular qualities in people, events, and knowledge.

People: No need to argue that. You know it.

Qualities: Our unhappy friend drew out or attracted the hostile quality in the dog and in some children, and in some men—who, not knowing why, rather disliked him at first sight.

Knowledge: A man who fixes his mind on a topic or matter long enough and hard enough will find chances for knowledge coming to him. Just the book he needs will drop across his path; or some one will drop just the word or idea he needs to open a door or fill a gap in his thought.

Events: Try this: start out in the morning and say, nothing shall ruffle me or upset me today. Or, today I will not once yield to my special weakness or failing.

Look back in the evening, and say whether the irritating or tempting occasions were not either more numerous or more irritating and tempting than they were for the last three months? Your resolution made you a magnet for the events that tested it.

If any one, looking back along the years, sees it to be true that he is a magnet; that he got the happenings and treatment that were, in a deep way, his own; that he "got what was coming to him"—let him note something else:

There was *something to be learned* from all that came to him. It may have been mostly unpleasant, but in that case there was the more to be learned. It showed him the weak or unlovely or rotten places in his own nature.

Be careful of the wants, the longings, the kind of magnetism, that you develop. You may be attracting situations of temptation which you will not be strong enough to meet, creating the occasion of your life's ruin. Every ruined life was mapped in advance, often years in advance, by vicious desire allowed to grow till it became a magnet for opportunity.

Be careful that you *know* what you want. A man may

think he wants the love of others. What he may *really* want is their service, help, cash. He wants other people as conveniences, and then the reply that his magnet will attract from them may not be very agreeable to him! An iron magnet will never attract gold. He can only *really* want their love when and because love is in him, and that will lead him to *give* and *serve*, not demand.

It is a man's inner nature that is the magnet, what is deep within, whether lovely or unlovely. It is to that that events and things and people reply, and by the reply you may begin to know your real nature.

If you attract a thing, you attract what comes after it. You cannot attract a kite without the tail. Men forget the tail. Nature, who aims at humanity's good, fixes the tails to the kites. We must take the one with the other. If the kite is an ill one, the tail will cling heavily and painfully long after the kite is vanished, cling till the lesson has been learned.

The only wants we should have are those that can live in us alongside of full love of our fellows. Any other wants have tails that will cling long and painfully about us. And it is a thousand times better to try to find out why the tail is clinging, what evil magnet within attracted it, than to grumble and chafe at it. You will find it quite willing to show you its meaning and to show you that in its own way it is *your friend*. THE NEW WAYFARER



The Message

"YOU can't alter things that happen to you."

"Did you ever try?"

"And you can't alter people's ways of doing towards you."

"Did you ever try?"

"Well, how are you going to set about it?"

"*Trust*, for one thing."

"Trust what?"

"Trust the happenings and the ways of doing."

"Trust them for what?"

"For being the happenings and the ways that hit you in the right place, the place where you need hitting. In the winter cold, in Russia, if a man's nose is getting frost-bitten, the first person he meets in the street will call his attention to it. Events haven't got voices. They can't say, 'You're a very irritable fellow. We're going to call your attention to it.' All they can do is to irritate you and irritate you till they sting you into the power of not being irritated. As soon as you have become a strong, calm, friendly fellow that can't be irritated, those nasty little things won't happen. It won't be *your* tools that get stolen, *your* toes that get trodden on. *Trust* the things that happen to you. In a little while some other sort of things will begin, perhaps quite pleasant ones. That way of *trusting* events and looking out for what they are trying to say to you in their wordless fashion, is the only way of altering them."

"But suppose the next lot are just as unpleasant?"

"Treat them the same way. Don't kick. Look them in the face. Say, 'Well, what weakness of mine are you pointing out *now*?'"

"You mean that things are run for *my* good?"

"I certainly do. There's nothing that happens to a man that he can't get some good out of—even the evil that other fellows do him. In good time *they'll* have *their* attention fully called to their own evil. You can trust that too, if you wish, so long as you don't get evil-minded towards them. But your business is to find out why they did you an ill turn; not *their* reason for doing it, but *your* reason for having it done to you. *Your* reason is that you can get some strength out of it, out of the way you can take it; or be shown some weakness in yourself which you can correct by the way you take it. You may not know of this reason, but *something* in you does know of it."

"What?"

"A man's soul knows his weaknesses, and uses a kind of inner magnetic power that draws to him the things that will help him to grow. *He* of course draws to himself as much as he can of the things and events which *he* wants—very often not good for him at all. It is these two drawings that together bring upon a man all that happens to him."

"A man can't help his desires."

"Anyhow, make them as few as you can. And *trust* whatever happens to you which you did not plan to *have* happen. It may be unpleasant, but there's some kind of a message for you in it—always a beneficent message, one for your private ear. Life is one long wordless message to us. Forgive the man that injures you, because he is bringing a part of the message. Your forgiveness will do *you* a lot of good. Later, it will do *him* good and help to make him what your very anger against him shows that you secretly want him to be—a better man. Anger is often only good will upside down. Don't let us hit back at anybody. We don't know the proper time or way to do it. Let us leave the hitting back to that power which our study of events will show us has our welfare in view. If we trust it for ourselves we may for the other man. It knows how much hitting he needs, what kind of hitting, and the most effective time for it.

LIFE-STUDENT

Our Opportunities

I STOOD in the sunlight and looked out over the phantom lake of morning mist that lay in the low valley below the range of the long rays of the sun just rising above the distant mountains. The air was glowing with color and the wind was still. It was the moment of wonder, the magical moment of day-birth.

The beauty of the morning was around me. I felt it, saw it, knew that it was beautiful, and that I was in it, and yet. . . . Ah yes! And yet! . . . That is where the shadow comes in. That is where the mystery of man

begins. To be able to experience such beauty, peace, and joy, to be a part of it, and yet apart from it; to see the sun rise over the mountains and dispel the mists without, while the *inner* mists in the valleys of the mind remain untouched, the moodiness, despondency, irritability—here is the paradox. We feel that the opportunity for liberation is passing, and we know that we are still in prison, in the prison of the mind, the worst of all prisons.

And yet—what is a prison? Is it not an opportunity? At moments such as these, it may be that the sun *does* rise in the heart in answer to the beauty of the dawn. At that moment the prison-house of imagination, the mind, shows itself as a gloomy dungeon of despair. The soul struggles to be free to bask in the beauty that it loves, and it chafes at the fetters that bind it to the body. It longs for freedom, for escape from the burden of life, complains of its wrongs, and is filled with a great self-pity.

Poor fool!

That prison-house of woe is the great opportunity. The bonds that bind the impatient soul a prisoner within the melancholy mind are opportunities more precious than the joys for which the impatient prisoner pines. One who does not understand them throws them away and then asks for more.

A young man sweating in the heat of the day took off his heavy coat and threw it away; he was free from an encumbrance and was glad. When night came he was still on the road and shivered in the cold; he wanted to lie down and rest, but had no covering, he had thrown it away.

When I stood and watched the beauty of the morning and felt the bondage of my body and mind shutting me in, I longed to throw them away and to escape into freedom. To throw away the only means whereby the soul can gain its strength, to seek escape from our opportunities for self-mastery, to shirk duty, to refuse experience, yet to cry for liberation—what folly! Liberation—which is further opportunity—comes when it is *won*, when it is earned, not when it is whined for.

The triumph is the self-mastery that shows us our real power. The glory of life is the freedom that comes to a man who has mastered the conditions of his life and knows himself superior to them.

The crown of knowledge is the understanding of our opportunities.

R. M.

The Long Threads

"MY! How quickly a year has gone. It seems only yesterday since it was *last* Thanksgiving Day."

Yet it seems a long time since *yesterday morning*, in a certain way a longer time than since last Thanksgiving Day.

Are there then two kinds of time running alongside of each other, one made of short bits, one of long?

Perhaps there are more than two. You can imagine

a man just dead, looking back at his life and saying: "My! How quickly this life has gone! It seems only yesterday since I was a little chap in my mother's arms."

Then he adds:

"It was a tough time. I see it all now, from my first mistake onward. I wish I could have it to do again. I'd like a record I could be proud of."

But there are some good things he did. He helped some comrades. He struck out here and there to defend the weaker. He forgot his own safety once or twice at a fire, and rescued a man from drowning. The record was not all black by a long way.

So he hangs on to the better moments, and after a while his lower self and its deeds slip out of his view. He is among his better and sweeter memories, and so clear and vivid do they become that he is actually living them again, living along the sunny peaks of his own life and knowing now nothing of the dark valleys. And in his awake-dream he *is* all that he *would* have been, all that is fine and noble and loving. And his dream-deeds all fit his new character.

But it is not new. It was there all the time in his life, underneath, showing through every now and then. For we are all *two-natured*: one that drops away after death, one that persists.

The man is resting, asleep yet awake, getting healed from the wounds of life, drawing strength into his better self.

But sleep brings awakening. What has once lived, known self-conscious life, cannot die and be a *not*. Things are not run in any such foolish fashion as that. Man has a great, and greater and ever greater purpose or reason-for-being lying in him. And this means a great and ever growing work in the universe. He did not come to be for nothing, nor will any good in him be allowed to be wasted. His destiny is so great and splendid that while hampered by the poor brain and the heavy lower nature he cannot comprehend it.

But he can know that it *is*, and through all the dark places of life keep his hope and faith burning, and strive to be every day his best and noblest, learning to look at time in its short bits and its longer ones and its longest. We can live *in* things (so as to do our duty); but also above them (so as not to be tangled up in follies).

Keep the light of brotherhood and forgiveness and ever-helpfulness and endurance burning in your life; if you can, all the day. In no long time you will know that men sin because they are *blind*, that none of them is really happy, that humanity is nowhere at peace with itself. But you will know that peace and happiness are ready waiting. Only knowledge is wanting, knowledge of what brotherhood could do in one hour if humanity would let it get to work. And in the heart will be found the call to begin getting ready for the real work. Let death come when it chooses; that is *its* affair. The *long* threads of time run straight through it unbroken. And your real life is along *them*.

NARADA

Real Life

IN that curious state between sleeping and waking I seemed to be looking down from somewhere. I saw my own life and myself as the life and self of another. I looked upon that life and self, and the lives and selves of my comrades, with the impartial benignity of a spirit from another planet. I wished them well, all of them. I would have done anything to serve them, any of them, to advance their best welfare in any way.

But I wished them well *equally*, counting "myself" only as one of them. I could see no single reason for preferring "myself" to any of the others, for desiring that its lot should be better than that of any of the others, its comforts greater. I saw that all were learning lessons, that all were parts of the one great divine life, separated away from it and one another by their selfishness and limitation of view, that one of them was as important and necessary to the whole of that divine life and presence as any other, that that life could not live itself in its full joy till every one should have learned to live in it and in his comrades. Each must be as ready to serve the others, and it, as himself; each must be fully and fraternally interested in the others, helping, encouraging, forgiving.

But I saw that all of them, including "myself," were far from that — and therefore far from happiness.

Then I returned to "myself," but have never quite lost that view of things which, as if a spirit from another planet, I had for some few minutes obtained. "I" have never seemed *quite* so important to myself. I still have some remainders of those few minutes in which I really wanted the welfare of all and of myself only as *one* of the all.

It was no dream. I merely looked at life for a few moments through the eyes of my soul. The soul of each of us never loses sight of the *all* of us. If it did, it would become as small as the personal man it ensouls.

Let us practise this view of things a little. Every real thought we give to the welfare of others is so much force taken out of our own pain. There is no other way to become pain-proof. There is no other way to study that curious law that *in proportion as you attend to the happiness and welfare of others is your welfare and happiness somehow attended to* — always in unexpected ways, but quite faithfully.

Why is this living law so little known? Because men so little create the necessary condition to bring it into action. Take yourself into account by leaving yourself out of account. Hand your keeping over to the living law and cultivate the feeling of everlasting friendliness and good will in every direction. That is *The New Way*. And it is the secret of life. Life gives of itself as it goes *through*. It does not go through any man till he tries to shed good will upon all others. Hate poisons him who hates. Good will and kindness give life to giver and receiver.

A NEW WAYFARER

A Prayer

GEORGE MACDONALD

LORD, what I once had done with youthful might,
Had I been from the first true to the truth,
Grant me, now old, to do—with better sight,
And humbler heart, if not the brain of youth;
So wilt thou, in thy gentleness and ruth,
Lead back thine old soul, by the path of pain,
Round to his best—young eyes and heart and brain.

My harvest withers. Health, my means to live—
All things seem rushing straight into the dark.
But the dark still is God. I would not give
The smallest silver-piece to turn the rush
Backward or sideways. Am I not a spark
Of him who is the light? Fair hope doth flush
My east—Divine success—Oh, hush and hark!

Keep me from wrath, let it seem ever so right:
My wrath will never work thy righteousness.
Up, up the hill, to the whiter than snow-shine,
Help me to climb, and dwell in pardon's light.
I must be pure as thou, or ever less
Than thy design of me—therefore incline
My heart to take men's wrongs as thou tak'st mine.

It must be possible that the soul made
Should absolutely meet the soul that makes;
Then, in that bearing soul, meet every other
There also born, each sister and each brother:
Lord, till I meet thee thus, life is delayed:
I am not *I* until that morning breaks,
Not *I* until my consciousness eternal wakes.

The Conservative

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

THE garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store—"
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he dropped his wings dejectedly.
But still his voice was firm:
"I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!
Today of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black,
The last I saw was this—
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

Rise!

A. A. PROCTOR

RISE!—for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern today.

Rise!—If the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget,
No chains so unworthy to hold you,
As those of vain regret;
Sad or bright she is lifeless forever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife today.

Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth!

A. H. CLOUGH

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

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.

The Way-Bill

NEVER neglect to take a small victory over yourself just because it is small. The atom of strength you then acquire may be just the atom that will secure you the great victory some other time. — *The New Way Book*

THE soul can never be infected by the corruption of the body, but acts in the body like the wind which causes the sound of the organ, wherein if one of the pipes be spoiled, the wind cannot make the music.

Leonardo da Vinci

IMAGINE your higher possibilities. That is creating them. Little by little imagination will call out the latent will and one day you will suddenly find that your barriers have vanished, that your weaknesses have fallen from you. — *The New Way Book*

It is possible to believe that all the past is but the beginning of a beginning, and that all that is and has been is but the twilight of the dawn. It is possible to believe that all that the human mind has ever accomplished is but the dream before the awakening. — *H. G. Wells*

(N. B. Substitute *know* for *believe*)

A DISILLUSIONED man — what can be better than to be rid of illusions? Only — mind that what you are rid of were *really* illusions! A "disillusioned man" is usually one who has lost faith in himself and thus paralysed his will and imagination. A cynic is always one of these paralytics. — *Century Path*

As the mind wanders from thing to thing it wakes up desires, and these weaken it. Hold it on what you are doing, on good will to others, on the light within and above you. It will gradually strengthen and you will begin to understand things now quite dark to you.

The New Way Book

THERE is a very important thing you should not overlook. Every time you harshly and unmercifully criticize the faults of another, you produce an attraction to yourself of certain qualities from that person. They fasten themselves upon you and endeavor to find in you a similar state or spot or fault that they have left in that other person. It is as if they left him to serve you at higher wages, so to say. — *William Q. Judge*

I AM of the opinion that all the people in this world today — at least the large majority of them — have been on this globe before and will probably be here again after they have passed through the mysterious condition which we now term death. — *Rider Haggard*

If the law of life is *progressive*, you cannot, through any self-abdication, reach God at once. In our own faith, you may be bound to realize, on earth, all that Humanity can realize of the Ideal, before reaching a superior stage of life, and becoming, as I shall say, to be more intelligible, the Angel. You may have to live again on earth under different circumstances, but you must reach step by step. — *Mazzini*

In the Waiting-Room

Passenger: "Why are we so late?"

Guard: "Well, sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides."

Landlady (who had brought up his breakfast and was filling his cup): "It looks rather like rain."

Boarder: "It does, but it seems to smell a little like coffee."

Jim: "What did the lecturer say, Bill, when you threw that cabbage at him?"

Bill: "Said he rather thought the audience would enjoy the lecture, but he hadn't expected them to lose their heads over it."

A political agent in a revision court objected to a certain name on the ground that the man was dead. "How do you know?" said the judge. "The evidence is only circumstantial, your honor. The man was buried a month ago on what were considered at the time to be valid grounds."

A YOUNG American woman wished to be presented at the Court of the King of Saxony. The high officials represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootseller. The young woman cabled to her father and the next morning got his answer: "Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

"Ma, what does D. D. stand for?"

"Doctor of Divinity, my dear. Don't they teach you the common abbreviations in school?"

"Oh, yes; but that don't seem to sound right here."

"Read it out loud my dear."

My dear (reading): "Witness: I heard the defendant say, 'I'll make you suffer for this. I'll be doctor of divinity if I don't.'"

Mrs. O'Flarity is a scrub lady, and she had been absent from her duties for several days. Upon her return her employer asked her the reason for her absence.

"Sure, I've bin carin' for wan of me sick children," she replied.

"And how many children have you, Mrs. O'Flarity?" he asked.

"Sivin in all," she replied. "Four by the third wife of me second husband; three by the second wife of me first."

Schmidt (who has received a tax-bill, "*To keeping two goats two years, \$16.00*"): "What in thunder does this mean?"

Tax-Collector, defensively, reading from Code:

"Paragraph 13. *All property abounding and abutting on the public highway, two dollars per front foot.* Your goats is property that answers to that description, I reckon. And provided likewise with usual number of front feet. Fork out!"

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"After all you say well: I am a man yet."

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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No. 2

The New Year Number

A LUCKY number is 1913. It marks a time different from any other since the world's first birthday.

Though an odd number it gives every living soul an even chance to win what all men most need and to do what has never exactly been done before. The only seeming favorites are the wretched and miserable, who are often drawn nearer to the Heart of things than the happy and prosperous.

Thirteen is always a good number, if you know how to "do time," so as to win out and not just lie back and let it "do" you. And this year may turn out to have special meaning for all imprisoned men and women.

Now no two blades of grass are alike, much less are any two persons exactly the same. Always there is some difference in looks and thought, in feeling and character. You can't imagine any one else being you. Nor are any two days or years ever the same. Yesterday added something to the dulllest life that changed the total of what had gone

before. Every one is born into an up-to-date world. He inherits a life lease to use the ideas that all others have worked out. And his inheritance daily increases and changes; his world grows steadily larger and different; it gets both better and worse. As a result, every last soul on earth is always a *new* and *special* combination of thought and feeling and character, with a matchless chance to be something worth while. No one else *can* play your part, and you are free to play it nobly or otherwise. No one is so small or mean or forgotten that he is not necessary to make the great living picture of human life complete. That we are members one of another, is the greatest truth ever uttered.

An inventor or an author takes ideas from the *thought* world and puts them into the world of *things*. The ideas for a new machine or a book were ready and free for any one to find in the air. But the man who works out the idea, adds his touch to it, and tells it, enriches all life just that much.

The same thing holds true of ideas which work out in character and conduct. Human nature has the same stuff in its composition now as when Adam ate the forbidden fruit and suffered from his undigested knowledge. He had a tremendous chance to prove to all his heirs that a man need *not* let his appetites and desires beguile him into losing real happiness. It probably didn't seem any more important then what was done in a quiet corner of the Garden of Eden than seems today what is done and thought in the unknown cell of John or Tom or Mary. But we simply cannot imagine the difference in everybody's inheritance if the right thought and feeling had been worked out at first. It looks as if Father Time had given

A MERICA must rise to something more than commercial prosperity or intellectual advancement. I believe that this great country is the chosen spot for solving some of life's greatest problems. But we must become more united, and recognize the fact that Brotherhood is a force in Nature. We must live up to it in all the smallest duties and all the time. If we learn the necessity of right living and justice to all, we shall not have to wait for the Kingdom of Heaven.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Adam the greatest of all the chances to make good the common inheritance.

Well, it was a great opportunity, but not to be compared with what 1913 offers to you! A man who is miserable, disgraced, guilty, convicted, forgotten, heart-sick and discouraged, with all the uncounted ages of mistakes and sin and shame in his inheritance, has a chance to prove that he is a soul, great enough to win life's game even with this unspeakable handicap. Never has Cain had such a chance to prove that in spite of his mistakes, his nature is essentially divine and not devilish. If you could help to bequeath this truth to all men, wouldn't it be the best thing you could have to live for?

These ideas about the Real Man were known and lived long before the times with which our histories begin. But their truth has been deeply buried in error and forgotten, and now men and women of today can only restore it by proving it in their own lives. Mere talk still leaves it in the air. But the convincing proof, the last unanswerable argument for this truth rests especially with the unfortunate, the unknown, the disgraced and the forsaken. *They* are the ones to show that the inner man *has* the power and courage to rise above every outside condition, and that his real nature cannot be robbed of its riches. There is no prison so remote, no cell so dark and narrow as to hide an actual living, breathing truth like a man who realized he was a Soul.

The world is going a terrific gait and is getting hopelessly entangled in its own reckless whirl—as the last new man will tell you. The situation has never been so desperate, has never had such force of good and bad impulses behind it, or such chances of happiness or misery before it. Even the fortunate have not the right clew to happiness, and they can't keep up the killing pace. The value of their money and influence is as nothing to *your* power to show that the clew to life is in a man's own heart—that he *can* be what he *wills* and *works* to be.

Nineteen-thirteen offers you this chance to find yourself as a soul and to claim the *best* of that inheritance of clean, courageous thought and feeling which bygone noble men and women have put into actual human life. It belongs to you by natural right far more than beggarly, selfish, unsatisfying indulgences. To realize the nobility of manhood and womanhood and then live it, will enrich the whole world with what it needs the most. Truth can't be hidden when a man lives it. The most miserable and solitary prisoner who simply lived up to *his* very best, day by day, would be working out a human model for the moral patent office, so to speak, putting it "on the air" ready for use. Every wretched and lonely creature now alive and to come—especially those most like him—would benefit by the idea he had worked out when they got ready to use it. And suffering makes us all face the truth sometime. Is not that as responsible a position as you care to fill and does it not give you an equal chance to *be* as great as any other?

When you seem to have lost every earthly thing—stripped even of your name—it is a challenge to the divine side of your nature to win out without fears or favors. Nineteen-thirteen is your lucky number!

No. 13

✱

The Pessimist's Collapse

THE festive season was over and the pessimist was glad of it. He hated Christmas and all the talk of peace and brotherhood, while as to New Year's Day he had no words bitter enough to express his contempt for people who pretend to believe that the New Year can

be different from any other year gone by in the past. So he growled and snarled to himself.

Still it puzzled him that men who were not fools in other ways kept on hoping for happiness with each New Year, though they had all the experience of the past against them.

"Hope is what fools them," he decided. "That is what makes them live and talk of happiness as if they were likely to get it. Hope. What is it? Where did it come from?"

He sat down to think it out. But he got no further. He tried for another starting-point, but found none. Then an optimist came along and gave him a start by suggesting that Hope is the unconscious perception of truth, and the truth is that Life is Joy.

The optimist said:

"Life itself, real life, is pure joy, and (inside), we all know it; but we are all like people with the 'grippe' who shiver and who can't get warm; we have got the disease of misery, and we can not shake it off. But we know that if we were in our proper state we should be happy, and we know that if we keep on trying to get well we may shake off our sickness and be free from unhappiness, because the truth is that Life is Joy. That is what we call hope. When we wish one another a Happy New Year, we try to give one another a push up towards health; for we know that if a man can get his head above the clouds for a moment he will see the light and will not want to fall back into the shadows. And each one that gets his head above the shadows is bound to let others know that there is a land of light where life is joy, and he keeps on telling them so every time he wishes them health and happiness. He must do it because it is the very nature of real life that its owner wants to share it; and his expressed good wish for others does actually help them a step towards the real thing. If all men really wished each other well there would be an instant finish to unhappiness.

"Hope is the evidence of this unseen truth. It comes from the Soul of man and calls him to get up out of the shadows and open his heart to the joy of life which shines down into the darkness of the lower man from the world of Truth. Misery and pain were never in the original program. They are man-made blots on real life. That is why a New Year's greeting is honest even if it seem to be empty words to you. It is a challenge to a man who is under the clouds to be a man really and to get his head up into the light and see the joy of life for himself. I promise you he will never again mistake the fires of his lower passions, his hatred and rage and bitterness, for the real light of life. Once he has seen the light of Brotherhood he will never again be satisfied with a substitute. He will want Happiness and he will know it when he sees it. Believe me *Life is Joy*. Once get it and you will find it is self-feeding and quite independent of anything that may happen to you or that you may have or not have."

A NEW WAYFARER

How to Be a Man

"IRRITABLE is no word for it," said Carfax. "I took a lot of vinegar with my supper last night, and I always feel like this next morning after vinegar."

"And that proves what I said," interposed the very scientific Stelson. "Man is nothing but a body, and if his body goes wrong *he* goes wrong. Vinegar in his body is vinegar in his mind. *He* is what his body is. The idea of soul is all nonsense. My sister's boy fell on his head from a hayrick a year or two ago. Good boy, before that, as boys go. Worst sort of a boy afterwards. Couldn't do anything with him. She took him to a surgeon and got his head examined. Surgeon thought a bit of bone might be pressing on his brain, operated, removed the bit; boy recovered — good boy once more. I tell you, a man is as his body is. A bad man, a criminal, has a bad body, some little subtle affair out of gear in his brain. If we could put that right, *he'd* be right. Can't help himself, the way he is."

"I'm not feeling like theories," said Carfax. "Have it your own way. I shall get a chat with old Mulford. He always does me good when I'm feeling like this. Kind of oils one up and takes the creaks out of the joints." So he departed.

"Ever talk to your sister's boy?" I asked.

"Oh yes," said Stelson. "Asked him once why he carried on like that before he was operated on. 'I knew it was wrong,' he said, 'but I couldn't help it. Something seemed to jump into me and then I had to go for it.'"

"Well, who was *he* into whom 'something jumped?'" I said. "And what did it jump into? Seems to me that the bit of bone that jumped into the boy's brain, and the lot of vinegar that jumped into Carfax's stomach, did about the same work."

"Just about," said Stelson.

"But Carfax *doesn't* do or say the things that the vinegar prompts him to, and the boy *did* do the things the bone prompted him to."

"A man's likely to have more judgment than a boy," said Stelson, "and more control over himself."

"Now translate 'judgment' and 'control,'" I suggested.

"Into what language?"

"Try English," I suggested. "Let me try for you. A man *looks* at his mind and feelings, just as Carfax did. Carfax decided — '*judged*' — that they wouldn't do, and took steps to alter them. The easiest way, he thought, was a chat with Mulford, the universal oiler of creaky joints. He was already *controlling* himself, with his *will*, a good deal. '*Judging*,' therefore, is *looking on*; '*control*' is *will*. Now what *looks on* at something, and controls it, is not identical with the something that is looked-on-at and controlled: any more than a man who drives an animal to market, looks on at its struggles to go the wrong way, and controls it to keep the road, is identical with it. If a wasp stung it, it would be much more difficult to control. The wasp, in the boy's case, was the bone. In Carfax's case it was the vinegar. If the man forgot that he was not the animal, he would not try to control it, but would go with it any way it wanted to. Some men, when at the meal-table, forget that they are not mere animals. The next day they wish they had not forgotten, that they had used judgment and control. Children are never taught about themselves. They don't know what you might call their own spiritual geography."

"Hold on," said Stelson: "*spiritual geography*?"

"Just you wait," I said.

"When a soul is born it *steps down*, as it were, from

its own place, and *into* an animal, forgetting itself and becoming all one with the animal, henceforth sharing *its* moods and irritabilities and desires. Jacob-Carfax has mounted a step or two up again and so begun to get back a little of his will and judgment. Jacob-Mulford has stepped up a good many steps. Jacob-Stelson is using the reason, the judgment, he brought down from the top of the ladder when he was born, to decide that there isn't any ladder and nothing but the animal at the bottom.



THE GREEK THEATER
LOOKING EASTWARD



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE GREEK THEATER; LOOKING WESTWARD
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA

Conscience becomes nothing at all in his philosophy."

"Very neat," said Stelson. "But what is conscience in *your* philosophy?"

"The angel in human life," I said; "a shining part of the man *that never came down the ladder* at his birth and remains as his inspiration."

"So a man's life-job is to struggle with the animal?"

"Not exactly," I said. "A man is already doing that struggling when he seizes hold of his better self, *himself*, and won't let it go; holds it when his mind is full of vinegar and his body full of appetites; and, *holding it*, persists in feeling kindly and acting kindly however the vinegar and the appetites may rage; persists in thinking *light*, gold-rayed light, when the animal wants to think mud and the vinegar wants to snarl. In other words he persists in being a *man* and refusing to be run by bone and vinegar and animal, persists in his judgment, his will, his virility."

"This your own sermon?" said Stelson.

"No," I answered. "I got it from old Mulford. It's his prescription for *how to be a man*." STUDENT

The Key of a New Life

"**L**OVE YOUR NEIGHBOR"; all the great spiritual Teachers have said it. They were not talking sentiment. It was hard common sense.

Why love your neighbor? Because in that way only do you get the key to everything in *yourself* that is worth having, the way to life itself and to all wisdom concerning life, destiny, death, immortality, and peace.

At various times of the day a man lives in various parts of himself, in the thinking part, in the eating part, in the hating and disliking part, in the kindly-feeling part.

When in the hating, disliking, resenting part, move over to the kindly part for a minute. Make a kindly-feeling center in yourself and stand there. Feel kindly, not exactly towards any particular man, but outward in every direction. Feel yourself for that minute desiring to do what good you can, to give what help and encouragement you can all around, as if you were the sun radiating everyway from your own breast.

In that minute you have cleared your head a little, if it was thick; cleared your mind a little; bettered your digestion a little; become a little happier; got a little more life and health.

All that is just plain fact, not sentiment. It was a very well-spent minute, an experiment any one may try at any moment.

Try it again later in the day, just before you sleep, the first thing when you wake — one minute by the clock if you like. Get into a way of doing it at odd minutes, when there is nothing else on hand. Do it especially, for one minute, when there is something in you that wants to hate some other man. It is better exercise then, takes more will, more manhood.

Evidently this is a way to train the will and to

train one's manhood. When you hate another man there is something bossing you. If you study yourself with a little care, you will find out that it is not pleasant *to you* to hate another man, that *you* are not happy while doing it, and that in your deepest self *you* don't want to do it.

Well then, for one minute don't do it. Boss the thing in your mind that wants to do it and does do it.

These one-minute spells will begin to tell on you. Your "muscles," so to speak, will begin to grow. You are on the way to be that finest type of man, the man who cannot be moved for one moment to hate or dislike any other man, whatsoever is done to him. He is of equal friendly mind from morning to night.

Standing so, you have begun to be "born again." A new life is beginning and opening. What it contains is for each of us to find out for himself. But the result of living it is that outer circumstances become quite unimportant, however unpleasant they would otherwise have been; that pain becomes unimportant; and that death itself is seen to be but the full opening of the door which is already unlocked and pushed ajar.

NEW WAYFARER

Belongings

EVERY day for ever so long a time a traveler had been picking up odds and ends of all kinds, packing them into his bag and carrying them along with him. He had thus gradually accumulated a burden that was about as heavy as he could carry. It seemed to him so little was taken newly on each day that his strength grew with the growing load. But a time came when he wished strongly to travel fast and must go lightly.

Imagine his surprise to find that through long association with these things, he actually seemed to have given a part of his own life to them. Upon trying to discard even the most profitless and unlovely of them he found that he belonged to it and it clamored for him. It was not so easy now to throw them aside and go on without them. He loved them as much as they seemed to love him. So he stood between the desire to go on to his goal and the desire to retain his innumerable belongings.

And there he stands, apparently retarded indefinitely, seeking to know, striving to learn wisdom; seeing the beckoning road ahead and believing that it leads toward perfect light; having faith that he will some day be ready to travel upon it; and yet, for a while, too heavily oppressed to take one step beyond his disordered thousand-and-one personal belongings: his set habits, his thousand whims and weaknesses, his likes and dislikes, his love of ease and comfort, his plans for pleasure, advancement, and — perhaps — revenge.

"He that would put divine wisdom into his bag must be prepared to turn everything else out of it." But the moment that the encumbrances *are* turned out, the man finds himself glad to be rid of them. W. D.

The Three of Him

"I'VE got to thinkin' about this *soul* proposition, and seems to me I'm beginnin' to get the hang of it.

"I was stowin' away some pork and beans, like-wise apple-pie and cheese.

"All tasted good. Funny tack for a *soul* to be on, thinks I. What's a *soul* got to do with pork and beans?

"Night before, the orchestra had been playin' some selections from the *Messiah* — 'Comfort Ye,' and 'Every Valley,' and some more. And along with the dinner those tunes began to mosey along through my head — just as if I was hearin' them. Brought tears again to my eyes, same as the night before.

"And I begun to see a little daylight. The *soul* part of me, I says, is feedin' on that music; the body part, animal part, on the beans — each accordin' to its nature.

"Then, somehow, I thought of my mother. Ever see her? Little old body, over seventy, homely to the limit, near doubled up, gray hair and not much of it, lines all over her face. I *could* look at her that way, *should*, maybe, if she was any one else's mother. She *is* like that, one way of lookin'.

"She is and she ain't. I love her. She looks to *me* like — like — *mother*. That's all there is to it. Looks like somethin' warm in my heart.

"So the two of me can look at her two ways. The pork-and-beans end of my proposition sees just a queer little old woman. The soul end, the 'Comfort Ye' end, sees — *mother*. But both of them use the same pair of eyes. Both use the same mind. But they *work* the mind differently. The mind is a man's servant, I take it, or should be. . . .

"Did I say the *two* of me? I meant the *three*. There was myself eatin' up the pie. There was myself thinkin' of the music — mixed up with mother just then. And there was myself that could take a hand in either of those two games.

"I made a choice right there, gave a casting vote for the soul. There's two ways of seein' everything. The higher for yours truly from now out. I've begun to get on to something. There's something in every fellow that *always* takes the higher, whether *he* does or not. It's *with* him all the time. It's *on* him when he loves his mother, and it's *on* him when he sees the sunlight on the wall sooner than the wall, and it's *on* him with the touch of fine music, and when he's kindly-hearted to his fellows. That thing is soul anyhow, and the body is body anyhow and dies anyhow. And it's up to the man to be whichever and live with the one or die with the other when its spell is out. It don't follow that a fellow's got to *be* beans and pie just because he's got to *eat* 'em. I'd like to live on when the beans and pie proposition is all in. There's two ways of doin' everything and lookin' at everything and thinkin' of anything. Study 'em out and take the higher, is *my* advice. That's as far as I've got. When I've found out some more, I'll let you know."

REPORTER

It's All in the Day's Work

"NEVER mind the trouble! It's all in the day's work." Such was the cheery answer I heard as I passed the open door of a cottage home, where "the day's work" might well be of a comprehensive character; for the occupants were many and their needs various.

There was something so cheering in the tone of the voice, and so willing in the spirit of the speech, that one could not but feel that the speaker must have found the secret of content and happiness, the true philosophy.

The old Teachers said: "Live the life and you shall know the doctrine."

That is how that good woman got her philosophy, by living the life, the life of simple duty, work for others.

Most of us make a bug-bear of this sort of work. If we are conscientious we too often do it in a way that robs it of its value. One may do it grudgingly, as an unwilling tribute to one's conscience, and take back for one's self as much credit and self-satisfaction as one can get out of it. This is the kind of performance of duty that makes other people hate the word. The reason is simple. The way of doing it has made it not duty at all, but a substitute, not in any sense a contribution to the happiness of others.

Duty has been explained in one very old book of wise sayings thus:

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step; to practise the six glorious virtues is the second."

There is the whole proposition plainly put. A duty, in this sense, is something done for the help and benefit of others. If the same act is done for the sake of giving satisfaction to the *doer*, then it is no longer an act of duty, but a fraudulent imitation.

The essence of duty is the spirit of helpfulness, and what is more helpful than cheerfulness? What puts more heart into others than a generous, genial good humor? Who has not felt a load of trouble lifted by the mere greeting of a good-hearted friend?

But there are hosts of people now practising cheerfulness for the good of their own digestions! We all know that there is a variety of it that has no kindness behind it at all. It is a selfish substitute for the true spirit of helpfulness. Perhaps, however, even that is better than the selfish indulgence in melancholy. And it is certainly better than the cold indifference to everybody else's feelings which hides itself under the virtuous pretense of "minding one's own business." All the virtues, in fact, have their counterfeits.

When the heart is alive and alight with the feeling of general kindness, there is no work for others that can seem much of a trouble, and, if there is, there comes the other reflection, born of the same spirit of general helpfulness, "It's all in the day's work," and that takes away the burden of it. It implies the acceptance of all that comes as a part of life. Which is equivalent to a recognition of the reign of natural or divine Law in

the universe and a perfect trust in it. There is impersonality, for one who feels in that way shows that he is not selfishly bound up in his own work or pleasure. There is that great practical wisdom of recognizing the importance of "the duty that lies nearest to your hand," of doing promptly what needs to be done. And there is a certain charming renunciation of all responsibility in the choice of what is next to be done, that makes this little saying seem like a ray of sunlight in a city street. It is a ray of heart-light in the crowded thoroughfare of life, and it is as beautiful as sunlight. It will put heart into the hearer of it, so that he too may forget the drudgery of daily routine, and may do cheerfully what was before done grudgingly. *It's all in the day's work.*

A WORKER

*

The Value of Small Things

TWO men were seated together in the lobby of a hotel, discussing a newspaper article, giving the account of an "exposure" of a well-known business man's "methods" in which he had over-reached the limits of the law.

One man was heard saying, "And so that was the beginning, was it? Such a little thing! But who could have foreseen the end?"

Ah yes! If one could only "foresee the end" of many "such a little thing." How many times would we not pause before doing, or saying the wrong thing. For life is indeed made up of little things.

Great things happen only once in a while, and great events as they come to a man prove his strength or his weakness, and show how he met and handled the small ones of every day as they came.

To say we should be careful in small things may seem to be stating that which is an undoubted, self-evident truth. Well, suppose it is; as long as a man has not grasped the meaning and importance of it, just so long does the necessity exist for him to learn this simple, strong, clear bit of Truth.

A great and kind man who knew the hearts of his fellowmen, once said, "It is not what we do, but the spirit in which the least thing is done, that counts."

The man whose character is strong, true and reliable under all circumstances has become so by long, constant and careful attention given to the faithful performance of all duties and by grasping the small opportunities that came his way.

Scrupulous attention to matters of truthfulness and honor, even in small things, brings out a character known and respected for honesty, for rectitude. "There goes a man you can trust" is said of him.

To have the courage to do and to say the right thing, in accordance with the dictates of conscience, at all times, gives the courage to do and to dare the right thing when the great crises of life approach and have to be met.

Then, too, take the man who improves every passing

chance to say and do the kind thing; he has built or is building up a cheerful, helpful nature whose every impulse is towards kindness and cheerfulness. Such a man never has the "blues," is never lonesome or without something pleasant to think about.

These are some of the tests as to what a man is made of, and proofs of how he has conducted the affairs of his life all along the way, "in small things." In fact there *are* no small things.

STUDENT

*

False Coins

WE often do not realize that there is more than one "mint" for coining thoughts, and that much of the mental coinage is false. For instance men are sometimes fired with enthusiasm for the ideal of liberty and revolt against oppression. These ideals certainly shine like gold, and sometimes they *are* true gold through and through. But most often they are not.

There is a place deep in man's heart where noble ideals are coined with the pure gold of human sympathy; the passionate desire to set men free from all that holds them in their degradation comes from that true "mint" in which only good metal is coined. But there are other dark corners in the human heart where *false* ideals of freedom and rebellion are created and let loose to inflame and intoxicate the mind. The metal used in these places for coining false ideals is not the gold of sympathy but the base metal of hate.

When you hear a man uttering noble sentiments based on hate, you may know the coin is bad, though it may be well gilded on the surface with fine phrases.

In the deep places of the heart sits the mysterious Self of Man and from him come all the true ideals; but in the other dark corners lurk false selves (so to speak) that throw out fiery ideals full of hate and venom. These are the lower parts of a man's nature rebelling against the authority of the true master—Self within. They are eternally in revolt against all authority, whether internal or external; they want to rule the mind and body of man without interference from the true Self.

So they imitate the shape and colors of the true coins of noble ideals and put forth false coins of envy and jealousy or greed and ambition stamped and gilded like the real thing. That is to say, mere selfishness presents itself to the mind under the shape and form of thought for others; hate appears disguised as virtuous indignation; the desire to have your own way appears as noble independence; and the ambition to rule over other men passes itself off as devotion to their good.

We all have in our nature these different places from which the true and the false ideals are put forth into the mind, and unless a man learns to distinguish them in himself he will never be able to detect the true metal in another man's talk when he hears it, and will be constantly liable to be led astray by the false coinage of high-sounding talk that hides bad motives. R. M.

To Thy Heart Be True Thy Heart

BEATTY

BY thy own soul's law learn to live,
 And if men thwart thee take no heed,
 And if men hate thee have no care;
 Sing thou thy song and do thy deed.
 Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
 And claim no crown they will not give,
 Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.
 Keep thou thy soul-worn stedfast oath,
 And to thy heart be true thy heart;
 What thy soul teaches learn to know,
 And play out thine appointed part,
 And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
 Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth.
 To thy full stature thou shalt grow.
 Fix on the future's goal thy face,
 And let thy feet be lured to stray
 Nowhither, but be swift to run,
 And nowhere tarry by the way,
 Until at last the end is won,
 And thou mayst look back from thy place,
 And see thy long day's journey done.

The New Manhood

BROWNING

... MAN is not Man as yet.
 Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
 Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth.
 While only here and there a star dispels
 The darkness, here and there a towering mind
 O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
 Is out at once to the despair of night,
 When all mankind alike is perfected,
 Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
 I say, begins man's general infancy.
 ... all tended to mankind,
 And, man produced, all has its end thus far:
 But in completed man begins anew
 A tendency to God.
 Such men are even now upon the earth,
 Serene amid the half-formed creatures round
 Who should be saved by them and joined with them.

The Prisoned Soul

BROWNING

TRUTH is within ourselves; it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost center in us all,
 Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
 Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
 This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
 Binds it, and makes all error: and to know
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
 Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without.

See this soul of ours!
 How it strives weakly in the child, is loosed
 In manhood, clogged by sickness, back compelled
 By age and waste, set free at last by death:
 Why is it, flesh enthalls it or enthrones?
 What is this flesh we have to penetrate?

A Man Yet

BROWNING

AFTER all you say well: I am
 A man yet: I need never humble me.
 I would have been—something, I know not what;
 But though I cannot soar, I do not crawl.
 There are worse portions than this one of mine.
 I had immortal feelings; such shall never
 Be wholly quenched: no, no!

I had a noble purpose, and the strength
 To compass it; but I have stopped half-way.
 And wrongly given the first-fruits of my toil
 To objects little worthy of the gift.
 Why linger round them still . . . nor strive instead
 With mighty effort to redeem the past
 And, gathering up the treasures thus cast down,
 To hold a stedfast course till I arrive
 At their fit destination and my own?

Rejoice!

GEORGE MACDONALD

"REJOICE," said the Sun; "I will make thee gay
 With glory and gladness and holiday;
 I am dumb, O man, and I need thy voice."
 But man would not rejoice.

"Rejoice in thyself," said he, "O Sun,
 For thy daily course is a lordly one;
 In thy lofty place rejoice if thou can:
 For me, I am only a man."

"Rejoice," said the Wind, "I am free and strong:
 I will wake in thy heart an ancient song;
 Hear the roaring woods, my organ noise!"
 But man would not rejoice.

"Rejoice, O Wind, in thy strength," said he,
 "For thou fulfillest thy destiny;
 Shake the forest, the faint flowers fan;
 For me, I am only a man."

"Rejoice," said the Night, "with moon and star;
 The Sun and the Wind are gone afar;
 I am here with rest and dreams of choice,"
 But man would not rejoice.

For he said: "What is rest to me, I pray,
 Whose labor brings no gladsome day?
 He only should dream who has hope behind;
 Alas! for me and my kind."

Then a voice that came not from moon or star,
 From the sun, or the wind, roving afar,
 Said: "Man, I am with thee—hear my voice."
 And man said: "I rejoice."

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.

Thought-Helps

THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves, and has its being.

H. P. Blavatsky

THE power to know does not come from book-study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of brotherhood in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits its light to shine down into the brain-mind.

W. Q. Judge

NO ONE can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all — in their exoteric form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably — is the result of no mere coincidence, but of a concurrent design; and that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one universal religion. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

IN A PLACE like yours, where so many of all sorts of natures are together, there is a unique opportunity for gain and good in the chance it gives one for self-discipline. There friction of personality is inevitable, and if each one learns the great *give and take*, and looks not for the faults of others, but for the faults he sees in himself, then because of the friction great progress can be made. — *W. Q. Judge*

SEE the gates of Life and Peace standing open before you, if you have but faith and trust to enter in. But none can enter alone, each must bring with him the sad and sorrowing. None can cross the threshold alone, but must help to bear the burdens of the overburdened, must aid the feeble steps of those who are discouraged, must support those who are bowed down with sin and despair, and as he sends out the radiation of his own joy and strength which he receives from his own aspirations and devotion to his Higher Self, joy and strength and power shall enter into the lives of those others, and together they shall pass through into Life.

Katherine Tingley

DESIRE wisdom; love all men; do your duty; forget yourself; let each thought and act of your life have for its aim the finding of divine wisdom; strive to apply that wisdom for the good of other men. If you search in every direction, Light must come to you. Seek to find in everything the meaning. Strive to know what they are, by what governed or caused. This is the first step. Live your life with this ever before you. Purify your thought as well as your body. Reason all you can, feel all with your heart you may, and when intellect and heart fail you, seek for something higher. This is the A B C; it is enough for the present. — *W. Q. Judge*

For the Odd Moment

She: "Why don't you dance; don't you like it?"

He: "Oh, yes, I like it all right, but the music always seems to put me out, and the girl gets in my way."

"Smith's illness thinned him out a bit, I reckon?"

"Well I should say! You're thin and I'm thin, but he's thinner than both of us put together."

Doctor (to patient who has consulted him for rheumatism): "Take this medicine regularly. And by the way, if it does you any good let me know. I'm troubled a good deal with rheumatism myself."

She: "I have painted a little picture for you and hung it in your study to hide that ugly stain in the wallpaper."

He: "But, darling, I never complained about that stain."

"Please, mum, the people next door wants to know if you'll lend them the lawn-mower."

"What! on the Sabbath day? Tell them we haven't got one."

"What are you running for, sonny?"

Boy: "I'm tryin' to keep two fellers from fightin'."

"Who are the fellows?"

Boy: "Bill Perkins and me!"

"Confound it, sir; I've just been stung by one of your beastly bees! I demand reparation!"

"Certainly, sir. You just show me which bee it was, and I'll punish the horrid thing severely."

Mother (to her little boy who has just returned from a children's party): "Well, Johnny, how did you enjoy yourself?"

Johnny: "Oh it was horrid. I think I should have been bored to death if I hadn't been there."

"And what might ye call that?" asked Pat of the museum guide, pointing to the famous headless and armless "Winged Victory."

"Statue of Victory, sir, noted antique," said the attendant.

Pat: "Victory, is it? Bedad, thin I'd like to see the fellow that got licked!"

Jones: "Good at mental arithmetic, Brown?"

Brown: "Pretty fair."

Jones: "Well, tackle this: A train starts on a journey with seventy passengers on board. At the first stop it drops ten and picks up fifteen. Got it?"

Brown (calculating): "Yes."

Jones: "Then it drops twenty-five and picks up eleven. Shortly after it picks up seventeen and drops nine. Got that?"

Brown: "Yes, well?"

Jones (making for the door): "What was the name of the engine driver?"

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"Build on Resolve, and not upon Regret."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

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A Very Old Fable

"EH! but it's great to be so strong and boss everything," said the North wind. There was a soft chuckle from somewhere about, that made him spin round and round in an attempt to see who it was that had laughed.

The sun was peeping over a cloud and smiling broadly.

"Oh! good morning to you," said the North wind politely. "Did you hear some one smile just now?"

The sun chuckled again and said: "It seemed as if I did hear sounds of merriment. Perhaps it was the earth laughing at your great strength."

"Laughing at my strength," shouted the wind, "laughing at me? I'll give him something to laugh for!"

The Sun looked rather scornfully at him and said:

"Do you think you can really make people respect you? Could you make them obey you as I can? Let us see. Now there is a man

with a cloak on; see if you can make him take it off. That is a small thing for such a giant to do; and yet —" the sun chuckled again in the most annoying manner. The North wind said:

"You stand on one side and watch."

Then he got busy. The leaves began the dance, and the dust; then the branches and loose boards joined in; the hay stacks soon were as giddy as the chimney pots and roofing tiles from the whirling of the circus set up by the blusterer. But the man wrapped his cloak closer around him and trudged on.

Then the wind threw back his shoulders, took a pull at his belt and blew for all he was worth. The trees bent, the branches broke, the roofs came bodily off the houses and went sailing away, the man was whirled off his feet and sent rolling down the hillside till he brought up against

a tree-trunk and lay still; but his cloak was more tightly wrapped round him than before. Now, he would not for his life have let go of it. His temper was up.

There came a soft voice from behind the cloud asking the wind when he was going to begin?

All the stiffening went out of him at once so that he collapsed just like an india-rubber toy balloon when it is punctured.

The Sun stretched himself lazily and let go the cloud that he had been holding back to hide behind. He looked at his exhausted friend and said: "Now see me."

He looked down on earth so pleasantly that the trees began to recover themselves, and the birds sang as cheerily as if nothing had happened. The man sat up and leaned back against the tree, slowly feeling his limbs to see if any bones were broken. The Sun smiled broadly and the traveler threw back the folds of the cloak. Then he pulled his hat over his eyes and

tried to sleep. But it was too warm. Then he took off his cloak and hung it on a branch, sitting down peacefully under the tree.

"Now look at that," said the Sun. But the North wind was nowhere to be seen.

"Gone eh?" said the Sun. "Now that is a pity. I was going to tell him there are better ways of dealing with men than by violence. I understand their weaknesses. He never seems to understand that violence loses while persuasion wins, because, in dealing with men, *you must get them on your side*. And you always can if you have patience enough. There's something good in every man, and if you can find it and *warm* it he'll take off the wrappings and be glad of the chance. Indeed I've seen a good many men like that who had previously *thought that their wrappings were themselves*." R. M.

Blotted Records and White Pages

*"Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope,
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf and smile, oh smile to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee."*

Taking on the Great Task

"I'VE got some ideas about those fellows," said old Chris, "leastways about some of them."

We had been talking about men convicted on circumstantial evidence and afterwards found (*or not found*) innocent. Old Chris was a thinker on his own account, always worth listening to, even if you did not accept a word he said. And he had "done time." So I told him to go ahead, and lit up a pipe. We were sitting under his jasmine-covered porch by moonlight, looking out upon the quiet river, and there was no sound save the distant bark of a dog in some farmyard.

"Have you ever thought where souls *come from*?" he asked, "I mean when they get born here among the rest of us?"

"Well, a little," I answered; "but I don't know that thought can solve *that* problem."

"Maybe it can't, and maybe it can," he returned. "Thought can tackle more propositions than most fellows reckon. But about this one. What's life *for*?"

"What's your notion?" I said.

"I reckon it's for different things for different men. Some men, most men, have got to have experience, *red hot* experience mainly — mixed up with spells to get well of the burns in. They've got to be *scorched* into what little wisdom they get. No other way for it. When they know where they put their hands in the fire they don't complain so much. But the burn don't always come right then. They fool with the fire a little today and a little tomorrow right along. Nothing seems to be taking any notice. But one day comes a flare when perhaps they hadn't happened to be fooling with the fire at all. They get laid by the heels and convicted of something on *circumstantial evidence*, something they hadn't done. Then there's a pretty to-do! 'Injustice' talked from one end of the jail to the other and from morning till night. No injustice, *I* say. They had to have the scorching to burn out a rotten place. Happen the scorching didn't come according to the human-mind clock. But the Big-Mind clock got it all right. That's *one* lot, and the biggest."

"But don't you think —" I interrupted.

"Yes," he went on. "I know what you're goin' to say. There's some that gets a terrible scorching — on circumstantial evidence — that never had fooled with the fire; straight all the time; rank injustice.

"Now there's one sign about a certain few of *these* fellows — and they're mighty few of *such*, I tell you — that marks 'em out from the other sorts. *They never do any squaling*. Just take what comes along. And another sign is that they're a benediction, as you might say, to the whole circle about them. If a fellow's feeling raw they're on hand to soften him down and help him through. If there's a quarrel they're pouring oil on it. When there's a newcomer they show him how to find his feet. Every warder knows 'em and relies on 'em. Their ears don't fit any keyholes, but without hurting anybody they

help him to a general idea which way to cock the tail of his eye. And when they get out they're the fellows that know what the coming-out man needs.

"Now I tell you they didn't need the scorching, but *their* scorching has been a regular benediction to the fellows that did and got it.

"Well, how came it that the Big-Mind dropped in on 'em with what they didn't need and oughtn't to have — by *our* standards? They *took it*, I tell you."

"Took it?" I said. "When? Where?"

"Before they was born," he replied, earnestly. "There's some souls big enough for that. They come into life more to attend to a job than to get experience and learn. They know men need them, need help every way, need light, need some of their burdens carried for them; feel it and know it; feel the call of humanity, the call of black suffering — no matter how much of the suffering was earned and due. *And they take the job*, knowing what it's going to be for them — p'raps the prison bars, if they can do good work that way; p'raps something else just as unpleasant. But so long as they can *help*, the unpleasantness don't count.

"And so they come in. There's no soul that comes in but forgets right away where he came from, these the same as the rest. They forget their job and they don't forget it. They forget it, but when the time comes to take it up, they're ready. And that's why they don't complain at the scorching. They feel, without knowing why, that it's in the program, *their own* program. And directly they're behind the bars they get to work, same as I've said. Do you reckon it's *nothin'* to the general heart of humanity when some fellow takes up great suffering that don't belong to him, for the sake of easing up things for others? I tell you, man, if it wasn't for such, all along human life, in every time and place, the world would have been pure hell long ago. It ain't so far now. But it's these fellows that hold it and will save it. Maybe some few of 'em get to remember all about taking up their job. But most of 'em take up their job without remembering. Just impulse, love, compassion. . . .

"How's that strike you?" he said.

"It's a bit of a new idea, isn't it?" I answered, rather feebly.

"Well, you think it up," he returned, "while I go back and stoke up my greenhouse. The nights get cool."

So he left me with the still river and the moonlight and the distant perturbed dog and the scent of the jasmine. Who would want to argue in those surroundings?

PEACE-PIPE

SOME men seem to come into their lives with a formed intention to accomplish some definite thing. Heredity won't explain it. It won't explain any man of genius. They, surely, are born *intending* something, charged with something. And if we can say of a man of genius that he is born intending, say music, why shall not another be born intending *service*? — *Century Path*

Who Will Try It?

AT the end of each year the newspapers usually take stock of the progress achieved. And sometimes they cast their eyes back to the century that closed only a few years ago but yet seems so far away. Science and invention, the arts, the mechanics of civilization—all come in for praise. Nor do they forget our better care of criminals, our improved poor-law systems, our humanlier conducted wars, and the other evidences of advance.

But let us look at some more of the picture.

Insanity and premature mental decay are *increasing* everywhere.

Suicides are *increasing*.

Crimes of violence are *increasing*.

The years of life that follow early middle life are getting *fewer* and the diseases of later life *increasing*.

Divorces, with all that they imply, are getting *more numerous*.

Let us extend the line of both tendencies. On the one side our inventions get more wonderful. We travel faster, communicate at greater distances more easily; and the mechanics of life, together with the sciences that serve them, become more complicated.

But is all that true civilization?

On the other side come the insanity, the suicide, the mental decay, the crime, the shortening life, the diseases of vice and degeneration, the divorce-ruined homes, the growing drink-bill, the ever-falling birthrate. Do not these suggest an increasingly rapid *decay* of civilization? The external apparatus of civilization goes forward; the people who are to use it are failing.

It would seem that the only people entitled, while facing these facts, to remain optimistic and full of hope for humanity, are those who think that some new great influence may turn the tide before it is too late.

From time to time in the past, periodically up to and including now, human *spiritual* need reaches a fearful extremity. External conditions of life, poverty, may not have been, or be, any worse than usual. But the spiritual vacancy within men's hearts makes them seem so. There is nothing to lighten despair or give hope. At these times, if there had been enough of those who were great enough to be able to fill the vacancy and teach men of their soul-

life—catastrophies and revolutions would have been stayed, war would now be a thing of the past, life on earth would be relatively a paradise.

But there were not enough of those who had found the Light, who had found knowledge in themselves, had heard and understood the divine whisper, who were fully conscious of their own and all men's divinity.

Are there enough now of those who, taking the New Way, will at last be able to show others the Light they have found?

Let us remember that no circumstances, however apparently crippling, can hinder any man from going on this path and winning its reward. It needs but search, persistence, the faithful discharge of duty, and the cultivation of the spirit of brotherhood. These will clear up all difficulties and bring an illumination of the

mind of which we can hardly now conceive.

C.



A CALIFORNIA ROSE

✽

Patriotism

THAT patriotism that fosters pride, prejudice, and supercilious contempt for other states or nations is a hindrance to the progress of the world. I believe with Goldwin Smith that humanity is above nationality; that the general progress of the human race is far more to be desired than that my section of it should become the greatest nation on earth, and dominate all the rest. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man is a real living principle.

George Wharton James

The Quarrelsome Shadows

ONE morning two shadows somehow got detached and fell on a whitewashed wall. They were both pleasantly conscious of their uniform complexions of gray, and the sharp definition of their outlines. Mistaking their imaginings for reality, each fully believed himself to be a real, separate person with rights of his own and a clear title to just so much wall-space on which no other shadow might intrude.

"Hullo you!" said the larger of the two shadows in a voice like a gruff echo, "can't you see, you're overlapping and falling over me? Why can't you keep to your own territory?"

The charge was promptly denied by the smaller shadow; for whether false or true he felt his dignity was injured by being addressed in such unceremonious terms.

From wordy argument they quickly passed to blows, and though of course the blows were only those of Shadowland, they smarted just as much as physical assaults in our substantial world, because the bodies of the combatants belonged to Shadowland as well. After they had thumped and pounded each other unmercifully they sat down to rest themselves, unable to proceed from sheer exhaustion. The smaller and more thoughtful of the shadows allowed his gaze to dwell upon his late antagonist, and he realized how very much his wearied brother-shade resembled him in everything but a few trifling details of boundary. He reflected that after all if he had been approached more deferentially he would have probably admitted that he *was* perhaps encroaching just a little. They rested quietly in the peaceful atmosphere that always seems to follow a storm, and as their anger cooled, the matter of their quarrel looked smaller and smaller to them. What would it look like when the fast declining sun had actually set and they ceased (as they thought) to exist altogether? "Let there be brotherly love," they said, "for what little time remains." "Ah!" added one of them, "if we had only thought of that before!"

The glowing ball of rosy light began to dip behind the skyline of the hills and now the shadows' boundary lines grew blurred and ill-defined.

They rose and stretched their arms towards each other with a swift expansive gush of friendly feeling; but before they had time to embrace the last remaining gleam of the bright sun had disappeared and everywhere the shadows of the day were blended and dissolved in evening's restful, universal gray. Each of them, though dissolved as a *shadow*, now found that he had re-become the reality from which the daylight of his short life had temporarily separated him. He had regained real life.

"Perhaps they will do better tomorrow," said the grim old wall, who had been looking on with some amusement. "But I suppose that as usual they'll forget everything the moment they fall on me. It takes an awful long time for shadows to learn anything. They don't seem to remember much from day to day."

P. L.

Getting Out of Your Own Way

"HE never enters his own thoughts." I heard that said of somebody when I was a boy, and though I did not at all understand the saying I was certainly anxious to know a man of whom that curious thing was true.

Later, I did come to know him, a man of about sixty, with a strong, keen, kindly face, and eyes that seemed somehow full of interesting things to say to you at the first opportunity. And he created the impression of being interested in you in a quite kindly and incurious way.

I told him of the saying, and he laughed. "Well," he admitted, "there's something in it. Looking around among men, it has always been clear to me, as it is to every one else, that a man is unhappy in exact proportion as he thinks of himself. If he is *always* doing that he is always in a ferment, irritable, jealous, ready to be offended, on the watch for slights that after all were mostly never meant.

"If that is true the *opposite* habit must be the way to be *happy*. So I thought, and I practised it. Whenever I, my rights, my personality, came up into my mind, I just turned them out and let in something else—usually a sympathetic or friendly thought and feeling about another man or even a whole class of people—convict prisoners, for instance. When possible I did or said something corresponding to my thought. The results of this on myself were rapid and pleasant.

"It was quite easy, this thinking *out* instead of in. Practice quickly bettered it and is bettering it yet. I assure you it produces a remarkable influence on one's mind, strengthening, clearing and calming. Of course there are times when one *has* to think of oneself; it is necessary to dine, for instance. But these occasions don't affect the main question.

"No, I never found that I missed anything by not 'entering my own thoughts.' I *trusted*, somehow, that things would go all right if I always stood up to my duties of all kinds, and they always have. Maybe there is a protective power of some kind that is called into action when one tries this sort of life. It certainly seems so. And in any case the mental peace one gradually gets would be a compensation for many exterior losses.

"My mind is freed, as you can imagine, and can consequently see much farther into things. I understand very much that in former years I thought was impossible of mental comprehension, insoluble problems, matters left ordinarily to faith or hope.

"Surely; I would certainly advise you to give a year to the practice. Let me know how it works. I shall be glad to see you at any time. You can always give it up, you know, if you don't like it. But after a little while it is extremely pleasant and interesting and tends to be automatic. The beneficial results seem to be constantly enlarging. What they will finally amount to I cannot imagine."

LEARNER

Man and His

DON'T think a man is *always* a hypocrite when he doesn't practise what he preaches. His lower nature may be too much for him and sweep him off his feet. What he preaches is what he *tries* to do. He is only a hypocrite when his preaching is aimed at making you think he is something which he is not — namely a practiser or a trier.

A man is "driving" a hog along a country lane. So long as he is willing to go where the hog wants to go there is no trouble.

is liable at any time to change back into the first form. Even if it does not, it will lead him just as far aside of his true path *upward*.

Why should we ever have come by a hog at all? Why is human nature thus weighted? *The thing wasn't a hog at first!* It was just living matter, the body, a perfect instrument of life. Think of the Greek statues — no hog there! The Greeks had the ideal of bodies that thrilled to every fine feeling and breath of the divine soul within, bodies that were like chorded harps, that had the perfect health of young childhood, the purity and bloom of roses.



MOUNTAIN RANCH SCENERY, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Trouble begins when he wants to go one way, say up the mountain, and the hog another, say down into the swamp.

The hog may be the stronger and take itself and the man down to the place it loves. But at last the *man* gets to be the stronger and goes upward despite the unwillingness of the disappointed hog.

Look at him a while later, and there may be no hog. It has somehow disappeared.

Still later, the man has almost been able to forget that there ever was any hog, any swamp, any struggle. Not *quite*, because he sees other men with hogs, struggling or not, drowning in the swamp or climbing up.

If he has any *pride* that he is better than they, that is merely a more elegant form of the same animal. And it

Nature fashioned us bodies of her finest matter to come into, her finest, most sensitive life, built to rejoice in and profit equally by sun and storm, winter and summer and spring.

We have spoiled her handiwork, made the body a lurking place of every sort of disease, let it get bent and gnarled, hurt the life of it so that it will not on the average outlast more than some thirty years.

And more than that, some have let it become a hog or worse.

Hence the battle. All honor to the man who fights it, fail at first as he may.

In this fight, the tonic for your spiritual muscles is *brotherhood*. You must get that in your heart anyhow. Get health if you can. If you can't, you can still win the

battle. If it is not too late, if your bones have not grown to a stoop, stand upright and train yourself to walk with the dignity of a man. If you find you still have some of the tendencies of the hog—or worse—don't admit in thought that you *are* the hog. Hold in thought that you are the *man*. Every time you do that, the hog weakens a little, thins out, gets nearer vanishing.

Good luck to you!

A NEW WAYFARER

✱

More Life, More Light

IN their universal quest for more life, men forget that the way lies through more *light*. Forgetting that life, and light, and joy, are one, and needing more life, they know not how to get it.

First must come a clear conception of what more life means. If we are only conceiving of more days we have not got very far. More life means not only *more* days but *full* days, full of radiance. There is plenty of life around us. Our only difficulty is in letting it in. We are always blocking the way. Almost every moment we are committing suicide. A sneer, a sarcasm, a harsh, unkind word, *may* darken the life of another, diminish it, chill it at the moment and therefore in the end shorten it. But it does *for certain* darken, chill, and shorten the life of the man who lets it pass his lips or even into his thought. This, first of all, must cease. There is no difficulty about that large step.

The law is that a man who wants more life must let it go *through* him. He gets all that he can then hold and use of it as it passes to *some one else*. To gain life from each day we must charge ourselves with the spirit of kindness, which is that of life, and then speak and act accordingly. Each act of duty, however monotonous the task, can also be made to yield life to us if we do it in the spirit of doing it well. It is thus given, offered up, to the great Law which ever has our interests in view, which is ever adjusting circumstances, however hard, so that they shall be opportunities to strengthen our weaknesses. The humblest well-done duty is accepted and repaid in life and light. And some of the repayment is made on the spot.

Our task is to give, and to live in the spirit of readiness to give and help; to keep on doing this till we have found the great truth that it is not only more blessed, but more joyful and lifeful for ourselves, to give than to receive or take. And we must think of ourselves in the body as *light*, for the essence of light is to shine around every way. That thought is an act, and it leads to those visible acts to which we ordinarily restrict the word. Such an attitude and thought will draw in life, will thrill the body, burn up seeds of disease, and at last become a beneficent habit that works of itself. It will be woven in. And life will not only be lengthened out but filled and enriched beyond any present conception we can make, despite the darkest surroundings.

A NEW WAYFARER

Unafraid

GERALD DELMOT was not quite in his employer's confidence. He was still treated with some care.

He was known to have served a State prison sentence for forgery and though he had been "straight" since coming back to the world, the old marks of his shame still showed in a cringing attitude towards men whom he considered respectable. He acted usually as though he expected mistreatment, and he occasionally received it.

At intervals he still experienced a return of the impulses which had led him to commit the crime that had cost him ten of the best years of his life, and at such times the remembrance of prison hardships was only barely vivid enough to restrain the agile fingers, the scheming brain and the deep-seated desire to trick and outwit. Generally, however, his mind was clear about his duty to himself and to his fellow-men; and gratitude was not lacking in him to hold him steady towards those who had set him on his feet and given him a fresh start.

Then, too, a far-off and dream-like memory picture of the gentle influences of his childhood's home lingered with him. This was the beauty spot in his thought, this dimly lovely recollection. His mother, he was sure, must have been a lady of culture, and his father a gentleman; and the contrasts he drew between his own life and theirs was a helpful though bitter lesson.

"Delmot," said the young lady cashier, as he entered the office in response to a sudden summons, "you're wanted at Number One."

He went into the private office of the president of the corporation, expecting, as he expressed his feelings, to receive "a blow between the eyes."

"Sit down there, Delmot," said the great man, not unkindly. Delmot took the edge of the indicated chair and sat ready to fidget at the slightest cause. He was given time to cool down before he was again addressed.

"Delmot, a troublesome question has come up and I'm going to ask you to fill a place that I am half afraid to put you in," said the chief, with a hard frankness that made Delmot wince.

"On account—" he began.

"On account of the ten years, yes," interrupted the president. "On account of that, but more on account of the temptations this new work will present to you. Sometimes law-breaking is the outward expression of something 'way back. Old-fashioned people call it 'having a screw loose'—something wrong in the heredity or somewhere."

"I was not born of criminal parents, sir! I developed an individual taste," ventured Delmot.

"That's not the question. See here," the speaker fastened keen eyes upon his listener. "I've been watching you and I've come to respect you. I suspect there are many times when the sight of the money that goes through the cashier's hands here almost makes you sick, when you couple it with the thought of how easily you could

get away with a big bunch of it and have no trouble."

Gerald Delmot gulped, speechlessly staring at the man who thus read him.

"It's all right," said the older man, who was a theosophist, seeing in Delmot's eyes the answer he sought, and he repeated, "It's all right, so long as you keep up the fight and don't take any. Have you been straight with me, Delmot?"

"So help me God!" said the tortured man, with sudden force. "In thought, no; but not one cent has gone into my pocket that didn't come in the Saturday night envelope through the little iron bars."

"All right. I believe you." The man of affairs turned to his desk meditatively, and busied himself with bundles of papers. He signed letters, dispatched call boys, interviewed clerks and patrons, and finally, lighting a cigar and pushing back in his swing chair, he eyed the man who had been closely studying his every motion and change of countenance.

"Delmot," said the president, slowly, "you are the one man in the whole establishment that I can put on this particular work."

"I?" questioned the astonished listener.

"You." Delmot underwent another long scrutinizing examination from that piercing pair of eyes, and then came the remarkable proposition:

"Somebody's stealing here, Delmot, and you've got to find the thief for me. Somebody's playing us quietly but steadily. It may be the young lady cashier, or it may be my partner. God knows but it may be my own boy Billie."

Delmot gasped, but could not speak. Compassion for father and son was choking his utterance.

"I want you to come into the office building. You're inspector, see? I want you to fit yourself in, do this to-day and that tomorrow, wherever I set you down. Can you do that?"

"I've had ten years' discipline," said Delmot with a smile that was less timid than usual. "Prison-life does *something* for a man."

"You report here tomorrow. Sit around outside until I send for you. Put on your good suit and look everybody in the eye. It will be long hours and hard work, and it will give you a chance to lay hold of money that isn't yours. Are you afraid?"

"No!" Delmot stood up, a changed man. No further promises or arrangements held the men, but the employer and his latest confidential clerk were sure that he had laid hold of something finely noble and manly in his own character, that he had succeeded in making himself an upright man, a reliable friend and a useful member of the human family. In the life of every man who steadily *tries* there comes a moment when all his past efforts sum up suddenly and transform him. Let those whose struggles seem to them to come to nothing remember this. *Hope* and *try*. Difficulties may seem worse at first. But it's only seeming. W. D.

Home

OLD places and old faces pass away. Even if we could go back, we should find everything altered, the old charm gone, the friends departed. But those things which have gone were not the real home. The real home was in our heart, and it is there still; this cannot be taken away. We may suffer ourselves to be ousted from it for a time, and think we can never get back; but we can. This home is our purity, our love of comrades, our trust, our peace of mind; a man who has these is *at home with himself*.

It is the law of life for everybody, wherever he may be or whatever his lot, to experience dark moods. But he can always say with the poet:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

And getting back home, he finds peace once more and is ready for a new start. He is "himself again."

If we could realize more that each of us is an immortal soul, each with the same divine possibilities, we should not grieve so over temporary conditions, but would use our energy in making use of present opportunities. We cannot, of course, transmute all our base metals into gold at one stroke; for habit takes time to overcome, just as it took time to form. But whatever we are doing or experiencing, we can maintain either a wrong attitude of mind or a right one; let us maintain the right one. Let us try to take our stand on a conviction of the purity of our own best Self, and to view the passing scenes more as a panorama. In this way our strength will be developed, while the undesirable elements will gradually drop off.

H. T. F.



I CAN reveal a secret which shall comfort
Even you. . . . I have thought much of it:
For I believe we do not wholly die.

There is a reason
For what I say: I think the soul can never
Taste death. — *Browning*

I go not as a base man goes to Death,
But great of hope: . . . Come:
Bring me toward the landing whence my soul
Sets sail, and bid God speed her forth to sea. — *Swinburne*



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.

Notes on the New Way

ONE of the great human duties is the destruction of inertia, of the tendency to go on doing as in the past, to go on omitting what has been left undone in the past, to take the easiest and pleasantest course of action. Break this and there is freedom. The will is unchained.

Of equally presenting duties, are we strong enough to take always the least pleasant and thus weaken the tyranny of pleasures? Are we strong enough, as each duty comes to an end, to ask: Where now is the next *ought*?

We must give up *drifting* from one occupation or work to another along the line of least resistance. We must *select* and *will*. We must not let the stream of thought run itself through the brain; we must *guide* it, sometimes stop it altogether for a while that we may aspire with the *heart*, that we may seek in the *heart* that peace that is always sounding there its harmonies. Behind the tricks and personalities of others we must find their better selves and hold the sense of unity therewith.

Thus persisting from day to day, the moment will some time come when the mystery of life will clear, when perplexities and darkness will vanish, when freedom will broaden out within us, when we shall know who and what we are, divine travelers through time and matter.

"WHEN I go fearlessly forward and ask for nothing, I get help at the actual critical moment."

THOUGH men may falter, it is Virtue's strength
To be indelible. Our smallest good
By our worst evil cannot be undone.

WHEN the heart is heaviest and darkest, when there is nothing to be seen but the gray walls of the cell which the mind inhabits—then, then, is the time to find the soul. Did you notice that momentary stir of hope? Let it repeat itself; let it grow. It will not deceive you. It is the offer of your soul to come fully into your life and transform it into light. Your darkness was perhaps its first opportunity to make you feel its presence, your first opportunity to know that you are not alone and never an outcast. Take the hope, then; stand up in it: and play the man.

HE who would purify his life, reach peace, knowledge, and full manhood, will find his path greatly eased and shortened by *faith*.

Faith in what?

Faith that there is, within himself, a deeper self, which already is and has those things which he would fain be and have.

This faith will presently justify itself, and after that, his path, if it be long, is clear. For the knowing of our duality gives the key to right action, and the strength for it. The duality: animal and divine, passionate and compassionate, selfish and unselfish, shadow and light.

The Odd Moment

Quoth a cat to me once: "Pray relieve
My suspense. What does eight from nine leave?"
Poor puss looked so cold
And so thin and so old,
I replied, "Quite a few, I believe."

Century Magazine

Farmer Barnes: "I've bought a barometer, Hannah, ter tell when it's goin' ter rain, ye know."

Mrs. Barnes: "'To tell when it's going' to rain! Why, I never heerd o' sech extravagance! What do ye s'pose th' good Lord hez give ye th' rheumatiz fer?"

Puck

"Dear," said the physician's wife, "when can you let me have \$10?"

"Well," replied the medical man, "I hope to cash a draft shortly, and then—"

"Cash a draft! What draft?"

"The one I saw Mrs. Jenkins sitting in this morning."

Plantation Owner, to one of his negroes: "Sam, were you in that crowd last night?"

Sam: "Yassir!"

Plantation Owner: "I suppose when you heard the shots you ran like the wind?"

Sam (indignant): "No sir! Indeed I didn't run like de wind. But I passed two pore niggahs dat shore was a-runnin' like de wind."

A small Norwegian lad presented himself before a Minnesota school teacher, who first asked him his name. "Pete Petersen," he replied. "And how old are you?" the teacher next asked. "I not know how old I bane," said the lad. "Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher. "I not born at all; I got stepmutter."

District School Inspector (cross-questioning the awed class): And now I want you boys to tell me who wrote *Hamlet*.

Troubled Boy: "P-p-please, sir, it wasn't me."

That same evening the inspector was talking to his host, the squire of the village. The inspector said:

"Most amusing thing happened today. I asked a boy who wrote *Hamlet*. He answered tearfully, 'P-p-please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

"That's pretty good; and I suppose the little rascal had done it all the time!"

The old family physician being away on a much needed vacation his practice was intrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned the young doctor told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion put you through college."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"For all are of the race of God, and have
In themselves good."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY
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An Hour on Olympus

GREAT Jove looked down from Olympus upon man, man warring, cruel, vain, wisdomless and unhappy. And the All-father mused:

"Man hath made of his mind, which I gave him to understand nature with, and me with, an instrument of torture and offense: torture to himself, offense to others. He sees all things awry. Refusing to know aught of me, to see my power in nature, he declares that I have no existence, and nature no purpose. He girds at his fellows, making ill images of them in his thought and seeing nothing better in them than the images of his making. His mind is filled with the pleasures he will enjoy and the pains he would vainly try to avoid, so that the image and knowledge of his own soul can find no place. His face is lined and marred by the lust and bitterness of his thought. And by his thought and his deeds he hath created death and given it power over his life so that he moves always in the shadow of fear. He is as an eagle that hath bound his wings over eyes that had power to mirror the sun.

"Shall I take away that gift of mind wherethrough all good *might* have come to him and wherethrough all ill *has* come? Speak, O Immortals!"

Then stood forth gold-gleaming Hermes and said:

"Truly, O All-father, hast thou spoken. But thou hast appointed that out of evil itself, good shall be born. Pain and despair and misfortune come upon men according to their sins. Ofttimes they see the binding link; oftener not.

"But what matters? The pains thicken about them; the pleasures are ever briefer. In the night-time they cry out, and every cry I answer with some of the light thou hast given me. For I dwell in every heart, and some few,

here and there, now know me. In the secret places of thought they have learned that unbrotherliness is the unhappiness of him that cherishes it, the unhappiness, the darkening of his mind, the destruction of his health. Thou hast made men by nature searchers after happiness. They have searched it in all ways save love of each other and service of each other. Therefore they have known naught but brief gleams of pleasure passing through heavy and enduring clouds of pain.

"Day by day some few awake and try the path of brotherhood. Scattered over the earth are they, but I am in their lives and their message is going forth. As the idea comes suddenly to the brain of the toiler, as the song of the poet comes suddenly to his soul, as the musician suddenly seizes his lyre for a melody that floats unsummoned upon his inner ear, so in all men some day, will awake the compelling knowledge of the power of brother-

hood. In a day, in a moment of time, the clouds shall be riven, peace shall descend upon earth, and with her, joy. Then shall true life begin. Then shall men's minds become clear and shall know thee and each other and all thy purposes for them born of thy beneficence, purposes which for ages they have thwarted by their unbrotherhood towards each other and their faithlessness towards the teachers whom thou hast ever sent amongst them."

There was silence upon Olympus, and all the Immortals knew that it would soon be even as Hermes had said.

And then there was a great light which went forth from them over the wide fields of earth and mingled itself with the thought of men and began to prevail, even as the sound of a silver bell prevails at last in a noisy concourse so that all stay their talk to listen to it and none so much as breathe.

HRYN

The New Hope

We have a greater responsibility than we dream; we who are working on this plane so close to the aching hearts of humanity. It is ours to send out our hope with such power that it will become the world's hope; that all life shall be illuminated. We have done much, but so little in comparison with what lies just ahead waiting to be done.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

With Fate's Compliments

"WHO'S our new boarder, Sunny?" Jarvis asked his cell-mate standing in the yard.

"Dunno," said Sunny Jim, turning his blue eyes and quizzical blond face around with a stiff little jerk and showing the profile of a colored poster. "Looks like some highbrow that's down on his luck. Feels pretty sore about it, I reckon."

"Those chaps are hard hit their first trip. Us fellows who have been dodging blows since birth don't take it so bad."

"Oh well, we'll get Davy to give him a 'fortune' to cheer him up," said Sunny.

So that was how the ex-elegant Mr. Forger came to know about Davy and his birthday book of "fortunes," as the men called it. Daddy Davy's little girl had sent her own money with a letter asking the warden to buy the book several years ago. Davy read it at first for her sake. Little by little he found that it hit off a good many situations that he hadn't found names for before. It gave him some good clues to the living pictures around him. There was a quotation for each day and he willingly hunted up any birthday that was called for.

As the three men lined up in front of Davy, Sunny saluted him with that ridiculous, beaming gravity that always made others laugh and like him at first sight. He explained: "Davy's a natural seer, born with a veil—a vale of tears all round him. So just name your date and see what you get."

Forger named it and drew this:

"Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces."

"It's you for the arsenal, my boy," said Sunny brightly: "and here's hoping you get there before the warden finds concealed weapons about your person." Then the bell rang to go inside.

Forger took those words with him, and they kept his brain so busy he couldn't get to sleep. "Pricked and stung and sorely shot at," certainly fitted his case he thought. But why? His mind ran back—five, ten, twenty years. He was a country school-boy, bright and ingenious enough when he tried, but apt to be lazy. Once he was at the foot of the class for a month, because he wouldn't study and his guesses were all wrong. He felt injured to see duller boys ahead of him, and hinted at home that the teacher was unfair. But the school boys knew better, and were frank enough in telling him what they thought. They called him the caboose, and twitted him about his ideas coming by airship. When he lost his temper completely, they began a running fire of taunts. His class standing was chalked on the fences, and he lost his place on the baseball team. Then he got a valentine of a big booby going to kindergarten. Even the little primer scholars eyed him wonderingly. At last, when he was quite down and out, he turned the whole

force of his indignant and wounded pride to work on the lessons, with gymnastics on the side. By the time school closed, he was leading his class, with ease and satisfaction and a new dignity; and he had broken the best record in a matched ball game.

Things went along all right then until he got in with a set of cigarette smokers who were full of bored airs and mystery, and preferred loafing on street corners to healthy sports. Later, his parents set him up in business, with good prospects; but he got so busy having a good time he didn't know his foreman was incompetent. When bankruptcy came, he woke up, and getting a good position with a large firm, he made a record that advanced him to a trusted place. He felt more like himself, giving good service, valued by his firm, and generally respected. But he got into a gay crowd and took on expensive habits; got tangled up in debts and borrowed money; and gambled and did all the rest of the usual program.

It's an old story, that many a man knows too well. The next chapter found him at the very foot of his social class, penniless, disgraced, resenting the escape of bigger culprits, and seeing his record, not chalked on fences, but spread broadcast with printers' ink. One of the final stings came when he was sentenced in mid-February. The local daily printed a caricature of him, labeled "Home at Last," the "home" being the penitentiary door, towards which he was staggering, drunk. He knew the editor socially, and knew that he had taken bribes from the gamblers. And the cartoonist was an old school-mate he remembered as one of the duller boys who just plodded steadily along and arrived first, like the tortoise. The shamed blood reddened Forger's face in the dark.

With sudden fierce determination, he vowed he would show those fellows something of the metal that was in him. He would let them see that he could serve a sentence and *then* win more genuine respect than they had. Why should he submit to any such mean estimate of himself, by them or by any one? Why should he shirk and lag and fail in his lessons? Indeed he need not, and he *would* not, he thought, with a burst of indignation at his old weakness and want of will. Twenty years ago he had proved that he could lead the class. And now again he was under challenge to show his real grit. In a flash it came to him that the grown-up youngsters he felt so bitter against now were actually *helping* him to his own secret strength, the strength that *could* rise to the top and make a man of him. Emerson's lines held the clew to his case. He would make the next two years right here in prison evoke something that he hadn't gotten out of the past twenty years outside. His indignation had "armed itself."

And before he left he had taken care to put some of the other "indignant" ones on to the same game, the game of making your own weaknesses sting you into manhood, strength, and nobility. "Forgive every enemy you've got, boys," he said, "right along. They're your best friends. Treat 'em that way."

L. R.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SOME LOMALAND LILIES

Screen designed and carved by a Lomaland Artist.

Music

I HAD always thought I was free and was indeed proud of my independence until I heard that music. Then I knew I was a prisoner in a cage, who had never seen the light, or who had been so long in darkness as to have grown accustomed to it and even to have mistaken it for light.

The hall was full of glow, and there were flowers and smiles and signs of happiness all about us as we listened to the music. There were occasional thrills of high feeling that ran through the audience and raised the general tone of peace and concord to a higher pitch. But when that

last march rose and filled the hall with its noble harmonies the air seemed to become etherealized, vibrant and luminous. Then it throbbed and pulsed with living sympathy beneath the beat of the stately measure, and it seemed as if a song broke forth from behind the veil of the visible world, a mighty chorus swelling the volume of tone from the orchestra. That hidden chorus was so nearly audible to outer ear that in a moment more, I thought, it surely must break down the barriers and reveal the mystery beyond. I strained to catch the meaning of the song and half wondered that I could not hear the words. It seemed as if the prison-house in which I lived was opening and the light already visible was growing to a splendor that must dissolve the walls that closed me from the singers of the Song Celestial.

And then the music ceased, and therewith the song died away, and the light, and then the very memory of both song and light.

But there remained as it were a shadow of a memory, as of a dream forgotten in waking, but which lingers as an echo, a promise of a future revelation. I knew that for a moment I had entered the dwelling-place of my own soul, that place whence we emerge at birth, to which we return at death. Happy he who, as he re-enters at death, can face his soul and feel that at any rate sometimes, he did his best,

fought like a man against the evil in his lower nature, loved and helped his fellows, and left the world here and there a little better for his having lived in it. R. M.



As the individual has voice, so has that in which the individual exists. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is song. . . . There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope, and love.—*Light on the Path*

How to be Happy in Prison

"H'M!" I fancy I hear some one exclaiming, on reading the above title. "What's the good of that kind of talk! Happiness in Prison! I wonder how much happiness he'd have if he were in my place. Prison life would soon knock all the happiness out of him — if indeed he brought any in with him."

Let us consider.

In the first place, if any are sick, we give them healing medicine and care. If they be hungry, we give them food. If they are in trouble, or mourn, we give them help and comfort. To every ill there is its proper antidote or remedy. And as a prison is the very abode of unhappiness, it follows that what is most needed there is happiness.

Now it is part of the message of THE NEW WAY that however clouded or impure, restless or reckless, a man's mind may be through a career of unhappiness which has landed him in prison; however starved his heart may be for want of exercise of its own royal energies — there is still, in the heart of even the most desperate or despairing, a natural fount or center, the abiding-place of true joy.

We may liken this center to a tiny flame (the "Heart-light") lit in the heart at birth, and, however clouded over or dimmed, burning until the end of life; indeed, the last spot in the house of clay to yield to the cold embrace of death. However feeble this flame, the Heart-light, may have become, it will always and immediately (though perhaps not without obstruction sometimes from the clouded and perverse mind) respond to the slightest recognition, to the smallest effort to fan it into flame, to give it its true place as the guide, the inspirer, of one's thoughts and acts.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage. . . .

Habituated to live in outward circumstances, to feed and live on sensations, which must ever be intensified as the jaded nerves refuse to respond, a man feels cribbed, cabined, and confined — imprisoned — by whatever circumstance narrows down the accustomed license of his sensation-seeking.

Our bonds are real enough, hard enough — Heaven knows! For we are all, as to the higher, divine part of our nature (and until that is liberated) imprisoned in one way or another: by our own delusions, desires, selfishness; or by conditions which are but the result, the reflection of these — and yet, at the same time, such is the essential justice of things, our opportunity to see their evil results and to overcome them.

We all, bond or free, bear the burden of the bitter returns of centuries of folly and sin; and have come — so says Divine Justice in all sacred scriptures, and in our own hearts, when we can hear its voice there — "reaping what we ourselves have sown." We must gather in the crop. But the field (our own many-sided nature) is ours for future harvests: and we must with much labor and

patience remove the stones, plow the soil, weed it, sow good seed, and still patiently water and cultivate the ground — do men expect to gather figs from thorns or roses from thistles?

For just as poet, painter, sculptor, musician, find in the raw materials with which they work, not bonds, but wings to their imagination, their inspiration, so that they give voice, color, form, tone, to their glimpses of the Good, the Beautiful, the True; so any limiting circumstance may be seized as the very means of expressing that highest work of the divine creative art — a human soul. This is our task; having failed to use the opportunities all along the line, we perhaps need something extraordinary to give us pause, to call out the depths, the hidden, royal strength of our souls.

So even in prison there is happiness to be had for the winning. 'The greater the fight, the greater the victory; the greater the obstacles, the greater the heroism; the greater the struggle, the greater the reward; the deeper the darkness, the more radiant and glorious the light when it is turned on.

Do not think that one cannot succeed alone. You can succeed. You are not alone. THE NEW WAY is the helping hand. Do not think your light would be useless to the world, buried in prison. The light burning in the heart cannot be hidden. It will shine out of, and into, the darkest corners of the earth; out of wherever it is won, into wherever it is most needed.

Perhaps some poor soul in the depths of despair, on his way to prison — or worse — may find his way suddenly illumined, gain the power to shake off his fetters, because you in your small and dark corner, or I in mine, have let our light shine.

This is the New Way. And we may be assured that whatever darkness we may have overcome with light will never again assail us, in or out of prison, in this life or in any other that in the vastness of the universe, or the farthest reaches of time, our souls may gladly undertake to bear their message of Truth, Light, and Liberation for discouraged Humanity.

FELIX

The Grind of the Days

THE Earth grumbled. Turn, turn, day after day: never anything real to do; deadly monotony and a profitless task.

The Sun looked on at her cloudy face and presently spoke:

"Monotony?" he said. "My child, there are not two moments alike in your life, and not one in which you might not be attaining something in wisdom and character. You have to turn on your own axis once a day and every day, that is true. But is not that the very condition of your mornings, noons, and evenings, each with its special influence? I ordained your 'monotonous' turnings for the very reason that undisturbed by aught with-

out you might have opportunity to find yourself and grow in inner power. On no two days running, no two minutes running, are you facing the same part of my surface or getting the same kind of light from me. Cease thinking of 'monotony' and you would feel that, know what I am doing for you moment by moment. Look about, too, among your comrades, sister-planets of my system. Do you not notice your ever-changing relations with them and the ever finer knowledge of them which those changes provoke in you? That too is of my arranging—that you should each share the life and growth and inner qualities of the rest. Your life is monotonous because you see only yourself. See the whole, the planet family, and you would see that the picture varies from instant to instant and never repeats itself. Are you not all in truth *one* life, each pulse answering to each, one changeful harmony? Are not your outer changes of place and relation but symbols of inner changes in your evolving life?"

"Spring, summer, autumn, winter," grumbled the Earth—"at least the years are monotonous."

"Blind and ungrateful again," said the Sun. "What do you suppose *I* am doing? *Sitting still* in the sea of pulsing ether? Remember the star view you had only a million years ago. Is it the same now? Have you never heard of a grander sun around which *I* move, carrying you and your sisters? A sun from whose mighty mind and soul my mind and soul are ever fed and sustained and made radiant in ever richer measure—even as yours are fed and drawn forth by mine. As *I* move amid my comrade suns, my life one life with theirs, part of one changeful harmony—even as yours with your sisters—I carry you across ever new waves on the life-charged seas of being, each with its special experiences. Through the ether, thought-pulses flash from star to star. Daily are you bathed by them and might find in them, in their messages, a daily growth of wisdom and an added joy, a daily clearer view of your own majestic and all-pregnant future. But to become conscious of them you must at the same time forget yourself and find yourself in the ever wider and richer life you can share. There is no *real* monotony ordained or permitted or possible for the humblest particle on the humblest sphere in being. Where there is monotony of the outer, it is but that there shall be changefulness and intensification of the inner. Find that. Arouse yourself. Drop the 'monotony' out of your mind. Let out your heart-shine. That is the way to let in mine. Your crust is only dense because you let it be so. Trust me. Go on with your turning; you are doing more than you know, getting finer-fibered with every turn. When the time comes, when your present task has done all that it can for you, I will put you upon an altogether new life."

C.

THE monotony of outer life is often the opportunity of the inner. When outer pleasures are no longer to be had it becomes possible to find the abiding joy within.—*Beecher*

Never Say Die!

"NEVER SAY DIE!" If you have to die you can do so when the time comes, without worrying about it in advance. It is one of those things that can be left to the Good Law, the Law of Nature; and we may safely assume that if we attend to our natural duties in life, death will come to us at the proper time. But if we neglect the opportunities of life in order to look forward to the moment of death, we may prematurely bring ourselves within the attraction of that great enchanter and fall under the spell of his soothing incantations before the purpose of our own life is accomplished.

Every life has a purpose which makes that life necessary; and to die before the appointed time would be to fail in the purpose of life. To say "die" means to despair, or to let go one's hold on life.

Despair is a kind of partial death; one might call it death in life; for, while the body still lives, the soul inside may die. That is to say, it may lose interest in the life of the body and get separated from it, so that the man becomes almost an animal, but without that joy of life natural to animals. That kind of living death is not good, and it is not necessary.

There is no need of despair, no matter how miserable the life may appear; simply because we never know what is the real purpose of that particular life. It may be that those mistakes and misfortunes that seem to have made that life a failure were the very experiences the soul needed and sought when entering that body. For the soul is the real man and lives on through life after life until the purpose of all life is accomplished.

Therefore: "Never say die!" A NEW WAYFARER

Night School

DID you ever read the hard-luck story of Job? He got so discouraged he could see nothing to live for. Like the rest of us, he thought that not being half bad, it was hardly fair to have so much trouble fall on *him*. Then he got a tip to look for some light on his case in "visions of the night."

Night school is a good place to learn things—especially about yourself. If one knows himself thoroughly, he is not easily deceived in others or by them.

There is just as much to be learned at night school in prison as elsewhere. The fact is, at night each one rehearses the kind of mental program that will make up his day.

At any time your mind can and does go outside the walls, at will, however forcibly the usual surroundings remind you that your body is not free. But when the body is asleep, then you can live in the mind and be your own keeper. Now dreams are, in part, a mirror of waking thoughts. The *same kind* of feeling runs through both, however strange and absurd the night pictures may be. The loves and hates, ambitions, desires, indifference, memories, hopes and fears, troubles and comforts which

are all so real by daylight inspire many of the pictures which we see at night.

The imagination keeps busy most of the time. No walking delegate can keep it down to union hours. Sometimes a dream-picture may seem like nothing one has ever seen or imagined. But a remembrance of the feeling that went with the dream may help to give it a familiar meaning, even if the picture is new.

For instance, you might dream of saving a cell-mate from an unknown enemy, or from hurting himself.

to sleep. Dropping off with a confused or ugly tangle of ideas chasing through the brain means hours of wasted energy spent in this way. There is as much self-protection as piety in not letting the sun go down upon your wrath and not letting your mind go mooning over troubles. Get peace to sleep on. Bedtime is the union station, with trains going everywhere. Starting on the wrong train of thought and feeling means arriving at Wrongtown. A restless night leaves one in poor shape for the trying day trip with other passengers. Equally bad are hours



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ICEBERG OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST

Perhaps the day-picture was of only a few words of heeded warning which saved him from trouble. There would be the same quality and meaning in the facts and the fancy. It is the feeling that needs to be studied if the dreamer means to know more about himself. That is why it is such nonsense to rely upon dream-books and superstitions. Valuable hints as to one's nature come from a study of the night and day pictures one makes.

Dreams come from both physical conditions and mental states. An oppressed feeling, while asleep, may mean indigestion, or it may be a half-conscious sense of disgust at one's own burden of greedy appetite. Even where the meaning is not clear, if the dreamer compares himself with his highest ideal of manhood, he can get many clues to his shortcomings.

It pays to put troubles aside with the clothing; they will keep until morning. A good or a bad night's rest often depends upon the mental state in which one goes

of heavy, sullen, stupid sleep that sap the energy and dull the spirits. No wonder one gets worn out and discouraged, living in the meanest part of his nature.

Job was reminded of instructing "visions of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men." In calm, deep, dreamless sleep the body, senses, and restless mind are left behind. Then the real man is free and lives for the time in the largeness of his nature. The best side of him needs this chance of exercise as much as the worser side needs a vacation. It is like going up in an airship, and from the sunny freedom of upper air watching men imprisoned in a petty round of details. From this height the soul reads the whole story of life which seems so hard and useless to near-sighted personal view. Every experience is seen as a passing lesson that makes for a more perfect man in time, even though the *brain* cannot exactly catch, on waking, what the *soul* has learned. The full effect remains.

After a night of this refreshing outlook, the man comes back to play his part in the daily drama feeling equal to any task. He awakens with a strange sense of freedom and lightness which, if he believes that it comes from his real self, will stay with him more and more. M. D.

Gold on the Gray

"I TELL you there ain't any such situation."

"What!"

"There's *no* situation where a man can't do something to put a dab o' gold somewhere on the world's gray and improve the look o' things. And there's no other work that gives a man real life. That sort o' work's a bridge, I tell you, through death, to the world where there's no gray at all."

"But I heard of a man getting solitary confinement for ten years and living it through. Where was *his* chance to do anything for others?"

"I know where you got that out of. It's in a book and every line of it true. But what did that fellow do? Did a piece of work that'll *never* stop putting gold on the gray. Resolved—didn't he?—that he'd never let the cruelty and wrong of the thing get in on his mind and put out his light. Kept his mind *above* that wrong, held it on something useful that it could work at all the time, held back the thoughts of revenge or hardship or sickness or death—never let 'em once come anigh him to harden him or frighten him. Consequence—he kept sane, kept his will alive and a-growing, kept his mind alive and a-growing, kept gettin' readier for the work that was comin' to him quiet—quiet—sure all the time. He never knew it was comin'—just stood up to the game the best way he could play it. And no man'll do that without his reward and without a-growin' *more* of a man. Consequence again—he's now doin' more for prison reform, for every man Jack of the scores of thousands now under lock and key, than any other man alive maybe. And himself full of life—maybe physical life; I can't say, ain't seen him; mental and spiritual life I *do* know without seein' him, life that death can't kill nor touch. He's goin' on through with his harness on, and his armor on, and his wings on—three things that don't generally list up together.

"You thought you had a squelcher for me. But you picked out the very case I wanted, a case that shows what I've told you before: a difficulty is nothin', nothin', nothin'—but an opportunity in disguise. Stand up to it with your mind on the idea to put a bit of gold somewhere on the world's gray—somewhere, anywhere, here or there, now and likewise any time—and that difficulty, that situation, however black, will show you its meaning. For every situation means something. It don't come by chance. It may be man-made for you and unjust; but behind it is a greater power than man's that over-rides it for your good if you'll think right along of the *world's* good. Stand ready to put some gold on the gray.

There's always gray—up to date—*around* you; there's always gold *in* you. Get at it. Trust that over-ruling power I spoke of, whether you give it a name or not. It's had all kinds of names since man began on earth; for there never was a time in all the ages when there warn't some to speak of it because they knew of it. And you can know too. It's the great life-giver. LEARNER

Mrs. Tingley's Visit to Europe

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S well-known interest in the welfare of prisoners led her during her recent stay in Sweden to avail herself of the courteously proffered escort of the Director-General of Prisons in Sweden, Herr Almqvist, and visit the penal and reformatory institutions under his care. Of this gentleman she has said that it was a delight to her to meet with so humane and sympathetic an official, a real humanitarian. The Swedish prison directors throughout, are, she noted, men of a very high stamp.

For many years conversant with prison work in America, she was much interested in the study of the differences of the system. The type of prisoner in the two countries is quite different. In our American prisons representatives of the wealthier and more educated classes are not infrequently to be found. In Sweden this is not the case. Nearly every one of the unfortunates in the principal prison for felonies and other crimes in Stockholm was of the lowest type, the most ignorant. This fact, she thinks, suggests that there is not only a widelier spread spirit of patriotism and love of law and order among the better classes of Sweden than in our own country, but also more regard for law and order.

In France and Italy, where Mrs. Tingley also spent some time, press of work compelled her to defer the visiting and study of the prisons to her next stay in Europe, probably in the coming summer.

From her long experience she is convinced that any system of treatment which has not as its first aim the betterment of the prisoner, physically, mentally, and morally, is a mistake for which society pays heavily. The prisoner's higher sense of manhood should be evoked and encouraged, to the end that he may be a better citizen at the conclusion of his term than when he entered upon it. To capital punishment she is of course strongly opposed. And she is always preaching, *Give the prisoner another chance.*

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.

Notes on the New Way

THROW off your sensual indulgences before age or ill-health compels the severance. For in the latter case they leave a painful void you cannot easily or in a long time fill or become accustomed to; in the former you can replace them little by little as you dismiss them, and with no sense of loss, by consciously rising above them. You can make them the steps by which you ascend to your proper dignity as man and soul. Surely there is nothing sadder than to see an old man still longing for sensual pleasures he dare not or cannot procure. — *Century Path*

EVERY secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. Crime and punishment grow on one stem; punishment is a fruit that ripens unsuspected within the flower of pleasure that concealed it. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. What a man sows, he reaps. — *Emerson*

MEN wonder that they know so little what life, death, and the soul are. Their inner ears, that might hear the message of the soul, are deafened by the rude and ceaseless throb of *desire*. As Democritus says: "Vehement desires about any one thing will render the mind blind with respect to other things." And we *live* in "vehement desires!" — *Century Path*

ALL things went unhappily with me so long as I was minded to resent injustice; but when I changed my mind and left all to God, then everything went well with me from then onward. — *Linnaeus*

THE death of particles in the animal being, we know. The death of animals and of man, *as an animal*, we know; but we know nought about the death of conscious mind, nor can we know anything about it, *just because that conscious mind is the very life itself*. And *Life can never be death*. — *Tolstoi*

TO ONE whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather. To one whose mind is occupied with a grievance, all men appear combined in a conspiracy to injure him. — *Proverb*

MAN is one,
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each other's rights and wrongs; thus are we men.

Festus

A MAN should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within. The consciousness of each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body. There is for each a Best Counsel, which enjoins the fit word and the fit act for every moment. There is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases and God, the cause, begins. — *Emerson*

The Odd Moment

Inquirer: "Is it true that for fifteen shillings I can insure my house against fire for a thousand pounds?"

Canvasser: "Quite true, madame."

Inquirer: "And do you make any inquiries as to how the fire started?"

Canvasser: "Certainly; we make the most careful inquiries."

Inquirer: "Ah! I thought there was a catch somewhere."

Brazilian lady, questioning a Scandinavian immigrant girl who has applied for the post of "general help":

"Can you cook?"

Girl: "Naw."

Lady: "Can you wait at table?"

Girl: "Naw."

Lady: "Have you ever looked after children?"

Girl: "Naw."

Lady: "Well, what *can* you do?"

Girl: "I can milk reindeer."

Robbie, at bedtime, Christmas Eve, praying for a successful visit from Santa Claus:

"... And remember, God, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

A certain United States senator, who is bald, was recently asked by a candid friend whether his baldness did not cause him to feel the cold a good deal. "No," said the senator, reflectively; "no, it's not that so much. The trouble is that unless I keep my hat on when I'm washing I don't know where my face stops."

Johnnie, to companion: "I know wot you had for breakfast this mornin', you had egg. You got it on your ears."

Jimmie: "Yah, clever! We ain't had egg since last Wednesday."

Teacher: "What is velocity, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with."

One day an old negro, clad in rags and carrying a burden on his head, ambled into the executive mansion and dropped his load on the floor. Stepping toward President Lincoln, he said:

"Am you de President, sah?"

"I am," said Mr. Lincoln.

"If dat am a fac', I 'se glad to meet yer. Yer see, I lives away up dar in de back o' Virgine and I 'se a poor man, sah. I hear der is some pervisions in de con'stution for the culled man, and I 'm here to get some ob 'em, sah."

"Mac, I heard ye was courtin' bonnie Kate Macpherson," said Donald to an acquaintance one morning.

"Weel, Sandy, man, I was in love wi' the bonnie lass," was Mac's reply, "but I fun oot she had nae siller, so I said to myself, 'Mac, be a man.' And I was a man; and noo I pass her by wi' silent contempt."

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"I shall remember only that thou art a soul."

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 Crippled Nations

LAZILY perambulating the streets of a certain town, I met a man walking swiftly along with his right arm across his chest and the fist clenched. In his left hand he carried a spade and a pick, of course not at all easily; and a lunch box and a bucket were tied to his coat behind, interfering very much with his walking.

"Why on earth," I thought, "does he not use his right hand for his bucket?" I concluded that that arm must be paralysed.

But I immediately noticed that all the other men whom I passed were either going about or doing their work under the same curiously restricted conditions. Even the children were using their left arm only.

Obviously, all the work done in and about the town suffered because of this amazing custom, the building, plowing, paving, and all the rest of it. Food and materials must be dear and the people poor, I thought. Indeed, their appearance evidenced this.

Finally I inquired of a passer why they all left the best half of their bodies unused.

He replied: "It is necessary in peace to be prepared for war. None of us knows when his neighbor may attack him and each therefore keeps his right arm ready for instant defense and reply. Certainly that arm otherwise does no work, produces nothing. But see what noble virtues — pardon, I should have said muscles — the arm develops in consequence of the exercises we put it through

to keep it in efficient readiness, to say nothing of actual conflict. We train even the young boys to take delight in acquiring our civic custom."

It seemed to me that the whole town must be mad and that any suggestion I might make would be useless. At last, however, I ventured to say:

"But why not agree upon peace among yourselves and so liberate all that right arm energy for good work?"

"The suggestion is not altogether new," he replied. "And indeed we are about to hold a great conference —"

But at that moment there was a tremendous noise as of quarreling men in the other corner of the market-place. The noise grew and grew. There was a trampling of many feet — and I awoke to find that my children were running along the passage to my study door to tell me it was dinner-time. I had fallen asleep while thinking of the great *International Theosophical Peace Congress* which is to be held in June of this year in Sweden under the auspices of Katherine Tingley and the Universal Brotherhood Or-

ganization. I think I must tell my dream to the representatives of the several nations there. Who knows but that war and the preparation for it may not dissolve once and for all in a great outburst of laughter? It is a crippling sort of business, isn't it? The first thing we ask about any new invention is: can we kill each other with it?

PEACE DELEGATE

Objects of the International Theosophical League of Humanity

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
2. To aid children of all nations in obtaining the highest moral education, and to protect them from all forms of cruelty and injustice.
3. To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
4. To abolish capital punishment.
5. To abolish vivisection and all other forms of cruelty to animals.
6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them, and to encourage Peace.
7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and, generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

These objects are not only of temporary application but aim at bringing about a better state of society, and the development of a nobler, higher humanity.

Old Chris's Sermon

"WHAT was the sermon about, Chris?" I asked. Chris had broken his usual custom that Sunday morning and gone to the village church. Ordinarily he consecrated Sunday morning to a quiet pipe and a potter about his garden instead of real work on his beds and greenhouses.

"They don't seem to get the inwardness of things," he answered; "not accordin' to my reckonin', anyway."

"Who don't?" I asked.

"The parsons, leastways those that come down this way. But maybe I don't rightly get what they mean. I'd like to hear the Spirit preached of different."

"How would you do it?" I said.

"I was readin' this in an old book the other day, words that some ancient poet had wrote, put 'em like in the Spirit's mouth. The words was: *Four sorts of men who do righteously know me, O Arjuna: those who are afflicted, the searchers for truth, those who try to help, and the enlightened.*

"Now the Bible says that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

"The *man* does the sowing, in his deeds. The *Spirit* fixes up the crop he'll reap—painful crop if he sowed bad deeds, pleasant crop if his deeds was good.

"Plain enough that the crop is to *teach* the man, turn him away from bad deeds, turn him towards good ones.

"But the Spirit does more'n appoint the nature o' the crop. It takes advantage o' the time when a man's all broke up with pain and trouble and disgrace to come nearer to him, brood over him, compassionate him and help him through the pain.

"It's a two-faced Spirit, like: gives a man his dose of pain with one hand and a benediction with the other.

"What I say is—any man what's in good hard mind-pain can feel the compassionate Spirit all round him. The crop a man reaps from his evil is double—if—if—"

The old man spoke with great emphasis.

"If what?" I asked.

"Listen to them words again," he answered. 'Four sorts of men *who do righteously*,' that's it. If a man who's laid by the heels for his sins and folly, and is in pain or disgrace, takes to cussin' and plannin' more evil—then his crop's single; just the pain and the disgrace, and more of it. But if he don't, if he turns into himself and looks, if he's tryin' now to do the best he can, 'does righteously,' then the crop's double. The Spirit is near about him and makes him feel its compassion and softens him. And by that feel he'll know that the Spirit is. That's the way the Spirit'll teach all of us, if we choose, that it is.

"Which same is what I call forgiveness of sins. This forgiveness ain't doin' away with the effects of sins, the pain and disgrace. That wouldn't do a man any good. No sir! The forgiveness consists in the drawin' near

to him, the showin' him that it *is*, that it knows the fix he's in, that it's usin' that fix to teach and help and soften him.

"That's the other half of the crop, reaped by the man that's tryin' to stand up and mend himself.

"Blessed is pain and disgrace, say I. And I've had some o' the dose, my son. There's a man's great chance. But he mustn't waste it in what they call repentance, in the sense of spendin' much time lookin' back. He must mind his present job, which is double. One half of it is tryin' to do the best he can. The other is lookin' out for the Spirit. And after a man don't need any more pity, because of bein' on to the situation, the Spirit gives him strength in his heart and eyes and finger tips to send out around him for those that's weaker and more help-needing than he."

"Suppose a man can't think of any reason for his pain," I said, "can't remember having sowed any seeds that would bring up such a crop as he is reaping. That happens to many, both men and women."

"Specially women, yes," said Chris. "They do a heap of suffering, mostly without grumble, too. 'God's will' don't seem to throw much light on the situation.

"I ain't over fond of the word Spirit; seems to me it's got to be qualified like. Spirit of what?

"Spirit of growth, spirit of progress, I reckon. Kind o' stands *in* things and pushes 'em from inside, as well as bein' *outside* arrangin' the crops. It's in the stone and the plant and the animal, I reckon; in that jasmine and the old cat there in the sunshine, as well as in the heart of a man or a woman. And if a man or a woman gets to a place where they don't seem inclined to grow—not doin' any harm, mind you, lots o' good very often; but just spiritually and mentally sittin' still—why they've got to be stung up. And that means pain. No other way for it. Them lines of pain on the poor faces is lines of *growin'* pain. And when death comes and those poor creatures look back at their lives, I tell you they're *grateful*, wouldn't have missed one pain. They know *then* what it's done for them, what the Spirit was at with them.

"But if you want any dinner I must go and look after them pertaties. Reckon they've biled to mush already."

And the old man moved back into the little cottage.

REPORTER



BEAR witness all, that happiness succeeds
To godliness; and that, despite of sin,
The world may recognize in all time's scenes,
Though belts of clouds bar half its burning disk,
The over-ruling, overthrowing power,
Which by our creature purposes works out
Its deeds, and by our deeds its purposes.
Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him.—Bailey's *Festus*

Liberation

IF a man can see correctly a little beyond the end of his nose he has a wider outlook than the majority of his fellows. For all men see the pictures that their minds make for them, even when they think they are seeing the true picture of what is before their eyes. It is not merely that each man sees things through colored glasses, that is to say through eyes that are tinted by the peculiarities of his character; but the very picture he sees is really seen inside his head, where it is first produced

his dignity and self-respect, then his mind obeys its lower tendencies and makes the man its blind prisoner and slave.

That is where humanity got to ages ago, and that is where the mass of humanity still is. But the time has come for the turn of the tide, and it is possible now for men to get free from the delusions that they have so long submitted to. It is possible for them to remember their lost dignity, and to recover their forgotten knowledge of themselves, and moreover to recognize their brothers in the men they thought their enemies.

The day of liberation dawns when a man learns to reverence his own true Self; for when he does that he finds that there is but one true Self behind all the lesser selves and then he knows that all men are his brothers; that sets him free from hate, and jealousy, and envy, and with those enemies go the miseries and worries which are their attendants.

No man can feel the brotherhood of man until he has regained his own self-respect. Brotherhood is the reflection in our life of the unity of all selves in the Supreme Self of all mankind. And true self-respect can only come to a man who is constantly trying to be his best, his highest Self.

STUDENT

We Make Our Own Prisons

THE poet has sung that

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

But there are some things which do make a prison and a cage, namely, our desire for pleasant and easy things and positions.

All over the world people are pining in such prisons which they have made, carrying their prison about with them

like a snail with its shell. In prison and out, we are anxiously searching for opportunities and ignoring the opportunities we have; but we shall never get anywhere until we are strong enough to take the step that lies immediately before our feet. Without doubt Heaven answers our prayers; but it is not the business of Heaven to mend the holes in our clothes or to sugar our bread and butter. Hence we get what our *Soul* desires, not what our physical personality hankers for. It is these hankers that bar us from our true freedom, manliness, and independence. The Soul, the true Self, stands above and beyond them. We are all pupils in the school of life, learning to achieve this true independence; and we find that kindness towards all, courage, and good cheer are essential to success.

E.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SOME LOMALAND GARDENERS

on the retina of the eye and then transplanted by the mind into ideas which he calls facts.

That is where the delusion comes in. Each man, jailed by his mind, sees only what his mind allows him to see, and the jailer has ideas of his own as to what is good for his prisoner to know.

But why is the real man in prison? And who made the mind the jailer of the soul?

Man himself. When the real man comes into life here on earth in a human body he has a pilot, who is also his interpreter, and that is the mind. If the inside man knows his own dignity, and if he goes through life with a high purpose, then his mind (his pilot) does its duty, and steers him safely through all the dangers and delusions of life; but if the inside man forgets his real nature and loses

Peace to the World

THE Terrible Tartar was jugged at last. Twenty years he was to have of this very beneficial discipline, and he had been just now about to celebrate his thirty-ninth birthday.

He could see his reflection in the small pane of the window near which he stood looking at the night. Not old for his years he knew a better mirror would make him; tall, straight, and fierce-eyed; a man whose very energy had directed him into the wrong place; full of splendid capabilities, but with no one but himself ever having guessed at them, because all had been turned to mischief. Jacob Blatchman, the "Terrible Tartar," was a first-rate specimen of the might-have-been class, who, at this moment, was making a picture for himself of the "has-been" that should be walking out of the penitentiary twenty years hence; he was looking at himself as an old man of sixty.

He was aroused from his imaginative employment by a fearful sound which came from his neighbor on the right. There was a moaning followed by the repetition of some set phrase, the words of which Blatchman could not at first catch. He strained to hear, and the repeated sounds took off his attention for the time from himself. As they intensified the words came clear; and it was the voice of an old man that Blatchman heard:

"Peace to the world! Peace to the world! Peace to the world!"

Louder and louder came the words until finally they were interrupted and silenced by a piercing groan.

"What's all this racket here, Williams?" a voice from the lower end of the corridor demanded.

Blatchman recognized the guard's voice that answered his superior's question.

"Oh, old Number Twenty-six has gone off his hooks again. He's been breaking out in spots for the last two or three nights. Tonight's worse than ever, though."

"Well," said the unknown voice, "if he gets too noisy let me know at once. He may have to go downstairs."

Blatchman heard nothing more, but the words of the sick old man next door to him hung upon his consciousness all through the quiet hours of the night. They seemed the complement to the picture he had made of the old man he himself was going to be twenty years hence. Why there was this connexion in his thought he did not know, for he was horribly certain that never in his life had he intentionally brought a moment's peace to a single individual in the whole world.

In the morning the dead body that lay in Number Twenty-six was taken out. Blatchman saw them pass with it; and, reeling backward from the gate, he sank to his knees beside his bed and burst into a wild agony of frightened tears and sobs. With bitter remorse at his heart and with an intensity of self-searching that could only be called up in the nature of a wicked strong man such as he was, at last having come face to face with

himself, he walked in soul throughout the length, breadth and depth of the hell he himself had made. He had looked upon his own end, he thought; for it seemed to him that the face of the dead man was as his own would be after old age and pain had done their work on him.

At last, when the fit of passionate terror that his imagination (or fact indeed) had produced in him, had spent itself, he stood up, dazed, weak, and not knowing himself by the way he was behaving. He could not remember ever having shed a tear before in his life.

One thing he knew well, and that was that the dying man's voice would never leave him; and he found as the hours passed that the phrase, "Peace to the world!" had woven itself into all his thoughts. Below them, above them, behind them all, he heard these agonizing tones. After a time he arrived at the conviction that he had some wonderful connexion with "Number Twenty-six"; that out of all the millions of wicked men upon the earth it had to be that he, and he alone, should have the experience of coming to the place at the time he did; of being assigned to Number Twenty-five; of hearing the groans of the old man at the very moment when self-examination had first set in upon him; and above all, of looking upon that dead face that was so very like his own might become that it could well have belonged to one akin to him.

Day brought him duties. The Terrible Tartar settled down to meek discipline in strict accordance with the Rules and Regulations that were neatly framed and hung upon all the walls; and after a while, with books, work, and study, the qualities in his nature that had earned him his street-name were changed. There was nothing terrible about Jacob Blatchman in prison unless it were his energy; and his earnest attempts at self-improvement perhaps seemed awful to those who had less daring than he had.

In the words of that dying neighbor of his this man had one watchword, one prayer, one hope, one message to his fellows. At night, when he reviewed the day's progress and stumblings, he whispered them as a promise to himself; in the morning he repeated them as a "bracer"; they lingered with him all day and silently sustained him in moments of trial; and their force was felt by the officials and the fellow-workers near him in the quality of the work he did.

Through contemplation of these simple words Jacob Blatchman began to look at eternity in the light of an everlasting Now, and he considered himself a very fortunate man. It was not at all as a "has-been," but as a keen and alert, middle-aged, educated and refined man that, when his term was done, he walked out of the house of his making-over. *Peace to the world* was engraved upon his mind and heart; and though he had never uttered the phrase within the hearing of one of them, his comrades had always felt the blessing of his life upon them; and their feeling for him showed out in the hearty words of Godspeed they gave him when they saw him go back to an honorable place in the world. W. D.

The Antidote of Courage

BLUE devils are as dangerous as the old-fashioned variety with hoofs and horns. A fit of the blues makes everything look wrong. Things look as if meanness had the upper hand and was going to keep it. Injustice seems to rule, and there is no chance for a fair deal. Everybody else has got a better pull than *you* have. Fate has picked *you* out to be nothing and nobody.

Did you ever feel like that? Ever have the symptoms of What's-the-useness, even when you managed to wear a grin? Any one subject to such attacks had better study his own case and stock up on the antidote for it. These are dangerous symptoms. The blue devils are doping him with the sneaking poison of doubt and underhand fear,

and happiness a man can get is to engage in this fight.

The real man is walled in by an animal body with its strong force of desires that must be conquered before a man can know how great and fine and free *he* really is. Everybody is enlisted in this battle—except those who are bivouacking in the moral graveyards. It is the one and only thing that makes every human soul equal to every other. They are bound to differ on other points: money, brains, power, skill, and so on. But any man, even if he has *got* nothing, has equal chance to believe and to know that he is something divine and that the Soul, when awakened, *cannot* fail.

This fight means more than anything else that can happen. Any quarrel with outside conditions is a schoolboy squabble beside it. The battlefield is *inside* the skin, and

has been from the time of Adam up to date. Here and there it rages fiercely. Sometimes it stirs up the whole race, just as the world is all stirred up now. Men are trying to shake off old tyranny and poverty and injustice, and old teachings that they are *only* miserable sinners. But the real victory and riches and freedom and dignity of human life will come to stay when they are won, man by man. It is not a question how a fighter is to bring these things to pass; he is to *be* them.

The first *practical* step is to *believe* that you are the Warrior who always wins; and the next step is to *be* that Warrior. While you are consciously standing in your own higher nature you are invincible by any force or temptation from below. A FIGHTER

✽

Stand Up Straight!

EVERY circumstance which may confront us in our life can be made contributory to the formation of character, if only we assume the right attitude of mind towards our destiny. Conditions which seem painful and unreasonable may yet be the very ones needed by the Soul for the strengthening of the character. We should try to "will our destiny"—that is, to concur with the real purpose of the Soul; thus we are no longer at odds with our lot, but on its side. It is a notable victory when we realize which way we are being led, and give up trying to go some other way; when we take up a stand of real strength and courage instead of leaning on treacherous supports. Crises arise in our lives when we can say: "*Now* is the time for me to show my courage and strength, if I have any"; for the strength demanded now is real strength with no vanity or self-deception in it. Nobody can hinder a man in his development of noble character if only he will stand up and use his opportunities, however painfully they may present themselves. E.



THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHREN

unmanning him. An open enemy with a gun is honorable in comparison.

Everything that is noble and courageous and worth while, either in you or the world, has enemies of the opposite kind, real destroying forces. Unfairness and fear and meanness are fighting for *their* chance to run things. It's their business to make you believe that the best of everything is down and out. If they can spoil your faith in yourself and paralyse your will, your depression poisons and paralyzes those around you. If the meanness that's in all human nature can't get you into line on active service it tries to make a decoy of you to secure other victims. The fight is really between the *matter* side of things and the *spirit* side. Which is going to overcome the other? A man who is yielding to the blues is in the grip of the *matter* side, is going down, getting away from his manhood.

Matter versus spirit is the great battle of the universe. By it spirit becomes strong. That is one of the uses of matter, to be conquered, to be a whetstone for spirit, will, manhood. It is curious that the only rest and peace

The Vision of Death

"I SEE now," said the dead man. "All is clear, I have conquered. My vision is perfect; thought flows swift and free. I know why I was in the world and how I was in the body. I am a spirit that has fallen; but the sway of matter over me is ended. I have risen again in primeval light and purity. Were I once more embodied I could never again be the prey and victim of the animal."

But great Mother Nature was listening. After a little while she put him back into a body. An infant was born on earth. And behold, the soul had again forgotten its freedom. In the young new life of flesh it plunged greedily, grasping at all pleasant animal sensations, becoming again one with its bonds, free by the very completeness of its lost freedom.

It grew older and ideals awoke, aspirations began to stir for something — it knew not what — beyond common life. At last in full manhood, it felt painfully the brute weight of flesh, chafed under the coarse compulsion of animal passion. It saw how far away was real freedom and vision. There was struggle, endless defeat and despair.

Then in dream it remembered the once enjoyed freedom of death, and on the morrow remembered the dream and pondered it in meditation.

And the Great Mother spoke:

"Yes," she said, "thou wast free, thou hadst regained the joy of spirit, the real life that was man's in the long-gone earth-dawn. But was it thine own, that freedom? Hadst thou *won* it, torn thine own veils, broken thine own bonds? Or had I done all that *for thee* by the benediction of death — that benediction which men so greatly fear? Death truly is liberation, but liberation given, not won.

"Take heart; thou hast all freedom, all light, all knowledge, all joy, within thee. But they are not thine until thou win them.

"That is the reason of life — that souls should win back what was primevally their own, and in the winning grow from souls to *man*-souls. Only by such struggles against flesh-darkness can the primeval light be fanned into intenser flame; only by such struggle against flesh-weight can the primeval creative might be subjected into fitness for noble service to come; only by sharpening upon the grindstone of body can the gleaming sword of spirit and of will grow keener.

"That is why life follows again and again upon life for all men — that they may have opportunity for the struggle and the growth.

"That is why life closes in death, that the (even forgotten) freedom of death may be their unrecognized but ever present inspiration to struggle in life. Not altogether do they forget.

"That is why life moves from pain to pain with but relieving gleams of pleasure, that pain and agony shall at last sting to effort.

"Now thou knowest. Quit thee like a man. Think not of the pleasures. Learn the beneficence of every pain: see what every pain, when it reaches its close, has taught thee and awakened in thee. Learn that through the long wearisomeness of stedfastly-done duties the veils are thinning. Keep compassion and love in thy heart, for these are the fuel and the food and the essence of spirit. And think constantly of me as ever with thee in all efforts and all pains, helping and compassionating, yea, suffering with thee. But *I* see the end of suffering. Let my seeing be thy faith. I am nearest thee when most thou sufferest."

HRYN

The Gifts of Peace

THE strong man is not the man of strong desires. It is the man who, by attaining the power of preventing any unwise desires from entering his mind, has thereby attained peace and seen the way in to his own soul.

The prisoner often desires freedom with an intensity which prevents him from thinking of anything else. Let him ask himself whether he thereby gets his freedom any the sooner? If not, why not keep his mental peace by refusing this desire any entry into his thoughts? Why tolerate what is painful?

When he has found out that he can shut the door against that desire, why not practise shutting it against a number of others? They will object at first, but soon give no more trouble.

It is memory that awakens desires. Remembering is living in the past. Then the desires which are thus awakened throw us forward into an imagined future. Real peace is not to be got from memory or desire.

But would not real peace, then, be like the peace of a cabbage or a cow? Do we want that? Where would be the objection to it? Should we object to have the perfect digestion that is possessed by cabbages and cows? A good digestion is a desirable basis for anything we want to do. And so is a good peace. Only in this state of peace can a man discover the great stores of thought and wisdom and knowledge that are buried in him. They remain buried in nearly all of us and we die without any suspicion of our own wealth. For we are embodied rays of divinity.

We are living beings. Does it seem natural that *living* thinking beings should have no notion of what *life* is or what it is for?

We are *souls*. Does it seem natural that we should have no notion that we are anything better than *bodies*?

We are immortal. Does it seem natural that we should be able only to *hope* that we are, whilst a sure knowledge is possible?

By standing in peace and good will, out of the *Now* and the *Here* all these knowledges would come to you. Try it, especially a little while at bedtime and in the morning.

A NEW WAYFARER

Feathers on the Floor

THE servant had left a feather from her broom upon the study floor. The man raged. All day he could think of nothing else. He was of no importance in his own house. It was never in the *drawing-room* floor that a feather was left. His wife took care that *her* wishes were respected; *his* didn't matter. The servants were trained to reckon *him* of no account — etc., etc. "Fool," said a voice within him. "*Anything* on which you concentrate your attention becomes a mountain. On a *feather* you have lost a day of the few days of life. On a *feather* your brain has become hot and unmanageable. Because of a *feather* you cannot keep your mind on your work. Which is more important: that you should live entirely wisely, think nobly, round out your nature and powers — or that the servant should pay you what you think your sacred dues of respect?"

"In a little while life finishes. What *then* of the *feathers*?"

"The Star — offering to touch his brow as a crown — is in his heaven above every man. *All* things are trifles, feathers on the floor, save that. And today you have chosen the *feather* for your gaze!"

"If you would win the Star, let men treat you as they will. Let circumstances be as they will. Throw yourself out of account. Keep your eyes on the Star, your heart on love of your fellows, and your will on smashing all 'cannots,' all 'difficulties,' all sluggishnesses and inertias of body and mind. Forget the very meaning of 'unpleasant.'" C.

Waking

MRS. CHARLES MASON

I HAVE done at length with dreaming;
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine!
Thou must take up sword and buckler,
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory!
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshaled,
With my weapons all undrawn?

Oh, how many a glorious record
Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

But begone, regret, bewailing,
Ye had weakened at the best;
I have tried the trusty weapons
Resting erst within my breast.

I have wakened to my duty,
To a knowledge strong and deep,
That I recked not of aforesaid,
In my long, inglorious sleep.

For the end of life is service,
And I felt it not before,
And I dreamed not how stupendous
Was the meaning that it bore.

In this subtle sense of being
Newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric —
Pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so sweet and yet so awful,
So bewildering, yet brave,
To be king in every conflict,
Where before I crouched a slave!

'Tis so glorious to be conscious
Of a growing power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
Of a charged and marshaled sin!

Never in those old romances
Felt I half the thrill of life,
That I feel within me stirring,
Standing in this place of strife.

Oh, those olden days of dalliance,
When I wantoned with my fate!
When I trifled with a knowledge
That had well-nigh come too late.

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee;
Thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toils of the Present
Overarch the crumbled Past.

Build thy great acts high and higher;
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God!

Opportunity

EDMUND SILL

THIS I beheld or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along the plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son — wounded, sore bestead
And weaponless — and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed an enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

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.

New Way Notes

Who best
Can suffer best can do; best reign who first
Well hath obeyed. — *Milton*

Refrain tonight
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy,
For use can almost change the stamp of nature. — *Hamlet*

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. — *Henry VI*

More oft than not those hindrances
That have our spirits tried
When passed we find are labeled Helps
Upon the other side.

He who is false to present duty, breaks a thread in the
loom, and will find a flaw, when he may have forgotten
the cause. — *Henry Ward Beecher*

None can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil.
Cicero

Which stage have you reached?
I want to do that, though my conscience protests.
I don't want to do that, but the temptation is too strong
for me.

I will not do that, though the temptations is great.
There is no longer any temptation.

When women are respected, the gods are content; but
when they are dishonored, all acts of religion are barren.
Manu, 880 B. C.

Whether thou be king or peasant I shall remember only
that thou art a soul.

THAT man alone is wise
Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
Attraction; from attraction grows desire;
Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness; then the memory — all betrayed —
Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.
But, if one deal with objects of the sense
Not loving and not hating, making them
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord.
Lo! such a man comes to tranquility;
And out of that tranquility shall rise
The end and healing of his earthly pains.
Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
The soul of the ungoverned is not his.
Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
Whence shall he hope for happiness?

Odd Corners

Er meint es anders.

A. "Ihr Sohn beschäftigt sich also mit der Literatur,
schreibt er denn um Geld?"

B. "O ja, fortwährend."

"Now, Daisy, can you tell me the name of the insignificant little worm by whose industry I am able to wear this silk dress?"

"I know — papa."

Local preacher, addressing the public meeting of a Sunday-school anniversary: "I'm glad to be here, because this meeting has to do with boys and girls. I do not forget I was a boy and girl myself once!"

Irish railway conductor, trying to make room for more passengers than the train would hold: "Will thim in front plazze move up so that thim behind c'n take th' places ov thim in front, an' leave room f'r thim that's neither in front nor behind."

"My dear," said Mr. N. to Mrs. N., "what name did I understand you to call the new hired girl?"

"Japan," replied Mrs. N. briefly.

"And pray, why such an odd name, my dear?"

"Because she is so hard on china."

A gentleman was walking through the negro portion of an American town, when he came across a woman unmercifully beating a little boy.

"Here, my good woman," he said, seizing her by the arm, "you must not do that. What has he done, anyway?"

"Mustn't do that! What has he done?" ejaculated the enraged negress. "If you want to know, he's been an' lef' de chicken hous' do' open, an' all dim chickens got out."

"Well, that is not so serious," said the gentleman, soothingly; "chickens always come home to roost."

"Come home!" snorted the woman; "dem chickens will all go home!"

The recent death of Sir George Darwin, son of the great Charles Darwin, has recalled one of the stories he used to delight in telling.

Some time after his father published his famous book *The Origin of Species*, which proves according to the popular idea, that "we are all descended from monkeys," the Darwin family one day heard a tremendous uproar in the servants' hall. At last, unable to stand it any longer, Mrs. Darwin descended to demand an explanation.

"Robinson," she said sternly, addressing the cook, "what is the meaning of this disturbance?"

"Well, mum," the cook explained apologetically, "it's all along of Mr. Briggs, the butler, mum. He wants to prove as 'ow we're all descended from Darwin, mum, and some of us 'as our doubts."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"Each dead desire feeds wisdom's fire"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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The Treadmill of Life

WHEN the spring comes we look for the opening of the buds and the sprouting of the new season's growth with a hope and a joy that are not merely echoes from past years, but which are fresh and new. For the new life is flooding into us as it does into nature.

Nevertheless we know that for some of us, as the years pass, this sense of renewal and freshness wears out and comes no more, so that life may seem no better than a treadmill. What has happened?

Before a man loses the power to be happy, there is in his heart a light that comes from his own higher being which is eternally young and strong and full of hope. For it is the spirit of Life itself, and that Life is pure joy in its own nature.

But when man gives way to his desire for sensation and emotion, and tries to get a more intense life by gratifying his passions, then he fastens his feet on a treadmill, and the wheel will keep him busy. The harder he works the less pleasure he gets, and the more hopeless it seems for him ever to reach the satisfaction that he hoped for. Desire can not be satisfied; its very nature is to be insatiable. Its wheel will turn as long as we choose to stand on it. Its roar deadens the song of hope, and the dust of the mill shuts out the light of joy that once made life so beautiful. The song is there and the

light; they never die; but how can the poor wretch on the treadmill know that? How can he get free even when he has come to know of his slavery?

The wheel does not grind all the time. There are moments of rest, moments when every man gets some glimpse of the light of his own higher nature. He can then simply leave the place of his misery, and step out into the sunlight or into the cool night air, and *never go back*.

That is the whole secret. It is so simple that few can believe it. It is so easy that few dare to try it. Nothing prevents the man from stepping into freedom but his own fear of letting go his hold of the bar and his dread of what seems to him the emptiness of a life into which self-seeking desires are not allowed to enter and grow.

But once off the prison-wheel of his passions he will feel the song of hope in his heart again and know that there is something eternal in it that can make life new and beautiful all the time. The seasons are once more full of joy; in every moment is now the radiance of eternity.

And in the new peace a realization of the meaning and promise of life is born.

R. M.

God's great Heaven
Stands open day and night to man and spirit;
For all are of the race of God, and have
In themselves good. — *Festus*



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

Ruins at Visingsborg, Visingsö, Sweden, where will be held
The International Theosophical Peace Congress.

The Three Wills

OLD Chris was in one of his meditative moods, and of course I let him run on.

"That 'savin' the soul," he said, "is a proposition that wants lookin' into."

A "revival" preacher had been fervently holding forth on the village green the night before, and Chris had strolled down in the moonlight to listen to him. I had bicycled out from town to spend Sunday with the old man and get a breath of country air, and he had been giving me his views on things in general.

"Men is animals, says the scientific chaps; nothin' more, thinkin' animals. And I ain't sayin' they don't behave that way. Yet souls they are, all the same. 'Savin' the soul,' consequently, is a proposition that ain't well put. Makes the man and the soul two different things, turns the situation upsidedown, like."

"How?" I asked.

"This way, son. What's left for the *man* to be, if he's *got* a soul? Must be an animal, eh? I'd put it like this: a man *is* a soul and he's *got* an animal—even when the animal's got *him*." And the old man chuckled.

Then he went on: "There's a lot in words. You tell a man to save his soul and you've stuck it in under his waistcoat that he's the animal, the body. Mayn't *know* that 'ere idea's got in there, but there 'tis all the same, crawlin' about all over his mind from then on and killin' every fine thought that puts up a leaf."

"Well, what are you going to say?" I asked.

"See that feller there?" And he indicated a man who was hurriedly passing the gate on his way down the lane. "Talkin' to himself, ain't he? Filled up with his own thoughts; can't see the sunshine nor the roses on my gate, nor feel the sweet wind o' the summer on his cheek. Led by the nose. And I'll bet you he don't like his own thoughts, wishes they was some other sort."

"The only account o' the soul I ever see as was worth anythin' I read in an old book years ago while I was doin' time."

The old man had no false modesty about this portion of his checkered career.

"'Twas this way: 'The soul is what looks directly upon ideas.' Study up on that, son; it's full of meat. That fellow what passed the gate is lookin' so hard upon his own ideas he don't know he *ain't* those ideas. If I was to say to him: 'Ol' chap, stop mullin' over them thoughts; think of where you was born; think of your mother; think of how you played truant from Sunday School now and again when you was a boy and went fishin' or maybe stealin' apples,' wouldn't his face light up? Wouldn't he be grateful to me for encouragin' him to have a string o' thoughts he'd *like* to look at? Well then: if a fellow can boss his mind—though it mostly bosses him—can make it think thoughts that please him and stop thoughts as don't—why, he *ain't* his mind, is he? A man ain't the horse he holds the reins of.

"So what's *he*, drowned mostly in his own mind?"

"You mean, then," I said, "that you'd like the word soul for *him*?"

"Well," he said; "words gets mixed. A man's departments of the interior has to have different names accordin' to how they are at the time. A man's a *soul*, so I'd call him, when he stands up like a man and don't allow his mind or his thoughts and feelin's to boss him. Let him 'look directly upon ideas,' yes; but let him have the ideas that suits him, not the ideas that happens just then to suit his mind. Man is an animal, with a will of its own; and a mind, with a will of its own; and a soul with a will of *its* own which it don't generally use from the cradle to the coffin. The man, the human soul, is chronic drowned in the other two departments, separated off from the *divine* soul of him that he ought to be tryin' to get back into tune with."

"Come to the 'savin'' matter, a man's job, consequently, as I reckon, is to save his *mind*."

"Save it from what?" I asked.

"Death, son, death. If a man's mind is all tied up with his crops and his dinner and his body and dollars and stomach, what's goin' to be left of it when all them things gets away from him? Goes all to pieces, don't it? Remember Richardson?"

"Yes," I said; "sad case."

"No sadder 'n ordinary. Fixed his mind year in and year out on cash, makin' a fortune. Never thought of anythin' else. Business busted, cash went up the flume. Mind went with it. Half idjit, ain't he, under lock and key?"

"Well, that was *before* death. Other fellows' minds is sim'lar, filled up tight with what gets away from them at death, same as R's cash heaps got away from him in life. Consequently they pass through death and out beyond—idjits! No mind to understand where they are, nor what's doin'. They never saved themselves."

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"Simple as rollin' off a log. Takes time, though."

"A month?" I suggested.

"A lot can be done in a month. Knock out desires for what you can't get. Knock out thinkin' about wrongs and insults and what a low-down cuss the other fellow is. Make your *eyes* feel kindly when you look at him. Stand up to every last duty, and cheerfully, too. Think when you lie down and when you wake up, I am a soul, an embodied part of a divine soul that wants me to get back into tune with it and feel like it feels. You think of that divine soul a bit, like you'd think of your mother, maybe, and it'll begin to think of you and you'll *know* it. And then you'll know that what fellows call dyin' is only gettin' nearer to it and takin' up a new job directly under its guidance."

"So I'd say: Wake up, men, and stand as souls from now out."

"That's a heap encouragin', ain't it? Got a bit of tobacco about you?"

REPORTER

Took off His Body to Think

HE was in for a twenty year spell, a life spell, he knew, though he was only forty. An attack of rheumatic fever had left his heart too shaky to go on beating twenty years more. Nor was there any hope of pardon; for his offense, though unpremeditated, done on sudden impulse, and a surprise and pain now to himself, was a bad one.

So at the end of the first day, alone in his cell, he settled down to think. Cell, workshop, workshop, cell — that was henceforth the program so long as there was any program at all. After that, the prison graveyard.

Why not get to the graveyard sooner? Even in prison, he thought, there must be ways of suicide.

"I wonder what, *after?*" An old question! You may remember that Hamlet raised it and could not do anything with it.

"If there's any after at all there'll be *me* there; that's sure. But what's *me?*" Thus he got down to the root of the matter very soon. But there he stayed, couldn't seem to get any forwarder. Night after night he got to, and stuck at, the same point. Each night, as he took off his clothes and got into bed he murmured, "Nothing doing!" Before getting into bed, however, he did a few light exercises to keep his muscles up; for his work was sedentary. He felt freer for them without his clothes.

After a month or so he had a queer dream in the early part of one night. In his dream, as in the reality, he took his clothes off "to leave his body freer." But after the exercises he went on as naturally as possible to take his *body* off, as he said to himself, "to leave his mind freer."

And his mind *was* freer. He exercised it hard. He found (in his dream) that he could now understand almost anything he turned his attention to. He saw the life of trees, and how and why they grow. They gradually passed on their life year after year into their seed and thus renewed it in the mother earth and extended it and rejoiced in the process. And though the new young trees seemed to the outer eye exactly like the old one, to his unveiled inner eye he saw that they were a little more conscious, a little nearer to having real mind.

The stones too were changing, slowly, slowly, but changing they were, and getting higher in their slow dim way. What they were trying to become he did not see.

The very earth was changing; seemed to him to be getting more transparent, more alive. And the life was streaming into the stones and plants and animals and men, mixing there with another kind of life that streamed from the sun. The very solar system itself was alive and seemed to have some sort of purpose in it, seemed to be up to something definite. There was no death anywhere, only life taking other forms, mostly higher ones. He saw men themselves leaving their bodies, "dying," as he knew that he called it before he took his own body off. They were forms of light, just as he now noticed for

the first time that he himself was. But in their case the light grew intenser and intenser till at last he could not look at it and had to turn away. And when he looked again there was nothing there but a sort of afterglow. They had got beyond his vision. "Not much 'death' in that," he said to himself. He felt an extreme friendliness for them all; indeed he found that he loved every living thing, life itself; he wanted to be helping somehow, in every direction. And his wish was actually effective. When he turned it towards anything, the life in that thing did become quicker and brighter, and moreover blew over for a moment in his direction like a candle flame, as if it knew where the help had come from. Particularly was this true of men. He could look now, he found, over the whole city. Walls were no bar to his vision. And wherever he saw anybody in mental pain and sent his good wish and sympathy along, the pain was visibly bettered. And if any were despairing and he sent his good wish, they seemed to know somehow that things were all right and that life, however hard and rough, had some meaning and good purpose for them in its apparent cruelty. "Ah," he thought, "if they could only see, as I do, that they are *light*; not bodies, but *in* bodies."

His hearing was opened too. He noted that life, whether in stone or plant or animal or human body, gave off the very finest and most exquisite music as it went on with its work, music he could not hear till he took off his body.

And there was much else that he now knew. A great Reason and Love was in and behind everything, stirring at the heart of everything. "A blind universe they call it!" he thought. "*Blind!*"

And then he laughed. And the laugh woke him.

"But I'm on to the game, boys," he said, later, telling some of them his dream. "I can't rightly remember all the things I knew then, for I've got my body on. But things are all right. If we stand up to the game and think right and do right and keep up a solid good feeling every one of us to every other, and wish each other well all the time — why, it don't matter much what happens to us. We're looked after, I tell you."

ONE OF THEM



I HAVE sometimes wondered what would happen if children were brought up to say "*my body* is hungry," "*my body* is tired," and so on, instead of "*I* am hungry, tired, or what not." Must not the constant use of such expressions, the constant blending of self and body in thought, tend to obscure the mind to the truth that body and self are two, not one? For is not death the mere dropping away of the body from the self? No one who will reflect fully and carefully upon the meaning of the letter-word *I*, but will find himself to be *in* that body which he has heretofore thought of as himself. And then he may understand that ancient teaching which made self in its original state divine and pure, become impure from ignorance of itself. — *Century Path*

Smile!

Loose now and then a scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.
Shakespeare

CULTIVATE it. Let it be the expression of the smile that is in your heart! Yes, there is a smile in your heart! Just look 'way down deep. No? You have too much personal trouble to have a smile there? Nonsense! Look a little deeper and tell me what you find. There, I knew it! You find a warm place there where smolders the joy and aspiration that you have felt at times; the times when it *did* seem as if a little of all the trouble in the world were lifted from your life. Truly you find it there, don't you? Now let it come up and shine in your eyes. What's the use of that? Well, because then it's contagious; that's why. It will send out rays, just as the sun does to kindle the heart of nature at springtide. It will send the darkness scurrying out of other lives, and that's worth while.

A genuine, kindly smile in the eye will drive the shadows from your own life, too; for they can't bear it when the smile comes from the heart. Now the smile I would have you cultivate is the smile of the eye, in which there may be no apparent change of the reposed features. Just deliberately uncover the joy in the heart, and let it out through the eyes. It may seem mechanical to think of adjusting the eyes to let the smile through, yet it is helpful. One of the first things that the greatest of living teachers of the singing voice tells the pupil, is to "smile with the eyes." It places all the anatomy of the face, mouth, and throat in harmonious balance, in proper adjustment to permit the perfect tone. Then, when the pupil feels the thrill of the perfect tone, he thereafter unconsciously adjusts himself properly—he feels only the tone, and lives in it. So it is with the joy-tone in the heart. We may adjust the instrument for the best mode of expressing it, feel the thrill of the radiation as it goes out to lighten the lives of others, and thereafter live in that consciousness. The true smile is a LIFE radiation. It has no suggestion of simper, smirk, or grin, nor aught that will indicate being ribald, or forced. If a smile be forced, it grates. It hurts more keenly than to hear a singing tone squeezed through an improperly adjusted throat and mouth. Just as the true tone requires perfect balance of force and resistance to produce it, so the joy-tone of the heart requires the balanced adjustment of the nature truly to express itself in the eye. High motive governs the balancing.

Joyous laughter is a fine exerciser, arousing life-force throughout the body. Yet comparatively little is enough. We can't laugh all the time; it would wear us out. We may smile with the eyes all the time and be stronger for it every minute. Try it! A. C. M.

WHAT if the battle end and thou hast lost?

Others have lost the battles thou hast won;

Haste thee, bind thy wounds, nor count the cost;

Over the field will rise tomorrow's sun. — *Stedman*

The Actor

AN actor is often spoken of as one who plays a part that is not his, a masquerader, who for a little while puts on the airs and manners of a hero or a villain, as the case may be, and who returns, when his part is played, to his true character, to himself again.

But is this always true? Surely every actor who has any imagination must have felt at times that the very opposite is the fact. Do not many of us, who may not be professional actors, sometimes feel that our daily life is a part that we are playing, not at all our own true character? Do we not at times feel that we have a right to a nobler part, to one more heroic, giving more play to our latent powers? It sometimes comes to an actor to feel that the heroic acts and the noble sentiments to which he gives expression on the stage are more really his by right than the mean, selfish, pitiful thoughts and deeds of his daily habit. And why not? There *are* such possibilities hidden in all men and at some point in the far future all men will realize them.

May it not be true that a man has a *right*, as well as a *duty* to be a hero? What prevents him? Why should he be satisfied to go on living with no better ideal than to be a hog? He is the maker of his own life, and it is up to him to make it noble. No one can do it for him; no one else can make him a hero; no one else can make him worthy of respect; no one else can make him lovable; he is his own master if he wills, but only if he *WILLS*. It is for him alone to awake his own will and make himself master of his fate.

But so long as he goes about blaming other people for the position he finds himself in, so long will he remain there. For this attitude kills the will. It is only by taking on himself the responsibility for his own character and condition that he puts himself in a position to improve them. So long as he refuses to do that, so long as he refuses to learn from and use his situation, so long must he remain helpless. A man is a master only when he assumes responsibility, lives up to that idea, and rules his own nature by his own Will. His failure to do that is why he feels sometimes that he is in a false position; that is why he feels as if he were acting a part all his life, and a most unworthy part.

If he will assert his rights and awake his will, he can rule his own nature and become all that he dreams of as most worth being, and more. He can be free. For man is his own jailer, and he is his own liberator, and the key to freedom of this kind is called WILL. R. M.

The Real Man

WHEN that call comes which would release us and unlock the hidden powers, a certain few respond. An anonymous hero appears at almost every accident and then retires to his place in the great crowd. . . . The sentry on duty, the captain on the bridge, the fireman on the ladder, all go blithely to sure death rather than turn their faces away from the unseen leader. That presence keeps them loyal to the job. — *Collier's Weekly*

The Morning After

THE hall was crowded and the dominant persuasive tones of the speaker's voice stirred the hearts of the hearers until even those most callous or scornful

instead of that which they had trustingly expected—a continued uplift gained from a peaceful influence wrought by purer thoughts.

As the day wore on, the "foes which lurk on every side" seemed to gather strength in the struggle, to be reinforced, not lessened, by every effort to conquer them, until, harassed and bitter with loss of faith in human power of resistance, some of these would-be fighters submitted to the nearest tempter and sank into a greater indulgence than ever before.

Out of the consequent self-loathing and loss of hope comes the cry: Why should not the awakened Soul conquer when it gives battle to the lower and ignoble? Why should the erring and fallen seek to rise only to be dragged deeper into the mire of their degradation?

The story is an oft-told one. The cry of despair is heard on every side, because the right appeal is not wholly made, the awakened Soul not given its own unconquerable sword.

By the very fact that the Real Man has roused himself he challenges every foe within the field of life to stand forth and surrender, or give battle until they meet their death-blow. And meet it they must if he holds his ground. For the man himself gave them what strength they have. And so the man himself can gradually take it away, though the struggle may be long. The more they surge around him, demons of his lower nature answering to his call, the more he may rejoice, knowing a quicker and completer victory shall be his the more they stand out in the open. As he nears victory, the subtler they become, whispering that victory is impossible and he may as well give up trying.

Though he seem to fail, let him keep up his courage. The quickest victory is his who through all his difficulties

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

D.



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A LOMALAND MAGNOLIA

felt the impulse to cast aside their weaknesses and stand up in a new manhood.

When morning dawned, a very spirit of perversity awoke with it. It seemed as if the sincerity and aspiration felt on the previous evening had aroused into venomous activity every tempter known to the tormented mind

A Letter to a Prisoner

MY dear ———:

I received your note from ———, he having obtained permission from one of the prison officials to forward it on to me; and I can assure you that you have my very earnest wishes for your welfare. That, you, know is entirely in your own hands — I mean your welfare is, and your future. It would be quite impossible for me to do anything that would help you out of San Quentin; nor is it Madame Tingley's view that that is the best way to help those who have been, like you, unfortunate. But I am glad indeed that you have been attending the meetings of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, because you may learn there that Theosophy does show the way to make use of your present position so that it shall not be a misfortune and disgrace to you, but the finest opportunity of your life. You see what I mean? You have now the chance to face yourself, to learn the causes of your weakness, to conquer once for all the thing that has brought you into trouble.

You see, when we have some weakness in our nature, the grand thing, the one thing to do, is to conquer it, for we have got to get strong some time. One cannot do that by giving way to regrets and wasting one's time in longing to be out of one's present conditions. No, we have to face those conditions like men; we have to be brave every day in the attempt to do our whole duty that day, just whatever that duty may be. Every time one does his duty manfully, one is stronger and better able to rule out the desires and cravings of the lower nature and better able to stand firm against them.

You say you have learned your lesson. Often when the results of our failings come upon us, and we are suffering from them, we are apt to think that we have learned our lesson once for all. But the truth is that learning these lessons is a longer process than that; it is a matter that must be carried on day after day; and the way to do it is by faithfully day after day doing our duty to the very best of our ability, and not kicking and crying out against our conditions and longing to be somewhere else.

I am not saying this with a view to preaching at you; we never look down on those who have been unfortunate, as the saying is. It is just a plain fact that every one has got weaknesses to conquer, or else has conquered them. According to our thinking, every one gets just what is coming to him; and the most painful thing that comes to him, comes for no other reason than to help him to conquer his weaknesses, and to show him where they are.

Now when a man has been accustomed to giving way to such a weakness as for example the craving after drink, he may have the best will in the world to cure himself of it, he may wish to be free, from the bottom of his heart; and yet there is the body with its old craving that is often too strong and too crafty for the weakened will; and surely it is the most merciful and best thing for that

man to be for a time where he can laugh at the cravings of his body, knowing well that while he is fighting the cravings, while he is trying to strengthen his will, his body is where its cravings cannot be satisfied. Then when he is free, if he has made good use of his time, he will find that the body has become accustomed to being without the alcohol, and so it will not be so insistent; and meanwhile he himself has been learning how to peg away trying to do his duty like a man and a brave man. Practical experience teaches us that the best thing in the world is to stop wanting things for oneself and to keep on trying to do things to help other people; in that way one starves one's own desires and weaknesses.

Ever faithfully yours,

M.

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Part of the Case Against Capital Punishment

THE New Way, the way of Brotherhood, is as much for the man outside the bars as for the man behind them. And he is not walking in it whilst he fails to cast his vote against capital punishment. Too often he has never troubled to face the matter at all. Let us call his attention to a few of the points involved.

Is it desired, by means of capital punishment, (1) to benefit and protect society by the removal of a murderer from its midst; (2) to deter other men; (3) to benefit the man himself; or (4) to take vengeance upon him? It must be one or more of these four.

As regards (1), it is obvious that the end is just as well attained by the detention of the man as by his death.

(2) You do not deter the others. Crimes of violence are increasing in this and some other of the countries which retain the death penalty.

History shows that the more inhuman the punishment, the greater the number of murders — naturally enough, for the more frequent and terrible the punishment, the greater is its brutalizing effect upon the increasingly callous citizen. Public executions surely do not help matters. According to the well-known statistics of an English prison divine, among 167 executed criminals whom he attended there were only six who had not witnessed an execution. . . . All the countries, on the other hand, that have abolished the death penalty completely, have had satisfactory results. Liepmann has compiled a vast amount of statistical matter bearing on the subject. We find there that capital punishment has been abolished in Italy, Roumania, Portugal, Holland, Norway, Belgium, Finland, in most of the Swiss Cantons, in five of the States of the American Union, and in eleven of the Central and South American countries; even in Russia it is inflicted only in political cases. In not a single instance has the number of murders increased since that abolition! The same is true of the German Federal States which had abolished capital punishment before the founding of the Empire. (Dr. Kantorowicz, in the *Deutsche Revue*)

(3) You have no opportunity of knowing whether the mental agony you have inflicted has done any good. The victim is beyond your view. All that you can be certain of is that you have done *harm*. No man can face for weeks or months the cold fact that society proposes to

kill him without being mentally and morally harmed. And you have deprived the man of the benefit which the years of wisely overseen prison life and discipline might have been to him.

For other reasons also you are unjust. Among them for this:

That you apply capital punishment only to the man whose bullet or blow happens to have been *successful* and who may have been a law- and life-respecting citizen swept off his feet for a moment by drink and passion—not to the man who, with fully murderous intent and a long and carefully thought-out plan, happens to be *unsuccessful* in his attempt.

(4) Vengeance does not become more respectable by being called *punishment*. If in your punishment anything remains after benefit to the man, protection of society, and deterrence of others, have been subtracted—that remainder is vengeance. And vengeance is barbarism.

STUDENT

The Great Tone

I HEARD it in Niagara's sound
Of tumbling waters seaward bound;
And like a thousand harpings borne
Upon the golden wings of morn,
I heard the distant city's din
Assuaged and re-intoned therein.

I heard it in the storm-tossed trees;
The trafficking of murmurous bees;
The lofty mountain's Sundered snow
Loud rushing to the gorge below:
And near the lonely surf-bound shore
I heard it chanted, o'er and o'er.

The sovereign tone croons o'er the deep,
And every desert place asleep,
And is the world's eternal song,
That thrills alike the weak and strong:
But those who dare and know not fear
In their own hearts its singing hear. — *Student*

(The Chinese call this great tone *Kung*. "We hear it distinctly in the voice of nature, in the roaring of the ocean, in the sound of the foliage of a great forest, in the distant roar of a great city; in the wind, the tempest, and the storm: in short, in everything in nature which has a voice or produces sound. To the hearing of all who hearken, it culminates in a single definite tone, of an unappreciable pitch, which is the F, or Fa, of the diatonic scale.")

The Song of the Slime

In the mud and slime of things,
Something always, always sings. — *Emerson*

THOSE who know, tell us that back of all life's discord, eternal harmony prevails. Through the clamor of the market-place, through the harsh jangle of the voices in our streets, deep down below the muttered growling of man's lower nature, there resounds a never-ending melody. We give so much attention to the superficial sounds of life, our interest is so centered in the

noisy din of passion and desire, that this great undertone of song eludes our ears. Yet it is only a matter of training the inner hearing after all. When you are alone sink your attention below your surface self and try to catch the song. You will probably not succeed at once. Many trials may be needed before the first faint murmur of the music rings its way into your ears; but it is sounding all the time. Mere sitting still and listening, by itself, however, will never help you to this divine hearing. Your life must be harmonious too. Harsh judgments of others must cease. Hate and envy must go, and the selves of others must be recognized and felt as fragments, as aspects, as parts of your own being. No proof of these statements is offered, and wordy arguments are out of place. It is merely a question of personal observation and experience. Those who hear, know they hear, that is all. The following words written by one who is believed to have entered into and become one with the Harmony, are worth considering. You may call it only a pretty fancy; but even then, surely "pretty fancies" are more pleasant inmates of the mind than the ugly nightmares that people the imaginations of most of us.

Preserve harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to all others, for its effects are more powerful than you understand and more far-reaching. Sink all thought of self, all the small jealousies and suspicions that mar the heart's melody, in love of the work and devotion to the cause. Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness, and losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows. Back of all our pain and suffering—shadows these—lie the divine harmonies of the Reality. These seek, and finding, lose not.

A HEARER

PENAL AND GAOLS DEPARTMENT
INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE

Melbourne, Australia, 27th March, 1913.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th inst. with accompanying copies of the monthly publication entitled *The New Way*. After looking through them I feel sure that the lofty ideals set forth cannot but have a stimulating effect on prisoners whose minds are prepared to appropriate the ideas promulgated. For the benefit of that elect minority I shall be pleased to distribute in the prisons any copies placed at my disposal. The thoughts are simpler and more within the grasp of the bulk of the prison population than the collection of more elaborate literary work you so kindly sent me previously.

I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) W. A. Callaway
Deputy Inspector-General.

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.

The Notebook

IN this way showed itself to me the duality of mine own nature:

When I was angry with some other man, I was likewise (and the more) angry with myself for mine own anger.

I had ideals which I could not make manifest and governingly active in my life. For though I loved them, *the other within me* loved the lower ways. And its love for the ways overpowered mine for the ideals.

Yet in the end I conquered, even as thou canst.

FROM AN OLD FRENCH DIARY

THE young man may sin against the laws of his own body with seeming impunity. Outgrowing his mistakes at last, he perhaps forgets them. But not so the body, for they pass on and reappear as the maladies and troubles of later years.

The harsh words and unkindly sneers are forgotten as soon as uttered. But they pass on and in some later time come back painfully upon thee from the lips or in the deeds of some one as cruel, as unjust, as unwise, as thou wert.

Thus do all the pains of the present thread back invisibly, unbroken, to the misdeeds of the past. Because the threads of linkage are invisible and the misdeeds forgotten, men cry against the ways of divine Law as unjust.

But the Law is just and it is beneficent beneath its sternness. For in every pain is hidden the opportunity to grow a new strength, wisdom, and compassion. The pains have no other reason than this. They represent neither vengeance nor chance.

Life becomes clear to us in proportion as we study this Law.

THE CENTURY PATH

LAY up the only treasure; do good deeds; practise sobriety and self-control; amass that wealth which thieves cannot abstract, nor tyrants seize, which follows thee at death, which never wastes away nor is corrupted.

This is the sum of all true righteousness: treat others as thou wouldst thyself be treated. Do nothing to thy neighbor which hereafter thou wouldst not have thy neighbor do to thee.

MAHÂBHÂRATA

THE thorns which I have reaped are of the tree

I planted: they have torn me, and I bleed.

I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

BYRON

MAN hath no fate except past deeds,

No hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high

For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.

BAILEY'S "FESTUS"

ONE kind of strong man is strong because he runs with his own strong desires. But the same is a weak man when he faces to the better way and has them against him. They are strong with a strength he gave them, though with time and patience he can recover it.

The Odd Moment

Spring Poet: Mr. Editor, I have here a — a — a little poem which, er, which —

Editor (absently): Thanks! Would you mind dropping it in the waste-basket as you pass.

Once upon a time a Chinese magistrate's subordinate had come home very late, and had had an unpleasant encounter with his wife. To his superior he explained next day that he was working in his garden when the trellis fell over and scratched him.

The magistrate was not taken in by the trellis story and cast about for some delicate way of intimating that he saw through it. Suddenly he looked up and espied his wife approaching with a menacing broomstick in her hand.

"Go, my good man," he said hastily; "go; my trellis is likewise about to fall."

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle without a lamp. He came to a crossroads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read

WET PAINT

She: "Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?"

He: "I suppose it is hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men, and the other half were women!"

Patron (to very slow waiter): Bring me some salad, please. And you might just send me a postcard every now and then while you're away.

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarty!" said Mrs. Ryan, as the friends met at the market. "How's all the folk getting along?"

"They be all doing' well," replied Mrs. McCarty, "except my old man. He's been enjoying' poor health for some toime, but this mornin' he complained of feelin' better."

An eccentric-looking person, with exceedingly long hair, was walking down Walnut Street in Philadelphia one day not long ago, when he was approached by a mischievous youngster who inquired the time.

"Ten minutes of four," said the eccentric person.

Whereupon the disrespectful lad rejoined: "Well, at four o'clock get your hair cut."

The boy then ran swiftly down the street, pursued by the now incensed person with the long hair. The latter, after running a block, suddenly found his passage barred by a policeman.

"See that boy, officer?" demanded the angry pursuer, pointing at the fleeing lad. "He asked me the time, and when I replied, 'Ten minutes of four,' he had the nerve to tell me, 'Well, at four o'clock get your hair cut.'"

The policeman gazed stolidly at the agitated man with the long hair. Then he asked: "Well, what are you running for? You've got seven minutes yet!"

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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The Way

THIS is a "way" that is not walked by outward movements. On this path, "to whatsoever place a man would go, that place he himself becomes." The "place" to be reached is a permanent *state* of mental peace and light. The "journey" is through thought and imagination and aspiration and duties. Persistent will, that no failures daunt or discourage or weaken, is the one necessary energy.

Past mental states that were permitted or encouraged when they occurred, live on and will some time occur again and color another piece of your life. How important, then, *what* states we permit and encourage!

Yesterday afternoon's work seemed very tedious. You thought the time would never end. Maybe you weren't very well yesterday and that added to the weight of things. In the evening, as you recall it, it all looks very black and dreary.

The memory of it passes over and gets in front of you. It becomes your expectation of what *tomorrow's* afternoon work will be. And so when you actually get to tomorrow afternoon you find it made dreary in advance. The dreariness is already made, waiting for you to come and live through it.

Why should we not take this law into our own hands and use it instead of being used by it?

Before it becomes past, the past is the present. Suppose that at this present moment you are sitting peacefully, feeling at your best, quite serene. The cell you are in may not be very spacious or particularly comfortable. But you are not now noticing that; your own inner state is comfortable. And when that is so, outer states

don't count. You have been reading or thinking something good. You feel yourself higher than the body, and for the time have power to raise and tranquilize your mind. You may even be feeling in a little degree the presence of your own higher self.

Now move forward in imagination into tomorrow; pass through the day's work that you will have to do.

As you review it or imagine it, feel yourself in it as the same man of tranquility and good will that you feel yourself now to be.

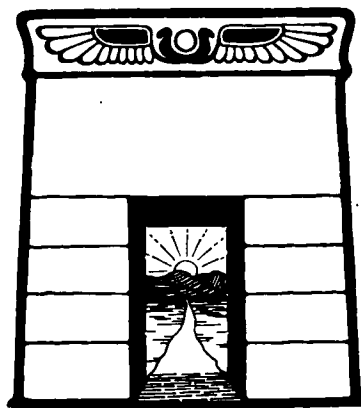
Look back also to yesterday and imagine that you *did* live through that in the same state as you are in now. Imagine for instance that instead of answering back roughly to that rough word that somebody said to you, you had answered from your present feeling of peace and readiness to forgive and be on good terms even with those who ordinarily ruffle you.

In that way also you are creating a pleasant atmosphere for the days to come. Practice makes perfect in this as well as in other things. You can ultimately come to hold yourself as a soul all the time, in the worst sorts of work or difficulty, in sickness, in death. But

death is then not death.

It is the mind, not the work or situation, that makes work and situation pleasant or unpleasant. A woman may find it very tedious to sweep out and tidy up a room. But suppose the room is to be occupied tomorrow by her son who is returning home from oversea after years of absence. Every movement of the broom and duster is a delight to her. She cannot do enough of it.

That is the idea. Your higher self knows all about your duties. It knows that in some way your character just now needs just those duties and that in faithful dis-



THE NEW WAY

A path whose gateway is noble resolve, whose treading is noble deed and thought, whose light unfading is the soul's, whose goal is the attainment of new life, peace, and joy.

charge of them lies your way to closer union with it and knowledge of its presence and help. All duties have that character. When in course of time they cease to be what you need they fall away and other duties come about which now have it as the previous ones had. Whatever the character of duties, whether pleasant or unpleasant, monotonous or varied, they always have in them the way to their doer's higher self.

Doing duties in this spirit, preserving peace of mind and kindness for all, cultivating thought and meditation — these are the path, the New Way. All along it shines the sunlight of the higher self. A NEW WAYFARER



Self-Reliance

(Notes of a recent talk given at the San Quentin Penitentiary.)

PRISON life furnishes a man with fine opportunities for developing his manhood and rounding out his character. I believe we have all come to see that. But it offers just as exceptional opportunities for slipping back and losing grip of the will. It will be good for us to consider for a little while in this talk the possibility of men allowing themselves to become so weakened morally that they cannot properly face the world and hold their own. No man can get the respect of others unless he has won the right to his own self-respect. And no man has his own self-respect if he is shaky in his performance of his duties or if his behavior do not measure up to the standard of right which he has set himself. Bluff is as useless outside as it is here. You must have the real thing.

When a man enters prison he finds all physical necessities provided for him. He neither has the baker, the provisioner, the rent man nor the doctor to worry about. He is simply called upon to furnish some meagre return; maybe in some special line to which he is adapted, maybe in something new to him.

Under such conditions, if a strong stimulating impulse is not furnished through companionship with the better class of men, through reading, or through such meetings as these with the ideals of manhood they arouse, he will commence to grow indolent and incapable of facing the outer world and the stern demands that it makes upon will and determination. He grows weaker and weaker in his capacity to cope with difficulties, and upon being released he will find himself unequal to the task that confronts him. His will and moral energy have vanished. This is not theory and most of you will agree that it is a fact.

But I know that this does not apply to those who have regularly attended these meetings and tried their best to live up to the standard of manhood which we have thought out and talked over. We are able to point to an exceptional record of men who do not falter and have not surrendered any of their innate manhood by their stay here.

The reason for this is that the ideals which are here

presented to the mind, and the impulses that are engendered through the reading of the literature, arouse the real man. Instead of allowing his higher qualities to wane, he puts himself in a position to go out a stronger character than when he entered.

I appeal to you therefore to co-operate with the teachings of Brotherhood by helping your weaker brothers within the confines of these walls while you are compelled to be here, showing them that they must put forth a greater effort than they ever did before to overcome the human inclination to indolence, mental and moral.

I recall an incident that occurred in the last few months to illustrate the difficulties that a newly released man may have to face, and the value of courage and self-reliance. A young man about thirty-two years of age left here about five months ago and secured a position at ten dollars a week. He met me on the street one day after being out about a month and told me of his predicament — that his employer owed him money, that he had scarcely been able to collect enough to live on, that he had been working seventeen hours a day, and that his room rent was due — all of which I found to be correct.

I saw that the man was in despair; he had lost heart because he was unable to get a better position. I gave him the same talk as we have been having here today and I made him realize the fact that he must do his own fighting if he expected to stand alone, that he had better not lean on me or any one else. This was one of the barbed wire barriers so to speak, stretched across the pathway, which he himself must remove. He had not self-respect enough to command the respect of others or make them instinctively render him his rights.

He promised to return to his work, which he did, and remained two weeks longer, and I again met him in the same frame of mind. He told me he had given up his attempts to get a better place and was going to surrender to the parole officer to be brought back here.

I encouraged him not to surrender and said that it would not take me three days to make things come my way; that if he was right inside, the outside condition would soon be all right too. It was a problem which was bound to solve itself. I knew what the solution would be if he would stick to it. I told him, however, that the matter of pay should be taken up with the parole officer and that his employer should be made to give him his arrears.

He got his heart and went back again, resolved, whilst fully discharging his present obligations, to seek something better in a new spirit of self-reliance. In a month he was master of the situation and seemed to be a new man. With the unexpectedness of all good things, a new position offered itself and now he is doing splendidly.

This little drama illustrates the idea that is contained in our talk today: That you men have an opportunity here which you might overlook in the outer world; that because you are not troubled by the need of looking

after your physical wants, each one of you can turn about and discipline himself into greater strength of character and moral courage. So only can you have that something in your bearing which will bring you the instinctive respect of men.

Stand up to the rules; do more than your duty rather than less; and be an inspiration in word and conduct to those weaker than yourself. So persisting, you will get the Higher Law on your side helping you in ways and at times when you least expect it: the Law men know so little of because they live so little in such a way as to invoke it. Right self-reliance, and reliance on this Law are one and the same thing.

H. H. S.



The Secret of Joy

A BOY was singing louder perhaps than was at all necessary. But then he was not making half as much noise as he would have liked to if he had known how. He was full of the joy of life, and he wanted to give it out because it seemed to be more than he could carry. It seemed to him that there was something tingling in his blood and ringing in his brain that called for a voice, and he gave it his. Before it reached his throat it seemed like living joy, but when it got there it turned into a very common kind of a tune sung by a very harsh kind of a voice with a lot more noise than music in it.

John McDougall was deeply disgusted with this unpleasing disturbance of his own bitter brooding over the wrongness of everything under the sun. He was very fond of music but he disliked noise, and merriment he hated. He felt it to be somewhat of a reproach to his own habit of melancholy. A certain amount of cheerfulness he could tolerate if it was kept within bounds, and he had been known to smile at a bitter joke; but his smile then had no joy in it. It was only when he heard good music that anything like joy found expression on his serene countenance. He was a kind-hearted man in his way; but when he heard such sounds as came from that boy's throat he felt his nature revolted. It was a blasphemy against good music, it was a desecration of song, it was an insult to all who had ears, and it had some other quality that irritated him beyond all else because he could not say just what it was.

This thing that puzzled him so was the thing that stirred the depths of his bitterness whenever he met with what he considered undue cheerfulness or unbecoming hilarity. He had read books on the secret of *sorrow*, on the cause of evil, on the origin of sin, and on the fall of man, but he felt that the authors of them were just threshing straw and beating the wind with words. There was something in that boy's discordant howling that these books did not account for. It was the secret of *joy*.

He got up and went out, determined to follow the boy

and see if he could get any new ideas by deliberately submitting himself to the torture of his unmusical voice. But he was gone, and John McDougall wandered on. He passed the business section and came, still deep in thought, to a pleasant residential quarter with a park and gardens. He was brooding over the secret of joy. It must be profound because no one seemed to have solved it.

Suddenly he heard a discordant scream and turned furiously to utter a most unseemly and profane denunciation of parrots and the fools that kept them; he hated a parrot almost as much as he scorned a fool, and he felt that where one was the other would be too. But the parrot changed his noise from a screech to a song with that peculiar touch of joy in it that had disturbed him in the boy's song, a song whose words seemed to the austere McDougall particularly foolish: "Happy Little Sunbeams." Then the bird paused, chattered awhile, and finally broke out with "Life is joy!" ending with a hideous screech that sent the listener hurrying out of reach of the offensive noise. He turned into the park and sat down. He seemed to hear an echo of the parrot's words, "Life is joy" whispered in the rustle of the leaves that flickered in the wind. He saw the splashes of sunlight on the shadow beneath the tree where he sat; he heard the song of birds; and he muttered to himself the words, "Life is joy."

A small voice from somewhere near said "That was the secret. You could only keep it by giving it away." He turned and saw two children sitting on the grass under a tree behind him. The words seemed to be part of a story that one was telling the other. He put the phrases together almost unconsciously, so that they ran: ". . . joy! *that is the secret of life.* You can only keep it by giving it away."

Then he stood up and a light came into his eyes such as comes when a man has found an answer to the longing of his heart. He knew that he had never yet *lived*. It was not too late. He would, now.

M.



Will

THE will works at both ends. At the further end it does what it was directed to do—for example, energize the mind to think or the muscles to put them at some duty. At the near end it builds the character of its owner. He who shirks a duty misses in his mind and muscles that pulse of energy that they were entitled to; and his character, instead of having had another stone built into it, has had one taken out from its foundations. Will is the building force; *it is life engaged in building*. The moment we fail to use it where it ought to be used we are beginning to weaken and decay in every part of our nature. He who instantly does each duty as it turns up with the conscious sense of willing to do it, is beginning to live as a soul.

C.

The Universal Justice

JENKINS felt sure the warden was holding back a letter for him out of sheer spite. It was no use to say anything; but the thought of it made him bitter and revengeful.

He thought he would like to run the world a while, and make laws that gave a man his just dues, if he was a prisoner. There was neither justice nor mercy in it now, with all the pious talk. It was bad enough to lose your liberty and be shut up like an animal, without being robbed of the last human touch of comfort. Even if he was guilty enough to go to prison, he had done nothing to deserve the cruelty and injustice for which there was no redress. Didn't the price of his liberty pay his score for counterfeiting? He broke the federal law, of course; but the government had no feelings to be hurt.

That letter was from his mother, the only one to care how he felt or to treat him right. She saw his good points, any way. He had done many a good turn for other fellows who were hard up. It was helping a broken-down suspect that put the detectives on his own track. He was generous with his money, if it was counterfeit. What just fate would put a free-handed fellow like him into the power of cruel and insulting strangers?

That question rankled in his mind long after the lights went out, and he fell asleep at last with it still unanswered. He dreamed that he had lost his way traveling in the dark. But he stumbled along the hard road until he got to the home town where he was brought up. He walked in the grass at the roadside now, to ease his tired feet, until he came to the garden gate. Slipping through it, he tiptoed up the path to the window, where the lamplight was shining out; while inside it showed every foot of that well-remembered room. The whole picture was just as he had seen it hundreds of times before. The simple room seemed like heaven after the hated cell.

There was the table where he had eaten so many times, sitting opposite his mother who knew how to fix things that he liked. When a schoolboy he studied here evenings; and, as a man, sat in the big chair and read and smoked. He remembered over-hearing his mother say once that tobacco smoke made her head ache. But she always sat there pleasantly, and he never thought to ask if she minded it. That bracket on the wall she had kept there all these years—his first bit of jig-sawing.

There was the old lounge, too. He woke up there once, snug and warm, wrapped up in mother's big, soft shawl, and with her arms around him. He had been skating after school, and the last thing he knew the ice had broken and he was going down in the freezing water. Lying there, safe and quiet, this seemed a good enough world, without going to a better one. And the narrow escape softened and brought him so close to mother, that for a while they were strangely happy in just being alive together. Words, for the time, were superfluous.

Everything in the room was as familiar as his own hands and feet. How well he knew that tick of the old clock, the bookshelves, the picture of his dead father, the geraniums growing in pots, the sewing folded up beside the work-basket that had the same little pin-cushion in it. By the magic of dreams he saw beyond the things themselves and knew their meaning. Altogether they had not cost much money; but they were full of a priceless feeling of good will—the thought and feeling that made this home place different from any other on earth.

His mother sat where the lamplight fell upon his last letter home. There were tears on her cheeks and her lips trembled pitifully. He felt her hopeless misery, and knew her thoughts that could not be told to anyone. She had been too easy with him always; and even love must pay the price of unwise mistakes. But she had done the very best she knew to keep him clean and honest as boy and man, trusting him always. When his trial brought out a record of dishonest years, she had not even looked reproach; but he knew now that the story of it had the bitterness of death for her.

She re-read his letter, as if to find something missing in it. He felt her heart sink with cruel disappointment. Again he lived over those days of shame for her beside him in the courtroom; and this time he sat in her place. He felt her desolate grief as the evidence proved how he betrayed her trust and shut her out of his inner life, long before the prison shut him in. When she kissed him goodbye, with brave words, he was too busy thinking of his sentence to notice the wounded look in her eyes. All the while he chafed under the punishment so hard to bear, without realizing what *she* was suffering.

Now he saw the stinging injustice of his return for a lifetime of tender care and a home of sheltering peace. She had poured out the genuine gold of mother-love on him. He took it all as a matter of course, giving back the counterfeit coin of the realm of selfishness. She buried that out of sight. She was more alone in a thoughtless world than he was; for she had only him; and down to his last letter, he had thought only of himself. It wasn't his guilt so much as his cool, selfish ingratitude and lack of sympathy that broke her heart.

He saw himself as one of an army of sons with suffering mothers. An agony of shame shook his very soul awake. He was scorched by the lightning-flash of truth that the higher law works, even through unjust agents, for a man to reap what he has sown.

Jenkins waited a month for his letter. Meantime he had set up a wireless line of love that carried peace and joy both ways; and it blesses the thousand miles it crosses between the home and the prison. L. R.



It is materialism that makes men think that the space which separates bodies also parts minds. — *Cobert*

Deserts

AT the end of the play the villain gets properly punished, virtue is rewarded, unmerited suffering is compensated.

We think that all right. Our sense of justice is satisfied.

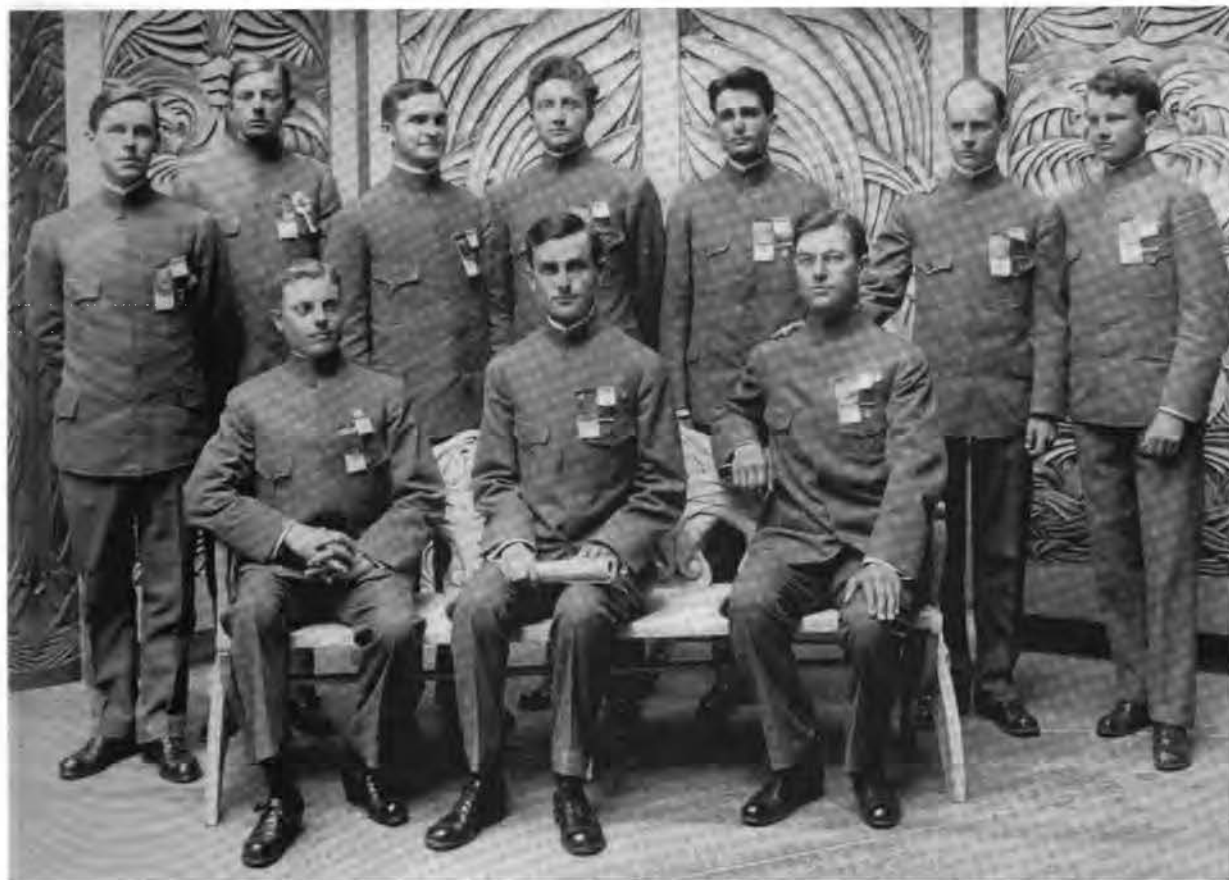
And we think that actual life should behave in the same way. We want to see success and failure, punishment and reward, happiness and unhappiness, falling just where they are due—except perhaps in our own case!

But we think that actual life does *not* as a rule behave

if a five-dollar piece slipped out through a hole in his pocket.

Grown people are not necessarily of the same age as their bodies. There are "old heads on young shoulders"; there are people who keep the freshness of youth for seventy years and die with it. There are wise and thoughtful and confident in young men; there are unwise and unbalanced and silly middle-aged men to whom we should never think of opening our minds at all, whose advice it would never occur to us to ask.

Nature rewards and punishes people according to this



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES SENT BY THE YOUNG MEN OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA,
TO THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

in that way. If justice is at work in the world she takes a good many days off and goes to sleep.

Do not let us judge too quickly. Justice may be attending to business all the time. But her rewards and punishments are according to the nature of the men who are to get them. So would ours be. If a grown person serves us faithfully we don't make him a present of a doll. If our little baby girl is good we don't give her a mattock; nor, if she is naughty, do we send her to jail. One man might get his worst pain in the death or treachery of a friend; another might feel it more keenly

scale, according to their *actual* ages and developments, not necessarily according to their *bodily* age.

So we cannot be sure what she is doing to people in the way of reward or punishment unless we know all about them. How many people are there whom we know all about?

Perhaps nature never punishes at all, only corrects. "Corrects" means *makes right*.

"He deserved it," we say of a man who has fallen into poverty because he would not work. His poverty is the only thing that would *correct* him, put him right.

make him work, cure his laziness, and key up his will.

But here is another man, fallen likewise into poverty, who *would* work, *did* work whilst he could.

Injustice here, we think.

But firstly, poverty may not be to him half the pain that it was to the other. The two men may entirely differ in their valuation of money.

And secondly, do we know what compensation he got? Poverty may have opened for him the friendship and compassion of helping neighbors, quickened the love of his family for him and his for them, awakened in him the power of sympathy for others in like case, deepened his nature in many ways. It may have turned him from thoughtlessness to thoughtfulness, aroused all his latent energy, cured some tendency to idleness or sensuality. And he may have learned to get an amount of happiness from small innocent pleasures which before he could not get from anything. In a word his inner nature may have reached a point of spiritual growth at which it demanded as it were poverty as the one condition on which it could take the next step forward.

From this point of view the poverty seems to be even more than a beneficent corrective; it is a reward; a reward for having reached such a point of spiritual growth. The ways of nature are not ours, nor her conceptions of reward and punishment ours. She takes long views, knows that we go on living after what we call death, and treats this life as a training ground for that further life. She does not take the same respectful view of cash as we do; nor, when she gives a man pain, does she feel in any way evilly disposed to him.

Here is a man who cannot touch anything that does not turn to wealth. "Luck," we call it, and perhaps see no *justice* there. Perhaps we grumble: "Why should *he* have all that luck and not I?"

We are confusing cash with happiness, as usual. Can we look into that man's life? Have we the least knowledge whether he is happy or not? He may not know a moment's peace from morning to night; may be surrounded with schemers, with people whose apparent friendship he knows to rest only on greed for his money; he may have a bad conscience, bad health, a quarrelsome family and a faithless wife; there may be ceaseless pulls on his thought and time; he may get a hundred begging letters a day. And finally he may be momentarily conscious of the envy and hostility of thousands of his fellows.

He wanted money; he went the right way to work to get it. Life or nature gave it to him. But at the same time she took measures to show him that his wish was unwise. She may bring him at last to the point where he will wish in his old age that in his early years he had worked for something nobler, some quality of mind or character, and had put into that the energy he put into money-making.

Another man might want money just as badly, might work for it just as hard, yet not get it. Nature has either

another lesson just now for him in hand, or she has some other way of teaching him that lesson.

The point of all this is that *nature always teaches*; strictly speaking, she neither rewards nor punishes; what she is after is the growth of each and every one of us. Every situation is an opportunity for growth and stimulus towards growth.

Now let us look into our own lives, find out what is the lesson just now in hand, and co-operate with this divine Law that we have called *nature* by learning it as thoroughly as possible. Thus we advance more quickly to the next one, which may happen to be much pleasanter, which may look more like "reward."

THE NEW WAYFARER



The Three of You

IN looking at one's own changes of mood from day to day or even within the same day, one is reminded of that old picture of the man standing with an angel on one side of him and a demon on the other. Each was whispering into one of his ears. Sometimes we listen to the angel, sometimes to the demon, sometimes to both. Sometimes we take one or the other right inside, let it run the show, let it actually become *self* — for good or evil. The one left outside then counts for nothing, cannot be heard, perhaps is forgotten. If it be the angel that the man has let in, he will feel, while the light is all through his mind, that he need never again fall and fail, never again do or think the things of yesterday, never again be mean or base or cruel.

And at another time he may let the demon have its fling unrestrained, make its fling *his* fling, "go it" wholeheartedly, perhaps even vengefully sneering as he remembers his own good resolves of yesterday.

It follows that the man has always his choice between the two presences. The one leads him to peace and immortality; united once and for all with that, he is his true self, unreachable by death.

But under the guidance of the other, every thought he thinks, every act he does, is a seed of future pain and humiliation.

NEW WAYFARER



I RECOGNIZE the distinction of the outer and inner Self; the consciousness that, within this erring, passionate, mortal self, sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings. It is the perception of this depth in human nature, this infinitude belonging to every man that has been born, which has given a new value to the habits of reflection and solitude. The soul is an emanation of the Divinity, a part of the soul of the world, a ray from the source of light. It comes from without into the human body as into a temporary abode; it goes out of it anew; it wanders into ethereal regions; it returns to visit it — it passes into other habitations, for the soul is immortal. — *Emerson*

When We Were Children

Sunset Memories

ST. JOHN LUCAS

ON winter days, at four o'clock,
 They bring the lamp for me and Jock.
 At five o'clock, Penelope
 Brings tea (and jam) for Jock and me; . . .
 Then someone who has soft brown hair
 Comes singing up the nursery stair;
 A voice cries "Who's within?" and Jock
 Pretends to turn the broken lock,
 And I exclaim in accents fine
 "Advance and give the countersign."
 "A foe" the stranger's voice replies,
 Straightway the postern open flies
 And shows us mother's laughing eyes.
 We both pronounce her, then and there,
 A prisoner in the rocking chair;
 She yields at length; and we debate
 What toil befits the vanquished great;
 And Jock, a highly courteous knight,
 Votes that the penance shall be light,
 To wit, our prisoner prized and proud
 Shall for an hour recite aloud,
 With waving hand and lofty look,
 From any kind of fairy book.
 The captive seems absurdly gay,
 And smiles in quite a pretty way;
 She takes the book upon her knee,
 Her arms encircle Jock and me,
 And on each shoulder there is laid
 A cruel victor's wicked head.
 Then, as each thrilling tale unfolds,
 What company the nursery holds!
 With pigmy pipe and dainty drum
 The marshalled hosts of Elfland come;
 Pale Queens whirl by in golden cars,
 And fearful Djinns escape from jars;
 Haroun-al-Raschid, meanly clad,
 Glides through the streets of rich Bagdad;
 And, like a living sapphire, flies
 The Bluebird through the turquoise skies.
 In moonlit meadows, hand in hand,
 The fairies dance their saraband;
 The moth, their jealous sentinel,
 Peers from a foxglove's highest bell,
 Lest lovers, come to catch the dew,
 The fairy queen unveiled may view.
 Ah! how we listen, how we smile
 When vanquished is the wizard's wife;
 And how we tremble when the floor
 Creaks, and we see the nursery door
 Opening slowly, till our fears
 Grow laughs when father's face appears.
 Now father's very old and wise;
 He's thirty-four, and such a size;
 He reads a curious tongue called Greek,
 And lectures on it twice a week.
 And yet he always comes and looks
 At mother reading fairy books;
 And, as our chairs are small, his seat
 Is at the hearthrug by her feet.
 And I believe that he enjoys
 The tales as much as little boys.
 For when the gong is rung by Bess
 To say it's time to go and dress,
 He won't get up from off the floor,
 He begs for just one story more.

A Needed Reform

BY ROBERT WILSON McCLAUGHRY

(For thirty-nine years a prison head, and one of the greatest criminologists in the United States.)

THERE are some grave reforms needed in our prison system, and one of the most urgent needs is some method of modifying the sentences of courts. . . .

What we need is a penitentiary commission with power under certain circumstances to parole men who have been sentenced to prison by courts. This should be done after conviction. Where this is done earnestly and intelligently and the man is made to feel the terror of the law it usually means reform, if the man is not a confirmed criminal to begin with. The federal government could set a splendid example in this way. Let it give a board of penitentiary commissioners power to make these adjustments at the penitentiary door, to modify the sentences of courts, and thousands of men will be saved to society every year in the United States. After all, the design of the law is to prevent further wrongdoing; not to avenge itself for the wrong he has already done: that is reformation that amounts to something.

These things are suggested to me by the long line of men I have seen pass out of prison doors and up to the plane of good citizenship again. How long the line might have been if there had been a commission at the prison gate to halt the prisoner with the court's sentence hanging over him and tell him to go in peace so long as he adhered to good conduct I do not know, but it would be much longer than it is. — From *The Kansas City Star*

South Carolina State Penitentiary,
 Columbia, S. C.
 May 14, 1913.

THE NEW WAY Publishing Co.,
 Point Loma, California.

Gentlemen:

Your valuable little paper THE NEW WAY, which we have been receiving gratuitously for some time, has, we feel, been an influence and an assistance in strengthening us along those lines which are weakest in us, and we herein take pleasure in extending our most hearty thanks to those who are responsible for it reaching us. We sincerely hope that it will continue to visit us regardless of our inability to contribute anything towards its support. We are,

Yours in Gratitude,

(signed) Prisoners of S. Carolina Penitentiary.

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.

New Way Notes

ALONE that comradeship between men is fruitful and beneficent which rests upon their common pursuit of some worthy aim.

That which rests upon their common enmity to some other man or men is a false and hurtful imitation and will sometime collapse into hostility among themselves.

AN ANODYNE for any pain which comes upon you is to consider the case of some one who has to endure still more of it and then in thought to send him your sustaining sympathy. Those who know something of the inner things of life, know that such an output reaches its goal somewhere, in some pain-stressed mind, though you may never know.

And conversely: in every pleasure try to send some waves of it into lives that need it, darker lives than yours. Only by this sharing of it will it fully refresh yourself.

A GENTLEMAN, young sir, is (I take it) one born with the godlike capacity to think and feel for others, irrespective of their rank or condition; one who possesses an ideal so lofty, a mind so delicate, that it lifts him above all things ignoble and base, yet strengthens his hands to raise those that are fallen — no matter how low. This, I think, is to be truly a gentleman.

Farnol, in The Amateur Gentleman

As we chose in small things always
We must choose at last in great;
For 'tis then the gods deny us
Our own hand upon our fate. — *Mary Hinton*

HE who will think some fine thought ere he sleeps, think it and think it out; think, say, that he is by rights of the company of the Immortals and is temporarily exiled therefrom into a body in order to fortify and establish his will — he has planted this thought in what I will call the garden of sleep. By morning it shall have become a flower whose fragrance shall be sweetening and purifying his mind all day. — *I'aughan*

NEVER esteem anything as an advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.

Marcus Aurelius

DESIRE for something that cannot be got; the imagination of getting it; then the realization that we have it not; out of the disappointment, desire again, fiercer; imagination, more vivid; the sense of balk, keener. In this circle we live. We will not learn the double lesson that desire, in its bud and beginnings, is so easily nipped and killed. Yet I knew a man here whose practice in this had made him perfect. He had lost nothing by nipping off his longings, was fuller of manhood, and was serene, content, wise, and kindly. His mind was ever clear, and he was, he said, only grateful to his prison life for having taught him to win this inner freedom. — *A Prisoner's Diary*

Heard This?

Extract from small boy's letter to his chum:
"You know Bob Jones' neck? Well, he fell in the river up to it."

The manager of a lunch-room in Chicago is something of a figure in local politics and has a number of callers nearly every day. One of these came one day about lunch-time.

"Where's Jim?" he asked.

"Out to lunch," replied the cashier.

A little six-year-old whose parents were of the Calvinistic faith was very much surprised on hearing that Jesus was a Jew. "I don't see how that could be," she retorted, "when God, His father, was a Presbyterian."

Anxious traveler on street-car: Conductor, can't you make any faster time than this?

Conductor: Sure, but I have to stay with the car.

Son of the House (to caller): I wanted to see you 'cos father says you made yourself.

Caller: Yes, my lad, and I'm proud of it.

Son of the House: B—but why did you do it like that?

A little girl's composition on the subject of men:

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. I think if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men.

Landlady: Will you take tea or coffee?

Boarder: Whichever you call it.

Young Wife, to friend: My husband has passed the limit.

Friend: What's he done?

Y. W.: He had a pain in his chest last night and got me to put on a mustard plaster for him. After a little while he complained that it didn't hurt as much as the sort his mother used to make! What do you think of that?

Judge, sternly: The next person who cheers will be expelled from the court.

Prisoner, enthusiastically: Hooray!

Counsel, examining witness: Exactly how far is it between the two towns?

Witness, after meditation: About four miles as the cry flows.

Counsel, severely: You mean as the flow cries.

Judge, suggestively: No, he means as the fly crows. And they all looked vaguely at one another.

Old farmer up from the country, after prolonged examination of the rhinoceros at the Zoo: "I don't care, Maria; there *ain't* no such animal, that's all."

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 Way to the Well

THE thirsty traveler drew near the one cool deep well which could fully quench his thirst and give him new life in heart and mind, new sight and hearing and understanding. Already in imagination he drank the draught and felt the glorious thrill.

And once again the snake was in his path, coiled and ready to strike. Often had this happened before. Sometimes he had stood hopelessly and watched it, and then after a while it had vanished and the path was clear. But the well had then vanished too! Sometimes he had turned away in anger or terror or despair, gone wandering again over the dusty hills and sought amid base company or with base deeds to still that thirst which was but put by to return with greater intensity and the chill sense of guilt. And sometimes he had made a detour and tried to pass it by to one side. But ever as he thus approached the well from some new direction and his hopes sprang high, the snake was again between.

And now this last time as he stood in his despair he knew suddenly that a white form was at his side. He could not altogether see it, for when he turned his head it moved back and remained still a little out of view. This too had happened on some former occasions, but now the white figure spoke:

"Why dost thou stay?"

And he answered: "I cannot pass the snake."

The figure said: "Go forward and look."

So he went forward, slowly and stooping, that he might examine the snake the better.

It changed under his closer, searching gaze, changed,

changed — and behold, it was *himself*, himself that barred now and ever had barred his own path — his worse self, the self of pride, of self-pity, of self-regard, of hates and enmities; self, self, I, I, he knew filled its thought so that little else could be there.

The figure said: "Thou mayest only reach the waters of the well by walking upon and treading down thine own image."

And he answered: "I cannot; I am not strong enough; my purpose was ever an unsteady and wind-blown flame."

The figure said: "Take heart; it is something that thou seest and knowest of the well and the true nature of thine own thirst. The thirsts of all men are in reality thirst for this well, did they but know it. But they direct them everywhither save rightward, and in false satisfactions waste their lives and compass their own death."

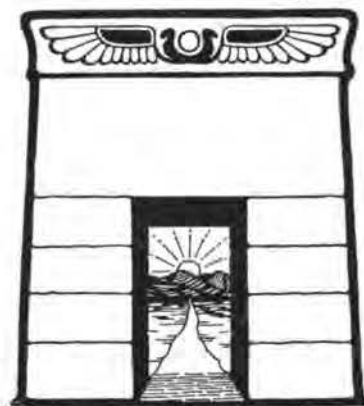
The man then asked: "Who art thou?" and waited, expectant and silent.

There was no answer. The silence deepened, deepened, till it seemed that the very life of his mind and body was held in it. The white-shining figure and himself

had become one and a great joy and peace transformed him. And he looked, and the snake that was self had vanished and the way to the well was open.

Joy walks ever beside each of us, ready to lead to the well-spring of life. He that will let this presence of light into mind and heart and hold its flame constant, shall make an end of all his obstacles and become himself a light of help and hope for all his fellow wayfarers, for all those who are mistakenly and fruitlessly trying to find joy amid transient pleasures.

A WELL SEEKER



THE NEW WAY

A path whose gateway is noble resolve, whose treading is noble deed and thought, whose light unfading is the soul's, whose goal is the attainment of new life, peace, and joy.

A Glimpse of the Real World

IT was night, with Hughes in the dungeon again. He was getting to feel "quite at home" there, he thought with grim scorn, refusing to be downed by punishment. He was called the worst man in the third grade. He was in the third because there was no fourth, and he wasn't moving upward, either.

"Why should I obey rules?" he thought, wrathfully. Prison life was so maddening to his iron will and untamed love of liberty, it seemed like surrender to fit himself into it. He felt like fighting the whole hateful situation to the bitter end. Not that the end of his term was anywhere near, or that he consoled himself thinking of a post-mortem program. With "one life at a time," he had briefly dismissed the chaplain who wanted to talk about "futures."

Just now he was thinking about the beginning of his life. How well he remembered his mother, with her clear gray eyes and firm, sweet mouth. What merry, loving ways she had! And she was so brave and knowing that he never missed his father. He was a high-tempered, impulsive child, but his mother understood him as no one else had. They were great chums, and though she was so near and dear, she was firm with his training, and expected a good deal, too, of "little soldier," as she called him.

One day she was taken suddenly with fatal illness, and with tears and kisses on the wondering boy's face, she gave him over to her childless sister. Then followed strange, unhappy, lonely years, equally hard for the grave, cold, well-meaning aunt and for the little human hurricane she had inherited.

When twelve years old, he ran away; but always and everywhere, conditions seemed to smother and tie him down. Something imprisoned inside always urged him on and on, to find he knew not what. He had knocked around and seen plenty of hard luck; but he couldn't see that life meant much of anything.

Hughes never knew if he fell asleep, thinking of his mother. But if it was a dream it was more intensely real than the waking world. The thick darkness around him grew thinner and brighter, until the very walls of stone were dissolved in the air by a wondrous light that nothing could withstand. First it was shadowy dusk only; then gray, like heavy clouds; then the delicate gray of dawn, that flushed into a golden glow. Steadily it crept close to the heart of every particle of heavy and unlovely things, until they became as nothing in it.

The thick stone walls crumbled into luminous air at its touch. It flooded out through silent corridors, lighting up the sleeping faces in crowded cells, tier on tier. It melted bolts and bars into stray sunbeams; it made a glowing courtyard of the empty square outside, and turned into faint dream pictures the sentry guards and guns and outer walls. In broad country meadows and lanes it touched the grass blades and every wayside

flower into freshened beauty. It spread along highways to distant towns, where it lighted up all the dark places and showed the inner lives of men.

It was not only light, but it brought a feeling of fresh air under the open sky and along wooded streams and on high mountain sides. To the ear it brought back faint, sweet sounds of forgotten birds and swaying branches and running water in the happy hush of a child's long summer day.

In the soft glory of this wondrous light, everything took on new life and charm. Even in the world's ugliest places, it was stronger and more enduring than wretchedness and suffering. Every man, woman, and child had a spark of it in their hearts; and whenever they let its joy go out to others, it shone through their eyes and made new meaning in their voices.

Hughes knew that this was what he had felt urged to find. It brought back the old, sweet sense of rest and trust he had felt with his mother. He saw how he had lived in this invisible love-light with her and that it was genuine and strong enough to overcome evil and loss and loneliness.

He would never forget this vision of life within life — this glimpse into the *real* world, where unselfish thought and feeling outlast wrong, separation, and death. In this heart-light, all the prisons and hard, unhappy places were but dark shadows in life's pictures that some time must fade out in the sunrise of a better day. Hughes knew as well as if he had heard the beloved voice say: "Stand up bravely, little soldier," that his mother's deathless love could find him anywhere. He knew, too, that no place could be so dark and hopeless but what she would expect her boy to help make it brighter.

To a blind man there is no light anywhere. To a color-blind man there are no colors. To us there are colors and light. The men of a better day than this, a day when love and brotherhood are in every heart, will see all things as Hughes saw them when in his "dream" his mother's love had reached and transformed him. And though his vision of reality faded, he kept the memory of it, and in the power of the memory began life anew.

A NEW WAYFARER



A MAN looked at the tree, stately and splendid in the sunlight. But he only saw so much timber and reckoned up the dollars it would bring.

Another came by and stopped likewise. But he saw the play of the light and the changeful greens and browns and the spreading contours of trunk and limbs. For he was an artist.

And there came a third who saw the same. But he also saw with finer sight the play and pulse of *living* light within and he felt and knew the joy of the tree as it opened up and spread out wide to the sun its million leaves and welcomed the breath of the winds.

The depth of the visible is limitless. The limits are in you who look. — *From the Chinese*

Keep the Link Unbroken

IN what sense are men really one? What do we mean when we say that humanity is one?

As we delve deeper into our own lives and into the lives of those about us, sympathetically penetrating little by little the crust under which everyone's heart-thoughts are concealed, trying to see things from the other person's point of view, we do become at last conscious of a great pulsating, living current underlying all outer life, made up of the inner lives, the very souls of men. Like the sea, it has its tides, its ebbs and flows,

so far removed from a knowledge of its presence and influence that it has to all appearances gone.

But he who perceives beneath the rough physical surface, and ever looks for the better nature of men, readily sees the thread, however slight, that binds the worst of us all into one brotherhood. And then he can point it out to the needy one, even though he uses not these same words.

At death we enter fully into the flow of this great pulsating heart-current. But in life, till perfection is reached, we are continually straining away from it and



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LITTLE "NEW WAYFARERS" AT LOMALAND: SCENE IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA

Men feel these, though they do not know why their changes of feeling from day to day are so often in common.

To recognize this current and try to live more and more in the sense of unity that this recognition brings about, is the first step to the power to help others and to win peace. This is the road to men's hearts, to be ever pursued if we wish in all sincerity to help them to realize the best in themselves. We must travel it first, and then show them the way. This is the link that we must keep unbroken—unbroken in an outer sense only, because the bond never breaks, though men may live

thinking and acting in unbrotherhood. This naturally has its effect on the heart-life of our fellow-men. Happy is the individual who has found the calmness of the center current and stretches eternally his hand to those on the edge.

Manifestations of this deep common life are everywhere: in the sunshine, in the smiles of those we love, in the flowers, the songs of the birds, and in the merry play of children. Their sympathy for the misery of others reveals it to the compassionate helpers. Many people gathered together for a noble purpose show it strongly in their very features. Who does not some-

times wake to find that everything is just about right, and wishing to sing from sheer joy? If we were accustomed to managing ourselves instead of letting ourselves manage us, we would not let these periodical joyous moments come and go without another thought, but would investigate the reason why we do not feel that way all the time. What happens once can be made to happen again, and as often as we wish, if we give a little thought to it. In the center current of this great wave of light and force that touches the hearts of all things, we will find that the joyous moments are an unbroken succession.

R. M. M.

Dig Deep for Real Riches

JOHNSON doesn't seem to be one of fortune's favorites. He has no "pull" with the officials, no money to pay for "extras," and no friends outside who think he needs anything. In the dining-room his seat is near the hot, noisy kitchen, and in the workshop his machine is in a poor light. But somehow the fellows have a feeling that it's a sort of privilege to be located near him. Not that he poses as a leader, or tries to get into their good graces; but wherever he is, the dull routine of things seems more alive and interesting, as though it was nearer the center of the stage. His English neighbor said once, "A body don't feel so much like a wooden part of the bloomin' machine, workin' next 'im."

Through his example his neighbors do better work too. For without being a specially expert workman he handles tools with a careful craftsman's touch that shows a respect for them, as if an honestly done piece of work were a real bit of creation.

The ugly stripes Johnson wears cover a certain manly air they cannot hide. He is no pugilist, but he puts his foot down with easy strength as he walks across the yard or down the corridor or climbs the stairs. He has one of the old cells, but he keeps it cleaner than most of the new ones are, just as he keeps himself cleaner than a good many of his comrades. At his table the coarse food is handled decently, though no one ever spoke of table manners. No serving-spoons are provided, but the rest took up Johnson's way of taking enough at the first helping, instead of returning their own spoons to the common dish. Perhaps because these few fellows put some right feeling into their meals they get more good out of the food than its quality promises. At the next table are several quarrelsome, heavy eaters, who have a standing mutiny against the food, as well as a list of old grudges against each other, and usually are on bad terms even with their own stomach.

When Johnson loans some of his common tobacco, he hands it out simply and naturally enough. But the borrower always feels that he gets something a bit better than usual. He never offers a man advice or sympathy, or invites his confidence. Yet many a desperate fellow

has drifted over to him with his troubles and tangles, and has got what he needed. One man, on the verge of suicide, without intending to tell his story, blurted it out to Johnson, who listened quietly, looking him straight in the face, and answering briefly. The man couldn't remember just what the reply was. But there was something back of Johnson's words that routed the blue devils and made the fellow equal to any situation. The discouraging things hadn't changed in the least, but the discouraged man got a clue to something in himself that took things differently.

Johnson never talks much, but when he does give his opinion it is listened to, even when not accepted. He doesn't ask for much, but he always has something to give. He seems to have a rich streak in his nature that somehow makes him independent of "pulls" and possessions. He draws on this pay streak at all times, just as any miner uses his pay dirt to meet everyday wants. He just gives something out of himself—a touch or a feeling of the whole man who is back of the prisoner part of him. He puts this into his walk, his words, his work, his food, his few mean belongings, and even into his fellow-prisoners. He never puts on airs or makes a snobbish move. He simply shows that a faulty human being has a reserve force and a dignity stored away in him that is something more than all the things that can happen to him, or that are outside of him.

You cannot imagine Johnson as being beggarly, though he hasn't a cent; or as degraded, though he is in stripes; or as dulled, even by the paralyzing prison schedule; or as hopeless, though he is a "lifer." He never poses or preaches or pretends to be any different from other fellows. He simply is richer in his nature, or else he knows its paying leads better than the average moiler who mines more trouble than treasure in dimly picking his way through the hard world.

They say Johnson has changed a good deal since he was sent up for killing a man—the only time he was ever drunk. Some of us have had more education and money and position than he ever had. But he is a living study in the difference between having money and power and things *outside* of your skin, and a strength and richness *inside* that seems to grow with use. He shows that a man has got to give up scratching round the grass roots of his claim and dig deep down to find the pay stuff in himself. He doesn't argue about it; he just shows how it *can* be done; and he makes it mighty convincing.

PROSPECTOR

WHEREVER you are, you are a center of force, and it is your own fault if you are useless anywhere.—*Blavatsky*

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident
Which Fate, in working out its ends sublime
Nor willed to be, nor would not deign to hinder.

Hartley Coleridge

The Power of Sympathy

"THAT reminds me of a story I heard the other day about a man with one eye who—"

"Now don't shove into this conversation. You don't know anything about the subject."

"But I want to tell you—"

"You want to spread yourself talking; that's all. Try and do a bit of quiet *listening* for once. This crowd don't want any of your instruction just now."

The eager talker was sadly disgusted with the brutal selfishness of that rebuff. As to wanting to talk—why, of course, he did not want to keep his ideas to himself. The selfishness of his comrades was beyond endurance; it was quite evident to him that they merely wanted to hear themselves talk, and for that they were willing to lose all the interesting information they might get if they were less egotistical.

Deeply offended, the unappreciated talker went in search of one who was always willing to listen, an old man who seemed to think that nothing in life was worth worrying about, and who yet seemed to find everybody's talk interesting. He listened sympathetically, and smiled and nodded without saying anything until the stream of indignation paused.

"I was reading what a man said about conversation being an art, and it seemed to me he was about right. He said the secret of the art was to be able to *listen* sympathetically, to be able to feel interest in anything that any one may be saying, and to encourage the speaker to open his heart and to speak freely."

"There!" exclaimed the young man, "that's just what I say. Those fellows never take the least interest in what I have to say; if they did I could talk for hours."

The old man smiled gently.

"There's a lot of truth in that about sympathy too. Why, if you are fond of animals, you can listen to the noises they make and find it all interesting; that's sympathy. Then look at a mother listening to her baby's prattle and encouraging it to go on. Well, that's sympathy. Why, when folks are really in sympathy they don't need to talk, they are glad to be together and just to feel the fellowship that's natural to men when they are as they should be. Then this fellow who was writing said that conversation was just the art of creating a feeling of sympathy in a group of people; and when they got that feeling, he said that all sorts of new ideas would come into their minds and would jump out unexpectedly and make the conversation sparkle like a Christmas fire when pine branches are thrown on it. That gave me a new idea of conversation. It's the art of encouraging *the others*, encouraging the best out of them, diffusing harmony in a group of talkers by a sympathetic *silence*."

"Then you mean that the art of conversation consists in *silence*?"

"Yes; a certain kind of silence. When you've practised it a while, you'll know when and how to speak. Speak always so as to encourage the best out of the other fellow. That's the rule. If you've got that as a motive you'll talk all right, when you do talk. And the others will *then* want to hear you." LISTENER

✽

Man and Cat

"THIS *New Way* seems pretty hard to walk on. You've got to have good feeling towards everybody. Now how's a man going to get that towards a fellow that injures him every time he can, and fills in the between-whiles with spiteful thoughts?"

"Do him a good turn, small or great, in some perfectly natural, easy, pleasant way. At the time of doing it you can feel kindly to him; in fact you can hardly then feel otherwise. In the between-whiles feel kindly in a sort of at-large general way."

"But if there are no chances to do him a good turn?"

"There will be. It is a law of life that when a man feels unkindly towards you, you presently get a chance to do something for him."

"Why is that a law of life?"

"Because life, though it shows itself in the stone merely as magnetism, close hold of particles for each other, and so on; in the plant chiefly as growth; in the animal as motion and desires; and in man as all these along with mind—is yet everywhere pressing towards something more, pressing consciously and intelligently. It is really a spiritual force; and this something towards which it is working is *harmony* amongst men. For till they get that harmony they cannot unlock any of those higher powers which will make them seem like gods in body, mind, and soul. When two men are in disharmony, this life behind all things arranges chances for them to put it right. This is part of the working of its great plan. If they take the chances they have got nearer to life of every sort. If they don't, but stay unfriendly, they are getting farther from it and even their bodily health will be the worse."

"But suppose the other fellow won't meet me half way?"

"That's his affair, firstly. And secondly, he will in the end if you keep up the game. A man who allies himself with life by cultivating harmony, ends by becoming an irresistible power for good."

"This meekness—"

"I never used that word. If you get an ill turn done you, hit back like a man—with a *good turn*. A cat can spit back and scratch. It takes a real man to do the other thing. You can use the word meekness if you like, but you must read strength and big-heartedness into it as parts of its meaning. The *New Way* is for strong men, not cats." THE REPORTER

Get out of Your Own Light

THE real man, what is that? It is not often we see him in others or feel him in ourselves, though he is always there. He comes out sometimes when there is a fire, a shipwreck, or other great peril, and then we see some quite ordinary man become a hero who thinks nothing of his own life or limb. Sometimes our real man comes forth for a little while when we are deeply moved, as by the death of some one we love. But the old habits and characteristics quickly close in again around him and shut him up once more.

Yet they are moments of real happiness, the only real happiness, those moments in which we have got out of his way; or, to put it better, in which we have *become* him and are in the real sunlight of life. There is more than one kind of sunlight.

When the great emperor visited the philosopher, who was living like a dog in his kennel, with less of the comforts of life than fall to the lot of most dogs, and asked him what he could do for him, the answer was: "You can get out of my sunlight." So long as he could have his "sunlight" nothing else mattered to him. All that he sought was just that which alone makes life worth living — "sunlight."

And when we think of it we see that in that answer there is a hint of what is man's greatest want — his sunlight is shut out.

What is his sunlight, then? What but the light of Life; what else but that inner feeling of joy in life that most men have lost and forgotten, and that many have never known; yet which all men want, and which some few find before they die? This spiritual sunlight is no metaphor but a real thing which any one may find who will.

The emperor's pride was wounded by the philosopher's answer. And so may a man's be when he is told that his personality is a made-up bundle which he must get out of the light. For we think our personalities are our real selves. And as far as we consider the soul, the real self, at all, we think of it as something that has to be "saved." But it is safe enough. What needs saving is the mind. All that part of the mind that thinks wrong and low thoughts has to be got out of the way. Then the spiritual sunlight gets in; the soul can stir, come forth into manifest life, use fully the remaining better part of the mind, and all goes well.

We say of a man that "he is always in his own light" when he has some trick or way or peculiarity which prevents him getting on in the world, the outer material world of business.

By "getting in one's own light" in the higher sense is meant letting one's personality fill too much space; that is by thinking too much about oneself and one's troubles, one's wrongs and wants, one's hatreds, and such things. All these get in the way of the light. The moment we can forget ourselves we have stepped out of

our own light, and then we find that by doing so we have made room for the light to reach us.

At this point a curious change takes place and the man who can forget himself for a moment knows that he has found himself in a new way. It is not such a contradiction as it seems, because a man does not in general really know himself at all, and thinks he is made up of wants and worries, likes and dislikes, ambitions and disappointments, and all those kinds of feelings, which are really things he can shake off as easily as he takes off a coat, and yet not be a bit less himself. It is astonishing how much of that sort of clothing a man can take off and yet be well clad. And it is just the same when a man tries to find himself. When he has got rid of his unnecessary coverings, he has got out of his own light. Then he is likely to have the surprise of his life and can learn what man really is. It is something big; so big that it can not well be talked about.

Now the best way to get out of your own light is to make yourself useful to other people and to think more of their wants than your own. It is simple, and it works. Try it!

TRUTH-SEEKER

Silence

WE complain of so much of our work being routine, monotonous. It would not be so if we knew how to be silent within, if we had trained the mind to stop insisting on being supplied with new mental sensation — just as the body would like to be supplied all the time with new *physical* sensation: candy, chewing-gum, tobacco, and so on. The real silence is more than merely not speaking; it is a silence of *mind*-chatter. It is only in this real, positive silence, that we can become aware of the presence of the soul, and raise belief in it into certainty. All our training is such as to hinder our knowing what real silence can do for us. We get it for a moment when fine music has ceased, just after death has taken someone we love, or at the close of a great speech.

In silence, life begins to fill our reservoir, life spiritual, life mental, even life physical. But we never let the filling go on. We keep the faucet open and the energy flows away in talk to others and thought-talk to ourselves as fast as it comes in. An old Arabian thinker once said: "I admonish thee, whosoever thou art that wouldst know the deepest secrets of life, if that which thou seekest thou findest not *within thee*, thou wilt never find it without. *O man, know thyself! In thee is hid the treasure of treasures.*"

This actual knowing of what you really are can only be got by the practise of real silence, the turning of the mind inward. And the more routine and monotonous the outer work in which you are engaged, the better can this inner work be done. But let us remember that unkindly thought of others, unkindly feelings towards them, is one absolute bar to this deeper silence. A WORKER

The Uses of Hardship

BETWEEN each seedling and the sun
I stand, implacable and grim;
All, all the world is green where trees
In spite of me, reach up to him.

Between each body and the soul,
Between each human soul and God,
I leap, the eternal wrestler, I,
To strengthen men, to crush the clod.

I stand between mankind and life,
Implacable and gaunt and grim,
Forever daring men to rise
And through me snatch God's best from Him.

(Adapted)

The Robin's Song

RICHARD HONEYWOOD

GOD bless the field and bless the furrow,
Stream and branch and rabbit burrow,
Hill and stone and flower and tree,
From Bristol Town to Weatherby—
Bless the sun and bless the sleet,
Bless the lane and bless the street,
Bless the night and bless the day,
From Somerset and all the way
To the meadows of Cathay,
Bless the minnow, bless the whale,
Bless the rainbow and the hail,
Bless the nest and bless the leaf,
Bless the righteous and the thief,
Bless the wing and bless the fin,
Bless the air I travel in,
Bless the mill and bless the mouse,
Bless the miller's broken house,
Bless the earth and bless the sea,
God bless you and God bless me!

It Can Be Done!

SOMEBODY said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied,
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he bucked right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing, as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing,
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

Dallas Rotarian

Start the Day Right

START the day right. When the sun comes to greet you
Give it a smile for each ray that it sends;
Shake off the worries that long to defeat you,
Strengthen your faith in yourself and your friends;
Yesterday's ghost will be striving to haunt you,
Yesterday's errors may come to your brain;
Throw off the worries that trouble and taunt you;
Start the day right; begin over again.

Start the day right and you'll find as it passes
Something to live for and something to love;
View not the future through indigo glasses,
Note the bright streams and the blue sky above.
Failure may mock you through years of endeavor;
Fame and success may not come at your will;
But nothing can baffle a climber forever,
Start the day right, and you're half up the hill.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

I AM sorry for the prisoner. I can feel what he feels when
the doors close behind him and he faces the new, bleak, rule-
driven life.

But yet he has much to compensate him. He has opportunities
not possible to one man in a thousand in the world outside.

I have been a prisoner myself and I know what I am talking
about. And I knew a few who used the opportunities. They are
in the grievances and difficulties.

The prisoner is thrown close up against a lot of other men
with many of whom he is likely to develop intense antagonisms.
The opportunity here is to learn to tolerate them all and to
develop such mental strength that he cannot be irritated. The
opportunity is in the very difficulty. Most prisoners miss it
and accentuate their own irritability by talking with one another
against one another. This may make amusing conversation at
the time, but it makes the mind much weaker and more irritable,
and consequently means more pain and a worse general atmos-
phere.

The last hour or two of the day the prisoner is necessarily
quite alone. It is an opportunity for thinking that he would
never get outside. The tendency is to brood and live in retro-
spect. But there did not seem to be many of us that let the
retrospect teach us anything. A few did know what to do with
their reading and they used the opportunity. We had a reading-
room and they made a habit of copying out a little of something
good and taking that to their cells to think over. One of them
seemed to stick mostly to Emerson's Essays. Another had Epic-
tetus and Marcus Aurelius, and they got a lot of these by heart.

An ex-prisoner's letter

MY SOUL is like an oar that momentarily
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea.
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.—*Lanier*

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.

New Way Notebook

TO EASE another's heartache is to forget one's own.

CHEERFULNESS is what greases the axles of the world; some people go through life creaking.

TEACH me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man. — *Gray*

IF THOU art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.

JUST stand aside, and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link,
When you with "he" as substitute for "I"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.
Strickland W. Gilliland

IF YOU see that a man has a fault, don't picture him as consisting of nothing but that fault. Look out for something fine in him and make your picture of him mainly with that. There is a curious law of human nature concerned with this: If you think of a fault, you yourself begin to acquire it in some form; if you think much of a fine quality you begin to acquire that. So even if only on selfish grounds, think of the better natures, the strong points, the likeablenesses, the respectworthinesses, of the other fellows. They'll feel it, get helped by it, and begin very soon to pay you back in your own good coin. A dozen good strong men at this game can leaven a thousand and raise the whole tone. "Whatsoever a man thinks of, that he himself becomes; such is the ancient law."

SAYS the Indian proverb: "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers." Yes, and they were all my twin brothers, if I may so express it, and a thousand times closer to me even than the common conception of twin brothers. We are all of us the same in essence; what separates us is merely differences in our own respective stages of evolution. Constant reflection upon this fact must produce that universal sympathy which alone can produce a positive content. It must establish in the mind an all-embracing tolerance. Until a man can look upon the drunkard in his drunkenness, and upon the wife-beater in his brutality, with pure and calm compassion; until he is surcharged with an eager and unconquerable benevolence towards everything that lives; until he has utterly abandoned the presumptuous practice of judging and condemning — he will never attain real content. — *Arnold Bennett*

Heard This?

Jones: "Hear you're celebrating tonight, Smith."

Smith: "Yes, just a little dinner. Between you and me, it's the tenth anniversary of my wife's thirty-fifth birthday."

Diner, sadly, to passing waitress: "How long have you been here?"

Waitress, briskly: "About three weeks."

Diner, more sadly: "Then it wasn't you I gave my order to."

Brown: "I'm sorry to see, Mike, that you and Rafferty are no longer the friends you were. I saw you pass each other just now without a word."

Mike: "Sure, sir, there's no trouble at all, at all. It's like this: Me old frind Rafferty and meself are that devoted to wan another that the thought of a quarrel is like pison to us. And as we're both mighty quick-tempered we don't spake a word for fear of dissolv'in' th' frindship."

Two young Georgia attorneys had consumed the entire morning and a part of the afternoon arguing a case about the killing of a steer. As there seemed no sign of a finish the judge rose and courteously addressed them: "Gentlemen, the shower is over and I must set out potato slips for the rest of the afternoon. But don't let that disturb you. Go on with your arguments. When you have finished you will find my decision here under the inkpot."

A New York man was moving house. A valued heirloom was an old grandfather's clock. This, as the removing was only to the next street, he thought he would not intrust to the tender mercies of the furniture men but would carry himself. Taking it up in his arms he started for the new house. But the clock was as tall as its owner, and heavy besides, and its doors kept swinging open, so that he had to put it down every few feet and rest his arms and mop his streaming brow. Then he would clutch his burden to his heaving bosom and stagger on again.

After half an hour of these strenuous exertions he was nearing his destination when an intoxicated person who had been watching his labors from the opposite side of the road took advantage of a halt to hail him.

"Mister," he said thickly, "Why in thunder don't you carry a watch?"

Mrs. X. (at theater): "John, did you leave out the milk?"

Mr. X.: "Yes, I left out a can of condensed milk and the can-opener."

Mrs. X.: "John! It was for *the cat*."

Mr. X.: "I know it, my dear. But if that cat can take papers from my study table and jag notches in my razor she can open a can without any trouble."

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

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The Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and whosoever shall know himself shall find it; for if ye truly know yourselves, ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the City of God, and ye are the City. (A recently discovered saying of Christ)

The Waiting Room

LIFE has often been compared to a railway journey. But we do not make enough of the comparison. Let us go a little further with it.

There are some people packed together in a miserable little wayside waiting room. A train stopped there and shunted them. They are waiting for another train to proceed with their journey.

Suppose they forgot about the journey, where they had come from and where they were going to, thought that the wretched waiting-room was the whole thing. They form little groups, chat, quarrel, visit the refreshment counter, look out of window, play games.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

The fragrance and beauty of the rose made it an ancient symbol of the awakened soul and its life. In India the lotus flower, growing up from the mud, was used in the same way.

Some get to like it; some are wearied; some speculate as to how they got there and where they will be, if anywhere, when they are let out. Now and then one is let out and recovers his memory and is happy. But he cannot return to tell the others. Now and then a newcomer enters. But he too, like all the others, forgets at once. Now and then some one remembers the great sunlit home from which they all came, remembers that their journey was for knowledge of the places of the world that they might no longer be as children, and knows that in good time they will get back to their noble home, rich with experience. But others will not listen, go on with their empty chat and emptier quarrels, go on trying to find permanent happiness in the few things that are about them, in the food, drink, and so on; go on thinking that that little room is all there is.

So we, in this our waiting-room. We had to be here, needed the experience. There are some mind-powers that only this particular "waiting-room" can call out. There

are special associations with each other that can only be fully had here. It is only in unhappiness that we can develop certain noble traits of character; only in an unhappiness that is shared that we can fully develop brotherly feeling one for another; only in unhappiness that the will can be fully drawn out, and through its use that peace won in which the soul comes to full flower, the perfect rose.

Let us rather rejoice, then, at all our difficulties. They endure but for a time and exist only for our conquering. Let us quit ourselves like men and brother men, so that, when we do resume our splendid journey, we may be able to look back upon these darker days without shame or regret.

A TRAVELER

A Fact in Nature

ONE day I had a rather strange experience and it taught me a great deal. Even before I got up I noticed that there seemed to be something pleasant afoot. I cleaned up my cell and went in to breakfast, the pleasant expectant feeling getting stronger and stronger. We did not talk at meals then, but by the time breakfast was over I was somehow certain that something agreeable was going to happen to me.

Then I passed the warden's office and saw a notice posted up to the effect that Mme. — was going to visit the prison that afternoon and would give us a concert in the evening.

Now, I thought, how did I get wind of that before I saw it?

I put it together with a lot of similar things — some of them unpleasant however, and made a theory which I found in time to be sound.

"Brotherhood is a fact in nature," and it crops out on the surface of (human) nature at every opportunity. There is a sort of running communication between men directly there is a chance for it. But it is generally just out of their range of notice. The chance for it comes when a number of them are shut up together. They know of it (or might if they took notice) by the fact that about the same sort of feeling runs around among them every day. "Pretty thick today," says some one to a pal, "ain't it?" "You bet," says the other; "haven't felt so rotten for months."

So it was with that concert affair. The more men read the warden's placard the more they spread around their feeling about it. I got that feeling. With my usual selfishness I never thought anything about the *other* fellows. Something good was coming for *me*.

Prison life is a great school; there's nothing like it. I reckon that if a man is good-hearted, wishes well to the other fellows, and is strong enough, he can make in himself a feeling which, spreading around without words, can ease up the situation for all the rest. If a couple of dozen would do that they could clean up and sweeten the entire atmosphere.

A PRISONER'S DIARY.

The Hand on the Lever

LIFE is full of contrasts and surprises. The prisons may seem the last place to look for moral influence.

Yet the inmates, subject to an often unprogressive penal system, can lead the progressive modern world in the cause of human betterment. Today, as never before, the thousands of unseen, nameless men inside the walls have the rarest chance to help themselves, to advance prison reform, and at the same time do a royal good thing for all humanity.

It is all as natural as it sounds impossible. Nature does much of her best work in the darkness and silence underground, before the flowers and fruit can come. The present time is a critical period in human growth, while "old things are passing away." There are strong souls in dark and hidden places who can begin the work that shall later ripen into rich results. The very force that makes a strong man a criminal will, when rightly directed, enable him to do more for humanity than any amount of merely negative goodness.

Though a social exile, the prisoner is as intimate and vital a part of the human family as any one else. Nothing can change that. However perfect or however unhuman he may become, he is still one of the children of men — affected by and affecting others. He cannot escape his human responsibility. The kind of life in the remotest and most secluded prison affects life as a whole. This outgoing influence is as much a fact as a wireless message. Along with telegraphs, telephones, steamers, electricity, and airships discounting time and space, the wireless is simply another sign of the invisible lines of connexion between men.

Now every man is a special part of the human family, and he and his class have some special share in the general work. In the world's present condition, the criminals can do something splendid for the race — *can do it because they are known as criminals*. They can use their bad records in qualifying for the work, using these very handicaps to make success more striking. In this, the equally guilty but unconvicted outsider can't compete with the men whose public conviction is followed by the obscurity of the cells. It is but a step from the prison's black shadows into the moral limelight.

The world is losing a most valuable thing. Rich and poor alike are facing actual need, a famine, in faith. Men do not believe in themselves, or in each other, or in much of anything. It is a cruelly false condition of things, leaving life as lacking in purpose as a squirrel's round in its cage, yet at heart, men long for the genuine life which all their counterfeits copy. They long to know that life has, after all, a divine meaning.

This is an important time in the world's history. Things move so rapidly that a wrong turn of affairs means quick and serious disaster. By a seeming contradiction, the prisoner is given the leading chance to make a splendid play and to put vital meaning into the human drama. If society helped to make him a criminal, he

accepted the part. Socially and as a man, the higher law has given him the right and the responsibility of squaring his account.

Perhaps you think that officials have no faith in a criminal. Frankly, don't they usually believe in his real manhood *as much as he does*? You may become the very one to convince the doubting Thomases that even a guilty man has a secret nobility and dignity. The worse the record, the more convincing an object lesson it makes. No one likes to be caught napping; and a keeper aroused to a criminal's good points that had escaped him, will try to detect the signs in all the others. His search will put him on the track of his own fuller manhood. Just a few clean, orderly, self-respecting prisoners can make the officers ashamed to be outdone in dignity. It is a tremendous thing to make even one man realize the fine, strong force that is going to waste in men everywhere. Your daily life can become such a challenge that every one around will *have to see more in humanity* than ever before.

Faith is highly contagious! One man's blessed belief that, as a soul, he is on a sacred journey of experience, will spread itself in ever widening circles. In unknown ways, it will reach out to thousands of heart-sick men, busily trying to bluff themselves into a belief that the game doesn't mean anything.

The prisoners can show the preachers the best way to "work out salvation." The truth that man has the dual nature of an animal and a god has been so long forgotten that humanity has lost faith and heart. The namby-pamby people carry no weight in the present crisis. But the divine light of the aroused higher nature, thrown upon the shadows of a black record of the past, can make an impressive and convincing picture.

The *prisoner's hand is on the lever* that can swing the weary old world back into the light of the truth that man's real nature is divine in spite of all his faults.

It is a gloriously nervy thing to make moral capital out of your misdeeds. A weak, deceitful, or sentimental attempt to do it would fall flat. But it can be done by a lot of men whose records show that they have got the nerve, and only need to switch its current on to right lines to succeed. It is a world-chance to do a heroic thing that will become a turning-point in history. It may never come again. The higher law gives to the criminal this supreme right of the hour — and the responsibility.

R.

IN ALL men sleeps a divine message for all others. The poet writes greater poetry because he has heard the musician's music; the music is greater because the musician has been thrilled by the poem. For all men I have a message; all men for me. None of us can be his best till he has searched for that which his fellows can show him and teach him out of their inner nature. But none can fully give or receive till all unbrotherhood is cleared away from the mind. — *From "Lines on the Wall"*

In Two Worlds

"I THINK I'll learn to sing."

"Why?"

"I've got a pretty good voice and I think I could get some credit for myself out of it."

"Why want to get any credit?"

"What a fellow you are to ask questions!"

"I mean that you are forty years old already. If you get the voice you want, it will begin to be wearing out in about ten or fifteen years from now. Moreover being human you will, I presume, ultimately die. Dead voice in a dead body, then; nothing to show for so many hours' labor."

"You mean, *not* learn to sing?"

"Oh, no! Learn by all means. Singing can be made one of the ways of *not* ultimately dying. You can live on in those whom you have raised and helped by what you have sung to them."

"That is not *me* living on; it's *them*."

"Do you know what consciousness means?"

"Sure!"

"If you have sung rightly and right things, you have brightened or added to the consciousness of others?"

"Yes!"

"Added some of yours, and of your best, to theirs?"

"Seems so."

"The added piece is yours *and* theirs?"

"Seems so."

"An extension of you?"

"Seems so."

"Then if you leave the world, die, you also live on in it, in these people you have added to and helped, live in that part of them that is yours and theirs?"

"But I shan't know anything about that after I am dead."

"How do you know that? You have put part of yourself into the world and there it is, *part of yourself*. It is part of other people too, a bit of life shared in common between them and you. But note that you are not the less for having given some of yourself away, any more than a candle flame is the less for having lit another candle. The law would seem to be that we pass on, leaving behind what we have given. So if we have given much we are wherever we are, in whatever fields of light, *and* here in those to whom we have given. I say, learn singing if you will, but not for renown."

"But that I may live?"

"No, that is still wanting for yourself. You have only changed your want from want of renown to want of life. It is no true *gift* where the giver keeps his eye fixed on a recompense. The true giver has no thought of a return, though he may get one. Nothing of you, of your highest nature, is given out to others with your singing if you are thinking of yourself, of applause, renown, money, life; though if your singing was good they might get some benefit. Is it the same thing if I give a starving man money out of compassion as if I gave it in

order to insure myself a good place in heaven or to make myself feel how generous I am? In the first case some of my highest nature goes with it; in the second, not; though either way his starving is relieved. You see what I meant when I said 'sing rightly.' We must give from the generous love of giving; give because it pleases us to give what others are in need of; give because the divine spirit of life urges us, goes out through us to others. Leave in its care the results on yourself of your giving. It will attend to that part of the affair.

"There is an old text supposed to be uttered by the dead man who is passing on to another field of life:

"Behold I have dissolved myself in the heart of the world, for that I gave myself to the world whilst I lived in it. Now I go yonder and yet also remain with the world."

"He had fought the fight against selfishness, and now was his reward. We are giving to the world in anything we do for anybody in the spirit of brotherhood and of giving.

A NEW WAYFARER

Nursing a Grievance

THERE is no such antidote to trouble as song. But when a man is in trouble he does not want to sing. So the antidote is useless where it is most needed.

True, a man who is in trouble does not want to sing. But a man can do what he does not want to, if he wills. That sounds queer perhaps, but it is true all the same. The fact is that though one may say that a man can force himself to do what he dislikes to do, yet in reality the man that does the forcing is not the same as the man that does the disliking. A man is not quite such a simple proposition as he appears. He is a mix-up of several "selves," and it is not easy to know which is the real one.

Every one uses such expressions as this: "*I was not myself at the time I did that*"; "*He forgot himself for a moment*"; "*He lost control of himself*," and so on.

These forms of speech show that we do recognize more than one "self" in us, and that we know we can control ourselves (*our selves*) if we will; so that it is quite clear that we do look upon that thing we call "myself" as something different from the "I" that does the controlling or willing. Yet most men will deny that they ever think of themselves as anything but a simple "self"; and some get angry if you tell them they can separate their real self from the false ones.

But now it is a fact that when a man is in trouble, he does not want to sing; but he probably knows that if he did force himself to sing for a while, his trouble would not seem so hard to bear. He knows that; and he knows that trouble is unpleasant; and he wants to get rid of it; yet he does not want to sing — at least one of his "selves" does not.

If he has strength of will enough to make himself smile when he is unhappy, and sing when he is in trouble,

he can prove to himself that *he* is not the man that is holding on to the trouble as if he loved it, but that *he* is the man who wants to be happy, and means to be, whether the other fellow chooses to be miserable or not.

So it looks as if it were that *other* fellow who is always hunting for trouble and holding on to it when it comes, not his real self; yet it *seems* to be his real self if it gets its own way. It seems as if there were a lot of these false selves in a man, and as if any one of them can and does pass for the real self if that real self is not strong enough to be master in his own house.

When a man is at his best, he does feel as if he were master of himself and of all his lesser selves, which he generally thinks of as his moods and tempers, and so on. He does not feel then that he is a "mix-up" of all sorts of humors and wants and disappointments and grievances, hates and jealousies, and all the rest of it; he feels that "he is himself." And one of the best ways to get into that state is to sing and to smile; but it takes a man of courage to do that when that "other fellow" has got a grievance and is holding on to it.

The fact is that if the "trouble-lover" can be forced to take his share in the song-and-smile part of the program, he is thereby forced to drop the trouble. He knows that. And as he loves his grievance he objects to the song and smile. It is curious that a trouble never hangs on to a man as tightly as he hangs on to it. Left to itself it is quite ready to drop off at any time.

Singing requires the use of the body as well as the mind, and so does smiling, and when the body is busy smiling and singing it can not be growling and scowling, which it has to do if it is to do its share in the trouble-nursing business. That is why it is not enough to think cheerfully in order to make that "other fellow" let go his hold of his grievance; he must be made to do an active part. Then he will get his share of the joy of life, a joy that comes naturally when we stop picking up all the grievances we find in our path, and determine to enjoy life and to make it enjoyable for all around us.

We have to see that the fellow with the grievance is "the *other* fellow," and we have to make him sing and smile when we choose. Otherwise he will make life miserable for us, and force us to join him in nursing his grievances. Which is best?

R. M.

To IMAGINE is to summon. He who imagines himself in his full manhood with the divine light of his soul in and about him, his heart awakened by brotherly feeling and the intent to serve all his fellows in the highest ways he knows; he who in that attitude will feel in himself all that the words I WILL imply, has summoned his will and for that time taken it from the hands of his enemies — his lower self and passions. He has but to take it from them daily at last to keep it and enter a new life. — *From "Lines on the Wall"*

Master Your Own Instrument

"GO straight on!" Simple advice surely, but not so easy to act upon as one might suppose. Why is it that the majority of the world are incapable of going straight on and straight ahead? Because the mind is not under control. And that means that a man can control his mind. Very few people try to do it, because they have never realized that they are not their

loses his temper. When the mind is completely ruined we call the man who had charge of it insane; but we do not realize that nearly all of us are doing to some extent the things that brought the insane man to the point at which he can no longer be allowed his freedom.

All this comes from not understanding that we must be "master in our own house" if we are to be called sane. This implies that we *can* control our own mind,



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IN THE CONCERT HALL AT GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN
Representatives of Katherine Tingley's Rāja Yoga College at Point Loma
To the International Peace Congress, Visingsö, Sweden

mind, or that the mind is as much an instrument as a piano or a typewriter, and has to be mastered and kept *clean* and in good order. If a man allowed a lot of monkeys and wild cats to run about over the keys of his piano, or play with the strings of his violin, he would not only be responsible for a lot of hideous noise and discord but would find his instruments damaged when he needed them for his own use.

Yet that is what a man does with his mind. He allow's other people's foolish or vicious words and thoughts, and his own appetites and desires, to run about over the keys of his thinking instrument and make discord there; he lets loose a whole cage-full of wild cats every time he

and keep it for our own use. But then we must refuse to allow those tempers and passions, those likes and dislikes, those fads and fancies, to fool us into giving them the free run of the house — for a man's body is the house he lives in, and his mind is the whole outfit he keeps there.

When you find a man who can go straight on, who can keep his word and his temper, who can wait, who can keep his thoughts friendly, who can refuse to listen to scandal and slander and gossip about other people, who can mind his own business, you have a man who, to that extent, has mastered his own mind. He has begun to make himself master in his own house, and if he keeps

that up and follows out the rule to the limit, he will soon be known as a man to be trusted; and from that to becoming recognized as a master of men is but a step. From the position of one who is not fit to be at large to that of one who is fit to lead others may seem a big journey, but it is made up of short steps; each step is like the rest, and their name is self-control. R. M.

A Prescription

THE man had been puzzled and hurt for a long time. He could not get at the solution of a great problem — why people did not seem to like him or want to be with him.

He was not bad-looking, and was particular about his appearance. He was a pretty good talker, knew how to tell an anecdote and always tried to say smart and interesting things. And he had acquired one or two accomplishments which he thought should certainly make him socially attractive. Nevertheless nobody ever seemed to want his company and still less did anybody ever confide in him. Yet there were fellows altogether inferior to him whom everybody ran after and chummed with. He felt the injustice bitterly and pondered long over the problem. What could be the matter? Why shouldn't *he* be liked and sought after?

He tried to get comfort out of the idea that people were afraid of him. They felt that he lived above their plane, knew so much more than they did, was superior to their crude simple ways and talk.

It would not do; the sting remained unrelieved. Inside of himself he knew that he had a heart and there were times when he just craved that somebody would come along and break through to it, break through the insincerities that he loved so well and cultivated so carefully.

There had always been a mean little twist in his character. He was something of a coward and at school had more than once let another boy be punished for what he had done and had not had courage to own up to. And he had committed some small thievings — from schoolmates, from his father, from his business employer. He had once been the receiver of a testimonial fund, had weakly nibbled a little at it, and when the time came to pay it over, had had to do a good deal of lying to cover the deficiency.

It was one of the thefts from his employer that finally tripped him. As a prisoner in the courtroom it seemed to him that he had got to the very bottom of things. The sentence — one year — bringing the hours of agony under the public eye to a finish, was a positive relief.

But a very little time in prison and he was himself again. And he was again facing his problem. Nobody wanted him. All the groups were complete without him. If he came into a conversation it was not because he was asked to.

One day when he was standing alone in the prison

yard the warder came up and spoke to him. He was an elderly man, strict but kindly, liked and respected by all the better class of prisoners. "How is it I always see you standing by yourself?" he asked. "Why don't you chum in somewhere with the rest? Prison life isn't all it might be, I know. Still, if a man chums in with the rest it goes pretty well after all. Anything I can do for you?"

The warden's eye looked him through. It was an eye he didn't seem to like to meet. It made him feel small and shifty.

"I've watched you pretty carefully, same as I do all the rest, and of course I know your record, had to. And I have not studied human nature thirty years here for nothing. If you'll forgive me speaking plainly, I know what's the matter with you. I'm old enough to be your father. Let me give you a straight word. Will you take it all right?"

There was something in the old man's kindly way behind the keenness that broke through into his real nature. "Here's a dose of medicine coming," he thought. "I'll take it."

"Go ahead," he answered. "I think you can help me. You want to, anyway."

"You've got a heart," said the warden. "You're all right inside; nothing the matter there. It's the outside of you that's the trouble. If you'd let that heart out to the rest you'd find theirs. And you'd get the better of that sly little twist that brought you here. *That's* not in your heart; that's all outside, a *brain* matter if you like. If a man can get his heart going he'll have his life straight. A kindly heart, attending to business, and a crooked nature, don't go together.

"As I see it you've got to reverse the game you've played up to date. You've wanted to be liked, thought a lot of, reckoned smart, talked of when you weren't there. What's the reverse of that? You've got to *like*, hunt up in others the things you can think a lot of *them* for, take up a sort of position of bein' willing to learn from them in some way. Keep mostly with people you can look up to and *look* up to 'em, get the *humble* idea into your mind and live for a good while according to it. Take second place everywhere and be cheerful and kind-hearted in it. Get the idea? Keep out of the center of your own stage. Be everlastingly kindly and tolerant and help-intending. When you find yourself inclined to shove forward, stand back while somebody else gets forward. Don't try to be noticed or thought clever. Don't try to say smart or sarcastic things. When night comes, look back through the day and see if you've broken any of these rules.

"If you live by this for a while you'll get your troubles out of the way; you'll be one of the best-liked and best-trusted fellows on the place. *I'll* trust you right now. It does me good to see a man leave this place bigger than when he entered it. You haven't so much to overcome as you think."

REPORTER

The Departed Friend

R. L. STEVENSON

THOUGH he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole, long, gusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before,
Be now a moment gone before,—
Yet doubt not; anon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by crag and hill,
That selfsame arduous way—
That selfsame upland, hopeful way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread
Got some few, trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end,
So that you too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gaily on, strong heart; the while
You travel forward, mile by mile,
He loiters with a backwards smile
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

✽

Sonnet

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

WHEN I consider life and its few years—
A wisp of fog between us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo die within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass, an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The bursts of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad.

✽

Society and Prisoner

"IT must be plain to any thinking mind that in a society as closely knit as ours is today you *cannot* put away a half-million human beings every year and forget them. One need be no sentimentalist to hold that 'We are members one of another'—in a sense as real and literal as ever St. Paul meant these words; for, after all, these people do not stay in prison forever. All but a handful of 'lifers'—some five thousand more or less—sooner or later find their way back to us, their lives touching ours at many points, unseen and unsuspected."

—Julian Leavitt, in *The American Magazine*

What is "Society"?

WE should remember, in our resentment against Society for having made us what we are and then placed us where we are, that we were (and are) members and parts of that very Society. As such we must have done our share to make ourselves what we are. Let us then include ourselves in our own blame. If others have wronged us, did we never do wrong to ourselves? If others have wronged us, did we never wrong others—and quite knowingly? If Society is indifferent to us, were we always so careful to help and better the lives of that bit of Society that was right around us every day? Are we so careful *to do it now*? Are not some of us, at any rate, totally indifferent to the welfare of the rest? Yet perhaps it is they who are loudest in blaming Society for indifference to *them*. Have we made Society our debtor? In so far as Society is selfishly unregardful of the prisoner, so far will it pay for that. In so far as the prisoner is knowingly unregardful of his own better nature, and therefore of Society, so far—and by the same Divine Law—must he pay for that.

If from now on we do our part in here, I think that from even here Society can be wakened up to do its part.
(*From a paper read at a Prison discussion club.*)

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Soul and Personality

SITTING alone in my room late that night, the clatter of the day had vanished from my mind and in memory sounded again, as vividly as at first, the music I had just heard.

But tomorrow, I knew, it would be drowned by the rush of the full passing hour; would be as unreal and faint an undertone as were now my memories of the clatter of today.

So, I thought, we pass between sleep and waking, and from one side to the other of the gate of death. In sleep we live in the music of the soul; then, crossing the strange stream of dreams, we come out into the noisy day and the divine harmonies become a mere unreal whisper. By night men regain their divinity; by day the divinity is forgotten by themselves and unrecognized by the others.

The thought gave me a new respect for all men. Within, they are divine harmonies however lost in outer discord. They are souls, however coarse-clad in animal personality. — *From "Thoughts of a Musician"*

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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.

New Way Notebook

BE NOT much troubled about many things,
 Fear often hath no whit of substance in it,
 And lives but just a minute;
 While from the very snow the wheat-blade springs.
 And light is like a flower,
 That bursts in full leaf from the darkest hour.

—Alice Cary

LET US gradually get out of the habit of looking back to things that *have* happened to us or forwards to things that will or may happen to us. Most pains and shadows are trifling in their actual presence. Their weight and darkness are due to the memory of former ones — which need not be remembered — and to anticipation of future ones or of the long continuance of these. But we can learn to stop this memory and anticipation. What is past is past; what you fear may never come. Let us live *now*, do our duty, and be happy.

OLD MEN, even middle-aged and younger men, look back regretfully at sins of youth and think the stains too deep to wipe out. Old follies have perhaps dimmed the memory, have blunted the mind and perceptions, ruined the health.

Their regret is unwise. The future holds as much promise for them as for any other mortal. To every man a step of growth is possible; no man, however high, can take *more* than a step — at a time. In this respect the lowest and highest men are alike. Whether a man be low or high, the taking of his one next step is like the opening of the blind man's eyes; a new world of light comes into view. It is not only never too late to try, it is never too late to achieve, to win what is for you as great a gain of light as is any other man's gain to him. Set your hopes high and do what you can.

THE word *resignation* usually implies hopelessness and passivity. But another sort of resignation rests on hope and activity. A man in perfect darkness, groping along the road and repeatedly striking the fence, may come to think he is surrounded by fence, prisoned in. If he trusts and moves forward in touch with the fence he will be all right and get where he wants to.

The restrictions of your life seem to you a fence which surrounds you. Try trusting it and see if it does not show itself as a guide. Do in the very best way all the very best things that the restrictions do *not* prevent. Do every duty *better* than the rules require. Read such books as help you to think, and *think*. Get what health you can. Stand upright and walk better. Find the peace in your heart and let it shine out of your eyes.

Do you see? — you can walk forward towards noble and perfect manhood and achieve your destiny. What else is life for? Every fence is a guide.

"BECAUSE there is no harbor in sight, do you deny that there is a harbor?"

Heard This?

Patient: "Doctor, can you cure me?"

Doctor: "Sure thing. I know all about this complaint, had it myself twenty years."

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

"Because you will think after you've seen it that I'm a liar."

The essay: "Teacher says that we should not attempt any flights of fancy, but just write what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, some pie and some candy, and some doughnuts and my dinner."

Passer-by, to man fishing: "How many?"

Man fishing: "When I get another I'll have one."

Doctor (measuring out dose of castor-oil, urbanely, to Willie's mother): "And how many of these green apples did our little friend eat?"

Willie (from the bed, eyes glued to the medicine-glass): "P—please d—doctor, it was a very small orchard."

Passenger (feeling loquacious, having lunched a little too generously) to lady beside whom he has just taken his seat: "Did you see me get in?"

Lady, chillingly: "I did sir."

Passenger: "How did you know it was me?"

Waiter (to customer who has been waiting a long time): "Your fish will be coming in a minute or two, sir."

Customer: "Tell me, what bait are you using?"

A Chicago man volunteered on a pinch to act as crew for an enthusiastic member of a yacht club. "Let go that jib-sheet!" was the first order he got.

"See here," said the Chicago person in an injured tone: "you ought not to speak to me in that way. As a matter of fact I was not touching the blamed thing."

Depot porter (to breathless passenger who, having arrived a minute late, had tried to overtake the train): "That your train sir?"

Breathless passenger, sarcastically: "Certainly not; I was merely chasing the beastly thing out of the yard."

Lady, at dinner, to neighbor: "Who is this Mr. Chaucer they are all talking about?"

Neighbor, solemnly: "Madam, he has done something that forever shuts him out of society."

Lady, awed: "Good heavens! What was that?"

Neighbor: "He died several hundred years ago."

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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The Song of Birds and of Men

THE birds were singing and whistling in the sunlight and the sound was very pleasant. Then came a man whistling too, and the sound was not pleasant; it was rather irritating and melancholy because he whistled out of tune, and also because he whistled only a part of one tune and that not correctly. He seemed to whistle half consciously, as if he were thinking of nothing in particular, and he made that noise because it filled a sort of vacancy in his mind, I suppose.

Then I tried to find out why the song of the birds was cheerful and pleasant; and the first thing that struck me was that they sang consciously, and that they did it as well as they knew how. Then I noticed that they listened for the answer after each little spurt of fresh song, showing that they were singing or calling to some one else, and that the song meant a great deal to them. They put all their power into it; it was an important thing they were doing, and even to a man the sound was cheering and enlivening. But that man with the defective whistle and the helpless, hopeless, indifferent

manner was depressing and irritating. One felt that he was useless, that his noise had no real meaning, and that he cared nothing about any one else.

Now I do not imagine that the birds knew whether their songs were pleasant to men, but they evidently knew that they were appreciated by their own people, and they sang "for all they were worth," as if they

were really announcing something. Then I wondered if they did not feel in their way (though of course they could not think it out) that song was good in itself; that is to say, that it was an important part of the day's work, to be done as well as possible, needed somehow in the general scheme of things. That would not be far from

feeling that by giving all they had to give and by living as well as they knew how, they were helping things on. There was never a sign of indifference or carelessness in their song, nor any want of purpose. Strange! that a man should go about with so little purpose in life that he does not care how badly he does his work, how poorly he lives, how badly he sings, or how much he adds to the load his fellows have to carry! It is as though he had become just human enough to be no longer a mere animal, but not human enough to understand his real position in the scale of living things. So for the present he is in a sort of half-way state. He is beyond the happy, unthinking, yet perfect fulfilment of the laws of nature that we see in birds and beasts, but he has not learned to live by that higher law in



A SPRAY OF YERBA SANTA

whose fulfilment he would reach a divine joy and peace that nothing could disturb and in which he would come to understand himself as a soul, incarnated for his own progress and for the helping of others.

Steady purpose, unresting effort, faithfully done duty, constant brotherliness towards co-workers — here is the fulfilment of the law.

A NEW WAYFARER

"The Spirit"

"ACCORDIN' to what I see," said old Chris, "the world ain't as bad as you think. It's bad enough, in one manner of seein', but there's much to be seen of another color.

"There's good and plenty of fellers that's makin' straight for the rubbish heap, no denyin'. When they're rotten enough, maybe they'll be used somehow as fertilizer. Don't see as there's any other use they can be put to."

And the old man chuckled behind his pipe.

"But there's lots of men," he went on, "that would be of use if they could see any *why* to it. They just make it their one business to pile up the dollars because there ain't any other way to pass the time. But they turn an eye once in a while to see if there's anything doin' in the Spirit line. '*Nothin'* doin',' they says, and goes for the dollars again. There *was* something doin' all the time, but they never knew it for what it was. The Spirit reaches different fellows in different ways, accordin' to their nature, *any* way that'll raise 'em. What do you reckon the Spirit is?"

"I should not care to try a definition," I answered. "Perhaps you might call it the highest existence in the universe."

"I dunno as I'd quarrel with that," he said. "Now they call a man's conscience the voice o' the Spirit. That's all straight, too. But a man's conscience ain't his mind. His mind'll give him every reason on earth why he should do something shady. But his conscience says: '*Bust your reasons! Don't you do it, I say.*' If he's worth his salt he don't do it, just sits down on his mind and follows what's higher, what looks further ahead than he can, what sees what'll be best for him *in the long run*, what's got *wisdom* while he's got only *thoughts*. See? Stands to reason, then, that that what Spirit is, can't be got into thoughts. It's too big for a man's mind. He can only *feel* it.

"But it's got more ways of reachin' a man than through his conscience. Conscience mostly says *Don't* or *Do*, nothin' much else. If the Spirit is interested enough in a man for that, it's interested enough in him to get at him other ways. It'll help him *any* way that *will* help him. But he can't get the full benefit out o' that help unless he knows it *is* the Spirit. And it's just that that men ain't been taught. They've had only one idea of the Spirit—and sometimes a mighty poor one. And if the good stuff that reaches 'em in their souls don't connect up with that idea, they don't know it's the Spirit. I tell you, most all men's open to the Spirit if they only knew *where* they're open and knew that it *was* Spirit that gets at 'em through that place. The Spirit'll comfort a man if he's in trouble; and it'll show him that things is all right somehow through it all if he'll trust; and it'll touch him in music and pictures and sunsets and grand scenery; and in the silence it'll get

near to him if he knows how to stop his thoughts chattering and listen inwards and look upwards and feel upwards. It'll teach him mercy and friendliness every way, and if he lives this way it'll make another man of him.

"I read an old story once; think it was got out o' the Arabic or some old lingo like that; got it out o' one o' them magazines that prints high-falutin' stuff in italics just inside the front page. I don't know as it *started* me on this way o' thinkin', but it fell in with it anyway. I cut it out. Cast your eyes on it while I speak to that feller down by the gate."

The old man rummaged in his pocket and finally handed me the dirty cutting. Then, aided by a stick—for he was rheumatic the last year or two—he hurried down the cottage path to the little gate upon the lane. Here is the cutting, headed

WHAT WAS IT?

One upon a time a great company of persons drew near to——, and the nearer they drew the more uplifted they felt and the more gracious and wise and tender they became.

But what was it they drew near to?

It has had many names through the ages.

One said: Behold that most glorious mountain glowing gold in the sunrise! Verily it wears a crown.

It is not a mountain, said another; there is nothing to be seen at all. But infinitely sweet strains of sound are floating down through the morning air. I hear harmonies like nothing that was ever sounded on earth, melodies that stir my very soul.

I hear naught, said a third. But the air is filled with pure sweet perfume, the lily, the rose, the lotus, jasmine, myrrh and sandalwood.

See ye not the *man*? said another. Never yet saw I one of so majestic a bearing and countenance. He is wisdom and compassion incarnate. I am thrilled with his power; my heart is warmed and softened and my mind filled with unutterable thoughts.

I also feel that, said another. But no form do I see. Yet surely there is some *formless* Presence beyond anything human. It is as if my own innermost *Self* were there beckoning me to come.

And one of the company was a widow, spent with toil and suffering, weary of life. I know naught, she said, of all the things that ye tell of. But my heart is eased. Love and protection is everywhere. Now I can bear my burden to the end, and with joy, for I know that all is well.

And many others among the company were distressed and in pain, both of body and mind, borne down by poverty or injustice, or victims of their own erring past. Upon all descended a great peace and comfort and a brotherliness towards the rest.

And they went away to tell all men what they had found and to lead them by many paths to the same place.

A NEW WAYFARER

Living Pictures

DID you ever think that you and others were figures in living pictures? Just stand aside in the yard some day and study the scene. Watch the men group themselves. See how they hold their heads and carry themselves and look out of their eyes. Note their motions and gestures. You can guess about what *kind* of things some are saying without hearing a word. Study the pose of the bully, the coward, the brave, the mischief-maker, the hopeless, the helpful—all the well-known types. You could identify a few anywhere by some little



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A BIT OF JAPANESE TABLE-GARDENING

The miniature trees are full-grown and have their roots in the soil of the tray.
The method of dwarfing is a special art.

trick or mannerism—perhaps a familiar play of the hands in eating or smoking. A stage manager could put a lot of them into a play, without any make-up. The daily drama played on the big yard stage has certain leading figures as well as minor players. When the bell rings, watch the groups break up and melt into the moving line that files off into the wings. It's a living picture, all right.

An artist, in painting the scene, would first draw the figures and then color them. His lead pencil would outline the models' forms and features: here a heavy-jawed, iron frame, there a flat-chested, discouraged droop; here a well-poised head, there a supple, skilful hand; here a sidelong look in furtive, narrow eyes, yonder a face calm after storms of suffering. A thousand traits and combinations of character would show in the outlines of the picture, the sketch he does in black and white, to be made more lifelike with color.

The cells are smaller pictures. Each inmate is continually in some kind of a pose, actually making moving pictures on the screen of time. Past scenes may not

seem like solid realities. But a fact is a fact, without being photographed or painted. Each man sketches his type of character into the lines of his body, until others read him as plainly as he does them. Every trait, every thought and act, add a line.

Even a man's will is sketched in the pictures his body makes. It doesn't take a Pinkerton to detect, at a glance, the difference between a fellow with a good stiff backbone and a human jelly-fish. Two men may look you straight in the face: one making himself a picture of guilt behind the dare of a bold bluff, the other's eyes strong from looking truth in the face, even when it hurts. It is not what a man *does*, but what he *is* back of the action, that makes the meaning of his pictures. Secret vices are often open secrets, because an unmanly quality is unknowingly sketched into the whole outline. Some figures show splendid force and latent nobility, held back by some little weakness or foolish tie, just as a great steamer can be held by a bit of rope that dangles at the dock.

More than the color in living pictures is the *meaning* in them. That is supplied minute by minute, out of the mind and heart. It is the thought and feeling of each artist that poses his body to show what he thinks and feels. The lower nature—the passions, desires, selfishness—make the pictures that belong in the human rogues' gallery. We have all helped to furnish that place. But the higher nature has got a contract to work eternally until men and women are actual living pictures of what life ought to be and can be *and is going to be*.

Every fine line and shade of color meaning that you begin to put into your picture shows more of the good stuff in you—the real man that has been kept in the background. The sight of it will silently touch up others on *their* drawing and painting. You never can tell how many brother bunglers with pencil and brush are watching your work, looking for a clew to correct their own daubs. There are a lot of picture-makers with just enough courage to copy the daily improvements you can make in yours.

A FRIENDLY WATCHER

MAKE use of time, if thou lovest eternity; know, yesterday cannot be recalled, tomorrow cannot be assured; today only is thine; one today is worth two tomorrows.

Enchiridion

The Fruits of Content

"COME along, Charlie, let's go and get a breath of air on the cliff."

The two friends soon found themselves outside the town, climbing the cliffs that towered above the narrow strip of foreshore. The air up there was glorious and the dirty old town now looked beautiful in the haze far below them.

"Strange, that, eh?" said Charlie. His friend caught the thought in his mind and answered:

"It is that. The old place looks beautiful from up here, peaceful and quiet, comfortable and homelike and all that. Yet we were glad enough to get out of it. There seems to be something in imagination that makes what is distant always look inviting. When a boy has got sick of his home and run away, say to sea, his principal pleasure is in thinking of getting back. . . . Come to think of it, his principal pain, too."

"Seems as if we never could be contented anywhere or with anything. Yet a man doesn't *have* to think of things he can't get or would be better without."

"You've struck it, my son. Queer thing, the mind. Keeps a man on the jump all the time. And the more imagination he's got, the more he's on the jump. Never learns that his mind will keep supplying him with material for desires just as fast as he lets it or gratifies them. It's only got to show him a picture of somewhere else where he *might* be, or something else that he *might* have, and he instantly wants to be there or have it."

"Children don't seem to be taught anything real at school, I mean anything about their own minds and natures."

"Not a thing. And yet the trick would be mighty easily learned."

"I mean the trick of content. If a man would just take no notice for a week or two of these pictures of somewhere else or something else, not let them wake up desires in him, they'd get tired of coming and he could have peace. 'Take what comes *when* it comes,' my old dad used to say: 'don't take it *before* it comes, nor keep taking it after it's gone.'"

"Pretty difficult thing, though, bossing the mind."

"It does seem like that at first, but I don't think it's really hard; just wants a little practice in dropping out of view the pictures you don't want and thinking of something else. Just think of what a man could know with a mind that had learned not to shoot about on its own account!"

"For instance?"

"It's not so easy to say. But it's something on this line. Take a man who does not know a thing about music, thinks he's an absolute blank in that line. Sing a scale to him and sing it quite a bit out of tune. *He'll know* it's out of tune, but all that he can *say* about it is that it's wrong somehow. That means that he's got the scale inside him all right but don't know that he's

got it. Well, I think the mind has got masses of knowledge in it, very deep knowledge, about life and nature and the soul and all that, that he doesn't know he's got. Every man is a philosopher and poet and musician and artist and all the rest inside. But he hasn't got his mind trained to get any of that out. The training consists in gradually stopping the mind from shooting about, thinking of whatever comes into it and reducing it to peace, teaching it the habit as it were of listening instead of chattering. Then the man can pick out little by little, in the silence, the knowledge of great deep things that is buried. I'd have the children taught from the first that they were *owners* of their minds, that they could be masters in their own house, that they could stop their minds thinking about things that are better not thought of, that they could prevent that hungry thing inside them from wanting all sorts of unnecessaries at all sorts of times and pretending that if they would do as it wants just this once it would be satisfied. Then they'd grow up real men and women, with all their mental powers trained as servants instead of masters. And they'd know themselves as souls, divine lights in their bodies. That would be something like education."

"Yes, that sounds good, but *our* schooldays are over."

"That's where you're wrong; school is never over; we can grow as long as we live, up to the moment of death, to say nothing of beyond it. But let's go down to the shore."

"Caught you, my boy! Take your own medicine. Your mind showed you a picture of somewhere else and you straightway *wanted* it!"

"Plead guilty. Extenuating circumstance, however: we're on a holiday. But this talk has cleared me up and I mean to take myself in hand a bit and see if I can't get this mind of mine into tune with *me*."

M.

Life Can Never Be Death

THE death of particles in the animal being, we know. The death of animals and of man, *as an animal*, we know; but we know nought about the death of conscious mind, nor can we know anything about it, *just because that conscious mind is the very life itself*. And *Life can never be death*.

The animal lives an existence of bliss, neither seeing nor knowing death, and dies without recognizing it. Why then should man have received the gift of seeing and knowing it, and why should death be so terrible to him that it actually tortures his soul, often forcing him to kill himself out of sheer fear of death? Why should it be so? Because the man who sees death is a sick man, one who has broken the law of his life, and lives no longer a (humanly) conscious existence. He has become an animal himself, an animal which has also broken the law of life.

The (real) life of man is an aspiration to bliss, and that which he aspires to is given to him. — *Tolstoy*

Beginnings

JONES was meditating upon beginnings, upon seeds and what they grow to.

He had begun life as a printer's devil, a disorderly, frowsy-headed, willing lad, who dreamed ambitious day-dreams, and wore a very dirty apron.

Fortune met him one day. She saw the flaws running through the good in his nature and saw that it was necessary to bring them sharply to his notice in order that he might cure them. So first she just poured him out a lapful of her best.

That was the beginning, and the relation of the things he had gotten since then, some by work, more by apparent "luck," would sound like a romance.

He remembered the day when he left his first position

original, catchy phrases which the exchanges widely quoted. His cleverness in reflecting fine sentiments upon his political party, and in posing their candidates with high lights on their best points and their faults obscured, was the delight of the campaign managers. His political patrons were older men than he, more conscious and unscrupulous plotters. They admired his ability to do what they could not, and were willing to pay well for it. He was valuable, and he was good fun, too.

Once, when abroad, he met a really fine girl, and they became engaged. She appealed to the best in him, and she was the dearest and truest thing that ever touched his crowded life. Then he began to think seriously about his uncorrected proofs that had been piling up. There was too much to handle all at once; and it was rather

too bad to be seen, anyway. He would begin, quietly, changing the things that affected her. But his attempts to get out of the tangle of old errors brought the matter to her ears, and she took pains to find out the truth. There had been a rather cruel bit of "dirty proof" in his private life which came under her eyes. So she gave him back his ring, saying, gently, that she trusted it would go to the girl who ought to have it.

It was right after this that he got in with the big politicians, who had been watching him and studying his likes and possibilities until they knew him better than he knew himself. Blinded with money, flattery, and popularity, he was unconscious that he was only a tool in their hands.

Then, suddenly, he was called upon to explain. Things had begun to pall upon him; he wanted a novelty, and had private reasons for opposing the new party that

was pledged to reform some civic abuse. His stinging pen went to work again.

But he ought to have been too wide-awake to stand out in the limelight. He was confronted with some old "proofs" whose existence he had half forgotten. They were not the worst, but they showed him as having been a willing go-between and participator in certain illegal dealings.

The outcome was that instead of being what he had hoped, he is representative for a large outside constituency in the democracy of dirty proofs. As the State's escorted guest he went to the house where he would have all the time there was to catch up with his personal correction. At first he didn't like its charm of novelty, even with a lifelong appetite for new sensations. But he is making good in finding the real man in his mixed nature; and he is beginning with his first sentence in a new chapter to aim at a clear margin. The flaws are vanishing. Dame Fortune's kindly purpose to make a real man of him is being accomplished. REPORTER



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ANOTHER MINIATURE JAPANESE LANDSCAPE

for a better opening. His employer's parting words came back to him: "Good-by, son. Don't forget that even little things count in the long run. Everything you put into the day's work shows up in the first proof. And it all comes back sometime for correction. Remember your spacing, the little spaces of time, out of sight. It pays to get the habit of setting a clean proof, for Life is a close marker."

He had flushed a little under the man's keen, kindly eye, for even then he knew there were unseen spaces that he wouldn't like to have any one else see.

Looking back through the years since then he realized that the "dirty-proof" habit had run right through his career.

As time went on he had surprised even himself with the business ability he developed, the literary talent, the diplomacy, the pleasant manners and open-handed good-fellowship that made him so generally popular. Getting into journalism he wrote high-sounding articles on leading topics, dwelling upon the people's rights, etc., with

Early Morning Don'ts

A FEW SAILING SUGGESTIONS

DON'T make your tomorrow out of your yesterday. Don't think that you will be the same today as you were yesterday, or the same tomorrow as today. Leave the situation open for what comes. For if you don't, you are compelling today (as to events and yourself) to be like yesterday and tomorrow like today. The compelling may not altogether succeed. But it may, and anyhow it will partly succeed.

Today and tomorrow want to be new, unlike any yesterday that ever was. Help them in that. They are cutting forward into a new future. Don't hinder them. Cut forward into a newness of *yourself*. Don't let any yesterdays clutch you by the shoulder. Trust the flow of things, set your will, watch out, hold up your head, and step out into today and tomorrow.

Don't think that you stand alone, with no one and nothing watching to help you. Make yourself up anew to face each new day as it begins. Go through each day in that spirit, and you will find that the events begin to contain a special message for you. Something encouraging will happen when you feel most discouraged. Your attention will be called to some little fault that you can easily get out of the way. An opportunity will open for something good that you have long wanted to do. For the natural way of things is a benediction. As soon as they are given a chance they take that way. The only curse on man's life comes from man himself and is unnatural.

Don't hold or permit unbrotherliness to anyone. That is holding on to your unbrotherly *past*. Think that you meet everybody today for the first time, and shine your heart out all over them. Sweep them along with you into your new day, the day you have just begun to cut into. This brotherly feeling is the prow of your ship and also the driving force.

Don't drift, lazily and despondently. If you do, the current is going faster than you and you are in the past. You want something *new*, in things and yourself, don't you? But don't fix on any *particular* new. That is taking out of the past and requiring the future to give it to you again. So on, on, in the great stream of all-giving life.

Remembering that the stream is making *away* from human unbrotherhood *towards* human all-harmony, take that same direction as your own. Hope. Stand up. Watch. You will get all you need, happiness, growth, change. Try this a few weeks and then tell the other fellows what happened and how it happened. Not hindering the forward-going of things by looking backward, brotherliness, hope, duty-doing as if each duty were new and fresh, and feeling oneself a new man called to a new life every day — produce surprising results. And the habit is easily acquired.

A NEW WAYFARER

Opportunity

FROM the moment that a man begins to lead the life that conquers death, the word *opportunity* shines everywhere before his eyes. It is a golden glass through which he looks at everything.

Whatever is now right in front and around, whatever condition now is, is opportunity.

Sometime, somewhere, we have all got to be perfect men and women. Perfect men and women will possess, fully in flower, all those powers of mind and soul that now lie latent, mere seeds, in us.

Well! life is so arranged for every mortal that every particular hour and circumstance presents a chance for some one of these powers to do a bit of growing. The circumstance *may* be looked at as an impossible difficulty. In reality it is always an opportunity for a step.

Pain is difficult to bear. Think of it as an opportunity for the development of the heroic pain-bearing power; whereupon it becomes a step upwards for you — towards the Light. You have grown in will.

It is a chilly unpleasant morning and you feel ill-tempered. Here is an opportunity again for your will. Say a more than usually cordial and cheerful good-morning to the first man you meet.

Some man does you an injury. Seize that as the opportunity to think of him kindly. He too, though he may know it less than you, is a son of the Light. In the far future, sometime, somewhere, you and he, in full-grown and splendid manhood, will be standing together looking back at this moment.

All the time, stand front-on and do what there is. Fill your mind with the sense of opportunity till you can see nothing else. And try sometimes to feel in your own heart that great Heart of the World which is ever ready to help the man who tries and who heartens some one else to try.

"It's never too late to mend," says the old proverb. Don't try to mend. Begin a new garment *now*, and every now.

C.

The Higher Self

At times in the silence of the night and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself, and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language obliges me to say that this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person — and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are the supreme fact of my religious life to me, they are the crown of my religious experiences. — *H. G. Wells* (the Novelist)

"THOU mayest look for silence in tumult, solitude in company, light in darkness, forgetfulness in pressures, vigor in despondency, courage in fear, resistance in temptation, peace in war, and quiet in tribulation."

Don't

RICHARD BURTON

DO you feel you'd like to quit? Don't.
 Get to feeling you don't fit? Don't.
 Do you want to yell "All in"
 'Cause your wind's a little thin,
 And you think you'll never win?
Don't.

There's a kick you want to make? Don't.
 There's a head you want to break? Don't.
 Do you feel you want to whine,
 Like a genuine canine,
 And send blue streaks down the line?
Well Don't.

When you see a chance to duck, Don't.
 When you want to chuck your luck, Don't.
 Keep right on without a stop
 And you'll sure show up on top,
 If just when you want to flop,
You Don't.

**The Man from the Crowd**

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

MEN seem as like as the leaves on the trees,
 As like as the bees in a swarming of bees;
 And we look at the millions that make up the State
 All equally little and equally great,
 And the pride of our courage is cowed.
 Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men—
 There's a surge in the crowd—there's a movement—and then
 There arises a man that is larger than men
 And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
 And the little small days of small things still go on,
 And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
 And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
 And the voice of our wailing is loud.
 Then the Great Deed calls out for the Great Man to come.
 And the crowd, unbelieving, sits sullen and dumb—
 But the Great Deed is done, for the Great Man has come—
 Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
 And our forefather's songs are the songs that we sing,
 And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
 Are done by the son of the son of the son,
 And our heads in contrition are bowed.
 So, a call for a man who shall make all things new
 Goes down through the throng! See! He rises in view!
 Make room for the man who shall make all things new!—
 For the man who comes up from the crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from the throng,
 Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
 And who makes the old world as a world that is new?
 And who is the man? It is you! It is you!
 And our praise is exultant and proud.
 We are waiting for you there—for you are the man!
 Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
 Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man—
 The man who comes up from the crowd.

(From *Songs of the Average Man.*)**"Behold, I Make All Things New"**

THE transformation of the world into a paradise?
 I can imagine it occurring in a moment!

The great human endeavor is to *get*: to get something
 for self out of situations and individuals. We are tuned
 in the key of get. Is not this the cause of all our pains
 and poverties?

So men suddenly call out to each other: "We have
 tried that key long enough. Let us alter to the key of
give."

And thus the whole transformation! We will give to
 our work, whatever it is, the best that is in us. That
 alters one's nature, whatever the work, and produces
 happiness and sense of dignity. It also alters the con-
 ditions that tie us to inferior or monotonous work, and
 we presently find the way to something better—and
 again better till we reach the highest possible to us, that
 which it is a joy to do.

I think that alteration of key is coming soon. Let us
 be the few swallows that foretell the spring, taking
give as the motto, keynote, and undertone of every day
 from the morning onward.

From *The Diary of a Musician***The Widening Ripple**

I DID a little service to a fellow prisoner. He helped
 the overpressed warden in an important way a little
 later in the day. "I never should have done it," he told
 me, "if you hadn't given me a bit of heart this morning.
 You knocked the devil out of me." The warden got
 him his parole for that. Within the hour after he got
 out he had swept a child out of the way of an auto and
 saved its life. All followed on upon my little service.
 I never thought it would get outside the prison and
 widen out like that! Will it ever stop widening? I
 guess not. For all I know it may prevent a war some
 day. And I did it without thinking and it cost me
 nothing.—*From a Prisoner's Letter*



PRISON discipline, I think, is difficult to preserve, main-
 ly because the prisoner feels that *punishment* is the key-
 note of it. If on the contrary he knew that his health
 of body and moral fiber were the chief intentions under-
 lying the rules, the maintenance of necessary discipline
 would at once be far easier. The mind of all the better
 prisoners would be thoroughly co-operative and a new
 atmosphere be established.—*Bertram Abbot*



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.

New Way Notebook

A MAN is a god in ruins. — *Alcott*
OR shall we say, a god in the making?

THE kingdom of heaven is within you, and whoever shall know himself shall find it; for if ye truly know yourselves, ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the City of God, and ye are the City. — *A recently discovered saying of Christ.*

Suppose a man in the full current of a fit of anger were to pull himself up short, wrestle with himself for a few minutes and finally become quite peaceful and sunny.

If the anger were the man's self he could not master it; a wild beast can be mastered just because it is not all one with the man who masters it. "Who or what am I that mastered the anger?" Find the answer to that, and you have self-knowledge.

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? — *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE side-crags of steep mountains may be considered in three ways: first as impossibilities; second, as difficulties; third, as steps. And they become whatever you consider them. — *Arabian Proverb*

OUR anger and impatience often prove much more mischievous than the things about which we are angry or impatient. — *Marcus Aurelius*

EVERY hour resolve sturdily, like a Roman and a man, to do the work in hand with true and unaffected dignity, kindness, freedom, and justice; and to disengage your mind from other disturbing thoughts.

Such freedom shall you gain if you perform each act as if it were your last, without shrinking, aversion, or fretting at your lot. — *Marcus Aurelius*

BLINDNESS brings its compensations. The other senses refine themselves and yield more pleasure in their use. The mind, thrown somewhat in upon itself, becomes more alert, subtler, more imaginative.

And the same is true for other calamities. As soon as the shock is over, if the victim will turn his attention inward he will begin to find the meaning, the compensation and the compassion. That so many miss this is because they do not look for it, or are blinded by resentment or despair, or think the calamity *chance*, or because they just submit to it as the *inscrutable* "will of God."

Seek the compensation, the growth of something lacking in mind or character, the removal of something faulty. For underneath all calamity and suffering is a great compassion that may be felt, a reason for it that may be gradually known.

Heard This?

A little knowledge is . . .

Telegram from Hindû to English friend, announcing death of his mother: "Regret to announce that hand which rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

Major: "And there we stood, Miss Ethel, in the heart of the jungle, that huge panther and I, barely ten paces apart, each staring in the face of the other."

Ethel: "Oh, major, how dreadful for you both!"

Brown: "Heard of what happened to old Skinnem the money-lender?"

Green: "No, what?"

Brown: "He was out swimming and met a huge shark. Their eyes met for a moment; then the shark blushed deeply and swam away."

Scene, two Scotchmen silently playing golf. One of them, after prolonged spell of ill-luck, makes worst stroke of the day. Looks up, thinking unutterable things, and catches twinkle in other man's eye. "Mon, stop your infernal chatter!"

Two ancient druids betook themselves to the shores of a lovely lake to meditate. A hundred years rolled by and then one of them said: "It's very peaceful here." The other returned no answer and another hundred years rolled by. The first one said: "Even the winds are at rest." The other returned no answer till another hundred years had rolled by. Then he said: "If I can't have quiet I shall quit."

Jones: "Something I said to my wife last week has so offended her that she has not spoken to me since."

Smith (eagerly): "Would you mind telling me what it was?"

The fifth day drew to its close, with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. The court was impatient.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering the jury-room, "shall I as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it eleven," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

"What is the prisoner charged with?" inquired Judge Duffy.

"He's charged with bigotry, yer honor, he's got three wives."

"Why, officer," said the judge, "don't you know better than that? Bigotry's when they have *two* wives; this isn't bigotry, it's a case of *trigonometry*."

Harry's new governess had been warned that he was apt to omit capitals in their proper places; so, as the lesson was a dictation from Gray's *Elegy*, she paused after dictating, "The bosom of his Father and his God," to say, "Now, Harry, don't forget what comes in that line." "Oh I know," answered the small student, who toiled on without looking up — "all of that family use capitals!"

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"A dream of man and woman,
Diviner but still human."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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Self-Knowledge

From Katherine Tingley's Address at Helsingborg, Aug. 12, 1913.

IS it possible that there is a human heart today absolutely at peace with itself? Nay, I say, and I say it advisedly, nay. Not one human being have I ever found who was absolutely at peace, who possessed peace

lost great opportunities? And when these memories come, when the stumbling-blocks are met by us in life and we have only the twentieth century faith, we cannot be happy. We may have the ideals and the memory of our service; but if we are absolutely conscientious we cannot have peace of mind, because we know (if we



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A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

As given by Katherine Tingley's Raja Yoga Students from Point Loma
at the International Theosophical Peace Congress, Visingsö, Sweden, last June.

of mind, peace of soul, happiness—it does not exist.

Now one may have high ideals and try to live up to them; one may try to serve humanity as best he can; but he has continuously running through his life this fact: the more he serves, the more unselfishly he tries to labor, the more does memory bring to him the unpleasant pictures of the failures made consciously or unconsciously, of the mistakes, of the lost opportunities—oh so many of them! Who of us can say we have not

think at all) that our acts of omission and commission are telling along the path of humanity; because we have failed, others have failed; and because we have lost our way in the past, others have also lost their way.

Now in this picture is there not enough for us to think about for a little while? Is there not enough to bestir us to new lines of thought and possibly to new lines of action? Is it not possible that we can stimulate our actions with knowledge, something more than faith?

Knowledge — that is what humanity needs. That is what the old Teachers have said all down the ages: "Man Know Thyself." And that would be my message to the whole world: "Man, Know Thyself." And how, in the name of Heaven, are we going to know ourselves if we are constantly agitating our minds in the wrong direction, pessimistically, wondering, trying, experimenting, questioning, working only with the brain-mind, and leaning on blind faith? We may listen to the dictates of conscience, but when we stop to think — How is the conscience of the twentieth century? — we find our consciences are not yet alive to the real meaning of life and the Higher Duty. This, because of our reliance on faith instead of on knowledge. Let us begin to follow the path of knowledge and look upon life in an even more serious way than we ever have before, remembering that one moment lost may mean years of sorrow to ourselves and others; that often one mistake, carelessly made, though unintentionally, has affected the destinies of nations.

If we are to have true Christianity in human life, if we are to have true Brotherhood manifest in ourselves, we must have clearer consciences. We must feel the power of conscience in every act and every thought; we must war with ourselves, so to speak, with the struggling lower self that loves its ease and its pleasures, the temporary things of life, and often loses sight of the opposite. We must take a stand, and begin for the redemption of human nature by redeeming ourselves. This is what The New Way teaches. It would be as simple as a, b, c, if we had knowledge instead of faith; if our consciences were strong and full and rich, instead of as they are, playing hide-and-seek with our best possibilities half the time, sometimes expressing themselves and sometimes silent.

Can you conceive of a musician, a great master, ever being successful in the study of music, influencing people, unless he had full knowledge of his subject? Knowledge is needed, and with knowledge comes strength and the discernment; and more than that, there comes something else. There is a unity of feeling in heart and mind. Then, when heart and mind are attuned, then the intellect becomes pure and clear and strong and determined; and the soul, through the heart and conscience, steps out, so to speak, into more active life. There is where we have the Kingly Union, Râja Yoga, the Kingly Union of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual.

The Three of Us

THERE was a little fire in the room below the hall in which we were sitting. The smoke began to come up the central winding staircase which went all the way from the basement to the attic.

As the people began to rush for the door the man sitting next me said: "It's all right. The great thing is to sit quiet and not congest the doorways."

So he sat a minute; then suddenly rushed from his seat and joined the frantic crowd that was trying to get out. Part of it seemed hardly human in its ferocious selfishness.

I also knew that it was best to sit quiet, useless to do anything else. I was conscious of being quite calm and reasonable in my *mind*. But in my *body* was the same fierce urge to rush for the doors, that was carrying away nearly every one else. I was almost wondering which of the two would win, determined to be myself the master and yet wavering now and then for a fraction of a second.

In ten minutes the flames were extinguished and those who had not got out came back to their seats, looking flushed and perhaps a little ashamed of themselves.

You see the same thing in a shipwreck. A large proportion of the passengers become — no; *enter into* — wild animals. The body becomes a wild animal, thinking only of its safety. The man lets himself be drawn into the whirlpool of his body and becomes part of it, forgetting his humanity.

But look at the captain. He remains a man. The animal rages in him as it does in the others. But he does not allow it to have its way. "I shall be drowned!" it shrieks through his mind. "*Be* drowned, then," he answers; "I am going to make you stay and serve me while I do my duty and save (if I can) the others." In a little while the animal understands, seems to enter into and become part of the man, shares his sense of duty, faces death without fear.

It is a great lesson in the two-ness of us all. We are man and animal; and when the man grips the animal by the throat and conquers it, it changes its nature. And he changes his, becoming something more than man.

That same animal in us that rushes for the doorway or the boat, do we never meet it except at fires and wrecks? How does the passion of anger differ from the passion of self-salvation? Both arise in that animal with which we are bound up. In both the man may be drawn in. From both, the man may stand out conquering and compelling.

The *two-ness* of human nature? Not enough. We are *three*. For he who subdues the animal when it rages worst, can feel in and about him the presence and approval of his soul, a light in heart and brain.

No man requires to have *faith* that he is bound up with an animal. He can *know* it by just watching himself, studying the passions and appetites that pull upon him and try (usually successfully) to make him come in with them and help them with his intelligence, be their slave, in fact.

And with the same certainty he can know of his soul. Let him live day by day in that certainty, act accordingly, and he will at last achieve complete union with it and be utterly transformed. He passes into a new world of mind and thought and feeling and life, and knows then that death cannot touch him.

A NEW WAYFARER

The Great Search

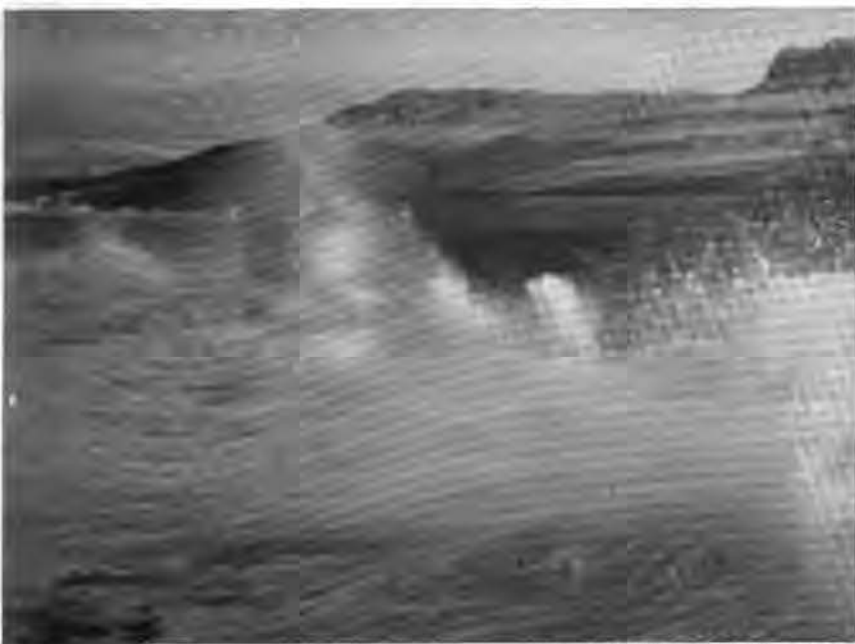
WE all have our better moments and our worse. It may be that the better and higher come at night when all is quiet, including our own minds. The day's pressure and rush is forgotten; we begin to see ourselves a little, how foolish was that quarrel, how mean that deed, how unkind that word. The soul is then beginning to speak; in some indefinable way we feel more, larger, better than by day, nobler, more forgiving. And then, too, nature is more beautiful, distant music more beautiful, and the scent of the flowers. The soul has awakened more humanity, more sense of beauty, more peace, more forgiveness, more brotherhood.

If the soul can do that when it just stirs, when we can

heroes; because of that that we can have compassion; because of that that we can say no to any temptation. It is the soul that makes us human instead of animal. It is the soul that calls us to our divinity.

What is called the moral life, in which a constant attempt is made to overcome faults, is a sort of washing or preparation of one's nature for a larger expression of the soul. It is a poor and sad performance unless we live it in constant hope, unless we silver it with the light of those moments of search for the soul, unless we add to it the habit of listening in our own hearts for the music of the soul. And when we *have* found, *have* heard, the moral life is as natural as breathing. Then happiness can follow.

CENTURY PATH



Lumaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE SEA'S BARRIER: POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

just feel it merely because our minds are for the moment quiet and world-free — what can it *not* do, what can it *not* make of us, if it should *fully* awake our minds? In truth, it is always awake; it is we, as thinking personalities, that need the awakening.

We must seek and compel those quiet moments, day by day or night by night searching out our divinity and finding our strength. Such moments become our evidence that the soul is, that we are veiled gods and divine, and that the veil is the mind with its worries, meannesses, quarrelsomeness, greediness, passion, and changeableness. It is because we are essentially souls, however little we are awake to it, that to us nature is beautiful as it cannot be to any animal: the sunrise, the moonlight's path of silver across the waters to our feet, the lap of little waves when the tide is low; it is because we are souls that to us music is beautiful; because we are souls that the stress of some great occasion may suddenly make us

other's condition. Man's lesser nature protests against the need or the value of knowledge which costs so much in suffering. But the Real Man — living for all time, and ever great and courageous and compassionate — sees things differently. He uses the experience of common suffering to feel the tie by which his thought and feeling, enlarged and broadened by sympathy, reaches out, enters into, and claims a part in the lives of others. Somehow we get a deep and lasting something out of the endurance of pain and sorrow, while an equal amount of pleasure does not always mean as much. Our own feeling of keen and prolonged suffering, past but unforgetten, comes back afresh whenever we see it in another, and it makes us unhappy and anxious to help him.

We are not always broad and unselfish enough to rejoice in another's joy, which may only excite envy and desire to increase our own pleasure. But to feel the old past sense of smart and sting and limitation of some un-

Building for Brotherhood

WID it ever occur to you that a prison was a good place in which to study the deeper meanings of Brotherhood — that real tie which links all men together in a family of common feeling? At first thought many prisoners may deny this and assert that their treatment tends rather to harden and embitter them generally. They may say that the injustice and severity of the penal system bears so heavily upon the men that they silently unite in shielding each other and opposing the management as far as possible. Even an unpopular fellow prisoner has more sympathy from the men than many of the keepers.

Naturally, this is true; and it brings us to the very point at issue — that fellow feeling by which one enters into and understands an-

forgettable suffering return at the sight of a similar thing in another — then is born that compassion that cannot rest until the fellow man is relieved. It is thus that unselfish, practical work for helping others begins. It is the understanding of unforgettable pain that impels one to right wrongs for humanity.

Strange as it may seem, pain is the necessary ferment in the mass of raw experience, which leavens the whole lump into sustaining knowledge by which the character grows greater, wiser, and kindlier. Nature really regards these finer human qualities as those most fit to survive. The least and the lowest man has in him the germs which attain to perfected human growth, in time; and in this, each man is his own time-keeper. It was said of an Elder Brother — the Nazarene — that he was perfected by sufferings, and that he was not ashamed to call all men brethren. However grievously a prisoner may have erred, in so far as the suffering of the penalty makes him feel humane and helpful towards others, to that degree he acts the part of an elder brother. That is the greatest part a human being can play; and it is a greatness that, becoming a part of himself, no time or place or conditions can take away. Surely it is worth having even at so large a price as liberty. That the hardest lots often best teach a man to find this greater self, shows the justice and mercy of the Higher Law before which all men stand equal as souls and which can use the worst conditions for good.

No quality is so rare, so precious and illuminating as *sympathetic understanding*. It cannot be acquired by mere brain study; nor is it to be bought or borrowed, stolen or inherited. It is a mark of soul culture, gained by living out hard experiences and learning their meaning. The narrow personal feeling is outgrown at last, and then comes the power to understand the hearts of others. Could we sympathize with another's pain unless we had been through something like it ourselves? It may sound like a mockery of imprisoned men to say that your present lot holds peculiar opportunities to cultivate this rare quality. But the eternal something in your nature has set itself this task. You are paying the price for it; why not consciously claim your own?

The impulse to "see life," which often means a series of indulgences, refined or gross, is a counterfeit of that vital instinct to know the whole human story. *Could* any one know this story who had not studied the prison pages of it? Are not the mistakes and failures to reform our prison system due to ignorance of these pages by so many judges and officials? They may think they know them, but unless it is the knowledge of sympathy, it is only surface knowledge. Sympathy, which means *feeling like*, is born of pain.

Probably you would do more now to help your fellow prisoner than you ever did for better men outside. Could you fail to know a man, on sight, who had endured the isolation and privation, the sorrow and despair of prison years, if you should meet him anywhere, ever — *ever*?

When the soul is learning so hard a lesson, everything else is put aside, or locked out any way. But having tasted of that knowledge by bitter experience, would you not feel *impelled* to help any one sentenced to like suffering? Why, that is the very essence of Brotherhood — a thing so rare and precious and powerful that it is priceless and invincible. When there is enough of it in the world things will be righted, and not until then.

Who knows how many heroes of human liberation are behind the bars, silently waging this glorious fight for the world! In thought, you are making your place in life. Build consciously for Brotherhood. Gladly would we do more to help you, but we are doing as much as conditions so far permit. And we have absolute trust in the Divine Law, and foresee that ere long a nobler sense of justice will manifest in the hearts of men. R.



WITH EVERYTHING, whether it is above or below, remote or near, visible or invisible, thou shalt preserve a relation of unlimited love without any animosity or without a desire to kill. To live in such a consciousness while standing or walking, sitting or lying down till you are asleep, is divine wisdom. — *Gautama Buddha*



What is Home?

"THERE'S no place like home!" And the strange thing about it is that some of those who are most deeply touched by the ideal of home are just those who never had a real home at all. That proves that it is a living ideal, and not merely an association of ideas. Nor is it always a memory of a happy childhood or of a loving mother, for I know of men who never had either the one or the other and who yet have been trying all their lives to make a home. And the childhood memories of others contain nothing but unhappiness. But that has not hindered them from having the idea of home.

So the idea of home is stronger than experience, and it never fades. It is stronger even than the love of life; and that is what makes men patriots, ready to die for their country, even if they know that their country will never say thank-you, and may let their children starve.

The home is a reality; it is part of our life; it is a necessity. We leave home gladly perhaps, or we never knew a home, or we have been turned out of a home that we were not fit to live in; and we may have become wanderers, but the home instinct is there in our heart all the same. It goes with us, and stays with us, for it is a part of ourself. To many men death is going home.

What is home? To one it may seem that it is a shelter from the enmity of the world, a fortress, a storehouse for some sort of treasure or possessions. To another it may seem a shrine for his love where he can hold that which he prizes most, or where he can display feelings that he would hide from the general world. Or it may be a meeting-place for a family who have one interest in common — or it may be simply the place in which they

were once happy. But in all there is the deep conviction that the Home is *where I belong*. That is home; just that, where I belong.

But do I belong there because it consists of people who can make me happy, or because it consists of people whom I can make happy? There are these two ideals of home, according to the natures of the men who cherish them. Behind both of them are the ideas of *relationship* and *service*, service demanded from those who love, or service given to those whom one loves. The nobler the man the greater his ideal of service, the wider his recognition of relationship.

So one man's idea of home may be so much bigger than other men's that it may seem as if he had got beyond the possibility of homesickness, and such a man is welcome in any home he may come to. His idea of home is made of generous feelings, the desire to give happiness to others; so he is happiest and most at home where he is most needed. It is not that he has outgrown his home, but that he has grown up to a bigger idea of home.

Now a home of that kind can be anywhere; and that is what some children could teach us if we could understand them. They can make a home out of the worst kind of conditions, because they have it in them to love. Men can do the same if they can wake up the instinct of generosity, the desire to see happiness about them. That is the instinct of home, deadened by selfishness till it seems really dead.

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," and it is this that makes the home. R. M.

The Waiting Benediction

STRANGE that people recognize so little the power of atmospheres! They *know* of them well enough, but will not know that they know.

There is, for instance, the atmosphere of Monday morning, after Sunday. We are all "Monday-ish."

There is the large glad atmosphere of Christmas Day. There is the atmosphere of the last hour of the dying year, changing in a moment, as, at the stroke of midnight, the New Year is rung in.

Churches and public buildings soon develop their special atmospheres; so do courtrooms, prisons, hospital waiting-rooms. You could tell any of these if you were blindfolded and the place empty.

The old ruined temples of India and Egypt have their solemn and haunted atmospheres. Every public library, every dwelling-room, has its atmosphere.

There are atmospheres of place and of time. Each day of the week has one, and each of the year's seasons.

And there are atmospheres of people, of pure men and women, strengthening and elevating all who come near them.

All this and much more we all feel and know. It is only when the fact is stated, pointed out, that the mind

rises up and denies or tries to explain away with explanations that don't explain, don't meet the facts.

Suppose that all over the earth the atmosphere of Christmas morning were to come and *stay*! Stay, with its friendliness, kindness, joy. War would vanish at once; the earth would be wrapped in brotherhood. Suppose that this atmosphere were just waiting over there behind the next hill of time, waiting to roll down over all earth's vales, an all-healing, all-blessing breath!

It was made and is ever added to by every pure and kindly thought, by every aspiration, by every act of brotherhood and compassion. It has slowly gathered in its strength through all the past of time. But it *waits*, waits, till the sum of human suffering has softened us, has made us ready, has brought forth the heart-cry for better things, has made us willing to follow a new way. We must become sick of our own unbrotherhood. Then the appeal will bring it amongst us and a new life for us all will begin. That hour must be very close now.

A NEW WAYFARER

Is It a Bluff?

"DUTY! There isn't such a thing. It is just a bluff to get people to do what's wanted by the clever men, who know how to get on top of the bunch and stay there."

"That's what I say; duty, sacrifice, renunciation, bah! it's all cant. No man ever gave up what he wanted unless he saw that he would get something better that way; and, as far as I can see, renunciation is a fine name for doing without what you can't get."

The third man nodded his head and smiled, not at all disturbed by the violence of his friends.

"There's a good deal of truth in what you say. But then there is a good deal of truth that is left out. You see, a bluff is hard to work unless there is something solid behind it, some truth in it; and though the call to duty may be often a bluff to get men to submit to authority, it is a bluff that is based on a fact in human nature."

"What is duty?"

"That is the question; and by asking it you show that you too feel it is something real though you don't understand it.

"Well, duty is just what is due.

"That means that there *is* something due: something that ought to be done. And that means that there is a natural law, a natural "fitness of things," a natural right and wrong, a natural reason why for everything. Duty is just the right thing to be done at the time. Every man feels that there is a right and wrong, else why should he complain at being called on to do something?"

"He complains because he has a right to do as he likes, and it is the other fellow's duty to let him."

"So there *is* a duty, after all! And it is *right* that a man should have his rights! The bluff seems to be put up by the men who *deny* duty and right. They have to

use those very words, or some words with the same sense, to make out their own case! The reason why the appeal to duty can be used dishonestly is because all men know that there is such a thing, and know too that they ought to do many things that they do not want to do.

"As to sacrifice, I think you are right, but I believe the way you put it is less true than the other way. I mean that while it may be true that a man only sacrifices one thing in order to get something better, it is also true that the thing he sees as better worth having may be of such a different kind that it would be impossible to weigh it in the scale with that article which he sacrifices. Suppose a man has another at his mercy, and knows that he can take the other man's business, or his money, or his position, and have it for himself, but sacrifices his advantage because he does not want to ruin the man's family, or because he calls the man his friend, and because he thinks that a friend should not take advantage of a friend—such things are done, you know. He sacrifices solid advantages in order to get no other solid advantages, but in order to feel an emotion that can not be measured or weighed or computed at any known value. I think then he has made a sacrifice, and at the same time has done what is best for himself. But then, you see, it is just as if there were two selves, the one that wanted the money or position, and the other that wanted the satisfaction of doing the generous thing. The one that wanted the money has perhaps a right to talk of making a sacrifice, while the one that wanted friendship knew that the act was simply right. Duty, and right, are what a man's *higher* nature wants to do. It knows that there are extremely good reasons for this desire, though it may not be able to get the reasons into such shape that the *mind* can understand. Our minds are not very good instruments as yet. They can *know* things—such as right and duty—which they cannot yet clearly think out.

"The higher nature has a right to the conduct it wants. As a matter of fact, it is the man himself. The lower nature, which he thinks is himself, is only a center of impulses, which, unless checked by the higher, will wreck him. Its duty is to grant the rights of the higher, and in the end it will be glad it did so. Its right is to be trained by the higher, just as a child's chief right is to be trained by its parent. Has a child a right to do just as it likes?"

"You can explain anything that way," grumbled the first man; "but I am I, not two or three selves."

"Of course you are; but if you really try to see your own motives you will begin to see that you are not always yourself, eh? Well, what are you then? Of course you are yourself, but before you can really know yourself you will have to admit that there are such a lot of different kinds of tendencies in you, claiming to be yourself, that it is only wise to try to find out exactly where you are among them. When you do find that out you will have found that you are the *higher* nature. Till a man finds out he is more or less tricked by the lower things into

thinking that they are he, and so granting them what they want. Even while he is being tricked he knows that duty and right are realities, though, under the influence of the trickery, he may try to argue away his own knowledge. But it is only after he is thoroughly free from the trickery, a full self-master, that he can see exactly *how* duty and right are realities, and why, all the time, underneath, he wanted to do them."

REPORTER

A Chattering World

VERILY ours is a civilization of babble. We talk and talk forever upon everything, and then complain that we have no energy. Let us remember that *Nature's* building, whether of continents or human brains, is done in silence. But with us there is no silence in town or country. We cannot even have silence each within himself. The chatter of *mind* to its owner is even more persistent than his chatter to some one else. The newspaper is a picture of our minds, a welter of shrieking nothings.

It is an age of doubt. How could it be anything else? We cannot hold our minds still long enough to know anything, cannot hold any thought steady enough to give it the chance to sink down on to reality. When shall we learn that truth does not arise from the mind, does not originate there, only gets its form and dress of words there, enters there from above like rays of light in the momentary pauses of lip chatter and mind chatter?

Our bodies are prematurely worn out by the ceaseless rattle of mind. Brains give way; we have no memories; we become the victims of neurasthenia, insomnia, headache, and, too often, of drugs.

All our ways show our servitude to our incompetent but tyrannous minds. We walk hurriedly, uncertainly. We surround ourselves with a profusion of things that we cannot use, suggested to us by thoughts and desires over which we have lost control. We read magazines and newspapers not to learn anything, but to satisfy our restless minds, understanding the causes of nothing that happens, and remembering nothing.

In a word it is an insane civilization. It is a civilization that has lost the control of mind; and mind uncontrolled, mind as master, is mind insane. Judgment and will are not of the mind; they have a higher source.

We must teach our children silence—if we have gone too far to learn it ourselves. They at least can be made to understand that real truth comes into mind stilled from chatter, mind held from its wanderings, not into mind chattering to itself, making plans, throwing up the debris of memories, or racing forward along the path of anticipation. They can learn the forgotten art of holding the mind upon what they will, of turning it inward in the silence upon the soul and so of gaining true self-knowledge.

Curiously enough, it is just in the *prisons* that there is a better opportunity to learn and perfect this lost art than anywhere else in the world! A NEW WAYFARER

The Hope of the Ages

MANY have been the visions of poets, prophets, and seers, of a "New Order of Ages"—a divine "Republic," a "City of God," a "New Atlantis," etc. Among the moderns, Browning (in *Paracelsus*) and Whitman (in *Song of the Exposition*) have seen and stated it with the greatest clearness. Indeed Whitman seems to have had an intuition, startling in its fidelity of detail, of the new order of life actually obtaining at Lomaland. Before quoting this we may notice that in the *Song of the Redwood Tree*, which commences: "A California song, . . ." he sees in "The flashing and golden pageant of California" (thus fixing the site of the fulfilment), "the promise of thousands of years, till now deferred, promised to be fulfilled" . . . "The new society at last, proportionate to nature. . . . Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand, to build a grander future." And the burden of his "waking vision" is Peace:

Mightier than Egypt's tombs,
Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,
Prouder than Milan's statued, spired cathedral,
More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,
We plan even now to raise, beyond them all,
Thy great cathedral, sacred industry, no tomb, . . .
As in a waking vision,
E'en while I chant I see it rise, I scan and prophesy outside
and in,
Its manifold ensemble.

Around a palace, loftier, fairer, ampler than any yet,
Earth's modern wonder, history's seven outstripping, . . .
Over whose golden roof shall flaunt, beneath thy banner Freedom,
The banners of the States and flags of every land,
A brood of lofty, fair, but lesser palaces shall cluster.

Somewhere within their walls shall all that forwards perfect
human life be started,
Tried, taught, advanced, visibly exhibited. . . .
Here shall you trace in flowing operation,
In every state of practical, busy, movement, the rills of civilization, . . .

In large calm halls, a stately museum shall teach you the infinite
lessons of minerals,
In another, woods, plants, vegetation, shall be illustrated—in
another animals, animal life and development.

One stately house shall be the music house,
Others for other arts—learning, the sciences, shall all be here,
None shall be slighted, none but shall here be honored, helped,
exampled. . . .

The male and female many laboring not,
Shall ever here confront the laboring many,
With precious benefits to both, glory to all,
To thee America, and thee eternal Muse. . . .

Echoed through long, long centuries to come,
To sound of different, prouder songs, with stronger themes,
Practical, peaceful life, the people's life, the People themselves,
Lifted, illumined, bathed in peace—elate, secure in peace.

Away with themes of war! Away with war itself!
Hence from my shuddering sight to never more return that show
of blackened, mutilated corpses!
That hell unpent and raid of blood, fit for wild tigers or for
lop-tongued wolves, not reasoning men. . . .

Humanity has long wandered through the blood-red valley of woe; its feet have long been "washed in the blood of its heart," and can we not feel the nearness of peace even now?

"Peace be unto you, O ye nations," is heard on all sides; and peace yet tarrieth. Nowhere has it yet been said to the nations: "*My peace I give unto you.*" The International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, was the opening wider of the Gates of Life and Peace for the nations, to whom the Spirit of Brotherhood says:

"*All my works are Peace. Pleasant and Joyous is the Path of Peace. My Peace I give unto You, O ye Nations. Peace to all Beings!*"

STUDENT

Revolutions

MATTHEW ARNOLD

BEFORE man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
Bidding him make with them what word he could.

And man has turned them many times; made Greece,
Rome, England, France;—yes, nor in vain essayed
Way after way, changes that never cease!
The letters have combined, something was made.

But ah! an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should;
That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And empire after empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this boding sense come on;
Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
And drooped, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day, thou sayest, there will at last appear
The word, the order, which God meant should be.
Ah! we shall know *that* well when it comes near;
The band will quit man's heart, he will be free.

THE airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be—
Pure, generous, brave and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold.—Whittier

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.

The New Way Notebook

GOD! Thou art mind! Unto the master-mind
Mind should be precious. — *Browning*

THERE is one Eternal Thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts. Those who know him, to them belongs eternal peace. — *Indian Saying*

THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and whoever shall know himself shall find it; for if ye truly know yourselves, ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the City of God, and ye are the City. — *A Saying of Christ*

IT is then the greatest of all lessons to know oneself. For if he knows himself he will know God, and knowing God, he will be made like God. — *Clement of Alexandria*

HEREIN religion doth consist, that man in his own person and not in that of another, with his own spiritual eye and not with that of another, should immediately behold, have, and possess God. — *Fichte*

THOUGH under the oppressive bondage of the body, though led astray by depraving customs, though enervated by lusts and passions, though in slavery to false gods; yet, whenever the soul comes to itself, as out of a surfeit, or a sleep, and attains something of its natural soundness, it speaks of God. — *Tertullian*

AS SOON as a child is old enough, it meets with the word God. This word now lets into the mind of whoever uses it a resultant or average idea, the general idea of God, the mass-idea of the centuries. This mass resides in the continuing world of thought all about us; the word God evokes it so that it enters the mind and lives there for good or ill.

The highest men, the true God-knowers, are and have always been few. So when the average mind contacts the mass-idea belonging to the word God, it hardly perceives the contributions of these highest men. For the mass is mainly made up of the lower and lower conceptions of those who had no true knowledge, conceptions of the multitude, conceptions not knowledge-born but dogma-born, or mere brain-thought. True knowledge comes only from the face-to-face communion, direct heart-vision.

Therefore the word God has for most men but little splendor, opens out into no chords of rolling music, leaves the heart and imagination unstirred.

So it lies with each of us to restore to it its grandeur of meaning, and then live according to that meaning.

— *Century Path*

MAN cannot know God till he knows that in himself which is likeliest to God and nearest to God, namely his own soul. For the soul is a direct ray from the Highest. And in the body is a part of this ray, called man, mind, thinker. Let man therefore constantly bethink himself of his descent. — *Geisel*

Heard This?

"Generally speaking women are —" began the platform suffragette. "Yes, they are," interjected an unsympathetic man in the audience. "Are what?" asked the suffragette. "Why, generally speaking," was the reply.

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

"They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-seven."

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

The reporter who had accompanied the special train to the scene of the wreck hurried down the embankment and found a man who had one arm in a sling, a bandage over one eye, his front teeth gone, and his nose knocked four points to starboard, sitting on a piece of the locomotive and surveying the horrible ruin all about him.

"Can you give me some particulars of this accident?" said the reporter, taking out his notebook.

"I haven't heard of any accident, young man," said the injured party stiffly.

He was a director of the railroad.

"Yes," said Blobson, "when I got home there they were, twins! I was simply paralysed. We named one of them Ann Eliza, but we're up a tree for a name for the other."

"Why not call her Paralyser?" suggested Binks.

Assistant District Attorney Clark was conducting a case in the Criminal Court. A large, rough-shouldered negro was in the witness-chair.

"An' then," said the witness, "we all went down in the alley, an' shot a few craps."

"Ah!" said Mr. Clark, swinging his eyeglass impressively. "Now, sir, I want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Wass that?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury, sir," thundered Mr. Clark, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah," said the witness, uneasily. "Firs' thing I know this gemman gwine ask me how to drink a sandwich."

"Look here, Rastus," said the magistrate, when the father appeared in court, "this is the fifth time that your son Ebenezer has been in this court, and I am tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame yo', jedge," responded the father, a little sadly. "I'se tired ob seeing him here myse'f."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act?" demanded the magistrate. "Why don't you show him the right way?"

"Say, jedge," earnestly replied the father, "I hab done gone an' show dat boy de right way a dozen times, but somehow he allus git caught wid de chickens on him."

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

Please handle with care
and pass on to another

"There is always a way to rise, my lad,
Always a way to advance."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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WHEN WE WERE BOYS

A Plea for the Child

(From an address recently delivered by Katherine Tingley
at Boston.)

WHAT assurance have we that young souls touching this plane of life shall have their opportunities?

The mother-heart, we know, holds love and devotion and the spirit of self-sacrifice for her own; and it is also to be found in the father's heart; but alas! as soon as a soul enters the arena of life, it is not the real possession of its mother and father; for they have not yet gained that divine knowledge necessary to give it its best opportunities. So, in the course of time, it drifts into the great ocean of unrest and suffering, and then the conditions of the age hold it.

False education, man's lack of knowledge of his own heritage and possibilities, and those forces that are the result of the present-day mental confusion, hold and fet-

ter the young soul and shut out its best opportunities.

If we are to serve humanity rightly, really to do sane things to lift its burdens, we must begin our preparatory and remedial work in the home. In this thought is there not something new for parents to think about?

Properly to approach the conditions referred to, one must take a new view of marriage. Though the subject has been seriously studied all down the ages, yet rarely do we hear of a marriage that carries with it in after years that sacred touch which should be there. And so, in viewing present-day marriages, one finds (if one thinks at all about this subject) that it is the lack of knowledge of the laws governing human life which brings about so many failures and real tragedies in the home.

True it is, the parents of the present day have their grand ideals, their hopes and their dreams and their prayers; but they have not the key to the situation. How can two souls on this plane expect to go through life do-

ing their fullest duty to the sacred obligation of marriage when they are unacquainted with the divine laws that should fashion their whole natures?

Humanity needs to be awakened to its dangers — yes, and awakened to the knowledge of the Science of Life.

Let us clear the way for the coming generation. Let us, through the knowledge that we have gained of ourselves, cultivate that quality of understanding that shall purify and evolve soulful beings.

Is my picture of the danger to the young far-fetched? Look at our youth on the streets! See the wrecks in society, in prison and everywhere, and tell me that those who have erred and fallen and lost their way had their opportunities! Oh, the pity of it! Wrecked homes! Divorces and suicides and all manner of crimes! And these are our progeny! The progeny of the twentieth century!

How can these things be changed? you may ask. Why, through man's becoming acquainted with himself. To gain self-knowledge man must know his divinity; he must work in consonance with the nobler part of his nature continuously. He must learn, ere it is too late, the great doctrine: "As ye sow, so must ye also reap."

In place of faith let us have knowledge, in order that we may be able to face ourselves, our weaknesses, be able to challenge our higher natures and gain that control that will aid us in meeting understandingly the sorrows and disappointments and unbrotherliness of the age.



"What Thou Givest Thou Keepest"

IN an old manuscript stands this story, here a little condensed. It seems to begin in the middle, but a little reading will show what the beginning must have been.

"Alquin," said the Master, "I have a very great thing to ask of thee."

"Master, thou couldst not ask the thing I would not give thee."

"Wilt thou do for the world that which I could not?"

"Master, how shall it be possible for me to do what thou couldst not?"

"Thou hast read that I gave my life for men. Did that seem much to thee?"

"Lord, that thou, God's very son —"

"Stay: if I tell thee that my very Godhood made my death naught, what wouldst thou say?"

"Master, tell me thy meaning. Mine understanding falters."

"Dost thou not see that death were no real death to one who could not die, being life itself. Pity I gave to men, and love passing the love of mothers, and the teaching of the Way. More I could not."

"Lord, what more were possible than thy gifts?"

"Wilt thou, Alquin, give what I could not, life, thyself, thy very being? Wilt thou be no more, in this world or in mine, among men or with the Father? Wilt thou lay

down all, dissolving into naught, that men may live? Wilt thou that I break thy soul so that it is no more thine nor thee, and feed therewith the starving souls of men? What were the loaves when I had broken them to pieces for the anhungred multitude? Wilt thou be even as the loaves, broken that others may be fed, a life to thyself no more?"

Then the heart of the young monk grew cold as the stones of a grave. To be *naught!* To vanish! For him no more the sunlight, no more the grave sweet converse in the cloisters, no more the sea, the fragrant garden, the laden fruit-trees — *naught!* Even his love for the Master was to be broken among many, *his* no more.

It seemed to him that the sad world waited, waited for his answer, waited to see if at last there were one who *could* and would give all, his self and life; give that it might have a light it was too worn and hopeless to win for itself, a light that could only come from a sacrifice utter and final.

"Can I do this thing?" he said to himself. "Lord" — but behold, his cell was empty; even the soft silver light upon the walls had died away. It was as if he were already in the tomb.

"Pain?" he thought. "No, no pain. The Master had hours of agony upon the cross: I shall but cease to be. But afterward, among men, joy, eyes dried of tears, cries hushed in peace and love, everywhere the Light. Shall I not do it? . . ."

"Master, take thou thine own. Be it as thou wilt. Behold, I give all that was mine. . . . Farewell. . . ."

Next day they found the young monk's body cold upon the cell floor. But the face was as of one who had died in great peace. Nay, the watchers by the body, watching seven nights, told that they lit no holy candles, for the face was radiant from the time the sun went down. And even by the end of the seventh night the body was not changed and even a fragrance as of aromatic woods and incenses came from it.

For those seven days ere the burial a great peace lay over the city. It is told that the sick grew well, that old quarrels were healed, and that men went about as if some sacred benediction was upon them so that they spoke but little.

Ere many years had gone by, not a score, there came to the convent gate a youth who prayed to see the Abbot. Very beautiful he was, and with a face, said the brothers who saw him, as of one in inner communion, peaceful and spreading peace and a strange comfort and content. What he said to the Abbot was never told, though the interview was of great length. But after, he was received into the convent and by command of the Abbot was given the name and the cell of the young monk Alquin that had died. And those who could send their memories back said that there was a singular likeness between the two, though in the countenance of Alquin the second a greater peace and joy. The youth soon became known far

and wide for the tenderness of his preaching and for his deeds of charity and strange gift of healing. But in a few years he died.

After his death they found in his cell a little book full of high thoughts, and communings with himself, and prayers. Upon one page was a writing which began:

"The vision, the dream, came again last night, even as I told it to the holy Abbot. But what it means I know not. Was I, even I, that same youth whose name I bear? Yet, says the dream-vision, he went out into the abyss and was no more.

"May man come twice to the flesh? The holy Abbot says no; yet he hath given me the same name and cell as the young brother who gave away his life. Was his life given back and made one again, made again into *him*, into *me*? All is here even as I had often dreamed ere ever I came here, the garden and the sea and the far vineyards.

"All this did I tell to the holy Abbot; and also of the voice I told him, which bade me come. And he was moved even to tears, and to much wonderment, saying: 'Strange, strange, of a truth strange, my son. But of two comings to the flesh I know naught. Yet strange, strange!'

"I will write down the dream." TRANSLATOR

Who Knows?

I SUPPOSE I had been dreaming, because I woke up suddenly with a clear impression in my mind of something I wanted to do or say, or, — well, before I was quite awake I could not remember whether it was something to be said or something to be done. The clearness of the impression was gone before I knew it was going, so that almost before I had time to realize that I was awake everything had vanished. I only knew that there *had* been something.

That set me thinking about the things we know and the things we forget; and I began to wonder whether our birth is not like that waking moment, a quick forgetting of things we knew quite well on the other side of the gate. In our youth-time some dim half-memories may remain, making us feel as if we had some great thing to do, or as if some great knowledge were somewhere inside us.

Then too there is sometimes a feeling of the same sort as to who we are; a feeling that we have forgotten who we were before we woke up, or in some far past. Of course we were ourself, but yet so different. It is as though we had been standing on the top of a hill, looking across a valley to a distant city we were traveling to. It was all lit up by the last gleams of sunlight, and the valley below was all in shadow. The shadows in the valley did not trouble us then, for the beautiful city was clear to our sight and lay straight ahead. It seemed impossible to miss the road; it would just be a case of going straight on to get there. Even as we looked the

sun set, the city vanished, and we were in the shadows. We took the dark way down into the forest below; and when morning came we found the mists of the valley all around us and tracks in every direction, but no sign of the distant city, and no remembrance of the direction in which it lay, and no one to tell us the way to it. There were many people hurrying along the different paths, each one saying we ought to follow his path, though none of them seemed to know where he was going. Then in a little while we forgot all about the beautiful city and only remembered that once we were going somewhere.

May not our birth be just the descent into this valley? We are lost in the shadows; or perhaps we are in the shadows but not lost, following a path that may at any moment bring us within sight of the city once more. Or it may be we are being guided without knowing it.

And perhaps it is the valley of the shadows that is the dream, and death a re-awakening. Who knows?

A NEW WAYFARER

"OUR BIRTH is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

Lay Up Treasures

A MAN who invests money does not expect interest on it the moment he pays it in. Yet many people will not invest a right action or a right effort of thought because the results or "interest" of it delay in coming. Thus they will not return good for evil because the evil-doer appears to remain unchanged in the hardness of his evil. He goes on as before. The investment of kindly forgiveness does not seem to promise any interest.

Give it time. To forgive a man is a bit of work done on his nature *and on yours*, a bit of capital invested for both. So is any returning of good for evil. So is any piece of self-sacrifice. So is any kindly thought of a man who is in a bad temper or unjust. So is *silence* in the face of injury or injustice.

The results, the interest, may not come till after much time. But they are sure, for work was done, capital invested in an unfailingly honest quarter. For yourself there is growth of will and manliness and richness of nature, some steps onward upon the New Way; for the other man a benediction which is secretly but surely working for his good from the very first moment. You cannot lose or fail in this kind of investing. CAPITALIST

Genuine Brotherhood

THE sentiment of Brotherhood that THE NEW WAY believes in is not the sentimental kind. That is one reason for its list of firm friends—and enemies. The sloppy kind of fraternal feeling belongs to the old way of doing things.

Real brotherhood is no romantic scheme or dream. It is based on solid, every-day facts, and requires good common sense to understand and practise it. It calls for the best use of a clear head and a warm heart and a firm will. Knowledge without sympathetic feeling, and sentimentality without judgment, alike fail to work out the full relation of man to man. At best, the results are only a sort of half-brotherhood.

Brotherhood is a big subject any way you look at it. It means that all men are souls, living in similar bodies; and through their thought and feeling, and food and actions they are related not only to each other, but to every living and growing thing, and even to the earth that supports them all.

Brotherhood so touches life at every point that just trying to practise it in daily affairs will prove a liberal education for any one. In the first place, it takes unselfish wisdom to know the difference between a man's *wants* and his *needs*. Many a fellow desperately *desires* whiskey or morphine, or wealth, or excitement, or dissipation, or a social or political "pull," when in reality his greatest *need* is to feel the strength and ease, the resources and satisfaction and dignity that are stored up in his own nature. Many lives are spent mainly and vainly trying to gratify pet desires that grow by what they fed upon. What seem like poor and generally unfavorable conditions may in reality be the very ones to force a man to find something new and greater in himself. Then he is in luck, for "finders are keepers" in this case. There is a purpose in suffering, though it's about the only thing of which people do not ask: "What do I get out of it?" In times of stress, well-meaning and generous friends often enable the sufferer to go on in the same old way of indulging desires. They actually help to cheat him out of a valuable clue to the game of life and happiness.

By helping our friends to do what they wish to do, we share in the results of their deeds. We may be legally safe and seemingly kind in doing it; but the higher law will see that we help to square the account. So it comes about that to help others safely one must know the dual human nature, understand its needs and its wants. That is where "charity begins at home," to get the clue to the other fellow. The old teaching: "Man know thyself," was the key to the whole situation. There are some rich surprises in store for us when we study our own supposed good motives.

Genuine brotherhood helps others to help themselves. It does not pauperize, weaken, flatter, or wheedle any one. Real kindness helps those in difficulty to *find* their way out. That provides for present lack and shows them how to draw on their own resources in future. They are en-

riched in self-respect and knowledge and power. Of course, a man who is utterly down and out must have help, of every kind, whatever the cause of his condition. But if, when restored, he drifts into the same old dangers, real brotherhood refuses to hasten his downward course by comfortably supplying his wants. Instead of preaching at him to *be* saved, it will try to arouse him to "work out his own salvation." Even if a man fails utterly, he is helped by holding him in mind as a soul that *sometime* will come out victor.

Brotherhood regards an imprisoned man as a man in sore straits. It knows that aside from his deep, hidden needs, he longs for the personal human touch. But it does not necessarily try to procure his release. Still less does it try to release a man from prison who has shown that he is unable to keep out. The prisons are still anything but ideal training schools; but they give a man time to think, and life outside daily grows more distracting. THE NEW WAY tries to give help in this thinking, so that the prisoner may find the way to that real self which has been so long hidden over. Public opinion is rapidly changing and ere long it will be possible to do much more on this and other lines.

Genuine brotherhood knows that as "no question is ever settled until it settled right," it saves time to try the right way first. It knows that the whole man is more than a weakling or a hypocrite or a fop, and is ready to find him plucky, straight, and manly, whenever he shows himself so. Sometimes his self-pity or deceit or conceit makes him too small to accept the challenge of a genuine brother. But to those who stand the test, true to themselves and to others, there comes a royal fellowship that proves their real kinship as souls. ONE OF THE FAMILY

✽

Compensation

"WHAT a boyhood and youth was mine! Then I enjoyed everything, intensely and to the full.

But all those pleasures have passed. The whole horizon is gray."

The sad-faced man, perhaps about five-and-forty, was thus lamenting to another of the same age. But this one's face was rather firm than sad, and expressed will in the strong lines and steady eye. The words of his answer did not sound very sympathetic:

"Good for you, my boy; be thankful."

"Thankful! Because I can't enjoy anything—food, a run up the mountain, a bathe in the river, the early morning?"

"Sure! That never happens to a man without there's a reason in it. One door closes in his face just to force him to look for another that otherwise he'd never see. Man is more than an animal, has a great mental and spiritual future possible to him. If he can't see for himself that he is more than a human animal, a pleasure-enjoyer, and if his latent higher possibilities are about ready to sprout with a little care—why it's just that

man that will be *favoured* enough to have his pleasures cut off in his own interests. Then he's got the chance to face life seriously; to get to be a thinker; to have his heart opened to many fine things, his own real needs and the needs of his fellows; he grows, mentally and spiritually; and he presently finds himself serenely out of reach of the gnawing longings for this and that that had before infested his mind and troubled his peace.

serene and cheerful, you'll find that new life. Face calmly whatever is. It's got a meaning for you, same as your loss of pleasure-power has, and it'll show that meaning. There's a real understanding of life waiting for you, a real illumination, *once you stop craving for the past*; and this illumination will give you a great message for many another fellow that could never get it for himself."

"How do you know about that illumination?"

"I know that no fellow on earth ever gets shorn of something but what an adequate compensation is getting ready for him — though he may have to wait for it or wait to see it. I know that no fellow ever gets thrown in on himself as you are without there is something in him very much worth his while to go in and get. Fellows don't get it because they mope and don't look. Pluck up your heart, old man; things are all right. Just a bit of patience. Everything is well looked after. Divine Law knows its business and every one of us is in the heart of it, planned for, helped, and way-opened for. If one way closes it is simply because another has opened." REPORTER

✻

In Two Places at Once

"A MAN can't be in two places at once, can he?"

This was the tail-end of a conversation, I don't know what about. Ellery and I had strolled up to the group just in time to catch that last sentence. The speaker seemed to think he had settled the point, but Ellery took a hand:

"A man certainly can; and I'm not sure but what he always is."

"Oh, go on, Ellery!" said one of the group; "another of your twisted paradoxes."

"Not a bit," he answered. "One of you fellows was talking the other day about the way to get over the

monotony of work. He supposed the case of a mother whose son was returning from oversea after years of absence. She's doing a lot of work in the room he will occupy, dusting, sweeping, and so forth. Hard, commonplace work. But she finds it pure joy because she's thinking of the young fellow that would occupy the room.

"The man, I forget which of you, was using this as an illustration of the spirit in which all work should be done — as a sort of offering of it up to the soul. Any



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AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF A DEATH-ADDER

This reptile is said to be the most poisonous snake in Australia.
Note the recently swallowed lizard.

"So that's why the pleasures go — true for every case I ever saw. Either the physical power for them, or the mental enjoyment of them, dies away, and there may be a bit of a blue time. Don't look back, my boy, at what's gone. It's gone for your good. You've got a fine future ahead, of another sort. Don't think of your mistakes, whatever they were. In the new life ahead you can undo them. And don't let the thought of decay for one moment into your mind. Then there won't be decay, and, keeping

kind of work, he said, done the best one knew how, acted on the mind and body like the sweeping and dusting on the room. It would make body and mind fit for the higher part of the man, the soul, to come into. The work, any sort, would soon cease to be monotonous, and with the full entry of the soul a new life would begin.

"It was a pretty good illustration, I thought.

"I did not say anything then, but it reminded me of an actual case. The poor mother was working away at the room in all her joy, thinking of her son now close upon landing,—when suddenly she gave a cry and fell upon the floor in a dead faint. It was at that very moment, as close as could be reckoned, that the boy had fallen into the water—slipped his hold getting into a boat or something. As it happened they managed to rescue him, and all went well.

"But wasn't that woman in two places at once?

"Wasn't she in the room *and* on board with the boy? In her outer mind she didn't know much about the other place, only saw the room she was in. But *something* in her, some part of her, knew about the other. We asked her afterwards and she said she suddenly felt as if something dreadful had happened and as if she heard her boy cry out."

"There's thousands of stories like that," said one of the listeners; "there must be something in 'em."

"I don't expect you fellows to believe this," said another; "but it's true just the same. I was boarding with a young Greek studying engineering at the College. One morning he came down pale as death and said he'd seen the king killed, seen it or dreamed it, he didn't know which. Sure enough there it was in the paper on the breakfast table. He wasn't putting on any side about it, doing the mysterious or anything of that sort: just shocked. He told us that lots of the peasants and mountaineers of his country see or dream things in the same way—so common among them they don't think anything of it."

"The two places could be in the same place and yet be two," suggested Wilson contemplatively from behind his pipe; "different degrees of inwardness, as you might say. We generally notice only one of them. For instance, a fellow will go to a concert and bring away some peculiarly catching tune in his head. Goes to work next morning and maybe puts his whole mind right into it. But by the end of the morning he'll become aware that all the while, while part of his mind—the part he was noticing—was fully on his work, another part deeper down or further in was following along that tune and mighty pleased with it. Two 'places' at once. Two worlds, if you like, the music world and the work world."

"Soul world and work world," said Ellery. "I was bothered a long time to think how a man could be a soul on the one hand and at the same time just a man. But the thing's all right. Deep down is the soul life, maybe unnoticed, running along like the music runs all the time in a musician even if he's all wrapped up in something

else—eating and drinking, or tending dynamos or talking politics. When he drops that and comes back to his music part he'll find that it's composed a lot of music on its own account when the eating-and-politics part wasn't looking or noticing. And similarly when he comes back from there to the politics part he'll find that *it*, in its turn, has been churning up some new ideas on politics. Strange mix-up, man. The soul part of us is there all the time. But when we get born, when we come into life, it's like the musician going to work, say with a dynamo. The soul part has to take a back seat and the man only attends to the eating, the dynamo, the politics, the business end of him."

"But he don't *have* to do that," said Wilson. "He could run the soul life *and* the other, if he would only run the other right instead of letting it run him. Every man that I know of is mostly *run*. He could be in both places or both states at once, and know it. My! but it would be great!"

"And there are surely some fellows that have managed that," said Ellery. "I think I've known one or two; sort of immense reserved power about them; quite simple and unassuming, too, and friendly to the limit. When I die I want one of these fellows about."

"How is the trick done?" asked one of the party.

"Wake up the mind to the inner place while it's attending to the outer business," said Ellery. "Work and think and speak just the way you know the soul of you would like you to work and think and speak. If we kept that up a few weeks we'd know something. *If!* But most of us are mighty poor creatures when it comes to keeping up any mind discipline." REPORTER

Health by Exercise

IT is not necessary nor desirable that the muscles should be *large*. But every muscle should always be *alert* and ready for instant call. Every joint should move easily and freely in all the directions natural to it. Enough time should therefore be given every day to gymnastic exercises to ensure that every joint is ready to flex and extend or rotate with perfect smoothness and amplitude. No man should ever allow himself to be "set" anywhere where nature intended him to be bendable. That is the essence of all the books and rules. And they can be obeyed very well, partly by ten minutes work night and morning; and partly by doing every physical task that comes along with the utmost spring and alertness. If we have to walk a hundred yards, why not walk them well and erectly? If a room has to be swept, why not do it crisply? In the vast majority of instances old age never need mean crippleddom.

Keep the mind alert, too, never despondent; and the soul, by active kindliness of thought—and you have the whole prescription. Try this whole prescription and in a little while you will find unexpected encouragements coming upon you from very unexpected quarters. But for that it must be the whole prescription. M. D.

A Creed

LET me be a little kinder,
 Let me be a little blinder
 To the faults of those about me,
 Let me praise a little more;
 Let me be, when I am weary,
 Just a little bit more cheery,
 Let me serve a little better
 Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
 When temptation bids me waver,
 Let me strive a little harder
 To be all that I should be;
 Let me be a little meeker
 With the brother that is weaker,
 Let me think more of my neighbor
 And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
 Make my life a bit completer,
 By doing what I should do
 Every minute of the day;
 Let me toil, without complaining,
 Not a humble task disdaining,
 Let me face the summons calmly
 When death beckons me away. — *Selected*

**Fishin'**

BY HARRY N. DASCOMB

S'POSE the fish don't bite at fust,
 What be yew goin' tur dew?
 Chuck down yewr pole, throw out yewr bait
 An' say yewr fishin's threw?
 Uv course yew hain't; yew're goin' tur fish,
 An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
 Until yew've ketched yewr basket full,
 An' used up all yewr bait.

S'pose success don't come at fust,
 What be yew goin' tur dew?
 Throw up the sponge an' kick yewrself,
 An' go tur feelin' blew?
 Uv course yew hain't; yew're goin' tur fish,
 An' bait, an' bait agin;
 Bimeby success will bite yewr hook,
 An' yew will pull him in.

**Always a Way to Rise**

THERE is always a way to rise, my lad,
 Always a way to advance;
 But the road that leads to Mount Success
 Does not pass by the way of Chance;
 It goes through the stations of Work and Strive,
 Through the Valley of Persevere;
 And the man that succeeds while others fail
 Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my lad,
 Always a way to slide,
 And the men you find at the foot of the hill
 All sought for an easy ride.
 So, on and up, though the road be rough,
 And the storms come thick and fast;
 There is room at the top for the fellow who tries,
 And Victory comes at last. — *Selected*

Fight It Out!

BY WILL CARLETON

DOES Destruction seem to lurk
 All about?
 Don't believe it! Go to work!
 Fight it out!
 Danger often turns and flies
 From a steady pair of eyes;
 Ruin always camps apart
 From an undefeated heart.
 In the spirit there is much —
 Do not doubt —
 That the world can never touch —
 Fight it out!

Do the portals of your brain
 Freedom lack?
 Never let them thus remain —
 Push them back!
 Do not give the efforts o'er,
 If they number half a score;
 When a hundred of them fail,
 Then a thousand might prevail.
 Germs beneath a clod must lie,
 Ere they sprout;
 You may blossom, by-and-by —
 Fight it out!

Have your foemen come to stay?
 Never flinch;
 Make them win their little way,
 Inch by inch!
 Scan them well, and fight them fair,
 Give them honest blows to spare;
 There are meaner things possessed
 Than a first-class second-best.
 Time may come when you have turned
 To a rout
 Every triumph they have earned —
 Fight it out!

All the lessons of the time
 Teach us fair,
 'Tis a blunder and a crime
 To despair!
 When we suffer, 'tis to bless
 Other moments with success;
 From our losses we may trace
 Something better in their place.
 Everything in earth and sky
 Seems to shout,
 "Don't give up until you die —
 Fight it out!" — *Selected*



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.

New Way Notebook

As the Harmony dwells within the Flute,
Even so does the Spirit unseen in the Body;
No man can see the Music, yet is it there,
And no man can see the Spirit, yet it is there.

Book of Enoch

MAN must learn to recognize the divine everywhere, and especially in his own heart. For this divinity that seeks its expression in his life is his own higher nature. Men must learn to live in conformity with the true object of human life, mastering their lower natures, ceasing to break the laws of the Universe. The doctrine that man is powerless to control his lower nature is a terrible mistake which, during so many centuries, has produced disastrous results. Did not Christ say to his disciples: "Ye are gods"?—*Katherine Tingley*

WHAT IF spiritual growth be not—at any rate in one sense—a matter of *growth* at all, but of *freeing from bonds*? What if, one day, we should find ourselves with the power (that is to say, the will) to smash them by one great effort? Ordinarily, we may say, spiritual growth comes by a long succession of small efforts from day to day. But a day comes, when, if we have made the preparation, the soul suddenly sees the possibility of breaking the shell about the heart (where it lives) and coming suddenly and fully forth into daily life.—*Century Path*

WITHIN the solemn precincts of the sanctuary the SUPREME had and has no name. It is unthinkable and unpronounceable; and yet every man finds in himself his god. "Who art thou, O fair being?" inquires the disembodied soul, in the *Khorda-Avesta*, at the gates of Paradise. "I am, O Soul, thy good and pure thoughts, thy works and thy good law . . . angel . . . and thy god." Then man, or the soul, is reunited with ITSELF, for this "Son of God" is one with him; it is his own mediator, the god of his human soul.

Isis Unveiled, II, 635

THE THREE SELVES

KNOWLEDGE of *physical* self is elemental, instinctive; it begins with birth; it exists measurably in brute as in man. This knowledge proceeds with the instinctive physical struggle for sustenance; a struggle which knows no reason, no bounds of conscience, no law of mine or thine—knows nothing save the right to be.

Through this struggle man arrives at a knowledge of the *mental* self. Physical struggle leads to mental endeavor, the plan, the scheme, the strategy, the survival of the shrewdest.

And through meditation dawns knowledge of the *spiritual* self—a self that has been from the beginning, will live through all eternity; a self that exists without force or craft; a self that grows not through strength, not through wisdom, but through beauty or love.

Commander John Lloyd Thomas, 33°

Heard This?

A long-suffering husband was burying his wife. It chanced that in passing through the gate the coffin struck one of the posts. A muffled scream was heard and on removal of the lid the lady rose up and got out. The husband duly manifested the proper joy and the procession returned to the house. Later, she died again. As the coffin approached the gate for the second time the husband slightly removed the handkerchief from his face and gently murmured to the bearers: "Boys, mind that gate-post."

One morning a loyal Irishman was at work near the top of a telephone pole, painting it a bright green, when the pot of paint slipped and splashed on the sidewalk. A few minutes later another Irishman came along. He looked at the paint, then at his countryman, and inquired with anxiety in his tone, "Doherty, hov ye had a himarrage?"

Wife: "It says here that you can get a wife in Samoa for three dollars. Isn't that outrageous?"

The weaker vessel: "Oh, I don't know. A good wife's worth that."

The old mountaineer, who was standing on the corner of the main street in a certain little Kentucky town, had never seen an automobile.

A good-sized touring-car came rushing up the street at about thirty miles an hour and slowed down just enough to take the corner on two wheels.

The old fellow watched the disappearing car with bulging eyes and open mouth. Then, turning to a bystander, he remarked solemnly:

"The horses must sho'ly ha' been traveling some when they got loose from that gen'leman's carriage!"

Sportsman: "Did you ever see such atrocious luck? That's the fifteenth bird I've missed today."

Old gamekeeper: "No, sir, I think you're wrong. It's the same bird you've been firing at all along. The artful old fellow's been hanging around you for safety's sake."

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinarily ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"

Henry Yallerby: "Aftah we's married, we'll hab chicken foh dinnah ebry day, honey."

Melinda Johnson: "Oh, yo' deary! But I wouldn't ask yo' to run no sech risks foh mah sake!"

Sportsman (who has missed everything he has fired at): "Did I hit him?"

Keeper (anxious to please): "Not 'xactly 'it 'im sir: I can't say that. But, my word! I never see a rabbit wuss scared!"