

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

*"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good,
shall exist."*

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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THE YOUNG MEN'S BAND, POINT LOMA

How to Help

Extracts from Katherine Tingley's Speech of Nov. 15 in
San Diego in support of the Belgian Relief Fund.

IF we can allow ourselves to move out of our present environment and imagine that we are in the countries where there is warfare, we can then get a better conception of what the conditions are and of what a great need there is of giving not only material help, but also that kind of help that will answer some of the silent appeals of those who are suffering, of those who are questioning.

All day I have been imagining myself over there on

the battlefields among the groups of men and women, the old men and women and the children, who are in the shadow of this awful war. I have been wondering if I could look into their minds and could hear and understand their speech, what their questions would be. Think of the questions they would ask! Do you not believe that there are very many who in their devotion to the truth, in their religious aspirations, have felt up to this hour of trial that there was a hereafter, that there was a compassionate God, that there was mercy with God? But if we were to question them now, be sure they

would ask us something quite different from what they have ever asked before. They would say, *what does it all mean, and where is God? Where is God?* And the pity of it is that they, in these shadows of doubts and fears, suffer crucifixions such as you and I cannot dream of, because their faith is shaken, not only in God but in their fellow men. And those sufferers in their silent appeal are questioning not only the people of the neutral countries, but they are questioning all humanity as to why this is so, why was it allowed, why is my faith shattered? Where is God? Why should I be so punished? Why should my children be slain, my house burnt down, my home broken up, and my children and myself persecuted and abandoned? So after we have sent clothing and food we know that there will be something more that they need.

Oh, we are asleep, and truly we have every evidence that this is the age of spiritual darkness, or you could not be sitting contentedly where you are, you could not go home to your families, you could not close your eyes at night, you could not awake in the morning and feel the touch of sunlight and listen to the song of the birds. If this were an enlightened time, if you were all in the light, you could not do it; you would be so restless, you would have to be doing something; the urge of the diviner self would make you speak; if you could not speak to all the people in the world, you would want to be speaking from the housetops and on the corners of the streets; you would want to be doing something, not only to help the external man and his suffering, but you would be seeking to lift the burdens and answer the silent appeal of those disheartened souls across the water.

Why, do you not know that if we could get into a trend of thought like that, we could change the countries and help our own country and our own city. It is all possible. It is the divinity of man, the immortal side of man, that needs awakening. Oh, when that feeling comes, that knowledge, the moment the effort is made for the study that leads to the enlightenment, all the doors open and the veil is lifted, and then comes a state of consciousness that will hold one all along the way with courage, fortitude, and power to overcome the stumbling blocks, power to meet life's issues, power to follow duty and to learn to live to bless humanity and to help answer the heart cries of the hungry.

So it seems to me, friends, that if we are to do anything for the suffering people of the war, we must begin to do something for ourselves; we must attune our hearts to the higher things of life. And indeed I know some of you will smile, but I tell you that if you could have that mercy that Christ spoke of and said was possible when he told you, "Greater things than these things shall ye do"—if you could have that mercy in your hearts tonight, that unselfish love for humanity, if you could free your minds, there would be a dynamic power going out on currents that you cannot see or understand; but it would go, and it would touch the hearts of the suf-

ferers, and it would be a wave of helpfulness, a wave of light. It would be a royal spiritual complement to the splendid efforts of the women of this city and elsewhere who are working for the material comforts and relief of those people. I cannot conceive how anyone could question that. And then, do you know, if each here were to accentuate these higher notes on the higher lines of feeling, such a force would go out that the thoughts of men would be changed and in the process each and all of you would receive something that no words can describe. There is a benediction that can come to every human life through unselfish effort, through accentuating the spiritual side of the nature, through a trust that is so deep, so true, so profound, that it opens the mind to a conception of the Infinite. At such a time and under such conditions you could then best interpret these words, "I will arise and go to my Father."



The Way to Freedom

I SENT out my thought in compassion for all that suffered, in sympathy with all that rejoiced. It fell upon hearts here and there through the world, comforting and sustaining where there was sorrow, giving new faith where unbelief and despair were creeping in, adding higher pulses to the joy. Thereafter, though my body was confined and its surroundings narrow and squalid, somewhat of my mind remained abroad and free; I began to feel it to have share and part in a thousand other lives without.

Thus I did day by day, and day by day the oppression and restriction of my body and surroundings grew less. Though I was aware of them as of old, their weight grew ever lighter and at last I regarded them not at all. No longer was there any sense of emptiness or loneliness in my life. For I felt, at first dimly and vaguely, then more and more surely, that I was at work in the world, sustaining and forwarding. Thus I lived two lives, this secret inner one that went outward and from dim became clearer, and the outer one of common duties whose gloom and monotony were now ever lightening. The comradeship that I had tried to send out far and wide in my thought, though those whom it reached knew not who or what had touched them, came back to me in manifold power and warmth and helpfulness along the invisible channels I had opened from my mind and heart. My life was daily fuller and sweeter, for I had found the fuller meaning and the inner working of brotherhood.

Where "I" am, matters no more to me. I am with humanity.

And this same expansion and freedom all may attain.

Oh ye bound, if ye would but know the unbinding that compassion and sympathy can win, the crown of the practice of self-forgetting, the joy of that new life! It raises beyond sickness and death; it is the only true freedom; it gives consciousness of immortality. N.

"Another Chance"

NO. ———, having an hour to take the air "for his health," slouched out of his cell in "Condemned Row," past the quarters of some half dozen other fellows likewise up for hanging, and finally past the "trap," whose walls were decorated by the photographs of past victims of the noose.

But these things did not impress him. He had long since acquired the indifference of familiarity. Indeed, the fate the pictures commemorated rather attracted him as a release from his empty and played-out life. "Lucky dogs!" he murmured, "got shet of the whole — game for good and all. It's the last time *they'll* get pinched!"

As he slouched out of the building into the blazing sunlight of the yard his thought continued the soliloquy where his tongue left off.

"Quit of the game, good luck to 'em! Present address, hell, some'd say. I'll lay they ain't up against no hotter hell than I've been through. If that's the port I'm bound for, I'll take it for a summer outing after what my term on earth has given me.

"But I guess the rope's the finish of it, all right. All over for yours truly then, thank God. Some other guy can do the squarin' of *my* account."

He dropped down dog-fashion under the shade of the high concrete wall. As he stretched out his foot he noticed a flower that had forced its persistent way well up between the paving stones of the yard. "Well, I'll be —!" he ejaculated; "if that ain't the self-same bit o' green that I saw comin' up out of the identical self-same spot when I first got lodged. It come up just like it's doin' now, and then it wilted and dried up and died. And here it is up again!"

This simple and everyday occurrence switched his mind back, back thirty years to the days of his boyhood on his father's farm. He seemed to see the quaint old creeper that clung to the old farm house, first throwing out its tiny soft shoots, arousing, as it always did, his boyish enthusiasm so that he would get the whole family up from the dinner table to "see the new start the creeper has took on!" Then came before his mind's eye the whole vine flooding the broad stone wall with its cascade of rich green leafage. Then he saw it splashed and washed with crimsons and scarlets that fairly "sang" as the setting sun would fire the blooms with its lingering rays. The scene changed to winter and his thought-vision saw the old wall ribbed with crawling twisting gnarled tendrils, now leafless, to all appearance dead and done for. But no, he could see the first glints of soft green already gemming the dry stalk with jewels of promise for another year. So vivid was the picture that all unconsciously he murmured: "No sir; that there vine never know'd anything about dying; guess the most *it* did was to take a nap; and I rather think this flower's been doin' about the same thing. 'Pears like the weeds and things have a hold on life that we men folk don't. And a good job too!"

He looked up and saw a knot of men across the yard, some doing "life," some awaiting his own end. The picture broke up his train of memories. But they had started a certain uneasiness in his mind that would not now be quieted. What if death were *not* the end? asked something inside him. Supposing, as seemed only reasonable, that he was to have at least equal chances with that weed and with the vine upon the wall. At first, the thought that death was *not* the finish for him seemed more than he could face all at once, too much for a man at the tether end of things. "Humph!" he muttered; "hell on earth, hell in hell, then hell on earth again. That's sure going it some!"

Slowly there trickled into his consciousness a string of words he had somewhere read or heard:

"For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come."

Then, somehow, these words called up others spoken by Katherine Tingley at a recent visit to the prison, words that at the time had meant nothing to him:

"The Divine Law is more merciful than man's laws."

But now his own situation seemed to give them force, made them appeal to him in a new way.

"Another chance." Yes, that would come into line with what he had seen in the creeper on the old wall at home. . . . But it would mean that "some other guy" would *not* straighten out his accounts; he himself would have to do that in another life. Well, that was only square; and besides, he might get a chance to make up for some wrongs he had done. What wouldn't he give now to be able to atone to his dear old father and his blessed broken-hearted mother? Yes; on the whole he began to like this idea of "another chance." He was quartered in "Condemned Row" and ere long he must swing for his last achievement. But if he was coming back again he might begin to take that "other chance" right now. And if "The Divine Law is more merciful than man's laws," surely this thing called Death could not lead to the hell he had heard pictured. The thought of better chances of a "square deal" roused in him a spark of hope and a new determination. He began to feel that he could make out of his sentence just what he would. So now he would treat it as a lesson that he would force to help him. He would look calmly at his past, at his failures and misdeeds and lost opportunities. There was time enough remaining to him to meet all these memories with new and firm resolves against the time when that "other chance" should come. Yes. He would start taking it right now by hunting up some of the other boys of "condemned Row" and seeing if he could not give them a lift, helping them too to get ready for their "other chance" with a deposit on hand of right thought and resolve and effort. This would surely be introducing a New Way in "Condemned Row." And if, after all, man's mercy shall commute his sentence and give him "another chance" *now*, why there would be all the more time to rebuild himself.

M. M.

Where Do You Live?

A PHILOSOPHY IN THE SMOKE

"I ALWAYS feel peaceful when I'm having a smoke."
 "There's quite a philosophy in that. Tell me a little more fully what your weed does for you."

"Well, if I'm tired and maybe a bit irritable, it soothes, seems to go well with a lean-back chair, lets me think over things in a quiet way, clears up my mind."

"It helps you to put your body nicely into a chair, make it comfortable, and let you forget it while you think. Helps you to live in your mind for a time. You're the sort that like to live in his mind. The weed does about the same for me."

"But what's the philosophy you spoke of?"

"Well, it's a sort of classification of men according to where they live. Edison said the other day that a man ought not to eat more than five ounces at a meal, nor sleep more than that many hours. You notice that he wants to keep his body out of sight, out of his own sight, perfectly efficient, but in such a condition that it doesn't bother him and he can live wholly in his mind, inventing, planning, experimenting, studying nineteen hours out of the twenty-four. He's a *mind* man (though of course I don't say he isn't anything more) and cares nothing for foods, bed, and the other body pleasures that most men rate so high. His idea of life is to think and solve problems.

"Well, he's one type.

"By exclusion he shows us another, the man whose main residence is his body. Foods, drink and body-comfort are this man's great aims. If he's got a bit of a pain there's nothing but that in the world for him till it's gone. He also smokes, but not because it helps him to forget his body but because it helps him to remember how comfortable it is in that lean-back chair. His intellect never troubles him with its restlessness; he never worries it with study or problems; he likes a fat nine hours in bed; and his breakfast would feed Edison two days.

"That's another type, the man who lives in his body."

"Any other types? I mean, are there any other places where a man can live?"

"I was reading an account of Beethoven, the composer, yesterday. He certainly was not what you would call a thinker in the sense that Edison is one. Good sound mind, but nothing extraordinary. Never invented anything, never so far as I know studied science or philosophy. He lived in his music; forgot everything but that when the light of it was on him; forgot his meals; forgot to dress himself; would rouse up out of bed if a bit of music struck him and spend the rest of the night working it out; hear nothing, think of nothing, see nothing and know nothing till his music was on paper.

"I met Wilson just now and said, 'What's the worry, old man?' For he surely looked worried. He said, 'I can't sleep and I can hardly eat, thinking of the war.

My mind gets to picturing the poor devils day and night in the wet, half-frozen trenches, wounded and dying some of them, sometimes no food and no sleep, and pneumonia creeping upon them faster and faster. And every day twenty or thirty thousand more widows to crowd round the war offices and gasp over the killed lists and wonder what's going to become of themselves and their children in the years to come.' Said he reckoned he could feel the misery of all those people like waves spreading out from the battlefields and homes and breaking into the hearts and minds of every one of us.

"I believe there's a place in a man, not his mind and of course not his body, where, when he's living there, he gets beyond himself in a way, receptive to fine things, to waves of human feeling, and to those almost inexpressible feelings from the Great Moving Heart of All that can only get out in the form of music. The same place in a man where he's receptive to the pains and needs of others is the place where, if he's a musician or an artist, he's receptive to that divine touch which he will express in music or painting.

"These seems to me the chief places where men live. All men, I suppose, really live to some extent in all three, but with one as their main headquarters. And those who live mainly in the first and third usually pay strenuous visits to the middle one, the mind one, in order to think out ways of gratifying their bodies or serving their souls. For I should call the third place the soul. So the highest type of man is he who has his headquarters in the place where he feels the wish to serve and help—maybe, like Beethoven, to put forth fine creations in music or art to raise his fellow men, and then uses his mind and body to the full in carrying out that wish.

"So there's my three men; a philosophy got out of your smoke. And I guess I'll now get some more of it out of mine. Hand over the 'baccy.'" REPORTER

Opportunity

"AH! if I had that fellow's opportunities! . . ."
 A common thought: more common than the other, "Ah! if the other fellow had my chance, what would he do with it?" That is how the thought came to me this morning, as I stood in the soft hazy sunlight here in Lomaland and heard the birds singing as if it were already summer come again. I meanwhile stood brooding over nothing in particular, generally dissatisfied with myself, and half unconscious of the beauty that surrounded me. The peace seemed meaningless: I was preoccupied with the discord in the world and in my own mind. And then the peace and beauty of the scene broke on me, and I thought, "Ah if those victims of 'humanity's inhumanity' could feel them too! . . ." Well, what if they could? What reason is there to suppose that they would benefit more than I by the sweet influence of the place? At times I feel it deeply, and would give out something of its blessedness to all those

that seem so far away from any touch of peace and beauty and the harmony of life.

But then the shadows gather and my heart is closed again. Why should I hope that others would make better use of these my opportunities?

And then I seemed to see that opportunities are all around us everywhere, but that we only occasionally recognize them in their true character. And then perhaps we let them pass and feel aggrieved because we

what things to do and what to leave undone, what pleasures are destructive of happiness and what it is that constitutes the lasting joy of life. He must get that simple knowledge of the meaning of existence which every living creature has hidden in his heart. But our minds muddle up the simple truth of things with fixed ideas of just how life should be arranged, how other people ought to act, of rights and wrongs, and privilege and property. And so they are filled with prejudices and



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DISCUSSING THE WAR — A LOMALAND FAMILY

do not have some other man's opportunities and surroundings.

What is an opportunity? Is it not simply the recognition of the meaning and possibilities of the moment? For if we do not see its value we cannot grasp or use it, and so it is not opportunity to us. It needs our recognition to become so.

The very same conditions may seem like an overwhelming avalanche of misfortune to one man, while to another they may show themselves as glorious opportunities. The difference is in the man, in the power to recognize. What then? Why this. To give men opportunity we must give them power to understand the meaning of the moment. That is to say, a man must know the divine purpose of his life, what he is, what is his true relation to his fellows, before he fully knows

theories, while all the time the truth is waiting for them, and the joy of life is there, and universal peace and brotherhood, and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice: all these are right around them, within the reach of all; yet out of reach because the door that each man must pass through is in his own heart whilst he believes it somewhere else. He holds that door shut tight and fancies fate has robbed him of his opportunities.

So we may say that life itself is one long opportunity. But it is only so to him who opens that closed door in his own heart and lets the light of his own soul shine out upon the path. He then finds life eternally beneficent, even in the worst of outer circumstances offering some noble gift, and then another, and another, and the opening of the heart is done by *trust*, trust that the Divine Law will never forget him.

R. M.

The Great Retrospect

IF science could have developed some process whereby the mind of a dying person could be read, or if the soul knowledge that was manifesting at that time could be pictured on a screen, think of what studies in the mysteries we should have! It is indeed true that the memories of the life flash in on the mind at the time of the change—the rebirth. And if all the pictures that come up that have caused regret could be brought out on the screen, we should have moving pictures indeed, wonderful studies.

Now there is no question in my mind, though I do not ask you to believe it, but that every mistake that has been made by a dying person in the life just ending is outlined there in the vision. But even in such pictures, even when the shadows come, while the great light of the soul is trying to illumine the mind at the last moment, we have the teaching of Reincarnation. That is the beauty of Theosophy, its optimism, glory and comfort, that this teaching of Reincarnation can come to the most despairing soul in life or at the moment of death—Reincarnation, another life and another life, until all the mistakes are blotted out and the higher self is revealed in all its superb life. — *Katherine Tingley* (From a recent address)

“Punishment” or Treatment?

(From an address to a society for the study of crime.)

THE word *punishment* does not sound very nice in my ears. I do not say that we must drop it altogether. But it would be profitable to discuss things a little so as to clear our ideas.

A man has “committed a crime.” That phrase also wants looking into, but for the moment let it pass.

Let the question which now arises be, How shall we *treat* him? instead of, How shall we *punish* him?

For the purposes of our present study, I want to consider man as working according to three natures:

There is the purely divine nature, which I am not here going to consider directly.

There is what we can familiarly call the “better nature,” as when we say that a man’s “better nature” was clouded over by drink, the nature that makes a man a good husband, father, citizen, a truer friend.

And there is the “lower nature,” hard, cruel, self-seeking, pleasure-seeking, selfish, quite regardless of others.

Now a man may commit crimes of various sorts notwithstanding that his better nature is by no means inactive. It may be deluded, misguided, overborne in all sorts of ways so that crime is committed in despite of it. A man’s life may be criminal along one line, but his better nature quite manifest on other lines. It may be weak and under the stress of passion or great temptation or because of drink become temporarily quite powerless.

But among men who have committed crime there is

a small proportion who must be placed in another class. Close study has convinced me that in this small group the better nature is totally absent. I would not venture to say that of any particular man. I would merely say that his life in general and the circumstances of his crime, taken in one view, show that no evidence of any active better nature whatsoever. This judgment can be sometimes based on the crime alone, from its complete heartlessness, cold premeditation, and so forth. A man with a good position, good income, and a bank reserve, not in debt, recently planned and carried out the murder of another for a few dollars. That seems to me a case in point. But he was also an habitual corrupter of boys, a false friend, and a liar. So the color of his life fittingly backgrounds his crime.

As you know, I am not in favor of capital punishment, and am not here arguing that question. My question is, How to *treat* the criminal.

In my view the treatment of the criminal should have two objects alone in view.

First, the protection of society from him until there is sufficient reason to suppose that his better nature has become strong enough to guide his life and prevent the repetition of his mistake;

And secondly, the arousing and strengthening of that better nature by efforts at self-control.

The *detention* of the man for a greater or less time is obviously involved in most cases. Not however in all, for the circumstances of detection, publicity and trial are often quite enough.

But I do not say, “for a greater or less time” in the case of the special type I have above referred to. For these cases, once we are sure of them, a life term is necessary. They are sometimes well-behaved prisoners, rule-keeping and so on. But this behavior is for the sake of parole, privileges, and the like. Society must not be subjected again to the risk of such a man’s presence in its midst. (But this is not to say that he shall not have kindly treatment, attention to health, and so on.) We cannot say that there is no gleam of better nature somewhere concealed in him. We will give him the chance, as we do the rest, of getting it to work. But he must pay the penalty of having lived in total disregard of it. If you choose you can call this man’s treatment *punishment*; for the others, why not say and think *treatment*, treatment of a moral malady in hope of cure?

THE ancients believed that the year was a real cycle, a complete chapter in the life history of each man. At Christmas Time, it was taught, his inner forces are renewed; he is reborn from his past. If, from then on, he will try to live his life on a higher level, he will find by another Christmas that he has become a new man with a new understanding of life and himself, a new peace and power of self-rulership.

The New Year

TENNYSON

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, nobler laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Under the Holly Bough

CHARLES MACKAY

YE who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning.
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here:

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing

Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye, with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now;
Take heart—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces,
Under the Holly Bough.

Leave Thy Low-Vaulted Past!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
—From *The Chambered Nautilus*

The Four Sermons

"THERE are four kinds of preaching," said the old army chaplain, giving us a retrospect of his life.

"I'm sorry to say I began as a young man with the last and the last but one. One day I saw myself as God saw me, and then I reached the second kind. And I'm all the time trying by God's help to get to the first. The four kinds are:

(1) Preaching to others what you practise yourself.

(2) Preaching to others what you honestly try to practise yourself, but in which you are often hindered by the weakness of your human nature.

(3) Preaching to others what you would like them to think you practise.

(4) Preaching to others what in your opinion *they* ought to do, but holding *yourself* as a being on another level from them, with a special relation to God which they have not got.

"The last two kinds are what drives men away from religion. An honest man has got some of God in him and God gets out through his words, however poor and narrow and belated his creed. A bit of God gets into any man trying to be honest and do good and say the best he knows."

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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New Way Notebook

LEAVE thy desires and thou shalt find rest. Consider this well, and when thou shalt put it in practice thou shalt understand all things. This is not the work of one day, nor children's sport; yea, in this short sentence is included the whole perfection. Thou must not be cast down, nor turned back, when thou hearest what the way of the perfect is. But rather be incited thereby to undertake great things, or at least to sigh after them with an earnest desire. — *Thomas à Kempis*

WHATEVER you do persistently because you will to do it, you shall presently love to do. Then, pain may have its chance, for you may have taught yourself to do what circumstances and other men and natural laws forbid your doing with impunity. Men have learned to love excesses and debaucheries which wreck body and mind. They have learned to love self-inflicted pain, even to lying on beds of upright thorns and nails. And they have learned to love self-control and right action.

You can never come to a place in life where that last kind of doing can be denied you; nor to a place where service of your fellows and of the Divine can be denied you. — *Century Path*

THE habit of doing everything in the best way that thing can be done should be practised till it is pleasant. He who would become perfect in anything, be it some musical instrument or foreign language or what not, practises it at all spare moments and finally achieves his aim. Why should not we act likewise but on a larger scale, doing everything, even the smallest, in the best way possible, thus keeping the will in growth from moment to moment? That is the way to feel more alive from day to day, at last so alive that no bodily sickness, not even death, can take away from us the consciousness of life. — *Century Path*

KILLING THE DRAGON

THE fight with the dragon in our human nature may be a long one. But if we keep it up there surely comes a moment when we give him the death-thrust and stand forth as souls that have conquered. Then we know what our life here is for, see the reason of all that we have been through. — *Century Path*

ALL we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

— *Browning*

Heard This?

Country landlady, to lodger who has got away from town for a few weeks on account of his nerves:

"This room, sir, is full of tender associations to me. My husband died on that bed with his head on that very pillow. My dear father passed away on that sofa under the window. He was a spiritualist and vowed he would appear again in this room after his death. I haven't seen him yet. My poor nephew William fell dead of heart disease right where you are standing. He was studying for a doctor and that cupboard there is full of diseased livers and things done up in spirit, as well as two skeletons. Those cages on the wall are what he used to keep snakes in, but they got away somehow a day or two ago. Good-night to you, sir, and pleasant dreams."

The mayor of a western city received the following letter of inquiry from a woman living east:

"Kind and respected Sir: I see in a paper that a man named John Sipes was atacted and et up by a bare whose cubs he was trying to git when the she bare come up and stopt him by eatin him up in the mountaines near your town. What I want to know is did it kill him or was he only partly et up and is he from this place and all about the bare. I don't know but what he is a distant husband of mine. My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war but the name of the man the bare et being the same I thought it might be him after all an I ought to know it if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare for I have been married twice since and there ought to be divorce papers got out by him or me. He sings base an has a spread eagle tattoed on his front chest and a ankor on his right arm which you will know him by if the bare did not eat up these sines of its being him. If alive don't tell him I am married to Joe White for he never liked Joe. Mebbe you'd better let on as if I am ded but find out all you can about him without his knowing anything what it is for. That is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did I don't see as you can do anything and you needn't take no trouble. My respects to your family and pleast ancer back.

"P. S. Was the bare killed? Also was he married again and did he leave any proptly wuth me laying claims to?"

It was the busy hour in the quick-lunch establishment. The overworked waitress hurried up to the waiting customer.

"Tea or coffee?" she demanded.

He smiled pleasantly upon her.

"Don't tell me," he whispered. "Let me guess."

"When the district attorney fixed the jury with his glittering eyes I felt sure I would be convicted."

"Glittering eyes are not always the best things with which to fix a jury."

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

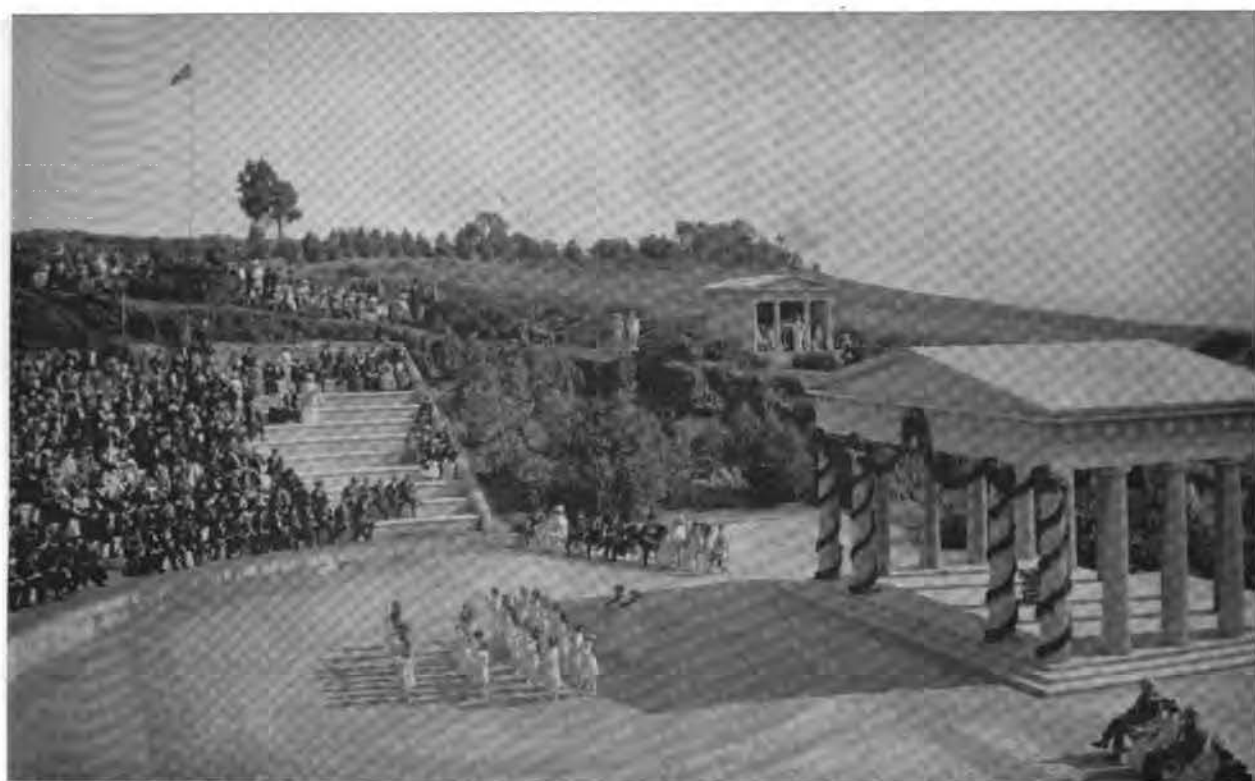
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R., 47TH ENCAMPMENT, DEPARTMENTS OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA
AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
ACTION-SONGS IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER BY SOME OF THE YOUNGER PUPILS

The Last Letters of Ralph Fariss

THE trial and conviction of Ralph Fariss, who was hanged at San Quentin for killing a railroad official in a train hold-up near Los Angeles in 1913, were marked by persistent efforts to free or obtain clemency for the youth. These efforts failed, but the following letters written by Fariss four days before the execution of his death sentence, show something of the young man who has been executed to satisfy the doctrine of "a life for a life."

Mme. Tingley, who is working so effectively for the abolition of Capital Punishment, never met Fariss, nor, till he entered San Quentin, did he know anything of her teachings. Newspaper accounts of his trial aroused her interest and pity and she instructed her representatives in San Francisco to visit him. This led to his writing her and some correspondence followed. The circumstances under which the subjoined letters were written, one to Mme. Tingley and one as a last plea to young men and boys, give them a pathetic interest.

San Quentin, Cal., Jan. 11, 1915.

Katherine Tingley,

Point Loma, Cal.

Dear Teacher:

If I had been allowed to receive your gifts, other men would say the warden was showing partiality, and if he let me receive gifts, others would want them, and then some people as you said in your letter have taken advantage of the warden's kindness, therefore it stops the privilege of all, but I have profited by your advice once more, I am using the brown paper in my shoes and around my ankles and that helps a great deal.

How time flies! I have been here over a year and it does not seem a month. I am a fighter now, instead of a slave of passions. L. Bundy, and L. Larson are writing you today and Louis Bundy wants to help the other fellows; he is only a boy; he sees his mistake; he realizes his terrible crime and wants to help the boys from going the downward path. I talk with him every day and I know his feelings. [Bundy and Larson are two other prisoners now in "Condemned Row." Ed.]

Yes, dear teacher, the holidays recalled many a sweet memory. It recalled one in particular when I was a child about nine years old. 'Twas on Christmas Eve; mamma and I left home and when we returned papa had the chairs all fixed and tied with string, so that when I opened the door there was a great deal of noise, and there was Santa's bag; papa said we pretty near caught him that time and I was happy that day; but today there is another happiness, a happiness I never knew before. I can see the little Rāja-Yoga tots at Lomaland, "where everything is in harmony along all lines," growing to manhood and womanhood; going out into the world winning success, not success in material things only, but going through his or her appointed work in life, by working in co-operation with the Higher Law, and dear teacher, I hope the messages that I send from here will do some good; that they will light the Path for some pilgrim who is lost in the low, unworthy, worldly things. With Love, Peace, and Happiness, for those at Lomaland, and with a hope that the terrible war will soon end, I remain

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) RALPH FARISS.

✱

I have been the cause of another's death. I have brought pain and grief to Mrs. H. E. Montague and deprived her two children of the protection and loving admonitions of a father. I have disgraced my parents and caused them great pain and grief. I have sown the seeds, the harvest of which I am now reaping, so I write this last message from the bottom of my heart, and my one great desire and wish is to pass on to others what has so greatly helped and enlightened me to the great truths of life.

It was the great kindness and help of Katherine Tingley, head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical

Society, International Headquarters, Point Loma, California, that caused me to see life in a new way. She appealed to my soul, and stimulated my mind to pure and noble thoughts, that developed that higher — the Divine — part of my nature which had been so long neglected.

She has taught me the fact of man being dual in his nature; that the lower, passionate, selfish, mortal part, the animal, is restless and full of wrong impulses, and must be controlled by the soul of man — the higher self — if the character is to be affected for good.

That when the lower nature in man is allowed to have its way without that check in correction that should come from the soul of man — the higher self — then it does not take long for one to span the gap between innocence and criminality. In this way crime becomes a disease, and all those weaknesses that tend to it must be treated from the standpoint of soul-knowledge.

These teachings have made me see and understand that the Great Architect of the Universe has a definite wise and reasonable plan of evolution for the good of all creatures, which is being worked out according to the great laws of nature.

"Whatsoever a man sows, that also shall he reap." The thoughts and actions of one life are seeds sown, the harvest of which if not reaped in that same life, are held over and reaped in a future earth-life. So there is hope and opportunity for all, even for the man who makes the gravest mistakes and whose present life may appear to be a failure. Opportunity for correction and advance await him in his next earth-life, provided he wills to work with the higher law. In this way man is the maker of his own future, good or bad, and all experiences, happy or unhappy, are opportunities. The faith born of a knowledge and obedience to the higher law will sustain a man under all circumstances.

No man is too weak, too small, or too badly handicapped to obtain true happiness and overcome all obstacles, if he will only keep trying.

The teaching which I have had has shown me, step by step, the path that I have thus far traveled in my journey.

It points out with the same clearness the way that lies before me. It has made me see that all the obstacles that I have met in the path, I have in my own ignorance and blindness thrown on ahead of me, either in the present or a past earth-life.

It has shown me how it is possible to accomplish the journey ahead without placing any more obstacles in my own way.

It makes me know that every human being is a brother to me, and that I am a brother to him.

It proves to me that the greatest service in which it is possible for a man to engage is that of helping his brother, and enlightening him to the best of his ability as to these Great Truths, so that he will not bring pain and grief to others and reap a sure harvest of sorrow himself.

In what words may I convey a message to the boys

who are playing the game, and going the downward path, sowing seeds in ignorance or blindness, only to reap the harvest of deep sorrow and suffering in this life, or in some future life?

The story of my life would be too long to attempt to go into in detail, to tell of the environment of my childhood and how I traveled step by step the downward path until I found myself behind the bars awaiting death at the end of a rope. The questions that I ask you are the causes of my downfall, and if you wish to attain to true happiness you will heed what I say.

There must be a beginning, and no boy or man can strengthen his character and build for better things until he acquires the power of clearing from his mind personal

your manhood and weaken your will-power so that you are easily influenced by others? Do you know that it is the lower nature in man — the passionate, selfish, mortal part, the animal that is restless and full of wrong impulses — that yields to the above temptations and that it must be controlled by the soul of man — the higher self — if your character is to be affected for good?

Stop, look and listen! You have seen that sign on the railroad. Stop, pause and think with me for a while! Did you ever turn a trick? What did you do with the coin? Who got it, and how much pleasure did you receive from it? There is no need for me to answer that question; anyone who has played the game knows that the coin that does not come by honest labor goes through

the fingers like water goes through a sieve. You may beat the game for a while, but one of these days you will get caught, and then you will be "mighty sorry." Suppose you are real clever and you beat man's laws. Do you also believe by your cleverness you can beat the Supreme Law — that whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap?

Have you no respect for the father who toils, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year that you may have food, clothes and an education to go into the world and win success? Have you no respect for your mother? The mother who gave you birth and loves you with her whole heart and soul, and who will stick to you even though the whole world turns away and whose

heart will never prove untrue. She is your friend. Will you go home to her? Can't you hear her calling? Probably mother is sick and suffering, worrying about you. Are you going to make her suffer, or are you going to make her happy? Are you going to turn deaf ears to the call of the Great White Way, the "wise guys" and the "good fellows," the booze and all things that lead to the downward path? Don't you remember way back in the past how mother tried to teach you the difference between right and wrong? Oh, boy, I am appealing to your soul, to that part of your nature which can stimulate your mind to pure and noble thoughts, which in time will lead to right action. Wake up, fellow! Get acquainted with the real man — the higher self. Do not put your foot in the fire to see if it will burn, but take my advice and profit by the experience of others.

There are only two paths, the downward, which in time brings suffering and sorrow; the other is the easy path — the path of self-conquest, which is happiness,



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RĀJA-YOGA CHILDREN DISPERSING AFTER SINGING IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

and selfish desire and prepares himself for new efforts of self-control. Self-control is what I lacked. Since childhood I have lived a go-as-you-please life, desire ruling — selfish desire ruling. It is the same with many boys who have had within themselves at one time ability to become good men and good citizens, but they lost their way through their own carelessness and willfulness, and then they became self-hypnotized with their own schemes of wrongdoing. Thus the moral light grows dim. After a while the wrongdoer finds himself on a path of disintegration — the downward path. Are you going the downward path? Are you associating with the "wise guys" and "good fellows"? Are you one of the lads who think you are wiser than those who have had more experience in life, who will always advise you for your own interest? Have you self-control? Do you use hoppe, snow, or any kind of drugs? Is your intellect weak from the use of alcohol that you have drunk trying to make a good fellow of yourself? *Do you abuse yourself?* Do you know that if you do, it will undermine

health and morality; and when I think of all the boys I know and those that I do not know, that are going the downward path for the lack of knowledge, why it just makes my old heart bleed — for I know the game they are playing, and it is a losing game. So I say again, study these great Truths and live them every day. I know it will be hard to break away from the old habits, but when you are truly awakened to the fact that your real self is a spark of the Divine life and that you can overcome all obstacles if you will only listen to the life music within; your feelings will be raised by it beyond anything that you have ever known before. You will become, so to speak, more than yourself. You will feel at one with all men. Your mind will be awakened to new understandings of life and then you will know what true happiness is.

A few words in regard to the death penalty. The most of our failings are, perhaps, to an unsuspected degree, the result of the circumstances and environment in which we are placed. The way to improve individuals is to improve these circumstances and environment, and the way to begin to improve the circumstances is by looking honestly and fearlessly at things as they are. We must know our world and ourselves before we can know what should be kept, changed or discarded. And the beginning of this wisdom is seeing the facts in an enlightened way. Until that fundamental matter is brought under the sway of good, common sense, improvement in other directions will be slow, indeed.

The judge, when he sentenced me, said: "Society has to be protected, and the death penalty is not given as vengeance, but as a protection to society!"

If the death penalty protects society, society could be just as well protected by keeping the criminal in confinement, and that would give the criminal a chance to reform. Katherine Tingley, the great humanitarian, has said: "Those who argue that mercy would be a mistake, do not show much confidence in our power to help one another. Nor do they show any practical wisdom. It is surely within the powers of the present civilization to isolate criminals and care for them and use all reformatory efforts upon them."

If the state and nation would have its citizens hold human life in high regard, then should not the law of this great nation itself also hold it high and sacred and obey the law the same as an individual is expected to do?

The death penalty is inconsistent with the highest principles of American penal codes and conflicts with the supreme laws of the universe. There is scarcely a modern bill of rights that does not provide that the penal laws shall be founded upon the principles of reformatory and not vindictive justice.

I wonder if you have the imagination to place yourself in the position of my mother and father today and in the years to come? Just pause and think: this is the picture you would see if you had the imagination: A mother, who for the rest of her life, will see her

boy hanging at the end of a rope, and she, innocent as she is, will have to live and suffer, and pay for the crime of her son; a father, who bleeds at his heart because his boy hangs, and he cannot feel that his boy is a murderer at heart.

That is the picture I saw when I pleaded guilty, not because I was a murderer at heart, but because I had, years before, caused their hearts pain and grief, and therefore I concluded I would rather cross the Great Divide in expiation, for I could not endure the terrible strain that was storming my weary brain. My love for mother was too great to ever let her know that her boy was the cause of another's death.

On the grounds of Justice, Mercy and Intelligence, I plead for a change of opinion in regard to the Death Penalty, for it punishes not only the guilty, but also those who did not commit the crime, and it also conflicts with the Supreme Laws of the Universe.

With these words I express gratitude to all who have tried in many ways to help me, and appreciation and thanks to the officials and several inmates of San Quentin prison for their kindness.

I make obeisance to the Supreme Spirit.

I place my reliance in the Wisdom, Justice and care of the Higher Law, and my last words are: Love and Joy to the World!

(Signed) RALPH M. FARISS.

San Quentin Prison, California.

The "Death" Illusion

TWO men sat by the roadside swapping views about various things. The talk had somehow got around to the subject of death, and though neither of the men had had much education or much leisure for books, they had done their share of thinking. One of them, the elder, who certainly did not look as if life had ever been easy or pleasant for him, had remarked that for his part he was in no hurry for death yet.

"Afraid of it?" asked the other, perhaps with just a touch of scorn.

"No, I can't say I'm afraid. But all the same I don't want to get to it till I'm ripe for it. I reckon that if a man lives rightly and thinks over things as far as he can get with them, there's a kind of natural ripening goes on in him even if he don't know it, so that when he goes through he's ready. Anyone who brings it about before its time is the worst sort of fool."

"The strange thing to me is that more don't do it. Why live and be miserable when you can die and be done with it?"

"You've violated the natural program, so to speak, and are bound to get trouble of some sort for that."

"Well but when a man's dead why isn't there an end of him?"

"Why should there be? It's his *body* that dies, isn't it?"

"A man and his body are pretty well mixed, so far as I can see. I can't think of one without the other."

"Well you've made two of them, anyhow, even if you can't think of one without the other. But you can; you are doing it right now. You can think of losing your arms and legs and yet being the same self as before. You might even have all your body paralysed so that it was as good as dead, and yet be able to think as clearly as ever, and still be yourself. You are yourself all complete in a dream, and some have solved mathematical problems, made inventions and composed music and poetry while their bodies were in the deepest sleep. Why shouldn't death be something like that, even perhaps clearing a man's mind rather than blotting it out? I've seen men die whose minds got clearer and clearer as they got nearer death, even in some cases talking the finest sort of stuff for the help and comfort of those about them till their lips and tongue got too stiff to move. And even then their eyes remained full of meaning. I believe some of the finest thinking the world has known has been done altogether beyond brain, though of course when the time came to write it down the brain had to be used to put it in definite shape for the comprehension of others. How do you think men ever came to say 'my body' unless they felt themselves, to the point of certainty, distinct from their bodies?"

"But they certainly do go up and down in their feelings accordingly as the body goes up or down in its tates. You've only to look at a man when his liver's out of order to see that his feelings, he himself, are likewise out of order."

"True, for the most of men. But there are some who upset the proposition. Strong-willed and full of courage, they don't let the body run them. They keep serene and cheerful whatever the liver state may happen to be. They stand consciously apart from the bodily part of them that wants to eat and drink too much, and boss it as they would a dog, control it as they would a child. These men know that they are distinct from the body, have life of their own, and can easily understand that when the body dies they themselves do not."



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THE HERALD OF A NEW ERA
Mr. Machell's picture *Lohengrin*

The other man was a bit puzzled. He had always settled it with himself that death was *finis*, but there did seem to be something to be said on the other side. Strange possibilities flashed into view as he faced the idea that perhaps death was not the end of life.

"If you believe all that," he said, "why do you want to keep living?"

"I believe that everyone of us came into this life and this body with something to learn that he needed for his rounding out of character, and also with something to do for the world that only he can do. Men

have two kinds of work. There's what we usually call work, earning of your living, that is; and that finer sort of work which a man does on others by just being and trying to be and do his best. He pays out, then, a kind of special influence, special to himself, which only that special man can pay out. The world needs it of him and it remains at work in the world, like a ripple going out from a stone flung into the water, after he has gone. And it's nothing against this that most men *don't* learn what's needed to round out and ennoble their characters, and don't give anything much from their better selves to stay in the world when they are gone. I guess they'll have to make them both good sometime, someday. A man ought to stay in the world as long as he can so as to learn as much as he can and give out as much good influence as he can, leaving it to the laws of his body and the wider laws of nature to turn him loose at the proper time. *Then* he goes under protection. But not if he goes by his own hand. In that case he must take what comes, unhelped and unprotected. And I reckon, too, that a man gets protection if he goes out in battle as a soldier, doing what he reckons is his duty, or goes under the infamous sacrilege of capital punishment."

"It's an awful thing to think of living forever," said the younger man after a pause.

"If life was rightly lived it would be pure joy, like a child's, and growth in wisdom and knowledge, and always a deeper joy and fuller companionship of man with man. There's nothing terrible in the universe, that I can imagine, except man's own conduct. What hinders that our life, here and anywhere else and always, should be a joy? I tell you, man, there's *beneficence* in the universe. It's run by, and it's full of, divine mind and compassion, and general joy is only waiting just around the corner till men give up being fools and making a hideous phantom of death, which is liberation."

"They used to scare me with stories of the Day of Judgment when I was a boy; but if we are to live forever its looks to me as if the Day of Judgment would go on for eternity."

"It's always Day of Judgment anyhow. If a man does wrong he gets unhappiness, at once or sometime. If he does right he gets happiness inside himself. That's the Day of Judgment. And when men have got through doing wrong and being unbrotherly, the unhappiness will have got through doing what it came to do, and the 'Judgment' will be that they shall be henceforth happy. When 'Judgment' has cured men of their follies it will spend its time in strengthening their happiness."

The sun was setting as they rose to go home. The elder man pointed to it and said:

"Looks like the last of him, don't it? But it ain't. When it's set in peace here it rises somewhere else in the joy of a new morning."

R. M.

Kill the Yesterdays

MEN are usually slaves, slaves of their own memory. They let their memory of what they have been create their idea of what they will be. "Myself ten years hence," I think. I am thinking of the kind of self I am now and have been up to today, as persisting on through the years. Thus we create ourselves in advance, *but the same self*; and we have to abide by our own work, our creation, the work of our imagination. Imagination is the power of creating ourselves in advance.

But why not create a different man instead of the same poor creature we have been?

We make the mistake for single days as well as for years. For instance:

Yesterday was a bad day, a day of failure against temptation, of loss of temper, of gloom. Out of such a yesterday we allow tomorrow to be built beforehand. It is assumed that tomorrow or the corresponding day next week will be yesterday repeated, the same ills, failures, irritations and causes of unhappiness. Memory works very quickly, often unconsciously, at this business, limiting the whole future man for him out of the limits of his past. He lives hypnotized, moving in a predetermined program of failures, a program in which, because he made no noble efforts at progress in the past, there are none outlined for his future.

Why not build your own tomorrow? Why not this morning build your own afternoon? As you can will to wake at what hour and minute you have selected, so you can imagine (which is willing) in advance your success against temptation, sunshine where you are accustomed to have cloud, victory where you have hitherto had defeat.

Think the day and the hour in advance. Consider what you know there will be in the way of duties, of surroundings, of opportunity. And in calling up these in advance, create yourself (imagine yourself) as reacting victoriously throughout, holding yourself as you would like to hold yourself. Use memory to note how you *were*, how you *did*; but use will and imagination to arrange how you *will* be, *will* do. Go through the past and in imagination correct it and throw it forward. Stand in the sunlight of your better nature and look forward and see your new-created, now-created self acting and feeling as you will to act and feel.

This is right use of memory. Wrong use of it is to let it use you, let it unconsciously condemn you to be tomorrow and this afternoon and next week and next year what you were yesterday, all yesterdays; to find surroundings affect you as they heretofore have affected you. Stand *on* memory; go forward by means of it, do not let it stand on you and tether you and arrange for you your conduct and thought and feeling and reaction to perhaps depressing surroundings. Arrange for a new self, a new attitude, a new power of uprightness.

in you. The power is there; it only needs for you to break up your yesterdays.

By a little steady practice of this sort we can do so immense and utter and splendid a rebuilding of ourselves as to be beyond forecast. Try it confidently and all the time. Look always ahead at the rising sun of yourself. Don't let memory have any chance of getting in its work while you are not looking. Create and seize your future, your this afternoon, your tomorrow, your next year. Make yourself over in the finest way. Then your surroundings will get to be of less and less account. You will have created a new self that cannot be limited or darkened or gloomed or mind-bound. STUDENT

Play Ball

THIS world's a diamond, with the bases laid,
And on it Life's great game of ball is played.
The teams are Human Beings versus Fate,
And Time's the umpire, watching by the plate.
We're at the bat. Our purpose o'er and o'er
To wield Ambition's club and try to score,
To try to solve the curves the pitcher throws,
And lam the sphere where not a fielder goes.
Some of us seem to bat with skill immense,
Knocking long homers o'er the deep field fence.
Others bunt infield hits, but wildly race,
And beat the ball down to the primal base.
Still others, though they strive their best, no doubt,
Fan wildly at the air, and then—strike out;
Then seek the bench, downcast, with visage drawn,
Crestfallen, shamefaced, blue, ambition gone,
Or rag the umpire, growling like a bear:
"You robber. That decision wasn't fair."
That's not the game. Be not a grouch or a quitter.
What though you're not a straight 300-hitter?
You've got another chance. Stand up to the plate.
Grab tight your bat, get braced and calmly wait.
Wait for a good one. Let the others rip,
And when it comes—now—lam it hard and zip—
It's got to go. And so must you, old man,
Hike for the base. Keep going—yes, you can
Steal second—good—now, easy—not too gay,
There—get a lead—a hit—now you're away.
Keep on—don't stop—don't lose that dandy stride.
You've got to beat the throw-in—slide now—slide.
Hurrah—you did it—score? Of course you scored;
See—there's your tally marked up on the board.
And now you'll win the game—no doubt at all;
You just can't lose, old man, if you'll Play Ball.

—The Maize

Twenty Years Ago

FRANCIS HUSTON

WE wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playground which sheltered you and me;
If none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
You played with us upon the grass some twenty years ago.
The grass is just as green, Tom—barefooted boys at play
Are sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
If the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
He'ded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some, the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath the same old tree—

I do forget the name just now; you've played the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so
and so.

The loser had a task to do, just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,

Is very low—'twas once so high that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so
To see how much that I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know, I cut your name.
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same—

Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,

Just as the one whose name was cut died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties—
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me.
And when our time is come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.

—Selected

A Feel in the Chris'mas Air

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THEY'S a kind of feel in the air to me
When the Chris'mas-times sets in,
That's about as much of a mystery
As I've ever run agin!

Is it the racket the children raise?

W'y no!—God bless 'em!—no!

Is it the eyes and cheeks ablaze—
Like my own wuz, long ago?

Is it the bleat o' the whistle, and beat

O' the little toy-drum and blare

O' the horn? No! No!—it is jest the sweet,
The sad, sweet feel in the air.

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Guidebook

SOME, too, have doubt and darkness; the doubt is mostly as to themselves. This should not be harbored, for it is a wile of the lower man striving to keep you back among the mediocre of the race. When you have lifted yourself up over the general level of the race, the lower man strikes and strives at all times to bring clouds of doubt and despair. You should know that all, everyone down to the most obscure, who are working steadily, are as steadily moving on to a change, and yet on and on to other changes, and all steps to the highest. Do not allow discouragement to come in. Time is needed for all growth, for all change, and all development. Let time have her perfect work, and do not stop it.

—*W. Q. Judge*

MAKE up your mind that in some part of your nature somewhere there is that which desires to be of use to the world. Intellectually realize that the world is not too well off and wants a helping hand. Recognize mentally that you should try to work for it. Admit to yourself that another part of your nature—and if possible see that it is the lower—does not care in the least about the world or its future, but that such care and interest should be cultivated. This cultivation will of course take time. All cultivation does. Begin by degrees. Assert constantly to yourself that you intend to work and will do so. Keep up all the time. Do not put any time limit to it, but take up the attitude that you are working towards that end. Begin by doing ten minutes work every day of any sort; study or the addressing of envelopes, or anything, so long as it is done deliberately and with that object in view.—*W. Q. Judge*

How many have thought of this I do not know, but here is a fact. As a sincere student of life works on, his work makes him come every day nearer to a step, and then there comes a sort of silence or loneliness all around in the forest of his nature. Then he may stop all by allowing despair to come in with various reasons and pretexts, and he may thus throw himself back to where he began. This is not arbitrary law but nature's. It is a law of mind. I would never let the least fear or despair come over me, but if I cannot see the road or the goal before me for the fog, I would simply sit down and wait; I would never let the fog make me think no road was there and that I was not to pass it. The fog must lift.—*W. Q. Judge*

We cannot gain a comprehension of the idea of duty and feel it intensely in our natures and have the illumination of the higher self without being constantly devoted to duty; we cannot get away from it; it is the cheeriest, dearest, most splendid, enticing companion that you can conceive of—duty.—*Katherine Tingley*

THE only sure call for larger duties is the faithful doing of small ones.—*Little Essays*

Heard This?

SCENE, courtyard of an asylum. Sandie and T planning an escape.

Sandie: "Bend down and I'll get on yer back; get on top o' the wall and haul ye up." Sandie gets now on top of the wall and preparing to slide down the other side: "Tam, I think ye'll better bide a while. Ye're no near sane yet." Disappears.

Mr. Brown, Kansas gentleman, is the proprietor of a boarding-house. Around this table at a recent dinner sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, M. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket-book and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was ten dollars toward the twenty he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to M. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews, in turn, passed it on to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays ten dollars on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to Mrs. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the twenty dollars he had promised her. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black to settle his bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill. Mr. Hadley again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board; whereupon Mrs. Brown put it back into his pocketbook, observing that he had not supposed that a greenback would go so far.

Mrs. McGuire: Is your ould man any better since he went to th' doctor's, Mrs. Finegan?

Mrs. Finegan: Not wan bit, Mrs. McGuire; sure it's worse th' poor man is wid his head whirlin' around around, tryin' to discover how to follow th' doctor's directions.

Mrs. McGuire: An' what are th' directions, Mrs. Finegan?

Mrs. Finegan: Sure, they do be to take wan powder six toimes a day, Mrs. McGuire.

First Coster (outside picture dealer's window): Was this 'ere Nero, Bill? Wasn't he a chap that was always cold?

Second Coster: No; that was Zero; anuwer different altogether.

Warden: Your wife's here and wants to speak to you.
Prisoner: Oh, tell her I've gone out.

Urbane waiter, to one-armed customer: I see you've lost an arm, sir.

Customer, looking at empty sleeve: Bless my soul, so I have!

OCT 7 1915

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"The Divine Light is in every man."—*Katherine Tingley*

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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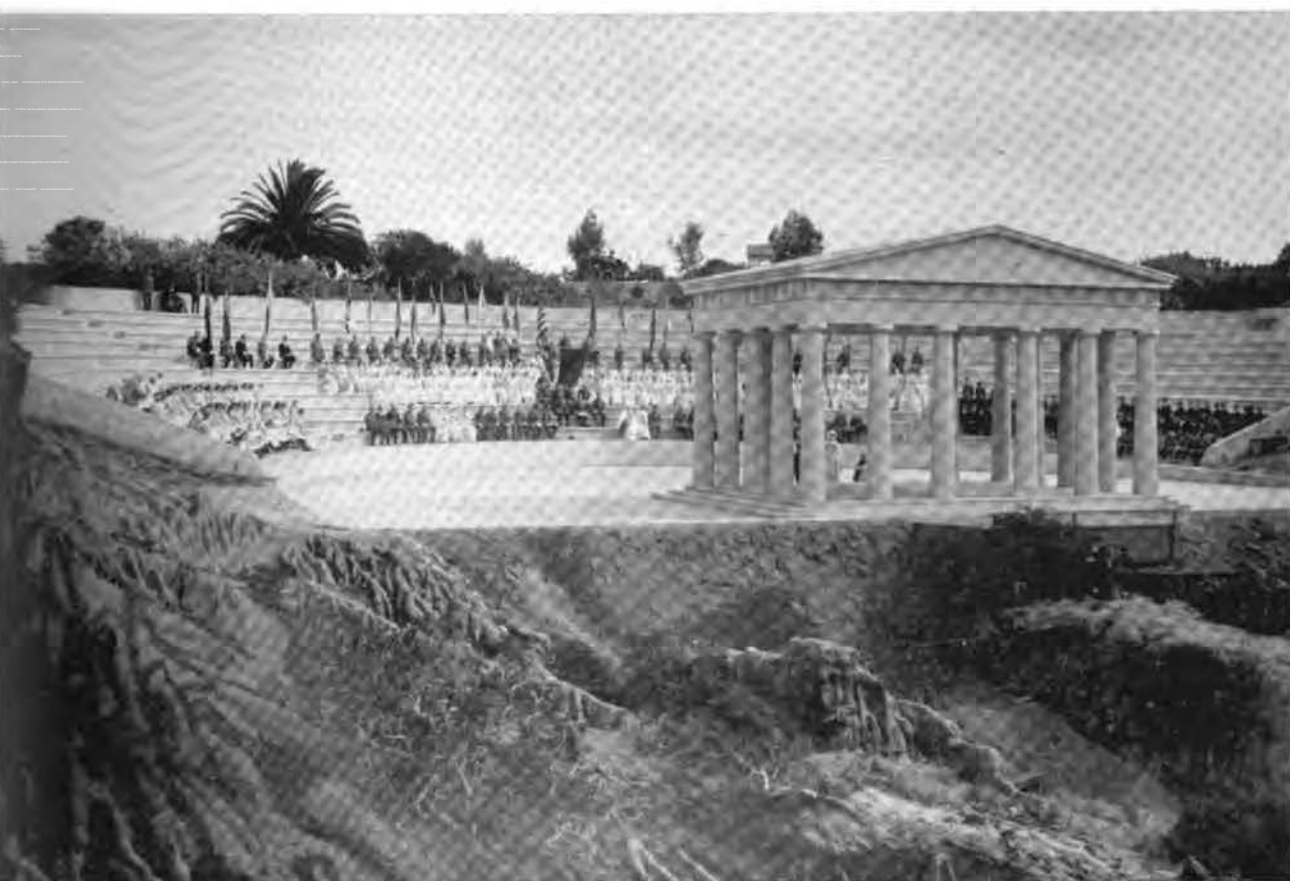
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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE UNION OF THE NATIONS

Brotherhood students from twenty-five countries assembled in the Greek Theater, Point Loma, California.

Young men of the Râja-Yoga College with the flags in the background.

Freedom

(A Paper read at a Prisoners' Debating Society)

THERE are various institutions in England where a man who is a victim of the drink or drug habit can go for a cure. But he must sign away his liberty for a certain number of months. He must give the offic-

ers of the institution the power to detain him for the specified time even if he should desire to come out. For there will be periods when the crave will be so strong as to blot out or silence his wish to be cured, and then unless he had signed his own detention-warrant, he would quit and resume his habit.

In those periods, we say, he wants his liberty. But is that the right way to put the situation? The drug-craving thing in him wants *its* liberty, liberty to satisfy the crave. It silences or blots out *his* desire to be free from *it*. Certainly we are dealing with two kinds of freedom. Only through the second kind can the man become a man again.

"As soon as I have had my breakfast I've got to have a smoke at once. Can't think of anything else till a good pipe's lit and going." A friend I met in the early morning hurrying home from a restaurant said that to me once.

Would you call him a free man? Wasn't he a prisoner to his desire? Yet if you prevented him from getting his smoke he would complain that he wanted his liberty. In reality it would be the smoking part of him that wanted *its* liberty. The *man* might say, I want *my* freedom from that desire. I want to be able to smoke or not as I choose, not as *it* chooses.

In here there are a lot of desires we can't gratify, desires to have certain things, and desires to be free from certain conditions. One sort of freedom would consist in the power to gratify them all. Another sort would consist in not having them. They are a great bother. They hinder us from happiness and peace. They plug up our thinking valves just as my friend's desire to smoke stopped him from thinking of anything else till it was gratified. Not that he could think much even then, any more than most other men can; for the whole mind is strewn with desires which, even when they are not at the moment active and shouting, prevent manly thinking almost as much as if they were. I say *manly* thinking for a special reason. It's the business of an *animal* to have desires and to gratify them just as fast as he gets them. It's the business of a *man* to boss them all and so keep his mind clear for a kind of thinking no animal can do and very few of *us* can yet conceive of.

So one sort of freedom we can set about procuring for ourselves this minute. We can begin cutting loose from desires that would do us no real good if we did gratify them. Not let them run all over our minds; think of something else every time they come; that's the idea. There *are* men in this place who are quite free from ninety-nine out of a hundred of the desires that bother the rest of us. In that sense they are free. They are peaceful, content, fine workers, ready learners of whatever they wish to study, thinkers, and men who can make a good joke and tell a good story better than anyone else on the place. And they are always kindly and helpful.

Isn't it a matter of plain common sense to get rid at any rate of all desires which we can't gratify? They're a pure nuisance with nothing to compensate. You can't get out of here for five years, let us say. You know it perfectly clearly. Well then, why not drop the desire

out of mind? Nothing is lost — except unhappiness. Get that much freedom from worry, that much nearer being a philosopher.

Consider what brought us in here. Wasn't it, in nearly every case, because we had let ourselves get into a condition in which we were run by desires of some sort? So fully run that at last we could not see or think of anything else? In other words because we had lost our liberty? Wherefore loss of liberty in another sense very properly became our due. Are we fit for a restoration of outer liberty, would we be safe with it, till we have won back our inner liberty?

I would like to see a self-bossing society formed among us, so that we got the mutual support of knowing that the other fellows were trying too. I mean a society whose members were determined not to be run by desires of any sort, determined to have their freedom, to have peaceful minds and consequently clear minds, consequently strong wills, consequently self-respect. Any of us who can gain self-respect on that basis will have no trouble about securing the respect of everyone else he meets after he gets out. Self-respect comes from the consciousness of steady trying. A man can't win the respect of others, whatever sort of outer bluff he puts up, whatever he tries to seem to be, if he knows that way back inside him is a rotten place that he isn't trying and isn't intending to clean up. And every kind of rotten place consists in desires for pleasures that shouldn't be had or gains of some sort that shouldn't be made. Let's win our inner liberty, boys. If there's a rule we don't like, let's cease to kick against it and thus keep our mental peace. I know that if we did that, a kind of force would go out from us that would of itself get that rule changed if it was a wrong or unjust one. Things work that way. Let's refuse to be worried and bossed by the wish to get out. Let's refuse to be worried by some privilege that the other fellow's got and we haven't. I know that if we have strength to run ourselves along these lines we'll presently get new minds that can learn and can think and can understand, and new wills which, working in ways that we can't follow, will bring about all that is good for us and helpful for our growth and welfare.

✱

Day Man and Night Man

OLD Chris had been attending a funeral, rather a favorite occupation with him. Not that he rejoiced in anybody's death or took a morbid interest in coffins. But he affirmed that he got useful and cheerful thoughts out of funerals, and the small population of the village furnished deaths just frequently enough for his purposes. I had attended this one with him that Sunday morning, having (as I often did) run down from the city for a week's end with the old man. During the minister's address Chris had grunted once or twice, apparently with disapproval. One sentence,

something about "the mysteries with which we are surrounded, and especially the mystery of death," had, I thought, been marked with a particularly heavy grunt. After dinner, as we sat smoking in the rose-covered porch of the little cottage looking upon the garden with the sea beyond, I asked him about this.

"What bothered you over that 'mystery' business?" I said. "Surely we *are* surrounded by mystery, are we not?"

"We sure are, son; but they ain't any of nature's makin'. If a man puts up a curtain, or won't draw aside one, he ain't got any right to speak of a *mystery* behind it.

"You city fellers ain't much in the way of gettin' up before sunrise, I reckon. Stayin' up to it's more in your line. But *that* don't draw aside any curtain. Any-way you stay up after sunset, an' that'll do for this innejit argument.

"Supposin' now you haven't been cuttin' up anyways durin' the evenin' and it's along about bedtime. You're all alone with a final smoke, reckonin' to turn in, an' sort of reviewin' things. How is it?"

"It's a pretty good time to think," I said.

"It sure is; but why?"

"Oh, the quiet and so on," I answered. "I never thought much about it."

"Well, right there is one o' the curtains to pull aside. Why don't they do it?"

"It's a peaceful time. 'The body ain't givin' no trouble, just content to rest back in the chair and mull quietly inside over the fag end of digestion. And the man breaks in two."

"Breaks in two'; what does that mean?" I asked.

"Sort o' looks hisself over, I mean; watches hisself goin' along through the day, sayin' this and doin' that — fool things mostly. But now he *sees* they were fool things, that's the pint; judges himself same as if 'twas a separate self; sees he was run by a lot of impulses and motives that are somehow gone quiet the last hour. Split in two, ain't he? Two selves; the self that's now lookin' on and judgin', the night-self; and the self that he's lookin' at, the day-self that makes all the trouble. 'The seer-self's drowned, mostly, by day; don't get a quiet moment to have its word in. 'The day self, what draws in its horns and quits buzzin' toward night, runs the show.

"Now just you do that, son. Get the quiet at bedtime. Make your day-self up into a bundle and look at it. Sight back through the day. And still keepin' your mind quiet and lifted-up like, get between the sheets and go to sleep. Then turn out before sunrise, Venus up there to the east and all the stars. You're the same man as went to bed, still wrapped up in last night's quiet. But you feel somehow as if you were more'n you did last night, as if you'd been somewhere or learnt somethin' since then. There's a lot o' brought stacked up inside you that you can't quite get

at. But 'twould all come to you in time if you practised the game. Every day you might be another step up the ladder.

"Then there's a bit of a breeze an' the sun comes up, freshens things around, stirs up the people. You goes in and gets your drop o' coffee an' a bite, and afore ever you know it you're the *day-man*. Last night's all gone to nowhere.

"What's the meanin' of it all?"

"I suppose it's the sun," I answered.

"That's just what 'tis," he said. "The sun wakens up the body, right out to finger-tips. And it's the body that drowns out the night man, the seer. 'T'other end o' the day, when the sun's gone, the body quiets down an' the night man has his chance again *if he's a mind to take it* — which he mostly don't.

"Now I'm gettin' up against that parson's *mystery* all this while. What's death? Ain't it just that same night-quiet carried further? 'The body don't simply quiet down and give less trouble. It *quits*. And the man's there, all in the deepest peace and with the clearest vision he ever knew. Full sight of his life and what 'twas for, I tell you, an' how he made it painful — if it was that way — by his own cussedness in thinkin' and doin'. Death closes up a life just as easy an' natural as evenin' and night closes up a day.

"Just you try this game, son, before you sleep. Think. Look things over. Look into 'em. Get a peace about you and float off to sleep in that. 'The body's sleep is just the chance for a higher kind of thinkin' that mayn't go easy into words, but it *gets there* jus' the same. In a few months o' this you'll get a new mind an' a new heart, and what they call the mysteries of life 'll thin out like the mists at sun-up. Open up the eyes o' that mostly blind night man of yours. By shakes, if men and women had been doin' this for the last score or two of generations *wouldn't* they have somethin' fit to teach their children? Wouldn't they have answers to the thousand-an'-one questions the kids ask and *don't* get answers to? Men don't need to have faith; it was *knowledge* as they was meant for. What was the sense of puttin' 'em down here among a lot of puzzles they couldn't track their way through? The Father of all that's livin' *wants* men to know things an' giv' 'em inner eyes an' a mind that ain't the same as the one concerned with the eatin' and drinkin' and business propositions. But they never give it a chance to show its wings and get up in the quiet air and see the lay-out of life and death. . . .

"Well, son, let's go down and have an hour in my bit of a boat before supper."

REPORTER

DEATH verily gives freedom, but it is freedom given, not won. The wise man seeks it in life and having won it rejoices.—*Indian*

Planting Seeds

A STRANGE thing happened to me yesterday. Anybody know my age?—Well, anyhow, forty-five years ago there was a small boy about ten years old with the same name as mine. Yesterday my memory suddenly threw up a picture of a set of false teeth in a tumbler of water. What in the nation's that? I thought. Then I got the rest of the picture. There was a very old woman in bed, and a doctor by the bed, and a dressing table, and a tumbler of water on it, and the double set of teeth in that, and a small boy with my name being led out of the room and just catching a sight of the tumbler with the tail of his eye as he went.

So far as I know I never thought of the thing from that day to this. Forty-five years! The small boy had been led in to say good-by to his grandmother, who was about off for the long journey. His eye picked up that picture of the tumbler, and his mind stored it away. And it stayed stored away forty-five years and then suddenly popped out.

Boys, we never forget anything that has ever happened to us or that we have ever seen or done.

All the same, from the standpoint of memory, mind is more than a photographic plate. It is more in the nature of a field where things—some things—*grow*. But it lies with you to give them the chance to grow. If you do, and they happen to be evil things, they may get power enough to play you a very ugly trick later on when they suddenly show themselves.

A delirious man killed his nurse a few years ago. I was the doctor and I knew the man very well before, quite a good fellow. He suddenly sprang off the bed, shouting: "I'll twist your head off, you old cat!" And he nearly did twist it off. There had been a picture of a scene from a play then running, placarded all over the walls. A man was represented springing at a woman, seizing her by the throat, and saying that very sentence. My patient had looked at the picture a good deal, as I knew—told me it rather fascinated him, though he disliked it.

It was a seed in his mind. He had given it a chance to take root and sprout. It became a power that got to work when he was crazy with fever. He made it grow by looking so much at the thing on the wall.

Of course there's a moral to that, more than one. A man's thoughts become powers, as I said. When a man wakes he is pretty sure to begin thinking some more about the last thing he was thinking of the night before. And that thought may give color to his whole day, for good or harm, ruling his feelings and his acts and sayings. When we were little boys and were cross and naughty all day our mothers used to tell us we had "got out the wrong side of the bed." An old thinker said: "The thoughts and deeds of the evening sow with seeds the field of the mind. Through the night the seed germinates and by morning it is a plant. See therefore

that the seed be good and of thine own choosing." Get hold of the best thoughts you can at night, and the next day will take care of itself. Most men let the evening's thinking and thoughts take care of themselves, run along the usual lines they are accustomed to. Consequently next morning the man is the usual man, same as he always was. And when he comes to die he is still about the same man. If a fellow wants to break through and become a new man altogether, he must look after the evening's thinking.

He must remember, too, if a fine thought or feeling comes to him by day, to hold on to it a while, look at it, give it his notice and approval, develop it. Then it takes root and grows and sows itself as seed and, later, is a guide and benediction to him. A man can make his mind all over again that way, have a new mind and be a new man. . . .

Sermon's ended, boys!

THE DOCTOR

The Three that Went Forth

A Story from the Persian

MEN, they say, are angels incarnate, that have forgotten their divinity.

I saw three go forth from the Light toward earth. "We will go upon earth," they said, "and be born again among men, among those we have known and loved aforetime. But when we have passed the first years and our bodies have come to manhood's maturity, we will win back the memory of our divinity even as we now know it; we will live among men as befits the sons of Light, helping others to awaken likewise to their first nature as gods."

So they descended and were born upon earth in three families of a nation.

The first came into a family of wealth and honor, growing from infancy to manhood amid all that is pleasant, lacking nothing for the satisfying of every desire. And desire led him so that he remembered naught else and his mind pondered nothing save the satisfying of it. He thought only of new possessions, new enjoyments, and honors in the state. Thus the years went by and he died. And only after he had passed the veil of death came the knowledge of himself as son of Light, knowledge that his life had been in truth a joyless fever full of disappointment, and pain that his vow to the Light had burned so feebly in his soul.

The second was born in want and poverty. His body was deformed and a mockery to his companions. Disease was his heritage, and amid pains and privations his soul grew bitter and selfish and he betook himself to the dark ways of crime. So he too came to his death remembering naught. For he too had failed to write his vow in living fire upon his soul and to watch over it at the hour of birth.

And the third likewise had an evil heritage and grew up amidst want and cruelties and injustice. But so strong had been his vow to serve and love, so strong his

will to remember as he passed the forgetting-veil of birth, that from the secret places of his heart it sustained him through all the trials and pains of his childhood and young manhood. And he failed not.

And that Power which seems ever to be holding men back from self-knowledge, perceiving that pains and deprivations could not stay this soul from awakening to full memory, presently brought him into the ways of pleasure and plenty and honor, even as were the ways apportioned to the first.

But these too availed nothing. In honor and dishonor, in wealth and in poverty, this soul held his sweetness and content and will to serve.

And about the middle years of his life the memory of his divinity in the first state came upon him. Once more he knew himself as son of the Light — which, indeed, are all men, howsoever few come to knowledge of it this side the veil. And his vow, too, became wholly known to him so that he no longer merely obeyed its pressure in faithful blindness. Wherefore he became a helper and teacher of men.

He showed them that the opposing Power is the very Light itself. For though it seeks ever, both by pleasures and by pains, by honor and by dishonor, to draw men away from themselves, it is only that they may at last be perfected in wisdom and strength. How can these come about in a man except there be trials and pitfalls? The pains beget at last endurance, will and courage. Possessions and honor and pleasures are but the sensitizers to sure-coming pain.

Back through death to the Light, and forth through birth from the Light, again and again go men, leading many and many a life on earth till all at last shall awake in their strength. Thus is the Opposer the Light itself assuring its own triumph, leading men on alike by pleasures and pains, apportioning them according as each soul may need.



Resignation

I CAN'T say I like the word "resignation." It's got a meek and rather unmanly *sigh* in it, a depressed, spiritless, drooping flavor.

If you'll wipe that sigh and that flavor out of it, I'll say that I reckon it a man's best and healthiest and manliest policy is to be resigned to what happens to him. Using common sense of course, let him accept the program that turns up for him. Just let it run along the way it wants to.

Most of men's unhappiness comes from trying to alter the program, to put something pleasant in it that wasn't there before, or take something unpleasant out of it. You can do both these things; my first point is that it does not pay to do so.

If a man's got a fixed income, he can get an advance out of next year's. That's quite pleasant — for this year. But next year he must go just that much short.

Just so with a man that makes a tremendous effort to work in a pleasure that's not now on his natural bill of fare — especially if (and he usually does) he does something wrong to get that pleasure. Later on he comes to a place where an equivalent pleasure was written down for him, to come all easily and nicely and beneficially. But he finds it *crossed out*. And he's in for *more* pain than he got pleasure. There's nothing like the pain of these crossed-out places.

Same thing if a pain's rightfully on the program for you and you take some wrongful means to escape it, to cross it out. The power that made the program simply writes that pain in further on and finally writes it in such mighty strong letters that it can't be crossed out. You make yourself sensitive to pains by crossing them out and shirking them. And so when they do come they're twice as painful. I tell you, boys, it don't pay to fool with the program, to strain overmuch to alter things; and especially it don't pay to do *wrong* for that. This program knows its business and it hands us out just about the right dose of pleasure or pain at the right time: that is, the time when they'll do us good.

I believe, too, that in the long run every man gets the same amount of pleasure and pain as every other man. If you could put yourself in the place of some fellow that you think has more pleasures than you, you'd find, first,* that he wasn't enjoying them more than you do yours; or that he was getting compensation for former pains that maybe would have half killed you; or that he's got them wrongly and will have to pay for them through the nose later; or that they are accompanied by anxieties and troubles which you can't see and know nothing of.

You can't finally alter or control the ebb and flow of things. It's the law of matter, summer and winter, sleep and waking, the great tide of give and take. You can't hold a pleasant situation of any kind longer than it's time. The great to and fro wave seems alternately to bless and curse each man, to heap up about a man and then leave him exposed and naked. As a matter of fact its great game in the oscillation is to educate us, to call out powers, to further our growth. Why, then, should we try to fool with it, to prolong the *to's* to shorten or stop the *fro's*? Let it have its way with us.

This is what I meant by resignation. STUDENT



A Letter to a Prisoner

FRRIEND: I give full weight to all that you say. Indifferent food, monotonous work, needless restrictive rules (as they seem to you), etc., etc., (the other things you name), do make a bad combination. Self-improvement, the rebuilding of mind and character, is difficult.

But there is another side to the case. Think it out

with me and then let us see if we cannot get another view.

It is just *because* you are where you are that you were led to think of rebuilding yourself. In the world you never thought of it, just lived along and took yourself from day to day as you found yourself. By the end of your life you would have accomplished nothing in "the great work." (Some old philosophers always spoke of character-building as "the great work.")

In other words, your "misfortune" brought you right up against a new proposition, with time and opportunity to think it out to a finish. And the very difficulties you speak of, real as they are, do serve your best interests in that they keep you face up against this new proposition. They are your friends. They only become enemies if you let them beat you off your attempt. But I don't feel that you are of such poor stuff as that.

Now let us look forward to the time when you will have your liberty again. There are two possible men, one of whom you will have then become, according to your present choice.

There is the man you will be if you give up the game, a man who has failed, a beaten man who knows he let himself get beaten, without dignity, without self-respect, without will, an enemy to his own true manhood.

There is the man you will be if you have made a fine fight for it, refused to mope or despair, kept his grip on himself. *That* man is full of self-respect, strong-fibered, strong-willed, in short a real *man*.

Which is it to be?

But consider this. A man who puts forth effort against difficulties must necessarily be making much more progress—though there may be no *show* of his progress, even to himself—than the man whose path is all easy and sunny. When this man's path does at last clear up, then he will find how much he was really doing for himself when his way was as black as night and he fell over a rock ten times an hour. Don't look in to see how you are growing. Look *ahead*.

I would say all this just the same to a man who was never coming out. Prison conditions are changing all the time for the better, and he too will sometime find his circumstances ideal compared to what they are now. Public opinion is rapidly educating itself.

Is there not something in all this? Take courage, then, in your efforts to find your best self. Find it when you wake and go with it in imagination forward through the day. Find it when the day has closed and take note of the places where you fell away from it. Be kindly; see the best in others; speak harshly of no one; don't let your mind run away from you or throw up any doubts or clouds. This is the path for us all, and the results are sure.

Your friend,

* * * *

Cycles

A WEEK ago it was Monday and now Monday is here again. Exactly a year ago it was New Year, and here's New Year again.

Nobody supposes he can make away with that state of things. It is the working of the *Law of Cycles*.

Monday and New Year apply to everybody alike. But the Law of Cycles also works privately on the individual. Yesterday was a bad day for you. Everything went wrong. Things and men and rules seemed to conspire to irritate and anger you. But today it's all right and the sun shines inside and out.

Yet remember that the black day has only taken a spring over your shoulders and is waiting for you on the path some days or weeks ahead. It is not quite so regular as the Mondays, but it is coming. The Law of Cycles applies here too.

But there is a difference. You can't kill or weaken Monday or New Year. You can kill the black days.

If, while the last black day was with you, you let it run you, then it is waiting ahead for you in full strength, however shining today may be. There's a black day somewhere in front.

But if you did *not* let it run you, if with great effort you kept your inner peace and sunlight and friendliness and cheerfulness, or kept a part of them, then you did some work which will show at the next visit of that day.

In other words, along with the black day when next it comes, comes also the work you did in weakening it *and the tendency to do more of that work*. This too is the Law of Cycles, this time telling in your favor.

After some few repetitions of the same game you can have killed the blackness out of that day altogether and for good. The day that would like to be black comes round, but its blackness is gone.

Let us remember that everything comes again, not only what we have to fight against, but also the pleasant results of past fighting. Every bill is presented again and again, but only so much of it as we did not pay last time it came.

The time can come when bill-day arrives *but no bill*.
STUDENT

✱

The Day's Medicine

"A man's self gives haps or mishaps, even as he ordereth his heart."—*Sir Philip Sydney*

NO man gets *every* sort of misfortune, annoyance, or worry. Most of us have some particular sort that seems especially to favor us. That special sort is apparently always in relentless pursuit of us.

"Why does this sort of thing everlastingly hunt me up in this way?" we ask. "These things don't happen like that to any other fellow. It's *me*, always *me*, that they pick out."

Then a friend comes along and tells us that's an illusion. "How *can* any special sort of trouble hunt up

any special man? It just happens to look like that; that's all."

The friend does not know much about life. Let a man who finds himself dogged by some particular form of vexation look at himself carefully. That particular form of vexation is pointing out to him a particular failing in his own nature.

Say that people slight him in some way, not exactly insult him but visibly treat him as of no account. If this hurts, let him look into himself and see whether he has rather a tendency to wish to be thought a good deal of, to be regarded as of special importance?

If men would only study their lives a little more carefully they would find that the universe is not run on accidental lines. Events in some way fit the people that have to meet them, and if they are met in the right spirit of inquiry they will indicate the weak place in character that they come to point out and cure.

Don't think events are blind; look out for their meaning; trust them; correct the weak places that they point to; and in time you will be happy. For you will learn that compassion is all about you, even if the administering hand is iron-gloved.

STUDENT

Kinship

BY ANGELA MORGAN

I AM aware

As I go commonly sweeping the stair,

Doing my part of the everyday care —

Human and simple my lot and share —

I am aware of a marvelous thing:

Voices that murmur and echoes that ring

In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing

I am aware of the passion that pours

Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors:

Forces terrific, with melody shod,

Music that mates with the pulses of God.

I am aware of the glory that runs

From the core of myself to the core of the suns,

Bound to the stars by invisible chains,

Blaze of eternity now in my veins,

Seeing the rush of ethereal rains

Here in the midst of the every-day air —

I am aware.

I am aware

As I sit quietly here in my chair,

Human and simple my lot and my share —

I am aware of the systems that swing

Through the halls of creation on heavenly wing.

I am aware of a marvelous thing,

Trail of the comets in furious flight,

Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,

Terrible triumph of pageants that march

To the trumpets of time through eternity's arch.

I am aware of the splendor that ties

All things of the earth to the things of the skies.

Here in my body the heavenly heat,

Here in my flesh the melodious beat

Of the planets that circle divinity's feet.

All the things of the earth to the things of the
skies,

I am aware.— *Selected*

The Present Moment

"WE all looked forward to Thanksgiving-Day for weeks before it came. When it was over we had Christmas Day to look forward to."

"And after that?"

"Well, then there was nothing, and we had a flat time."

"There's no need for those flat times. It's bad generalship.

Take a pleasure as it comes and when it comes, and not till then. It will be enjoyed more and there will be no flat time after. Not looking forward to pleasures gives the power of not dreading possible pains and losses. These powers, well developed by practice, give permanent peace in the present moment. We know the past; we know some little of the future. But the present moment in its fullness is a stranger to us because of our ceaseless habit of looking forwards and backwards. Yet if the present moment were known to us we should find it the best friend we ever had, offering us great gifts of peace, of views of truth, of indifference to outer discomfort and monotony. No man is ever lonely who has found that great ally, the present moment.— *Century Path*

A Little Fable

A CERTAIN dog used frequently to steal and eat chickens from his master's fowl-pen. But he was never detected and the losses were ascribed to the foxes and sometimes to the cat.

On one occasion it was the cat that really had been the thief. But as the dog was found lying down near some of the feathers of the late chicken, he was accused, condemned on circumstantial evidence, and severely beaten.

Whilst he was lamenting the injustice of his punishment, an older dog who knew of his habits, said: "If thou wilt consider thy present beating as recompense for former and undiscovered theft, thy sense of injustice will be cooled. The gods often work justice through man's injustice."

A Japanese Story

THERE was once a Governor of a Japanese province who for many a year had been used to eat a couple of toasted radishes every morning in the unshakable faith that they would ensure his continuance in health.

War broke out, and one day a party of the enemy attacked the Governor's residence. But two warriors suddenly charged out of the building and with incredible bravery routed the hostile forces. When all was over the Governor said: "Who are you that have fought like this?" And they said: "We are the radishes which you have eaten with such perfect faith for so many years past. If one has perfect faith in anything he will gain his reward." Then they vanished.

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

From the New Way Guidebook

How many are there today who have studied the duality of man's nature, and who realize that the spiritual will, that which urges man to live the noble and righteous life, belongs to the immortal part—to the higher self; and that this higher self is ever seeking to impress the lower mind with the knowledge necessary to understand the wonderful mysteries of life? Let us remember that the divine light is in *every* man; it is the Christos Spirit; it is a part of that great spiritual essence that breathes through all Nature, through all life.

Katherine Tingley

NEVER growl at anything you have to do. Preserve your calm. No irritation should be let dwell inside. It is a deadly foe to progress. Sit on all the small occasions that evoke it and the greater ones will never arise to trouble you.—*W. Q. Judge*

AND Death advanced upon me clothed by my mind in black. He entered into me as a light, and I saw that he was but transformation.—*The Seven Pagodas*

PERIODICALLY the sun is eclipsed for us, but not for himself; and so our companions leave their bodies but never cease to be.—*Tibetan verse*

THE power to overcome is not acquired from above or from below; it is not brought into a man's life from without, but it is within. It is ever-present. It is ever calling, ever urging, pleading, working for man's true progress. It is the Light itself. It is the Christos Spirit. I hold that man is even now half conscious all the time of the splendor of the light within, but he does not bring it into action. His fear, his mental limitations, his prejudices, his misconceptions, egotism, and lack of faith, hold him back, and he depends for his salvation, if at all, upon outside sources.—*Katherine Tingley*

DEATH should be regarded only as a relay in our journey. We reach it with exhausted horses and we pause to get fresh ones able to carry us further.

St. Martin

THUS we come from another life and nature into this one, just as men come out of some other city to some much frequented mart; some becoming slaves to love of money, some to love of glory. But there are some who, refusing to give up their freedom, take little account of anything else than an earnest looking into their own nature and the nature of things, finally remembering in this way the life from whence they came and to which they return. These are called philosophers.—*Cicero*

LET us learn to know and to feel that divine quality in our natures which declares to us that there are no limitations to our growth nor to the heights that man can attain to, if he but will.—*Katherine Tingley*

MANY men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—*Spurgeon*

Pass it Along

Frantic Passenger: For heaven's sake, conductor, can't you go faster than this?

Conductor: Sure, but I have to stay with the car.

Now Silas, I want you to be present when I deliver this speech.

Yassuh.

I want you to start the laughter and applause. When I take a drink of water you applaud. When I mop my forehead with my handkerchief you laugh.

You better switch them signals, boss. It's a heap more liable to make me laugh to see you standin' up dar deliberately takin' a drink o' water.

Caller: Pardon me, sir, but is there another artist in this building?

Artist: There is not. There is, however, a man on the fourth floor who paints.

Painter: I observe that you don't like my pictures, sir. But I can assure you that I paint things just as I see them.

Critic: But you shouldn't paint when you're seeing things like that.

Weird-looking suffragette, reaching end of her address: Now did I make myself perfectly plain?

Voice from back of hall: Somebody did, anyway.

Chairman, introducing lecturer: Two cities dispute the honor of his birth. Each of them insists that it took place in the other.

Dick, at college, reading a home letter: Mother's letters 'll drive me crazy.

Jack: What's the matter?

Dick: Listen to the last sentence: "You will be sorry to hear that your father has fallen out of the dear old apple tree and broken a limb." Not another word.

Judge: Where did the automobile hit you?

Rastus: Well, Jedge, if I'd been carryin' a license numbah it would hab busted to a thousand pieces.

One Sunday the collection was deplorably small. Next week the reverend (colored) gentleman addressed his flock as follows:

I don't want any man to gib more dan his share, bredren, but we must all gib according as we are favored and as we rightly have. I say *rightly have*, bredren, because we don' want any tainted money in de box. Squire Blinks tol' me dat he'd missed some chickens dis week. Now if any one ob my pore benighted bredren has fallen by de way in connexions wid dose chickens, let him stay his hand from de box when it comes to him.

Brudder Mose, will you pass de box while I watch de signs an' see if dere's one in de congregation dat needs me to rastle in prayer for him?

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"It could be so, did we but will it so!"

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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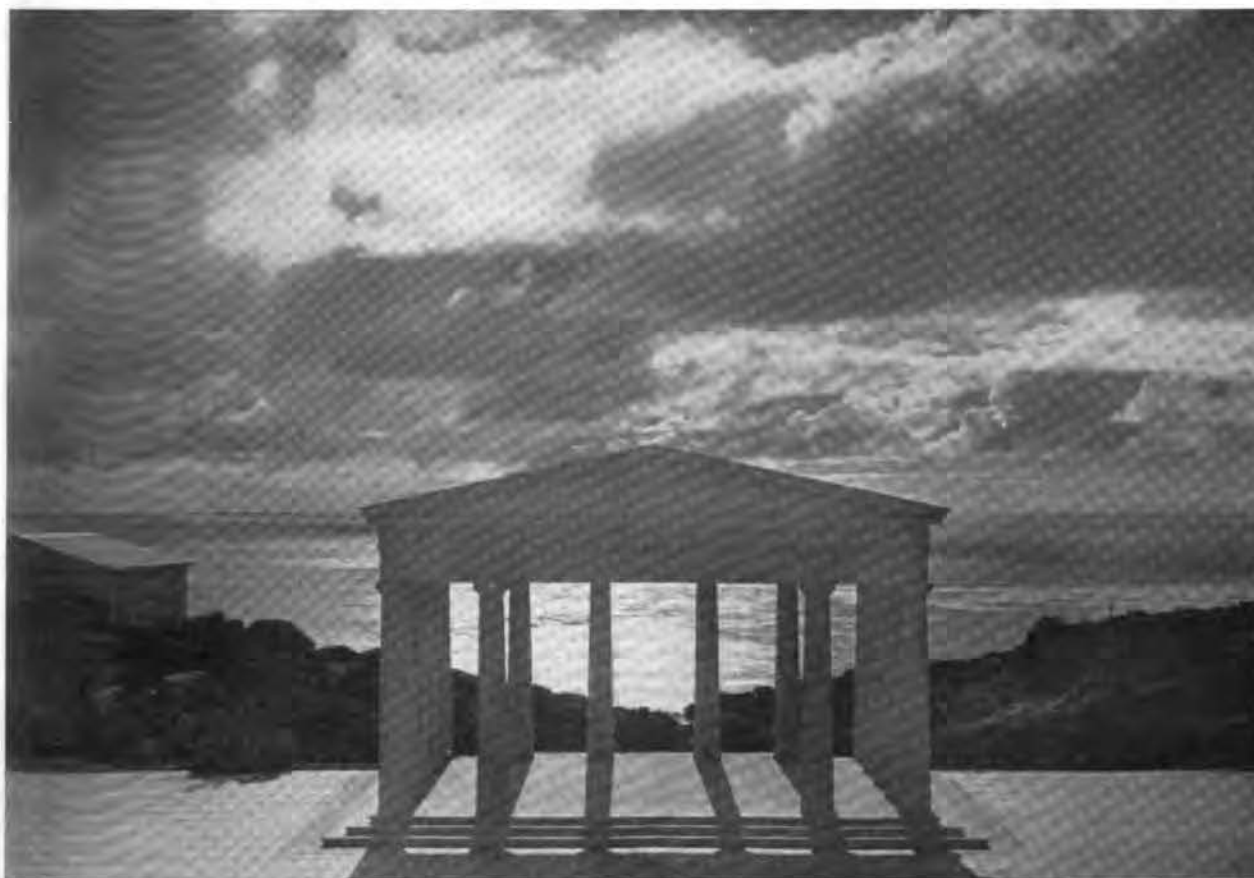
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PEACE ON THE DEEP

An Ocean Sunset through the columns of the Greek Theater, Point Loma

The Science of Self-Knowledge

MEN who will not accept any form of the current religion have nevertheless as a rule some sort of philosophy of life. At the least they think that there is some Power and Purpose behind things which make life more than it seems, which make it of long-range importance to them that they do their duty and lend a kindly helping hand when they can. They may not

feel able to go beyond that. And even that they may not think is capable of actual proof.

But there is a Science of Self-knowledge, and it has a special message for such men as this. It shows them the way to put their ideas on a firm foundation and *know* where now they only *hope*. For there is much more knowledge in us than most of us are aware of. And it can be got at by the proper kind of searching.

Everyone knows that there are at least two of him, a better and a worse. Both are at work all the time. When a man is doing wrong he is conscious of a steady protest from his higher nature. When he is firmly doing right his lower nature may be steadily pulling upon him to drop his duty and do something pleasant.

But the higher nature is capable of more than uttering a protest or just sustaining a man in the discharge of his duty. It may come right out and take charge. At every fire, in every shipwreck, there are always some few who "forgot themselves," as the saying is, and stand perfectly ready to throw away their lives for the saving of others.

So if the lower nature may disregard the voice of the higher, the higher may on occasion disregard the lower and even force it to its death. The higher knows nothing of fear; that belongs to the lower entirely.

The poet and musician may likewise "forget themselves" in their highest moments of composition, forget almost all that concerns the lower nature, hunger, cold, discomfort, everything about them, till they have written down what their inspiration has brought them.

A man has several "natures" that may draw him and guide his conduct. His animal nature draws him one way—too often into mistakes for which he may have to pay dearly in more than one form; his intellectual nature draws him into the world of thought and study, of science and invention; another part of his nature may draw him to expressions of color and sound, to music and art and poetry. Led by his highest nature, he will love his fellows, work for their welfare, and perhaps throw away his life for them. Nature is a ladder upon any step of which a man may stand. He can make his choice. To see all this clearly is the first step in the science of self-knowledge.

What has this science to say about death?

At death the *animal* nature is let go of. It dies. Shall we say that the *man* dies with it? Or is he gathered into his higher nature and made one with it, to live on still? When the ship's captain sacrifices "himself" for the passengers, standing back from the boats that they may enter, is it not because he has *held on* to his higher nature, that he has been strong enough to let the other go, the body, the animal? Did *he* go into the sea along with the sinking ship?

Sometimes the man almost visibly survives his body. It is not unusual to find that towards the close of a long illness, when the animal body has nearly run down to its last, the *man*, thinking and planning for others, is at his best and clearest and sees most light through the gateway he is nearing. As long as the organs of speech remain under his command he will be speaking as one whose mind is in its fullest conscious activity. Does it not seem as if the proper way to describe the process would be to say that the body was *dying away from the man*? That, at any rate, is the way *he* would describe it so long as he could get the lips to speak at all. He

would say that at last he had come to self-knowledge and *knew* what he spoke of. Each of us can learn for himself and in himself this science of self-knowledge. Everyone that will search out and live by his higher nature will come to know that *he* cannot die, that death is only the dying away of the animal from him. He was living before the animal part of him was brought into existence and will remain living in his higher nature after the animal is dead. And it is possible, even now while we are "alive," to understand that richer and fuller life from which we come and to which we return.

"I will *be* at my best," and "I will *do* at my best," are two sides of the same state of mind, the same resolution; and they are the way to the science of self-knowledge. All along the day there are opportunities for the taking up of this attitude and action—till at last they have become permanent and habitual. It is the true "I," that center which we want to know, which thus awakes itself and at last understands itself. Then there is true knowledge, true dignity, true self-respect. The man walks as a living power for good among his fellows, heart and mind at one, knowing his divinity and his immortality, seeing the Purpose behind life, in conscious touch with the Power of which each of us is an emanation, the Power that sustains all things, that is ever at hand for the help and encouragement and strengthening of those who are honestly trying. Is not the effort worth while?

STUDENT

Through the Gate

THE man sat in his cell, thinking. He had been in about a week and was beginning to know the map of the place and the map of his duties. He was feeling as blue as most men do feel in such a case.

He surveyed the situation, asked questions and did his own answering.

"Any hope of getting out?" None. In ten years he might begin to be asking that question of himself; but not yet.

"Any hope of the situation being relieved in any way?" No.

"Just live on like this from day to day and year to year?" Yes.

"I can read. There seems to be a pretty good library." What's the use? When you close the book you come back to this again, as it was and as you were.

So he debated with himself, tossing the ball to and fro. Then he went to bed.

In the morning, with the weight of it still hanging over him, he was mooning in the yard, hands in his pockets, pacing under the high wall. It was Sunday and there was no work to do, nothing to do till dinner and nothing to look forward to in *that*! After that, the slow afternoon in the cell; supper brought around—weak tea and bread—; after that, the slower evening.

Ten years of it to come. Five hundred Sundays like this!

Other Sundays of bygone years came up across his memory and didn't make the present any pleasanter.

The warden passed, looked at him keenly, and stopped.

"I know how it is, old man," he said kindly. "Things look pretty black. I wish I could make it better, somehow, for the chaps just in. Later on it won't be so bad. A man can adapt himself to anything and get a little juice out of the driest old apple. I know something like what you've been thinking, that gray, changeless look of the future stretching way down in front. There *isn't* anything much of a change to be looked for, that's a fact. *Outside* you, anyhow. Ever think of trying the inside?"

"How's that?"

"Trying inside you for what you can't get outside you."

"I'm afraid I don't catch on."

"I'll try and lay out the idea." And he took the man's arm and strolled along slowly with him. The man felt his kindness and strength and was willing to hear what there might be to say.

"A man is more'n he seems to be," resumed the warden after a minute. "Some fellows live on the outside altogether, have to have someone to talk to, gad-around affairs to be busy with, a lot of things they're going to do, always some sort of excitement and stir and clatter.

"But there's a deeper sort that find what they need in themselves more, rather silent fellows and plenty in what they say when they do speak. Don't seem to need or want all that outside stir and froth.

"Supposing you were to ask yourself every morning for the next month how you were feeling inside. 'Blue,' you'd say. 'Blue, same as yesterday and the day before. Why not? What is there around? Where's any sunlight?"

"Very natural, old man. No blame from here for that. But it's only the outer part of you. You've got a deeper part, if you could get at it, that's never blue, always in the sunlight and never the same two hours, let alone two days. You've got that in you. Every man has. But they can't or they won't connect with it, won't get into the other life where there's nothing like monotony, and no grays and blues. If they did they'd be satisfied outside and eternally full and happy inside."

"How's the getting at it?" said the other. He was slightly suspicious. Was a sermon and the usual exhortations about to be run in on him? Was this the introduction?

The warden seemed to have caught his suspicion. "This is no sermon," he said; "it's the common sense of how to live. What in thunder do men think their conscience is or means, if it don't mean that there's a Presence with them all the time, part of themselves, too, that's looking on at what they do and wants to help them not to do what'll only bring them pain? Deaf and

blind as most men are, this thing manages to get *something* through to them."

The two, still arm in arm, had got round to the yard gate. Through its bars was visible the wide flower garden beyond, running out to the road. The scent of the roses came through the gate; they could see a humming-bird flying from flower to flower and even hear the whir of its wings.

"A man's mind," said the warden. "Two parts to it. In one he's a prisoner, shut in by four walls. Every man, I mean. But there's a little gate in his mind leading to the other part, the part full of flowers and birds and scents and guests all the time coming and going. Why don't men live in the garden part?"

"Don't know it's there," said the other. "How do you know it?"

"Because I've seen it and for little times get through to it," said the warden gravely. "And so could you and every man. Men keep the keys to their own gate and keep it locked against themselves. Take a look into yourself all the time, by day and by night and of a morning early. Look *through* the gloom and the gray and blue; don't take any notice of them. In no long time you'll begin to see the garden and that other self of yours that walks in it, and after that you'll find a way to get through the gate and live the other side. Stand up to your duties here; keep the rules; be friendly and kindly and helpful to the rest. And keep up your hope. It won't be forever before you win out and begin a new life; we'll call it the garden and sun and flower life — which more than one now here has found. Found, mind you, just because he was here; never would have outside. Try this out, old man, just as if you believed it. Only try it. I'll keep a friendly eye on you all the time and do what I can to help — which isn't much, maybe, but it's something, a little here and there. I would like to see the boys happier here. And it's possible if they'd only believe it."

REPORTER

The Heroic Side

EVERYBODY likes a hero, whether he is in a book, a play, or in real life. We feel a sort of kinship with him; we are on his side even if our own lives show but little that is heroic. Whether the story of the hero — or heroine — is printed or played or actually lived, it appeals to something in us which we feel has also the capacity of rising to the occasions if we would but let it work itself out.

Yet as we watch others facing danger, loneliness, suffering or death, we often believe they will be able to endure things which, in our own case, would make us quail. But the fact is, it is not the suffering and loneliness to which we surrender, but to the *fear* of them. Once we overcome the fear which clouds the world's thought-atmosphere, we rise into a sunlight of existence and find in ourselves the elements that are

everlasting. Something in us always has been, and is, and always will be; and the immortal side of our nature knows that it is beyond the touch of either injury or loss.

The reason why we do not feel this certainty of hope at all times is because we are too busy, feeling our feelings and living in our body's senses and sensations. Even the much-quoted "strenuous life" is, in reality, superficial, only skin-deep. But this need not be, and the first step toward finding the real self is simply to believe

understand more of himself and more of his fellows.

With a group of people marooned together on some island at sea, it would make all the difference how they took it. Even one hopeless, or hot-tempered or tricky person would affect the others badly; while one courageous, cheery, unselfish chap would tone them all up and unite them in helpful ways. So with the human voyagers who are marooned in prison. They have got out of the regular social channels; but they can do for themselves and for each other what no one else can. Even a few



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANCIENT MOSAIC RECENTLY UNCOVERED DURING EXCAVATION ON THE ITALIAN ROYAL ESTATES
(Query: Had that old artist a sense of humor?)

in it. Belief in a good thing is a practical beginning toward making it come true. There is a richness and largeness and freedom stored away in every human heart, that can be found, even under the worst conditions.

A man who is on good terms with his Heroic Self, never lacks company and is never dull. The simple determination to live up to his best, changes everything for him and helps others who are around him. He will sleep sweeter and wake up more refreshed; he will treat his body with more respect; will carry his chest higher and walk with a freer, firmer step; the monotonous details of daily routine will have a new meaning and will no longer make him feel that he is at the end of things. He will have a reserve fund of interest in life as his mind and heart reach out and expand in the effort to

of them uniting in a manly effort can raise the whole tone of the place and enable the warden and officials to meet them in a new spirit of respect and trust.

If every man in a prison decided to do himself justice and stand forth at his best, come what would, they would soon begin to grow more heroic and courageous. A veritable wave of prison reform would develop in such a center and would expand outward in ever-increasing circles. Ideas are contagious, and the rest of the world would realize that it had something yet to learn about prisoners—and other men.

It is truly said that out of the heart come the issues of life; and vital growth, whether of a single cell of matter or of a man, is always from within outward. The process is the same, whether the form be that of an onion or of an angel.

MARNIER

Will-Training

THE stuff men are made of is shown up more quickly in self-denial of the little things of life than in anything else. It will dishearten the weak ones and develop and strengthen the ones who possess backbone. Self-denial is a thing that may be forced on any man and everyone should train himself to be able to meet it.

When Emerson said, "Train thyself in the little things and thence proceed to greater," he did not set any limit on how small the things should be. It is the small things that reveal character most faithfully.

A well-known Chicago business man used to carry a prune in his pocket constantly when he was a young man. He did it because he was excessively fond of prunes and wanted to see if he could have one with him all of the time and resist the temptation to eat it. Not that the prune would have done him any harm, but he simply wanted to settle once and for all which was the stronger—his will or his appetite.

Most men laugh when they hear this story. But if you meet this man you'll find a man of calm, steady, confident strength. Maybe the prune incident did not create his will-power, but it proved to him that he had it and furthermore taught him how to use it. Try yourself on any of your little habits. For example in eating. We all eat too much at times or eat many things that we know will harm us. Make a list of these things and try to resist. You will give in eight times out of ten because you are weak.

Of course you will deny this indignantly, declaring that the things are not of enough importance. If your will-power cannot conquer the unimportant things, how about the really big things? Training the will-power is exactly the same thing as training the muscles. Very few men can stand stiff-legged and reach down and put the palms of their hands on the floor. Try it yourself. Then keep on trying, as little as ten times each morning, and in a week it will be easy for you. But if you stop for a week you will have to begin all over again.

In the same way the will must be kept in constant training. The big things don't come every day, so you will have to utilize the little, every-day things. The man with a trained will-power is much stronger and more efficient in the big crises than the self-indulgent man.—From *Current Opinion*

There is something to be added to all that, good as it is. You cannot will *not* to do anything. Will is always positive. It never contains a *not*. When you have seemed to use your will *not* to do something, what you have really done is to use it to will *to do* something else. You can't abstain from eating too much by willing *not* to, but by willing to get up when you have had enough. The man abstained from his prune by willing his mind on to another matter. You will *not* be lazy by willing to be alert and active.

Will is guided by imagination. What a man imagines

himself strongly enough as doing, that he will do. If he wants to get over being lazy and makes a resolution to that effect, he must imagine himself as passing alertly from duty to duty, from one occupation to another. When New Year's resolutions fail it is partly due to insufficiently used and insufficiently sustained imagination, and partly to wrong use of imagination. The resolver imagines himself with his bad habit; then puts on a *not*; and supposes himself to have willed as he wants. He should have directed his imagination much less on the habit—for his dwelling upon it in thought may even have strengthened it—and much more on himself, imagining in himself the feeling of power, imagining himself as turning calmly to an opposite line of conduct. Since we are souls, not puppets, we have unlimited power to draw on. But it cannot act unless we furnish it a channel by the imagination. To conquer wrong-doing, imagine a right-doing, not a *not* wrong-doing. To kill the ache and pain of discontent with unalterable outer conditions, imagine yourself feeling peaceful. That will be a touch of the peace itself and a little further practice will give you the whole thing.

Some philosophers have thought the whole universe to be the creative work of imagination. Deity *imagined*, they said; and then will entered the vast picture and made it alive and real. And we, rays of that Deity, ourselves with a spark of that same creative imagination and will, see and live in the picture in all its life and reality. We can attain to use of that power, beginning the practice by re-creating ourselves, by imagining the truth that we are sons of the Divine.

It is the first little step that costs. After that the process of self-mastery is pure happiness. STUDENT

✱

Just Drop Them

"YES, the man was most insulting; it was a thoroughly unpleasant scene and I have dropped it from my mind."

He spoke as quietly as if he had referred to a very easy proceeding.

"Can that be done?" I asked. "Are unpleasant things like hot chestnuts that you can just drop the moment you choose to? To me at any rate, they seem more like angry wasps, that follow you wherever you go."

"They are something like that from one point of view," he answered. "But they can be changed into the hot chestnut form and then dealt with by the simple method of dropping."

"How?"

"I might say, Just by practice. But that is too simple for the whole prescription. When a man's dead and passed to something better they say he leaves his ghost behind him. But he don't have to be dead for that. He makes his ghost as he goes along and it keeps at his elbow. It's his body of memories and it's always trying to talk them into his mind. Some are pleasant

and he's willing to have it talk them. Some are painful or very unpleasant and it mostly talks these whether he's willing or not. But the pleasant ones usually turn out to be painful too in the end. They may wake up remorse, or regret, or keen longing that cannot be gratified. Better learn to drop the whole lot."

"But how?"

"Don't let in any of 'em. You *can* keep out or drop the pleasant ones, and they're no real good. Doing that is the only way that I know of to get the power to keep out or drop the unpleasant ones — even an insulting thing said to you yesterday."

"It seems hard, almost cruel, to refuse oneself the pleasure of looking back."

"Yes it does. But stop it, anyway, till you have full control of the situation. And — to turn the thing the other way about — don't look forward to anything pleasant if you want the power to refuse the anticipation of anything unpleasant. Practise living in this point of time."

"But won't it feel mighty empty?"

"*You're* in it, aren't you? And *now's* in it. If a fellow will make *now* his steady companion, he'll move forward with it, both of 'em getting bigger and fuller."

"Fuller of what?"

"Happiness. Light."

"But if neither of these are in his life?"

"You mean in his surroundings? Makes no difference. Both will be in *him*. Put hope and heart and energy into *now*, and now will pay you back a hundredfold. The thing only wants a few weeks' practice, and then you'll find you're growing in health and happiness. Your brain and heart will be full of the sense of life and progress, a fuller sense by far than you could ever get from outer circumstances, acquisitions or doings. Men only want these things to get more sense of life, and this is a better way, sure, and with *permanent* results. A man can find *himself* if he'll learn to boss his mind with his will and his good judgment, and *himself* is a soul that has not any limit to its growth and its happiness and light."

REPORTER

Self-Rulership

AS I looked at the needle of the little mariner's compass on my table, it suddenly gave a swerve, oscillated a while, and then settled down pointing nearly *west*! It stood like that for some minutes and then as suddenly returned to the proper direction.

This happened from time to time of a morning, and at first I could not imagine the reason of it. Finally I "caught on." My neighbor was an electrician, and in his experimenting he would put a current through an electro-magnet on his bench. The magnet was so strong that though the breadth of the street separated us the influence could affect my little compass needle.

I went to bed thinking of that a good deal, and in the night I had a dream about it. I dreamed that I was my

compass needle. As I sat quiet in the case it suddenly occurred to me that I would try another position and, just for the fun of it, point a while to the west. I did so, and smiled as I looked up and saw the perplexity on the face of the man bending over me.

I got tired of this after a few minutes and went back to my usual pointing, thinking that both movements had been entirely of my own free will.

In the jar of the movement I awoke.

And there, it seemed to me, was a moral quite open. Men are connected in some queer way not understood, just as magnets are, all men; but the connexion is closer between some than between others — for instance people of the same nation and still more the same family.

A young fellow was once telling me how nearly he had come to theft. "I don't know why I did not do it," he said; "I had my hand in the till when suddenly I wouldn't; simply that, just wouldn't. And thank God I never got the temptation again. Never had it before, either."

Men don't know where their impulses come from, either for good or evil, in the general case. They may be of the man's own making, or they may come in from "the air," from another "magnet" across the "street." (But it may be a very wide "street" in this case.)

So another moral comes in view. Don't take your moods and thoughts as you find them from hour to hour. Decide your own mood over night, when you are at your best, and grasp it firmly first thing in the morning. If we would practise and learn to stand "above ourselves" in that way we should soon stand above all troubles and be centers of far-reaching light to many a weaker man who will never know, maybe, where his new strength and hope and courage come from. This is the true way to "get out into the world." For the more one keeps at this manly and noble work the more consciously felt and known is one's connexion with the world.

STUDENT

Man's Mission

"MAN'S Mission" — if we hold the words for a moment we see that they imply a purpose in our lives, some sort of special work to be done, and a sender. Each of us should look upon himself in this way, as sent into this his life by his overstanding god-nature, by his god, to do a work. What the work is, is for each of us to find out as his mind ripens to new comprehension. It will be no common task, but something very glorious to understand and to do and to see the results of. Very glorious will be the gradual recognition of one's higher nature, the god-self, and increasing clearness of communion with it.

It all comes gradually, this knowledge of our work and of our sender. There is an inner pressure, urging us to do the common duties of life well, not to omit anything. That brings peace and a sense of the approval or benediction of something within. It is the first

knowledge of the actual existence and companionship of the divine self. Its light shines along the channel of the duties done, and we begin to find that because of that energizing light from above, these common deeds of duty seem to be effecting more than they used to, spreading peace around us, allaying troubles, altogether working in unexpected and beneficent ways. So we know, even in the first few days of the new life, that we are on the right track. New duties and opportunities of work and service begin to present themselves and open out, apparently accidentally. But we are not deceived. We know what is going on. It is our own growth and strength and capacity to do. We treat these new and larger duties in the same spirit. And we find, as each day closes and we look back at its experiences, that we are becoming more and more aware of two natures, two selves: one, the common self of ordinary thought and conduct; the other, specially sensed in these moments of quiet and silence, the overstanding Presence, the Christos Spirit, now becoming known to us in surety.

So through duties done in this new way, this spirit of service, we get nearer and nearer to a great awakening, an awakening which in most cases only comes (and then but as a gleam) just after death. Death is but the gate to a temple of rest. When the rest is finished we come forth here again into life; and life is the real field of our task. But we must live it more fully than ever yet. The real life is entered when all duties are met as steps upon a noble path. We know that we are living it when we have found the peace and joy of the doing of them and the growing strength for ever larger and deeper ones; and when the mind is becoming more and more assured of a light that is dissolving away its limitations and perplexities and doubts and giving it new insight and clearness. Then we come in sight of our real task, see with what mission we have been charged and enter more and more into union with the spiritual selves of which we are the messengers and reflections upon earth.

STUDENT

If, when reading, you recognize the ideas as true and great, it is because you already had them in you, in the best part of your nature. The book has opened the way from this part into your work-a-day mind.

Read some book or writing that does this for you, a book that throws light on life, for a few minutes every night and recall in the morning what you read. Gradually the outer mind will become altered, deepened, serene.

This is the highest use of reading, to tune the outer, work-a-day mind to that inner mind of which so few of us know anything, but because of whose presence in us we can say that we are divine.

To copy out a little of what we read and think over it a few minutes is to quicken the work going on within us.

A BOOK-LOVER

Hassan's Proverb

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

KING Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong or any project failed:
"Tomorrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
Tomorrows, fresh, shall rise from out the night,
And new baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields;
And yield he need not, while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life-old battlefields
From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief, to thee?
Forget it, then—here lies the victor's way.

His Secret

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I SPOKE a traveler on the road
Who smiled beneath his leaden load,
"How play you such a blithesome part?"
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I questioned one whose path with pain
In the grim shadows long hath lain,
"How face you thus life's thorny smart?"
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I hailed one whom adversity
Could not make bend the hardy knee,
"How such brave seeming? Tell the art!"
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"—*Selected*

Freedom

(An Eastertide Thought)

By F. J. Dick

THE price of freedom sweet is living purely,
For souls are free that conquer snares of sense;
Unselfish deeds and thoughts are bringing surely
Again the Light—so long departed hence—
That wrapped the sea and sky in weirdest beauty
When bards and kings held sway o'er air and earth.
The wondrous keys of Selflessness, and Duty,
Awake in us the Gods who gave us birth.—*Century Path*

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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Notes for the Way

THE senses and powers of bodily action are justly esteemed, but the thinking faculty is greater. Greater than that is the discriminating power that guides it, and greatest of all is He, the true Self, the immortal. *Thou art that.*—*Indian*

LET us conceive of Deity as the Absolute, Infinite, All-powerful, Divine Essence permeating the life of everything that breathes and expressing itself even in the flowers, in the song of the birds, in the wind and the waves, in all that Nature presents to us. The invisible forces lying behind the outer expressions of Nature are identical with the invisible forces which work through ourselves, and from these we learn the inner truths.

—*Katherine Tingley*

TRUE liberty is not liberty to do as one likes. True liberty is emancipation from one's likes and dislikes. When the will is no longer enslaved by these it works of itself in ways beyond our ken, bringing about all things that are necessary for our welfare.—*Lines on a palm leaf*

THE power to meet a future situation can never come by looking forward anxiously to it. To acquire this power keep putting your best into the *present conditions*. The musician becomes perfect by practising the instrument he now has, not by looking forward to a more difficult one that he may sometime come to play.—*The Notebook*

MAN'S mission is to be God's warrior. We must fight or die; between morning and night one wins or loses as many battles as there are moments. It is the concern of all men to make the moments of the day divine. Man is a fighting animal when he is not a fighting god.—*Kenneth Morris*

THERE is no man who does not at some time feel within him a power urging him to acts of compassion, to brotherhood, to sympathy with the joys and pains of others. If he yields to it, as time goes on, he will become daily a nobler and richer character, a truer friend, helper and counselor of others. A natural dignity will develop about him; his mind will outgrow the littlenesses, spites, whims, prejudices, dislikes, and empty and fruitless aims that before obscured it. It will become steady, and wisdom will ripen in him. He will become habitually serene, his mind constantly clear, and its workings pleasant; his bodily appetites will pass more fully under his control. In a word, he will be healthier in mind, body and soul; to a degree in no other way possible he will have himself completely in hand.—*Century Path*

ONE life upon earth is rightly held to be a discipline and a preparation for a higher and eternal life hereafter. But if limited to the duration of a single mortal body, it is so brief as to seem hardly sufficient for so grand a purpose. Three score years and ten must surely be an inadequate preparation for eternity.—*Professor Bowen of Harvard.*

Heard This?

Small Boy, to girl behind the counter: I don't see no ham in this here sandwich, lady.

Girl: Oh, you ain't come to it yet.

Small Boy, after pause: Ain't no ham yet, lady.

Girl: You've bit over it now.

Mirandy, fo' de Lawd's sake don't let dem chickens outer dis here yahd. Shut dat gate.

What for, Aleck? Dey'll come home, won't dey?

'Deed dey won't. Dey'll go home.

Learning the touch system:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said:

'xq %? \$= 79zx -q "¢:½?&fz !(."

Diner, to waitress: But where's the saucer?

Waitress: We don't serve no saucers with our cups. There's low fellows that would drink out of them and then we'd lose our swell guests.

Hotel manager, to a waiter: Jones, what did that gent from table No. 7 leave so suddenly for?

Waiter: Well, sir, he sat down and asked for sausages, and I told him we were out of them; but if he would care to wait a few minutes I could get the cook to make some.

Well, what then?

I went to the kitchen and accidentally trod upon the dog's tail, and of course it yelped. And suddenly the gent got up and left.

THERE came to the home of a negro in Tennessee an addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man, who was an Irishman, seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

What does yo' think? asked the parent.

Well—pointing to the one in the middle—I think I'd save that one.

Orator, reaching peroration: 'The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell.

New England farmer, coming in from down town: Hum, ho! Deacon Jones wants me to be pall-bearer to his wife's funeral.

Wife: Wal, you're goin' ter be, ain't ye?

Farmer: I dunno. Y' know, when Deacon Jones's fust wife died, he asked me to be a pall-bearer, an' I did; an' then his second wife died, an' I did the same for him again. An' then he married the Perkins gal, and she died, an' I was pall-bearer to that funeral too. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em.

GIFT
OCT 7 1915

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"The One Life beats in every Heart."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LITTLE HOSTS AND HOSTESSES OF LOMALAND. PUPILS OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA,
READY TO MARCH TO THE GREEK THEATER TO ENTERTAIN AFTERNOON VISITORS

The Christos

(From Katherine Tingley's recent addresses at Isis Theater, San Diego, California)

IN the endeavor to understand our own natures the first step is to distinguish between the merely personal will and desires of the brain-mind, and the impersonal spiritual will behind. How many are there today

who have thus studied the duality of their human nature and who realize that the spiritual will, that which urges man to the noble and righteous life, belongs to the immortal part, to the Higher Self, and that this is ever seeking to impress the lower mind with an understanding of the wonderful mysteries of life? The spiritual will is this urge; it shows itself as that superb power that

we catch glimpses of occasionally from those whom the world calls great geniuses, from our heroes and heroines, from our writers and composers, our artists, inventors and statesmen. From these we catch glimpses of the divine in man, and we are startled, inspired, lifted beyond our limitations.

This is the Christos Spirit, the "Inner Self," the "Knower," a part of the great spiritual essence that breathes through all nature, through all life, expressing itself in the flowers, in the song of the birds, in the wind and the waves, in all that nature presents to us. Yes, where there is life, there is divine power; the invisible forces lying behind the outer expressions of nature are identical with the invisible forces which work through ourselves, and from these we learn the deeper truths.

Man in his life today is, to a very large extent, separated from the direct inspiration of his essential divine nature. He knows really nothing of that living power, the Christos within. There are very few human beings in the world today who are absolutely conscious of being a part of the Universal Life, of being a spark of the Fire Divine, so to speak, of holding within themselves the Christos Spirit, that which is in each one of us the Spiritual Ray, the living and vitalizing Flame that proceeds from the Source of all that is — the Ineffable Deity.

And so, searching self-analysis is the key to the situation. Let man courageously face himself, be his own confessor, confess his weaknesses to his Higher Self, his immortal Self. He who is willing to do this and has sufficient faith in himself — he has the power to overcome. He will find, in the self-analysis, in the confession, in the bending of the knee of the mortal to the immortal, "the Light that lighteth every man." The Christos Spirit is always with us, did we but know it, did we but evoke it. It is ever-present, the "still, small voice" that is continuously calling man to awaken, to "arise and go to his Father." But we, the children of the Inner Light, the branches of the spiritual vine, must arouse ourselves by the spiritual will and hold it within our hearts. It is because we are "separated" from our Inner Father, so to speak, because we are "separated" by our passions and desires from the Christos Spirit within (our Higher Selves), that ever-living Presence, that we wander and stumble and falter, and sometimes fall.

The Christos Spirit is in every man, buried in the sepulcher of his desires. He who crucifies his own earthly passions, who has strength to roll back the stone of matter from the door of his own inner sanctuary, will find this Spirit within himself. He will know what he is in reality and why he is here on earth. He will know the meaning of the immutable spiritual laws which hold us in their keeping — for we are all enfolded in the compassionate divine law. He will know his duties and responsibilities to all men. He will realize the splendor of the Universal Life.

"The coming of Christ" means the manifested presence of the Christos Spirit in every man, in *all* men. Yes, with

this aroused everywhere, our country would be ablaze with a new spiritual and mental light, a new kind of patriotism, the patriotism of soul-life, the patriotism of true manhood. We should all be able to interpret these glorious words of one of the great Teachers: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to men," for we should be the united citizens of the Inner Republic of Souls.

If man could but see himself as his weaknesses make him! Then, slowly but surely, the living power of the Eternal Self would be aroused; man would lift the veil hiding the potentiality and power of his nature and catch glimpses of the results to come. What possible explanation can we give of the lives of men on earth if they are not for the unfoldment of the divinity latent within? No one can give you in fulness all the richness of this divine philosophy. You must evolve it in yourselves, by application, by study, and by living the life. Take to your hearts this joyful optimistic message, the message of the essential divinity of your own natures and of your immortality. Yes, find the truth and live the life. In the conquering of the lower self you will remove the barriers that now separate you from the mysteries of your inmost nature.



My Dog and I

"I MAINTAIN that a man dies like a dog. When he's buried that's the end of him."

It was two workmen who were talking, and I passed them slowly in order to hear as much of the talk as I could.

"I agree," said the other, "that so far as a man is the same as a dog he dies to the same extent as a dog dies. But you don't know what extent that amounts to."

"Dogs in Heaven, I suppose," sneered the first speaker. And then I got out of hearing. But the question stayed with me. A great friend of mine — a dog — who died about a year ago, had the curious habit, when he wanted to go to sleep by the fire, of pulling one of my carpet slippers from under the couch and using it as a pillow. When I got a new pair I kept one of the old ones for his special use. Soon after his death a friend gave me another, who in course of time became the mother of a litter. When the pups were old enough to crawl about, one of them, curiously enough, developed the same trick as my old friend — crawled to the slipper, dragged it out, and went to sleep in the same very undoglike, pillow-using fashion. Do dogs "die," I have questioned, in the sense of ceasing to be? Or do they come back?

But that is by the way. What I am after is: what has a man that a dog has none of? Not mind and thought, for dogs have some mind and do think. Nor power to love, for assuredly dogs have that. What then?

Man has a body, and a mind: so far, the dog also. And — soul? spirit? Vague words. What does soul or spirit *do*? If we can find out that, we can see what soul or spirit *is*. A thing *is* what it *does*.

Dogs dream. My dog had a special short sharp bark reserved for moments when he saw an unlawful cat in the garden or was chasing one along the paths. That same bark and quiver of excitement he would sometimes give when asleep, even waking himself up with it and running to the window or out of the door. In his dream he was evidently imagining himself in the garden.

I can imagine myself in the garden, and the dog cannot. The imagination or picture of the cat-beset garden came upon him of itself. But *I* can produce it when I will and hold it as long as I choose. I can imagine any scene I please, when I will. If I choose I can imagine a couple of tigers in my garden instead of a cat and can make the garden four times as big. When the dog is hungry — that is, has the desire to eat — no doubt pictures of his meat-pail come up in his imagination. But when I am *not* hungry I can call up a picture of a meal and hold it so long that at last I get to want it.

In other words the dog's imagination, his set of mind-pictures, is wholly run for him by his *desires*; mine may be run by *me*, by my *will*. Animals do not show any sign of possessing will; nothing but desires. Will, for our present purposes, is this power of guiding and holding the mind and imagination.

The other day I was feeling gloomy and "ornery." Looking at my own state, I was dissatisfied with it. Could an animal hold off from its own state of mind, look at it, and decide that the state was unsatisfactory? I imagined a satisfactory and peaceful state, held it a while, and presently it stayed. An animal has imaginings of another *place*, though not at will. But it has no imagining of another *state of mind* than the one it is in; still less can it decide that its present state is unsatisfactory (for instance a state of fear) and replace it by another (for instance hope). I can take a view of the sort of man I am and then imagine myself a better sort, nobler, fuller of light and compassion and honor and openness and courage and good will to all. If I repeat that imagining every day, my will will be drawn out into action and I shall begin to realize in myself my own imagined ideal. An animal has no trace of this power.

So we begin to get a little light on our problem. I shall not say that I am an animal with something added: but, *I am the something added*. An animal is body and mind, mind with its thoughts, moods, desires, and imaginings. *I* am that which can look on at my thoughts, moods, desires and imaginings, can judge them, can (by will) hold or alter or dismiss them. And I can, after survey, will into existence in me such moods and states as I choose. *I*, then, am a being with judgment, will, and power of imagining states. Along with me, in my total make-up, is a very highly developed animal. The sum-total is ordinarily called man.

There is not the slightest reason, then, for supposing that we die "as the dog does" (if he does). A *body* may die, but no one can ever imagine an *I* dying. That is mere words. Anyone who can thoroughly sound his own

nature will reach exactly the same surety that *he* cannot die as he has of now being alive. Death is going to pieces and there are no pieces to an *I*. STUDENT

Altering the Focus

"IT'S a mighty life we lead if we would only take the trouble to feel it."

"What, in here?"

"In here as well as outside. Walls can no more limit it than they can the waves from a wireless. But to know that depends on what you focus on. Ever look through a microscope?"

"Once in a while I used to."

"Well, you look, maybe, at a bit of a leaf. You see some spot brought out clear. From that spot some fine lines go out and connect with other spots around. Now you alter the focus a little. A new lot of lines come into sight, running out from your spot to other spots you could not see before."

"All right; but what's your application?"

"Easy. You reckon this a narrow miserable world in here. Your mind connects up with the walls of your cell, the dark stone passages, your daily routine of work. Limited enough, certainly, all closed in. Suppose you could alter your mental focus and find that you were connected up with all the life outside."

"What, see through the walls?"

"In a way, yes. A man's mind has one focus or another as a fixed rallying point, the focus he lives at, so to speak. He may shift it once in a while for a moment, but it springs back quickly to his normal. Most of the fellows here have their minds focused on the limits right round them, walls, duties, rules and regulations, cells, meal-table and so forth. Consequently they're always in a fret; '*shut in*' is their fixed feeling. Our problem is to get rid of that feeling, to alter the focus, see through the walls out into the world beyond. *Feel* through the walls into the ocean of the general life, is a better way to put it. Isn't that the idea?"

"It surely is."

"Well, come back to the microscope again. The new lines that came into view when we altered the focus were there all the time. It was only that under the first focus we could not see them. The mind has connexions outside these walls which we don't see or feel because we've focused close down upon the walls themselves and the limits in general.

"I heard you say yesterday that you could *feel* Christmas in the air and that it made you long to get out and buy things and enjoy yourself like the people outside. Your mind did connect up with the common life outside, quite unhindered by the walls. This had the effect of making the world in here, upon which you quickly focused back again, look narrower and more limited than before. The problem is how not to focus back upon it so close.

"Altering the focus is training the mind, making it

bigger. It must learn to see in life one *great* Life of which each individual is a part, a part that (because of bad focusing) thinks itself quite separate. This training takes time, of course. But the reward is worth it and the reward can be won. The work is easier here than it is outside where there is so much to distract. We can get a large life that the outer limits don't touch at all."

"What's your prescription?"

"The mind's got to have food, good or bad. If you give it nothing it will get food for itself, feed on the thoughts of restrictions, limits, walls, monotonies and so on. Of course we must get into a way of turning it off all that as much as possible. It must be fed with something else by means of reading and thinking. The mind builds itself all anew in a certain time just as the body does and it may be made to build after a new pattern just as the body can.

"I don't refer now to ordinary reading. I mean a special kind and time for it. It is the reading (and thinking) of the last few minutes, before we turn in. There is much in THE NEW WAY that will serve; there are the 'Thoughts' of Marcus Aurelius and of Epictetus; there are bits of Emerson; anything that you find to raise the mind and give it aspiration and new thoughts about life. Hold it steady in those thoughts for a while; compel it to feed on what you have given it. Then in the night it goes on digesting and assimilating.

"Very soon the limits of outer circumstances do not press so hard and at last not at all. You have won a peace in which you always have a current of fine thought. You are never any more lonely. In this connexion I always think of some words of Katherine Tingley's:

"A pure, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. In this life the petty follies of everyday friction, disappear. In place of lack of faith in oneself, there is self-respect; the higher consciousness is aroused, and the Heart acts in unison with the Mind; and Man walks as a living Power, among his fellows."

"And this sort of nightly reading is the way to get that thought and to keep it beaming, illuminating the whole man. It is the way to get into touch with that Great Life to which the small lives of us all belong and of which we are parts.

STUDENT

HE who can examine his own heart will find there a love for all that lives, wide spreading, without distinction. If he could live by that he would have permanent joy. But the thoughts and desires of his brain-mind are grouped around a selfish center, quite other than that of the heart, and it is from this that most men direct their actions. Short, transient pleasures separated by disappointments and pain, therefore make up the life they live. They do not know how to alter, how to become conscious of all that is in their hearts, how to let sunlight into their minds.—*Eastern*

Tonics and Punishments

IT was after the Sunday morning service and the men had gathered in the yard for a chat and smoke before dinner. Some of them had attended in order to pass away the time; some because they got material for argument. The sermon had been concerned with "forgiveness of sins," and I knew that the argument lovers would not be missing their chance. As always there was a fair group around old Calkins. He took his own view of everything; and current religious teachings, all of which he regarded himself as accepting, came through his mind in unusual shapes. I wanted to hear what he would be saying about the topic of the sermon. He was already holding forth when I came up to his group.

"Yes," he said, "sure; I believe in forgiveness of sins. What's a peaceful conscience? Ain't it a sign that it's all right between a man and his onlooking soul? When a man sins he's broken the peace and his conscience tells him so. When he's sorry and tries to mend his ways his soul restores the peace. That's what I mean by forgiveness of sins, *restored harmony with the soul.*"

Somebody spoke up here: "But does that forgiveness, that restored peace, do away with any punishment that would be coming hereafter? That's the question."

"I ain't fond of that word punishment. According to my view, every pain of body or mind, every evil as we call it, that falls upon a man, is a response to some failing in his nature of which he knows or don't yet know. In the past that failing was the cause of his doing things he shouldn't have, or not doing things he should have. Consequently you may say if you choose that the pain or evil is the punishment for those deeds or omissions. But in reality it points towards and moves the man towards a cure of the underlying failings. And it'll keep on in one form or another till they are cured.

"Now, it don't follow that because a man's honestly repented of past misdeeds and got the pardon of his soul, that is, got re-established relations with it, that he's also all of a sudden got over the failings of his nature which worked out into those misdeeds, does it? A man might get over being a drunkard; but the same inner failing which worked out in drunkenness might be now working out in some other and milder ways.

"Very well, then; he's got to have the bitter tonic we call punishment of some sort, and keep taking it till the failing's cured."

The same questioner spoke up again: "Then the punishment comes just the same, repent or no repent?"

"Not according to my view. It's apt to change its form altogether; and it's sure to lessen and shorten it; and it may do away with it. First of all, the repentance will open a man's mind so that he will begin to see the meaning, the point, the bearing, of what comes on him. Doing that, it'll take away a good deal of the painfulness and satisfy his sense of justice. Secondly, as soon as he begins to understand this it'll make him co-operate with the punishment, help with the work that it's trying to do

upon him, get after his failing and thus greatly shorten the time necessary for the cure. And I'm not saying that if he stands up like a man and gives his failing no show whatever in any direction, he may not side-step the punishment altogether. But how many are strong enough and watchful enough and honest enough with themselves to get that far, to be able to do without even a slight touch of the whip? But if repentance is, as I reckon, getting again into touch with the soul, the soul will help and guide him along.

"But there's another reason why the effects of a man's misdeeds mustn't be lifted away from him all of a sudden

point of destruction — of that coming pain which some call punishment, corresponds to the efforts made to cure weaknesses and to the compassion for others, the desire to help, that's put into them. That gives the soul, which has power we can't say the limit of and can over-rule all that happens to a man, the right to alter, lessen and perhaps even hold back what would otherwise have come. Trust the soul, have compassion, and do your best. Then you're all right. . . . But who's for dinner?"

"Good old sort," said the objector, "and the talk in which he didn't have the last word was never talked yet."

REPORTER



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE FAMOUS DRAWING OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULLS, BY TÔBA SÔJÔ
Japanese Artist. Thirteenth Century

through his repentance. According to my thinking, when a man sins a something goes out from his mind into the air as he does it which has an influence on others, especially the weak, making it harder for them to keep on the straight path. This in addition to the effect of his example on any that actually see him sin. To even up things, then, and settle his bill, he must put this right and send out another influence which counteracts the first. His repentance must be as much for the harm he has done others as for his broken relations with his divine part and his injury to himself. He must constantly try to put his life in the spirit of compassion for those who are weaker than he, consciously try to throw out help.

"So here's the idea, boys: Pardon for sin is restored peace with the soul, coming upon the will to live straight henceforth. And the lessening — maybe down to the

Our Rights

I HAVE a right to the conditions necessary for the unfolding of my abilities.

So think men in subordinate positions who feel in themselves the capacity for positions of initiative and responsibility.

So think young men tied to long hours of mechanical and monotonous work who believe they could shine on the stage, in journalism, art or what not.

They do not blame any particular person. It is abstract Fate, ill-luck, ill-fortune, that they charge with injustice towards them. Every man, they feel — quite rightly — has some sort of inherent right to the opportunities that would enable him to develop his dormant or budding capacities. If he does not get them the laws of life are treating him unfairly.

But may he not be unjustly accusing the laws of life?

We have granted that a man *has* a right to the chance of developing to the full his latent capacities of mind.

Suppose you are confronted by the chance to get some pleasure, say an outing, at the cost of neglecting a duty, say sitting with a sick and lonely friend.

You take the duty; and whilst your conscience, your inner nature, is pleased and knows itself to have grown and become strengthened, at the same time your outer nature is vexed and disappointed.

This outer might say: "I have a right to the recreation."

But the inner might say: "*I* have a right to the growth and strengthening which the sickness of my friend opened the opportunity for."

There are certainly *two* rights here!

Suppose a man, a good fellow on the whole and with aspirations towards a higher life, has a weak spot in his nature hardly known perhaps to himself, say a tendency to take what does not belong to him. One day, while he is in great stress of need for cash, the opportunity to steal some in apparent safety suddenly presents itself. For the first time in his life, maybe, he falls. He gets caught, disgraced and jailed — just for one slip!

No! *not* for one slip; but for the weak place in his nature, an otherwise good nature that was trying to grow but could not get beyond a certain point while that weak place remained. You can't put up a fine house on foundations with a flaw in them. This man's flaw is opened up wide to him; he sees it; thinks over it; cures it.

Now turn back to our young fellow, who, in his long, monotonous and mechanical occupation feels that he has a right to other conditions in which he could develop capacities of mind that cannot now get their chance.

He will get the outer conditions, sometime, in this life or beyond. But suppose that his *inner* nature needs something first. Suppose his character or his will needs a few touches of development before his latent mental capacities could be usefully unfolded. As things are, he has to practise endurance, punctuality, equanimity, courtesy, attention to hard duty, self-denial, consideration for others — any or all of these. He *has* to practise some of them; and there is *opportunity* to practise them all. May not his inner nature have just as much, or more, *right* to this compulsion and opportunity, as his outer or mental nature the right to *its* opportunity?

The laws of life may know best. They may see that though he has the latent mental capacities he wants to develop, yet that if he did not first get the other training he might fail when in the very conditions he wants: fail through laziness, want of will and persistence, moodiness, tendency to self-indulgence, conceit — lots of weaknesses.

Don't let's blame the laws of life or Fate or Ill-luck till we have studied our inner nature and seen what we lack. A man's nature is a magnet, and as time goes on

each part of it attracts to itself the opportunities and conditions to grow by. And the order in which these come along is the best. We may not see the opportunities when they do come, nor like the conditions when *they* come. But if we search ourselves and the conditions about us we shall find the correspondence. Then, by using the opportunities to the full, we can greatly shorten the time of each step and get to fields of ever wider scope for development.

STUDENT

* We Two

(From a Persian Allegory)

I SAT moody and cloud-wrapped, and all the future was gray and cheerless and shadowed. And my mind thought the thoughts that are born of the shadows of life.

"Must I have the shadows while the years endure?" I cried.

And I watched my mind think the thoughts of the shadows, that thinking mirror, that living reflector of the world, that ever active thought-maker. And I was shadowed over by its shadows.

Of a sudden I knew that this master of mine, shadow-maker for me, thought-thinker, should be servant, not lord.

And I separated myself from it and seized it and held it upward like a wine-cup to the blue sky. "Mirror the sunlit space," I said. "Fill thyself with the blue-shining wine of heaven."

But it dropped in my feeble hand and turned downward again to earth so that it once more saw but the shadows of life.

I held it aloft again: "Mirror the golden Sun," I cried. "Father-Sun whose light is his love made visible, self-knowing wisdom and thought."

Thus I strove and I would not that the mind-face turned downward to mirror the shadows, be darkened by shadows, make its thoughts in the shadows.

Thus I strove, I and my mind. And the mind said: "Thou art weary; in the end I shall win; thou canst not hold me. Once again thou shalt forget thine own being in me, feel that I am thyself."

But I said naught and held it up still to the golden Father-Sun and the luminous blue that he lit with the far-reaching rays of his thought.

Then at last my mind yielded and grew quiet and was content to be held aloft. I lowered it and looked upon its surface. And behold, in the depth of it was now resting an image of the glowing sun and of the sky, clear and fixed. I turned it every way, outward to the world and downward to earth. As of old it mirrored all things but it mirrored them upon the shining background of the image of gold and blue.

"Now thou mayest look unshadowed upon all things and come to an understanding of life," I said. "for thou hast sun and sky in thee."

And behold, my mind and I became one thinking soul.

The Test

A CERTAIN man of great wealth and pride in his integrity, says a medieval story, dreamed that he had died and confidently presented himself for admission at the gate of Heaven.

"What is thy record?" said the gate-keeper. "Hast thou been honest in all thy dealings?"

"Behold and see for thyself," replied the man proudly, producing the book of his deeds. "No theft is recorded. Let me enter."

But to his chagrin the gate-keeper looked at him long and very strangely, so that he grew cold, and with the coldness he awoke.

He slept again and dreamed that he had lost all his possessions and was in dire need. And it came to pass in his dream that a way suddenly opened whereby he could steal some of the money of another and thus smoothly dissolve his difficulties. And he fell.

And when he awoke he was humbled and no longer proud of the clearness of his record, understanding at last the searching gaze and the silence of the gate-keeper. "I thank thee, O Lord," he said, "that my pride is humbled in the beholding of mine own deep-hidden weakness. My life was as a fair-showing house upon foundations of sand. But now I will build better."



Alice in Wonderland

AFTER Alice had done looking at the last remains of the grinning cat in the tree—you remember that the cat, who happened to be grinning, faded away till at last nothing but the grin remained—she turned to her companions, the mad hatter, the pessimist and the cynic. The pessimist, as usual, was sighing at everything; and the cynic, as usual, was sneering at everything. Both of them, somehow, looked rather unsubstantial, and presently she saw that they too were fading, fading. Moreover the cynic was getting smaller. "Boo-hoo!" cried Alice, bursting into tears; "Everything I look at seems to fade away. Soon there will be nothing and nobody at all!" And then she looked at them again. But they had vanished! Where the pessimist had stood there was nothing but a sigh, like a wandering wisp of smoke. Where the cynic had stood there was nothing but a sneer, a little, little, nasty little sneer. That was all that was left of them. Passionately Alice turned to the mad hatter: "Oh, do something for them, the poor dears!" she cried. "My dear," replied the hatter, "there is nothing to be done. One of them had sighed over everything, and the other had sneered at everything, till at last there was nothing of the one but the ghost of a sigh and of the other but the ghost of a sneer." Then even the ghosts vanished, and suddenly Alice found to her surprise that she was glad to be rid of them.

STUDENT

The Odd Moments

I LEARNED grammar when a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my book-case; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in the wintertime it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for any youth, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or a sheet of paper I was compelled to forgo some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation; and I had no moment I could call my own; I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that too, in the hours of their freedom from all control."

—Cobbett (a famous English writer)



Easter

THE ancients made a sacred festival of spring. The teachers among them believed that as *physical* life entered the earth, the vegetation and all things living, taking voice as the song of the birds, so in man *spiritual* life streamed into him in added measure. The divine was touching him also to higher and fuller life. Some of the sacred festivals were designed in their symbolism to awaken the mind to this new touch and give to it a new birth.

If we think that the whole universe has a spiritual purpose in it, the ancient idea may not seem so strange. Wherever nature's life reaches its fullest, the spiritual purpose must be at its fullest activity. Life corresponds to the creature that is to use it; to vegetation, physical life; to animals, health life; to man, mental and spiritual life. Let us, while feeling in our muscles the new thrill that nature offers, use our wills to find and keep the spiritual gift. Let us get into the sunlight of our better selves and stay in it in hope and peace. It will make all things new for us.

STUDENT



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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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New Way Guidebook

My urge is for all men to reach out for the truth, the simple truth, to appeal to the impersonal God in their own natures, to sound the depths of soul-life, to feel the nearness of infinite force and power. Oh, this is the glory and the joy of living — aiming to lead the Spiritual Life. It is the divine in man that keeps his heart warm, his mind clear, and his courage ever ready to serve.

— *Katherine Tingley*

THE conquering of the lower self brings wonderful revelations into the life, in proportion as prejudice, misconceptions, intolerance and selfish desires are left behind. Indeed each day may be a new birth to the aspiring soul. With new ideas, higher aspirations, and grander principles to follow, man can become a real Leader in the great thought-world of life.

— *Katherine Tingley*

"Man, know thyself." How familiar those words are! Try to realize how much there lies within them. Why, those words are the key, so to speak, for the opening of the door into the hall of learning, where each of you and where all humanity can pass through and gain the knowledge that is needed. What is needed is the strength from within, the light that illumines the mind — soul power. . . . — *Katherine Tingley*

THE human soul was formed for growth, and that growth is infinite. The acorn grows into the oak, the child into the philosopher. And at death the soul is not declining, it is as vigorous as ever. Hence, nothing but an infinite standard will measure the growth of the soul. — *Frederick W. Robinson*

THE soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit.

The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not seen or heard, or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception. — *Idyll of the White Lotus*

THE men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came, and so found the truth of the old proverb that "good times and bad times and all times pass over." — *Charles Kingsley*

NEITHER let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right.

— *Carlyle*

THE man who allows Circumstance to be his king is a slave; the man who makes Circumstance to be his slave is, in some sense, a king.

Heard This?

AN imaginative Celt out in Egypt was recounting to a pal how he had fought off an alligator while bathing in the Nile: "What did I do? I did take out my pocket-knife from my trousers pocket and kill him."

"But how could you, Shon? You didn't have your clothes on."

"Oh," said the Welshman, "I do sec, argument it is you do want, is it?"

Waiter, to restaurant guest: How did you find your steak, sir?

Guest, beaming pleasantly upon him: Oh, I just pushed the potato to one side and there it was underneath.

Obituary Notice (man drowned):

Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all his money in the bank the day before, so that he lost practically nothing but his life.

Counsel (to talesman): Have you any knowledge of anything in this world or the world to come?

Talesman: I have not.

Counsel: Do you know enough to come in out of the rain?

Talesman: I do not.

Counsel: If you were standing on a railroad track and an express approached at the speed of 90 miles an hour, would you step out of the way?

Talesman: I would not.

Chorus of Lawyers: Step right into the jury box.

"War is Hell." — *General Sherman*.

Satan, furious: I'll sue Sherman for libel. Hell may be hell, but it isn't modern war by a long chalk.

Thus we see that even Hell can be libeled.

Foreman, who has discovered Mike smoking while moving kegs of powder: Je-ru-salem! Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There was an explosion that blew up a dozen men.

Mike, calmly: That couldn't happen here.

Foreman: Why not?

Mike: 'Cause there's only you and me.

TO BE READ ALOUD

I'LL prove the word that I've made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame,
And that that that thus trebled I may use
And that that that that critics may abuse
May be correct. Farther, the dons to bother.
Five that's may closely follow one another:
For be it known that we may safely write.
Or say, that that that that that man writ was right.
Nay, e'en that that that that that that followed.
Though six repeats the grammar's rule has hallowed.
And that that that that that that that began
Repeated seven times is right! Deny it then who can.

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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A FINE VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA
EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
The splendid open-air organ is seen on the right

How is Your Diary?

A SMALL boy was advised to keep a diary. After a week it was found to run thus:
Monday. Got up. Washed. Went to bed.
Tuesday. Got up. Washed. Went to bed.
And so on, for each day of the week.

In the case of most men, if there were a diary of their whole lives, it would perhaps read:

Was born. Lived along somehow. Died.

There would be no marked alterations of character to record, or of conduct. The only changes would be those wrought by nature through the passing of the years. To

these a man is passive and they are common to all men.

But another set of changes is possible — those wrought by a man on himself through the exercise of his will, active ones.

One can imagine the open gates of death, the crowds passing through, the gatekeeper watching them. He must look with compassion upon the vast majority. They are just what he expected they would be when, a few years before, he had watched them coming through that other gate, the gate of birth.

But he would see that some of the crowd are different, bigger, tenser of fiber, mentally and spiritually more erect than the rest, bearing many marks other than those which nature wrote on them. These, one may think, would be set apart for noble work. There must be responsible duties — under the guidance of divine law — placed in the hands of those who have created themselves over and above their original stature.

Look at the days of your life. Does not each leave you pretty much as the last left you? You "got up, washed, went to bed" — with a few more items.

Why should we not do a bit of building on our own account, with our active wills? Why should we let ourselves be just borne around on the wheel of routine?

A man who would create himself over by his own will must do it by putting his will into doings.

One bit of doing follows another through the day's program? Why not tune them up a little tighter, higher day by day?

You eat, for instance, three times a day. Why have the same old string of futile thoughts running through your mind meal after meal? Why not imagine and will the meal as feeding in you a better body and brain, fuller of life and energy? By that act of will and imagination the mind itself is at the same time re-forming and rebuilding itself. The very highest part of a man may be co-operating with him as he eats — if he so will.

Why not give that extra touch to duties so as to do them a trifle better than you absolutely must? That too, will also tell little by little upon the whole nature.

Why not put a little extra touch of sympathy and kindness into your chat with the man next you, shut your eyes a bit to his failings, and by the same act give a touch of the pruning knife to your own failings?

Why not see to it that your first thought on waking and your last at night is to get into conscious relation with your higher self, get the sense of its presence? Those two moments are the pivots of the day. Make them right and the rest will go well.

Why not refuse entry to the mind of any sense of getting old or useless? This comes only from the body, and if you keep it out of the mind the mind will stay fresh and ready, and the wearing out of the body itself will be long delayed.

Why not cultivate a better walk and carriage, encouraging the body to show at its best? This too will help to keep its health and energies as the years pass.

Why not . . . in short, why not live the whole day better on every plane and in every act, keeping the will alive and on every plane refashioning yourself? There is no difficulty about it; it is pleasant; and the results are too big to tell.

STUDENT

The Postmortem Split

"SEEMS to have the whole program, don't he?"

It was a remark I heard as the men were coming out of the chapel after Sunday morning service. There was always much criticism of the sermon on these occasions. Some of it might have been helpful in various ways to the chaplain, if not necessarily agreeable.

The sermon had been concerned with death and what follows, and the postmortem program had certainly been rather precisely laid out.

"Where did he get it all?" asked another man of the first speaker. "There ain't any way to *know* about that sort of thing, no way-bill that ever I saw."

"Maybe there ain't any way-bill and yet a way to get some idea of the thing," suggested a third speaker. "There's things in our make-up that look to me like pointers. I don't say I was taken into confidence when the whole show was designed. But if there's any kind of reason or plan in it, it ought not to be altogether beyond us to get a sight of that same. Question of opening your eyes and looking, maybe."

"Well, open yours and let us know what you see."

"I see a chance of a split, a split between the part of a man that rules his body and the part that his body rules. A man bosses his appetites; a man is run by his appetites: the same man, I mean, according to circumstances. The line of split runs between.

"Say a man's doing some duty that ought to be finished before he quits. Suddenly his body wants its dinner and runs a message of its want into his mind. He may let himself be run and quit his duty, or he may stick to the duty. The fight is in his mind; he can feel the two things at it hammer and tongs. A split right there: one part takes the side of the body; the other, the side of his duty. That's the split that, as I take it, happens after death. The body-clinging part of the mind stays around; the real man, the higher part of the mind, passes on. There may be much or little of that latter; if he was generally boss of his appetites, there's much; if he was mostly bossed, there's little.

"I can't see but what man comes on earth divine, *child*-divine, to put it that way. But he's got to become *man*-divine, to rub up against matter, the passions of matter, and win out. That's what he's here for. His mind grows and grows. Part of it is seized and bossed by the body, most all of it sometimes, as fast as it grows. Part of it *he* seizes, if he's wise; most all of it in rare cases. That much he's made his own. The other part the body has made *its* own. It's the amount of mind that

a man has made his own, that determines by how much he's grown from child-divine to man-divine. Every fine thought makes some of his mind his; still more every fine deed; still more every victory over his passions, his body's passions. See now where the split comes? Sounds reasonable, don't it? Call his mind *clothing*. Part of it is red and perhaps black; that's the passion part. Part is white and gold; that's the part to take away with him."

"Take it where?" put in the first speaker.

"Where he came from. I ain't got a chart, and I don't see as names do any good. Place where white and gold look natural clothing, I guess. Some fellows must get back there as naked and useless as they came from it, unfit for the *man-divine* jobs that must be waiting on the books there for those that can take 'em, those who took advantage of the chances that this world and this sort of matter was expressly made to give 'em."

"Well, what do you reckon becomes of the red and black, the lower part of the mind left behind after the split?"

"What becomes of the track left behind by a passing ship? Stays for hours on the water, don't it? And every boat that crosses that track gets rocked by the swell of it. Men's thoughts, good and bad, and the scattered bits of their passion-minds, remain behind after *they* pass on, to help or hinder every other mind that crosses their track. A bad thought, or a good thought, is a living thing with a power and length of life according to the strength a man puts into them. A man's cast-off red and black coat goes slowly to pieces after his death when *he's* left it, and the bits blow around.

"As I said, I wasn't consulted, as far as I now remember, when the show was started. But I reckon that if a man will bring his mind under his own control and make it white and gold, he'll find little by little that there ain't anything he can't understand with it. Ignorance ain't permanently on the program."

REPORTER

3

Let it Come

AS I've said before, boys, I don't like the word resignation because it's got a kind of meek hopeless unmanly sigh in it. But I don't know another that will express the particular piece of wisdom I'm now going to illuminate your minds with.

You fellows — and I'm counting myself among you, the real occupant of this chair being the Goddess of Wisdom — you fellows, I say, pass the time between purring and kicking, the latter predominating. Circumstances you don't like you kick at. When they suit you, you purr.

I say, take the things as they come and get on with your work.

By "your work" I mean, wakening up. See a fellow lying in bed late of a morning, half dreaming, fogged and worried with his dreams, heavy and not knowing where he is. In reality it's broad daylight and fine

morning except inside his head, where there's thick fog.

Same with us and what we call life. Except inside our heads it's broad daylight, spiritual daylight. And we move about dreaming, not seeing the sun or the light. The dreams are what we kick and purr at.

But they're real, you say, not dreams.

They're dreams in the sense that they pass. Where's your worry of last week, last year? Or your pleasure? Gone; you've got a new stock today. Anyone who could look back over our lives, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, back to and including a week old, would see us purring and kicking over the then pleasures and worries day along, year along, one after another, just as we are doing today. Only today's are a new set, seeming — as each one always does — more real, more worth kicking or purring at — than any of those in the past.

Now I say that, running along all the years, right over our heads all the time, was an *awake* state, morning and sunshine. And we, fixed, concentrated on the dreams, purring and kicking at them.

Leave alone the purr for the moment and consider the kick, the irritation, fretting, anger. Suppose that we hadn't done any of it. Suppose that we had taken what came along just as it came, kept cheerful, kept intent on the business of awakening to what does *not* pass in a day or a week or a month, to the sunlight overhead, the business of letting that fine daylight *into* our heads: in a word, practising equanimity, resignation, hope and expectancy.

In the first place we'd have been awake by now. In the second place we'd have had wills strong and free enough to create a world.

Why haven't we got such wills now? Don't you know that fretting at what you can't alter is just wasting will in small doses, minute by minute? Will is a self-producing energy and as fast as it is produced we spend it in worry, kicking, fretting. If we now had the back numbers of our will we could hold our minds steady while we compelled them to let in real knowledge, knowledge about what's doing in that awake-world above our heads; we could have made our bodies all over into perfect health; we could make a brotherhood among us this minute so real and so strong that every man would be strong with the strength that was in all the others; we could unite and send out a volume of thought that would change public opinion in a week and make it understand the right and wise way to treat us and the right and wise way to do everything else. And the other publics of other nations would follow suite and there would be *international* brotherhood and a life worth living.

Seems like a big proposition. But it's not overdrawn.

Awakening, then, is our proper work. And it's to be done by thinking about it, imagining it, aiming at it, and by taking less notice of what comes along in the way of pleasant or unpleasant. Let the things come; just live through them. Be resigned; don't try so hard to alter things to your liking. If you do manage to alter

an unpleasant bit of the program into a pleasant, the unpleasant will only show its nose tomorrow all the more because you dodged it today. And the effort to dodge it makes you more sensitive to it.

So I say let's try the game of equanimity, resignation, acceptance of what comes, first for *one minute*. Get the full inwardness of it for one minute. "Now, this one minute, this thing shan't worry me." Then an hour: and so on and so on till we get the habit, the power. And in a year we shan't know ourselves. The very effort will have become pleasant. It will be pleasant to defy a worry and say: "No, my son, nothin' doin'; you can't get in on me." The whole game is pleasant and the reward can't be reckoned. It's learning quickly the lessons that the worries, in a large view, were meant to teach.

Who's for the game? Hand in your names to the Goddess Minerva. Minerva, they used to call her, because she gave you the nerve for anything. REPORTER

Don't Think of It

"HELLO! Jim," I said, "what's the matter now?"
"Been thinking," he answered.

"Thinking! Thinking doesn't make a man look like that."

"Depends on what you think of," he said. "I've been looking back, that's all."

"Back to the time before you got in here, boyhood and young manhood?"

He nodded.

"Jim, what's the good of that?"

"No good; worse than no good. But I get a spell of it now and then. Comes all over me, memories and memories. Seems as if I'd go mad with longing to be back in those days, and then mad with longing to be out of here — hours of it awake and then more hours of it asleep. I wish I was dead."

"You're a bit fooled, I think, by the way time has of gilding things. Any part of our past looks pleasant if it's only far enough away."

"Prison days, for instance," he sneered.

"Well," I answered, "I met a man once who'd been out ten years, time enough for a little of that gilding. 'Do you know,' he said, 'that jail spell of mine wasn't so bad after all, as I look back at it. 'Twas peaceful. There was time to read and think. And there were a lot of decent fellows among the crowd. Perhaps there was a bit to put up with now and then, but I don't believe there was any more than there is out here.'"

"If you could really look back to your past and see it without the guilt, maybe you'd find you weren't any happier then than now. Just as we grown-ups do, boys have their black mornings and black days and disappointments and fears and anger and quarrels. They

can no more get all they want than we can. But in time all this sort of thing generally drops out of memory and leaves only the pleasant. 'Tisn't playing a square deal to contrast the pleasant things of the past with the unpleasant thing of the present."

"There ain't any *but* unpleasant ones."

"That's as you now look at it. Tomorrow or some other time you'll be thinking, 'Well, 'tisn't so dead bad in here after all.'"

"I used to have the same spells as you, the looking back business and all the rest of it. But I saw it wasn't doing any good, to say the least of it, and I kicked at last, invented a prescription that I've been taking now for a long time. It's not only a complete cure but it's a lot more beside. Feel like giving it a show for a month?"

"Pay it out."

"It's simple enough but it leads a long way; I can't just see how far, myself, yet."

"Thinking of a thing is what starts up desire for it. The more the thinking, the worse the longing, and the longing paralyses the mind and the man. It pulls him away from his own light, his possibilities of growing to be something. All the power that's in the longing belongs of right to him, not to it. Don't let any of those thoughts and memories of the past in on you for a moment. Practise turning the mind right on to something else, a book, study, a chat, a bit of work, learning a bit of anything by heart — don't matter what. Only cut out any thought that leads to a desire for anything you can't get or anywhere you can't be. It's a bit of a fight at first, for the longing wants to be allowed to long, the desire wants to roam around and chafe and irritate you. But keep the game going for a month: boss it. Live right in the present, in the thought that you're growing toward your real self that you don't know much about yet because it's always been tethered down by these things — in you and everybody else."

"This is what I call *calling in your forces*. When a fellow does this, calls in his power, takes it away from the desires to do or have something or go somewhere, and keeps up the game, he begins to get the first glimpse of what's going on in his inner nature all the time. He fills up with new life and a new kind of manhood, a new set of thoughts, a new peace and happiness. He stands up better and gets his eyes brighter. Outer things bother him less and less. He gets a new self-respect and begins to understand what he was meant for and what he can grow to. I tell you the game's worth trying. No fellow can imagine till he does try it what it opens up to. Give it the month and we'll swap notes at the end. There's two minds in every man and this is the way to get at the other where everything that's any real good in us lies hidden."

"And that's why I'm kind of thankful, sometimes, for having got myself shut in here." REPORTER

Awakening

THERE are two kinds of awakening, said an old Chinese thinker. The one, nature does for us; the other we must do for ourselves. And few are they that do it.

Along the line of each parent comes a stream of heredity for the make-up of the child. In one thing the child resembles its mother; in another its father. And in some ways it may take after aunts, uncles and grandparents.

good his own special character and powers against the great weight of his heredity. The average man hardly pushes it aside at all.

But when he does and comes out as himself, little by little as the years of childhood pass on to manhood—that is the *first* "awakening." We may say it almost comes of itself, or at the hands of nature.

The *second* "awakening," when it is achieved at all, is a much greater affair. It is only done by consciously applied will and work and thought. It comes when a man recognizes what he is against the resistance of all those tendencies which hold him to the common level. Standing back from them all, he asks himself: "Who and what am I?" While pleasures attract him and pains depress him he always keeps up his question. No outer circumstances, however comfortless or restrictive, can hold him from his search into himself.

A man's second "awakening" is to know himself as he was before he came to birth at all, before he touched animal and physical life. It can be and is today achieved, here and there, by the few, though they can say little about it because words are only fit to express the deeds and thoughts and feelings of common life. Music and poetry can do something to express this new state of awakesness, but a man who is neither musician nor poet can get it, and then almost his only outward expression of it must be in his life and in that indescribable something that radiates from his mere presence. It is the birth of the Christos Spirit. But this Spirit is a man's

true self, that was and that shall be always, whose future has no limits. The birth is awakening. The man has seen himself as what he really is, the Spirit who comes to the life of flesh, that in the flesh forgets its own nature, that recovers with the years a little of its own nature, and that in this awakening recovers it altogether.

The way lies through the repeated question: "What am I?" through recognition of the body with its wishes, pleasures, pains, as a garment of "I"; and, through that recognition, in a gradual conquest of the tendencies that hold us all back.

The sense of freedom from these, of power to grow; the sense of *light* in heart and brain; surety of immortal life passing always on to new heights; and a great



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"LAYING DOWN THE LAW"
From the painting by Landseer

But very soon we may notice it developing an individuality of its own, mental ways or tastes that do not "take after" anyone. They may be very slight, or so exceedingly marked as in a few years to drown out any sort of resemblance to anyone else in the past or present of the family. Thus for instance, a great genius may appear suddenly amid a group of utterly commonplace people.

Modern science talks much about heredity. It does not like to admit that we *bring our characters with us* and may gradually strike out our own line between the lines of heredity. For then it would have to ask where we came from, and it has no means of answering that. Moreover it is not every man that *can* succeed in making

friendship and compassion for all that lives — these are the marks by which a man may know he is awakening and for which he should strive. STUDENT

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The Man Behind the Mind

A TALK IN THE YARD

“TALKING to yourself?” Yes, that’s one way of putting it. It’s a right way, too, inasmuch as it recognizes that there are two concerned in the business. But who are the two? If you’re talking, who’s listening? If you’re listening, who’s talking?

“Oh, if I could only stop my mind!” said a man to me once. “It thinks the most infernal thoughts, thinks, thinks, till I am nearly mad.”

Poor fellow! He did go mad for a while, but he is all right now, got a bit and curb-rein on his mind.

But he wasn’t talking to himself. He put the thing the right way round when he said his mind talked to him and he did the listening.

I was going to say it’s a trick we all have. What I mean is that it’s a trick of the mind we’re all victims of. It’s only in some people, and now and then, that the trick becomes actual agony as in the case I mentioned. In its ordinary forms it seems to us quite a proper activity. Thinking, we call it. *Being thought, being played on*, might be a better expression. Some men let the thoughts out aloud and listen to them with their physical ears.

The mind keeps up its scamper every minute of the waking day and then on into dream-time. It may choose to turn up pleasant thoughts, or it may in its wanderings scare up very painful ones, memories mostly. Often the brain gets hot at them, and sleep or reading becomes impossible. Even when a man really does take hold of his mind and force it to think of what he wants to think of, it makes incessant jerks on its own account to subjects that have nothing to do with the matter in hand.

Every man in here wants to get out. Some make themselves well-nigh sick with that. Can’t do anything or think of anything else.

All that is pain and doesn’t hasten our getting out by an hour. Why shouldn’t we boss the mind and refuse that thought any entry, purely in the interests of our own peace? Just a fortnight’s refusal to dwell on that thought or let it in, and the trick’s done. So far as that business is concerned, we have peace. Why shouldn’t we take the same way with a lot of other desires that can’t be realized and memories that are painful and unpleasant? Deny them right of way for a while and they get tired of coming. We not only lose nothing but gain much.

We can help this great business of mind-bossing in another way. A plan that I have found very good is to take at night some fine book full of the best stuff and learn a little of it by heart. I repeat what I have learned before and then add some new, just a few lines. Sometimes there’s things in THE NEW WAY that will do for

that. Once I learned some poetry of Longfellow’s and some of Tennyson’s. Gradually a fellow gets on to his mind’s trick of wandering off the line, especially when he’s repeating stuff to himself.

Then comes a question: When a man’s got his mind well in order, who is *he* that does the bossing?

I can’t altogether answer that. But I’m beginning to find out that the man behind the mind is much more’n he seems. He’s a part of the very spirit of things, a light, full of joy and hope and peace — an immortal spirit, they say, and I think they’re right.

Now boys, you’re on to the game as much as I am. Let’s stop being led by the nose by our own minds. Till we’ve done that we can’t look in and ask, each of us, who *I* am. Let’s try this business and see what we get. Six months ought to show something. Any volunteers?

REPORTER

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The Two Lives

“I WAS carried right out of myself by the music: forgot my troubles, forgot everything but what I was listening to.”

“Altogether?”

“Well, not altogether; there was a kind of gnaw in the back of my mind so that I knew that when I got back to myself again there were the old things to face.”

“As if you had two minds, one in the music and one in the world below, here where the troubles are?”

“Yes, that’s about it.”

“That must be like being born.”

“How do you mean?”

“I mean the coming back into the troubles and so on, into the world of the body. I used to wonder what they meant when they told me I was a soul. There didn’t seem to be any marks of soul about me that ever I could notice.

“As a man wakes up in the morning he begins to get a feel of his body, whether it is warm or cold, comfortable or uncomfortable. Then he comes to himself and finds all the ordinary thoughts and memories waiting for him. There is perhaps his rheumatism, his work and all the rest of it as usual. Where did he come *from*?”

“Didn’t come from anywhere, just woke.”

“It seems to me that it was his body and brain that woke and called him (from wherever he was) to come and mix himself up with them as usual. Where he was, was where you had just got one foot inside of when you were listening to the music. You had only just got one foot, because, the body being awake, you were tied to it by the other foot. If you had been asleep the other foot would have been free too.”

“But if that is so, why, when a man wakes, don’t he remember where he was when his body and brain were asleep? I remembered the music when I got back again among my troubles.”

“What do you reckon the brain is for?”

“To think with and remember with, I suppose.”

"Imagine a man thinking very fast, and thinking very fine thoughts, and that as he thought along, his hand made quick notes on a writing pad, so that he should not forget the steps of his thought. But suppose the paper was greasy so that without knowing it he was not really making any marks at all.

"Same way with sleep. The writing tablet, the brain, is hardly taking any marks. Many men come to their bodies in the morning — that is, wake — with the sense of having been living some sort of great life; but there's no record, and so that vague sense is all they have. Most of us do not have even as much as that; we get drowned in the whirl and world of body at once.

"And so, as I take it, with being born. The mind has to let go its spiritual life and give all its attention to the new body-life just beginning for it."

"Are there no means of waking up to the other life without letting go of this one — I mean, know of it just as I now know of this one?"

"There surely are. If a man will think all this out, and then try, and keep trying, he will soon begin to find his way, find what he really is. The soul is always in the higher world. As soon as the mind refuses to let itself be bossed and run all day long by the body, it wakes up to knowledge of the soul, the constant presence of the soul, and yet remains awake to this other life of ordinary duties. Only, after that awakening, everything in this ordinary life looks different, not *ordinary* any more. For he knows the meaning and reason of it. And then he is happy once and for all." STUDENT

Today

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SURE, this world is full of trouble —
I ain't said it ain't.

Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.

Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;

Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road — but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?

What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?

Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,

Life it ain't no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine —
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago,

Havin' losin', takin', givin'.
As time wills it so.

Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;

It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain — but, say,
Aint it fine today! — *Selected*

Forget It

FORGET it, my dear boy, forget it,
That's the very best thing you can do;
It will do no good to remember

All the mean things that's said about you.
This life is too short to "get even"
For every mean act that you know;
So forget it, my boy, forget it,
Forget it and just let it go.

Forget it, my dear boy, forget it,
For you see every knock is a lie.
Be decent and never repeat,
Just forget it and let it pass by.
You may think that the story is funny,
But to tell it you've nothing to gain,
So if it's a knock, just forget it,
And never repeat it again.

Forget it, my dear boy, forget it,
For knocking's a mighty poor game.
It never made one fellow happy,
But causes much sorrow and pain.
When you chance to hear some fellow
knocking,
If he's knocking a friend or a foe,
I want to impress this upon you,
Forget it and just let it go.

Some say that a knock is a boost, boy,
Forget it, for it is not so.
A boost is a boost and a knock is a knock,
It's the same wherever you go:
So when you hear somebody knocking,
Let them know their knock is in vain,
And as soon as you hear it, forget it,
And never repeat it again.

Many good men have been ruined,
And many good, pure women, too,
By some knocker starting a rumor
And not a word of it true.
So if you hear some fellow knocking
A man or a woman's good name,
You can bet it's a lie, so forget it.
And never repeat it again. — *Selected*

THEY brought a wounded British soldier back from the front, and somebody asked him to describe the battle.

"Well," said the Tommy, "it's like this: First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise and then the nurse says: 'Try and drink a little of this 'ere.'"

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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The New Way Guide-Book

THE moment of awakening gives us the greatest chance of the day, the chiefest moment of choice. What to do with it? You must pack it with some kind of thought. There is thought that concerns your personal self, fears, memories, longings; you can put that sort of thing into your moment, let it fill up with that. Or you can seize upon your awakening consciousness and think beauty, peace, good will towards men into it. The moments call their own to succeed them, and with these, good or bad, the day is filled and colored. We may turn the tide of our lives at any time; we need not have the bother we do with the forces of darkness and evil and pain; we are of a superior order of being, above them. We can find divinity within ourselves and the means of making our lives divine and full of peace and joy and growing knowledge.—*The Path*

ONE of the chief causes of unhappiness in a group of men (or women) who have to live together, is their constant criticism of one another. They are compelled to see each other's failings, smallnesses, external peculiarities and unpleasantnesses.

But why let these things stand in the mind and come to utterance in speech? A man who cannot understand that he is *giving himself* nothing but pain and discomfort by this, should try for one day, and then for one week, and then right on, to keep his heart in a state of good-feeling and well-wishing for others, and to let this shine out of his eyes in every direction and upon whomever he looks at. By the end of a week the mind will be able to see *some* good, *something* pleasant in the most unpleasant of personalities. It will have unloaded most of its troubles and fears, and dissipated most of its shadows. It will therefore have begun to be happy. It will have begun to understand the *next* step to be taken towards true growth and the unfolding of latent possibilities. In a little time one or two others, and then again one or two, will be infected to try the same thing. Good mental health, got in this way, is very infectious, and the faster the infection spreads the better the health of the original source.

Without saying a word about it to anybody just get to work and be yourself that source.

—*The Book of Beginnings*

OTHERS are affected by what I am and say and do. And these others have also their sphere of influence. So that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation of humanity.—*W. E. Channing*

I HAVE always found the less we speak of our intentions the more chance there is of our realizing them.

—*John Ruskin*

CAST forth thy act, thy word, into the everlasting, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die.—*Thomas Carlyle*

Heard This?

Corporal, after engagement: Jones, come here.
Private Jones: I can't sir; I've got a prisoner.
Corporal: Well, bring him along.
Jones: He won't come, sir.
Corporal: Well, come without him.
Jones: But he won't let me.

A Scottish minister, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch.

"Where hac you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was it was a most extraordinary success."

A missionary was returning from Patagonia with some old skulls and other bones which he had collected as curiosities. Being required to pay duty on them as "animal bones" he protested. The central authority wired back to the customs officer: *Pass free as imported worn clothing.*

Young college man, entering sitting-room: Mother, I've brought home my friend Mr. Hugglebumm to supper with me; let me introduce him.

Mother (slightly deaf): What name did you say, my son?

College man: Hugglebumm, mother.

Mother, hand to ear: I'm afraid I did not catch it, my son; your friend must excuse me.

College man, shouting: *Hugglebumm!*

Mother: It's no use; it sounds just like Hugglebumm.

Auntie: Well, Ethel, and were you very brave at the dentist's?

Ethel: Yes, indeed, Auntie.

Auntie: And what did the dentist do to you?

Ethel: He pulled out two of Willie's teeth.

Uncle, grinning: Reminds me of the man who complained of having rheumatism in his brother.

The young author was reading his play. One of the company went to sleep. The young author demanded that he should be waked, saying that he wanted the opinion of all. The sleeper, having had this explained to him, said: Sleep is an opinion.

Crossing the Atlantic on his way back from Europe Mark Twain made the acquaintance of one of the passengers, Lamond, the famous pianist, and the two became very friendly. Lamond asked for a note of introduction to some of Mark Twain's friends in the Eastern states, where he proposed to tour. Mark agreed at once and wrote this:

Mr. Lamond can play the piano better than any member of our family, but his complexion is not as good as mine.

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

No seed but ripens into grain,
No deed but harvests joy or pain.

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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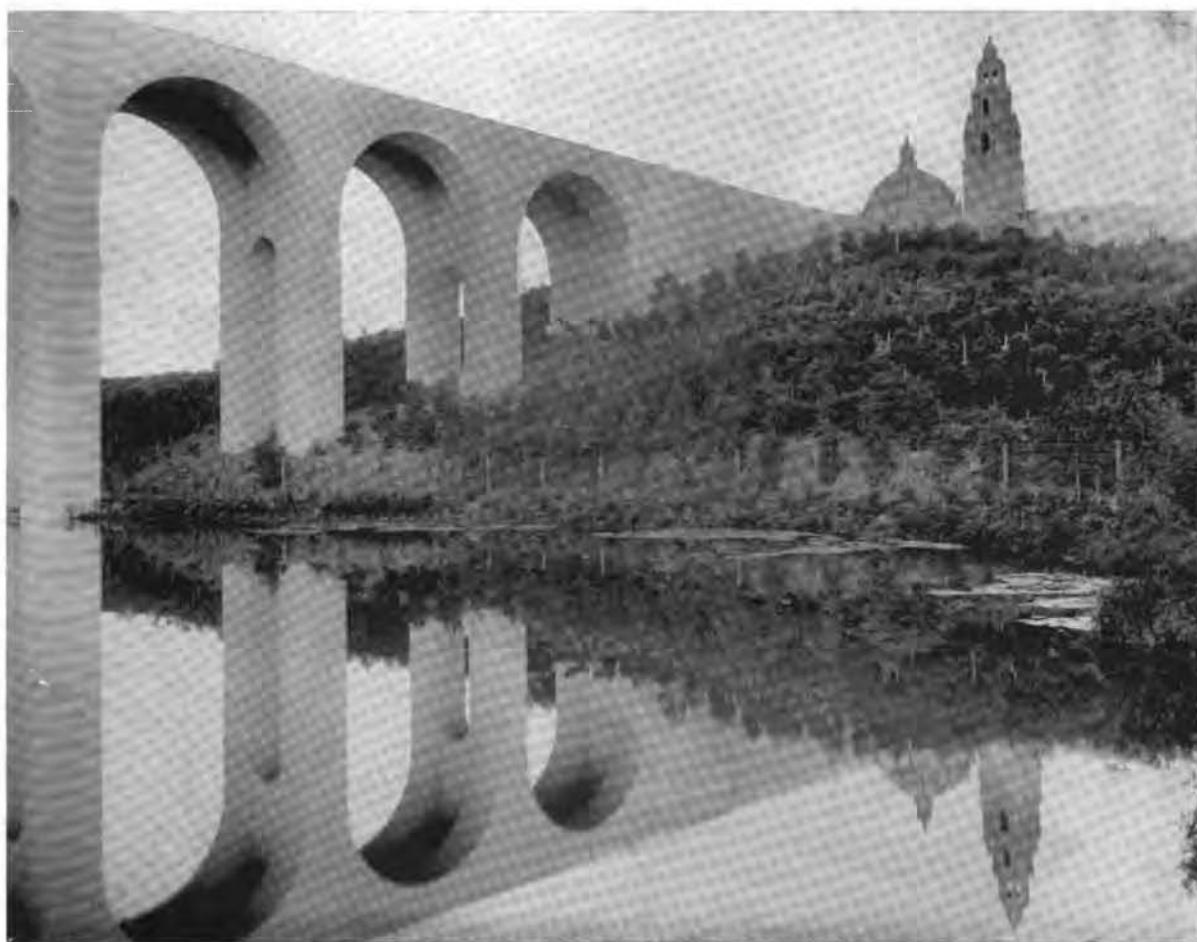
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VIEW OF THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
THE LAGUNA CABRILLO

The War and After

NO man should think he is unaffected by the present war or that he has no duties with regard to it.

This is a neutral nation, but our pockets, our trade, are almost as deeply touched as if we were one

of the combatants. That much we know; but that our minds are still more deeply involved there are few who realize.

Apart from the wild battlefields and the millions thereon engaged, the consciousness of several of the

great nations in their entirety is strung tense with anxiety, preoccupied with alternating hope, fear, triumph, and grief.

Can anyone suppose, once he puts the question carefully to himself, that even if there were no open communication, no wires, no post, no verbal news at all, our minds could be untouched by this tension, this passion, this sorrow, of so many million other minds? An earthquake of a minute's duration shakes the entire crust of the earth and can be registered on a recorder anywhere. Can a *mental* earthquake, an earthquake of mind and emotion, enduring for months, leave any minds anywhere on earth unaffected?

Surely the question answers itself.

But some day, months or years hence, the conflict will have spent itself. And after the storm will be a calm, saddened, unjoyous at first, a mere utter relaxation of tension. Yet because of the fierce chastening, the minds of all peoples will have become ready for the acceptance of a new idea if one is offered; if ready to sink into a great despair, ready also to rise to a great hope: despair if the evil ways of the past seem the only ways for the future; hope if the promise of a new way is shown them.

There is a new way. It opens from the moment each nation takes it for the ideal of its policy that the others shall have cause to *trust* it, when each comes to know that it may trust the rest because they have that ideal. Then the old order will have passed and a new life for humanity will have begun. The wounds will heal; there will be new health and joy. The load lifted, the tension gone, all men's minds will spring to a new activity. There will be a new music, new poetry, literature and science. All awaits but the touch of brotherhood.

Let us take our thoughts, then, somewhat from the daily changing fire and blood map of the war, restrain them from all hostile feeling this way or that, and daily send out our hope for the new time at hand, our vision of its peace, its joy, its co-operation of nation with nation, its promise. *That* thought-wave too, will be felt; to it all of us, the humblest on equal terms with any, may contribute. And when the vast storm is over, all that we have thought and pictured and willed will do its work in the spent minds of the suffering peoples.

So mote it be! May the men of every prison in the land, men who are men like those outside — and something more than that in the proportion of their suffering — lend their strong service in this hidden work for humanity's future.

STUDENT

That Tired Feeling

"I ALWAYS feel rotten in the morning."

Most people think that a normal and unavoidable state of affairs. They are satisfied if after a cup of coffee or an hour's work their feelings clear up.

Now this feeling, occurring day after day, means a

step day after day towards the worn-outness of old age. We cannot stop the flow of years, but if we could prevent this feeling we should prevent the years from wearing us out at anything like the rate they do. In other words we could put off old age to a relatively distant date and make it a very different affair from what it usually is. It is not so much during the day as at *night* that we wear out or grow old, body and mind. As far as the body is concerned the case is this:

When a muscle or nerve is at work it forms within itself certain acid chemical matters which are in the nature of waste or rust, and are not only clogging to the machinery but poisonous. But inasmuch as the muscle or nerve is at work, these matters are mostly squeezed out of it into the blood-stream and carried to the kidneys, skin and liver in order to be turned out of the body. This process goes on all day.

But in the evening when we quiet off and stop work the squeezing out largely ceases and some of the waste-poisons remain in both muscles and nerves, soaking in, as it were, deeper and deeper through the hours of the night. It is this, repeated day after day, year after year, that gradually wears the body out. This is also why, in the first of the morning, so many people feel older and more worn, than they do an hour or so later. For as they begin using muscles and nerves again, the accumulated poisons are mostly squeezed out and the body is freed.

But in the first place, unless a proper amount of muscular work is done — and many people take none at all or almost none — they are not entirely squeezed out; and in the second place all the muscles and nerves and organs have been permanently (though of course very slightly) hurt by the presence of the detrimental matters in them for so many hours.

A remedy for this will perhaps suggest itself at once. Squeeze the poisons out. Rub the body all over with the hands for some minutes, deeply and firmly, before going to bed. Your feeling the following morning will show you the value of what has been done. *That* night at least, the body was materially helped not to take its customary step towards worn-outness. Do the thing regularly and the steps will be made far smaller. You will begin to regain a vigor that you perhaps had thought was gone for good.

But we can help in another way. By studying the ways of the body we can often get hints about the ways of the mind, and a treatment directed to help the one will often suggest a treatment for the other.

By the end of its day's work the mind too has accumulated a lot of matters that should be got rid of. As we know to our cost it is never for an instant still. Besides proper thought about subjects we want to think of and that ought to be thought of, besides the thought necessary for the right doing of our duties, it also develops a swarm of little side-thoughts, chatterings to itself. There are passing shadows of worry, touches of

painful memory, little desires, flashes of irritation and resentment, and perhaps downright attacks of anger, grief or despair.

By evening it is full of the sediment of all this, the refuse, the after-echoes; sometimes enough to occupy all our attention, just as the ache of an over-tired muscle or nerve will.

And just as in the case of the muscle and nerve poisons, this mind refuse goes on soaking in during the night, perhaps producing dreams, perhaps not definite enough for that. Can we not read, in the faces of some men the first thing in the morning, what state their minds are in? And in the same way as with the body poisons, the first hour or two of work, thought and chat with others may mostly clear up the situation.

But it is this that makes the mind grow old with the years — stiff, tired.

That was never the plan of nature. If we lived rightly, the stiffening of the muscles in age, and the dimming of the senses, would not bring about stiffening and dimming of the mind. A little more and more detached from the outer world and from outer activity, the mind would, just because of that, enter into a clearer light of understanding, a deeper wisdom and peace, and in that light and peace pass on unaffected through the gateway of death, leaving the body behind it.

How important, then, to squeeze the mind clear from poisons every night and try to reach that light and peace before we sleep! It is very easy. Stop all that mulling over what has happened during the day, that thinking over what has passed or may come. Stop it if only for the last few minutes and try to feel the peace and light of your own protecting Over-self in you and about you. After a few weeks' practice a moment's effort will bring you this consciousness. The effect will continue during the days and you will have begun to enter a new life. Your face and walk and words will show what you have found, and you will be able to guide others upon the sunlit and ever-rising way you are treading. It is indeed *The New Way*, regenerating both mind and body.

STUDENT

Climbing Back

"IT'S very easy to get away from your base. It's the getting back that makes the trouble."

"Meaning —?"

"I mean that's the fix we're all in, all men."

"We're in a fix, certainly; but where's the lost base?"

"Ever see a book called — if I remember right — *The Garden of Eden*, or some such title?"

"Read about the Garden of Eden when I was a kid at Sunday school."

"Well, every race on earth has a tradition that some time, way back in the past, men lived in a state or place of which that is one of the names. A *state*, I guess, state of mind or soul; but may have been a place too.

They were in touch with nature, heard the music of living things as they grew, felt and understood the life of things and the purpose and meaning of the divine essence that works out into the life of things. General harmony, in fact, all round, between man and nature and man and man. And general happiness in consequence. That's a universal tradition, and in my judgment it overthrows the scientific position."

"How so?"

"Well, science says that we grew up out of animals and that the keynote of animal and early man-brute life was everlasting fighting, strongest surviving. But if that is really so, how did men everywhere get that tradition — a sort of memory — that in the beginning of human life there was peace and happiness, the Golden Age? Looking back, the only memory would be of blood and fighting, the only possible idea of life for people that had never known any other state. But the case is the opposite. Consequently I say there must be a flaw in the scientific picture somewhere and that the fighting and bloodshed must have come in after the beginning, after the Golden Age. So we've got off our base."

"How did we get off?"

"Study the kind of fix we're in. The mind has run away with us, the everlasting stream of thoughts and worries and desires and imaginings and general bedevilements that occupy our whole attention from waking to sleep. We've got no attention left to give to any place inside our make-up where the Garden of Eden state, or Golden Age state, *may yet be* in all its harmony. The mind's run away with us, in fact, and we're shut out. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you' may mean just that, in my view. To find it we've got to practise mind-silence in odd moments, and giving attention to what seems like *nothing*. A man's thoughts are in words, of course, spoken soundlessly to himself: can't think — any ordinary kind of thinking, anyhow — without words. Consequently the trick is to get the power of silence to oneself, self-silence, and a kind of listening into that silence, feeling into it, for the influence of the Garden of Eden, an influence which is still there if we could stop that mind chatter. It's like listening inside you for music that hasn't yet come. . . . Where do you love your mother?"

"What in thunder do you mean?"

"Well, you don't love her in your *head*, do you. In your head you think. You love your mother in your *heart*. I guess the Garden of Eden is yet in men's hearts, where they love. For when they were in the state of Garden of Eden they loved everything, nature, birds, animals, the all-present Life working intelligently in everything, one another, and the whole earth that was their home. And as you understand your mother's nature with your heart, her real mother-nature as mother, I mean, so these early men understood all that was around them, understood it from inside. *Our* kind of understanding of things is just with the *brain*. A

man really understands the music he hears, as music, I mean, in some other way than with his brain, don't he? His brain will only tell him what the notes and chords are, how they resolve, what the key is, and how many vibrations per second go to each note of the scale. Very useful, but that isn't understanding the *music* in the sense of feeling it as music. That suggests the way we've got to get back to the understanding of what's yet in our hearts. To which end we've got the hard work of acquiring the power to stop the mind-chatter and listen within us for a spiritual music that's behind it. When a man thinks everything is all still at night, dead silence, he'll soon find, when he really listens, that there's ten thousand sorts of fine sounds all over the fields and all through the night air. That's the idea. And I for one am after the Garden of Eden again, way back to where we started. I'm thankful, that way, for the peace of a quiet empty cell and four bare walls to get to at night. It's the *compensation*. There's always compensation in full of *some* sort for the worst surroundings and happenings a fellow has to face. That's a big law of life, I tell you. Good luck!" REPORTER

Spiritual Physiology

I HAD a dream which may perhaps contain a little truth. Judge for yourself.

I had fallen asleep while reading a book on physiology. The body, I had learned, is composed of myriads of little specks of living matter, called cells. They are, of course, closely fastened — glued, so to speak — together, and co-operate for general purposes, the purposes of *our* life. But each is, notwithstanding, a liver of its *own* little life, feeding itself out of the bloodstream, and so on.

It must have been about here that I dropped off. The first thing I knew, I could look inside my body. It was brilliantly lighted up within, instead of being all dark.

Then I saw that the light came from all the cells. Every one of the millions of them was a little point of live flashing light. It was like a dense swarm of glow-worms or fixed fire-flies. That is, most of them were fixed, each in its place, though very active and busy there. But all through them, among them, in and out, ran streams of other cells, points of living light also; evidently, as I now understand, the blood. Blood consists of countless *flowing* cells, not fixed to one site like the others.

I saw, somehow, that each cell was a little conscious mind with a little spark of memory and will and judgment. Not mind and consciousness, of course, like the *human* mind and consciousness, which dwells amid and uses all these little ones, your mind and mine — but yet a real little mind, each of them, enough for it to do its work with.

Presently I came to know something more. These little creatures were sensitive to my mental condition,

their glow-lights changing, getting brighter or dimmer, according to the quality of my thought. For it was part of my dream that whilst I could watch all that went on in the vast and populous and interiorly luminous city of my body, my ordinary current of thoughts also ran on.

It was to this current that the little citizens were sensitive and responsive. When my thought was bright and hopeful and friendly their light glowed accordingly and took on a more marked golden tinge. When my thought was anxious or depressed or unfriendly, the pulses of light died down here and there, turned dull red, or even in some spots went out altogether.

The dream did not last long, perhaps not more than a minute; and I awoke to my book. But I somehow understood more than was in any physiology book I ever saw. I understood this, among other things:

That when we are in any mood of thought, the little lives of the body do take over that mood into themselves and are encouraged or hindered by it in their work for us. (All their work is, of course for us as much as for themselves.) If they have to do all their work poorly and their light is dim, we call it *our* ill-health. If our mood is always such as to encourage their lights to be bright, our health betters and betters towards perfection. A harsh thought is actually registered in this way in our own bodies, and a succession of them reappear in time as lowered health of some sort. If our bodies are sensitive to our minds, our minds are likewise sensitive to our bodies. We find in our present bodily health the results of the mind-moods of years. And we experience, in fits of apparently causeless mental depression, the effect on the mind of bodily conditions which perhaps forgotten harsh and unfriendly thought brought about. The mind pays into the body, and in due time the body will pay back into the mind.

Let us therefore, if for this reason only, think friendly thoughts, thoughts that are heart-warmed, and do kindly deeds. Let us have faith that in proportion as by faith we give the compassionate Divine Law its chance to work in our minds and lives it will sustain, illuminate, and safeguard us; and in that faith have peace and joy.

STUDENT

The Two Worlds

I WAS moving as in a dream that day, a dream that made the outer world and my work therein half unreal. There are always two lines of thought in man, though they do not usually touch and he is usually himself in only one of them at a time, knowing nothing of the other. Dreams are sometimes the line where they do touch, and so dreams may contain and mix up fragments and bits of scenes from both.

I had dreamed that I was moving swiftly over all the field of human life, responsive to the thoughts and feelings of men everywhere. As each thought met and touched me I responded to it. It seemed as though I

was being sent about by some great compassionate Power to do this. When I met a thrill of pain and trouble I followed it till I came to the man or woman from whose heart it went forth, and touched them with some of the compassion given me that I might relieve it. But they saw not whence the touch of relief had come. I gave a ray of hope, a gleam of faith that somehow in all the trouble it was well and that a new day would come. When I felt that some earnest soul was at work for the help and uplift of humanity I touched that soul with new strength from the store that was mine. I softened anger and hatred. I brought the thought of peace between men and nations. I assuaged here and there the thirst for revenge and the thirst for gold and for honor and position.

sinning and pain-struck human minds and hearts. In this work he will find an ever-growing joy and certainty that will enrich his life a thousandfold with a wealth that neither sickness nor death can take away.

STUDENT

The Mills Grind Slowly, But . . .

"WELL pleased am I with the race of men," said Jupiter. "Behold, not one of them sins or swerves by so much as the breadth of a hair from the right path."

And the bright god Mercury laughed. "By what dost thou judge?" he said. "Dost thou know their hearts? Hast thou tested them?"

"What test wouldst thou that I make?" asked Jupiter.

Mercury laughed again. "Virtuous indeed are they," he said, "in act and in outward seeming. For hast thou not ordained that if they swerve by so much as a hair's breadth from the path of right, punishment falls at once upon them? Dost thou know for a surety that they are not thus virtuous merely from fear? Wilt thou that I go amongst them and test them, some few here and there, that thou mayest see?"

"Do as thou wilt," said the Mighty One.

"Watch now, O Father," returned the bright God.

And so Mercury went down amongst men and dwelt with some few whom he selected because their conduct was most perfect. By his magic art he removed from their minds and memories not only all fear

of punishment but well-nigh the least thought of it. Detection one by another, and exposure of their deeds, they considered no more.

Some now remained even as before, white and perfect in their lives, for they wholly loved right. But the most part, feeling a new license, fell and sinned grievously.

And Mercury returned and told all that had happened and said: "O Father, thou hadst never known which of that race of mortals were worthy to become immortal by reason that they loved right and willed right. There were many unseen seeds of evil that mere fear held from sprouting because of punishment following instant and sure upon evil deed. Alter now thy law. Ordain that the consequences of evil deeds come not always at once, but often only after much time. Then those whose heart is evil will think little of them and do even as they list. And the seeds of evil in men will grow and



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING

Thus I went over the wide field of thought, of feeling, of mind, filled with the light that was given me by the unknown compassionate Power that I served, and, as it seemed, clothed myself in that same golden light.

This was my dream, and though I had waked and was in the common world and about my daily tasks, the dream persisted so that I lived as in two worlds at once, at work in each.

I have called it a dream. Was it? Or was it reality—as real as this world here and these tasks?

Never since that day have I been wholly severed from that dream. Never since have I thought that this outer world of work and things was the only world.

Man's task, now I know, is to blend the two, to find himself at once as noble doer of all duties here in the realities of matter, and, within, as ministrator of the light and compassion of that everlastingly beneficent Power that needs human aid for its work on darkened,

become manifest to them. And at the time of the long deferred pain and punishment they will turn upon themselves and understand as now they cannot, and will utterly root out the evil and find the underlying love of good which is in them all. But till they have room of choice in freedom this cannot be."

And since that time it is even so. The consequences of evil deeds, being often long deferred, dwell but little in men's thoughts and so they act as they will, thinking that retribution may even never come.

But the consequences await them upon their path, quite surely, and then they look back and learn the meaning of their pain and see the threads that led to it. Thus they advance slowly towards wisdom and clean-heartedness, and so to peace and joy, some finding the way sooner, some later, but all to find it sometime. STUDENT

Will-Culture

A Paper Read at a Prison Debating Society

WE had last week an excellent paper on self-improvement. Various lines of study were recommended to us which would without doubt do much to broaden our minds.

But as the speaker went on I got to considering his title—*self-improvement*: and I wondered whether that was the same as *mind-improvement*. We own a *will* as well as a *mind*, and it may be that *will-improvement* would be at least as beneficial to us as *mind-improvement* and just as much entitled to be regarded as *self-improvement*.

Study does, of course, strengthen the will; but only when the study is persisted in against fits of disinclination, not merely when it happens to be pleasant. But there are other ways of will-culture, open to men who have not a leisure moment to give to study of anything—except themselves. What the will can do when thoroughly aroused and trained: there is not one of us so much as guesses. And I suspect that will-growth is one of the ends for which we came into life on earth. If that is so, then the circumstances of life must be such as to give us just the right opportunity.

And they surely are. Everyone will agree that there is an endless succession of small worries and irritations that we have to face, in here. Maybe they are not more than outside, but we notice them more. They consume a lot of our mind-energy in fretting at them; and they consume a lot of our mind-time in devising ways to side-step or get rid of them. Some men consume nearly all their time and energy in this way and in talking with each other about the little grievances; can't or don't put their minds on anything else. Consequently their minds don't develop and don't amount to anything; and their wills, never used in controlling their thoughts, moods and feelings, likewise amount to nothing and never grow.

There is not a man either here or outside but knows

that when in the past he got rid of one little nuisance another was there ready to step into its place, and that when he gets rid of the present one a successor will be promptly on hand within a week.

What's the use, then? Why don't we take hold of the other end of the stick? I don't say, *submit* to them; a man "submits" to things with a kind of whine in his mind. I say, treat them as opportunity for some will-work. Let them come along just as they will—using common sense, of course; don't fret at them; don't spend a lot of fretting thought how you can alter them. Some will be there anyhow; may as well have this lot as the next. There won't be both lots; that, according to my experience, is sure.

Now the will is at work and growing. You stand serene and self-controlled as each little worry comes along and gives you its little pinch, or perches alongside of you and keeps up the pinch as a steady feature of the scenery. The more it pinches the more you tune up your will to meet it. It will quit as soon as it finds it can't phase you—but never permanently quit while it can.

But when you have won out and held your serenity all through you've not only conquered this one but all others of the same size. You've got bigger than that entire family.

The little nuisances and irritations come of course in the main from another man or some other men, whether official or not. Not getting irritated consists therefore not only in accepting the situation but in accepting the man or men. There must be no irritation at all.

Of course there are other ways of will-training. Some have their wills in everything they do. The tap of a hammer on his work given by one of these men sounds different from a tap given by one of the other sort, the irritated man, the despondent, the what's-the-use man.

A final word about that what's-the-use man:

The years go by and one day it will be time for each of us to make his bow and quit *this* side of things. In this connexion the idea always comes to me of a picture fading out this side of the canvas, passing through, and showing up in full colors on the other.

Well, what sort of a picture will ours be when the time comes to pass through? As we get old the senses and memory may fail—though they need not fail nearly so much as they are ordinarily let to, especially by the what's-the-use man. For the will, kept alert and growing in a serene mind, can, I fancy, stave off decay till the very last and push back that very last to a pretty far point.

Are we then going to pass through with wills grown and still growing, and with minds which—because trained in serenity—are full of thought and active producers of thought—thought that has become able to see into the principles of things? Or are we going through with nothing accomplished, wills and minds no better than now? Is the picture going through faded, or bright and clear? That's the question.

Imagination

THE power of conquering weaknesses and bad habits comes from *realizing* what you already *know*.

A man *knows* that if he eats too much at dinner he will be uncomfortable this evening or tomorrow. To *realize* it would be to imagine himself into the evening or the next day, with the discomfort, and with the thought, "I wish I hadn't"; or, still better, to imagine himself then being able to say, "I am glad I conquered."

You can imagine backwards, too. It is evening and you look back to a time in the morning when you lost your temper about something, got hot all over. Imagine that you did not, that you met the situation with quiet strength and dignity, and that you are now glad you did. This, repeated every evening after an occurrence of that sort, will soon develop in you the actual power to hold your self-control under any circumstances.

We all suffer from weak imagination, and therefore from weak will; for imagination is the mother of will.

And what imagination we have, we mostly use wrongly. We imagine something, some pleasure or possession, which we have not but would like to have. The picture gets alive, awakes stronger and stronger desire, and at last either makes us utterly unhappy or drives us to do something wrong. For imagination may have two sons: one the noble power called *will*; the other — often our enemy and tormenter — *desire*.

We have created in imagination a false picture of death as the *end* of us, and fear it accordingly. Wipe out the black colors, picture it as a golden gate to freedom of soul and joy, and then life will become something all new to you, giving you eternally new hope and energy.

We have imagined ourselves as each shut in to himself with only words to communicate with other minds and souls. But there are waves of feeling that sweep all the time over all the area of conscious human life and make us one. This too only needs realization through imagination in the silence to take away all loneliness forever.

So imagination is not fancy. It is creating the picture of what can be so that out of it will arise and says, "It *shall* be"; or it is creating the realization of what actually is.

STUDENT

Will-Culture

"I NEVER yet swore to myself that I'd try to live a better life, but circumstances seemed at once to conspire to trip me up. It is as if they had the very devil."

"That's all right. If a man aspired to have a sharp razor he wouldn't complain if he found a hone on his table to grind it on, would he? Living a better life requires a stronger will. Your aspiration attracted to you at once the kind of circumstances necessary to practise your will on. An aspiring man is a powerful magnet who draws the right things to him at the right time for his exercises in will-culture."

THE REPORTER

Will

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCON

THERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate.

Can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for little: Will alone is great;
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacles can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-rushing river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck! The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose lightest action or inaction serves

The one great aim.

Why, even death stands still

And waits an hour, for such a Will! — *Selected*

The Bad Days, Bless 'Em!

I LIKE those bad days when everything goes wrong and you feel like a cage of sore-headed bears. It's easy to be good when all's smooth, but there's mighty little ripening going on those days. It's with fighting, fighting himself, that a man ripens out into his bigger nature. On the bad days the enemy's out in the open and you can come to grips with him. You mayn't seem to score anything, may seem to get licked right along. But put up your fight. Your muscle's growing more than on twenty smooth days. Put up your fight. Some smooth day, when your will-muscle has got tuned up with the rough days' practice, you'll suddenly find that you can bundle that cage of bears neck and crop over the cliff into the sea and calmly step up into a new nature. That's the great moment of ripening; a *great* moment, I tell you; nothing ever like it. And it was the bad days that fathered it, bless 'em!

THE PRISON PHILOSOPHER

Postmaster at Little Pidgely, to Postmaster-General, (Telegram): Rats eating registered letters. Have I permission to keep two cats at government charges?

Same (Telegram 2): Have to inform you senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do? Wire quickly.

Same (Telegram 3): Re absent cat. Have promoted junior cat and taken new probationary cat into service on full rations.

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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New Way Notebook

ONE may read some fine maxim or idea again and again, the mind fully assenting to it, without its striking home. Suddenly one day one *realizes* it. "By Jove, that's a fact! I'm going to do it." It is put into action and life is changed from then on. The world assents to the principle of Brotherhood. It only needs a spark from somewhere and the flame will spread in a day. "Let's try it! Universal Brotherhood is another name for Universal Happiness!" Then life will suddenly become worth living.—*The Notebook*

THERE are times of balance, of turning, when a very little effort is needed to do that which, at another time, would be impossible. One of such is coming, when all will have their opportunity to do more than they dream of. The preserving of a constant hope of a realized Universal Brotherhood in the near future is a potent way of helping it to come about, and a way of service for humanity. The cause of Universal Brotherhood is helped by many who, in their modesty, do not realize that they are able to do anything. But their light is felt, and a little of the burden of life is lifted from some heavily weighted soul.—*New Century*

THE fact that a new thought and hope have dawned in your breast, should apprise you that in the same hour a new light broke in upon a thousand private hearts. That secret which you would fain keep—as soon as you go abroad, lo! there is one standing on the doorstep to tell you the same.—*Emerson*

THE *thought* of Brotherhood is passing into the *feeling* of it among all peoples, little as it may so seem, and it will not be long before it spreads like a fire on the dry prairie grass. Because of that new atmosphere, every noble faculty and power will start into new growth in every one of us.—*New Century*

CERTAIN unknown leaders of hope and of thought are at work behind the scenes in every land. They are those who know how to practise Brotherhood and make it a living and working power in human hearts and minds. The practice of Brotherhood is a conscious and daily expansion of heart and mind into the lives of the people, a conscious attempt in thought to take up a little of the people's burden, to share and understand their feelings. The practice gives power, and as in every other art, in this one there are beginners and past-masters.

—*The Notebook*

INTO the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or for evil—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiations.—*W. G. Jordan*

Heard This?

MAGICAL RECIPE: The onyx, worn in a gold ring on the first finger, will render you invisible—especially in a place where you are not present.

"How do the people in the weather bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?"

"They don't."

Magistrate: I see by your record, Mary Jane, that you have been 35 times convicted of drunkenness and 10 times of assault."

Mary Jane: Well, no woman is perfect.

OBITUARY NOTICE: He leaves nine children, of whom eight are honored and respected citizens of California. The other lives in New York.

Salesman (to difficult lady customer who has boggled at everything): Now these, madam, are the newest thing in tablecloths. You will notice that the edge runs right round the border and the center is exactly in the middle.

Lady (impressed): You may give me a dozen of these.

"I must say these are fine biscuits," exclaimed the young husband.

"How could you say those were fine biscuits?" asked the young wife's mother at a private interview.

"I didn't say they were fine. I only said I must say they were."

Irish doctor (to Pat): Well my man, what's the matter with you?

Pat: Pains in the back, sorr.

Doctor (handing him a few pills): Take one of those a quarter of an hour before you feel the pain coming on.

"I wouldn't o' had no trouble wif de constable ner nobody," said Mr. Erastus Qinkley, "if it hadn't been for woman's love o' dress."

"What has dress got to do with it?" asked the jailer.

"My women folks warn't satisfied to eat de mos' of de chicken. Dey had to put de feather in deir hats an' parade 'em as circumstantial evidence."

A certain little girl was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited encounter with a small friend who had got considerably worsted in the engagement.

"Don't you know, dear," said the mother, "that it is very wicked to behave so? It was Satan that put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Well, perhaps it was," the child admitted, "but kicking her shins was entirely my own idea."

McPhairson: There's your friend Miss Angus over there. Why don't you go and speak to her?

McGregor: Whisht, mon! She hasna paid her fare yet.

English aunt, to nephew on war leave from the front: Good-bye, my dear boy, and be sure and send me a post-card to let me know you are safely back in the trenches.

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"For there shall be a new Heaven and a new Earth."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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THE TEMPLE OF PEACE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Rāja-Yoga Children singing from the steps and upper balcony for their guests.

Peace

"In this glad hour, Peace, white-winged and glorious, hovers o'er the earth. She shall descend. Her snowy pinions shall enfold mankind. And in the splendor of a perfect day, brother shall meet brother, soul shall greet soul, and all humanity shall be united, and there shall be PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!"

THE members of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood throughout the world join with me in making this declaration:

"We shall take this time of Dark Warfare and great crisis in the world's history to light New Fires such as time hath not known in any land."

Let us in the spirit of true Internationalism and Brotherly Love unfurl the banner of Peace to the world, and make it a living power in our lives and in the lives of all men, that war may cease forever.

Let us by playing our part well, evoke the Spirit of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and all the

lands of this fair Earth, and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, and all people.

Not for thousands of years have the opposing forces been so accentuated. Not one of you can remain indifferent to the agonizing cry of the sufferers in war-torn Europe. If you think you can, and seek to do so, in reality you are adding your powers to those of darkness and lending your strength to the forces of evil. The call to service has gone forth to each, and each must choose. This is your opportunity.

Humanity calls for aid. Who of you has the strength, the will to go forward? To them is the call made, and upon them is already the Glow and the Light of Victory.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Peace

The war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

— *Tennyson*

PEACE—the state of not fighting: is that the definition? Is there nothing more to add? Nations can be not-fighting because they are afraid; or because they are not yet ready—or because they have grown out of brutality into brotherhood.

Up to last year we thought that *trade* would prevent another great war. The seas were covered with ships bearing the merchandise of every nation to the shores of every other. Surely they would never let that pocket-filling interchange be interrupted. Never in the world's history had it reached to so mighty a scale—and never has there been so mighty a war as that which *has* interrupted it!

International commerce, therefore, however much our pockets may value it, is powerless to prevent its own destruction at any time by war. So if we want to stop the possibility that a few millions of men may at any time be torn to pieces, poisoned and bayoneted, maimed and drowned, and a few millions of women and children reduced to starvation, we must do something besides exchange cash and goods with each other. Any amount of that exchange is consistent with any amount of jealousy, suspicion and hate. And these are sure explosives with a time-fuse attached and lit.

Treaties of arbitration? Only useful when the nations are morally big enough to be willing to abide by them when the strain comes. Otherwise the winds of a quarrel will blow them to rags in a moment.

Traveling is easy, easier than ever before. The nations mix as they never did before. They send delegations to each other's societies. The universities exchange professors. But the pressure towards war went on mounting; the great explosion does not seem to have been delayed a moment. So what else is there to do?

For we know that though when this war is over the contending nations will be sick of war, time will lessen

and remove that. Memories are short. The horrors of one war, as recorded in history, have never shown the slightest power to prevent the next. Something new must come into the situation.

The talk of brotherhood between the nations is a pointer in the right direction. But the talk will avail nothing unless there are some in the councils of each nation who have made brotherhood so real a power in their natures that nothing can paralyse or displace it.

There is now at Point Loma, California, the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to be henceforth in permanent session there under its Foundress-President, Mme. Katherine Tingley, a "Parliament of Peace," at which invited representatives of many nations have met to consider together the highest interests of humanity. Its numbers, its representative character, and its influence will increase year by year. The members of this body have recognized that humanity is one brotherhood, one family, homed together on the earth for the attainment of a collective life whose possibilities are beyond any imagining and without limit. They have recognized that suffering, poverty, despair, disease, need not exist; that the way to end them, the way of progress, is through brotherhood, through co-operation; and that this unshakable feeling of unity will bring the wisdom necessary for the solution of all future difficulties. Coming and going, its members will carry to their own people the new ideas and ideals they have received and thought out together, and little by little this Parliament will affect the world.

Everyone can help this Parliament. Everyone can make himself in spirit a member of it. Everyone who daily and habitually thinks out over all nations, holding each in mind as a necessary member of the great human Brotherhood, has raised himself into a power in human life and is doing more than he knows for human progress. He will love his own country and people none the less that he keeps all other peoples in his strong and steady good will. But he has freed his patriotism from that dark attendant shadow of it which is the real instigator of all wars. And he has made a light in his own nature which will gradually illuminate and transform it altogether and give him strength to surmount his own weaknesses. For the spirit of brotherhood contains all the powers of will and all the seeds of growth. He who has developed it has become a warrior in the ranks of those who have heard and answered the call to serve.

And with peace on this basis life will at last begin to show its possibilities of unfoldment and of joy. The released human energies will accomplish more in a century than in ten thousand years of the old way.

STUDENT

THERE are seeds that take root without showing. And bear some fruit whether or no.—*Joaquin Miller*

Be a Creditor

"**M**AYBE the world doesn't owe you anything." It was the reply to a grumbler. No one ever did anything for *him*, no one ever showed *him* a favor, no one ever sought *his* society. The speaker went on:

"If a man hires a gardener to hoe the weeds on his lawn and then duly pays him the agreed price, the transaction's closed, isn't it? But suppose the gardener was such a lover of a neat job, or felt so kindly to his employer, that in addition he hoed the walks as well as the lawn, or raked up the weeds he had hoed, carted them off and burned them—*then*, there'd be something owing after the stipulated price had been paid over. If he did the extra bit out of kindness there'd be gratitude owing. Some extra cash might *show* the gratitude; but unless the gratitude itself was paid over, the man would remain a creditor. And he'd get paid sometime, somewhere; that's my point.

"Some men treat the world as the gardener would if he had just hoed the weeds and taken his cash. They give as little as they can, just what they have to, and take as much as they can. The transaction is closed, stays closed. They don't give over-measure. They stop work on the minute. If they get on the town-council or into the legislature, it isn't to give service that's their motive, but to get cash, position or respect. Nobody and nothing owes them any gratitude. They've got the pay they worked for and the transaction's closed.

"Now that's one way to work. But there's a better. It's better because the transaction doesn't close. And it's better because the men who work in this other way get bigger and richer in life all the time. This other way is to work in the spirit of giving out, the giving over-measure spirit, the spirit of giving more than you have to, doing things here and there that are good to do but are not in any bargain, making the world your debtor more and more.

"Some men are always doing useful and kindly little things they don't have to: fill up the dog's drinking-bowl as they pass; put an odd corner a bit tidy; give a touch here and there so as to ease up some other fellow's work (when he isn't looking and won't know who did it, maybe); put an extra touch on their own work just out of love of a neat job; say an encouraging and kindly word as they pass you—at this sort of thing all the time.

"These men are more alive than the other sort, the sort that keep the transaction closed all the time. More alive, happier, see more, are more welcome wherever they go, more in touch with others, not shut in. They've got a lot of gratitude owing to them for the thousand little things they've done that were mostly never seen or known. And it comes among other ways in the form of the liking people instinctively have for them, in peoples' welcome to them when they happen to saunter up. For there's gratitude due—from somewhere—to a man who puts the untidy corner in good shape with a few passing

touches, who gives his work the last touch of finish, who takes his hoe outside the lawn on to the path. And it gets paid, partly as I've said, partly in the man's growth and peace and happiness in life.

"That's the way to live, sure. Give over-measure all the time. It brings your soul more into your life and after a while you can feel the sense of its approval and companionship with you. The soul can't companion with a man that just gives what he has to. The very essence of the soul is giving. This way of living sweetens the world about you and helps all the other fellows to begin the same practice. It produces peace and clearness and happiness of mind, and prevents clouds. And some of the return for it comes in unexpected small streaks of good luck and little bits of unexpected service that other people will be rendering you. Then there's more friendliness and still more. And so the game goes for those that always keep the world their debtor. Try this over-measure trick and keep it up a little while till you come to love it. It pays, though you needn't do it for that."

REPORTER

✽

In the Auditorium

I WANT to say something about human nature as I see it and as I think each of us will see it if he does a little examining of himself.

Soul and mind and body—mind and body we reckon we know about. Soul most of us believe in—in words, but don't attach much idea to.

We reckon we know ourselves. By that we mean mind and body, a visible form, our feelings of the moment and from day to day, and our thoughts. Where's any room for the soul?

Last night we had some fine music here in the auditorium. When it was done there was silence for a little while. Every fellow was feeling himself raised and bettered.

In general our feelings depend upon two things—the body and what happens to us. If the body's out of order and the liver thickened up, we feel dull, irritable, likely quarrelsome. When it goes well we are cheerful and mostly ready to smile and do a good turn to the other fellow.

Similarly as outer events go wrong or right, go as we want them or cross us at every turn. Our feelings and thoughts are governed that way too.

What's meditation? I heard two fellows talking about that last night. Meditation is letting the soul in upon ourselves. And we don't have to wait for a definition of that word before we can begin to meditate.

The music went out through the room, all through the air, and came into the ears of all the men present and went through their bodies and shook their bodies into temporary quiet. And while their bodies were all quieted and harmonized by the dose of music-waves they could forget them. And their minds were quieted and

harmonized by the inwardness of the music so that they forgot the worries of outer concerns. And in this state something unusual could work in them so that they felt bettered. That something I call the soul.

You know there's times, moments, especially at night, when, without music, we get that same touch of harmony and peace. For some reason the body is giving no trouble and the mind has quieted down and laid aside its worries. And then there too the soul gets its bit of a chance.

The same sometimes towards the end of life after a long sickness. The body is too weak to feel itself at all, and the mind similar—too weak to worry, and worries are accordingly all out of sight. And so the soul can take that opportunity and make the man understand that though he don't know—can't figure it out in his mind—just *what* comes after death, yet that things are all right and he's going to be well looked after and some sort of great time is opening out in front of him.

So meditation and the soul are to be understood together. For meditation is making by will that peace of body and mind which otherwise comes only with music, at odd chance moments, near death after great sickness, or maybe when a man looks at a sunset or at moonlight on a lake.

The peace of the soul, which is the soul itself, is in a man all the time, but the racket of body and mind keeps him too busy to take note of it. But when once he's had a drenching of it and knows what it is, what to look for, the way is open to him to call upon it any time. Needs a little practice, though, for the mind and body are accustomed to have their own way.

And this is a fact—that when a man has thoroughly got over thinking that the mind and body are himself, bossed them so often that he knows their true place as his servants, then he finds that he himself, once he's come right home to himself, is that soul that before seemed to him to come out of nowhere at the odd moments, after music, or in sickness. It's a right strange story, boys. He himself is the soul, the peace, the immortal part. But he's so accustomed to watching the racket and unpeace of his body and mind that he's forgot that he ain't that. The moments of peace is moments of coming to himself, moments when he can forgive everybody the little spites and ruffles and pass into the real light.

Here's another thing that I reckon is true—that in his soul-nature the man knows all about life and death and what comes after. But he's got so accustomed to thinking he don't know anything till his *mind* knows it, till it'll go into brain-thoughts, that this other kind of knowledge gets no more attention than the peace which is likewise all the time ready in him. What shape exactly that deeper knowledge, too deep for brain-terms, takes, I can't exactly say. We must get it, and get it, and get it, and at last we'll understand.

There's my views on meditation, the soul, the mind and the body. For me they're working out all right.

I'm not one of those book fellows that can lay out a scheme in the best parlor language. I can only try to come to close grips with the subject and stand ready to learn from some other fellow that does the same.

REPORTER

✽

The Line of Honor

IT is better for a man to go without something, however valuable or useful to him, than to get it by some means which stains his honor.

Suppose his health is hurt for the want of it, or even his life shortened, what then? It is only the outer man who is touched; the *inner* man's health—which is a *spiritual* health—has been bettered by this holding to honor, his will strengthened, his life enriched and deepened.

And *he* is *you*. Don't confuse yourself with the body-self.

It is only a straight line of honor, always held to, that can give a man his own respect, or, in the long run, the respect of others. We *think* of another man, picture him, according to his outer self: but behind this we *feel* his inner self, his true character.

So if you can't get something honorably, let it alone; don't stoop; stand by your manhood; keep your line straight and respect yourself; keep the right to look every other man full in the eye.

There is a lower reason, too, for keeping the line straight. Say you swerve now into a meanness, thinking there can be no discovery. When the next chance comes round there will be the same reasons for the same action, and you will be the same man. Consequently you will do as before, and so right on. Tomorrow's mean act is simply today's transplanted. If you do today's you have already done tomorrow's. What will there be tomorrow to prevent you? Nothing new. On one of these tomorrows detection and disgrace surely await you. The only way to avoid certain detection in a mean act tomorrow—*some* tomorrow—is not to do one today.

We can never arrange to turn over a new leaf tomorrow. The idea that we can is simply a wife of the serpent, the lower self, arranging for its gratification now. The only day when a new leaf can be turned over is *this* day.

Let us then hold to the line of honor and do without anything and everything rather than swerve from it. When death comes and we take the retrospect it will be very pleasant to be able to look back upon that line.

STUDENT

✽

WHEN you see a man's fault don't label him in your mind with that as if there were nothing else to him. You will be nearer the truth if you label him with some virtue or fine quality that you notice. For at some time, somewhere, he will have outgrown or cast aside the fault, but no one ever outgrows a virtue.—*Century Path*

A New Way with the Mind

WHATEVER a man does should be done with his whole mind and attention.

But never was there a harder rule than that, or one more profitable to try and carry out.

The mind begins to wriggle; slips about in every direction like a globule of mercury under one's finger. One seems to make no progress after any amount of trying.

Yet *this* progress is being made from the very first:

standing or thought of the outer world nor of himself. For the mind when turned outward gets more or less understanding of the outer world; and when turned inward becomes the means of the man's understanding the *inner* world, namely himself.

If we would understand ourselves we must discipline the mind, teach it gradually to stay where it is put and attend to that till it is put upon something else. After some of that training we can turn it in and with its aid



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PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
La Lagunita (Little Pool) in front of the Botanical Building.

that in trying, the man is standing back from his wriggling, darting mind — taking it as it were by the scruff of its neck and holding it down with its nose upon the work. He is taking the first step to the knowledge that this mind is not himself, that he by right and nature is its master; and therefore taking the first step towards finding out who and what he is.

If, while a man was doing this, holding his mind down upon his work, the mind were suddenly lopped off and thrown into the waste can, he would by no means be killed. But he would of course have lost all understanding and all power of thinking. He could have no under-

learn what we are — that is, learn what the soul is; for the man is a soul.

But there are two kinds of mind-training. Mind has *states* as well as thoughts. Some men's minds are always in the *state* of hope, of good will, or happiness, of trust and faith, whatever they may be *thinking of*.

We must grasp our minds in this way too, if we want them to become capable of understanding what life is, what soul is, what we really are. A mind darkened with despair, or gloom, or unkindliness, is unfit for such high work as this. We must throw our minds every day, every night, every morning, into the state of *good will*

to everybody, and of *hope* and *faith* that we are going to succeed in our great work of knowing ourselves and our immortality. Hope is an invitation to the *Great Soul of all* to help us; faith opens the way for it to do so; good will to all, being the state which *it* is always in, is a common bond, a unity already made, between it and ourselves.

So our path is very plain, though not at first very easy. We must practise concentration upon what we are doing, getting the feeling of standing in strength and light above the mind and holding it to its task whatever that may happen to be. We must practise the states that have the light in them, good will, hope, and faith. And when there is opportunity, in moments of silence and at night, we must detach the mind from thoughts about the outer world and turn it in. This turning it in consists in trying to feel the presence, in us and around, of that great helping Soul of which our own souls are rays and reflections. It is ever-present; what we need is the feeling or knowledge of that. Thus our looking inward means looking at the same time at our inner selves and at the Great Self and trying to open up a wordless communion.

And in all this effort our will will be growing and our minds becoming clearer and stronger for every sort of work and learning and thinking that we put them to. Memory and health will be bettered—even digestion improved! There is no end to the benefits a man gets who perseveres upon this path of concentration, of brotherhood and of hope. For he is upon the *New Way*, and a new way always leads to new things and new beauties in the view that keeps opening in front.

STUDENT

Iron or Steel?

A BAR of soft iron will readily become a magnet. But it will only retain its magnetism so long as it is in the neighborhood of a real, permanent, steel magnet.

Some men are made of soft iron and stay soft. A few are steel, and stand by their own natures.

Any man who uses his will in self-conquest, in taking a step of spiritual progress, in maintaining kindly cheerfulness in poor and unfavorable circumstances—is transforming some of his soft iron into steel. He is becoming a magnet on his own account and magnetizes some of the soft iron on two legs that is round about him. Some of this again may be inspired to transform itself likewise into steel. And so the influence spreads. No one ever uses his will in this way without instantly becoming a leader, though neither he nor those whom he now leads may know it.

Why should we not recognize that this *spiritual* magnetism must spread out into the world, into space, like the other sort, like the waves from a wireless station? A tap of my pencil on the table stirs all the air around the planet, and indeed all the matter of the planet's body.

Shall the stroke of *will* in a fine deed do any less? May not the pleasure that results from it be in part an echo from the souls that are helped and encouraged?

And that is, in truth, the way to be happy, the way to kill forever the sense of loneliness. Make your efforts; use your will; and in so doing try to feel that a helping wave is going out from you far and wide. You are making links in every direction, though you may never see the most of those whom you are inwardly touching. But there is an interplay for ever after, and your life and feeling grow richer and richer. You have become one of the company of humanity's helpers. It is a special company that has existed in all ages, men who have conquered self that others might be helped and inspired. From it have come in all ages and to all peoples the Teachers who have shown the way to live, the true path. They have won full knowledge of their immortality, as each of us may win it; and they work as immortals. Verily a company worth joining! Get the right to the feeling that you *have* joined it. And in time you will come to know more and more of it and of the work it is ever doing. It is the Great Lodge of Helpers.

STUDENT

A man and a Man

THERE is much difference between a man and a *Man*. A man is just what you see walking about anywhere. But what is a *Man*?

Most men are proud of their independence. "No one can run *me*, I tell you. I hoe my own row to suit myself."

Does he do it to suit himself—or to suit something in himself that runs him? Has he got an appetite of some sort that he doesn't and can't boss? Then when that thing gets down to business the man for that time has lost his independence and is run. Has he a grudge against someone, a grudge he can't boss, and which, when it gets to work in his mind, spoils his serenity? Then he is run.

Is he bossed by the ambition to boss? If so, where is his independence?

Has he *any* desire that he can't wipe out at will and stand superior to?

No man is really independent, no man is really a *Man*, till there is nothing in his nature that runs him, nothing that he can't silence and expel at will:

till he can stand on his pride and have the humility and sweetness of a child:

till he can face an insult and not be run by anger:

till he can hold an inner silence when everyone about him is excited:

till he can keep to his duty against any side-pulls.

When he is perfect in all this and has no masters in his inner nature, *then* he is a *Man* who has won his place and dignity. Then is he sure of the respect of others. Then will others be gladly dominated by him.

But how many of this sort of man are there?

STUDENT

These Things Shall Be

BY JOHN SYMONDS

THESE things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every human heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.—*Selected*

Sandie's Trophy

BY H. J. DAWTREY

(Scene, an English hospital: enter a Highlander wearing a German helmet)

"SO you've brought back his helmet, Sandie, my man,
And you killed him, I guess? It's a trophy you've won?"
"Na-a, na-a!" replied Sandie, "that was not the plan;
That man was a freend, gin ye'll wait till I'm done.
I dressed his wound, and he sorted mine.
No a word could we speak, the ane tae the ither;
But I lookit at him, an' I kent him a brither;
An' I gied him my bonnet, in token, ye ken.
He lauched, an' he grippit my han'—and then
He gied me his helmet; an' it can' tae my mind,
Here's a trophy, thoct I, of a new-fangled kind.
I dressed his wound, an' he dressit mine;
No a word could we speak, the ane tae the ither;
But tho' he was German, I kent him a brither."—*Selected*

A Vision

(From the Persian)

WITH eyes wherefrom the veil of mortality had
been for a brief space removed, I saw men walk-
ing about the streets of cities and in and out of
their homes and at work in the fields, sad-faced and
sad-raimented all, their garments muddy and stained.

But over the head of each, all unseen by him, was a
form like unto the form of that man of earth, yet also
the form and face of a god. And the raiment of this
figure was azure and purple and gold, flashing in the sun-
light of heaven. I remembered me of that saying: "So
many men on earth, so many gods in heaven."

Then I saw that with every noble thought and deed
done by these men of earth, sad-raimented, sad-coun-
tenanced, a thread of their raiment became like unto
a thread of the vesture above, azure or gold or purple,
and their countenances for a moment became like unto
the countenance of the god above, nor were afterwards
quite the same as before that gleam. For with the most of
them the gleam passed away in the instant and though the
thread held its radiance it was all overlaid and hidden by
the dull mass of the fibers amid which it was entwined.

Yet some there were whose face and whose garments
had begun to be visibly changed, so many and so con-
stant were their noble deeds and thoughts.

I looked closer with mine unveiled sight, and behold,
there were some few, one here and there amidst a great
multitude, whose raiment was wholly transformed into
radiance and whose face was now like that of the god
above. And though the multitude, being of veiled sight,
saw naught of the transformation of these few, they felt
and were comforted and helped by the graciousness and
uplift of their presence and companionship, and upon
their dull garments shone some reflex from the other's
robes.

And I yearned that all of them could behold, even as
I did, their own god-selves above them in the divine sun-
light. "So many men on earth, so many gods in heaven."
But the men knew naught of their own god-natures—
save that few that moved amongst them redeemed and
transformed, heaven and earth rejoined.

Silence

THE Indian believes profoundly in silence. The man
who preserves his selfhood ever calm and unshaken by
the storms of existence—not a leaf, as it were, astir on
the tree; not a ripple on the surface of the shining pool
—his, in the mind of the unlettered sage, is the ideal
attitude and conduct of life. If you ask him: "What
is silence?" he will answer: "It is the Great Mystery.
The Holy Silence is His voice." If you ask: "What
are the fruits of silence?" he will say: "They are self-
control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity,
and reverence. Silence is the corner-stone of character."

—*The Soul of an Indian*

DURING her recent stay in San Francisco as one of
the speakers at the International Conference of Women
Workers for Permanent Peace, Mme. Katherine Tingley
was invited by the State Officials to visit San Quentin
prison and address the inmates of that institution. A
report of her address, which was followed with close
attention, will be given in our next issue. Every facility
was most courteously rendered by the Warden and of-
ficials of the prison.

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 (Domestic)
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The New Way Guide-Book

DON'T look for a life free from worries and troubles. Nature only gives that kind of life — if to anybody — to her babies. Some people are babies all their lives; some light-hearted boys, whatever their bodily age. These get the wind tempered to their strength. But for the strong man strong medicine. He can be glad, in one way, that he is counted worth it, and may be sure that some big opportunities are waiting for him the other side of his troubles and disciplinings.

REMEMBER that Nature's way with us is like the tides that come and go. After a spell of troubles there will be an equal peace, a mercifully sent time of healing; and it is then that — if we met the trouble with the best heart we could — we shall find how much it strengthened us.

THE driving dynamo of things is a Heart, not a machine. In the worst and painfulest of conditions a man may look for and feel after its compassion for him. This is always the other side of suffering, though few search for it and find its supporting strength. This Heart of the world is accessible to every creature, for the life that pulses in us comes from it and is one with its life.

ADAPT thyself to the things with which thy lot has been cast; and the men among whom thou hast received thy portion, love them, but do it truly.

— *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*

ALL who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. — *Stevenson*

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

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

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

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

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
'The Heart of it is Love, the end of it

Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

— *The Light of Asia*

Heard This?

A little girl was introduced to Mark Twain. She at once informed him that she had been invited to her aunt's for Thanksgiving dinner. "Really?" he said; "well, I hope you won't feel as I did after a banquet once when I was your age." "How was that, please?" "Very, very thankful: thankful that there was still one article that I could wear with comfort." "Oh, I know — your shoes," said the little girl. "No," replied Mark solemnly; "my umbrella."

Highlander, to comrade in the trenches during battle: Poor old Sandie's had his head shot off.

Comrade: Mon, mon, but where's his head? He was smokin' my pipe.

An Irishman was about to take the long journey and sent for his friend O'Connor to make his will. When all was ready he said: "Put down \$250 for the Orphan Asylum. And put \$1000 for Brother Pat, though he don't deserve it." Other items followed. Finally he said: "That's the lot, O'Connor." O'Connor consulted the bank book: "No, Mr. Riley; there's another hundred dollars." "O'Connor, put down that hundred to spend with the boys at my funeral." "Mr. Riley, shall I put it down to spend going to the funeral or coming back?" Mr. Riley lay quiet for a moment and then issued the final instruction: "O'Connor, put that hundred down to spend *goin'* to the funeral, for then I'll be wid ye."

Professor, sternly: You smoke an enormous number of cigarettes, Mr. Puff. How do you do it?

Puff: Just will-power, professor, just will-power.

First Boy: My father's been everywhere.

Second Boy: Has he been to heaven?

First Boy: Well, no. But he's been to every place of more than 5000 population.

In setting forth an incident of local heroism, a country-paper reporter finished up: "As he flung the blazing oil-stove out of the window, Mr. Perkins stumbled over a chair and sat down amidst some ignited shavings on the floor, the flame from which caught his clothes. By quick action and ready wit he escaped with his life, but his trousers were burned almost beyond recognition."

Hilary sat in the drawing-room awaiting his fiancée when the little daughter of the house entered.

"Here," said the child, "is a sweet for you." And she gave him a hard white lozenge.

"Oh, what a nice lozenge," said the young man, putting it into his mouth and beginning to suck vigorously.

"Yes, isn't it?" lisped the little girl. "It was striped wiv pink once."

The Magistrate, to Mrs. O'Scrap: Don't you think that you and your husband could live together without fighting?

Mrs. O'Scrap: No, yer 'anner; that is, not 'apply.

GIFT
SEP 29 1915

UNIVERSITY

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

*Every man is greater than he believes himself to be, for
he is a Soul.—Katherine Tingley*

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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PEACE-BEARERS OF THE FUTURE

Some children of all nations at the Rāja-Yoga Schools, Point Loma, growing up under the teachings
of Universal Brotherhood

"You Don't Have to Eat It"

BEARING in mind that there's no such bore on earth
as the man who tells you his dreams, I'm going
to break the rule and tell one of mine. There's
sometimes a bit of guidance in dreams, perhaps coming
from a man's own higher understanding or soul, which

doesn't sleep — if he only knows how to peel off the rub-
bish and get to the kernel.

In my dream I came in suddenly to the meal-table.
At the moment there seemed to be nothing on it. But
the next moment there was a lot of food, stale food,
half-rotten food, yesterday's food, dreary-looking food.

As it seemed to be all there was, the other fellows let themselves go at it, let it in on them, so to speak, just as it was. But a kind of voice or feeling seemed to say to me: "*You don't have to eat it.*" So I held back quietly, looking at it. And whilst I was looking, what was in front of me altered and presently became just what I wanted, just the sort of stuff that I knew would do me good. And, still all quietly, I took what I wanted of that and was very content over it and felt much better for it. What's all that mean? thought I when I woke. And I reckon I got to the kernel of it.

You know the bell goes at six o'clock, mornings. Every fellow springs out of bed, licks into his clothes, rushes up his cell-fixings and gets to breakfast. After breakfast is the day's work.

Now what does "the day" mean? It means, first, a lot of things that happen, not exciting as a rule, maybe deadlly dull and monotonous. But it also means the state of mind a man's in. As he gets out of bed his state of mind's there waiting for him and he steps into it the same as he steps into his pants. Don't have any more to say about what sort of state of mind than about what sort of pants. Takes it as it comes and don't think of doing anything else. And you know what is the sort of state of mind that most of us are in, mornings, afternoons and evenings. 'Taint exactly radiant, is it? We just put up with it the best way we can.

"*You don't have to eat it*": that got on my mind. What does it mean? I thought.

Presently I reckoned it meant this: that you don't have to take the day—the state-of-mind side of the day—as it comes, as it's offered to you. If you take it you just must put up with what's in it—which we've mostly all agreed is dead unsatisfactory.

If we want to get something better we must hold back. "But there ain't any time to hold back," say you.

Then we must make it.

The first thing to do is to waken with your *will* alive. You can't do that if you let yourself be awakened by the bell. You must set your will hard the night before to wake five minutes before the bell. Most fellows can do that right way. Some need to practise till they get there.

Very well: you've waked with your will on deck. The day, the day's state of mind, offers itself to you as usual. "No!" you say. "I don't have to take you and I won't. I'll suit myself."

You've got five minutes to the good to do your work in. Say you think now: "*Peace*: this day's going to be full of peace." You fill yourself up with that word and look forward along the hours with that in your mind, drenched with it. Or you take *light* in the same way. Or you call up something fine you read the night before and maybe learned by heart, and hang on to it. Or you think of your soul, the higher understanding, and try to get as near to your highest line of thought and feeling as you can. So you don't take the program offered, but instead you make your own.

You get a result that very first day. But every day better the first result. And at last you've got yourself altogether in hand, got permanent peace and light, and a will that can't be shaken. You're on *The New Way* as I understand it. Where it leads to I can't say, but it's mighty fine traveling, I tell you.

Boys, it's a pity to see so many *victims* about, victims of whatever poor stuff the day offers, when, if they knew it, they could boss everything and select just what "food" they chose. Four walls put a limit on a man's flesh and bone legs, certainly. But certainly they don't put the very slightest limit on his mental and spiritual progress. What's a few years *leg-limit*, anyhow? We're all part of the immortal program, and I don't reckon it's going to be brought to a standstill by four man-made walls! Aye?

REPORTER

Mind-Training

YOU take your novels lying down. You take your studies standing up.

This means that in reading novels and stories you lay your mind out passively for the writer to do what he likes with, to stamp with what scenery he likes, what pictures of persons and characters and events, what states of emotion. You are likewise passive in reading the newspaper—you just take what's there.

But in study you *take* what's there, actively seize it, digest it, stamp it upon your own mind.

You take a novel or a newspaper when you are tired and want rest. You don't study then.

That does not mean that a man who wants to train and activate his mind must read no novels. It is good to hand the mind over to a great writer and have it filled with fine English, with fine and subtle drawings of characters, with fine states of feeling. Indeed, this is one of the branches of mind-training. There are three branches, and a man who wants the fullest development of his mind should consider the other two.

The mind should get into strong activity for a while every day in the study of something, in active acquirement. Even if you are reading the war-news in the paper you can get a map and see where's what. Then look away from the map and try to see it in your mind: try to repeat it there just as clearly—towns, rivers, and boundaries—as it was on the map.

That is studying geography. Any other study must be done in the same way. You read a while in the book, and then look up and see if you could explain what you have read (in good clear language) to some other fellow. Reading in this way does a lot of good, makes a man more vigorous in every way, develops and nourishes his brain. The method applies to languages, shorthand, a science, history—even to essays, Emerson's or any other thinker's. Make it clear to yourself whether you agree with what he says, and if not why not. Write a few of the best ideas down in your own words.

An extension of this method consists in learning by heart. Take, say, some fine poem, or a fine passage from any writer. Read carefully one sentence. Then look up and see if you can repeat it. Go ahead till you can.

All this gives concentration, the power not only to make the mind very active at will, but very active exactly where you want it to be, not wavering, not jerking off on to sidetracks of its own choosing.

The third branch of mind-training develops out of this second. It consists in trying to feel *yourself* as the mind's master with the power to do with it what you choose, have it stay on whatever you choose, be in whatever good mood you choose.

When you are well practised in doing this, the mind can give you a great reward for your long pains with it, your long training of it. You will suddenly learn to perform a new trick with it. It will consider a topic it has never yet been able to deal with: namely, *you*. And then you will be able to understand in its thought, from its thought, *what you are*. You don't know yet. No man knows till he has trained his mind, and till the two of them—he and his mind—know their right relation as soul and servant, divine craftsman and living tool.

STUDENT



My Prison Diet

BY AN M. D.

ONCE had a term to do for a fault that does not concern this paper. For I am going to speak of food and how with bad food I got better health during my two years' detention than I had ever had before when my food was of the very best.

The diet of the prison was certainly bad, bad in quality and bad in cooking and preparation. Particulars do not matter. I was rather shocked at first, because as I said, I had been used to the best.

But then I began to reflect. My good food had certainly never given me good health. And when I looked around me I saw that in spite of bad food there were many fellow-prisoners in first class health. Evidently the prison diet *could* produce good health, at any rate was compatible with it.

The prison diet gave me indigestion. But I had had indigestion before, though not of that particular kind. I had always had to take soda for acidity, and general digestives of many sorts.

The body has plenty of lines of defense against poisons and ferments. Saliva, for instance, is alkaline, anti-acid, and if enough of it, by careful mastication, is mixed with the food, it will neutralize the acid of sour rice or bread. We had rice very often, and both it and the bread were frequently somewhat soured. The bread, too, was apt to be doughy; but I found that thorough mastication, even of that, mastication to a paste, prevented it from being a weight in the stomach. I had always scamped the mastication before.

Saliva, gastric juice, bile, and all the other digestive

secretions, are by nature able to destroy germs of fermentation and even putrefaction. Moreover each one of them stimulates the secretion of the others. Thus plenty of saliva stimulates the flow of gastric juice, and this in its turn stimulates bile and the other secretions lower down. So thorough mastication improves the whole course of digestion. (N. B. People with few teeth or none do not usually recognize that mastication of most things, and thorough mixing with saliva, can be done as well by them as by anyone else. They only need more time and more use of the knife.)

Sugar and all sweet things, when supplied, I avoided at first; as also butter, which came on occasion. I immediately found the benefit of this bit of self-denial; sugar I have never eaten since; butter rarely. My old enemy, acidity, was now gone. My rheumatism got better, and a good lot of water an hour before each meal and at bedtime (some of which the prison doctor gave me an order on the kitchen to have *hot*) removed it altogether.

Beside using the water I encouraged the removal of waste matters in the muscles and intestines by a few minutes' deep firm rubbing with the bare hands night and morning, (especially, when lying down, over the liver and abdomen). Muscular exercises and twistings of the body everyway, some done lying down, were also very useful, and in a few weeks I had firmer muscles than I had ever had before.

And lastly I remembered that while he eats his food a man is also eating his state of mind, and this has a powerful influence on digestion, on health, and on body-building. The body changes itself all through in the course of a few years. We eat eleven hundred times a year, and if everyone of those eleven hundred meals is eaten cheerfully, in a friendly spirit all round, and with a confident will that this lot of food shall go to make a good healthy body—why, what can hinder? I used to imagine, while eating, that our ugly old dining-room was full of light, gold-colored, and that every other fellow was getting filled up with it—as I certainly was. "Mere imagination," you may say. All right, but it *worked*!

I soon came to need less food. I found that all my life I had eaten too much food and that about fifty percent of my strength had been spent in digesting and getting rid of what had never needed to be on hand at all. 'That's a fault that most of us have, many without knowing it.

All that is years ago. But I got good health, good digestion, good spirits. I've never lost them, and I know that if I had never been in *prison on a bad diet* I should never have gained them! I should probably have been dead by now. There is always compensation somewhere in the worst of conditions if one looks for it. And I keep my diet now nearly as simple as it was in the prison. It is a *little* freer and is certainly better cooked; but I thought that what gave me better health then would keep me in good health after. It's not so much (not

nearly so much) *what* people eat as how they eat it that tells for or against their health. There are people on every possible sort of diet, and on each possible sort there are some in good health and some in bad and some all the way between.

✱

Paying Attention

WE are all of us rather out of practice in the matter of paying attention to what goes on around us. It might be worth while to recover the art.

The poets speak of "the silent night." But any man who listens in the very silentest of nights soon notices that there are a thousand sounds stirring in the air. Some, you recognize: the wind in the trees and over the wheat; insects calling; the faint chirp of sleepy birds; the movement of some little animal over the dry twigs. Some, you don't quite know. There is in fact a vague mass of low faint sound, and close listening distinguishes many elements at last in it, so that the more you listen the more you hear. Nothing is really soundless. If we had fine enough hearing we could hear the growth of the trees and the motion of sap in the spring. The atoms of that still-looking stone are really in swiftest motion and throwing out eternally the very subtlest harmony into the air. We are very deaf, but if we listened we should hear more and more, perhaps at last the entire music of nature.

It is the same with color. The leaf is "just green." Look closer. It has *many shades* of green; it is shot through with veins; some of it is more transparent than others; the extreme tip is brownish. If we had finer sight we could see that the veins are slowly pulsing. If we had still finer we could see that it is throwing off a halo of higher light-rays and of electricity. Its atoms pulse with color just as they do with sound.

It is the same with ourselves. We watch the main thoughts passing across our minds. We do not notice a host of infinitely minute and rapid thoughts in between the main ones. Some of these are the stuff of dreams; for we are all dreaming all the time back behind our thinking. When in sleep the main thoughts are silent the little faint pictures become noticeable, following each other anyhow, suggested by the slightest sensation, and constituting our incoherent dreams. But this is going on just as constantly in the day. Behind the scenery of waking thought is ever the fainter background of the scenery of dream.

Deeper, further back in us, than either, is the life of the never-sleeping, never-dying soul, rays from it flashing perpetually into our currents both of thought and dream. For the soul is speaking to us all the time, is never silent, never stops its inflow to us of advice, of knowledge, of inspiration, its messages from its own rich world of life and light. We never hear all this — most of us — though the musicians and artists and poets and a few of the highest thinkers do get something consciously through. That note of warning which we call

conscience is all that we manage to hear of the never-ceasing stream. But by the practice of "listening," silencing the mind at times and paying the same attention as we might to the almost soundless sounds of the night, we could at last get it all and be forever then in close touch with the soul, full sharers of its life.

So it is worth while to be always paying attention. Anything is beautiful when attention enough is paid to it, when we look *into* instead of *at* it. STUDENT

✱

Joy and Pleasure

JOY and pleasure are not the same. Pleasure has a sense of *I* in it; there is something good which has come or is coming to *me*. Joy is a deeper and nobler state, towards which we should aim. When it exists in a man, when it comes upon him, when he wins it, he finds it does not depend upon anything he is going to do for his pleasure, or acquire in the way of pleasure or profit, or upon his going anywhere, or upon any outward experience. It is consistent with suffering, even the greatest suffering. It is a state that arises when the inner will is secretly active for the good of the world and therefore for the man's own inner good. Its place is the heart. The inner will always orders what is good for a man, and when aroused it has unlimited power to arrange for the man's good the outer circumstances of his life. But he, in his outer mentality, often thwarts it by trying to rearrange things for his pleasure.

When joy, which is peace passing from a *state* to an active *power*, comes upon us, let us study it so as to learn how to produce it at will. Some have learned this and never lose it. They do not confuse it with pleasure and never look to any outward thing or event to help them get it.

Happiness has an opposite — unhappiness. Joy has no opposite: by way of opposite there is only its absence. It is never absent in the soul, and when we experience it it is because we have enabled the soul to be nearer to us, to enter more into our hearts, than usual.

Joy, when well present in a man, has great power to awaken joy in others, joy and that peace which is benediction. For this reason also it should be cultivated.

Joy cannot be found in those who talk much and who necessarily. Its home is silence and it always comes into the mind of him who has stilled the chatter of his mind and can remain a while in true silence of all his being. Wherefore mind-silence must be practised at some time daily along with an attempt to feel that Presence of joy which is the soul. Especially amid great suffering may the soul be thus looked for, for in its compassion it draws very near to him who suffers. This is one of the compensations of suffering, and the compensation is completed by the strength which suffering confers. It is through suffering, not through pleasure, that we grow. Let him who suffers look for the joy, and he shall at last come out of it reborn and a potent friend to all that lives, a joy-giver everywhere. STUDENT



THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE GREAT SEAL

The Great Seal of the United States

ONE side of the Seal shows a bald eagle, in golden brown with silvery head, bearing on his breast the escutcheon of America, thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, with a broad blue band above. In his left talon the eagle bears a bundle of thirteen silver arrows, and in his right, a green olive branch, the sign of peace. A golden ribbon streams from his beak with the motto in silver, *E Pluribus Unum*—meaning "Out of Many, One." Over the eagle's head is a golden light breaking through a white cloud, and in the center of the

glory there are thirteen silver stars on a clear blue field.

On the reverse side of the Seal is an unfinished pyramid, representing strength and duration. It is composed of thirteen subdivided layers, typifying again the union of thirteen into One. On the base of the pyramid is the date 1776. Above it, in a golden light in a triangle, is an eye. The motto above this—*Annuit Coeptis*—means "He favored the Undertaking." Below the pyramid is the inscription, *Novus Ordo Seclorum*—"A New Order of Ages." This side of the Seal has not yet been used.

This One Thing

HAVE you ever walked in the night in pain, toothache maybe, and found your pain was worse because everyone else was asleep and regardless of what you were suffering? A kind of heartlessness it seems.

That beggar woman by the curb has just lost her child. The people stream by, regardless, unknowing, and the ache of her heart is the worse. One man passed who seemed to look at her kindly and understandingly, almost as if he knew *what* was the trouble. The momentary compassionate glance, unaccompanied as it was by any word, seemed to her to have some heartening power in it, a touch that comforted.

The troubled sea of human feeling is lightened by very little of that. Each must endure his pain alone, or nearly alone, and it is worse for the loneliness. It is in utter loneliness that the poor suicide goes out. A little more brotherhood thrown by the rest of us into the air, a little more of the spirit of joy-sharing, of sympathy, a little more heart-warmth diffused—and his despair would not be so black, his loneliness not so deadly, and he would take heart again.

If we did not shut ourselves in feeling so selfishly into our pleasures as *ours*, others would not be so shut in alone with their pains. In all that we have the right and opportunity to enjoy we should enjoy in the spirit of sharing. We should call in the rest, those whose lives have no such good chance, though no one be outwardly there for the call. In this spirit the whole of life should be lived. And then, though we should miss nothing, but rather greatly gain, the whole atmosphere of human life would change, would warm, would color with gold. Hard natures would be softened by the pervading influence about them, evil natures be bettered, the children grow up with a new sweetness, and in mind and soul all men would be changed, illuminated, reborn. The eyes of the mind would open upon great truths long forgotten or till now hidden. It would be the Golden Age again and the very animals and plants would change their nature. Blind indeed are all peoples that they will not see the way to their own joy, to their own richest life. Blinded indeed is each single man that will not enter it. "I cannot conquer my failings, passions, habits"—well, this is the way to let free in the heart the Power that can;

this is the way to transform them into obedient energies in your life. Cease from unbrotherhood in thought, in feeling, and then in word and deed, and all the rest follows.

STUDENT

"Punishment"

A PRISONER'S VIEW

SOCIETY will alter its procedure with those who have broken its laws as soon as it has cleared up in its rather foggy mind the meanings it consciously and subconsciously attaches to the word *punishment*.

"Punishment" means —

(1) *Alternative* treatment. Something is to be added to, or altered in, the law-breaker's nature so that he will not commit his offense again. The something added must be either desire of right conduct and self-respect, or — fear of consequences if he offends again.

(2) *Detention* of the criminal for the protection of society till this alteration has taken place.

(3) *Deterrence* of others.

(4) *Revenge*. "I'll teach him!"

How many of these four belong to proper "punishment"?

No. 1 does so far as the *aim* is to awaken self-respect and effect a true betterment: *not* when the *aim* is to awaken fear. That leads inevitably to brutality of treatment and therefore to a worsening of the man's nature. It is therefore an affront to the spirit of humanity, a balking in that particular case of its work of evolution. Moreover the conduct of a man of worsened nature must necessarily be on the whole worse even if he avoids for the future some particular offense. But he will not; he will only do it more carefully or in other forms.

No. 2 is of course perfectly proper.

No. 3. If the treatment and régime proper to a man's fault acts as a deterrent to others, well and good. But it is clear that if you *add* anything to this you are unjust. If as a schoolmaster I decide that the just and sufficient treatment for Jimmy's laziness on Saturday morning is to keep him from his holiday on Saturday afternoon — and then in addition, in order to deter John and James from laziness deprive Jim of *next* Saturday's half-holiday too, I am obviously unjust. I am punishing *him* for an offense of *other* boys not yet committed.

No. 4 is wholly wrong. We desire to protect society; we desire to better the man who has injured society. These are proper. In his inner mind no law-breaker will quarrel with them. But society's desire to inflict pain on him in pure retaliation for its having been injured — is wholly evil and barbaric, wholly injurious to its victim and itself. To the victim, because he will feel, resent, and be worsened by the spirit behind the treatment given to him. To itself, partly because the injured and worsened victim is a part of itself and will in most cases return to it to its certain detriment; partly because all barbarous impulses worsen the nature of him who has them and gives them play.

The Way of the Spirit

HOW, O Master, should one think of the all-present Spirit?

Look wide upon nature. The fish spawns over the river-bottom and departs, thinking naught of the offspring to come. But the hen broods over the eggs, and protects the fledglings till they need her care no more.

And higher up, the woman likewise watches and tends and guards her children. But in every man and woman is some love of offspring not their own, spreading, in higher men and women, further and further beyond their own. And the highest have all humanity in their hearts.

This is the slow-ripening fruit of the presence of the all-present Spirit. Wherefore thou mayest think of this Spirit as all-embracing compassionate love and the germ of this love in every living thing, the germ that ripens to fruit in man. Afterwards thou shalt think of It as wisdom and power. And in acquiring the compassion thou shalt find the way to the other two. — *From the Indian*

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me" — in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me" — in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will cease.

For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love; this is an old rule.

— *An Indian Teacher*

"Where 'ave I bin lately?" said Bill Basher to his friend. "Why, I couldn't get out o' acceptin' an invitation to spend a couple o' weeks at one o' King George's 'otels. I was a-standin' outside a grocer's admirin' the jam, when a box fell dahn at me feet. I was a-pickin' of it up to take into the grocer, when a circus came by. In the excitement o' the moment I follered it. Bimeby I looks dahn an' sees the box under me arm. 'Willyum,' sez I, 'wot are you a-doin' wi' that box? Take it back at once like an 'onest man.' Jest then the grocer came round the corner wi' a copper. 'That's 'im,' 'e sez. 'That's the man wot stole me soap,' 'Stop,' sez I. 'Do I look like a man wot'd steal soap?' 'Owsomever, I was 'ad up afore the beak. 'Willyum Walker,' sez 'e, 'your appearance is greatly in your favor, but the circumstantial evidence is too strong. Fourteen days."

The Story of Mr. Wilkins*(From The Technical World)*

MR. Wilkins had a dollar, so he said he guessed he'd pay
 A little sum he'd borrowed from a gentleman named Gray;
 Then Gray he took that dollar, and he said: "It seems to me
 I'd better pay that little debt I owe to McAfee;
 Then McAfee the dollar paid upon a bill to Smart;
 By Smart 'twas paid to Thomson, and by Thomson paid to Hart.
 And so that coin kept rolling as a very busy "plunk,"
 Until it paid indebtedness amounting in the chunk
 To more than forty dollars, and it may be rolling yet.
 And all because this Wilkins thought he'd better pay a debt.

For when a dollar's started
 On its debt-destroying way,
 There hardly is a limit
 To the sum that it will pay.

Mr. Wilkins knew a kindness that he might have done to Gray,
 But he wasn't feeling kindly, so he thought he wouldn't "pay."
 Then Gray, not being grateful, said "It really seems to me
 I've done sufficient favors for that blasted McAfee";
 Then McAfee felt ugly, and he took a whack at Smart.
 Smart passed it on to Thomson, who passed it on to Hart.
 And so no act of kindness was done through all that day;
 But many an act that rankled in a most unpleasant way;
 And many a soul was longing for the help to fit its need,
 And all because this Wilkins didn't do a kindly deed.

For a dollar or a kindness
 Rule is still the same, I say;
 If you wish to see it rolling,
 Better start it on its way.

You Never Can Tell

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

YOU never can tell, when you send a word
 Like an arrow shot from a bow
 By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind—
 Just where it may chance to go.
 It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
 Tipped with its poison or balm;
 To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
 It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell, when you do an act,
 Just what the result will be;
 But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
 Though its harvest you may not see.
 Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
 In God's productive soil;
 Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
 To shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do,
 In bringing you hate or love;
 For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
 Are swifter than carrier doves.
 They follow the law of the universe—
 Each thing must create its kind;
 And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
 Whatever went out from your mind.

No seed but ripens into grain,
 No deed but harvests joy or pain,
 No word but cometh home again
 Soon or in many days.

**Leader of the Theosophical Movement Visits
San Quentin Prison**

AS already noted in our last issue, Mme. Katherine Tingley recently visited San Quentin Prison and after a friendly and encouraging talk to the women delivered a short address to an audience of over two thousand of the male inmates of that institution. Her appearance on the platform was the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration of welcome and the address was listened to with the closest attention. She had, she said, no censure for the mistakes and weaknesses of humanity. She believed that all men were divine and that in the working of the Higher Law, always leading us on, they would sometime find their divinity.

"You and all men," she said, "have possibilities you do not suspect, and their realization is very near at hand if you will but trust yourselves and take a new attitude in your lives. It is in a sense the Higher Law which has brought you here that you might face yourselves and learn the lesson, that you might look back to those small beginnings in wrong which were the first easy steps downward and remember that with every step there was the pleading of that inner witness, conscience, the soul, which is always ready to guide us. All wrong action some time returns to us as pain, and it is pain that makes us at last turn and face ourselves and find ourselves. Regard what the Higher Law teaches you not as punishment but as a lesson and an opportunity, for its essence is compassion. Try to work with it. In making a record for yourselves of right action here you can find the key that will open up your own natures, your highest possibilities, and give you new hope and a new peace of mind. This is a special time in human life, a time of special strain and readjustment. Old conditions are giving way to new, and despite appearances a better day for all is close at hand. And it is just because of this that in manfully facing all your difficulties you can all of you advance more than you now dream. Take courage and let each day open a new chapter of noble resolve and effort. I am your friend."

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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

If any man would see the living God face to face, he must seek Him, not in the empty firmament of his own brain, but in the love of men. . . . The smallest among you bears the infinite in his soul. The infinite is in every man who is simple enough to be a man . . . in every man and every woman who lives in obscure self-sacrifice which will never be known to another soul: it is the very river of life, flowing from one to another, from one to another, and back again and round.

—Romain Rolland

HONEST effort toward some good end, though failing, remains banked at interest against next wanted. Therefore never bother about a failure, or any number of them. Your forces are growing, available at call, and gradually becoming irresistible. Self-trust means just this.

For there shall be a new heaven and a new earth,
And men shall not remember the former ones,
Nor shall they so much as come to mind.
But joy and gladness shall they find herein.

NOTHING starts such a deadly leak in the power of accomplishment as to talk about what you propose to accomplish. Will only comes to its full strength in silence.

PRETENDING to the possession of some fine quality in order to impress others is the easiest way to kill any of that quality we may happen to have.

"Oh, if I had my time to go over again!"

Unwisely said. Study what the *present* has for you. At every age, no matter how advanced, something can be done in development better than it could at any other. Every decade has a special step of advancement only possible at that age, a special promise of new light.

Try to gain a thorough "feel" of the inner good in each comrade you have. That will develop the same in you and help it in him. Thus each of us can have the special character-riches of every other. This is the great secret of quick growth.

If a man looks after the faults of others, and is always ready to take offense, his own faults will grow and he is far from their destruction. He in whom this tendency is destroyed and taken out by the very root, finds peace by day and night.—*Dhammapada* (Indian)

I LOOKED upon the great white flower in its vase, ripening its seed within it. Its silence seemed to me like the silence that a man must attain and keep if he would ripen and perfect the soul that is hidden within him, a silence that exhales fragrance.—*Eastern*

FIGHT when you are down; die hard—determine at least to do—and you won't die at all.—*James H. West*

Heard This?

Old Andy: "Nancy, gin I die ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age. Ye maunna live in the workhouse."

Nancy: "Nay, nay, my Andy; what wad I dae wi' twa husbands in heaven?"

Andy (after pondering): "I hae it! Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, an' he likes ye, Nancy. Gin ye marry him it'll be a' the same in heaven. For John, ye ken, is no a member o' the Kirk."

The little party was enjoying the cool evening on the porch and the chat turned upon education. "A man's education is never complete," said the host. "He must keep abreast of the times. I propose to begin the study of astronomy at once and keep it up those long winter nights."

"Jerome," said his wife calmly from her corner, "you'll have to get some better excuse than that for staying out till all hours of the night."

The old cronies were giving their experiences and theories about unlucky days. After a while a quiet old chap in the back contributed this: "Aa'll tell ye ma unlucky days. Aa's fund oot in ma time that it's unlucky to be struck wi' leetning on a Monday; or te be caught wiv' a circular saw on a Tuesday; or te tumble owerboard on a Wednesday; or te be run ower by a motor-car on a Thursday; or ~~lose a ten-pun note~~ on a Friday; or be bitten by a mad dog on a Saturday, and ~~be~~ nowt for dinner on the Sunday!"

Luke had been sent to the store with the mule and wagon. What happened is told in Luke's end of the conversation over the telephone from the store: "Gimme seb'n-leben.—Gimme dat number quick, please'm.—Dis yer's Luke, suh.—Dis yer's Luke, I say, suh.—I tuk de wagon to de sto' f' dat truck.—Yas, suh, I'm at de sto'.—Dat mule, she balk, suh.—She's balkin' in de big road, near de sto'.—No, suh; she ain' move.—No, suh, I don' think she's gwine move.—Yas, suh, I beat 'er.—I did beat 'er good.—She jes' r'ar a li'l bit, suh.—Yas, suh, she kick, too.—She jes' bus' de whiffle-tree li'l bit, suh.—No, suh, dat mule won't lead.—Yas, suh, I tried it.—No, suh, jes' bit at me.—No, suh, I ain't tickle de laigs.—I tickle um las' year, suh, once.—Yas, suh, we twis' 'er tail.—No, suh, I ain' done it.—Who done it?—I t'ink he's li'l travelin' man f'um Boston, suh. He twis' 'er tail.—Yas, suh! She sho' did!—Right spang in de face, suh.—Dey's got 'im at de sto'.—Dey say he's comin' to, suh.—I don' know—he do look mighty sleepy to me, suh.—Yas, suh, we tried dat.—Yas, suh, we built a fire under 'er.—No, suh, dat ain' make 'er go.—She jes' move up a li'l bit, suh.—Yas, suh, de wagon bu'n right up. Dat's whut I'm telephonin' yu 'bout—to ast yu please sen' a wagon to hitch up to dis yer mule. She ain' gwine to budge lessen she's hitched up. Good-by, suh."—*New York Evening Post*

GIFT

OCT 12 1915

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

A Larger Tolerance, a Greater Love

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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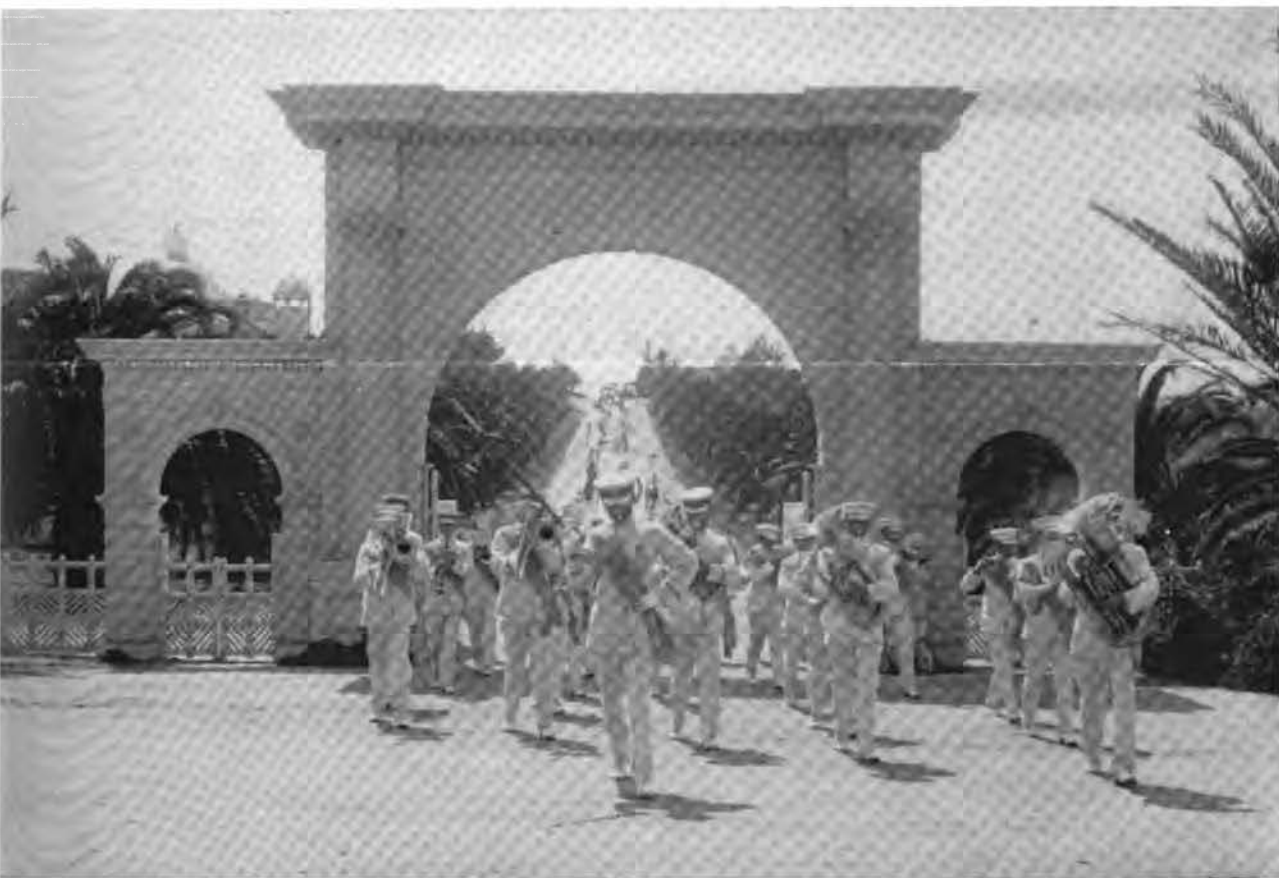
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THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND HEADING LOMALAND PEACE PROCESSION, JUNE 23, 1915

PEACE

Let us in the spirit of true Internationalism and Brotherly Love unfurl the banner of Peace to the world, and make it a living power in our lives and in the lives of all men, that war may cease forever.

Let us by playing our part well, evoke the Spirit of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and all the lands of this fair Earth, and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, and all people. —KATHERINE TINGLEY

Renewing Youth

BY the time he is fifty the forces of a man's body have reached their maximum. Physically he is at the top of the tree of life.

Now what will happen to him?

He looks around and sees that from that point or before it the men he knows have begun to descend, to stiffen, to grow old. He begins to think of himself as doing the same, begins to speak of "my time of life," and to refrain from taking up new lines of action and thinking. He lets old age in on him.

In ancient India they used to offer sacrifice to certain powers of nature they called "gods." At each period of life there were, they considered, "gods" particularly concerned with that period, willing to be specially helpful just at that time, and consequently appropriate to be sacrificed to. In their old books it is laid down that up to the age of say sixty there was one group to be invoked; from then to ninety another; from ninety to a hundred and twenty another; and still another from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and sixty! So far as we can judge from these old writings a hundred and sixty was a very usual age to die at.

And *we* are thinking that at about fifty it is time to begin to retrench activities and put one's house in order for the finish!

No one need accept that hundred and sixty if it is too much of a strain for him. But nor need he come to the other extreme and accept the modern fifty. And if he refuses this latter he can do more for himself than he imagines possible.

There are several causes of old age. One of them is nature herself. For her own good reasons she has arranged that at *some* time the body shall wear out and let the soul — now ripe with experience needing digestion — go free.

Another is wrong thinking. The body is far more sensitive to the mind than we suspect. If the mind is perpetually thinking *I am getting old*, or *I am a back number, a has-been*, the body takes the idea and gets old accordingly — many, many years, sometimes, before it would have got old on nature's schedule.

Now you are fifty, or sixty; no matter what. What are you going to do about it? Think about dying, or think about keeping on living?

Two paths are in front, one going downhill with fading faculties and narrowing scope and outlook; the other leading to light and a renewed life of higher and finer sort.

Some chronic ailments may have settled in upon you. If you take that second path, they will presently show a tendency to get better and may disappear altogether.

Some bad habits of body and mind may now seem confirmed. In reality they are easier than ever to uproot or paralyze, easy to side-step.

First, recognize all this. Refuse absolutely the notion that from now on is downhill.

Be glad now that transgressions against the body provoke a surer and quicker and more lasting penalty than they did in earlier years. You are being helped in this way to avoid them. But don't sigh regretfully over the avoiding. There is nothing in them worth your having. Don't let them into your thought. You have other matters to attend to. Have nothing to do with the past; keep your eye forward with hope and confidence which you will have plenty of time to see justified. Go about your daily work as a man does who knows that something better and better is presently coming for him. *There is*, once you have learned to do it in that spirit and do it well and faithfully with all your best.

Expect the new light, new peace, new understanding which is actually awaiting you. They can't get in, a little ray today, a little ray tomorrow, a new gleam week by week, unless you look out for them. When you are alone and have "nothing to do" is just when there is most doing in that line.

Take up the study of something, a period of history, music, a language, Theosophy — especially the last. It will not only give you new understanding of life but throw light on everything else you study.

Don't drop and droop. Pass alertly from one task and occupation to another at once, even if the other be rest and relaxation. Some men *straggle* through the day, slop and fall along it. That's the spirit of getting old. Quiet alertness is the spirit of life and though it may cost effort of will at first, you soon find that you are re-creating your energies.

This is the prescription for the new life. It won't fail you.

STUDENT



The Temple of Life

PERHAPS the least understood and most abused part of human nature is the body. It has been variously described on the one hand as "The Temple of the Living God," and on the other as "This muddy vesture of decay," receiving also a host of other names all tending more or less to one or the other of these extremes.

The emphasis usually given to the "*Ills the flesh is heir to*" has tended to obscure the possibility of *physical regeneration* with all its attendant blessings of power to function spiritually in proportion to the purification attained.

It is a strange incongruity, that while we never blame a piece of good machinery for faults committed by an incapable workman in charge of it, we do blame the body for conditions which entirely proceed from the *use* to which it has been subjected. It is an obvious fact that physical habits are but the perpetuations of original impulses of thought and desire along the exact lines in which the habits still continue to move.

But what is the prescription for physical regeneration?

Just as fire continues its "habit" of burning the particular material which has been ignited, so do particular bodily conditions (aroused by the igniting power of thought and desire) tend to continue *of themselves* until eradicated by some purifying process.

Now when the spiritual forces of life awake the heart, the entry of this new element into the mind gives the light by which former habits are *seen* as false and limiting. The unfortunate tendency then arises to blame the body and its functions for the bundle of obstructing habits which the *occupant* of the body originated therein. As we say that a plot of good land is responsible for inferior crops, the seeds of which were planted by an ignorant farmer. When the farmer hears "good tidings" of better seeds to be had, he does not blame his land for having grown the bad stock he himself planted; on the contrary he decides to rectify his mistakes in full faith that his land will nurture and perfect the better crops he *now* proposes to plant.

Applied to human nature the truth underlying this picture seems apparent. The body itself, like the primeval soil of the earth, is not primarily responsible for the bad conditions and habits the mind finds itself bound by when it first awakens to a truer vision of life. Unless it is clearly recognized that the physical tabernacle enshrines powers to function along lines of the highest spirituality, the misguided mind will tend to regard its body as a necessary hindrance to spiritual progress.

Before the farmer plants new crops he first clears the ground of its weeds and stubble. This illustration suggests that all failure to *realize* the aspirations of the soul lies at the door of conduct in all its aspects. If former habits of life are permitted to retain hold over the physical organism, the highest aspirations must become blighted for lack of soil wherein to take root. The forces of personal life (as contrasted with aspirations of a higher nature) have a tremendous advantage in that they are already in possession of the physical energies. Whereas the ideals of the Soul are still, as it were, "in the air," unable to enter the stream of life because their rightful places are already occupied by "thieves and money-changers."

When these facts are pondered upon, the rightful place of the body as the soil upon which all harvests of human experience are sown and reaped, becomes clear. Stubble and weeds may be in possession, it is true; but there is always the primeval soil, ready for irrigation by the pure waters of the heart, ready to nurture the seeds of spiritual existence once it has been cleared of its encumbrances and tilled by the action of pure desire and thought. The Spiritual Will, which by determined effort readjusts the chaos created by the thoughtless personality, is then enabled to enter its own house and become one with Nature — as represented by the purified physical body.

W. A. D.

A Few Don'ts

(An Auditorium Address)

WE are all in here for a certain length of time, some for more, some less. "Let's make the best of a bad job," says some fellow. He's on the right track, and in one way it is a bad job. But you can't fairly call a condition "a bad job" and let it go at that when it gives you a chance to do something good for yourself that you'd never otherwise have thought of doing or had such an opportunity to do.

We've got to put the time in somehow, months or years. We can't put it in moping, or quarreling, or cussing; or let it put itself in the best way it can. But we can also put it in *growing* — into more of a man, more of a will, more of a big character, more of a thinker. There's powers and powers — of mind and soul — in us all, latent, unused, unknown.

I read an old tag somewhere once which never got away from my mind. It says: "A stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and man a —," don't know what.

You can see the line; it's really modern science, doctrine of evolution.

Suppose we bank on this saying and act accordingly, just for want of something else to do. It's amusing and it keeps the mind busy. In other words let's get some progress towards that — whatever it is — that man *can* become. Progress is our word, progress of mind.

I've been thinking over this a little and I saw that the mind needs clearing and hoeing and weeding to prepare for our new crop — which crop is our future selves a year or ten years from now. Fine crops they can be, these selves, as I see them with a little looking ahead.

The mind needs peace. You can't grow anything on a field that's everlastingly blithered with storms and hurricanes and fires.

So I looked over THE NEW WAY and picked out a few *don'ts* scattered here and there and strung them together. Altogether they seemed to make about the prescription I needed for my own case. Here's the little list, and as far as I've gone they certainly work all right. Maybe they will with you too.

Don't compare your lot with that of anyone else who you think has a pleasanter time. Envy does a man a lot of harm, stops his progress, spoils his peace, and prevents him seeing the compensation for his own troubles. There's always compensation for his own troubles, if a man would but look for it. It may be hidden at first; but it's there and in full measure. If it does not look the equal of the troubles, it is because we have not yet got its secret and its meaning. (Some of us will think some day that the possibility of growth was pretty good compensation for being here.) The man who you think has a pleasanter time might be surprised if he learned that you supposed he was happy.

Don't make too much of an effort to shake off or side-track some sort of unpleasantness that seems to dog you — *especially* if it seems to dog you. For in that case you are meeting the harvest of seeds — mistakes of the past; it belongs to you: that is, is a necessary discipline for your growth, is developing something in you, or correcting something. When its work is done it will fall off of itself. To shake it off before that is merely to have it replaced by another, whilst this same one is awaiting you further along.

Don't make too much effort to get pleasures that aren't naturally coming your way; especially don't do anything wrong to get them. There'll only be more pain later than you get pleasure now.

Don't kick because the door to some pleasure you used to be able to get is now closed to you; not even when — as in the infirmities of age — nearly all the old doors are shut. A new door — peace and growth — is always opening little by little as a man's old pleasures begin to fail him one by one. Reflect whether they did you any real good, or whether they merely kept hot the desire for more of them. Look for the new door of opportunity which most men neither go through nor even see. Don't look back.

Don't look with irritation and contempt at the faults of others. It stops progress and develops in oneself an equivalent fault and sometimes the same one.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," those who make and keep peace in their own hearts and brains, new-made every day and kept all day. Peace is the first condition of progress.

REPORTER

Mother Earth

IF a word that used to mean something very fine and noble gets anaemic, washed out, pale and unpleasant looking, we can guess that something has happened to the thing or condition that it used to mean.

The word *spiritual* is a case in point. In some old writings that word was full of life and color. When they referred to "the spiritual life" the old writers evidently meant a state that was the very limit of glory and happiness and desirability.

If the word hasn't much left of all that color and pulse it would seem that the state itself is not now understood as they understood it, and not understood because it is not reached.

I want to get back to some idea of the old meaning.

You sometimes hear of "this old earth of ours," "this old planet we live on." I must beg leave to quarrel with the word "old." The earth seems to me to bear all the marks of youth and enthusiasm.

Of course you must take long views. Six months or a year is nothing.

I was talking to an old resident on the moon the other day. Of course he doesn't live there now, for the moon is dead, worn out, no life on her any more. He lives else-

where in the solar system; but as he is of great age and saw the moon affair right out from start to finish, from when she was young and healthy and life-bearing on into her old age and final death, his views are worth hearing.

I had used that very phrase, "this old earth of ours."

"Don't talk that way to me," he answered with some heat. "You don't know your own luck. Why, that young Mother of yours hasn't much more than begun to show what she can do and is going to do.

"You take short views, my son. A century seems a long time to you. I've watched your planet since she was just a mass of cloud-stuff blowing about in space. Watched her ever since with great interest, for I was told from the first that something big was going to happen to her children.

"After a while she settled down to business and developed rocks and seas out of the surface of her skin. She poured life into the rock and the water and presently there were particles of the rock that got so much of it that they couldn't stay rock any more. They separated off and softened and got what you call 'alive' and swam away into the water as happy as you please. They joined themselves together and in their excess of life they multiplied and became great water-plants and finally land-plants and trees.

"And the life kept pouring in and finally some of them got so much of it that plant-ways were too slow for them and I saw that now there were little animals swimming and crawling about. They vibrated to light and sounds and color, and in the general thrill got fully conscious of the world they were in and raced all over it and multiplied. And the life kept pouring into them and at last there were some very fine sorts of them.

"And the life kept pouring in faster, and at last in one sudden, brilliant dose unlike any that had come before. The animals it had burst into became men, livened or illuminated with mind-soul.

"Mixed up with animal-life this mind-soul forgot for a while its own real nature, my son, and there's hardly any of you that have remembered it yet.

"But this higher life-light is still pouring in. It's been like the heat under one of your kettles. The water shows no sign for a long time of the growing heat, but at last it suddenly boils.

"And that's the way with you fellows. You don't know what's been going on in you this long long time. But you're going to blaze out into spiritual life pretty soon; some few have done it already and they're a fore-sign of what's coming for the rest. It's a new sort of life. You'd hardly understand if I told you about it. The life inside your poets and musicians and artists and great philosophers at their greatest moments is a touch of it. But the final — what it's going to be! Beggars anything yet. For the life is pouring yet, faster than ever before, into you all, if you'd take notice how you feel and look out for the benediction and not talk



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"THE SEVEN KINGS," ILLUSTRATING THE ANCIENT LEGEND OF VADSTENA, ESCORTING THE LOMALAND
PEACE PROCESSION, JUNE 23, 1915

so much and quit hating each other and remember that you're one family.

"You're an ignorant lot, son. You don't know your own good luck nor the powers and possibilities shut up in the feeblest of you. You're the young Earth's children, I tell you, and she isn't going to let go of you and isn't going to cease benedicting you, ungrateful as you may be. She'll look after you while you're what you call alive and while you're what you call dead. You can't get away from her. . . . But I've got a little business in Saturn; one of his rings ain't going quite true. Adios."

STUDENT

Our Cousins

THIS story is going to have a moral. But all the same it is a good story.

In ancient days the great hero Thor went a-wandering about in search of adventure. He came to a mighty city wherein was a mighty palace and in that a mighty banquet hall. A king sat on the throne at the head of the great benches along the tables. He told Thor that it was the custom at that place to give no

one hospitality in board or bed until he could show that he was supreme in some heroic feat.

Thor agreed and said that his first feat should be drinking. He would drink at one draught the mightiest horn of mead they could find. It was brought, foaming full. Thor put his lips to it and drank long and deep till his breath was gone and he thought the horn must surely be empty. He looked and behold he had taken little more than the foam from the surface.

The king laughed sneeringly and said that he himself would propose a feat, a mere trifle for one of such far-renowned strength as Thor. Let Thor but lift the gray cat that had just entered the hall.

Thor, disgusted at so ignoble a test, clasped his hands under the cat's belly and tried to raise her. But with all the strength he could put to it the cat's back was but arched a little and one paw raised an inch or two from the ground.

The king laughed again and asked what Thor would now propose. "I will wrestle," said Thor. "Let me see who shall outdo me." Amid the laughter of the men along the tables a toothless old woman came forward

and clasped Thor around the waist. A mighty wrestle followed and finally Thor was forced upon one knee.

For some reason the king now became friendly and they passed the night feasting and story-telling. And in the morning the king took him upon his way for a space and at parting said: "Truly, Thor, thou art a mighty hero, and I would not that thou shouldst come again among my warriors lest thou shouldst humble them all. Marvelous were thy feats. Learn now that the other end of the horn dipped into the ocean and yet thou didst lower a little the level of the mead. And the cat was in reality the great Midgard serpent that encompasseth the whole earth in his coil. And yet thou stretchedst him so that he could barely bring tail and mouth together. And the seeming woman was Old Age himself, whom no man ever on earth shall wholly conquer, yet who did but bring thee to one knee."

And the moral?

All honor to the man that tries to overcome some evil in himself, even though he fail; still more when he wins. For the force of all human evil is against him. The whole past of humanity is part of him, thus far much more evil than good. If we could trace back the branching lines of our parentage, of our heredity, we should find that every family on earth had sometime branched into and out from every other. We are all cousins. Every embodied soul has, in the germ from which his body sprang, a complete sample or epitome of the entire race-body with all the tendencies that men in the past have impressed on their bodies. And if these were on the whole much more evil than good, how great is the task that lies before each soul that embodies itself!

And in the "air," the mental "air" that we "breathe" into our minds as we grow up, are all the thoughts, the passions, the greed, the strife, the selfishness, of the past and the present—much more evil than good; and the thought-pictures of ill deeds done—more, more, by far than the good deeds. And we were mostly never trained to know that as divine souls we had and have power to call forth will enough to triumph over it all, to paralyse the evil tendencies as we meet them and pay back pictures and tendencies of good. For this is done, in part, by him who fights himself; still more by him who wins his fight. To these, all honor!

We see the meaning of Katherine Tingley's saying that she has no censure for the weakness and failings of humanity. Let us have the same charity. It is for us to judge the deed, not the man. The Higher Law alone can judge him according to the measure of his responsibility. The only man that each of us may judge is—himself, himself honest with himself, fearing nothing once that he has put his feet on the noble path of endeavor, confessing to no one save to that Higher Self, the "Father in Secret," whose embodied ray he is, whose representative in the vineyard of earth-life. C.

The Real "War-Babies"

"HOW a man who knows anything about heredity can defend war passes my understanding."

We had been listening to the usual arguments that war develops the manly virtues, promotes comradeship, toughens and hardens the body, and so forth.

"Better stop there, Underhill," interrupted Wilson. "You're trying to shoot from a place you ain't standing on. You know *you* don't believe in heredity. I've heard you argue that we've all lived on earth before and shall again. And if that's so, a man's of his *own* past making, and his parents don't do more'n oblige him with the convenience of a body to come into."

"No quarrel whatever between reincarnation and heredity," retorted Underhill. "A man gets lots of stuff from his parents, mental and bodily, besides the lot he brought along with him. Unless, in his past, he'd made himself a good strong positive character and a stiff will, what he gets from his parents will pretty well overlay what's his own. And most fellows take pretty much what they find and go along through life with the family and parental stamp as thoroughly all over their minds as their bodies. Consequently I beg to move the previous question, as it were, and proceed from what I said first. And that is that every war is not only the fairly sure parent of the next, but also of an ocean of blackguardism that can't be measured. It's this way:

"The fellows who go through the fighting are mostly young fellows, to be fathers nearly all of them when they get through with the killing and come back home. Every normal man's got a natural horror of seeing human blood and carcasses, and a worse horror of making other men into carcasses himself. He gets over that in the war business. He sees his comrade slashed and torn to pieces, their heads blown off, their limbs carried away and their bowels ripped out of their abdomens. He hears cries of agony and the low groans of the dying. And all the time it's his duty to do that slashing and shooting and disemboweling himself to other fellows that he calls the enemy, fellow humans, nice fellows, mostly, like himself. He gets his eyes, his ears, his mind, his memory, filled full forever with the blood and horror business—not only as a man who's *seen* it, but a man who's *done* it, been right there in the butchering with his own hands.

"And then with a mind and memory charged up with this, he goes back and proceeds to be, or to go on being—if he was married before—a furnisher of population to his country.

"Now if a fellow can get, as he passes through into birth, a dose of his father's bad temper or his father's love of drink, things that live all the time in the back room of his father's mind, why ain't he likely to get something from all that mass of blood-and-killing memories, stored in the same place? Why ain't he likely to be born with a natural twist that way, a natural readiness to do a

killing at any time himself? I don't say he *must* be a brute; but if that line of ghastly memories was to the fore anywhere about the time when his spark was struck and afterwards when his make-up is proceeding — why, I say, isn't he likely to have every leaning that way? It might take the form of a love of soldiering or love of any kind of a fight. Or it might make him into a natural murderer of men and torturer of animals. I'm saying "he"; but the generation after a war may contain a million such fellows in every one of the countries that warred.

"And that's why I say that every war is the natural parent not only of another war (which the hatred and desire for revenge left in the beaten party would make it anyway), but also a crop of the worst type of ruffians and criminals. There ain't any benefit to be credited to war that's fit to be set for a moment against this side of the case."

REPORTER

A Mystery

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountain showed
The open pine between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang.

No clue of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above the crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foothills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadows fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiselessly at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream
Or glimpse through aeons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

To Night

BY BLANCO WHITE

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

The Light of Death

BY the bedside of my wife as she died I came to know
That death is not death but freedom and light.

We had always been very close together. What one of us felt and thought, so did the other. Never had we a moment of disharmony.

I held her hand as she passed out and a sudden tightening of her fingers on mine was the last message she could give me through her body.

But after that I waited quietly. And in a few minutes a blessed and profound peace came all over me and through me. And I knew it was the peace that she had reached. I saw all my own life and all of hers and all the events of the years we had had together. I knew that she was seeing mine as I saw hers and that our souls were closer at one than they had ever been before, more perfect comrades and fellow-workers.

The current of communion, deeper than words, deeper even than thoughts, has never ceased. *Where* she is, I know not. *That* she is, indeed I do know. Our lives run together, each the stronger (I think; I know mine is), for the other.

As for the *heart* life, believe me death cannot sever true comrades, those who have worked together for good. Good endures. It is evil that falters and fails and must die out. It is not rooted in the nature of things. So those who work together in good are immortal together in it. They are part of the working nature of things, part of life itself. — *From a Recent Autobiography*

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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The Way-Bill

THE higher a man's aims, the more do the seeming obstacles, when faced squarely, turn out to be stepping-stones. He who would reach the greater life seems to meet irritations and difficulties in every direction — from his fellows, from circumstances, from his own character.

Accept them as your servants and helpers. Invite them and face them as such. Finally, walk on them. When you are the other side you will be able to look back at them with interest and also with some amusement at your present self which thought them so large and formidable.

THE mind of the ordinary man mistakes the character of everything which happens to him. Seeing things as important or unimportant, valuable or useless, desirable or objectionable, it has the whole scene wrong, distorted, upside down. It only begins to get the true view and meaning and proportion of things when it fixes its eyes on the light at the hill-top. Then the man goes forward untroubled, and circumstances come to be understood aright. He finds help in every direction.

NEVER omit to take a small and easy victory over one of your failings just because it happens at that moment to be so easy. It is these little victories that lead on to and make possible the great one, the great gate-opening into the higher nature. When that moment comes, our one regret is that we did not bring it sooner by taking more of the small victories, making more of the small efforts, for which the chances offer themselves so often every day.

A MAN would never do anything wrong if he had far sight enough to balance up his own long-range interests. *Something* in us has this far sight, right ahead through all the unhappy consequences of the act. But till we have got closer to this divine something and see with its eyes, the only thing it can do for us is to say *Don't*. And this *Don't* is conscience. Conscience is the advice of the soul.

THE best remedy for the pain of wanting what fate denies you is the continued attempt to do what you have to better than you ever did before. This is not only the best, but a good best, and after a little time absolutely effective. And it will do much more than remedy this particular pain.

A MAN's body cannot put anything into his mind which his mind has not at some previous time put into his body.

LIFE only gives freely of itself to him who lets it go through him freely as gifts, as good-will, as service, and as well-done duty.

WHEN, in the silence, I had got deeper into myself than thoughts can express, when thoughts had ceased in thought, then from the center of life, the heart, I heard the subtle, never silent, song of life.—*Eastern*

Heard This?

Guest at public dinner, called upon to respond to toast: "This is quite unexpected. In fact when I came into this room I felt like Daniel in the lions' den. When he got into the place and looked around he said to himself, 'Whoever's going to do the after-dinner speaking, it won't be me!'"

The relatives of a woman who had died telephoned to the florist for a wreath. "The ribbon attached to it," they said, "must bear the inscription *Rest in Peace* on either side, and, if there is room, *We shall meet in Heaven*."

The florist was away and his young assistant undertook the job. When the wreath arrived the mourners were edified with this inscription on the ribbon: "Rest in Peace on either Side, and, if there is Room, we shall meet in Heaven."

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.

Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on:

"I say, ma!"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

Colonel, to Private Jones crawling out from the trench towards enemy's lines: "Jones, come back, you fool. You'll be shot."

Jones: "I know it, Colonel. But there's a hornet in the trench."

In a New York paper: "To rent. Large, handsomely furnished room, private family; almost private bath."

Willie, (very seriously): "Papa, I had a strange dream this morning."

Papa: "Indeed! What was it?"

Willie: "I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to Heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that Heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper): "And did you finally reach Heaven, my son?"

Willie: "No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up and saw you coming down."

Papa: "And what was I coming down for?"

Willie: "That's what I asked you, and you told me you were coming down for more chalk."

NOV 8 1915

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

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EAST ENTRANCE OF THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY BUILDING, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA. STUDENTS WELCOMING GUESTS

Another Chance

THE man was dying in a hospital and now only conscious by fits and starts. Between whiles he lapsed into dream; then came to and found a nurse bending over him; then lapsed again. Burgling a rich house he had been shot, shot in the lungs and spine, and there was nothing for it but morphine till the end came.

He had had a hard, fierce life, marked all along with crime. He had never known a home nor any relative save a drunken mother who had turned him out of doors as a boy. He had always fought for his own hand, lov-

ing no other living creature than one dog as savage as himself. Society as a whole and all its laws he regarded with a dull, fixed hate. In a sort of blind way he had sometimes wondered what it was that made people look after each other, what love was. In the jails they had always called him "a tough case" and treated him accordingly.

As he lay between dream and waking, out of the dissolving mists of many mixed dreams presently came this one, clearer than any.

There was another man whom he seemed to recognize

and nevertheless could not quite place. The scene was a prison and that other man was a prisoner. He was pale, thin and listless — for that matter like most of the others — and he got through his daily monotonous weary tasks at the machines with evident difficulty.

The dying man knew somehow exactly what this other felt and even thought. He watched him into his cell at night and saw him spending the hours pacing the eight feet of stretch to and fro in an agony of memory and longing. He seemed to be watching him for weeks and months, felt his dread of the coming Sunday as each week drew to its close, and then the weight of the age-long, almost unmoving hours crawling one after another from mid-Saturday till the Monday following. For there was no release for any of the inmates in all that time.

The prisoner's round of thought and memory never changed. There was nothing to do, nothing to change it. Each thought and each memory gnawed its hole in his brain and stayed there, a fixed ache. His whole nature, which the dying man somehow knew had once been bright and sunny, weak rather, too, and impressible, altered and filled up with a ceaseless, sullen, bitter hate of society and its laws, a society which forgot his existence and laws which had condemned him to so deep a hell.

The dying man saw that one night that other man managed to hang himself. When he saw that he knew that he had known it would happen, that in some way it was his own mind that had planned it and thought it out. It seemed to him as he watched the body that that other man's mind and nature was somehow passed over into *his*, into *him*. The other was *himself*. He knew that sometime — he did not know how long after nor what had happened between — he had come on into birth again, incarnate vindictiveness, incarnate protest, the capacity to love anything human totally absent.

And so he had lived out this present life which was now closing, vengefully and sullenly preying upon society. Now he understood why he was different from other men, why love had never shown its smallest spark in his darkened heart. "They" had killed it in that other life. It had died out under the slow march of those black years in the cell. He had died hating and been born hating.

But now his feeling changed a little. Was *another* life to come, black and sullen as this which he knew was quickly closing? He had never been happy, even in the completest gratifications of his hate and vengefulness. Back, back, in that other life there had once been sunlight and joy. It was even the spirit of good-comradeship that had betrayed him then to the deed that had wrecked him.

Might not another life be another chance? Could he not win the light and peace and happiness of those earlier days once more? He was stronger than *that* self, stronger because of suffering, stronger for this approaching death that in its approach had opened his eyes and given him his memories. A kind of gratitude to death took hold of him and his heart softened the more. Hope even for him, and a new chance. He would try . . . C.

A Sermon from a Pal

YES, yes, there's a good deal in what you say. From one point of view life does look as if it was run by a conscienceless and sometimes cruel Power.

But I think we might try a theory that would equally cover all the facts you refer to and yet be consistent with men's universal longing to find beneficence and wisdom at the heart of things.

You know there are men who care very little about outer circumstances, comforts, foods, warmth, prosperity, poverty. They live in themselves, a very full life, too, unaffected by any of these things. It is not necessarily a selfish life, either, for most men are selfish just in proportion as they *do* care about them.

They are only quiet, self-contained and self-sustained men, full of mind. They care little for ordinary society, but when you do get them to talk their talk is worth something.

Say you are sitting in a theater. The scene in front of you is very beautiful — mountains, a lake, trees, all flooded with sunshine. Then it changes. The next is the bare interior of a wretched New York back-street flat. And the next is the deck of a ship.

You take them just as they come. Each scene is all right to you as long as it furthers the action of the piece. That's the great point, the action of the piece, the development of plot and character.

Just such changes occur in the scenery of human life, outer life. There's honor and dishonor, prosperity and ruin, loved ones and the loss of them. Whatever a man's heart is most tied to, just that is likely to be struck away from him. The outer scenery is never still.

Which is the higher and stronger man, with the deepest and most developed character: the man whose mental condition is utterly dependent on his surroundings, who is happy or unhappy according as things go his way or not, needs every comfort if he is not to be wailing and complaining — or the independent man leading his strong, full, inner life all the same whatever his possessions or losses, whether his body is fed on one food or another, whether his eyes rest on pictures and a grand piano, or on bare walls and floor? Which is nearer the childish state? If people were readers of character, which sort at election time would they choose for their President, when, as now, waters run high and black clouds hang low?

Well, since it's a fair supposition that in this universe — and the earth's a part of it — there's always big work waiting the big soul to do it, for instance, the guidance of parts of the great life-stream, the guidance and protection and development of younger and undeveloped souls, as well as tasks too great for us to imagine and name — how's it going to get done? Who's going to do it? The Power behind all things has got to have agents to work with, minds that can feel and understand something of its great purposes and work them out into evolution. For evolution is everywhere. It's the great

keynote. How's this Power going to evolve its big, self-contained men to work out for it its grand ideals and give its divine energy concrete expression in life, in forms of life?

What we generally understand by life is a spell of seventy years or so. Some men live this life almost as if this was their first go at it — the men that are just played on by their surroundings and are happy or unhappy according as the scenery is pleasant or unpleasant. Some, those who lead a strong inner life that makes them indifferent to outer things and possessions, show the marks of long-ago-won maturity. They grew up somewhere through lives of experience that gradually made them indifferent, superior.

How's the education done? We can see it going on. A man's given for a while all the things he can enjoy, and when his enjoyment is at its height they are struck away. He loves his health, and disease cripples him; loves honor, and gets disgrace; comfort, and gets ruin and poverty. He's given the pleasant and unpleasant in all sorts of doses alternating. At last, in some life here or elsewhere — there's more planets than this in the universe! — he gets case-hardened, fire-proof, bereavement-proof; can't be shaken; so much fullness inside that he cares nothing for either pleasures or pains outside; thinks nothing of the scenery. He's got the great peace, has found the real life, learned the great Purpose for him. Experience has at last done its work through the pains and pleasures it brought.

Once you see the thing this way matters look different, don't they? It is possible to see, in all the apparent "cruelties" and "capriciousness" of happenings, the hand of pure and lofty beneficence and compassion, trying to aid life and to evolve big souls that shall be its instruments. And I say that any man who tries and lives the right life can come to knowledge of that Power and feel its beneficence and compassion for him — feel it the more the more he has to suffer. THE LISTENER

Chris on the "Fall"

OLD Chris had paid one of his rare visits to the village church, and when I cycled down that Sunday afternoon for a chat with him he was ruminating on the sermon over a pipe in his jasmine-covered porch. The garden, redolent with flowers, opened by a little wicker gate upon the road, and on the other side of the road was a green field sloping down to the trout stream from which he furnished some of his own suppers. One of these suppers I proposed to share with him that evening.

"Yes, son, I did," he said; "wanted to see if parson's caught any new ideas fishin' in his books since I last took a spiritual meal with him. Couldn't see that he had, though. I don't reckon that any illuminatin's I came by on the 'Fall' — which was his topic — was sparked off his anvil."

"Hard to say any new thing about that," I suggested.

"Any fellow that'll speak straight out of his experience'll say somethin' new about that or anything else," he answered. "There's the place to get after the live fish. What's in them theological books is smoked and dried and salted.

"Fallen into sin, he said we are, all of us. Fell from *where?* says I to myself. And *when?* If 'twas when we was born we must 'a' bin alive before and alive in a somewhere where there ain't no sin. Where's that? says I. But he didn't give no answer.

"But after all, it wasn't *us* as had fallen at all, accordin' as he made it out a bit later. He was talkin' about that couple way back, Adam and Eve. *We* just appeared somehow new-made right in the place they fell to, not havin' done any fallin' on our own account at all, *born* fell, created fell.

"Well, I lost touch o' the parson along about there and went off on my own line. I'm with the *Fall* idea, all right; no quarrel there. But I've got to have the Fall for myself, right in my own experience if I'm goin' to get any juice out o' the idea.

"Son, there's a Fall an' a burial every day, an' the man walks about in his tomb, callin' it himself. Fort'nately for us the tomb falls a bit off the man now and then, and other times the man takes a flight out of his tomb. But I dunno as most fellows profit much either way.

"Long in the quiet evenin', maybe, a man's inside neatly packed with a satisfactory little meat digestin' all right, somethin' in the way of a garden to look upon and smell at, moon up and silverin' things, pipe lit and worries forgotten, his better nature'll come on deck. He's all mild in his speakin' if there's anybody to speak to, an' if there ain't he gets thoughts as don't come any other time, kinder sees into things a bit, gets some feel of an overwatchin' Spirit that's soakin' into him and tellin' him that things is all right an' will be took care of in the long run.

"What's all that mean? Means that the body ain't in his way, don't it? It's fed and all busy over the feed; it's got somethin' to look at an' smell at an' listen to; an' it can chew over the pipe. Consequently it ain't sayin' nothin', ain't botherin' him any. The tomb's thinned out some. He can get in a bit closer to his proper self.

"Son, if a man could get close enough to that overwatchin' Spirit he'd have thoughts and knowledge so deep there ain't any words he could put 'em in, an' a peace about him you could most see. An' that's where he belongs an' where he fell from. Fell into the body, didn't he? an' got all wrapped up, tethered in, mind and memory? Can't think anything that's any good to him and can't remember where he came from. B'gosh it's a fall! 'Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou fallen!'"

The old man was silent a moment and then went on upon the text he had quoted.

"*Lucifer* means light-bearer, they tell me. An' that's

a man, sure; but he's forgot his own light. An' *morn-ing*, what he's son of, is the Spirit. In the beginning was darkness an' the morning sun rose up an' started things to life an' breathes life and light into 'em to this minute. I reckon a man gets back to it, nights, when his body's asleep an' ain't monkeyin' with his mind any more for the time. *Remember?* Well, he don't remember an' he do. 'There's a sight o' things in a fellow's memory that he can't rightly get at. I reckon it's snags o' spiritual memory that the big music fellows try to write down an' that stirs the poetry and painting fellows to try an' say an' paint what can't be said nor painted. It's memories of what's way up above our words and tunes and colors.

"But, son, what I'm gettin' at in all this long-winded jaw of mine is that that Fall was fell by each and all of us, was fell when we was born, is fell every mornin' when we wake downward from the Spirit into the body abed and take up the body's memories of all it's been through and enjoyed an' squirmed at; an' is fell in a smaller way when we let the body run us into low tricks an' mischief an' the swine an' gutter an' red-light business. An' the Fall is begun to be riz from when we stand up like men an' turn a friendly face an' a helpin' hand every way an' forgive them that's injured us. An' more'n all in the silence when we search after the Spirit in heart and head.

"Now I'm goin' to squeeze up a few berries for you with a bit o' sugar an' a dash o' cream. Be all right after that ride of yours, won't it?"

And I admitted that it might.

REPORTER

An Obituary Oration

HE died fuller of life, according to his own ideas, than he had ever been before; though he died of old age, honestly worn out.

I don't know when he took a new hold on himself—not so many years back. But he suddenly took to "flinging himself into the day"—his own expression. From the first thing to the last he tried to do everything a shade better than he had done it yesterday, whatever it was. Said he felt the better for working that way. It was the way to accumulate life. "We're here for a purpose, a reason," he used to say. "Not so much to do any particular thing as to get to be a particular thing. We come here on earth with any quantity of force—the spiritual life-force—locked up in us, and this earth-life we live is for the purpose of working it loose from its hiding place and getting it into our hands. It's only to be done by work. Not just *doing* the work, getting it off the list; but by doing it all the time better. That's calling out the reserves of force, of life, of will. If a man works that way he won't die till all his reserves are out and ready."

He acted out his principles; said *Good morning* to you in a heartier way all the time so that he *made* it a good morning for you. Ate his food with the idea eaten into

it that it should build him a better body. Drove every nail with a nicer touch. All the day, whatever was doing, even when nothing was to do, he was doing that something, or the nothing, better.

"Body wears out," he said, "like an old piano. Do the best practice you can with it, and though there may be nothing but old rattling keys with half the wires gone or rusted, when the time comes for you to be furnished with a fine new instrument you'll show what you'd really been accomplishing all the time on the old shack. Life's for the purpose of getting hold of your latent powers, getting them out and getting hold on them. Don't matter what your duties are, so you do them to the limit and keep pushing the limit. That's what loosens your powers and gives them into your hands for future use. We'll get a new instrument sometime, somewhere, maybe here again, and then there'll be some playing if you played this one all you were worth."

So on his own showing he got fuller and fuller of life up to the moment of his death and was happy all the time. "*I live man can't die*" was his great saying, and I don't believe *he* could die anyway. REPORTER

The Gold Piece in the Treasury

IN a well-conducted country, for every dollar of paper money afloat there is an equivalent gold piece held in the national Treasury.

A man's personality, what he calls "himself," is like that piece of circulating paper money.

But in his own secret Treasury there is a real "himself," pure gold, the genuine coin. The trouble with most of us is that we cannot find where that Treasury is, and have forgotten the gold piece. The paper piece, the circulating show-sheet, is all we know of and we regard it as the real coin and spend a lot of thought on it that had much better be used to search for the gold.

Try to *forget* that paper piece, the personality, and you will very soon begin to remember the other and where it is. Don't respect the paper piece so much. Don't try to have it so comfortable. Don't worry if it has to take a back seat or put up with slights or obey unpleasant rules and regulations or go without what it wants. Don't snarl at, or criticise, or pass judgment upon, or quarrel with, or feel unfriendly to other paper pieces, other men's personalities. They too are only flimsy representatives of gold pieces they don't know of. This tolerance of other peoples' peculiarities and faults, this charitable allowance-making, this not thinking of anybody in terms of their weaknesses—in a word, this forgetting—is the way to that forgetting of "yourself" which leads to finding *Yourselves*, the gold piece in the white-tiled Treasury within. The paper may get soiled, torn, and will sometime wear out. The gold never will; it is imperishable and will always shine by a light of its own making. It is very much worth while finding.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," said a great Teacher; *is not there*. It is the Treasury. C.

The Philosophy of Silence

I WAS writing an article for our paper, and I promised myself it should be a very fine one. It was on "Blends of Character," and I had just achieved this striking introduction:

still retaining his taciturnity and the stored and concentrated strength that goes with that, add to himself the antiseptic geniality of the other? Why should not the other, still retaining his geniality, borrow the touch of silence and so stop the mental leak that keeps his mind so forceless, his brain so like a cistern with a hole half way up the side?"

"Very eloquent," said a voice behind me. "Just wait while I learn it by heart. I want to spout it as mine to the other fellows after supper tonight, introduce it in a kind of general way into our talk about art and potatoes and sunsets and things."

Of course it was Jim, one of the genial, loquacious ones I had been writing of. A momentary qualm got me at that moment lest I should have to class myself among the morose taciturns. But before I could settle about this, Jim took a new start.

"What's in this silence business, anyhow?" he said. "Just formulate your wisdom while I put on a pipe. Chin wagging don't seem to me any very deadly sin. I feel the better for a bit of a chat, myself."

"I don't know that I have any great wisdom," I answered; "not yet, anyhow. But the silence idea has certainly been getting rather a hold on me lately. Remember that picture of *Sunset* in the Tremayne Gallery?"

"Rather!" he said; "a grand thing."

"Well, we watched the people looking at it. Two women, you may remember, came along with a guidebook and rattled off more chatter over the picture in a minute than you could print in a Sunday supplement.

"The very next couple, a man and a woman, looked at it for five or six minutes without a word, let it soak right in. They drew a

good breath as they walked away, and the man said, half to himself, 'He's got it,' meaning the painter of course.

"They'd got it! And they had to be silent to do it. The first pair never truly saw the picture, and for that matter never truly saw anything else in all their lives. If you sewed their tongues to the floor of their mouths



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BOTTOM, THE JOLLY WEAVER, IN KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LOMALAND PRESENTATION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Personated by Mr. Montague Machell, a Student of the Rāja-Yoga College.

"I have sometimes wished that men would exchange qualities. Here, for instance, is a silent man, silent and morose, poisoning himself and his surroundings by the ill-feeling he secretes and his unuttered criticism of everything that anybody does or says; here a genial man, genial and loquacious. Why should not the former,

and clamped their jaws, their *minds* would still be at the same chatter.

"If I am looking at a beautiful scene, say a sunset again, maybe, and turn my head to say 'How beautiful!' to somebody alongside, I stop the work that scene is doing on my brain (through my eyes), bring it to a standstill, while my brain fashions and discharges the words. The force storing there upstairs is leaked away. If I'd kept lip-silent and mind-silent, my brain would have answered closer and closer to the colors, up to their highest and finest tints, *seen* more, in fact. The brain needs force to vibrate answeringly to fine things, and it is this force that runs away in talk. It's a force wasted nearly as much in *mind*-talk—the talk a man's mind keeps up in him all the time—as in lip-talk. The force escapes in the brain in that way even though it don't get down as far as the lips. In some fellows you can see their lips muttering as they think.

"The principle's the same if we want to get at the soul, the divine part, in us. Getting after the soul seems to me like getting the inwardness of a sunset or a picture. The soul is the inwardness of a man, the spiritual meaning of him. You've got to stop mind-chatter and *listen in*, feel in. You store your higher brain-force so that the brain can rise in vibration, can answer to a kind of thought so much higher than ordinary that at first we shan't call it thought at all.

"But you can't do that mind-silencing unless you practise it, practise in and out through the day. And this doesn't mean cutting out all friendly chat, either. It means getting out of the habit of having your thoughts trickle in a steady stream straight off your lips as fast as they come so long as there's any sort of a human being there to listen. And then it means getting the power little by little not to have this stream of empty worthless thoughts the whole time. And that's the true silence-power, the power of inner listening, of peace-seeking within. Why, man, we couldn't see the beauty of a sunset or hear the beauty of a piece of music unless the beauty was already somewhere inside us. That somewhere is the soul. . . . There are my thinkings on that topic so far. What's your idea?"

But Jim's pipe suddenly dropped out of his hand on to the floor. He had gone to sleep! STUDENT



The Other Side of the Case

WHAT would be the most paralyzing calamity that could befall a musician?

Deafness, seems to be the obvious answer. Yet one of the greatest of all musicians wrote some of the greatest of all music after becoming stone-deaf.

He was *deprived* of his hearing—would you put it in that way? Or might you say that being *released* (from this point of view) from *outer* hearing and its constant appeals to him, Beethoven's *inner* hearing could open the more fully? He could come the more perfect-

ly to his real work. The inner world of harmonies broadened and deepened and grew richer and sublimer just in proportion as the outer world-sounds lost their power to get in upon him. After all, a man's real being is not lived out in eating, drinking, enjoying himself, or amassing money.

Milton went blind and then wrote one of the world's grandest poems, *Paradise Lost*. The inner sight of his imagination was only cleared by the darkening of outer sight.

The maiden whom Dante loved died young and it seemed to him that his life was blotted out. But an inner, richer life opened for him; the girl whose picture lived in his memory became the symbol for him of his own soul. And from the inner place of his new life he wrote another of the world's immortal poems.

Assuredly these three men got more than the equivalent of their losses. Perhaps they might have missed the compensation if they had let themselves be drowned in despair. But they felt that something new was opening in them, and they gave themselves over to that.

For all the great losses in human life, compensation is ready, a compensation related to the highest part of the man's own nature, something which will be to him what the new hearing and sight and life were to Beethoven, Milton, and Dante. The other part will of course lament, the part which, because of the loss, cannot do as it did. Its laments may occupy the whole attention and prevent recognition of the new thing now at hand.

If we are wise we shall make no demand upon the Higher Law—the Power that compensates—for this or that particular form of compensation. Refusing to look back to what is gone, trusting this great Readjuster, we shall presently discover what it is doing for us. It may not give what the personal mind-self of us, ignorant of its own best needs and interests, is demanding. But always it is opening the way to our progress, always giving new opportunities, showing new doors to growth, to light, to peace, to the highest powers latent in us.

Let not those of us who have lost our freedom think of ourselves as "the shut-ins." Let us think of and look for what will *open out* in us. Much oftener is the man in the world the truly "shut-in." And then, for him, it will only be by the loss, the falling away, of all that he has acquired and enjoyed, and of the chances and power to acquire more, that he will be forced in upon himself and can find a new world and a new freedom. There may be a time of much pain between the loss of the one and the finding of the other, and he alone can determine the length of this. If he will refuse to look back at or call to mind the things and occasions he has lost: if he will press full-heartedly into all the hours and all the duties of his new life, trusting the great Readjuster to do the best for him and therefore always hoping—he will quickly find what the new life is silently offering. There will be pointers and suggestions, flashes of insight into his possibilities, peace and growth.

Finally, if we can say, of the three men whom we have taken as text, that it was just the falling away of something outer that opened up the greater inner, their true work and being—have we not some hint of what death is? For it is the falling away of *all* the outer; and in that case it must bring a far fuller opening of the inner than could ever be reached during life. In this view death comes as a deliverer, key-giver, and friend.

STUDENT

Myself and I

I THINK it was very early morning, when the dreams that come are apt to be remembered. Anyhow I remembered this one:

I was watching myself living through the days, day after day, living my ordinary life. There were the usual pleasures, discomforts and annoyances, fulfilments of desires and disappointments.

Though I was living through all this, I was also looking on at it. The myself I was looking at, my ordinary self, was living as I have said, the usual ups and downs, pain predominating in the sandwich of pain and pleasure. The myself that looked on quietly was in none of these states but perfectly serene and indifferent. The other seemed an absurd little creature, fretting at its little pains, pleased with its little pleasures, trying to avoid one and get the other. I didn't care which happened.

Then I awoke, thinking I had found a key to living. It was years ago, and now I know I had.

It is of no use trying to get away from pains if you are willing to stay with pleasures. You cannot throw away one end of a stick.

Try the dream. When the day closes and you are alone before turning in, look back through the day and watch yourself living it; go again through the little worries and disappointments and pleasures. You, the looker-on, are serene enough. Imagine, further, that whilst these pains and pleasures were actually occurring, you were there, as you are now, looking on, split as it were into two.

A little practice in this gives you the power to do it actually, whilst the day is going along.

Then comes the question: Who am I that can look on whilst that other I, the little one, is worrying through the day, some days sick, some well, sometimes happy. Omiter not happy?

This looker-on is the true self, in most men drowned in the other, the bodily self. In you it is now gradually coming undrowned, coming to itself, waking. It is the immortal, dipped into mortality for the gathering of experience. It is that which makes us able to say that every man is more than he seems, divine in his inner nature. And when we have thus fully awakened, a new life of unspeakable joy and power begins, the power to help the suffering and darkened hearts and minds of men in ways we cannot now conceive.

STUDENT

Germ-Proof

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised;
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In suphureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears,
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;

They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup,
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.—*Selected*

Success

BY HENRY VICTOR MORGAN

I HOLD that man alone succeeds
Whose life is crowned by noble deeds,
Who cares not for the world's applause
But scorns vain custom's outgrown laws,
Who feels not dwarfed by nature's show,
But deep within himself doth know
That conscious man is greater far
Than ocean, land or distant star;
Who does not count his wealth by gold,
His worth by office he may hold,
But feels himself, as man alone,
As good as king upon a throne;
Who battling 'gainst each seeming wrong,
Can meet disaster with a song—
Feel sure of victory in defeat,
And rise refreshed the foe to meet;
Who only lives the world to bless,
Can never fail—he is Success.—*Selected*

LITTLE Mary was set to watch a flock of chickens. The hens kept together very well, but the rooster was inclined to wander inquisitively towards another flock of chickens next door.

"Come back here!" cried Mary. "Come back to your own family."

But the rooster kept straight on. Mary looked at him a moment, disgustedly; then she said in a low, bitter voice:

"That's just like you men!"

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 (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

WHEN another has wronged us, let us fix our thought on our own inability to stand the wrong without resentment or wincing, rather than on the injustice we have suffered or the man who inflicted it. How splendid, how worthy of a man, to be able to stand anything without a quiver, without the least loss of evenness, without a moment's halt in his progress! Indeed this is itself progress.—*Stoic Aphorism*

For every man there comes a crisis, when, in a moment, without chance for reflection, he must decide and act instantly. What determines his decision? His whole past, the daily choice between good and evil that he has made throughout his previous years—these determine his decision.—*George Eliot*

It is but the accident of birth that makes us love this country rather than that. Let us daily imagine ourselves as having been born in the other lands, among the other peoples, and thus acquire a patriotism as broad as humanity. The practice will do more for our growth of character than we can believe.—*A Wanderer's Notebook*

WHEN thou hast been ruffled by circumstances, retire within thyself and regain thy peace as quickly as thou canst. Each time that thou doest this the work will be easier and in the end thou wilt achieve a harmony that nothing and no one can disturb.—*Marcus Aurelius*

As we observe the ordinary action of our minds we shall discover that the stream runs of itself without the least assistance on our part. But try to stem this stream or alter its direction, and the resistance is terrific. He who resolutely guides his mind may help to sweeten and clear the atmosphere of public thought, though he may remain silent and apparently inactive. He who would forge ahead in character-building must be eternally on guard to challenge every vagrant thought that seeks an easy playground in his mind. Otherwise he may find his peace wrecked and his progress stopped for days or weeks.—*Century Path*

No man's possibilities are limited till he stands still and says to himself that they are. Refuse to do that; make another effort; the effort itself is progress. And so onward forever.—*The Way-bill*

HALF the clouds that darken our minds and moods are due to thinking of the faults, failings and weaknesses of others. A peculiar irritability is thus developed which prevents any possibility of happiness or mental clearness. Call up in thought the men you know. Do the best, or the worst and weakest qualities of each come first into view? Are you friendly, or harsh and critical? No man ever gets peace whose mental keynote is criticism. No man can grow great qualities in himself while he ponders small ones in others. Our thoughts of others may be said to be the soil in which our own characters, small or great, grow.—*Century Path*

Heard This?

Inquisitive Westerner (to one-armed fellow passenger): "Lost an arm, I see. Railroad accident?"

One-armed man, coldly: "No."

Westerner: "Auto smash?"

One-armed man, as before: "No."

Westerner: "Torn out in a mill, perhaps?"

One-armed man: "Stranger, you seem to want to know how I lost this arm. If you'll take your oath not to ask another question I'll tell you."

Westerner: "Honor bright. How was it?"

One-armed man: "It was *bit* off. Now shut your head."

"Why are you offering such a thundering big reward for the return of that mangy cur?"

"Oh, just for the look of the thing."

"But you told me the other day you hated the sight of it. Suppose somebody brings it back?"

"No one will. I drowned it."

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum, I've done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassum. He's a mighty good pervider, but I've powerful skeered he's gwine ter git koted at it."

"The same punishment," said the prisoner meditatively, "can be a very different thing in different cases. When I was at school a boy friend of mine and I were sentenced for the same offense to stay in one Saturday afternoon till each of us had written his name five hundred times. It seemed even enough. But my name's Bush and his was Schwindelkoffmann."

"How do you manage to pick out such excellent jokes for your joke column?"

"Well," said the Editor, "it's this way. I look over my cuttings in church during the sermon and any joke that makes me laugh then I know is good."

Census man (to little girl who opened the door): "Would you please tell me the names of the residents in this cottage?"

Little girl: "Please sir, there ain't no residents; we only hired it for the hop-picking."

Census man: "Well, who slept here last night?"

Little girl: "Please sir, nobody slept here. I had the toothache dreadful, and my little brother had the stomachache through eatin' green apples and Jim got awful bad blisters on his back through pickin' in the sun mid-day, an' we all took on so that nobody slept here, sir; no sir."

Boy, to manager: "Did you hang out this here sign: *Capable Boy Wanted*"

Manager, sternly: "I did; what business had you to tear it down?"

Boy: "Hully Gee! *I'm the boy*, ain't I?"

Manager: "I believe you are."

GIFT
DEC 10 1915

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Plow thou the rock until it bear."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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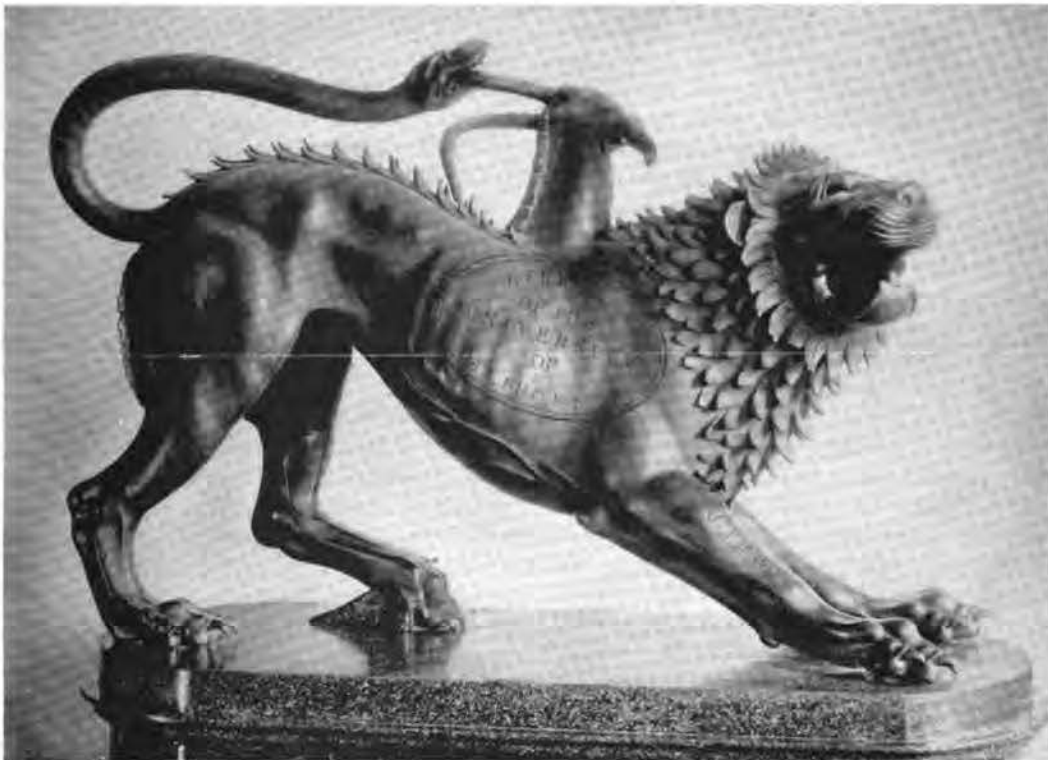
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THE FAMOUS "CHIMAERA," AN ANCIENT ETRUSCAN BRONZE

(The "Chimaera" was a fire-breathing monster, the fore part of whose body was that of a lion, the middle part that of a goat, and the hind part that of a dragon. Seems to be extinct now.)

Human Nature

HOW the Optimist and the Pessimist came to be in the same cell is neither here nor there. They make an interesting pair, anyway. Though they see things quite differently, they agree that the world is badly off, with its poverty and suffering, its disease, folly, vice and crime, insanity and wars.

One evening the Pessimist said:

"Human nature makes a failure of its free-will. Other civilizations before ours have flourished and gone

down, and at the rate the present one is 'progressing' from bad to worse, it seems that this will follow the rest. The race is unable to get beyond a certain point. Always men have cried out for more freedom; but the freer we are the faster we go to pieces. While we brag about modern achievements, we are repeating that same old story of cruelty and selfishness which has always shown men to be unfit to control their own lives. The whole scheme seems like an aimless see-saw, up and down. We can't change human nature."

"Certainly we cannot," said the Optimist cheerfully.

"Then what is to be done about it?"

"Study it!" was the emphatic reply.

"But that's just it. It's my study of the human case that makes me hopeless. Take history. Go back two thousand years, when the law of 'an eye for an eye' was changed for the Golden Rule of seeking your brother's benefit. See how men have persecuted each other in the name of the Teacher they professed to follow, and lost the real meaning of his message by splitting it up into a thousand different creeds. And now that Christian nations have big churches at home and missionaries abroad, they are warring like barbarians with each other, and all for no real reason. Follow the hard road traveled by the laborers down the centuries, as slave and serf, as tenant and wage-earner. Today they are exploited, as always, by some task-master; and the poor man who gets the upper hand proves as unscrupulous as the rest. Nor does our boasted education do anything to enlighten men as to the folly of selfishness. Ignorance was thought to be the greatest of all evils; but whilst the modern educators have been free to work out a long series of systems, the results show a loss in both conscience and common sense, and an actual gain in depravity and insanity. Whichever way you look at the case, human nature falls short, and we cannot change human nature."

"Fortunately we cannot," said the Optimist. "What we need to change is *our estimate* of human nature, instead of trying to figure it out at a disreputable discount. A normal man is a mixture of the god and the animal, with a mind which is middle ground that both try to occupy. It is the right relation of the two that makes a human being a sane, sound and upright creature, not groveling on all fours or with his head in the clouds.

"The trouble is, men are not *human enough* in thought and action. They are always getting wrong results because they try to work out life's problems with the god in them *minus* and the animal *plus*. All the while the power to change the proportion is within themselves. Re-read history, and remember that all the splendid, heroic, unselfish and uplifting deeds recorded of each age are the pictured possibilities of all the unmentioned millions of men.

"Human nature never was wholly mean. The history of any hero stirs even common blood with a feeling of intimate kinship. The sympathies of the mean and cowardly are enlisted by the story of a worthy and undaunted fighter. Take that play given on the chapel stage last night: how naturally we prisoners forgot our mistakes to side, with thunderous applause, with the cause of truth and right. It was not hypocrisy, either. It was our better human nature that responded to the appeal to it in the dramatic picture.

"There is enough moral force in our thousand inmates to make this place a center of inspiration to every newcomer, and change his whole idea of life. If we hadn't given the animal his head, in some way or other, we

wouldn't be in this trap. Talk about creating the world in seven days, why, if men would only take the control of the creative quality from their animal natures and direct its currents along purely human levels, they could quickly make a new world out of this old one. Because men have forgotten their noble origin, their wily animal nature blinds them into thinking their desires and lower emotions are themselves. The paralysing doubt of their true power poisons their minds with a belittling belief in the natural depravity of human nature. Depravity is always an *unnatural* state, either for an animal or a man. It is a diseased perversion for human mind to be controlled by the lower instincts. Things are surely upside down when the lesser controls the greater.

"The simple and only way to establish peace on earth and economic justice and true education is for each man to harmonize the opposing forces of his own mixed nature, to do justice to his Real Self, and to understand himself. It is true that 'man is not man as yet.' Compared with rounded-out, complete manhood, we are like a lot of awkward, noisy, quarrelsome, overgrown school-boys. It is time we outgrew the dictation of mere animal instinct, and asserted our human reason. The first *practical* step toward the finding of our natural nobility is to *believe* in it. 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' And step by step, one soon finds it to be the best kind of traveling on *The New Way*. No. 353



The Cause of Crime

J. J. SANDERS of the Arizona State Prison, in *The Fra*

WHAT is the main cause of crime?

One of the main causes of crime is the utter lack of educated or trained will-power of the average individual. Ignorance of the psychic laws governing emotion has more to do with wrongdoing than has anything and everything else combined. Any person who allows anger, fear, jealousy, worry or despondency to rule his better self is a potential criminal. No person can be said to have an impregnable character who yields to any of the negative emotions. All human character is weak that gives way to anger, fear, jealousy, worry or despondency.

Can impregnable characters be built through education and training of the will?

Science says they can, and science speaks from practical experience. Love and courage are positive emotions. Anger is the negative or opposite pole of love, while fear is the opposite pole of courage. Love and courage are Christian virtues. No person is a true Christian who is ignorant of the law governing these virtues. If the Men's Forward and Religion Movement would insist on every one becoming efficient in the science of psychology, what a character-building movement it would be! If the children in the Sunday Schools of America were taught how to overcome each and every negative emotion, what impregnable Giblartars of character they

would become! The teachers in the public schools would soon catch the spirit, as would also the parents and guardians of American children; and as a result Americans would very soon become the strongest in human character of this or any other age the world has ever known. Any person who has acquired self-control and self-mastery can not be said to be a potential criminal. Nothing can swerve such a character from the path of rectitude.

The late J. P. Morgan rated character above tangible security in loaning money. With this greatest of American bankers, character was a very strong business asset. He knew from practical experience that a man of indomitable character would fulfil any obligation he incurred. Nations are no stronger than the composite character of their people. The poet Goldsmith tritely expressed this truth in the *Deserted Village* when he said: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The accumulation of character is of vaster importance to the growth and well-being of a nation than is the accumulation of wealth. Our nation has been scientifically accumulating wealth, while character has been allowed to rustle and hustle as best it can without the aid of science. It is all very well to accumulate the wealth, but why not apply scientific principles to the building of character as well? Character should be the first thought of a people striving for a fixed place in the Sun of Nations.



Health by Exercise

A FEW years ago the physical exercise cult arose and spread everywhere. There were magazines devoted to it, and in the Sunday supplements there were sets of pictures showing you exactly how to roll about on the floor and stand on your toes and whirl your elbows around your ears. There were special systems, to learn which you had to pay fees; and for other fees you could have your special symptoms specially met by special forms of exercise. Men would ask you to feel their biceps and admiringly throw a measuring tape around their inflated chests.

We do not hear so much about all this now. The public as a whole may be said to have become disappointed in the results of what it entered upon so enthusiastically.

Yet there is nothing wrong with right exercise. If you know what you are doing, exercise *is* one of the chief ways to health.

Every now and then we catch a cold, feel pretty slack for a week or so, and then feel better than before we caught it. Every few years most of us get some quite serious illness, say a pneumonia. And it is one of these that usually finishes us.

From one point of view the cold is a disease. But from another it is a burning up of rubbish piles accumulated here and there about the body. That is why,

when the waste is burnt up and the cold is gone we feel better than before we caught it.

The cold does not consume the whole of the wastes. Nor does the next, nor the next. Some accumulations remain which the colds cannot reach. When they have got to a certain point a grand conflagration occurs, our pneumonia, for instance. Then the deck may at last be nearly clean.

Diseases attended by fever, considered as burnings up of rubbish, appear therefore as disguised blessings. Nevertheless even a common cold damages the body. It would be much better to get rid of the wastes as fast as they form and in some other way than by fever.

This is the value of exercise; *not* the growing of big muscles. The man who shows you a big biceps is not showing you any sign of health. He is as likely to crumple up with pneumonia tomorrow as the man with a small one. Every muscle in the body should have some good stiff exercise every day, but not for the purpose of growing it up in size. The exercise should be for the purpose of making it squeeze its wastes out of it into the blood stream, whence they will be turned out of the body by the kidneys and skin, or changed into gases and breathed out by the lungs. Never mind the size of your muscles; only see to it that they are capable under your will of becoming firm and hard, and that every day in the course of exercises they *do* become firm and hard. A few minutes night and morning is waste for this, every movement the body is capable of being made to the utmost. If you attend to every muscle and every joint, thinking the thing out for yourself, you won't need to look at any pictures in the supplements.

Rubbing the body all over every day with a wet and then a dry towel, therefore serves two purposes. It cleans the skin of wastes which have been thrown out — a very important matter for health; and it squeezes every muscle. If a further rub with the bare hands follows, so much the better. Drinking a good lot of water — warm, cold, or hot — perhaps an hour before meals, helps the work of the kidneys and will benefit or cure rheumatism. Rheumatism is due to a special sort of accumulated wastes.

But where do the wastes come from? How do they get where they are?

All living matter, whatever its kind, makes wastes in the normal course of its work and activities. That's one source.

Another, and a more important one, comes from food eaten in excess of requirements. Although it may be perfectly digested and enter the blood, the active body tissues will not accept more of it than they need. The rest is hurtful waste.

Now we see why the cheerful, alert, erect man is always more healthy than the dismal, slack, slouchy, grouchy and quarrelsome man. His muscles are screwed up, on tone, elastic. Wastes are squeezed out of them as fast as formed. In the other man's slack muscles they

lag and stagnate. This is one of the ways in which mental tone reacts for good on the body. An alert cheerfulness of mind steadily kept up, gradually made to replace all tendency to the blues or any other of its opposites, very soon acquires a purifying, curative and creative influence on the body. Combine it with the few exercises recommended, done morning and night; lean over, when in doubt, always toward the side of less rather than more food; and you will do more for your health in six months than you can now believe possible.

M. D.



The Double River of Life

GIVE an anatomist just a bone of some extinct animal and from that he will be able to reconstruct for us the creature's entire skeleton and body.

The astronomer notes the path of a comet for a night or two and from the bit of it he thus sees he can work out the whole orbit requiring perhaps years to traverse.

We are always trying to treat each other in the same way. We see a man is a glutton at the table or come upon him doing a mean thing. So we proceed to make our picture of the entire man from that one trait. For us he henceforth walks about all day as a glutton or a thief. That failing is about all we think of in thinking of him. We construct his whole orbit, his whole skeleton of character, from one element, one bone.

But it may have happened that the same man gave up a pleasure excursion yesterday afternoon to write some letters for a sick comrade, and afterwards sat up the night with him. If that was all you knew of him you might call him a saint. But he isn't that either.

The fact is that every one of us is two: a selfish animal and a something divine. The battle between the two is sometimes drawn; sometimes for a time one wins out and takes the entire field; in a few men it looks as if the demon was the only acting force left; in one here and there the divine part has won a final victory.

I had been listening to music, marvelously played, and though I had returned to my work I worked as if in a dream, for most of my mind was still in the current of the music.

Gradually my work took its usual hold of me, stirring my interest and claiming more and more of my attention. At last the music vanished altogether and I was fully in the work.

But when I lay down that night it returned to me and I found that whilst I had been absorbed at my work new harmonies and melodies had woven themselves and came now full-formed into my mind. It was as in the morning when one finds that in the hours of sleep some problem has solved itself and stands ready for use.

It seemed to me that I knew now how man comes divine into the body from some divine world or current. The new business of matter-life absorbs the whole attention, even as did my work, leaving none for the still

continuing background of the divine life, the still flowing divine current. Deep within us, our divinity remains, a living and working factor still in the divine life of all things. And as the child grows older, and especially under the guidance of right education, he begins to become fitfully conscious once more of it and to side with it sometimes against the lower impulses in his make-up. Moreover in certain natures it breaks through betimes as the inspiration of the musician or of the artist or poet, as the sudden flash to the inventor's or scientist's mind, as the sudden deed of heroism.

This is how we are two natures, two selves, yet one, with power of choice to live as the animal, leaving the other faint and unnoticed; or to live divinely, thus mastering the animal and gradually awakening into one full consciousness of our divinity and of our work as gods. "Is it not written in your law, I said, ye are gods?" We are both animal and divine; selfish and all-loving; in the life of matter and in that of soul.

In which of these two lives will we place the mind? For thought can run with the stream of matter and at death be lost; or with the other, coming to all understanding and surmounting death.

So we cannot learn the whole of a man's character from any one expression of it.

STUDENT



The Case for Pain

"EVERY judge ought to serve a term in jail; he ought to know what he's sentencing fellows to."

"You couldn't make that work, for the term must be long enough to make him crave to get out with every last fiber in his anatomy. The other way would be to put a real ex-con, on the bench."

"Certainly there are things in prison life that can only be known by being lived through. It's a fiercer oven than any outsider can ever imagine. Yet for that very reason it's a privilege, and the worse the pain the more the profit of it."

"I guess I'd trade away some of the profit if I could pack the pain in the same parcel. But where is this profit? What is on the credit side?"

"It may be that sort of profit that a man would *admit*, and yet not the sort that he would *choose* if the choice was left with him. Some men, perhaps most, would admit, after passing through a period of great pain, that they were glad to have had it. They don't want it again; they don't want any more of it; but they know it did something for them, or on them, that they feel was good. They know they'd be the poorer in character if they hadn't passed through it.

"But take the thing another way round. Here's a fellow that's always had everything his own way, always had a good time, always had things easy and pleasant, no real pain or grief at all. Isn't he likely to be soft? Is he likely to be a man you'd go to in trouble or wanting a brace-up?"

"On the other side is a fellow who's been in hell, had all the kinds of pain of mind there are. How's he likely to compare in fiber with the first one, the easy-lived chap? Isn't he likely to be more of a man, more grown-up in character, more the sort that you *would* go to?

certain largeness and strength and tenderness and power of sympathy which the easy and pleasant life never can: why isn't it a privilege to be in here and perhaps have every last fiber on the steady ache?

"I don't reckon that pain is always to be on the program of human life. We get *some* steps—necessary ones—out of it. But the steps of our mind-growth that are to come later-on will have *peace* (of mind) for their footway. After a while it'll be in peace and joy that men will go forward. Only in *that* atmosphere can the *greatest* mind-powers open and ripen.

"But we've got to win it. It'll come first to the strong ones. There's a man in a foaming stream. It's easy and peaceful to float down with the current. But that easy sort of peace is nothing. There's another man *fighting* the stream, won't go with it, gets struck by the passing snags, blown by the wind, blinded by the spray, turned over and carried down a piece. But he don't give. His strength grows. He begins to move up little by little. At last he gains the wide, smooth, easy water above. He's won his peace.

"Same with pain. No man's in pain but what he's fighting it with his will, trying to bear it, trying to get strength against it, craving to get the upper side of it, and in every crave gaining a little strength towards winning. All that's true even if he don't know it, even if he thinks he's altogether flat on his back and paralysed under it. It wouldn't be pain if there wasn't something somewhere in him fighting it, even if the tactics are wrong.

"That's what I mean when I say that all pain is waking up strength somewhere in us. Good for the man that knows it and consciously takes a hand in the game and *tries more to end the pain itself than to do away with the circumstances that cause it*. Pain enough to call out all their strength will sometime come to all men. Those easy-lived fellows are only having a rest, or may-



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

IN LOMALAND

Young Rāja-Yoga students gathering flowers for the decoration of their schoolrooms.

I don't say that's always so. Some men seem crushed out with pain; but even so there's something to them that the easy-lived chap hasn't got.

"Now if it's more than not the case that when a man has got through a spell of pain he's glad to have had it; and if it's more than not the case that pain wakes up a

up strength somewhere in us. Good for the man that knows it and consciously takes a hand in the game and *tries more to end the pain itself than to do away with the circumstances that cause it*. Pain enough to call out all their strength will sometime come to all men. Those easy-lived fellows are only having a rest, or may-

he ain't old enough yet to be able to stand the discipline. I mean old enough in a big sense. We were alive before we came into this present life of ours and we'll be alive after its finished. It's just a stage on the program. We've had disciplines and pleasure before and shall have them after. Some men are born older and maturer than others—because they've had more pain in a forgotten past. Some are born young and need things easy a while before the toughening begins.

"That's the case for pain, boys." REPORTER



Let Us Clean Up!

IT is one of the laws of life that sooner or later, for every latent element in a man's character, just those circumstances and conditions will arise that will draw it out of its latency and give it play. It is thus that we come to know our hidden streak of unselfishness or cowardice or generosity or meanness. The hidden hero or the hidden cur, the thief or the liar, the peacock, the lion, the pig, the snake—come into view.

There is no escaping this law. But it has much compassion for our failings, and unless there is at last no other way for it, it does not seem to desire to expose them to others. For a long time it works with each of us privately, gives him many little private chances to see for himself what is in him that ought not to be there. If he takes these little hints and starts out on an honest self-cure course, all goes well.

But if he *won't* take them—why, what is there for it but to bring about conditions that will expose him more or less publicly? And even then it is working solely for his good. It takes long views. The thread of life is not cut by death. Sometime we are to be noble and flawless men and women and shall then be able to look back at all our pains and be glad of having had them.

As for the big qualities, the heroism and the rest, they'll get exposed anyhow sometime. For it is good and helpful to the rest of the world to see them.

STUDENT



The Two Lights

(From the Persian)

"THERE is a spiritual Light for the eyes of the understanding as there is visible light for the eyes of the body.

"Even as the soul of man dwelleth in his body and worketh outwardly through it, so doth spiritual Light dwell in the visible light, and whilst the latter giveth to all creatures their bodily life, so doth this other give the spiritual Life whereby they are enabled to rise ever higher in the scale of life.

"Think of this, O man, when thou lookest upon the rising sun and art made glad thereby. As thine eyes look upon the visible glory, let the unseen spiritual Life

and glory enter thy soul and wake thee to a new and nobler manhood, a new strength, a new helpfulness for all that lives.

"Even if thou art in a dungeon and mayest not behold the daily Renewer of life as he entereth his path in the eastern heavens, bethink thee of the moment of his entering, for at that moment beyond all others of the day thou mayest feel in thy body the thrill and in thy soul the awakening, though thine eyes see naught but a bare wall."

These words were written in the little book which was given me by the stranger passing me upon his camel in the desert. And I read them daily and did even as the book had said, so that in no long time, practising day by day, I got new life both of body and soul. Some of my youth came back to me; in my mind there awakened an understanding of the hidden things and meanings of life; and in my soul there was born a joy and a peace that overpass all saying, that fade now not at all, and that have made me know my immortality and my kinship with the spiritual Light that worketh for the good and happiness and upliftment of all worlds.

But there were other things written in the little book and of them I will tell thee in another letter, O my friend Akbar.



Failing Eyesight

HERE'S a prescription for the failing eyesight of middle life which will always benefit and may entirely cure. Read it carefully three times.

Immediately before going to bed give two or three minutes to a gentle but firm, deep stroking or massage of the closed eyelids with the finger tips. Do this rubbing from the nose outward, slowly, and of course not compressing the eyeballs to the extent of pain or discomfort.

Then with the eyelids still closed, and now as tightly closed as you possibly can, roll the eyes around under them as if you were looking first at the sky, then well to the right, then downward, then to the left and up again, keeping the head still. This a few times till the muscles that do the eye-moving begin to ache a little.

Finally sponge or splash the eyes with cold water a minute or so till they feel cold.

In the morning put your face under water and open and close the eyes several times, but do not repeat the night exercises.

Keep this up steadily and see whether in a month you cannot discard your glasses.

The reason of the prescription is that wastes form in the various parts of the eyeball as they do in every other organ. In time they cause a stiffening of the lens, resulting in the far-sightedness of middle-aged people. The exercises and massage squeeze out the wastes and tend to restore the elasticity of the lens.

M. D.

The Soul

BY GEORGE BARLOW

THE Soul shall burst her fetters
At last, and shall be
As the stars, as the wind, as the night,
As the sun, as the sea.

The Soul shall struggle and stand
In the end swift and free
As the stars, as the wind, as the night,
As the sun, as the sea.

The Soul shall be crown'd and calm,
Eyes fearless — and she
Shall be queen of the wind and the night,
Stars, sun, and the sea.—*Selected*



Humanity

BY RICHARD WATSON DIXON

THERE is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs:
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Tho' all the ages are its life-time vast;
Each soul that dies in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall for ever last.

And thus for ever with a wider span
Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man
And live in life that ends not with his breath,
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.
—*Selected*



About Ben Adhem

BY LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!



Habits

IF you desire to form a right habit, says Professor William James, "seize the very first possible opportunity to *act* on every resolution you make and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habit you desire to gain." It is not in the moment of their *forming*, but in the moment of their passing

into *acts*, that resolutions and aspirations give the new "set" to character. "No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act*, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing practical fruit it is worse than a chance lost;" it works so as positively to take the life out of future resolutions and emotions in the right direction. If we often flinch from making efforts which ought to be made, the habit of flinching will be formed, and "before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time."

"As a final practical maxim we may, then, offer something like this: Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points; do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire does come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has accustomed himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

"We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little mark or scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well! he may not count it, . . . but it is being counted none the less. . . . Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Which, of course, has its good side as well as its bad one."



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New Way Notebook

CHRISTMAS

I THINK I can understand why among so many peoples, Christian and non-Christian, Christmas is regarded as the birth-time of a spiritual something in the heart of man. *Physical* life begins to rise with the March spring-coming and is at its height at midsummer. Declining with autumn, it is at its lowest by mid-winter, the Christmas time. And it is because of that, and just then, that the *spiritual* life has its best opportunity and can start some new growth and come to a new birth. For the same reason the late evening of each *day*, when the physical forces of the body are declining to their rest, is the fruitfulest time for spiritual effort.

—MOELLER

He who carries his own burden cheerfully is helping all those around him to carry theirs.

Look within, for within is the spring of good that is ever ready to gush forth if thou wilt but dig patiently.

—MARCUS AURELIUS

It is a good thing to strike while the iron is hot, but it is a better thing to make the iron hot by striking.

—OLIVER CROMWELL

EVERYTHING matters more than we think it does, and at the same time nothing matters as much as we think it does.—SAMUEL BUTLER

If it is true—and it is—that when you are feeling most self-satisfied you are nearest a moral fall, it should also be true—and it is—that when you are feeling most *dissatisfied* with yourself a great step upward is within your power.—THE NOTEBOOK

THE best way to prove oneself fit for a larger place is to fill the present one so full that it shall run over.

MEDITATE on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods.—SOCRATES

I HAVE learned that all men are weak and that all men are strong; that within each one is the other, either lurking to slay or biding the moment to succor from trouble and despair. . . . No man nor woman suffering a ruptured life in a prison cell is a less important unit in the evolution of humanity than is the money king, the man with the hoc, or the minister with the gospel. No human being has yet lived, and no human being now lives, who has not served or does not serve an important purpose in the great scheme of things.—DONALD LOWRIE

NEVER admit to yourself that you have reached the limit of your possibilities. Even if you have, the effort to take another step brings about the growth of will and character. From which it follows that you had *not* reached them. As a matter of fact, no one ever does or can. Effort is always growth.

Heard This?

"The spacious home of Judge and Mrs. Riner was the scene of a beautiful wedding last evening when their youngest daughter, Dorothy, was joined in holy deadlock to Mr. William Price."

If the young man who was seen saying good-bye to his girl on 4th Street last Sunday evening after church time will become a subscriber to this journal, no further mention will be made of the matter.

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium. "Where am I?" he said, feebly, as he felt the loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I? In heaven?" "No, dear," cooed his devoted wife. "I am with you."

Constable: "Now then, come out o' that. No one allowed bathing here after 8 a.m."

The face in the water: "Excuse me, sergeant; I'm *not* bathing; I'm only drowning."

Shopkeeper: "That knife has four blades besides a corkscrew."

Scotsman: "Have ye not got one wi' one blade and four corkscrews?"

READ IT AGAIN: Eugene Clough, of Ellsworth Falls, has a calf, born Tuesday, which has three hind legs. One of the hind legs is grown where a foreleg should be.

The millionaire was dying, and as he looked back over his life he began to remember various little deeds and transactions that might, he feared, presently give trouble. "If," he said to the clergyman sitting by his bedside, "if I leave several thousand to the church, will it assure my salvation?"

To which the other answered: "Well, I wouldn't like to be too positive, but it's certainly worth trying."

"How long has it been raining?" asked the dejected tourist of the old villager the morning after his arrival.

"Dunno," was the reply, "I've only been here seventeen years."

The tourist got his raincoat and umbrella and slopped miserably down the wet street. Another old villager, with a piece of sacking over his shoulders, was looking over the little bridge into the trout stream. To this man he said, "Does it always rain here?"

"No, no," returned the other cheerfully, "at times it snows, and then again there'll be hail."

Some little city urchins were taken for a summer day's outing on a farm. When they had got tired running about and playing in the fields they were all given a mid-morning glass of rich milk. "Gee! that's fine," said one little chap. "Wisht our milkman kep' a cow."

"I've got such a lot to tell you."

"Come along to the symphony concert and we'll talk it all over."