

GIFT  
APR 7 1917

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

*To every difficulty without  
Corresponds a power within.*

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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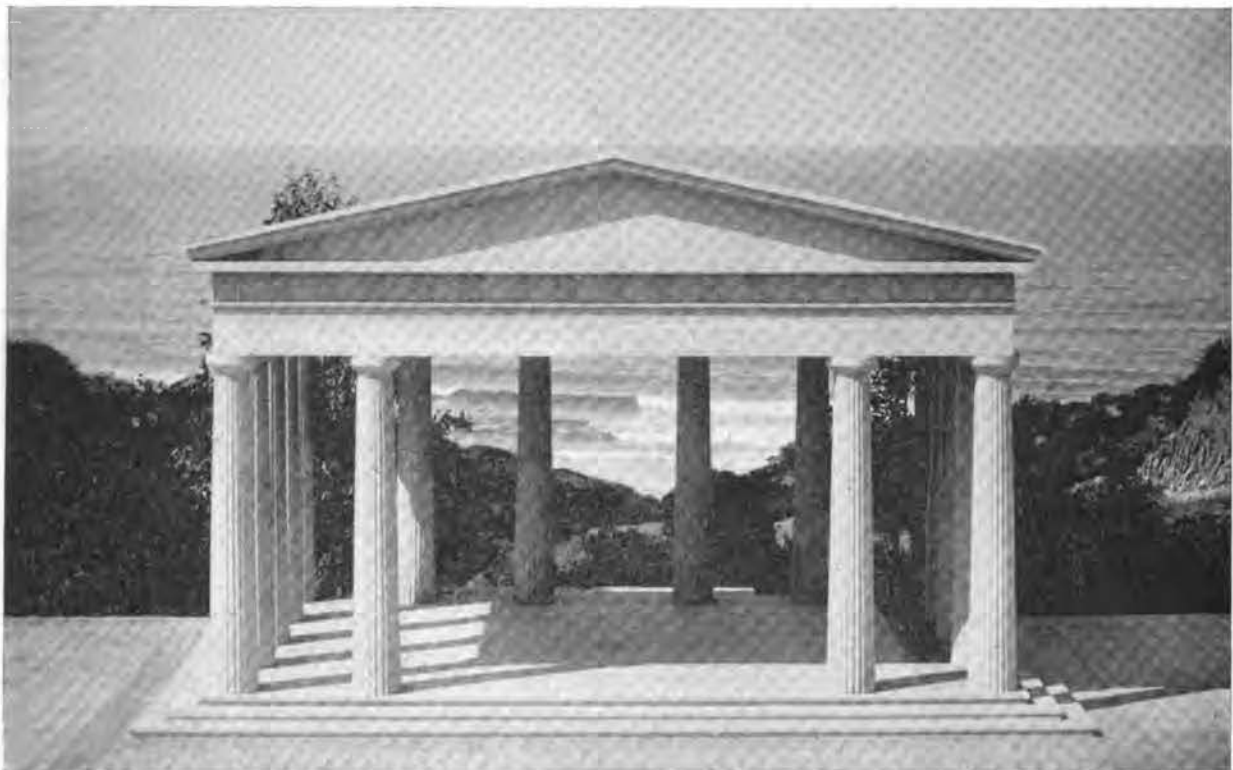
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THE TEMPLE IN THE LOMALAND GREEK THEATER, THE PACIFIC OCEAN BEYOND

## The New Time

THE vast storm in Europe, like nothing we have ever heard of before, may not last long now. But the dark heavy rolling of that perturbed sea of human consciousness will not die away at once when the great guns have been finally dragged from the field and the armies have been taken back into their homes.

There will however come a day when there is full peace and the locked mind-energies are freed for other and better service.

What of that new day, not so far ahead? How shall

we feel? Does anyone think he will feel nothing in particular? Here in America we have been, in yard-measure space, far from the conflict. But in the deeper parts of our minds we have felt the storm and been weighed down and darkened by it every hour. Our deeper and finer mind-energies have been locked and on strain. Only those who live altogether on the surface of themselves have felt no inner change, no tying up of inner forces since the fatal August of two years ago. Certainly we have had our usual little surface ups and downs of pleasure and trouble, the little events and changes that alone we

notice. But behind that has been the perturbation and tension and wear, just as beyond the buzzing of the fly in my room and the ticking of my watch is the ceaseless but unnoticed roar of the city, a roar of whose wear and tear upon me I know nothing till I have sought escape for a few days to the quiet of the village.

Great will be the loosening and deliverance, a great joy and sense of freedom, new life and outflow for all.

To what real profit for us, for each of us? What shall we do with the new energies that are surely coming out soon from the depths of our natures? Expend them in the customary nothings of wishing and thinking and doing?

Perhaps many or most will do so. But some will feel and understand that in a year of that new time they can go further along the New Way towards the great Light ahead for mind and soul than in a lifetime of former years while the storm was gathering. They will have prepared themselves. They will have been faithfully seeking the Light when their seeking seemed fruitless. They will have practised self-discipline when there seemed no achievement in it and no promise from it. They will have held their equanimity and kindness and forgiveness and forbearance when men and conditions seemed conspiring against them. They will have held hope when the way seemed hopeless and leading nowhere.

It is for these that the coming new time has its splendid promise. All the seeds they sowed and watered will come up into leaf and flower and fruit.

Our nation, as a nation, has not bestirred itself aright from the first of the war-months. A great opportunity came when we could as a people of one government have called a halt in the name of brotherhood, have made an appeal on that avowed ground which no combatant would or could have ignored. And there came other and other opportunities when the appeal on *that ground* would have been more and more gratefully listened to.

But they all went by unused. We have won no place such as they would have given us, stepped up to no leadership among the peoples.

The suffering of the warring nations will have changed and sobered and deepened them. They will have become ready for a new order, new ways. It will be the recompense and the healing of their sufferings. They will rebuild their national lives on a new and nobler scale. They will look for and find a new brotherhood and new expressions of it within and between themselves. Old negations will give place to a new faith. There will be new light on the eternal things of life, and the released inner energies will produce a growth in art, in literature, in philosophy, that has not been witnessed for centuries.

### The Eternal Youth

AS medical officer of one of our large asylums I had at that time plenty of material for my favorite study: human mind and character. But my patients were never 'specimens' to me; as far as possible I always tried

to gain their confidence, to get at their real selves behind that layer of mind that was diseased, to be their friend and to make them my friends.

At one time I had under my care a man who suddenly developed a quite remarkable instinct for painting. He would never associate with any other of the patients, had partially lost his memory and could not often be induced even to speak. I encouraged him in his painting whim and had him supplied with all he wanted. He spent most of his time at it, and in a year or two had developed a strange mastery of his new art. Nature scenes were his favorite material, and in most of his pictures he got in the sun rising or setting.

One day I came into his room and found him as usual at his easel and as usual he at once threw a cloth over his work and turned it to the wall.

"Don't you want to let me see what you're doing?" I said. "I'm interested in painting and you've never shown me anything you've done yet."

He looked at me stolidly for a moment and then said suddenly: "Look at it, then," and turned it round. Then he stood watching me as I studied it.

It represented a figure on a hilltop looking at the rising sun: an ordinary figure in ordinary attire, perhaps meant for himself. But just behind this was another, much taller figure, robed in white, luminous, half-transparent, haloed with light so that the first figure stood partly in the halo. The right arm of the white-robed figure was raised as if in salute to the sun on the horizon, and the left hand was upon the man's shoulder. And the figure was winged.

"Beautiful," I said; "tell me something about it."

He looked at me silently for a little while and then curtly said: "That's my moment."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"It's the only moment I've got, the one for the day. It's *me*, I tell you. *This* isn't *me*"—pointing to his own body, "nor what's in here all day"—indicating his head. "Crazed? Yes, all day. I know it as well as you. Not fit for a kennel. But the sun gives me a moment of myself just when it comes up, all clear, no clouds, no fog. I stand back of myself, *light*, I tell you, and know about things. Everybody's got that thing, angel, in him; can't get out. Seems like the sun. Only a minute, though. But it's worth being crazed just to have that get out and meet the sun for that moment, and know what you are inside and what you will be when this crazed thing is dead and done with. I'm not crazed. I'm *that*"—pointing to the figure of the shining youth erect behind the other. "I did this picture to show the rest here what's in them, what *is* them if they could know it. I don't mind their thinking I'm crazy. There's one minute when I'm not, one minute of myself, beyond myself.—Now get out; I've told you. *You're* that too"—pointing again to the figure behind. "But you've never had a notion of it yet, for all you think you're smart, no more than the rest. Get out."

To my amazement he suddenly held out his hand,

clasped mine a moment without looking at me, and then pointed to the door.

I have never forgotten this, and it always mixes up in my mind with a newspaper account I once read of the escape of two convicts from a southern prison. One of the two was a youth, hardly more than a boy, sentenced to a life term for killing a girl he loved, who he found had given herself to another man. The other was an old and hardened offender, regarded as of the worst criminal type, a jail-bird for decades in many jails. How they arranged their escape together I don't remember. They had had about four or five hours' start into the woods when the boy fell over a rock and broke his leg. The broken bone tore the muscle and an artery and cut the skin, and there had been much bleeding. This the elder man had tried to stop with strips from his coat and then had given up his chances of get-away to carry the boy a mile and a half to the nearest cottage.

Wasn't it the same thing as the picture? Hadn't the real self of the man, underneath the crazed criminal self, got out and taken charge for a while? The man wouldn't have put it that way, probably wouldn't have admitted or understood that any particular change had come upon him for the time; but there had, just as in my lunatic at sunrise.

We're all insane, more or less, see everything out of true, give wrong values to everything, make big things of trifles, trifles of big things, act meanly and selfishly. But there's something better in us than all that, something that knows and sees true all the time. But mostly it can't get itself into our brains.

As I said, I shall never forget that lunatic who came to himself with the sunrise in his heart and head, or the convict called to himself by compassion for the injured boy. If we could only all get to ourselves somehow! It is not so difficult. That *Other* may always be found by those who try. It stands closest to him who needs it most.

M. D.



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THE DAY'S FAREWELL AT LOMALAND  
The Raja-Yoga Academy and Temple of Peace

The Two of Us  
A MAN'S 'deeper self' — what is meant by that? Most of us seem to ourselves to be but one self. What is this 'deeper' one?

Well, what is it happening when a master in music sits down to the piano and improvises? Is it not that there is some music going on *inside* of him somewhere and he wants to get it out so that the *outer* man of him can hear it with *his* ears? He wants to get *both* of himself occupied with the music. Unless he gets the music to the outer man's attention that outer man will be disturbing him (the inner man) by listening to other things. For each of these two men is sensitive to what the other is doing and thinking.

You and I are not music-makers;

that is not in our line. Our inner man does not express his feelings to himself in that way. But we like music and we go to hear it, go to hear *another* man's inner-man music played out aloud. The musician who sits down to the piano and improvises goes as it were to hear *his own* inner-man music.

Many men talk to themselves when alone. This is the same thing. It means again that we have two minds: an outer, of the body and brain, connected with the

senses, with what can be seen and heard and smelt and tasted and touched, which is thoroughly occupied with all this and whose business it is to keep in touch with it and think about it — and an inner one with far higher business. It often forgets that higher business, though, and even forgets that it is anything different from the outer one. When the inner one wants to communicate very clearly with the outer one it may do more than merely think its thoughts. For if it confines itself to that the outer one may not get the thoughts fully, or even may not get them at all. People who talk to themselves find that the outer man, the brain-mind man, can think more clearly the thoughts they want him to think — can picture them better — if he *hears* them; so that they get at him round the corner as it were as well as directly from the inside. We do not catch our own thought very well, sometimes, till we have hammered it out clear into words, spoken or unspoken. We like to *see* our thought, dressed in the words that the brain man puts on it.

The outer mind has two faces: it faces out to the world by way of the senses, eyes, ears, etc.; and it faces in to the deeper mind and so is able to get some of those thoughts direct.

The inner mind, or deeper self, also has two faces. Outwardly, it is in touch with the outer mind, the brain-mind, the sense-mind; inwardly, or at its upper pole, it faces or touches the divine. It is the man's real self. So we can always choose whether we will descend into and lose ourselves in the lower or outer mind, thoroughly share the bodily appetites, and even forget everything else: or develop the upper end, connect up closer with the divine, cultivate high thought and aspiration in the silence, and so get into possession of our rightful power to control the lower man at will.

So we need always to remember our three natures: (1) The innermost or highest, the purely Divine, always in touch with the larger divine beyond us; (2) The lowest, or bodily, in touch with the outer world; and (3) The middle, the true man, who can choose which of the other two, the one above him and the one below, he will cultivate the acquaintance of. The three can be called souls, if you will: the purely Divine soul; the animal or bodily soul, which dies; the human soul, which makes its immortality more and more conscious according as it gets closer to the divine. If a man during life has cultivated that relation by right action, right thought, and aspiration in the silence, after death he gets its full light upon him, an illumination beyond our imaginings.

All this is not mere dogma. If we study ourselves and think along this line, we presently find it to be the real fact. We need teaching, all of us, about the deeper matters of life; but if the teaching is of the right sort it shows us the way to know after a while for ourselves the truth of what we have been taught.

Education means literally, leading out or drawing out: drawing out for the outer man the knowledge that is always in the inner man.

STUDENT

### Looking Through Your Eyes

“ANY man I see, I always want to swap humanities with him, want to get in touch with the real thing in him and put him in touch with the real thing in me.”

There's something in every man you can feel friendly to, if you know how to get at it.

But that's a great art.

Most of us speak only from our brains. There is a heart-note in us all, but it can't get out, can't find anything to say. Some men have a positive yearning to let their real hearts out into speech, but they can't do it, don't know how. The moment they open their mouths the part that takes control and does the talking is a part they know to be just the outside, the part they live in though they know it's not the best or deepest or the real, the part they're accustomed to turn out to others and do business with others with.

Unless we are born with the art we cannot without considerable practice let ourselves out to others or get in at their real selves. It is the chief of all arts for making life everlastingly interesting and for giving ever richer life to ourselves.

As to the practice. We must begin by looking at other men in a new way. I mean that there must be something in our eyes which we do not usually put there. We must get the heart-man to look out of our eyes instead of just the brain-man.

There may be more than one sort of wrinkles and crowsfeet round the eyes. There is a set that gathers round the eyes of men that have long accustomed themselves to look keenly and critically and dissectingly upon others. Some business men, rapid at reckoning up everyone they meet, have this set very marked.

But quite another set gathers about the eyes of those who have looked — maybe not less keenly, but kindly and tolerantly and friendly-wise upon others, seeing perhaps their weaknesses and flaws but also seeing them as fellow humans to be got at heart to heart.

It is that sort we must get, or rather the spirit that gives at last that sort. We must put the *friend* into our eyes as we look, and call the same out into the other man's eyes. He too is a brother soul, wandering about down here like the rest. He also has his deep thoughts, his touches of heart-life, in behind that brain-life and brain man which is all he can show to the world or even mostly to himself. He may be a queer or unpleasant looking creature outside, with quite unpleasant or tricky ways. But try to look past that at the other and say something friendly as you do so. Get the habit of this kindly look and friendly state of mind, and of friendly memories of men afterwards. Drop anything you saw that you did not like.

By this practice we learn at last to live among men in a new way, in a new state of touch with them. We live wider, deeper, getting something from everyone as we give something to everyone. Four-fifths at least of our own trouble lifts. And finally we become our own true



selves, conscious all the while of being the heart-self. And the depth and fullness and richness of that new self grows all the time. It has no limit; for the heart-self, now become director of the brain-self, is at one with and now has access to the great Self of all.

They knew all this well in old times. Here is a verse from old India about this way of living and the reward of it:

*"He whose heart is pure and good: who is without pride, is mild, persevering, simple and plain; who considers every creature as his friend and who loves every soul as his own; who behaves uniformly to everyone with kindness and love; who wishes to do good and has abandoned vanity: in his heart abides the Lord of Life."*

STUDENT

### Making Oneself Over

YES, it's a long business, this making oneself over into a new man, a new and finer character. One decides to do it in a flush of enthusiasm. All looks easy and inviting. There is already triumph. The old man is gone. The new one is here. One has already become it.

But then come the difficulties, perhaps the very next morning. All the heart and light seem to have gone out of our enthusiasm. We are in the backwash of things. The moment comes for *not* doing — according to last night's decision — something we have always been accustomed to do. Maybe we stand up to the resolution and don't do the thing, but that makes us more irritable than before. We think: What! not do that *any more*? The prospect seems too terrible to face.

And then follow all manner of other difficulties and annoyances, quite unexpected and unusual, and with an extraordinary power to sidetrack us.

The thing seems hopeless, and many of us give up our fine program before the end of the first day.

Mostly we begin wrong. We think on towards some definite results we have decided to achieve in ourselves, and that wakes up a lot of hostile elements in us that think they see in that picture an end of all their fun. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Moreover the picture may have a good deal of vanity lying behind it and a sense of superiority to other men

who haven't decided to make themselves over. This is one of the worst enemies of all, because it is so subtle. It breeds a whole raft of bad thoughts and bad actions which lead a man back to a lower place than he started from in the first place.

The resolve we should make is, to try henceforth to keep in touch with our diviner part, the Companion, the Witness, the Soul, to keep worthy of its approval and co-operation and help. Every man can feel that, when he has stood up to his duty or done a kindly thing or crushed out some lower impulse. It is the resolve to live henceforth nearer our own inner light, rather than to be or do some particular thing or reach some special state.

Following up this resolve day by day, repeating it as a sort of pledge morning by morning, looking back evening by evening to see where we failed, we at last achieve much more than anything we could have pictured at the first.

It is a long business. But if we do not bother ourselves about any final result, knowing it will come by just keeping on; and if we have not made the mistake of confusing enthusiasm for the actual steady work ahead,

the way will not seem so long. Indeed we shall presently forget that it is a way at all, and be perfectly happy in the apparently small victories of the moment and the day and with the felt approval of the inner Companion, the higher

Self. We shall know that we are progressing somewhere, to some great thing, to a light, without troubling to picture what that will be when we get there. For we cannot yet picture what it will be like to have won the light, to have got reborn, made all over in mind and feeling, to have got real knowledge of how to live.

So though the way is long, it will not seem long; and, taken in this manner, hopefully, but without thought of final result, taken from day to day, there are no enemies waked up within us, and there is that steady happiness that comes of increasing nearness to the Companion and increasing goodwill to all other men and indeed all that lives.

STUDENT



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LOOKING OUT ON A LOMALAND GARDEN

TRULY of will is man formed; according as is his will in this world, so is the man when he has departed hence; therefore should a man strive after right will.

## Keep On Keeping On

A MAN who is trying to make himself over into something better should remember that the obstacles in front of him, no matter how many he overcomes, always try to discourage him by looking as if they were just as many as they always were, in spite of his efforts.

Another trick they have. Some very important one, perhaps the support or leader of many of the rest — even all the rest — will make itself look very small and unimportant, so as to seem not worth bothering about. Some omission of a 'trifling' duty which the man is accustomed to allow himself may be this very ring-leader. And even when he has attended to this and put it right it will whisper to him that he hasn't really gained anything by correcting such a trifle as that. Then he very likely lets it in on him again.

Or it pleads for "just this once; you're tired, you know." He forgets that by doing a 'trifle' just when he is tired he makes more progress than by ten times when he isn't.

Then he may get headed off just before a big victory, especially *the* victory. They catch him when he is a bit depressed or has had some irritation or worry of some sort, make themselves look as big and threatening as they can and whisper: "What's the use? Just look at us. You know you can't do anything against such a crowd as this. Why, you can't see any light at all, we're so many."

They make great play with a failure. The man forgets himself or loses hold, lets one of them in on him, and slips back two inches. They make the slip look like a mile; make the man feel that he has made an utter wreck of the whole business and that he might as well give up.

They may make it seem that there is no goal at all, that even when they are all overcome nothing will have been gained and all the trouble taken for no reward of light whatever.

They can't make circumstances really more difficult for a man, though they would like to. But they try what is just the same: they make him more sensitive to the little worries and annoyances from events and other people that there always are anyhow, matters that in former times he might hardly have noticed. So it seems to him as if everything was against him and too many for him.

These are just a few of the ways in which the elements of a man's own nature will seem to rise up against him. In fact he has declared war on them, and if he goes ahead with his campaign they can't beat him. So all they can do is to try to prevent him from going ahead with it by means of various deceptions. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

STUDENT

## The Great Art of Sitting Still

"SO I sat down and took up a book," — seems all natural, doesn't it?

But why take up a book?

To give my mind something to do, of course. It would go half mad in an hour without that.

Let us transpose this into a lower key, in this way: "So I sat down and began to rock to and fro and eat candy."

But why do these things?

To give my body something to do, of course. It would be twitching all over and gnawing its fingers, my coat-sleeves and the window-curtains if I didn't.

Suppose that *was* the only way to keep the body from twitching all over and gnawing its fingers and nails. We should call this a case of disease. The twitchings and gnawings would certainly prevent the mind from doing any thinking; and the remedy — the rocking and candy-eating — would *almost* prevent it. To such a man, the possessor of such a body, who wanted to think deeply or learn some science, we should say:

"My friend you must practise getting that body of yours to remain quite still. For six or seven minutes two or three times a day sit down and *don't* rock, *don't* eat candy and put your will into keeping your body quite still. Practise will make perfect and after a while you will gain mastery and become free for your thinking and study."

Now turn back to the man — who is perhaps you and I — who wants to know something about his real self, what it is, what its proper work is, what its consciousness is like, who wants to *be* it. We should say to him:

"Your self that you ask about is as much finer a kind of life than your brain-mind as your brain-mind is beyond your muscle and stomach life. If you want to understand it you must practise treating your brain-mind, your inside chatterer, as you have just recommended our poor diseased friend to treat his body. You must practise for a little while now and then — perhaps only a minute or so at first — stopping its chatter while you get after that true self of yours, while you try to get the feeling of it in the silence. When you have got it, or developed yourself into it, you will know that you are *in* the body, not of the body, the director of mind, not its victim, a center of light and of permanent joy, a something of eternal youth, a ray of that creative power which gives motion and consciousness to the universe, and that the universe will go the better and all other men feel the better for your having come to yourself. You must manage to think over all this without letting the mind worry it to pieces or get off the track, and then gradually bring the brain to a sort of standstill in the full feeling and conception of it. Do a little of this work *before* you take up your book and *before* you rush out of your room to breakfast, and *before* you let yourself drop into bed. Practise makes perfect."

We should try to preach a kind of sermon like this and after a minute we should find — you and I — that we were preaching it to ourselves and getting a lot of good out of it. In the end we should find that we were not so dependent upon books and could sit still in mind and body while remaining more alive and more conscious than ever we were before when we were in bondage to a novel, the chewing-gum and the rocker. STUDENT

## THE KINGS

A MAN said unto his angel:  
 My spirits are fallen through,  
 And I cannot carry this battle;  
 O brother! what shall I do?  
 The terrible kings are on me,  
 With spears that are deadly bright;  
 Against me so from the cradle  
 Do fate and my fathers fight.  
 Then said to the man his angel:  
 Thou wavering, foolish soul,  
 Back to the ranks! What matter,  
 To win or to lose the whole,  
 As judged by the little judges  
 Who harken not well, nor see?  
 Not thus, by the outer issue,  
 The wise shall interpret thee.  
 Thy will is the very, the only,  
 The solemn event of things;  
 The weakest of hearts defying  
 Is stronger than all these kings.  
 Though out of the past they gather,  
 Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,  
 And pallid Thirst of the Spirit,  
 That is kin to the other twain,  
 And Grief, in a cloud of banners,  
 And ringleted Vain Desires,  
 And Vice, with the spoils upon him  
 Of thee and thy beaten sires,  
 While kings of eternal evil  
 Yet harken the hills about —  
 Thy part is, with broken sabre,  
 To rise on the last redoubt;  
 To fear not sensible failure,  
 Nor covet the game at all,  
 But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
 Die, driven against the wall! — *L. I. Guiney*



## THE BAND

THE man who plays the big French horn  
 Makes music with the rest,  
 But he can't say his instrument  
 Is of them all the best;  
 The man who pumps the trombone slide  
 Does well, but then, you know —  
 He can't look down upon the man  
 Who plays the piccolo.  
 And so it is in general,  
 In life's tremendous plan,  
 Each gets a special instrument  
 To play the best he can.  
 So always do your very best  
 While you are here on earth,  
 Just take the instrument you get  
 And play for all you're worth.

—*Somerville Journal*

## VICTORIES

THEN I was glad. . . .  
 Glad that the old, hereditary ghosts,  
 The swift-embracing gloom, the torpid moods that  
 bound you,  
 By your strong stubbornness and stronger faith  
 Had been dispelled forever. . . .  
 Watching you tear veil after veil aside and scatter them  
 light-heartedly,  
 Seeing you look at last on things — not shadows and  
 distortions,  
 Hearing you laugh out loud,  
 I knew, victorious companion,  
 None but ourselves can fight the battles of ourselves;  
 And I was glad,  
 Knowing your victory was real — because it was  
 your own. — *Louis Untermeyer*

How many a man, deep down in his heart, knows to a certainty that he has escaped being an outcast, not because of any real moral strength or resolution of his own, but because Society has bolstered him up, hedged him about with customs and restrictions until he never has had a really good opportunity to transgress. How many men in their vanity take to themselves credit for the built-up virtues of men who are dead! There is no cause for surprise when we hear of a 'foremost citizen,' the 'leader in all good works,' suddenly gone wrong; not the least cause for surprise. For it was not he that was moral, but Society. Individually he had never been tested, and when the test came he fell. It will give us a large measure of true wisdom if we stop sometimes when we have resisted a temptation and ask ourselves why, at that moment, we did right and not wrong. Was it the deep virtue, the high ideals in our souls, or was it the compulsion of the Society around us? And I think most of us will be astonished to discover what fragile persons we really are — in ourselves. — *David Grayson*

ILL fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune had not deceived. I have therefore counselled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to be making peace with them, but to place all things that she gave them so as she might ask them again without their annoyance, so as she might take them easily and not pull, to keep always a distance between her and themselves. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man.

— *Ben Jonson*



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SKULL and cross-bones, and underneath the device: What's the use? That is the dark flag flying at the head of the hosts of despair.

"What's the use!" says the girl. She is tired of trying. Every circumstance seems a push of Fate. The arts of bad men and the indifference of good, the heartlessness of women, and the persistency of evil luck — all combine against her. She 'takes the easiest way.'

The bank clerk yields, embezzles; the ex-prisoner struggles a while to be straight and gives up; the harassed wife turns to betrayal; the bankrupt merchant flees by the way of suicide. "What's the use?" they say.

It is a coward's question. It is the pusillanimous whine of the weakling. It is the despicable excuse of the traitor.

For there is always *Use*. If you have failed, it is only that you are to succeed in a better way, if you will. If you have done folly, it is that out of it shall come a maturer wisdom. If you have sinned, it is that by repentance and reformation you shall enter into a more human, a warmer purity.

The one great teaching that runs through all religions is that we may step upon our dead selves, and make our faulty past be the stairs whereon to climb to a finer future. No more damnable gospel was ever spread than that for you, or any other man or women, there is no hope.

If you have a stout heart left and any piece of sovereign will, rise up, take the open road, adjust your burden better on your shoulders, and breast once more this adventurous existence. The first belief is a belief in your star, in your partnership with favorable destiny.

Say to Despair and Gloom and all their maudlin sisters, "What's the use?" And rise up and come away!

—*Dr. Frank Crane*

WHEN a dreadful object is presented, or when life as a whole turns up its dark abysses to our view, then the worthless ones among us lose their hold on the situation altogether and either escape from its difficulties by averting their attention, or, if they cannot do that, collapse into yielding masses of plaintiveness and fear. The effort required for facing and consenting to such objects is beyond their power to make. But the heroic mind does differently. To it too, the objects are sinister and dreadful, unwelcome, incompatible with unwished-for things. But it can face them if necessary without on that account losing its hold on the rest of life. The world thus finds in the heroic man its worthy match and mate; and the effort which he is able to put forth to hold himself erect and keep his heart unshaken is the direct measure of his worth and function in human life. He can *stand* this Universe. He can meet it and keep up his faith in it in presence of those some features which lay his weaker brethren low. And hereby he makes himself one of the masters and lords of life. We find new life from the heroic example. The prophet has drunk more deeply than anyone of the cup of bitterness, but his countenance is so unshaken and he speaks such mighty words of cheer that his will becomes our will, and our life is kindled at his. — *Professor William James*

## The New Way Quotebook

It is a tremendous victory, the acquirement of the power to accept slights, rebuffs, discomforts, without resentment or shrinking. But the reward corresponds: new strength, completed power of self-mastery, peace, dignity, self-respect, insight, the unshackling of mind, bettered health.

Who am I that I demand that my life shall be without difficulties and pains and troubles? Is anybody's? I do not claim that my toothache is worse than any other man's toothache just because it is mine or because it happens to be affecting a different tooth. Why, then, should I think my troubles worse than his merely because they are mine or happen to be hurting me in a different place?

SOME, when they watch a man in his cups, say: "Now you can see his real nature." Others, when he has come again to himself, say: "Now, verily, can one see once more his real nature." It is *their own* real natures that these two are betraying in their opinion as to which is which.

ANOTHER month gone by. How time flies! Looking back over the month I can see how I let myself be delayed and worried by the trifles that looked so large as they came up. What growth could I not have accomplished in the month if I had refused them any power over me? Still, there is the month to come. Let us see what can be done.

FOR every day there is the opportunity of that day, for every day the obstacle of that day. On the day when a man's whole nature can take a step forward, when, if he can hold his mind, he may gain a new clearness of self-knowledge, then, facing his opportunity, is his obstacle. Something from outside to attract or irritate, something in the mind that will lead off the arising current of new thought.

Whence, therefore, the importance of practice in toleration of others, in charity, in acceptance and endurance of conditions and men. So, when the day's opportunity comes, we are ready.

VERY small things used to make me angry. Then I began to get more angry at being weak enough to be made angry than at the things that did it. That was progress, and at last I could understand that the part of me which was made angry (the same part that a stroke of good luck or a good turn from somebody made to purr with satisfaction) was not strictly me at all. So by watching this part in its various humors and moods I began to get some notion of my proper self.

A MAN has begun to be at one with his soul when he feels love for everything he sees that lives; when the blows and caresses of fortune give him no pain and no pleasure; and when he is conscious of deep peace and joy abiding in his heart.

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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## A QUIET CHAT AFTER SUPPER

### How To Do It

IN a popular contemporary monthly an equally popular writer tells the story of how he got over the drink habit. Yes, and that's the way to put it, too. He walked over it, passed it by, left it behind him. He didn't fight it, struggle with it, win out slowly and painfully over it. Just walked ahead and left it behind.

And it had quite a hold on him. "I had a cocktail, or a small glass of brandy, as soon as I got up in the morning. I had a cocktail, or two, or three, before luncheon; I had a whiskey and soda, perhaps more than one, during

luncheon, and a cordial afterward. In the afternoons I got to the club at an earlier and earlier hour, usually I had time for two or three cocktails before the crowd turned up and the *real* cocktailing began. Then came the cocktail with dinner, champagne, cognac, and after dinner the protraction and intensification — by means of indefinite whiskey and soda — of the effect already produced."

There were times when he would swear off for a while and honestly keep to his swear. "I began 'going on the wagon' for a week, or three weeks, or 'until Christmas';



and there was once when I 'stayed on' for four months."

But: "Whenever I was 'on the wagon,' the thought of the jolly time ahead was continually in my mind: I felt virtuous and worthy of the reward of a great and jubilant fall from the tedious wagon. My imagination was largely liquor; I thought of it, consciously, much more than when I was 'off the wagon.' It was a time of nervousness, irritability and yearning."

Finally:

"Then the miracle happened. I quit. Quit completely. Forever. All in a minute — just like that!"

It was because he woke one morning, got out of bed for a first drink to steady his nerves — and found he couldn't even steady his *hand* enough to lift the glass to his lips. "So I made up my mind, not that I *would* quit but that I *had* quit. There's an enormous difference! If you make up your mind you *will* quit, you face a struggle, it's my belief you *create* a struggle. But if you say, 'It's over — I've *had* my last,' and say it with conviction, *knowing* it, and are quiet and resting when you say it, I believe that's all there is to it, and there won't be any struggle. There I was with the actual habit of years fastened on me; you'd have expected me to be in a kind of agony, summoning my will-power and fighting, 'wrestling with temptation,' battling against the craving, the terrible thirst. Nothing of the kind. I had said to myself that I was through, and I had actually meant it. . . . There was no craving, no temptation, no thirst. . . . That's the point in my case: there isn't any struggle if you quit as I did. They tell me there are dipsomaniacs, and there may be some abnormal people who can't turn the trick; but I almost doubt it. And I don't believe there's the slightest question of will-power. Never for one second did I consciously exert my will. I didn't say to myself, 'I will,' or 'I won't,' I said, 'I've had my last,' and knew it was true. It didn't take the will-power, or the strength of a caterpillar. It didn't take *any*. I just rested a little, got my head clear."

The key of the victory is in this account, and the writer knows what the key is, and even says it rather round-about-wise. More directly, it is our friend *imagination* again.

He went 'on the wagon.' No use. Why? Because his imagination was just spending the 'wagon' time in arranging a further program. And so of course when the time came he had to accept and walk into that program. "If you make up your mind you *will* quit, you face a struggle; it's my belief you *create* a struggle."

You do; you've *imagined* one for the coming weeks, and so again you must accept and walk into your program. Every intentional action has to have an imagination of the action on ahead clearing the way.

"But if you say, 'It's over — I've had my last,' and say it with conviction, *knowing* it, and are quiet and resting when you say it, I believe that's all there is to it, and there won't be any struggle."

Why won't there be? Because, in imagination, you've created a calm *no-struggle*, *no-crave* period in front.

And into *that* you walk. "It didn't take the will-power of a caterpillar."

Yes it did. But the will worked at the right place where very little of it was needed. It worked at creating a picture in the mind, a picture of the crave and habit as being *behind*, done with, of himself going forward without the crave and habit. It had been working away at this while the man wasn't consciously attending to what it was doing. The only change in the program for some other man would be that he might need to do that consciously. Perhaps once for all and, perhaps every day or night for several times: perhaps quite a number of times, before he could get his imagination properly fixed. Any way his victory would be just as sure. And of course the principle applies to many other things besides drink.

✽

### Now To Next Spring

"IF I only had my time to go over again!" Men think they would do so differently. "See what I have learned in all these years, learned that it doesn't pay to live as I lived, do the things I did." We want to go back *with what we have learned*, thinking that because of that we should do differently.

But should we? I did several wrong and foolish things yesterday. Looking back through the day in the evening I saw how foolish they were and how they spoiled that day. So I might have said: "If only I could have the day to go through again!"

Well, today I *had* it to go through again — and I did pretty much the same things, the same wrongs and foolishnesses. And I suppose I shall do the same tomorrow, lose my temper, quarrel, eat too much, get the blues from thinking over the past, scamp my work, and all the rest of the usual program.

So there is no reason to think that if we did "have our time to go over again" we should do any better. The truth is that in most cases we are not really regretting what we did, but only the unpleasant consequences.

We should do the same again because we are the same man. Our proper job is to become another man. We have to stand back from the man we are, look at him, and then gradually alter him to suit ourselves.

The only way to do that is to look on in the evening at the man you were all day and then imagine him doing differently and thinking differently under the same circumstances. Carefully recall all the places where you failed, lost your temper, slopped your work, let the blues in on you, or did or thought anything that was a mistake to do or think. Then go over them again, putting them right in imagination, this time *not* losing temper, *not* neglecting that bit of work, *not* letting a painful memory come in. Imagine yourself all you want to be in strength, in kindly feeling; put the situation all right. Build the man and the day. While you are doing it don't let the thoughts be pulled off into any side tracks that have nothing to do with the bit of mind-work you have in hand. Do the thing so that you can finally say: "Now

I'm all right; that was a man's day and a man in it." That's the keynote to turn into bed on. You have actually torn out one misshapen brick from your nature and put in a good one.

Of course there are a great many bricks to change night by night in that way. But a man *can* rebuild his mind and his whole character. Try it a year, from this spring until next spring, every night. Spring is a good time to begin this. Everything is renewing itself, trees, birds, and animals. The children do an extra bit of growth. Everything is more alive and responsive, including us older folk. We can do something in ourselves now, for mind and body, that will go on all the year once we start it. We ought to stop right now, from this moment, thinking that we are getting old, or wearing out, or are broken down or past learning new things. All such thoughts are poisons. Throw the whole lot out of doors once and for all. None of us can realize what he can do for himself in a year, from now to next spring.

Let's stand up to the job and put in a year's work on ourselves: 'see ourselves grow.'

#### My Mind and I

FOR many centuries men had been using their minds to try and think out what the universe was made of. Was it spirit? Matter? Thought?

Then came a philosopher who suggested that before that great question was taken up it might be well first to examine the mind itself and see whether it was competent to deal with the question at all.

So he examined accordingly (in several volumes), and

decided that the mind was *not* fitted by its nature to understand what things in themselves were; it could only understand them on the surface, as they appeared to our senses.

Nor — he maintained — was the mind competent to say whether God existed, or soul; nor whether the soul (if it did exist) had immortality. You were at liberty to

*believe* just as you wished, but the constitution of the mind was such that it could not *know*.

But now there is another point. If you can't profitably study the universe of things till you have first studied the mind that you want to know the universe with, how can you study the mind till you know what *you* are who are to do the studying?

In the center of you are *you*; outside that is the mind you use; outside that are the senses the mind uses; outside that is the world of things the senses look at, listen to, touch, smell and taste. In the old method they began with the last of these layers. In the proper way we should begin with the first: I, you, the soul, the self.

As soon as I come to a true

feeling or knowledge of myself, I understand that I am not the body or the senses. Then I understand that I am not the mind either, for I *use* it, guide it, make it think of what I choose. A man cannot be identical with a tool he uses or a horse he guides.

If I go the right way to work I gain at last a true, certain feeling or knowledge of what I *am* — a step in advance of knowing what I *am not*. I hand this knowledge out to the mind and order it to think the thought *immortal*. Inasmuch as I have come to *know* that I am immortal, I refuse to let the mind raise any doubts about it. I say to it:



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#### THE LION OF LUCERNE

Thorwaldsen's gigantic lion was carved on the face of a cliff at Lucerne, Switzerland, in memory of the Guard that fell in defense of the French king, August 10, 1792.

Not in the fabled influence of some star  
Benign or evil do our fortunes lie;  
We are the arbiters of our destiny,  
Lords of the life we either make or mar.  
We are our own impediment and bar  
To noble endings. With distracted eye  
We let the golden moments pass us by,  
Time's foolish spendthrifts, searching wide and far  
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn  
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.  
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn  
To make Occasion, not to be denied:  
Against the sheer precipitous mountainside  
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

STUDENT

"Mind, you couldn't find out such a matter as that, the matter of my immortality; you couldn't get that sure knowledge by any of your thinkings. I know a lot of things you can't even think of at all. I know other things, such as my immortality as a soul, that you *can* partly think of and imagine once that I tell you for sure about them. Beside the immortality matter I have also found out that there is a Great Soul in the universe, in the world, supporting all things by its power, of which Soul I am a part. That splendid piece of knowledge I also hand out to you for you to think of as far as your powers go, and I will tell you more and more about it as fast as your powers grow.

"You see, you and I can help each other. I can give you splendid pieces of knowledge, and you can put them for me into the best thoughts and the highest imaginings you can. You can try to imagine *me*, if you like, as well as the Great Soul. Us two, the Great One and me, you can imagine to yourself as *light*. You know about light. You have seen it streaming from the sun into your eyes and felt its warmth and life-giving quality. You may therefore try to think of the Great Soul as a still higher kind of light, more splendid, a light that is conscious. You know that you yourself are intelligent, though not as much as you think you are. And you know something about kindness and compassion. So with your bits of knowledge on these things you can also think of the Great Soul as infinitely intelligent in a very high way, and as the essence of compassion.

"Now you and I will get on very well together and win more and more knowledge. At least I will win it by coming to more and more realization of what 'I AM' means and how I am from and one with that Great Soul, and of what 'I WILL' means in the conquering of what is faulty in my outer nature. And you shall share my winning of this knowledge by thinking it in thoughts and imagination as fast as I get in touch with it. So let's go ahead."

STUDENT



### Seeing Across Death

IN one of the cells of 'condemned row' a man lay stretched out on his almost bare cot, brooding heavily. It was a gloomy November afternoon, but the cell was dark and cheerless enough at any time to need no help from the gloom outside.

Another week of life remained to this man. That fact now occupied his entire thought. His mind would not cease from picturing again and again the morning of his death-day, the sounds of the other condemned men being led out, the steps at last approaching his own door, the keys in the lock, the guard's "come," and then in another moment the last act of his life-drama in the still grimmer death-chamber.

And what after? There was no answer in any corner of his mind, no light, nothing but the picture of the last moment, the drop, himself dangling from the end of the

rope, the removal of *himself*, dead, into the examining-room, the burial of *himself* in the convict's bleak graveyard. And the spirit of the dark, chill November afternoon hung low over everything.

Suddenly, without having moved, he was standing beside the cot, looking down upon himself on it. He noticed his torn jacket, one stockinged foot, and the fallen shoe on the floor. But the walls of the cell seemed to be dissolving, getting transparent, letting in clear sunlight. Another moment and they had vanished along with the cot and his body lying upon it. He was in the open space of the country, trees and pastures, all in rich sunlight, and no cloud in the deep blue sky.

The sudden change seemed all natural; he was not startled, was only conscious of the joy of it all: a joy that left no room in him for anything more than a passing memory, unreal-seeming, of where he had been a moment before.

The light grew greater. Every speck of air seemed to glitter with it. And now there was only the sunlit space all about him, space no longer limited by an earth beneath his feet with its trees and landscape — as it were a great freedom stretching out every way from him. And he himself was somehow one with the light, full of the intense joy of his new freedom, the utter life of it. The friendly sun was in midheaven, and it somehow looked alive and seemed to be throwing a compassionate and protecting influence around him, seemed to be saying something to him. "There is nothing to fear, old man. I am really everywhere."

Then he saw that once more he stood upon the earth, and over all was still the great light, over city and country, down in the deep-sunken city streets and through the houses, the very walls, and into and through the very bodies of the people walking about and in the houses, soaking everything. But he saw that they did not see it, or hardly, did not feel its shining presence permeating and penetrating everything. Each was wrapped up in his little mind and dark self-centered little life and his pains and troubles and poor little aims and pleasures. Just a gleam shot now and then across their minds and for that moment they did have some pure, natural joy in life, some love and comradeship one to another. For it seemed to him that this sunlight, and natural joy, and the spirit of true comradeship, were one thing, not three; that light was always those other things and they were it, if men could but open their minds and comprehend; and that the whole universe was lit and sustained and helped by this divine essence that soaked and thrilled everything and guided everything. If men could but see that as he saw it they would know there was no death and naught anywhere or in anything to fear. They would know there was no *need* to sin and to hurt one another, that nothing hindered them from life and joy and light.

And then he was in his cell again. For a passing moment he saw his body once more upon the cot and then it was he himself there.

But not as before. He knew something now. The *body* they might kill, might bury. But not *him*. Nay, even the body and the earth into which they might put it were themselves shot through and alive in some way with that glorious all-penetrating light. Come to think of it, they couldn't even kill the body — only let it change into other ways of life, into sunlit air and sunlit trees and herbs.

All this he told me himself, long after. But the way and the why of his return to the world need not be here set down.

REPORTER

Great Spirit to direct them to another country where they might acquire a quiet homeland. Impressive incantations and ceremonial songs of peace were performed under the direction of the chief medicine-man. They found special favor with the Great Spirit, by whom they were directed to travel westward, and instructed that they would be guided to their new home by a fiery arrow. Accordingly the tribe started upon the journey. One moonless night, when the camp sentries had been posted, there appeared across the vault of heaven a blazing arrow, which took a course westward, settling upon the



*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

#### ARROWHEAD MOUNTAIN, NEAR SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA

The 'Arrowhead,' a bit of nature's handiwork, covers seven and one half acres, and is a patch of white quartz and granite

#### The Legend of the Arrowhead

IN the days of long ago, the Coahuias dwelt across the mountains to the eastward, near the San Luis Rey Mission. Now although of a peace-loving disposition, they were continually harassed by their warlike neighbors. And many years they lived unhappy and in constant fear, until at last the persecutions could no longer be endured, and at the command of their chief the tribesmen gathered in council for the purpose of calling upon the

mountain. The shaft was consumed in flame, but the head embedded itself, clear-cut, in the mountain side. The camp was aroused, and while yet the morning star hung in the east heralded the approach of day, they resumed their journey to the promised land, under the shadow of the mountain, where they located and lived in peaceful contentment until the coming of the whites.

The 'arrowhead' is quite bare of vegetation and is a very conspicuous landmark.

### But the Dogs Want to

I WISH my dog could understand me as well as I understand him.

For instance, he likes sugar. But if he gets any he's rheumatic for a week after.

He looks up at me when I'm at meals, and sees me put a couple of lumps into my cup. Then he says (in his way), "I want some." I reply, "It'll make you rheumatic." To which he returns, in the same tone and way as before, "I want some." If I were to give him ten reasons just as good, he would listen eagerly and respectfully and then say, "I want some."

Oh yes, I know, of course. He hasn't understood what I am saying and there is no way to get the idea into him. So I must simply say *No*, and then I suppose he thinks me unkind. In some deep way, though, he may know that I am somehow acting in his interests.

But what am I talking about? Sugar happens to make *me* rheumatic also, and yet I often take it though I well know the result. How is this?

Something in me sees the sugar and wants it. I say then, just as I say to my dog, "It'll make you rheumatic." And the reply is the same as the dog's, "I want some." But this something that desires the sugar is in my mind, and the mind may thereupon get to work, inspired by that, and invent plausible reasons why the sugar won't make me rheumatic this time, or argue that it was something else that always made me rheumatic before. The dog's mind, of course, cannot do that. My mind's reasonings, inspired by desire, may in the end overpower its own perfectly sure knowledge that sugar *is* bad for my health.

Suppose the sugar caused instant nausea and vomiting, both in my dog and in the other sort of dog that lives in me (and in you, good reader).

Neither dog would touch it after about the third try at it. The sight of the sugar would by that time in the same moment rouse the nausea. But you would not call this refusal an intelligent mind-act, intellectual knowledge that trouble would follow the eating. It is merely instant association of the sugar with the nausea. Intelligence belongs to mind, not to desire, though desire often gets hold of the mind and uses it. I take the sugar sometimes, as I hinted, because my inner dog pushes his unintelligent longing all over my mind's knowledge about rheumatism and stifles it; or even boldly pushes his wish over my will and takes command. Of course it is very undignified of me to permit this. But neither *dog* is to blame. They simply cannot *get* my mind's knowledge that the rheumatism will follow. They can't read my mind as I can read their feelings. They don't know anything about the future, can indeed hardly grasp any such idea as future at all. They both live in the present and want whatever pleasant thing the present offers. If they avoided sugar because it caused nausea it would be because the nausea was also in the present along with the sight of the sugar.

You can see this same play higher up in our natures.

'I' want (something in me wants) to do something that is wrong. I know what 'wrong' means, even if I cannot always fully make my *mind* understand and so have it in words. And I know that sometime, somewhere, somehow, pain will come upon me for the deed, though my mind may not be able to know exactly when or what sort of pain. So *my* knowledge may be greater than my *mind's*, just as my mind's is greater than my inner dog's (as shown by the rheumatism affair). And if I am weak, that desire to do wrong may come to overlie my knowledge, make me thus lose sight of it, and so blind me as to make me think that *I* want to do the thing. My mind, impelled by the desire, may actively work against me and acutely think out plausible reasons for that bit of wrong conduct.

My proper method is, of course, as with the dog, is to say *No*, and stand by that. If I know a thing is wrong and my desiring mind is striving to overrule my judgment and perhaps thinking out twenty reasons a minute for doing that thing, the only course consistent with my dignity as a soul — is a flat decision without appeal granted. For, all the reasons are only 'I want to' dressed up to look nice. It's undignified to listen or argue. And we owe it to the 'dogs' themselves to take this course, just as we owe it to a child to forbid it to chew match-heads. Bad desires are parts of ourselves that have gone astray and set up a sort of independent life on their own account. Refusal to yield to them is the way to redeem them and bring them back to good citizenship.

All of which shows that our nature is threefold: (1) a kennel of desires, in themselves unintelligent, mere urges, but capable of getting the mind to work for them and clothe them with reasons; (2) the thinking mind; (3) *I* myself, with judgment and will, with much deeper knowledge that I cannot always as yet get into my mind; mostly mistaking the mind for myself and so not only losing sight of my own knowledge but becoming the victim of any reasonings the mind may present to me.

STUDENT

### The Gods Remember

Florence Earle Coates

THE Gods remember always. We forget,  
But they forget not; every debt,  
Howe'er we palter and evade,  
Maturing, must be paid.  
They pity us, the Gods, but naught forgive,  
Lest we, who slowly learn to live —  
Children scarce wiser in our age than youth —  
Should come to doubt their truth!  
Loving the brave who strive and will not yield  
Though hurt and fallen on the field,  
They teach us not from death to fly,  
Lest we, indeed, should die!  
For 'tis their will the soul shall rise  
Above its earthly agonies;  
Triumphant rise, as from the pyre  
A phoenix, winged by fire!— *Selected*



## SELF-SINCERITY

How many excuses does the drunkard [or victim of any other weakness] find when each new temptation comes! It is a new brand of liquor which the interests of intellectual culture in such matters oblige him to test; moreover it is poured out and a sin to waste it; also others are drinking and it is churlishness to refuse. Or it is but to enable him to sleep, or just because he feels so cold; or it is Christmas day; or it is a means of stimulating him to make a more powerful resolution in favor of abstinence than any he has hitherto made; or it is just this once, and once doesn't count, etc. etc., *ad libitum* — it is, in fact, anything you like except *being a drunkard*. That is the conception that will not stay before the poor soul's attention. But if he once gets able to pick out that way of conceiving the various opportunities which occur, if through thick and thin he holds to it that this is being a drunkard and is nothing else, he is not likely to remain one long. The effort by which he succeeds in keeping the right *name* unwaveringly present to his mind proves to be his saving moral act. Everywhere then, the function of the effort is the same; to keep affirming and adopting a thought which, if left to itself, would slip away. — *Prof. William James*



Before it is too Late

John Stevens

IF you have a gray-haired mother  
In the old home far away,  
Sit down and write the letter  
You put off day by day.  
Don't wait until her tired steps  
Reach heaven's pearly gate,  
But show her that you think of her —  
Before it is too late.  
If you've a tender message,  
Or a loving word to say,  
Don't wait till you forget it,  
But whisper it today.  
Who knows what bitter memories  
May haunt you if you wait,  
So make the loved one happy  
Before it is too late.  
We live but in the present,  
The future is unknown;  
Tomorrow is a mystery,  
Today is all our own.  
The chance that fortune lends us  
May vanish while we wait,  
So spend life's richest treasures  
Before it is too late.  
The tender word unspoken,  
The letter never sent,  
The long-forgotten messages,  
The wealth of love unsent.  
For these some hearts are breaking,  
For these some loved ones wait.  
Show them that you care for them —  
Before it is too late. — *Selected*

## The Game

William F. Kirk

WHEN the dice  
Thrown by Fate  
Beat you thrice  
Clean and straight,  
Take your knocks,  
Stand the pain,  
Grab the box —  
Throw again!  
Though Life's cards  
Mock your play  
And your pards  
Stroll away,  
'Luck' can't wreck  
Stubborn men.  
Grab the deck —  
Deal again!  
Does the fight  
Seem too grim  
For your might  
And your vim?  
Though you grope  
Sorely hit,  
There is hope  
Till you quit!  
Only clods  
Leave the fray  
When the gods  
Look away.  
Sing your song,  
Keep your grin,  
Fight along —  
And you'll win! — *Selected*



## Life

FORENOON and afternoon and night,  
forenoon  
And afternoon and night, forenoon and — what?  
The empty song repeats itself. No more?  
Yes, this is Life: make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.



It may be, it *may* be, that the Future Life of which we have had such confusing but wistful prophecies is only the re-living with a full understanding, of this marvelous Life we now know. To a full understanding, this day, this moment even — here in this quiet room — would contain enough to crowd an eternity. Oh, we are children yet — playing with things much too large for us — much too full of meaning. — *David Grayson*



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### The New Way Quotebook

YESTERDAY has been, tomorrow yet is not, it is NOW. In this NOW we are called upon to live, never elsewhere; this present moment we are called upon to utilize, not that hour that will come tomorrow. Human destiny lies enfolded in this one tiny moment, NOW. When we have searched all science, worn out all psychology, fathomed all Nature's mysteries, we shall return equipped with the two simple master key-words, HERE and NOW. HERE must I labor; NOW must I strive — no other era is mine, no other sphere may I reach.

The Dawn-Fires that flame in the morning skies are for those who have eyes to behold them. Nothing is stationary in life, but all is progressing or retrogressing. Therefore in this eternal HERE and NOW each moment's achievement is the dawn of a new achievement, a new step in the great Journey towards human perfection, on whose highway the true warrior stands, eternally fronting the Dawn.

M. M.

THERE is not a thought or a feeling, not an act of beauty or nobility whereof man is capable, but can find complete expression in the simplest, most ordinary life.

In life's small things be resolute and great,  
To keep thy muscles trained. Know'st thou when Fate  
Thy measure takes? or when she'll say to thee,  
I find thee worthy — do this thing for me?

MODERN majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest armament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, even sacredness, in work. Be he ever so benightedly forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.

THE art of living is one that few men acquire, most of them not even knowing that there is such an art. They live like a man who should bang about promiscuously upon the keys of a piano, never knowing that the instrument was built to make *music*, not *noise*, upon. They get along through the days somehow, anyhow, never dreaming of the possibilities of growth that are opened to them every day and all day and in every event.

THE heart is the borderland between body and soul. The heart can love and the body can love, but the body can love only itself; the heart is the wellspring of the love that goes beyond self.

As a blind man cannot see the sun although it lightens the whole world, so those spiritually blind cannot perceive the omnipresent Eternal Peace that encompasses the whole universe.

LET a man test his love of God by his love for his fellows. They are two sides of one thing. If he find one of them lacking, let him be sure that the other likewise is, and so cease to deceive himself. But the one thing may at different times be more easily approached from one or the other side.

### Voices of Children

Meredith Nicholson

VOICES of children breaking  
On eve's delaying hour;  
Voices in low mirth calling  
From the dusky garden bower;—  
They mock the late robin's chanting,  
They call the young moon in glee —  
And through the sweet lingering twilight  
They steal in to me.  
Shy girl with your low glad laughter,  
Wee boy with your bubbling mirth,  
The odorous garden around you  
Is a playground 'twixt heaven and earth!  
And what can I do to keep you,  
O sweetest and dearest twain,  
Ignorant of earth's harsh discords  
And free of its stress and pain!  
Soft trebles of golden laughter  
Fall faint through the starry eve;  
And the robin in the maple  
Wings home and ceases to grieve;  
While with drowsy steps and reluctant  
To their cots the children climb,  
Their throats still bubbling laughter  
And their lips still murmuring rhyme.  
I turn away to the garden  
Their goodnight sweet in my ears,  
And ponder and dream and wonder  
At the mist-veiled tide of years;  
Ah! if only the mirth and laughter  
From their hearts might never die;  
If the sweet, shy awe and wonder  
In their gaze might always lie!  
But the slim, young moon fades westward;  
The night wind murmurs low,  
And above me the planets question  
What man nor star may know.— *Selected*

✱

### The Life of Love

Henry Timrod

MOST men know love but as a part of life;  
They hide it in some corner of the breast  
Even from themselves; and only when  
they rest  
In the brief pauses of that daily strife  
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,  
They draw it forth (as one draws forth  
a toy  
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)  
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.  
Ah me! Why may not life and love be one?  
Why walk we this alone, when by our side  
Love, like a visible god, might be our guide?  
How would the marts grow noble, and the street,  
Worn like a dungeon floor by weary feet,  
Seem then a golden courtway of the sun!  
*Selected*

THE advice of Pythagoras: Have thou moderation in all things; keep thou thyself from wild joy and from wailing sorrow; strive to hold thy soul in harmony and concord, like the strings of a well-tuned harp.

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

*He alone is great  
Who by a life heroic conquers Fate.*

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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GATEWAY AND GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

## How He Did It

THE old man usually has his recipe. If you'll follow it you too can reach his age and like him can keep your health, your teeth, your memory and your good spirits. You may be advised to take plenty of sleep, or restrict your sleep to a minimum; to get up with the sun, or to stay in bed two hours after; to eat this and abstain from that, or to eat that and abstain

from this; to take life sternly, or to lie off now and then and cultivate a hobby. Sometimes you hear pure wisdom and sometimes you don't.

What follows appears to me to be wisdom. I got it from a man who carried his eighty-odd years better than most men carry their sixty — when they can carry that much at all. I asked him his secret. He did not tell me anything about sleep, diet, tobacco, exercise, hobbies

or anything of that kind. In his opinion the secret of keeping *bodily* life and health lay in keeping *mental* life and health.

"It's perfectly natural. Why shouldn't a man's mind stay alive? It always would if he kept it in touch with life. Keep in the stream, that's all. Don't get tied to a post on the bank and stranded while the stream goes forward. Every day's a *new* day; let it *be* a new day, not a hash-over of yesterday. Look at it when it opens in the spirit of expecting its novelties, which are always there. Don't expect it to be like yesterday; that's tying yourself to yesterday. The duties you have to do may happen to be the same as yesterday's, but you're not the same man doing them. Loosen up your mind so that you can be the new man in correspondence with the new day. Wipe yesterday and all yesterdays right off the slate. Don't look back at any of them, whether they were pleasant or unpleasant. Look calmly and expectantly forward towards something new in *yourself* opening out that day, without making any program for some *outward* event, without expecting any particular event or state that *has* occurred to occur the same way again. There may be the same old things to do. Do them as if they were fresh and needed some new interest and attention. Go at them new and when you've done them the best way you can throw them behind and be thoroughly done with them.

"First thing in the morning I always said to myself: 'I'm alive; *Life's* alive, the great living stream. I'm in it and it's flowing on to more life, getting more alive. That's what it flows for, and I'm on the move through today with it.'

"What comes that day may be painful or pleasant. Just as a stream may flow on now through a dark gloomy rocky place or out along under the warm sun between green and sunny banks. But it's flowing *on*, never harks back.

"And my stream, me, may be a-flow today through the dark or out under the sun. But I'm going on and the stream that is me is working out a great purpose that I can't yet see.

"So keep your face forward and expect to be a fresh man with some sort of new tone in your mind every day. Don't mull over the past and don't admit that your life is the same today as yesterday just because the outer work and surroundings may happen to be. *You're* always new and new and new.

"It's that line of thought, kept going, practised at every day till in a few weeks it becomes sure and natural, that keeps a man's mind more and more in touch with life the older he gets. One day death itself will happen to be on the program for that day. The river flows on along through that and out beyond same as it flows through any other day. Always more life, more mind-life and soul-life.

"That's the secret, as well as I can give it to you. You can rely on it to renew mind and body and to keep mind young for good."

STUDENT

### Make Your Own Atmosphere

THE kindly-minded warden had given to as many of us as he could the chance of going to our own homes for the few days of the Christmas Time. What this meant to us, after the years of the comfortless prison with its cells, workrooms and walled-in yard, and the daily drudgery of the work, I need not say.

And I need not say, either, what it meant to come back to the same after those happy days! I had been able almost to put the prison out of my mind and live another life, be another man.

But of course on the moment of my return, the moment I trod again the stone passage and stood before the door of my cell, I met again the man of the past five years with all the weight and gloom of his thoughts and memories. I picked up the life exactly where I had dropped it ten days before. I faced again the grinding routine and drudgery.

One of my sisters had told me how my mother had fixed up my room in preparation for my visit. No one else must touch it, old and feeble as she was. Not a thing in place that she hadn't put there herself. She had dusted and swept everything herself, spent an entire day at the hard job, was even heard singing now and then to herself in her old cracked voice. The thought of my coming gave joy to the whole commonplace business.

My sister's tale came back to me the evening of my return to prison, as I sat in my cell facing the situation. Nothing's commonplace in itself, nothing is drudgery, nothing tedious; and no sort of work and no place is necessarily in itself delightful. It is the *kind of thoughts and feelings that we have* in a place or at some work that make the place or work ultimately hideous and drudgery, or beautiful and delightful. My mother scrubbed and swept in my room, but she wished there had been twice as much to do in it. If a fellow had a string of pleasant thoughts and feelings as he worked at the mill or sat in his cell in the long evenings, he would come to think that the mill work was pleasant and the quiet of his cell soothing and agreeable. Perhaps not at once. But after a while, directly he entered the shop the current of all his past pleasant thoughts there would meet him; the very noises would have got associated all together in his mind with his thoughts and he would be apt to think that he found even these noises pleasant. The smell of tobacco smoke isn't really pleasant to anybody, but it seems so because of long association with the pleasant feelings that smoking has induced in him. There mayn't be really very much in some tune, but a fellow may think it the finest music that was ever written just because when he first heard it he happened for some cause to be at his top notch of happiness.

The situation eased a little for me after I got to think out these things. It seemed to me that I could begin to change it for the better. What was done was done. In the last years I'd soaked every inch of the place with unhappy thoughts and memories, and so every inch had a gloom for me that didn't strictly belong to it. Suppose

now I wasn't to let in any more painful memories either while I worked or sat alone. It might take a few weeks practice to keep them out, but I thought I could do it. I would take up some study for the evenings and educate myself here and there where I needed it. I'd learn to take some pride in keeping my mind serene and cheerful all day long. It would need will and that would be a good way to grow a man's will. I'd brush off the worries. What's coming's coming. No good looking ahead. And maybe looking ahead is tempting troubles to come that wouldn't have come otherwise. I'd have a good book of real thoughts about life in hand, perhaps a story — David Grayson's books, for instance — or poetry — perhaps Whitman — or some uplifting philosophy like Emerson's — anything I could find that would help a man to live his best; and I would think around it now and then through the day. And I'd try and get on the real best side of each of the other fellows, the good that was in him, and never let any other part of him in on my thought of him. One way and another I reckoned I might change things and get a pleasant atmosphere of thinking and feeling around the place instead of a gloomy one. The mere attempt, even if it failed, would be interesting.

Well, I put it through. It was a good deal of a fight at first. I kept forgetting, and when I didn't forget I kept failing. Seemed a hopeless job, in fact, for a few weeks. But when, after a year of it, and my time for getting out began to come in sight, I found that I really had done the job in a way. Anyhow, looking back after I *had* come out, that last year or more did have quite a pleasant — I was going to say homelike — glow about it. And my people told me I had somehow softened and strengthened in a way they couldn't altogether say.

But there had been five years of the other keynote before I took up the reform. And I've written all this in the hope that some poor chap who gets inside the walls may *start in* with the job sooner than I did and so 'do it up brown.' Perhaps after a little, when the first shock is eased and he comes to himself, he may remember because of what I've tried to write down that the atmosphere that seems to be all over a place or a line of work is mostly made by the man that's in it; and if he'll start in good and early and keep making the best atmosphere he knows how, his best will be always getting better and he can win out on peace and happiness *anywhere*, to say nothing of growing a man's will and a big fine character.

AN EX—

Good Morning! Who Are You?

"THE clothes make the man," says a French proverb. "Man, make *thyself*," would lead to the other extreme. But as the man already exists and needs no making, we alter that into "Man, *know* thyself."

Now if a man feels quite differently according to the clothes he happens to have on, if he feels one way when he is in dirty and perhaps ragged working clothes, entirely

different when he is in his best, and different again when he is in the insignia of some fraternal order, it is obvious that he does not know himself. For himself has not changed throughout. What has changed is his *feelings* of himself, not himself that has the feelings. He is like an actor who feels himself quite different each successive night as he plays different parts, yet is really one unchanged self behind them all.

Again a man feels quite differently according as his liver and spleen are out of order and congested, or doing their work perfectly. He feels quite differently according as his body is 18 years old or 48 or 88. But yet, what says *I* remains the same all the time, in behind all those changing feelings.

Getting up in the morning means getting into your clothes, and, as we noticed, one feels differently according to *what* clothes have been provided and are ready on the chair. Getting born means getting into a body, and one's general feeling, from beginning to end of life, must be quite different according to what sort of body has been provided by heredity, by the parents. The feeling is as it were provided along with the body. And most men go through life acting and thinking in accordance with conditions thus provided *for* them. They never dig in to find what sort of being they were *before* taking on those provided conditions, and will be after the conditioned feelings have been removed by death.

This sort of digging is clearly necessary for him who wishes to *know himself*. He must know what *I* is underneath the feelings of himself due to his clothes—what we ordinarily call clothes, and those far more intimate clothes called the body.

Who am I? What am I? — that is our question. To answer this, we must in a certain sense disentangle ourselves from the body; we must assert ourselves against it, not go along with it so much. We must use our wills so as to lead, little by little, some other kind of life than that which the body mostly wants to live. In general, for instance, the body wants to shirk duty and any sort of unpleasant work. The body is the root of selfishness and of feelings of dislike for others. It is the root of laziness and gluttony. All these things, and plenty of others that will be easily seen, must be gradually antagonized, held back from, over-lorded. I WILL is what is to be aimed at for the understanding of who and what the *I* is that proposes to do the willing.

There are certain moods that have always been found favorable and even necessary in this search inward for oneself, for the real I. One is kindness; another is peace—like that which comes over the mind on still nights in the country when there is silence on the fields; another is the exultant sort that fills a man when he first sees the sun in the early morning glowing on the horizon and awakening every energy he has, the mood of *light*, as if light were all through the brain and body. Another, requiring a good deal of practice, is *content* with what happens, whether pleasant or unpleasant. The pleasant ones refresh the mind; the unpleasant serve as opportunities



to strengthen the will in enduring them courageously.

All these moods require will. And it is by the constant attempt to hold them that at last, one day, true self-knowledge will dawn — knowledge of what one really is behind birth and death, the immortality of oneself. Those who have won this knowledge say it is the most glorious experience that can be imagined, one that makes an end forever of fear and sorrow, that in fact it is the beginning of real life.

STUDENT

### Your "Weak Will"

A WEAK will does not exist. There's always plenty of will inside us, just as there's plenty of life. The weak-healthied man can't get at the one, nor the weak-willed man at the other.

A weak will is a weak imagination, or an imagination not brought to heel and controlled.

All intended actions come from imagination, from first imagining them. You could not move your arm without a preliminary swift (and mostly unnoticed) imagining of the movement.

A weak, negative youth sees a 'movie' picture of a stabbing scene pasted on the boarding as an advertisement of the show. His imagination gets to work on it and holds it and keeps reproducing it. It is a live force in him, charged — though he does not know that — with will. Finally, when he is in a fit of rage against somebody, that live thing breaks loose and he does a stabbing on his own account.

Whatever you imagine yourself as doing or being, that you already begin to do or be. Keep touching up the imagining and you will finally fully do or be. For imagination is what attracts will, calls it out, sets it to work, is the key to will, the mate of it.

If you 'can't' conquer a failing, it is merely because you have not sufficiently imagined yourself conquering it.

Never say "I can't"; never think it. If you have a steady failing, don't say or think to yourself "I can't conquer it." Till it is conquered, think "I can conquer that; I just haven't, that's all. Never properly got around to it." Feel the sense of power to be and to conquer anything in yourself.

Now stand up against that failing and imagine yourself as not failing, as passing calmly across the occasions of it without slipping. Imagine your sense of satisfaction afterwards at finding you did not fall there at the accustomed place or occasion.

Keep up this imagining. The weak youth we spoke of passes that picture every day for weeks, perhaps thirty or forty times, each time unknowingly touching it up in his imagination. That is why it gets such power over him.

Very well; for as many days as that if necessary, or more if necessary, call up your private picture of winning your victory over your failing, of feeling the power not to yield when the occasion comes. Paste that up picture on the wall of your mind and look at it carefully a few

minutes or one minute or ten seconds every day, several times every day. — "That's me, winning out."

And it will be you. So you will find that anybody's will, yours included, is a strong will, an unconquerable will once it is started. And its use is very easy. Just use it to make your picture. That's the start. That little easy innocent call upon it every day puts it to work in all its unconquerableness upon the failing. Put half an ounce pressure on a trigger and fifty pounds of force comes out of the barrel. The trigger is your picture. The fifty pounds of will at last comes out of the barrel and smashes the failing forever.

The great secret of life is to put into the imagination what you choose to have there, what will help you; and keep out of it what you don't want there. Memory and imagination are a pair. Don't let your imagination be run by your memories. Run it yourself. Will and desire are another pair. Control the imagination and you control them.

STUDENT

### The Fivefold Life

THEY say that just as a man closes his life, at the very last moment, after we onlookers think that all is over, the whole of it comes up before his mind's eye for final judgment. He sees where he succeeded and where and why he failed, and by how much his life fell short of the perfect life.

We know that for perfect health of the body *all* the parts and systems, and not some only, must be doing their work perfectly. Then only is there perfect sense of well-being.

But a man's bodily life is only one part of his total life. If he is to have perfectly healthy total life *all the parts and systems of him* must be severally healthy, not merely the parts and systems of his body.

The systems of the body co-operate with one another for perfect health. The digestive system furnishes all the rest with the digested products they need; the lungs supply the blood with the oxygen it needs; the heart pumps to the rest the blood they need. If any one of them is faulty, all suffer; the total life is below par.

In the same way each of the systems of the entire man must be necessary for the perfect well-being of each of the rest. That could be the only basis of real happiness, of a really complete and rounded-out and healthy life, one that could be looked back to at death with perfect satisfaction.

The next grade of satisfaction — not so bad! — would come from an honest *attempt* to get this general rounded-out-ness.

Why shouldn't a man aim at *all* the qualities that go to make up a perfect life? We go it piecemeal; one fellow has one thing, one another; and each thinks the thing he mostly goes for, or has, or admires, is the one thing. To get a real, full man, you must add together about four or maybe five ordinary men. But my! what a man you'd get then! What *couldn't* he do?

Well, let's hear your list. Here's five of us here now, presentable fellows. Would we do?

Judge for yourselves. I'll serve out five caps and if they respectively fit the five of us we'll put them on.

One of you said the other day he was an agnostic in religion. Nothing could be *known* — I mean for certain — about life and immortality and a God — so he said. For thousands of years the philosophers have been speculating and splitting their brains, and no more agreed now about things than when they began.

Carlyle said the great thing in this world is to do your duty, work at what you have to, do what's in you to do. Good advice, sure, but he never really said what you'd get out of it, where you'd get from following it.

And there's another lot of fine, unselfish people who never think of themselves, always on the go for others, sacrifice anything, people that everybody loves and that love everybody. But for the immediate purposes of this recital their prescription is incomplete too.

Now what do I mean by *get anywhere*? I mean full,



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A WINTER SCENE IN SWEDEN

Well, maybe the philosophers have missed it — those that have — because they didn't live large enough lives, lives getting on for what you might call the perfect life.

A philosopher, as we take the word, is a man who uses his *mind* to the limit, tries to solve the problem of things with his intellect. Thought, in his view, is the highest thing in life.

Then there's another man, maybe with long hair and a high forehead, who thinks that music and art is the great thing. Can't get enough music or see enough pictures. 'Art for art's sake,' and so forth. You can't say that he *gets* anywhere. Just hears his music and looks at his pictures, and that's all there is to it.

Well then, there's your athlete. The great business with him is health and big muscles. He may get 'em, but that's all there is to him. Now he's got them, what then? But he never thinks to ask himself that.

certain knowledge of what and why life is, what and how immortality is, and what that inexpressible power and presence is that we call God, and other races other names according to their conceptions. This *getting somewhere* is the outcome of the total man-health I began by speaking of.

And I say that if a man wants to know about these things he must do his best to combine in his own life all these different kinds of lives, the five kinds.

He must do his duty, as Carlyle says, stand up to it all the time. For one thing, that's the best training in will. A man begins to come to a knowledge or sense of himself according as he uses his will on himself. And it's just this self-knowledge that's the key to everything else. Which of us knows what he is?

He must practise love of others and self-sacrifice for them. That deepens and enlarges a man's whole nature

and gives him more of a hold on true life, the richer life.

He must make himself as responsive to music (and other arts) as he can. Fine music is worship. I mean that the states of feeling a man gets from high music are exercises towards the state of feeling that'll take him nearer and nearer to the power and presence in all things called God. That, mixed with the same sort of love as he must learn to throw out for others.

And he must cultivate his mind, train it little by little to think about deep things. Unless he points his mind that way it'll never get that way, and he'll never learn to know anything real. But well cultivated, and backed or winged with the three preceding things I've named, there'll be nothing it can't do, no height it can't rise to.

And lastly, in order to keep his brain strong and clear he must try to get the best health he can. For you'll never get a strong mind in a foggy brain. The body and brain will respond to ever such a little right care even under the worst circumstances. And anyway there's no tonic like hope — except happiness, and that will come along with hope by this sort of fivefold life.

And I tell you by experience that if a man will just try this fivefold life he'll find himself daily moving along not only in hope and happiness but in light and towards more and more knowledge. For men have lacked knowledge in respect of deep truths only because they thought they could do with less than these five. The thinkers have tried to make brain-work serve for the lot. Think, feel love, will, do, and keep on — that's the prescription.

STUDENT

### Getting It Back Again

"**W**E'RE not as separate as we seem to be, not as separate as our bodies make us think we are. I reckon we touch *minds* with one another more or less all the time. I had a queer experience on that line once during the two-year jail spell I went through.

"I'd never taken much notice of the fellow in the cell next to mine. A quiet sort, just did what he had to and never said much to anybody.

"The time came round for the meeting of the parole board. We knew they'd been sitting all that day, a Tuesday it was. A fair lot of the boys of course had put in their applications. This fellow next me had, too, but according to his way he hadn't told anybody. In the evening I heard one of the guards come round to his cell, just opened the door, said something, I couldn't catch what, and went away again.

"I was pretty tired that night and turned in early. Slept like a top, too, and never knew anything more till the six o'clock bell rang. I started up on the first crack and as I took my head off the pillow I seemed to catch the tail end of a dream. Somebody was holding up in front of me one of those printed sheets we all knew so well, with 'PENITENTIARY PAROLE BOARD, STATE OF . . . . . ' at the top. Then came a name I didn't seem to be quick

enough to read, but I noticed that the first word of it had been written wrong, crossed out and written again. And I noticed also that a bit of the top righthand corner of the sheet had somehow been torn off. Then it went on: '*You are hereby notified that your application for parole has been granted, said parole to take effect June 17 of this year. Your attention is called to the conditions under which you will be liberated. . . . .*' etc., etc.

"It seemed a funny sort of thing to dream. I knew it hadn't anything to do with me. I'd never applied to the Board. My term was up anyway in another month.

"Well, the thing got out of my head, though there was a sort of exhilarated feel in my mind, just as if a stroke of good luck had come my way.

"But after breakfast what does that fellow do but make straight tracks for me, seemingly all excited, and he says: 'Say, what do you think of that?' and shoves a paper under my nose. It was the paper I dreamed of! Piece off the upper righthand corner, given name written wrong and crossed out, date June 17 for release! There were two Lensons in the place, and the clerk had written the other man's name first, Joseph, and then crossed it out for Edward, which was my man's name.

"Now what do you make of that?"

"Just what you began with," I said. "We touch minds all along and especially where men are housed up with each other and share the same work and experiences. We don't notice what goes on because there aren't so very many such sharp-cut cases as yours, though it isn't the first I've heard of. But the thing goes on all the time in a more general way."

"What do you mean by a more general way?"

"Well, that was a special picture, strong and sharp-cut, that flashed across from the other fellow's mind to yours. It happened to be so vivid because his mind was so stirred up over the thing. And you got some of that feeling along with it, felt as if something good had happened to you too. In general we don't get each other's actual thoughts so much as the state of feeling behind them. *That's* what's infectious. And that's why, apart from his actual doings, every man is a help or a hindrance to everybody he gets near, whether he speaks or not. He heartens or depresses them, gives them a little more spirit for their work or makes their work the heavier. And then they react back on him. His own flavor becomes intensified. The friendly man gets friendlier, the other sort sourer and crustier and consequently unhappier."

REPORTER

WHO is that Self? He who is within the heart surrounded by the senses, the person of light, consisting of knowledge. During sleep he transcends this world and all the forms of death.

This eternal being who can never be proved is to be perceived in one way only; it is spotless, the unborn Self, great and eternal.— *Hindu*

## The Other

A MAN does not know much about himself till he has got on to the fact that there is another of him. It is only the *Other* that he needs to find; for the *one* he knows already, his ordinary self.

First he finds *traces* of the *Other*, scattered here and there along the day's stream of thoughts and feelings. Then, if he is on the watch at favorable times, he may become aware, just for a flash, of the *Other's* very self and presence. But the flashes may be made to lengthen and the traces may be so encouraged as to be there all the time. Finally the *Other* may become a constant presence with him.

In the place of Light out of which we come to birth and to which we return after death the *Other* is the man himself. There is no distinction.

Birth brings forgetting. There is so much to attend to here! And so he comes to himself as the infant, the child, all-attentive to the new keen bodily life and sensations and appetites. Even then, as you may sometimes see for a moment in a child's eyes, there are flashes of half-memory which the child is hardly aware of and does not understand. The young man may have them oftener, but in our days there is no one to tell him what they are. And the young man's strong bodily life and active brain-mind generally make him quite inattentive to them. Nevertheless if he makes any attempt at right life, and the more he makes it, the *Other* part of himself is beginning to awake, beginning to burn up brighter in there behind his stream of thinkings and doings. It grows stronger with every good deed that he does and every good thought and impulse he encourages. It is like another self being born in him.

This *Other* is told of in many an old legend and story. In one of the ancient Persian sacred books the man who has just left earth-life meets in the fields beyond a radiant youth and asks him who he is. "I am thy good thoughts and deeds," replies the youth, who at first guides him but afterwards becomes one with him.

So in each of us that has tried even but a little to live rightly there are two natures, one always standing in light and radiant with light, the other the creature of moods and personality, of worry, animosity, longings, dependent for its happiness on possessions and externals.

Take note when for a little, now and then, the self of light gives you one of its touches, so that you are, for a time, your best and kindest. Note how it has to stand back, usually very soon, before the common self of moods and unfriendlinesses.

Sometimes in early morning, when we get the awakening thrill of sunrise, the better self comes forth; sometimes at night, or after music or the reading of something that uplifts; sometimes without any apparent occasion. Our troubles vanish, look unreal, of no weight; there is hope, trust, peace, indifference to small worries. We can turn to our common life with new strength.

These are marks of the presence and work of the upper self, the *Other*.

Recognise them when you get them and recognise their absence when they are not there and there is nothing but the ordinary self. That is the first thing. Note when and on what occasions this higher comes forth and touches you with its peace and light, and then see that those occasions and opportunities for it are never missed. Open the way.

So, gradually, we learn to extend the spirit of our better moments into the worse, to have the light of the upper self playing more and more and for longer times along the hours of the day. And at last the reward comes. We are re-made, reborn, freed. The door showing the heights of human possibility beyond, is open. We have not waited till after death for the blending of the two, the personality and its Companion and Helper, the *Other*. We have entered the real life. STUDENT



Loma and Photo. & Engraving Dept

THE RĀJA-YOGA STRING QUARTET

## Laughed to Death

SACRAMENTO, May 2. The Prendergast Vivisection Bill, over which there was such a furious fight in the Assembly, was laughed to death in the Senate committee on public health and quarantine. The day before the date set for adjournment, Chairman F. M. Carr called the bill up. Senator Stuckenbruck, the Lodi blacksmith-humorist, promptly made a motion that the bill be referred to Senator Kehoe as a committee of one to report May 1. Of course it was known that the Legislature would be a thing of the past on May 1, and all members of the committee being thus wise, joined in the joke and the motion carried unanimously. Owing to the wide opposition to the bill the Senate committee never gave the measure serious consideration.

From the San Diego Sun, May 2, 1917

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## The New Way Quotebook

THE cultured man is he who in his leisure does not become a mere idler.

WHEN I feel like finding fault I always begin with myself and then I never get any further.

YOUR 'strong personality' often finds himself a very weak self indeed when he tries to conquer himself. For his will has left him long ago and gone over into the part he is now trying to overcome.

IF a man who feels himself all irritable and unstrung today will look a little more carefully at the matter, he will find that the feeling belongs really to his body, and is only *his* because he accepts it. Water takes the shape of the jar that contains it.

Let us take our own shape and enjoy the effort to feel most serene when the body is most disturbed. This is the way to real freedom.— *The New Century*

WHOSO would needlessly tread one worm that crawls on earth, that heartless one is darkly alienate from God; but he that embraceth all things with his love, to dwell with him God bursts all bounds above, below.— *Hindu*

IF a man inflict suffering, even on those who without cause hate him, it will in the end give him irremovable sorrow. The punishment of those who have done you evil, is to put them to shame by showing great kindness to them.— *Hindu*

RELIGION is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end. He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honor. But all these things fall into place and life falls into place only with God. God, who fights through men against Blind Force and Night and Non-Existence; who is the end, who is the meaning.— *H. G. Wells*

It is curious that a person studying a musical instrument will have no false shame whatever in doing mere exercises for the fingers and wrists, while a person who is trying to get his mind in order will almost certainly experience a false shame in going through performances which are undoubtedly good for him. . . . He will even hesitate about learning things by heart. Yet there are few mental exercises better than learning great prose or poetry by heart. Twenty lines a week for six months: what a cure for debility! The chief, but not the only, merit of learning by heart as an exercise is that it compels the mind to concentrate. And the most important preliminary to self-development is the faculty of concentrating at will. Another excellent exercise is to read a page of no-matter-what, and then immediately to write down — in one's own words or the author's — one's full recollection of it. A quarter of an hour a day! No more! And it works like magic.— *Arnold Bennet*

LIFE presents many illustrations of the truth that one can never guess from present conditions what future possibilities may be held out before him. Never could Moses have guessed, when driven from the royal court of Egypt to become a herdsman in Midian, that he would be called to be the founder of a free commonwealth, a pattern for all free peoples in after years. Never could Luther have guessed, when banished to the Castle of Wartburg, that he was to revolutionize the religious faith of half of Europe. Never could John Bunyan have guessed, when forbidden to preach and confined in Bedford Jail, that his imprisonment was to enable him to write perhaps the greatest allegory in the world's literature. Never could Lincoln have guessed, when defeated in the senatorial contest with Douglas, that he was in training for the most important work wrought by any statesman in the next decade.— *The Outlook*

As if the eye of man should dwell most intently upon Divinity and not rather, like Divinity, upon suffering humanity! Keen is the irony against souls lost in self-saving. Ultimate surprise in store equally for them and for those who, through spontaneous acts of pity towards the least of creatures, are thereby ministering to the unsuspected Eternal.— *Edward Buffel*

FOR me, spiritual content springs essentially from no mental or physical facts. It springs from the spiritual fact that there is something higher in man than the mind, and that that something can control the mind. Call that something the soul, or what you will. My sense of security amid the collisions of existence lies in the firm consciousness that just as my body is the servant of my mind, so is my mind the servant of *me*. An unruly servant, but a servant — and possibly getting less unruly every day! Often have I said to that restive mind: "Now, O mind, sole means of communication between the divine *me* and all external phenomena, you are not a free agent; you are a subordinate; you are nothing but a piece of machinery; and obey me you *shall*." The mind can only be conquered by regular meditation, by deciding beforehand what direction its activity ought to take, and insisting that its activity takes that direction; also by never leaving it idle, undirected, masterless, to play at random like a child in the streets after dark. This is extremely difficult, but it can be done, and it is marvelously well worth while doing. . . . What do I force my mind to meditate upon? Upon various things, but chiefly upon one . . . that the mysterious Ego (I) controlling it is a part of that divine Force which exists from everlasting to everlasting. . . . By such a course of training, even the mind, the coarse, practical mind, at last perceives that worldly accidents don't count. . . . I say to my mind: "Mind, concentrate your powers upon the full realization that I, your master, am immortal and beyond the reach of accidents." And my mind, knowing by this time that I am a hard master, obediently does so.

—*Arnold Bennet*



For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

2151 C3 N11  
JAN 1918

*In the blackest days  
are our greatest opportunities*

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

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## A Yard Sermon

MOST of us, I take it, propose to 'make good' and go straight after we get out, and particularly those that are going out on parole. We got in here because temptation was too strong for us. We meant well, most of us, but the will wasn't strong enough to uphold our intentions.

Now the question we ought to face is this: What are we doing this while to get a stronger will? Temptations will be a-plenty, perhaps more than they were before. Well, if *we* aren't more than we were before, why shan't we go under again? It's all very well to look forward to the happiness of being outside and see everything serene and glowing. The serene and glowing stage will get by mighty quick. There'll be dark times and trying times

and testing times. And we may say to ourselves as confidently as we like: "Catch me doing *that* again!" But the point is, what ground have we for that confidence? I say, *none*, unless we have tested ourselves in here, tested our wills and our won'ts. If we aren't up to standard here, we shan't be there. Why should we be?

Let's look ourselves over, then, for weak places.

Do we draw a sharp line between what's ours, our property, and what isn't, even in the little bits of property that are ours here? Don't let a man who's shaky in small matters here imagine he's going to be steady in larger matters outside.

Can we say *No!* to some fellow who wants us to take a hand with him in something not quite straight? Don't let a man who can't do that here imagine he's going to be able to do it outside.

Don't let a man who's orderly here only because he must be, and lets the small things slide if he thinks nobody will see them, imagine he's going to do any better outside and hold a job.

No, boys; let's test ourselves right along. Let every fellow make himself his own supervisor and the sternest sort of one, keeping an eye on himself all the time and compelling his conduct to measure up to the best standard all the time. Then, when he can pass his tests and not have to put a single black mark in his own self-kept record, he can go out in confidence.

People are much better readers of character than they know. What they read unconsciously and act upon is much more than they read consciously. If a man wants the respect and confidence of other people he must have lived so as to have the respect and confidence of himself. He may think the shady places in his conduct are hidden and unknown. In a sense they may be. But there'll be something about him that'll give other people a feel of him they don't quite like, even though they may not know the why of it, or even fully know they have it. And in the end, sure as fate, a man's an open book to those about him. Time lets in light on all hidden places sooner or later.

So let's see to it there aren't any places on our lives and conduct that need being hidden. Let's grow the necessary will-power and won't-power and leave nothing to the future.

AN AUDITOR



### Mind Training

THERE are unique opportunities and unique drawbacks connected with prison life. The drawbacks are very obtrusive and usually fill our thoughts to the entire exclusion of the opportunities. As they are freely and efficiently set forth in our conversation with one another, it seems only fair to let the other parties have a hearing. The opportunity I wish to dwell on is the opportunity for mind-training. Some men will give any amount of care to the training of their bodies, but not only will they not do that for their minds, but they do not even know that it needs doing.

When a man has great difficulty in learning things by heart he may take it that his mind is poorly under discipline — that is, is a poor mind. It is mind-culture that the prisoner has the great opportunity for. He comes 'home' at a regular time from work, has the evening to himself, and has no very wide-open chances to stroll out and waste time with pals.

Read carefully three full-length lines of poetry — some other composer's, not your own — or a good long sentence of stiffish prose. Look away from the book and try to repeat accurately to yourself what you have read.

How did you get on? Did you have to refer again to the book? You know you did, many times before you got the sentence right!

Now, the points in the sentence at which *memory* failed in the repetition were the places at which *attention* slipped in the reading, whether you noticed it or not. The mind wobbled, took a glance at some other thought, perhaps a very swift one, perhaps quite a long and easy-going one. What is the good of a mind like that? The men who do things of any sort in the world are the men who have trained their minds to stay accurately at any job they are put on.

Here, then, is a bit of mind-training well worthy of a few minutes' practice every evening, say a quarter of an hour, never missing. Let us keep at it night by night till we can so control the mind that one close reading of a sentence of any length, prose or poetry, suffices to enable us to repeat it with our eyes off the book.

There is no limit in this direction. Many sentences, even a long paragraph, can at last be seized in one reading. The mind *can* be controlled from flirting off, taking side glances at other topics, when we want it to stick to a book or a line of thinking. This speaker knew a shorthand student once who without any other dictation than his own, acquired great speed by this practice. He would read several sentences and then, looking away from the book, dictate them mentally or aloud to himself, writing as fast as his growing speed-power permitted.

To learn a whole long fine poem, adding two or three sentences every night, is something of an education in itself.

Another mind discipline of a higher sort might also have its turn with the first. Say we are studying history or electrical engineering or Chinese metaphysics — some ordinary topic of those kinds — or reading Emerson, anything but a novel. Suppose we read a paragraph or a page and then see if we can repeat the general contents (not words; we want our own words in this case) of what we have read, imagining a listener, an intelligent pupil we are instructing, or an audience to whom we are lecturing, taking care to use well-made sentences of our own construction containing the whole idea, nothing missed. Or we can write down the matter, putting it into the best form. Have we ever really got a subject till we have so got it as to be able to teach it?

These are of course very specific methods of mind-

training. To bring them to greater efficiency, that is, to become more and more efficient men, there should be some more general methods going on all the time. There are, as we must all have noticed, particular directions along which the mind likes to wander and in so doing it not only wastes time but valuable energy, its own life. There seem to be three main lines of these, which, because we permit them at times when we have no objection to them or like them, take the liberty of permitting *themselves* at times when we don't want them and are trying to concentrate on something else. One line is back toward the past, into the field of memories, some of them painful, a few of them perhaps pleasant, nearly all of them useless. Another line is toward the future, anticipating things with hope or fear. This, I should say, is entirely useless. And the third is toward critical, spiteful, or revengeful thoughts against other men. We might as well begin freeing our minds from all these tendencies at once and so get rid of nine-tenths of the trouble we have in concentrating.

So really the whole day offers opportunities to us for mind-training, mind-steadying. If we would but make use of them for say a whole year I think we should find ourselves so much more efficient, to say nothing of being so much more peaceful, that we should seem to have entered a new life. And the self-control would give us more self-respect, more dignity. To give things their right name, what we call self-control is really *mind-control*. The self is mostly controlled *by* the mind, drawn along whatever thoughts the mind chooses. Thoughts create desires and desires acts. Self has to reverse the situation and become himself the controller, and then he can find out what he is behind the ups and downs of body and moods. So far he only knows the poor creature he is in his unsuspected slavery.

I think myself that we have a fine and worthy job in front of us and the finest of all opportunities to work at it.

No. 135

#### Music, An Auditorium Talk by a Prisoner

**I** AM going to call this a paper on Music, but I fancy it may stray a bit off that before I finish. The subject occurred to me of course in connection with our new band. I began to think what music is, and what it can do for a man.

Music is a set of a certain sort of sounds heard by the ears. But the sounds are no music to a man unless after he's taken them in by the ears something rises up within him to meet them and respond to them. Many men who get the sounds right enough and can even say what tune is playing, don't experience this deeper response. So they don't care for music, as they put it. But I don't think a man is entitled to say he doesn't care for something he's never experienced. He ought to say: Those sounds don't wake up anything in me.

And in this connection we think of Beethoven, one of the greatest of all names in music, who wrote his finest

things after he became stone-deaf. His inner life continued to take the form of music, heard by the ears of his mind.

Music, as I take it, is the expression of a man's inner life. Ordinarily he knows very little or nothing of this life. But when he hears music and responds to it he is really recognizing and responding to a bit of his own inner life. It is just because of that that he *can* respond to the music. The inner life of him says, as it were: "Yes, that's what I'm wanting to say to you, or part of it, but I can never make you understand. Now you do understand that much of me, anyhow. I'm grateful to the composer for helping me to get at you." The thing is like when a man can't just remember a name. But somebody says it to him and he instantly recognizes that as the name he was looking for and had inside of him all the time.

This deep life, always going on in us, gets out in other ways. When some hitherto commonplace fellow in an emergency — a fire or shipwreck, say — suddenly becomes a hero and throws away his life: that, I think, is a case of it. It shows that he was more than he seemed to be.

What is it to see beauty in a flower, for instance? Some men don't. Those that do, do so because their inner life has another chance. The form and color enter their eyes and give them a certain feeling. "That's me again," says the inner life. "I'm always trying to get that feeling (among others) to you, because it's a part of *my* constant feeling; but ordinarily I can't reach you."

And when a man reads some deep truth in a book and suddenly sees it to be true, accepts it all through him, there again the same thing. The inner life says: "Ah, I've always been trying to tell you that, but you never could understand me. But now that it comes in to you from outside I can join up with it. Your mind had to have the *words*."

When a man hears with his ears the song of the birds and then — as some men don't — feels the joy pulsing in the song, that, as I take it, is the permanent joy of his own inner life enabling him to recognize the joy of the birds' life. And from that he can recognize the joy of the life lying hid in all things, the air and sun, the quiet joy of the stars and the night. His own inner life gets at him all along.

So I should say to a man who wants to get at his own inner life — and I'm one of that sort, a humble beginner: Listen to all the good music you can; force yourself to see beauty in everything, in what looks at first commonplace and drab; search good books for thoughts about life that you respond to; look for touches of their best in other men and then find the same in yourself waiting to get out; and keep the mind always as serene as may be, so that the inner life can get a chance at it; and give the inner life a further chance now and then through the day by a minute or so of entire mind-rest and silence of thought. One *can* silence the mind.

## Which Are We?

**T**ORTURED, lashed to frenzy by demons who gave no respite when, sated with sin, my soul grew faint and longed for peace, I turned to curse the powers and beings that had given me life. I could have rent the heavens above, the earth below, because accustomed pleasures and vices and crimes were now impossible. I had been proud of transgression, defying God and man. Nothing had stayed me; the miseries I had caused, the prayers of the good, wise admonitions — all unheeded, while passions and the lust of power drove me on.

At length, as strength was waning — the fiercest tempest cannot last for ever — I became aware of that within, which hungered, crying out for something it had never known. Was it I that so cried out, or was it I that in the demons raged? Which was myself? The stormy past, with its overmastering impetus, drowned at times the voice of that which cried out, and the rage for my lost freedom tortured me, sleeping or waking.

But now, at intervals, there seemed to be a sort of soft light around and above me, and when the yearning for peace was most urgent it seemed somehow to enter and soften my heart. What was it? Whence came it? The demons ceased for a little to goad me. But soon again, persistently, the too familiar voices dinned into my ears: "You're not responsible. Your parents gave you your tendencies and gave no power to govern them." And then I cursed my parents, the whole line of them, for bringing forth a being bound like themselves.

Better thoughts prevailed. My stricken father! his placid face, as I recalled it, belied the words. His counsels, his whole life, had been a benediction. My childhood had been guided with care. My parents erred, perhaps, in training me, suppressing *arbitrarily* the faults they saw, failing to require little self-conquests that would have given strength for greater victories over passions. Too much stress laid upon intellect to a neglect of the heart-life. And so, with all their teaching, I had hardened in selfishness, loved no one, and thought of nothing but my own pleasure. I lived for myself.

Fluctuating between demons and the light, consciousness now here, now there, *which was I?*

I knew at last, I know now, that I myself am that light which ever seeks to be recognized, ever exerts its uplifting power, ever calls to us from within. The mind must listen to the voice, execute its behests, become one with it, if there is to be any surety, any peace, any enduring joy in life.

Each evil thought I had harbored, each repetition of it, each deed done in accordance with it, gave it strength. It became a living presence, working upon the brain which gave it birth and taking up into itself more and more of the will of its creator. Such were my demons, and they were *my very own*. And I saw that I had but to concentrate with whatever force was left to me upon

the light which had touched my heart to its yearning for freedom and better life, to gain power that would at last overmaster them and to starve them by withholding from them that upon which they lived.

And so, slowly, through many failures and lapses, I found my way to peace. Not many years are left to me, but I can undo some of the evil I have wrought. And I can see that the new life of which the light holds the promise is endless and limitless.

(Adapted from *The New Century*)



## Soul-Finding

**W**HAT a man feels himself as, that for the time he is. We feel ourselves as bodies and act accordingly.

Because of that we have to feel *ourselves* as sick when the body is sick, and *ourselves* as dying when the body is dying. And for the same reason we think of ourselves as having begun when the *body* was born. We began a few years ago and must finish a few years hence. And so we do not take hold of our real undying nature. If we would but do that by a little regular thinking till we got a realization of it we should be above being bothered by circumstances or by our own changing moods.

And also we identify ourselves with our minds. That is another mistake. For as we can to a degree control them, guide our thoughts, stop them, turn them upon what subject we wish, we are something superior to them.

But what? A soul? Well then, what is a soul?

We learn what a soul is, what it feels like to be a soul, by *acting* as a soul.

We are acting as souls when we are controlling the mind and our moods, compelling right thoughts and right moods instead of dark and poor and wrong ones. The soul is what uses will, it is ourselves when we are using will rightly.

So we do not understand soul while we think of it as something different from ourselves, nor yet while we think of it as the same as our common selves of moods and thoughts and desires. It is ourselves when we rise up and control all those things. It is ourselves when we are at our best and highest. But when we are not, then we are in a degree separate from it and it is an overwatching presence of which we may or may not be aware. So then it may be said that there are two of us, the soul and the man of flesh and of common thoughts that run along of themselves. There *is* a presence of Light about each of us and we only occasionally reach up towards unity with it. We reach up in our moments of aspiration in the silence, and also when we are using our wills to compel ourselves to act and feel and think as men who propose to be worthy of our own self-respect. At death we are drawn into the soul, reunited with it. At our birth it was the soul that poured as it were more and more of itself into the brain and body, a part of itself. And it is this part that we think to be our whole and only self. We never suspect how much more there is beyond.

But there is no reason why we should wait for death to act for us. We can win unity with the soul while we are what we call alive.

It is because of the soul that we have wills, instead of, like the animals, merely desires. It is because of the soul that we can clash our wills against our lower desires and win out as true men. Will is *I in action*; desire is *I acted upon*, pulled about, swayed by the body. Wherever

the arousing of every spark of will we possess.

But to know the soul we must also search for it in moments of silence.

It is at night that we can best make this search. The body and all its sensations make less and less pull upon our attention as the hour for sleep comes nearer. The mind can be stilled more easily. As, at night, a man ordinarily plans over the things he will do tomorrow,



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#### THE GREAT PYRAMID

This enormous structure covers about 13 acres. Its height is 482 feet and is so adjusted to the four sides of the base as to be the radius of a circle of which their conjoined length is the circumference.

there is the old conflict of will and desire, of duty and inclination, of selfishness and kindliness, there is the soul at work. Which side of the conflict will we take?

To know the soul we must give it willed outlet against the resistance of some part of our nature, a lower part, just as the match must have resistance from the box to show its latent fire. All difficulties, all pains, enable us to get nearer to the soul, for they call out will to surmount them or to endure them with unshaken courage. And so also all insults and injury, for forgiveness may require

and tomorrow finds that they almost go of themselves; as, at night, a man may think over some problem and find tomorrow that it is solved, so those who want real life, to find their immortality and power and soulhood, will try at night to harmonize the mind according to their aspirations, into a sense of the soul's presence. And then they pass on into sleep, having opened their way for the next day. The day is for action, the night for preparation for action.

And so we gradually get nearer to our great victory.

### Make Your Own Atmosphere

WE don't make enough use of the principle of association of ideas. Instead, we let it do what it chooses with us.

When I was a little boy my mother used to give me castor oil 'disguised' in coffee. After a few doses the taste of coffee got to be so associated with the thought of the oil that for many years I couldn't drink it.

As children we used to go every summer to a sea-side place, staying at a cottage that was clothed in jasmine. I can never smell jasmine now without a thrill of that joy of forty years ago.

When you enter a place you are met at once with the thoughts you had there before. Rooms and scenes are full of associations. Your customary work brings back the line of thought and mood customary with you in doing that work. Any special bit of work will revive the thoughts you had when last you did it. Even a particular coat or hat may have its associations.

Prisoners, men whose work and routine are mostly the same from day to day, are especially the victims of this law of association. During their first weeks or more they are naturally low and depressed. Before they realize it they have made the strongest associations between such feelings and the places of their work and their cells. Everywhere they have to meet that atmosphere of their first depression.

But the very routine of place and time gives them a unique opportunity to make this law work for them instead of against them, a friend instead of an enemy.

"I used to read a bit of Emerson, or maybe the Bible or something, up in one little field early summer mornings along with my first pipe," said an old farmer once to the writer. "I'd get myself tuned up there for the day, get a line of fine thoughts. And it got so at last that I couldn't go into that field any time, to plow or what else, without that same sort of influence and thoughts comin' right in on me. Seemed like all I'd ever thought there, all the uplift from the books, was there waitin' for me."

Why should not a prisoner make to suit himself the atmosphere, the associations of his cell? It is *brooding* over the past, over lost or misused opportunity, that generates the worst. Why not make an end of this? Turn the shadows out at once and for all if you can, or one by one as they come, till at last they get tired and come no more. They are no real friends. Read, study, plan. Think some one thought every night that's worth having and write it down. It will have led to others by the next night. You'll have made a philosophy of your own very soon. Give the mind good work instead of the poor work it has been accustomed to do. And let the last five minutes before sleep be a time of complete heart-peace, a searching in thought after that Higher Self which in each of us is waiting for our recognition to be an ever-active help and light, a constant Companion.

So the atmosphere will gradually change from dark to light, from trouble to peace. You will, as it were, write

new thoughts and feelings into the very walls. You will come to associate the place and the time with those thoughts and efforts. They will meet and encourage you the moment you enter, a sort of greeting. And the last moments of the day will regularly bring back to you of themselves the peace and light you have put into them. Each evening is bettered by the efforts of all the evenings before. The law of association, the association of thought with particular times and places, will have become your friend instead of your enemy.

And stamp the *beginnings* of the days with a habit. Let the first thought as you rise be towards light. "Today is a new day, like none that ever came before. I will go through it in peace and light." Associate the first moments of the days with that. Greet the days with that, and in a short time they will be greeting you with it of themselves.

So each whole day can be associated with the efforts of all previous days. Each day can be a new step in strength. Life can become joy and growth. STUDENT

### Empty Days

"I ALWAYS like to have something in the coming week to look forward to," said a woman once to the writer. "It makes Sunday go all right."

We mostly live like that, pulling ourselves along by a string attached to something pleasant ahead. And then, some day, the string comes loose; nothing is in sight to attach it to; what we were accustomed to rely on is torn away. Then for a long time we don't know where we are, what to do, how to face the blankness.

We get the same situation sometimes by a sudden loss of interest in something we were accustomed to enjoy. It is the same situation, but in one case brought about for us by a change outside, in the other by a change in ourselves, inside. Either fate (another name for the Higher Law, working for our growth) knocks away the thing we were going to stand on; or the inner man knocks away our interest in standing on it.

The moral is, slowly to win our independence of anything. Little by little we get out of the way of looking forward expectantly. If something pleasant comes along, all right; enjoy it. If it doesn't come, well, we have learned not to be expecting anything and don't notice the not coming.

A dull way of living? I guess not! It is the man who has thoroughly trained himself out of the way of looking forward towards anything — it is that man who never has a dull moment. As fast as we stop dipping into the future — whether this evening or next week or next year — just so fast does the present cease to be dull.

Try this plan of not looking forward. Practise it. Turn the mind on to something else when you catch it looking forward. Keep it here, in the Now. You lose nothing by this, of course; for what's coming is coming. All that you lose is disappointment, pain, tedium. What you gain is, that the satisfaction and sense of full



life that you formerly looked to externals to give you, you now get anyhow as a permanent state.

That seems a good deal to say, but it is a fact. For you begin to open up an inner life that is always full, always new from day to day, needing nothing from outside. We are talking of a law of nature; if a man keeps his attention outward he will know nothing of the far more real and more interesting inward. As fast as he unhooks his expectancy from the outward he gets to know of the inward. And as soon as he really knows the inward, he knows and has a share in all the great things that are going on everywhere, all the great interior preparations for humanity's new day now at hand.

STUDENT

### The Functions of a Door

**W**HAT is a door? That seems a foolish question, and yet it will bear a little attention. Children are sometimes reminded that doors are made to shut.

Which is true; but also they are made to open. They are equally barriers and openings. Which they should be at any given moment depends upon circumstances. A door may be most valuable as a barrier to be opened only with discretion; we all know that. But we sometimes forget it when the house is our own minds, and the doors are openings through which come visitors of every sort and kind. The man who keeps open house in his mind will frequently find himself entertaining very unwelcome guests, and he may finally decide that there is much virtue in a closed door.

But he may then have almost lost the art of closing it, and in upon him will be coming all kinds of tramps, undesirable acquaintances, and even animals that should be housed elsewhere or in some cases killed outright. All of which feed on his vitality and spoil his best possibilities of life and thought.

A man should be master in his own house — which in this case is his mind in which he lives out his life while he is on earth. It is for him to say at all times whether his door shall be open or closed. And as he exercises his rights so will he find his company and so will he find himself. So it is well worth his while to practise this great art of opening and shutting at will the doors of mind. The acquirement is not easy and needs a good deal of perseverance; but he can do it if he will. M.

LET not a man live passive to circumstances, overlaid by them. Let him, instead, insist that whatever they are, they shall yield him something to his advantage. "Of this minute, now, I demand a higher state of thought, a light I never had before." Then, let go — if you must. You have registered your moment for eternity.

Do this for one minute now and then through the day and see where in a little while you will have got to. You will have your foot spiritually on the neck of fortune.— *Julius Colvin*

### Myself and Me

**I** AM the best Pal that I ever had,  
I like to be with me;  
I like to sit an' tell myself  
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me  
If I shouldn't or I should,  
And I find that my advice to me  
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with  
Myself till here of late;  
And I find myself a bully chum,  
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me  
And show me right and wrong;  
I never knew how well myself  
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me,  
I'm as truthful as can be;  
No matter what may come or go,  
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself and have  
A pal that's all your own;  
To be such company for yourself  
You're never left alone.

I've made a study of myself,  
Compared me with the lot.  
And I've finally concluded  
I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself  
And trust yourself with you,  
And you will be surprised how well yourself  
Will like you if you do.—*Selected*

(But they went further than this in old India. One of their old books says: "A man should *raise* the self by the self, he should not suffer the self to be debased; for self may be the friend of self or it may be its own enemy. Self is the friend of the man who is self-conquered, but self is like a foe to him who has not conquered himself."

In taking revenge for a wrong, a man puts himself on a level with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a princely part to pardon. That which is past is gone and irrevocable; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that worry with past matters. This is certain, that a man who studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.— *Bacon*

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## The New Way Quotebook

BLESSED be the hour in which I resolved to meditate on myself and my destination. There is now perfect harmony and clearness in my spirit and a new and more glorious existence has begun. No personal mortifications or affronts can now move me, nor any sense of pride, for my entire personality has been forgotten in the contemplation of the end. Since my heart is thus closed to all desire for the earthly; since, in fact, I have no longer any heart for the perishable, all things appear to my eye in a transfigured form. I no longer see dead, inert matter in space; instead there is the eternal stream of Divine Life and Power flowing throughout. It flows through all things, through me and onward into nature. I can behold it everywhere, in myself and in all else. Mine eye sees this life forever ascend and grow and transfigure itself into a more spiritual expression of its own nature. The universe has become spiritualized to my contemplation and bears the impress of the Spirit; there is continual progress towards perfection, in a straight line which stretches towards infinity.— *Fichte*



WHISTLING to keep up courage is no mere figure of speech. On the other hand, sit all day in a moping posture, sigh, and reply to everything with a dismal voice, and your melancholy lingers. There is no more valuable precept in moral education than this, as all who have experience know: if we wish to conquer emotional tendencies in ourselves, we must assiduously, and in the first instance cold-bloodedly, go through the outward movement of those contrary dispositions which we prefer to cultivate. The reward of persistency will infallibly come in the fading out of the sullenness or depression and the advent of real cheerfulness and kindness in their stead. Smooth the brow, brighten the eye, and speak in a major key, pass the genial compliment, and your heart must be frigid indeed if it do not gradually thaw.

— *Prof. William James*



MAN in his life today is, to a very large extent, separated from the direct inspiration of his essential and divine nature. He knows really nothing of that living power, the Christos Spirit 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, which is in each one of us the spiritual ray, the living and vitalizing flame which proceeds from the Source of all that is — the ineffable Deity. If all aspirants for the higher life, for the nobler and better life, were to begin with the conviction that there is a divinity within, all would be changed.

— *Katherine Tingley*

GRAND is the seen, the light, to me — grand are the sky and stars,

Grand is the earth and grand are lasting time and space.  
And grand their laws, so multiform, puzzling, evolutionary;

But grander far the unseen Soul of me, comprehending,  
endowing all these.

Lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth,  
sailing the sea.

What were these, indeed, without thee, unseen Soul?  
Of what account without thee?

More evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my Soul,  
More multiform, more far-lasting thou than they.

— *Whitman*

MAN begins to hear a voice that fills the heavens and the earth, saying that God is within him, that *there* is the celestial host. I find this amazing revelation of my intimate relation to God a solution of all the doubts that oppress me. I recognize the distinction of the *outer and inner self*, the *double consciousness*; that within this erring passionate mortal self sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I. It is wiser than I. It never approved me in any wrong. I seek counsel of it in my doubts. I repair to it in my danger; I pray to it in my undertakings.

— *Emerson*

WHEN a man can get a sight of his personality, see it with its little aims and selfishnesses and smallnesses, he may easily become too humiliated and discouraged, and so let himself become tied up in his thought still more closely with it. Let him remember that the very fact that he *can* see it and judge it in its true light is the sign that he is standing above it and is something much bigger. Let him look inward instead of outward at this personality, and he will find the true self which he is really and always was.— *The New Century*

TILL a man has got his physical brain completely under his control . . . I hold that he cannot do a tenth part of the work he would then be able to perform with little or no effort. Moreover, work apart, he has not entered upon his kingdom, and unlimited possibilities of future development are barred to him. Mental efficiency can be gained by constant practice in meditation — *i.e.*, by concentrating the mind, say for but ten minutes daily, but with absolute regularity, on some of the highest thoughts of which it is capable. Failures will be frequent, but they must be regarded with simple indifference and dogged perseverance on the path chosen. If that path be followed *without intermission* even for a few weeks the results will speak for themselves.— *An Oxford Lecturer*

IN the blackest days are our greatest opportunities.  
The easy days are for the weak ones.— *Emerson*

GIFT  
SEP 6 1917

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Behind the darkest clouds  
The sun is shining.

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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GLENN D. CURTIS AVIATION TROPHY

By the American Sculptor Ernest W. Keyser

### The New Way

SOME who see our title for the first time may wonder what sort of 'new way' in thought or conduct there can now be. What room is there for novelty? Has not everything been tried?

Well, consider first that humanity is as it never was before. We can hardly appreciate how great is the difference between our ways of thinking and feeling and the ways of fifty or sixty years ago, the ways of our grandparents or even our parents. And the change is still going swiftly forward. We have lost the conservatism of other times and are always ready for what is new of any sort, alert to it, eager for it.

This general mental unmooring, loosening and alacrity, gives us possibilities of quick growth that most of us do not realize and are not using. By rightly directed effort we can attain now a level of evolution, an inner life and power which the thinkers of the past century caught no sight of, which most of the thinkers among us now, see only confusedly.

The 'New Way' is really a very old way. In all human history there have been Teachers pointing it out. What is new and extra is the readiness for it. It is so accessible to minds unmoored, shaken free, as ours are.

Let us take a new view of ourselves and see just where in us this New Way opens.

Is there one of us who knows himself? Yet if there is to be any going forward to new things it is he himself that must go.

"Myself"—when I say that I am mostly thinking of my body. But on a moment's reflexion I can easily understand that I am thinking *in* my body. Most of our thinking runs along of itself, but we may of course take hold of it and make it run in any direction we choose, apply itself to any matter we wish to consider.

So each of us is still facing the problem of *himself*, myself. Who am I that is thus *in* the body and capable of directing both it and the mind?

There seems to be no answer. And yet it is just at the place where I am asking who I am that the New Way opens. For it is *I myself* that can step up to the new level towards the new heights that are waiting for us.

A muscle grows only when it is put into action. I must put *myself* into action if I wish to grow so that I can see what I am. I am in action when I am ruling—instead of being ruled by—my body, when I am controlling and guiding my mind instead of letting it take any line of thoughts that it likes, when I am ruling my desires instead of being run by them.

Self-mastery, *with a view to seeing what oneself is*, with a view to self-knowledge, must be our work, not *merely* self-mastery. It is the intention to know ourselves as we work at this that makes it the door to the New Way, to new powers.

The soldier's life is, largely, a life of discipline. He knows what obeying means. Well, he has only to turn his practice upon himself and make himself obey himself,

make himself come under his own rule, to find himself on the New Way that leads to self-knowledge. He starts to get himself *free*, free from the control of body and mind and desire. And he does it by discipline of his body and mind, thinking "I will do the controlling."

Then *I* begins to grow and be known to itself for what it is. *And this I is the soul*. As a man sticks to this work, to the sense of himself, holds himself more and more as separate and controlling soul, he becomes aware how very distinctly his nature is dual. Below, the common desires and appetites and thoughts; above, *himself* with ideals of noble life and conduct and a dawning perception of how great a thing this soul that is himself can become. Below, earth; above, *light*. And the light is the true man he has found. What is below, changes, may get sick, will sometime die. That which is above, the soul, is beyond the reach of death, goes forward forever to new things, upward to new heights. This knowledge, the knowledge of our essential divinity, direct knowledge, not like that got from books and argument, becomes clearer and clearer. Daily we are finding more and more meaning in ourselves, surer perception of this New Way of endless growth and progress.

STUDENT

✽

### The Sunrise

WHAT do you do with them?" I was once asked by an old country-dweller, to whom I had been discoursing on the glory of the sunrises in my part of the country. "Do with them?" I answered. "What can you do with a sunrise?"

He altered his question. "Well, what do you let them do with you?" He was a particularly hale old person, quite erect, always serene, as wise as an owl *looks*, and with a kindly and bottomless sense of humor.

I admitted that I did not voluntarily let the sunrise do anything with me; I was usually breakfasting then.

"People make good resolutions once a year," he said. "If they'd make 'em every day, there'd be some sense in it. A man makes a new start every day, begins a new life—or he might. Why don't he take nature's hint and wipe his dirty old slate clean?"

"I don't quite see the drift," I said.

"Did you ever see a glass of water with salt in it, crystallize?"

"Yes."

"You throw in a bit of extra salt, and all of a sudden the thing gets solid."

"Yes, especially if you give the glass a little shake."

"And it crystallizes accordin' to the pattern belongin' to salt?"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't that exactly what takes place when you wake up? Your wakin' gives the mind a shake, and it crystallizes, with your thoughts in it, exactly accordin' to the pattern belongin' to you. But you ain't a tumbler of salt that can't help itself; you're a man,—or

might be — that can set his own pattern. And the time for doing that is at waking.

"There's a many folks don't *wake up*, as they call it, till long after sunrise. They stews along in bed. But I tell you, son, *the body's awake*, right enough, and *it fills up with dreams* instead of with the right thoughts of the owner. Result: the salt crystallizes accordin' to the pattern of them dreams, which are the dregs of the man's mental foolings and chance experiences of the day before and the year before. Result: the man's the same kind of fool as he was the day before or the year before; in fact he's more of a fool. And when he comes to seventy or eighty or some such a trifle" (my old friend was eighty-two, he told me afterwards) "he's in his dotage instead of at his best.

"No, no, son; just you take right hold, the moment you wake; make a sunrise in your heart. And if you're fixed so's you can see the outer sunrise, make the two go together. You can feel the outer one anyhow, if you're sensitive.

"Now just you practise that up a bit; make every day a clean new start; crystallize yourself every day accordin' to a clean new pattern. You ain't like the salt that's got its pattern set for it; you can set your own, a better one every day of the 365; and when you get to be eighty or ninety you'll find you've got a body that'll be some credit to you, instead of — but I don't want to be no-ways offendin', son. And one of these days I'll tell you what to do with your sunsets. Look at that one now; you want to stop your chatter while the sun's sinkin' behind the sea-line."

Which was an unnecessary remark, for it was not I that had been doing the talking.

REPORTER

## The Promise of Death

(From a public address recently delivered by Madame Katherine Tingley)



SIR GALAHAD, ONE OF THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE. A SCULPTURE BY ERNEST W. KEYSER

"If I lose myself, I save myself."

IF we would all think for a moment upon a new line, if we would shut out the old ideas that we have upon death, if we would realize our immortality and cultivate a larger hope, we could soon lift much of the despair that hangs over the world and paralyses the best in human nature.

We know that there are many ideas of immortality. Some people believe that there is a set place where our loved ones go; there are others who think that we sleep until the resurrection day; and yet others who think that the dead yet walk with us, so to speak. All of us have our own ideas, our questionings and our limitations. But if we were to take this subject of immortality and dwell upon it in its larger aspects, studying the yearnings that exist in our hearts, I am certain that the answer would quickly come to us, would surely come. The very fact that we have an abiding memory of our loved ones, a *living* memory, even though it may only move us to tears, is in itself a token of their immortality, a token that we shall meet them again.

It seems to me so pitiful that we should mourn for the dead. If we would but let ourselves think of death in a new way, see it even in a degree as our own souls see it, if we would look on

it as a release, as a part of the divine law, as a sign of growth, as a step on the great pathway stretching before us all: if we would do this we should find an answer coming back to us, an answer to our questionings and perplexities. Would we but turn our minds away from the

grave and from corruption, from darkness and hopelessness, I assure you that we could tear away the veil and surely know. Never again should we ask if we should meet our loved ones. Never again should we speak of *death*: it would be for us a new birth; it would be life; it would be joy.

The soul on its onward march has its ideals, its aspirations, its knowledge. The limitations come only from our brain-minds, and he who aspires rightly will overcome those limitations. If we will believe in the Divine Law, if we will trust ourselves, then the Light comes. And when the eyes of the loved ones close, when we see their forms no more, then we shall absolutely know that for them the day is dawning, the morning light is breaking.

Think for a moment what it would be for us if we could shut out from our minds all our present ideas about death, if we could go for a while free from our present fear of death. What do you think would be the result? Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, and with fear banished something else would take its place. That something would be confidence and knowledge and trust in the Law, and then we should always be ready for the change. Indeed if we thought rightly about this it would actually be difficult for us to remain here, so glorious is the process of the Law in the upward march of evolution. Surely duty alone could then hold us here contentedly.

I have spoken of trust in the Supreme Law. What a libel it would be upon this Power to believe that it has made the sacred bonds which unite us to brother or sister, to father or mother or child, only to sever them forever at death! Let us take a larger view; let us move out into the light. Let us feel and know that that Law is mercy. So shall it show to us, in our waking and in our sleeping moments, that our old idea of death is a farce and that death is indeed a superb beneficence.

I believe that when the soul separates itself from the body it does not immediately depart. I believe that there is for a time a holding on to its surroundings. It can feel your sorrow and your tears, and by these you hold it back. Make the reverse picture; keep courage, self-control, trust in the Law; let there be flowers and music, and send out your love and your hope. I can almost see the soul departing under such conditions and sending back its benediction and its peace.

If there are even a few only, here and there, who will take up this attitude towards death, this way of thinking and realizing, they will do more to dispel the clouds that hang over the world than they can imagine. For it is the fear of death that is the great obstacle to progress.

#### Cut Loose from Yesterday

**Y**ESTERDAY, to men who are trying to progress spiritually, is often a chilling and despair-breeding phantom. "How can a man who did what I did yesterday, ever be clean enough to approach the Light?"

So he sits in hopeless darkness, and permits the error of yesterday, a specter of memory, to lead him into deeper sins today.

Tomorrow it may be, the clouds clear of themselves, and he makes a new start. But he has not gained that strengthened will that he might, had he but dissipated the clouds *himself* and refused to be paralysed today by what he did yesterday. That paralysis, chill, fear, is a mist thrown up between him and the ever-present Light. It is thrown up by the intelligent evil part of his nature, the part that led him yesterday into his failure. And the purpose of the throwing is to keep him in bondage to it.

Let him therefore take heart of grace, disappoint this evil, purposeful thing in him, and proceed with today as calmly and hopefully as if he had never known any yesterday, or had never known any defeat in his struggle to do right.

It is not usually known how easily this fear or chill is to be dissipated. Get up suddenly and do with all your force the most difficult and disagreeable duty lying at hand. Do it with royal courage; keep your sense of humor alive while you do it. Joviality is a complete dissipator of fear. The more difficult is the duty the greater the opportunity to do it in the spirit of the old Norse warriors when they rushed into battle. You will find your enemy routed in five minutes. And you will find that the Light was present all the time, merely waiting for you to clear away the mists. It is perfectly regardless of what you did yesterday so long as you try today.

To feel this steady shining of the Light, its steady encouragement after a fall, is to obtain the true 'forgiveness of sins.' The effects of past sin, if you do not let yourself be paralysed, can be converted into stepping-stones and lessons instead of remaining as fear-inspiring clouds.

Always to go forward; always to look at yesterday as if its deeds were the deeds of another man, by which you may learn, but whose shadow you refuse to tolerate; to count each day as a new birth with a clean past record; and to know that the Light is constantly present whether at the moment you can feel it or not; to try as hopefully as if you had never had a failure — these are the keys of peace and growth.

STUDENT

#### Discouraged!

**T**HOSE who are trying to live a higher life often notice that worse failure than ever seems to follow upon increased effort. Even the common circumstances of life seem actually to conspire against the man who is fighting for his spiritual life.

Then discouragement comes, and that effort is not repeated for a long time.

But the fight should have been taken up with a better consideration for its consequences. It is easy enough, and



quite unheroic, to drift and float. The man who fights, even seeming to fail, *remains the man who fought*. Whatever his present plight, he is never again among the herd of those who never tried; and sometime the force that made him draw sword once, will inspire him to do it again.

Every first sincere effort has within it the indestruc-

So the man feels all disturbed. He thinks he must have gone the wrong way to work. He stops his efforts and the aspiration out of which they grew. Let him remember that between the two harmonies, the old harmony with his lower nature and the not yet come harmony with his higher, lies a necessary period of discord. If we shirk the discord we shall never get the harmony. STUDENT



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

'MAN AND HIS CONSCIENCE'

A sculpture by Ernest W. Keyser.

"Doubt not; go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts will tear thee piecemeal."

tible seed of ultimate victory, sure sometime to grow.

A man has other living things beside himself in his own nature. Just as one who begins to try and live a higher, richer life than he has in the past will certainly awake the hostility of some of his quondam boon companions who perceive that he is separating himself from them, so with certain elements that are within himself. He who tries to mount will now have against him *that* in his nature with which he previously lived in harmony, regarding it as himself. He has now got an intelligent *opponent*, trained into intelligence by association with himself. This, feeling itself deserted and in danger of completer desertion; able, too, to assimilate and use some of that very energy which the man is calling out in himself — proceeds to fight for his life, with mind for the field.

If we would succeed we must expect success and not create an unfavorable atmosphere and environment by constant distrust of ourselves or expressions of doubt. The fear of failure, or constant contemplation of its possibilities, has kept many a noble soul from succeeding. Believe firmly that if you do not find a way you can make one, and you will triumph.—*Schelling*

To think meanly of oneself is the way to have others think meanly of one. And it paralyses the power to achieve anything. But to have self-respect one must try always to think such thoughts and do such deeds as would earn our respect if we saw them in another. Remember that men know more of you than they know that they know. And this unconscious knowledge expresses itself in their treatment of you.—*Kossuth*

### Goodbye, Dolly!

*High Street, outside a toy window.*

"PAPA, I want that. Won't you buy it for me?"  
 "Yes, dear, if you wish; but will it do you any good?"

"Why, of course, Papa! Such a pretty doll as that!"

"Well, all right. But don't you think there might be a way of getting more good out of it by *not* having it?"

"Why, how could that be?"

"Directly you saw it it made you want it, didn't it?"

"I couldn't help it, Papa, it's so pretty."

"Well then, wasn't it stronger than you?"

"How?"

"It made you do something you couldn't help doing."

"But I didn't do anything. I only *wanted* something."

"Wanting is doing something inside. And the doll *made* you do it. Isn't that being weaker than the doll?"

"But we're always wanting things, all sorts of things. Don't *you* ever want anything, Papa?"

"Well, we all have to learn to be stronger than the things we want."

"How can we get like that?"

"By learning how to throw away the want, directly we choose to, throw it right out of us and not have it any more. I'll get you the doll if you want me to."

*(Considerable pause)*

"I think, Papa, I've thrown away the want, throwed it away, right away. — Why, Papa, it's *nice* not to want it!"

"It's nice to get stronger so that things can't run about in our minds and do what they like there. And so we can often get more good for ourselves out of *not* having things than out of having them. If we were to do that now and then for things we *can* get we could quite get over being made unhappy by what we *can't* get. We ought to be stronger than anything we see or anything that happens to us."

"Goodbye, dolly. I'm sorry you couldn't make us buy you — sorry for *you*, you know. But some other little girl shall buy you if you're good." THE LISTENER

✱

### The Soul Spoke

*(From a letter)*

I WAS a materialist once, and I want to tell you how I found the way out. But I don't want you to think I ever hunted for the way out. I didn't. I was perfectly content with my position.

So as I say, I regarded myself as just matter, body, flesh, that much of nature, one hundred and fifty pounds of nature-stuff, nothing else. All talk of 'spirit' I just laughed at.

Well, it got to be spring after a pretty hard winter. I began to wake up livelier in the mornings, felt sprier and lighter all day. Every fellow has that feel, of

course, when spring comes in, "feels the spring in his bones" as we say, feels like jumping about with it, sometimes.

One morning I was out in the woods, and this feel got to a climax. Trees all breaking into buds, flowers all coming through everywhere, birds singing. I felt like I was part of it all, going to bud and flower and sing myself with the joy of it and the sense of new life.

"I'm a part of nature," I thought, same as I always had thought it. But now it came to me in a new way. "If there's nothing in me but what's in nature and nothing in nature but what's in me, and I'm a part of nature — why, there must be *joy* in nature." And of course you can't have unconscious joy. That's a contradiction. The very essence of joy is the consciousness of it. If anything is unconscious it can't be having joy. "Well then, if I'm a sample bit of nature and I'm consciously in joy, so's nature conscious. Nature-life is *conscious* life, same as mine."

When I'd got that far another idea came along. "I'm watching myself happy," I said. "Who'm I that knows himself happy? Who'm I that thought he was nothing but a body? You can see your body. Who sees it? Look in the glass and you can see the eyes. Who looks through the eyes? Who *thinks* about what he sees? Who's here noticing what he's thinking about?"

Then I went on questioning myself. "Where did you get the notion of death, of your ever coming to be dead?" I didn't know altogether. But for one thing I had seen my mother dead. "She's gone," I remembered saying as I watched her last breath. It now seemed to me that I might have been speaking more of a truth than I then knew. *Gone*. Gone out of what was there on the bed, the form I loved so much. What saw in life through those eyes, what lived in that body, what thought in that brain, maybe was in some state where no eyes and no body and no brain were necessary to live with. There might be other kinds of life than the sort we live here. Maybe we live that other kind all the while inside of this one.

And suddenly, all in a flash, I *knew*, knew that I was immortal, knew I was *in* the body, knew I was something like *light*, divine, spirit — words are not much good. A man's got to get his own realizations of this. Man is divine life touching and for the time mixing up with that much of nature-life that is in his own body. He's the soul of his own nature, and *all* nature has got a soul too.

I only wish I could have put it all better. But the proper state of life is joy, whatever the external conditions; and when a man has made joy all through him, even for a minute only, there's the time to press in and find himself in the middle of it all. Throw out the troubles for that while, however short, and in the joy and peace and faith of that moment get in to yourself. Do it every day till you realize what you are. Then the joy won't need any more making. It'll be there always, permanent spring and sunrise.

### The Veils

By E. M. K.

AH! rare and beautiful has been the day,  
 So clear the air it seemed that there were none;  
 Range after range of mountains, one by one,  
 Lifted above the horizon, till they lay  
 A mass of regal blue. Across the bay  
 Behind the farthest line, there came in view  
 Two giant peaks, distant, of fainter hue,  
 That o'er the plains of Mexico held sway.  
 And in the West, islands unseen before  
 Now broke the level line of sky and sea,  
 While to the North, mountains and curving shore  
 Claimed from the ocean space for many a mile.  
 And thus the misty air had hid from me  
 New beauties that the prospect held in store.  
 If air conceals so much, may it not be  
 Our *minds* hide beauties that we seek long while?  
 —Selected

### 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?  
 —Selected

### The Release of Death

(From an ancient Egyptian Poem)

Death opens before me today  
 Like health before one who has been sick,  
 Like going forth into a garden after sickness.  
 Death is before me today  
 Like the fragrance of myrrh,  
 Like sailing forth upon the waters before the wind.  
 Death is before me today  
 Like the coming of the rain-streams upon the desert,  
 Like his returning home to a warrior from the war.  
 Death is before me today  
 Like the thought of his own house  
 To one long in captivity.

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### An Arab Story

From *Pearls of the Faith*

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

AN Angel of the Lord, a minister,  
 Had errands upon earth, and Moses said,  
 "Grant me to wend with thee, that I may learn  
 God's ways with men."

The Angel, answering, said,  
 "Thou canst not bear with me; thou wilt not have  
 Knowledge to judge; yet if thou followest me,  
 Question me not, whatever I shall do,  
 Until I tell thee."

Then they found a ship  
 On the seashore, wherefrom the Angel struck  
 Her boards and brake them. Moses said, "Wilt drown  
 The mariners? This is a strange thing wrought!"  
 The Angel answered — "Be thou silent now!  
 Did I not say thou couldst not bear with me?"

Yet further and they met an Arab boy:  
 Upon his eyes with mouth invisible  
 The Angel breathed; and all his warm blood froze,  
 And, with a moan, he sank to earth and died.  
 Then Moses said, "Slayest thou the innocent  
 Who did no wrong? This is a hard thing seen!"  
 "Did I not tell thee," said the Minister,  
 "Thou wouldst not bear with me? Question me not!"

Then came they to a village, where there stood  
 A lowly hut; the garden-fence thereof  
 Toppled to fall: The Angel thrust it down,  
 A ruin of grey stones, and lime, and tiles,  
 Crushing the lentils, melons, saffron, beans,  
 The little harvest of the cottage folk.  
 "What hire," asked Moses, "hadst thou for this deed,  
 Seeming so evil?"

Then the Angel said,  
 "This is the parting betwixt me and thee;  
 Yet will I first make manifest the things  
 Thou couldst not bear, not knowing; that my Lord —  
 'Exalted above all reproach' — be praised.  
 The ship I broke serveth poor fisher folk  
 Whose livelihood was lost, because there came  
 A king that way seizing all boats found whole;  
 Now have they peace. Touching the Arab boy:  
 In two moons he had slain his mother's son,  
 Being perverse; but now his brother lives,  
 Whose life unto his tribe was more, and he  
 Dieth blood-guiltless. For the garden wall:  
 Two goodly youths dwell there, offspring of one  
 That loved his Lord, and underneath the stones  
 The father hid a treasure, which is theirs.  
 This shall they find, building their ruin up,  
 And joy will come upon their house. But thou,  
 Journey no more with me, because I do  
 Nought of myself, but all by Allah's will."

— Selected

## New Way Quotebook

THE sensibility of the faculties giveth heat and cold, pleasure and pain, which come and go and are transient and inconstant. Bear them with patience; for the wise man whom these disturb not and to whom pleasure and pain are the same, is fitted for immortality.

—Hindu

It is not really the other man's irritating little ways that give us the most of our irritation. The real irritation is in the fact that we can't make him rule his conduct to our measure. The irritation is a serious waste of power, power that we need for mind-concentration, for self-mastery, for character-building. If we gather in our power, disregard everything that isn't our business, and keep tolerant and kindly, we shall find we have power enough for everything we need to do.

—Selected

THE man who believeth that it is the soul which killeth, and he who thinketh that the soul may be destroyed, are both alike deceived; for it neither killeth nor is it killed. It is a thing without birth; it is ancient, constant and eternal, and is not to be destroyed in this its mortal frame. As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the soul, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away; for it is inconsumable and incorruptible.

—Hindu

WE do not know what we lose in our self-indulgence, what glory awaits us if only we had courage for the mountain climb, what blessing we should find if only we could move to the uplands of God.

—J. R. Miller

THE child was put to bed every night at six. We dined at seven. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening before dinner. The room was dark, the doors open, and my seat commanded a view of both the stairway and the dining-room. The table was set and in the center was a dish of tempting peaches. Presently there came to my ears a patter of little feet as a childish figure clad in a nightgown stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, up to the table. Small fingers seized the topmost peach from the dish and the little fellow turned and trotted away upstairs again.

As I sat in the dark there came again the patter, patter of little feet as a white-clad figure stole down stairs, through the hall, into the dining room, up to the table. Small fingers replaced the stolen peach just where it had been and a stubborn little voice muttered, "Done again, old Devil!"

—Harper's Magazine

LIKE the body, the mind is constantly renewing itself, shedding old fabric, weaving in new. If we think as of old, the old pattern will not change. If we spring upon the shoulders of the past, winged with hope, if we let no doubt of our power to transform live a moment in the current of our thoughts, if we think of the steady renewal, of the gradual coming of more and more of the gold threads among the dead ones: then the renewal will go on, we shall grow with the years up to the very last, we shall be in tune with all the oncoming future instead of the decaying past. At last, nature will show us the meaning of her transformations and of that special renewal called death.—Selected

Think over what seems to you to constitute a great character, and then say whether it is anything else than a magnificent faith in the power of right action to achieve all things, and a magnificent honesty in the fixed attempt to find out what is the line of right action. Faith in the triumph of right is one of the weapons wherewith right triumphs. The universe has a divine soul and this faith arises out of a secret communion with this whereby we become channels for its power.

—Thoughts for the Times

'SOUL' is not to most of us a word with very enlivening associations. It would be well worth while to restore some of its proper life and meaning to it. Suppose that henceforth we thought of the soul as the glorious light that comes shining into the heart of the true patriot, of the real reformer; into the brain of the artist, the supreme musician, the poet, the thinker and inspired seer at their noblest and divinest moments; that shines along the whole path of the greatest among men. If we meditated upon all those conceptions as belonging to the word, reflecting into it a side gleam from such words as light, joy, compassion, power, glory and the like, it would gradually come to its true life in our minds and we should attract closer into our thoughts the great reality that it expresses.—Selected

LET us be sure that however many doors may be closed and locked all around us, there is one that is not locked. And that one will open to where it is most worth our while to go. Cease to fret about the others; find the one and open it.

In other words, whatever a man's bonds, he is free somewhere to expand; whatever the restrictions, somewhere between them is his opportunity for the next step of growth, and always will be. Let him use it for all it is worth. If after a while that one vanishes it is his sign that another is open.

How could it be otherwise? The universe exists to be the opportunity of soul, and all circumstances and events point out for us the next bit of road for us to go upon.—Thoughts for the Times

SEP 14 1917

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Some men can't see their tomorrows  
because of their yesterdays.

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.*

A CORNER OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, SET FOR A PERFORMANCE OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

The classic appointments of the Theater were realistically transformed into the 'Forest of Arden'

## The Power of Silence

"WHAT impressed me most," said Smith, "in the address last night, was what the lecturer said of the power of silence. It never struck me before what an awful waste of force goes on in talk. I should think that Charlie and I sat up for two hours

last night discussing that very thing. I was trying to point out to him — indirectly, you know, of course; I didn't want to hurt his feelings — that *he* talks too much, but I don't believe he caught the idea."

"Isn't he —" began Jones.

"He's a good fellow," went on Smith, "but his brain is a perfect mush of half-boiled talk. Thinks

aloud, that's what he does. One of those people who never talk about real topics but always about *people*, chatter, chatter, all personality. Myself, I make it a rule never to speak about people. Poisons your deeper nature. I hear Charlie's engaged, or as good as engaged, to that girl Robinson. Nice girl, but an awful chatterer."

"But —" interposed Jones.

"By Jove though, it was a fine lecture. Last night after I got to bed the thing got to seem bigger and bigger to me. I could just *feel* in my bones what we lose by this incessant talking. I believe I could have made a girls' school see the thing right. The ideas were just ramping through my head. Why, look here. A man's brain goes on just *piling* up force, got straight from his soul, spiritual energy, and if he'd only *keep* it a while in the silence he could really get to know things, see them straight as they are in their inwardness. But he lets it all trickle away in this everlasting talk. If he can't get anyone else to talk to, he talks to himself, by Jove. I've watched fellows' lips moving when they didn't know I was looking.

"Now this thing has got to stop. I do too much talking myself now and then, though I'm a natural silence-lover. I went round to see Frank the other night — hadn't much to do and wanted to swap ideas a bit with somebody — I don't see why you should smile merely because I mention Frank; he isn't much, I know, but a man can't stop by himself all the time. He's a nice quiet fellow and while I was talking to him a great idea struck me. Why shouldn't you and I and Frank and Charlie room together and take a pledge to each other not to speak of anything but necessary things for a month? Pythagoras kept his pupils silent for seven years and I guess they were pretty much such fellows as you and me. Once a week we'd have an off night and tell each other all the great thoughts we'd got out of the silence."

"What did Frank —?" said Jones.

"Oh, you know Frank. Didn't *say* much. Just sat and smoked and smiled a bit to himself, I don't know what at. Asked what you others would say, paid me a compliment — said he thought anyone who lived with me would likely get into a way of silence.

"And while I was talking, a great invention occurred to me, a scientific instrument, a *tacitometer* I'd call it. Weigh a fellow's head while he sleeps and isn't thinking of anything. Then wake him and see how much the weight of his head increases as he begins thinking. Then let him practise silence till he could at last be so thoroughly silent in his head that it weighed no more than when he was asleep. What do you say to that? The way to practise, you know, is to fix the mind on one thing or one subject and never let it swerve a hair. Pretty hard, I guess most of you fellows would find it. Well, I must be off. Think it over, all this. The man who can boss his mind is greater than he that taketh a city, you know. Ta ta!"

REPORTER

## Just for Twenty Minutes

WHEN a man wants to be a public singer he does not practise his exercises all day. The best method is said to be about twenty minutes three times in the day. In the intervals the vocal cords and brain-cells and mind are digesting, as it were, what they learned in the twenty minutes, and slowly transforming themselves into what is wanted.

The same rule for a man who wants to alter his temperament and character and get some Light into himself and build a strong man's will.

And curiously enough the three important twenty minutes are already provided for him. All he has to do is to use them.

He takes three meals a day! Each occupies about twenty minutes!

Not so long ago some scientists of Yale university very instructively studied some cats. They did not vivisect them, nor is it recorded that they even offended their feelings much.

They let each cat take a nice meal. Then they used X-rays and threw on the screen a shadow-picture of the cats' digestive arrangements. Of course, the cats had to be held still a while for this. At first they resisted; then they found they did not mind much and submitted to be stroked; finally they purred.

Now the X-rays showed up the following secret: that whilst the cats were irritated at being held, their digestion stopped; it resumed business as they grew calm; and went ahead excellently as soon as the purring commenced.

We know that the same is true of ourselves. When we are serene as we eat, digestion will go well. If we are worried or angry it will go ill. A fit of downright rage may stop it altogether.

We know also that when digestion does not go well, various poisonous products result from fermentation of the food, and these, entering the blood, injure and depress the brain, nerves and other organs.

We do not consist of body only, nor of mind and character only; but of both these ingredients. And these two react on each other very closely. A body half-poisoned with the products of bad digestion will darken over the mind and make us irritable, depressed or cranky. And, as we have seen, a depressed mind will in its turn work injuriously upon the body. A man of that mental temperament is sure to be a dyspeptic or to have a body that is somewhere interiorly out of gear.

No man can keep up practice in altering and sun-shining his temperament and strengthening his will every moment of the day, any more than the intending singer can keep up his scales all day. But in respect of those little twenty minutes three times a day: Why not, *at those appointed times*, whatever happens between, insist with ourselves that then, just then, we will be serene, kindly-feeling, full of Light and confidence and



hope? Just that twenty minutes — practising scales, so to speak, on our character and temperament, using will in the right direction for that much time. Never mind the afterwards; this is practice time. Brush away for the time all the worries, fears, grouches and what else, and be strong in your serenity and good cheer. And if you can get a few others on to the same game the results will be better. We begin now to see something in the idea of eating in silence!

We are killing two birds with one stone now. For we are directly at work on our minds and characters and wills, and indirectly at work insuring good digestion. And the product of digestion thus encouraged will be beneficial to the body and help it to rebuild itself according to a new pattern of health, a pattern corresponding to and favorable to the new temperament and character we are simultaneously making.

Unbelievably good results for mind and body will come of faithfully sticking to this method of practise. Our body changes all through every few years and we can make the new one a good deal of an improvement on the old!

M. D.

### The Great Lunatic Asylum

"SOME of these men," said the doctor, "undoubtedly insane as they are, have nevertheless a sane man immediately below the surface like a rock just submerged under the waves but constantly showing its head. That man, for instance."

A man paced past on the garden walk outside the window, head down, hands clasped behind his back, muttering to himself and scowling a little.

"Mostly," said the doctor, "he's like that, wrapped in his thoughts. Watch him at table and you'll see his lips mutter even while he's raising the fork to his mouth, and in the course of five minutes there'll be a dozen expressions chasing one another across his face. A real lunatic, you'll say at once. But now, get him to talk about his daughter, or about mathematics — which is his favorite study. There'll be something new in his eyes in a moment. The real man comes out and takes hold and you'll find one of the kindest and most interesting men you can meet. Ask his help about something and he's yours for all he's worth. But the moment that's over his mutterings and delusions return at once. That fellow, the muttering chap, thinks everybody is plotting against him. The other, just beneath, friendly and intelligent, doesn't seem to have anything to do with such ideas, meets everybody perfectly frankly. And yet the two are the same man. Is the one man changing from one state to the other, or is the sane man there all the time beneath the other, looking on at crazy thoughts he himself takes no stock in?"

It seemed to me that the doctor was telling a very ordinary story, true in one or another degree of all

of us. But in most of us the thing does not get quite so far as that you can call the outer man distinctly crazy. But yet, which of us would like to have his ordinary current of thoughts become visible to others? And don't we all have times when we know we aren't 'seeing things straight'; when everything looks clouded and difficult and menacing? Another day all is clear and serene.

The doctor's insane patient was what you might call a *case of self*; himself brooding on himself all the time. Directly you got his attention off himself and occupied with his daughter or his favorite study, he was for that time well.

Which looks as though perfect sanity consisted in having shaken your mind clear of all broodings and thoughts about yourself; perfect *in-sanity* in having *nothing* but yourself in your mind all the time; and most of us ranging along between these two extremes. While you're on yourself you get everything out of proportion; you can't 'see anything straight'; and you're in a state favorable for the development of down-right crazy delusions: — such as that people don't like you, or are talking against you or plotting against you. I don't believe any lunatic ever had a delusion which, if you went into it far enough, would not be found to turn on *himself*. The treatment of insane people just consists in getting their thoughts off themselves by one means or another.

Now if we are all of us insane in one or another degree — and we are — we ought to be always giving ourselves a course of treatment along that same line. Namely, getting thoughts off self and on to other selves and subjects. That is, first, opening out our heart-selves, as a steady practice, to others, getting a permanent friendliness and kindness going all the time, the desire to help in every way. And, second, a hobby or study or something pursued for its own interest, like this man's mathematics. Anything that helps the mind off this I, I. And a perfectly clear, sane mind, capable of seeing things straight all the time and capable of any amount of culture and training and acquirement, is to be got along that line of self-treatment. Nobody with any amount of insanity in his hereditary make-up need have any fear of it if he will get under his own discipline in this way.

STUDENT

Here's a fact for each of us to consider:

That if he will get the spirit of brotherhood consciously going all the time in himself, warming his heart, looking out of his eyes, he will give something to and get something from everyone he comes near. He will be getting (and giving) better health, a better mind, more will, a finer character, increased power to appreciate music and all other kinds of beauty, increased power to dominate his own weaknesses, and increased nearness to the divine life consciously present everywhere and supporting all things.

STUDENT

### The Culture of Health

EVERY little while we meet with a new publication devoted to the culture of health. Practically without exception they miss the point, do not give the secret. The prescription omits the chief ingredient. Usually it relates to another matter altogether, namely athleticism. The sort of health got by the athlete has little to do with that required for long life or with the enjoyment of life.

But how many readers would the paper have if it began to talk about the moral virtues? "We don't want a sermon," the readers would say; "we want to learn how to get strong." It is that word 'strong' that does a good part of the mischief. A man whose biceps are strong thinks that his health must be strong too. But as to the virtues: Which of these would-be athletes considers the fact that a thorough outbreak of rage or a half day's sulk is as injurious to his health as a drunken debauch? Or that a gladly done act of unselfishness is as improving to his liver as that "ten minutes of deep breathing at an open window just before going to bed"? Or that active contentment with one's lot and possessions is a continuous dose of vital energy and a stoppage of that waste of vital energy which the desire for what we have not got entails?

When you stop your athletic exercises the health they gave you goes away; and there comes a time with the advancing years when you *must* stop them. But the health-giving virtues — when you get the habit of practising *them* you are safe. The years cannot interfere with that.

It is a threefold line of exercise we have to take — of body, of mind and of soul. And it is a mental disease of our civilization to suppose that health could be got with one out of the three.

There is no health permanently possible to the man who is not master in his own mind and body.

The evening of life comes after the hot day. And then the body is perforce wearing out. Nothing will now give the thrill of youth; none of the athletic feats are now possible. Happy he who has trodden the threefold path, who now feels himself to be — not the changeful and uneasy compound of sensations and feelings, the body, but the steady light of the heart-life, forever richer in its containment, more certain in its peace, enduring as time, the true man. This can always be found by a search that does not weary. We must live in two worlds, that of the soul and that of the body, with the mind touching both. STUDENT

### The Mind

THERE is a most interesting statement in one of the ancient scriptures which teaches that "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates." There is matter for serious consideration here, be-

cause the mind is eternally occupied in contemplation of objects, material or mental.

For this contact with the outer world to be possible it is evident that Mind itself must be partly akin to matter; while the fact that the Self can use the mind as a means of connexion between the visible and itself, the material and the spiritual, shows that it is also akin to the *spiritual* nature of man. Thus we must regard the mind as dual, in which sense it is roughly called the higher and lower mind.

We may to some extent verify the truth of the assertion that "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates" by observation of our own condition at almost any time.

We know only too well that we are painfully affected by the contemplation of painful subjects; so to avoid the reproduction in our own person of the pain that the mind contemplates, we think of something else.

When the mind contemplates beauty the result upon the body is as though all its elements had been soothed and harmonized. It has been observed that when a person with artistic taste looks at a work of art in which there is balance and harmony, his breathing becomes regular, he breathes equally with both lungs, he stands balanced equally upon his feet, and his head takes a position that allows the blood to flow easily through the arteries, the heart beats evenly, and so on. All these details have been studied and recorded. In the same way it was found that the contemplation of an ill-balanced object produced in the spectator a feeling of discomfort due to an attempt of his body to adapt itself to the unbalanced form of the object of his contemplation. It was observed that there was a tendency in the body to incline to one side, to throw the weight of the body unequally upon the legs, to twist a little in conformity with the distortion of the object; the regularity of the breathing was disturbed, and so on.

We all know what a feeling of relief comes over the body when we stand on a hill-top and look out over a vast expanse, or when we enter a stately building. How natural it is at such times to draw a deep breath, to throw back the shoulders, to stand squarely on both feet and to look up, unconsciously betraying the body's response to the harmony and balance of that which the mind contemplates. The explanation of this physical response to mental suggestion may be found in the mediatory nature of mind, which while reflecting immaterial qualities also assumes the physical form of the material object and, being both material and ethereal, being not limited to a locality in the body, but being diffused through all its parts, attempts to impress upon the body the actual form that it is reproducing in itself in acting as a living mirror. The mind seems to be actually diffused through every atom of a healthy organism, because in health all parts of the organism respond to appropriate mental vibrations. The power of the body thus to respond is the measure

of its efficiency and even of its physiological vitality.

But the visible things that the mind contemplates are of far less importance than the invisible. It is by the latter that it grows or dwindles and decays. Take, for instance, the habit of criticism of others. If we are responsive to the qualities of all that our mind contemplates, then the surest way to reproduce an evil

### The Unity Beneath

"HUMANITY is one" — to think that out is the first step on the *New Way*.

What does it mean? How is it true? How does it work out?

It shows itself in this: that the currents of human



THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND, FROM THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, TAKING PART IN THE MEMORIAL PARADE ON MAY 30TH, IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Râja-Yoga College Band, which is here shown in the foreground, is followed in this photograph by U. S. marines, and other bodies. The procession is crossing the beautiful 'Puente Cabrillo' leading into the former Exposition grounds.

in ourselves is to think about it. The most rapid mode of degeneration is the constant meditation upon the faults of others. It must give pause to the most malicious critic to become aware of the fact that his criticism is stamping upon himself little by little an image of the faults and deformities he criticises.

And so the other way about. He who is on the lookout for the good qualities of others, who will only think of the best in others, gradually develops all those same qualities in himself and stimulates all the good qualities and powers that he has at the same time.

And the noblest of all exercises that the mind can undertake is to reflect the soul, the true self behind it. He who tries for a few minutes to bring the mind with its chatter into deep silence and feel the presence of the soul, is daily drawing nearer to it. M.

thought and feeling rise and fall in great waves that involve at once many peoples. Do we not speak of an age of materialism, of an age of belief, of unbelief, of progress, of retrogression, implying a general tendency of the whole mind of humanity? In the very words we recognise the unity of human consciousness. We know that spiritual movements, reform movements, pass at once over great areas of mankind.

Examples and instances each can think out for himself. There is, there can be, no other meaning to them than that the life of humanity is one common life deeper than the separateness. The place in each man's inner life where it touches and unites with and responds to the whole may not be recognised by him, but it exists. In each man's heart is a deep awareness and preparation for that which is coming, is at hand in the

close future, out of sight for the brain mind but yet real. And so when the word is said, when the reformer comes, when the spiritual message is uttered, great masses of men and women are inwardly ready.

In our smaller groups the same is true. What one is thinking about or feeling, that also is in the mind of another. In family life and in all the closer associations of men these coincidences of thought are constant.

The run of men, feeling blindly, but not recognising, this common life running beneath the surface, are at the mercy of its tides, are in no case its guides or helpers. It can only be recognised, consciously worked with and worked upon, by those who have to some degree got beyond the usual intense preoccupation of men with their private affairs, got over the usual intensity of *self-feeling*.

He who would find this common life must often retreat inward to his own heart, must find himself there in the silence. In thus seeking the soul he will become more and more sensitive to the currents of general feeling that play in the consciousness of humanity. For a while he may tend to be more fully their victim. He will feel more than ever before (and presently with understanding of what he feels) the gloom, the depression, the elation, of large bodies of men, of a nation, of nations, their tension or relief as they watch some great struggle or even the death-bed of some great figure. Upon his heart will break with more and more force the waves of their triumphings and lamentations. He is fully in the current which is deeper than that of merely personal life. Then, deeper yet, he will come upon the fountain of *all* life, the spiritual fountain whose waters emerging as human consciousness become turbid with human passion. And it is by uniting himself with that, that he gains the power to guide the whole life of man, to sweeten and uplift it. Whatever his outer duties, behind them, in a deeper life, he can be continuously upon this highest of all duties. To be *conscious* of divine Compassion, of the Power that is ever seeking to carry men onward — that is a possibility for us all. And it is only thus that we can gain knowledge of our immortality. STUDENT

3

### Brotherhood as an Investment

"I'll swear off if you will," says one smoker to another, not knowing what an extraordinary power he is calling upon to help him.

In this age things have to *pay* or we don't take much stock in them. We are practical and nothing which won't promise a tangible outcome is of much interest to us. We assent to the principle of brotherhood, for instance, give it a patronizing benediction as we pass. But we regard it as rather a sentiment than a power, by no means one of the regular working tools of life.

Fortunately for us, being a root fact in human nature, it gets out and becomes a working power on its

own account. But we don't recognize what is running us even though daily getting the benefit of being so run.

"I'll swear off if you will" — what's the other fellow's swearing off got to do with *his* doing so?

But doesn't he get added strength from the knowledge that the other is also forswearing the weed?

No, not from the mere knowledge, the mere brain fact. It is the *felt association*, the felt comradeship in the sacrifice.

We must distinguish. The felt association is more than the mere knowledge. And *the plus is brotherhood*. Because the principle of brotherhood is at work, each has more strength to his resolution, is a bigger man to face the job. Think this out a bit.

If a man is going off on a lark, he wants some congenial fellow with him. The principle of brotherhood is there at work doubling the fun. If you're in grief you want a sympathiser. If it's a fine morning you find it pleasant to say so to somebody and to have somebody say it to you. Then it's a finer meaning, finer by the little flash of brotherhood that passes as you tell each other.

If a man becomes an anti-vaccinationist or a believer in a graduated income tax, he wants to make a society, a group of fellow-believers to meet with. Their meeting heartens the belief in them all; the mind of each is quickened by the association and thinks out reasons more readily in support of their position. They instinctively know that this will happen. It is this instinct that draws them together. It is brotherhood at work again. The anti-vaccination and the special income tax ideas are occasions taken advantage of by the spirit of brotherhood that is present in us all awaiting such chances to come out and do a bit of work in uniting some men even temporarily only.

Two men agreeing to push a truck together can give much more of a push than if neither of them could see the other or knew of the other's presence.

Any associating of men together for a common object gives a chance for the principle of brotherhood to act, and is usually prompted by that principle. This is shown by the fact that they feel kindlier to each other for having been engaged in a common work. The principle causes the association and then grows by it. Being a function of human nature, the working of it gives pleasure.

It is content with associations for temporary objects if it can't get permanent ones.

To make it work best, most profitably and strengtheningly to all, and with most pleasure for all, each should consciously cultivate his brotherly feeling towards all the others. If he is wise he will cultivate this more than he cultivates the desire to get something for himself out of the work in hand.

This principle makes joys greater, griefs less, gives heart and strength to mind and body, multiplies power and zest of action, and is competent to remove every evil and pain from human life. STUDENT

## Waiting

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

SERENE I fold my hands and wait,  
 Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea:  
 I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,  
 For lo! my own shall come to me.  
 I stay my haste, I make delays:  
 For what avails this eager pace?  
 I stand amid the eternal ways:  
 And what is mine shall know my face.  
 Awake, asleep, by night or day,  
 The friends I seek are seeking me:  
 No wind can drive my bark astray  
 Nor change the tide of destiny.  
 What matter if I stand alone?  
 I wait with joy the coming years:  
 My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
 And garner up the fruit of tears.  
 The stars come nightly to the sky,  
 The tidal wave comes to the sea:  
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
 Can keep my own away from me.— *Selected*

## Solitude

BY CARMEN SYLVIA

GREAT Solitude will let thee listen. Hark!  
 The voices of the Infinite are singing;  
 The thoughts of thousands who have thought before  
 Come crowding round thy brain and fill the air  
 And seek a new expression on thy lips.  
 Thou art in such ennobling company  
 That Solitude becomes the gorgeous feast  
 For which thy soul is clothed in white and purple;  
 Thy feet unshod tread on the holy ground  
 Where God has spoken. Hark! Great Solitude  
 Hath thousand voices and a flood of light;  
 Be not afraid, enter the Sanctuary.  
 Thou wilt be taken by the hand and led  
 To Life's own fountain, never-ending Thought!

## John Masfield to his Mother

IN the dark womb where I began  
 My mother's life made me a man.  
 Through all the months of human birth  
 Her beauty fed my common earth.  
 I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,  
 But through the death of some of her.  
 What have I done to keep in mind  
 My debt to her and womankind?  
 What woman's happier life repays  
 Her for those months of wretched days?  
 What have I done, or said, or tried,  
 In thanks to that dear woman dead?  
 Men triumph over women still,  
 Men trample women's rights at will,  
 And man's lust roves the world untamed.  
 O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed! — *Selected*

IT was a gray, misty, depressing-looking day in late spring. Everything looked cold and hard, no sun at all.

But birds were singing extatically everywhere, and some children in a field near by were shouting with joy in their play. And in the air was that faint sweet background of low silver tone which you feel rather than hear — at any rate only on silent nights.

Then I thought: to my *eye* it is a dull day, but to my *ear* a most live and beautiful one. I can live in it with either; I can look at it with my eyes or my ears. I will find it a glorious day in *sounds*.

I thought further: if the sounds too were depressing; if I were in the lower parts of some city so that neither to eye nor to ear was it a beautiful day, how then? Or if I were in a crowded workshop?

Well, if it were a depressing day to eye and to ear, it need not be to my *mind*. There at least I could have a luminous and musical and vitalized spring day. Would not the golden and radiant sun of my soul be shining in the middle of my mind?

And my heart began to glow and a warmth we all through me and in a little while I understood that no man's peace and joy need be dependent on his body or his senses. Soon, soon, if he will but try, he can make or find his inner world where shall be no gray days and no harsh days and no loneliness

—From a French newspaper

A NEW hope is dawning on humanity as the new century goes on. The great heart of nature pulsates with joy as it did in the days preceding the Dark Ages. A new energy is being liberated from the center of life. Men and women who have so long borne the heavy burden of life, whose hearts have been well-nigh broken by the weight of many sorrows, will feel the new joy awakened by the great symphonies of harmony which are even now being sounded. It is felt in the heart of man and gives rise to a constant aspiration; it is the quality which makes him great. The golden light is shining; the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love anew; the ripples of the waves on the sea-shore lisp the glad song; the breeze bears it on its bosom; the tints of the flowers convey it; it shines forth from the stars in their sparkling brilliance; the birds warble it forth from every tree; the new-born babe is a complete revelation of it; the eyes of the loved ones passing into the great beyond impart the strength and courage of that great hope.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## New Way Quotebook

DIFFICULT as it must be for you to believe what I say, yet it is true that the Kingdom of Heaven is nearer at hand than you can realize, and that all the storms, trials and sorrows that we see now raging in human life are but indications of the passing away of the old order of things. All we have to do is to seize our opportunities, to do faithfully our duties as they lie before us, ingrain in the very atmosphere in which we live the finer vibrations of the Higher Law.

—Katherine Tingley

LET not him that seeketh cease from his search until he finds, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom of Heaven, and when he reaches that Kingdom he shall have rest.

One of the recently discovered 'sayings' attributed to  
—Jesus Christ

To attain to perfect human stature each of us must assume his masterhood in his own life. The battle royal lies in the persistent effort to maintain this attitude, and it is accumulated bits of conscious effort that increase, strengthen and vitalize the growing will. We thus acquire a momentum of growth that will easily carry us over every dark and discouraging period. Every rift in the fortress of character can be thus filled.

But let us remember one thing. The most potent agency that can work against us and increase our weaknesses is harsh and criticising thought of others. It is a fact that thought of this kind reacts on ourselves and awakens there the fault we are thinking of in others. And, of course, the other way about. Think the best of others; think of the best in others, and that same we at once begin to awake in ourselves.—A. C. McA.

ENJOYING things that are pleasant—that is not the evil. It is the reducing of our moral self to slavery by them that is. Let a man assert that he is king over his habitudes, that he could and would shake them off on cause shown: this is an excellent law.

—Carlyle

MOODS, moods! We made a fine resolution yesterday. Today we are touched with the blues and there seems to be nothing in it. But the state of mind we had yesterday, a very good one, will be round again some time and we shall wish then that blues or no blues we had gone ahead with what we resolved. When would the ship get in if the steersman flung up his job on cloudy days and moped about the deck? "The tasks in hours of insight willed, in hours of gloom can be fulfilled."—C. M. Arnold

To become indifferent to pain make yourself so to pleasure. Then real peace is possible.—Confucius

THE sense of duty is the inner knowledge, deeper than the brain, that the divine order of the world demands of us that this or that act should be done. Every time that a duty is done for the simple reason that the soul presses to have it done, the mind clears a little. This kind of pressure of the soul we call conscience. Other kinds are the inspiration of the artist, poet, musician; the heroism of the hero; the compassion of the lover of humanity. All noble powers and impulses are the result of the presence of the soul in the mind. For the time the mind is being energised by the soul instead of by the common passions and impulses and instincts. The natural result is inner peace and enlightenment.—*The Century Path*

PEOPLE grow old by thinking themselves old. When they reach the age of forty or fifty or sixty they imagine they look like others of the same age, and that they will soon be useless, unfit to work and unable to perform their wonted duties. As surely as they think of this it will come true, for thought is creative. The time will come when children will not be allowed to celebrate their birthdays, when they will know that by thinking themselves young they will remain young, and that they will cease to grow old when they cease to believe in old age. The body is built up of beliefs and our convictions are stamped upon every fiber of our beings. What we believe, what we think, that we are.—*Success*

Do not be contrary and stubborn and resentful towards life and the guiding force behind it, if things have not gone to suit. Maybe the way that would have suited was not the best way. And you can always make the other the best anyhow by trying to accept it with an even mind. For that is a piece of will-training.

—*The New Century*

To abstain from doing a wrong thing is good; to do a right thing instead, is better; to feel the golden heart-light glow warm while you do it, is best. This is the philosophy of life.—*Proverb*

THERE are times when a man makes active spiritual progress. There are others when he seems at a standstill, his altar cold, his fires out. But it is just then that he can be specially occupying himself with what might be called the odd jobs, taking small victories over himself, resisting little temptations, applying extra attention to small duties, rendering extra little turns of courtesy and encouragement to others, blotting out irritable criticism of others from his mind, in a score of ways pleasantly putting in the time till the crest of the wave lifts him again. And if he does all this it will carry him much higher than it otherwise would. In fact, our business is with these between times. The other times will look after themselves.—*The New Century*



For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Through all this tangle  
We may upwind our way to life again.

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.*

THE 'FRIENDSHIP FIESTA,' SAN DIEGO, JUNE 23, 1917. THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND OF LOMALAND IN THE PLAZA AT BALBOA PARK

Before the Grand Review Stand on which were Governor Estaban Cantu, of Lower California, Mme. Katherine Tingley, Mayor L. J. Wilde and others.

## The Submarine

HOW well most people realise the fitness of the expression 'keeping one's head above water,' when applied to the struggle for life or for the things generally supposed to be necessary to life!

The idea of 'keeping afloat' seemed to be an image that was permanently established in general use. But now that the submarine has come into use (or shall

we rather say into abuse?) the allegory has lost some of its force. Now that men can live under water or up among the clouds for a considerable time, many of our familiar images will have to be recast in a new form, if they are not to be discarded as out of date.

This is interesting to one who has had the experience of failing to keep afloat upon the tide of prosperity; for it suggests to him something he might have learned from his own experience, if he had been able to learn

that way. The fact that there are more ways of keeping going than by staying on the surface might have been apparent to him when the tide of fortune swept over his head and almost drowned him.

It is curious to note that when a man is sailing on the surface he calls the ocean allegorically the tide of *fortune*, but when it swamps his boat he is said to be overwhelmed by the flood of *misfortune*. From which I argue that fortune and misfortune are not different in themselves but are different appearances of the tide of life to different men.

The submarine has taught us that submergence may be a means of protection against worse dangers on the surface.

Let a man who has seldom managed to 'keep his head above water' in the affairs of life, and who perhaps fancies that he is drowned because the waters have closed over his head, think of the submarine, and remember that he too has the power to live a long while 'under water,' and to come to the surface again as a surprise to those who had thought him drowned.

There is something in the idea more than a mere fancy. The submarine is a hard fact. I am not going into the question of how it is now being used, but am merely noting the fact that it has proved the possibility of successfully sailing below the surface of the water. A fact in nature is a demonstration of natural law; and natural law holds good all through the whole realm of Nature in which we live.

That is why it is possible to 'reason by analogy.' The law of Nature is not capricious, and it can be seen to operate on all sorts of levels of the world's life, adapting itself to circumstances. So that when we talk about the 'tide of prosperity,' and of a man 'taking advantage of the tide,' or of his being able to 'just keep his head above water,' or of his 'going under,' we are not talking fancifully but scientifically, using a visible condition of nature to illustrate an invisible one. The ocean is visible and the tide of life is not; but nature's law works all the time and everywhere appropriately adapted to the circumstances.

May it not be that there is a navigator in man, of whom he does not know much, but who knows a good deal about the ocean of life and its dangers, and also knows many things about the possibilities of the craft he navigates? This unknown navigator may know all about the advantages of an occasional submergence as a means of protection against some worse danger. He may know just how long his craft can stay below, and he may know how and when to come up to the surface again — all of which knowledge is beyond the outer man's grasp.

It may be that the worst 'submergence' that a man knows this side of the grave may be the means of saving him from enemies on that 'tide of prosperity' beneath whose waves he has 'gone under.'

A man may have worse perils to face in the day of his prosperity than when he seems down and out.

It all depends upon his store of oxygen, and on his machinery, how long he can live down there and whether he can come up again. The submarine has taught us that much: that a man may go under and come up again. That is worth thinking about, for all men are liable to 'go under' for a time.

I think that the necessary store of oxygen or 'breathable air' is like *hope* which means life to the inner man as air means life to his body; and hope is based on faith in a man's own inner self and on trust in the Higher Law. So long as he is Man, he is alive and so long as he lives he has no need to fancy that he is dead, or drowned because he has 'gone under.' He is alive, and he knows it; that is enough to prove to him the folly of despair. He may be under water, and out of sight, for a time, but he may be safe also for a time from some other peril that he failed to recognise when he was on the surface. Let him reflect upon the submarine; there may be something there for him to get a new idea from as to his own submergence. R. M.

✱

### The Boy that was Scaret o' Dyin'

ONCE there was a boy that was dreadful scaret o' dying. Some folks is that way, you know; they ain't never done it to know how it feels, and they're scaret. And this boy was that way. He wasn't very rugged, his health was sort o' slim, and maybe that made him think about such things more. 'T any rate, he was terrible scaret o' dyin'.

'Twas a long time ago, this was — the times when posies and creatures could speak so's folks could know what they was saying.

And one day, as the boy — his name was Reuben. I forget his other name — as Reuben was sittin' under a tree, cryin', he heard a little, little bit of a voice — not squeaky, you know, but small and thin and soft-like — and he see 'twas a posy talkin'. 'Twas one of them posies they call Benjamins, with three-cornered whitey blossoms with a mite of pink on 'em, and it talked in a kind o' pinky white voice, and it says,

"What you cryin' for, Reuben?"

An' he says, "Cause I'm scaret o' dyin'," says he: "I'm dreadful scaret o' dyin'."

Well, what do you think? That posy just laughed — the most curious little pinky-white laugh, 'twas — an' it says, the Benjamin says:

"Dyin'? Scaret o' dyin'? Why, I die myself every single year o' my life!"

"Die yourself?" says Reuben; "you're foolin'; you're alive this minute."

"Course I be," said the Benjamin; "but that's neither here nor there; I've died every year since I can remember."

"Don't it hurt?" says the boy.

"No, it don't," says the posy; "it's real nice. You

see, you get kind o' tired holdin' up your head straight and lookin' peart and wide-awake, and tired o' the sun shinin' so hot, and the winds a-blowin' you to pieces. an' the bees takin' your honey. So it's nice to feel sleepy an' hang your head down, an' get sleepier and sleepier, an' then find you're droppin' off. Then you wake up jest 't nicest time of the year, and come up and look round, and — why, I like to die, I do."

But someways that didn't help Reuben as much as you'd think. "I ain't a posy," he thinks to himself, "and maybe I wouldn't come up."

Well, another time he was sittin' on a stone in the lower pasture, cryin' again, and he heard another curious voice; but 'twan't like the posy's voice, but it was a little woolly, soft, fuzzy voice, and he see 'twas a caterpillar a-talkin' to him. And the caterpillar says in his soft, fuzzy little voice, he says:

"What you cryin' for, Reuben?"

And the boy, he says:

"I'm powerful scaret o' dyin', that's why," he says.

And the fuzzy caterpillar, he laughed.

"Dyin'?" he says. "I'm lottin' on dyin', myself. All my family," he says, "die every once in a while, and when they wake up they're just splendid — got wings and fly about and live on honey and things. Why, I wouldn't miss it for anything, I'm lottin' on it."

But somehow that didn't chirk up Reuben much. "I ain't a caterpillar," he says, "and maybe I wouldn't wake up at all."

Well, there was a lot of other things talked to that boy and tried to help him — trees and posies and grass and crawling things that was allers a-dyin' and livin' and livin' and dyin'. Now Reuben thought it didn't help him any, but I guess it did a little mite, for he couldn't help thinkin' what ev'ry one of 'em said. But he was scaret all the same.

And one summer he began to fail up faster and faster, and he got so tired he couldn't hardly hold his head up. And one day he was lyin' on the bed and lookin' out the east winder, an' the sun kep' a-shinin' in his eyes till he shet them up an' he fell fast asleep. He had a real good nap and when he woke up he went out to take a walk.

And he began to think what the posies and trees and creatures had said about dyin', and how they laughed at his bein' scaret of it, and he says to himself, "Well, somehow I don't feel so scaret today, but I suppose I be." And just then what do you think he done? Why, he met a Angel. He never seed one afore, but he knowed it right off. And the Angel says, "Ain't you happy, little boy?" And Reuben says, "Well, I would be, only I'm so dreadful scaret o' dyin'. It must be terrible cur'us to be dead."



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### THE 'FRIENDSHIP FIESTA,' SAN DIEGO, JUNE 23, 1917

Uncle Sam and Don Mexico — who headed the Lomaland division of the Great Parade, standing for their pictures on the Plaza, Balboa Park

And the Angel says, "Why, you be dead!"

And he was. —Annie T. Slosson, from "Story-Tell Lib" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

### One Minute!

"CONQUER a fault in one minute?"

No, I didn't say *in* one minute; I said *for* one minute. I say that by the use of one-minutes a man can alter his whole nature, throw off his burdens, unshackle his spiritual legs, open his mind, get an incredible pace on his progress, and finally realise his entire possibilities. We've all got a lot of tendencies of which the greater number are hindrances to our progress. Suppose some god or great being were to descend from another planet and, touching you on the shoulder, say: "My friend, for one minute I'll make you all you might be, all you've got it in you to be."

*All you've got it in you to be!* Why, man, for that minute you'd be a 'god' yourself, a god-mind, a god-character, a god-soul, the will and glory of a god.

That's in us all, waiting...

Well, the 'god' would go, after his minute and you'd shrink back again to what you were. You know what that is!

The question is, would that one divine and glorious minute nerve you to a great try to realise all that for yourself afterwards? Or would the contrast make you hopeless?

Probably the latter. The revelation would be too great. The friendly god would have overshot his aim.

He would do better with the next man. He would say, perhaps: "Friend, you've got a hard row to hoe, I know; much to put up with. You can't help brooding over it all, and resenting things, and getting hurt in your mind all the time. And you're anxious over the future. And you fear things, and you worry most of the time. And other men irritate and bother you. These conditions are there with you even when your attention is away from them and for a moment you have what seems to you to be peace and happiness. I'll wipe it all right out for you for one minute. Then you'll know what a glorious sense of freedom and what glorious possibilities of progress you'd have if you could yourself shake all this out of your nature."

And for a minute the man wouldn't know himself, the spring and relief of soul would be so great. He would think, "Why, there isn't anything great and splendid I can't be." But only a minute, alas!

Well, we can't do that either — yet. But we can presently. That's my point.

It is the immense power of one minute I'm talking of.

If you get a bad and cruel slight or injury of some sort, you resent it. Can't help doing so. All the rest of the day is darkened. You think of nothing else.

But it isn't the slight or injury in itself that stays your progress on towards your possibilities. It's your

being hurt by it, your resentment. Nothing but ourselves can stay us, no external thing or power or condition. And you think there's no chance whatever for you to get past that tendency to resent or be hurt. No permanent smooth water. You've never even thought of getting past it as a possibility for you.

Now, I say: for *one minute*, no more, put that whole affair out of your mind; for *one minute* have peace in yourself. Hold back the anger, the thought of having been injured — for one minute. Hold the thought of peace and light all through you and around you, in your head, in your heart. Try the same for worry, or anxiety, or fear. Try it when you feel at your slackest — be for *one minute* tuned up full pitch.

You've done a bigger thing than you know. *That minute is a living thing*, now, in you, working unseen and for ever more for your good.

Create a lot more of them. Keep doing it. Meet every injury, every trouble, every cloud, every ill-feeling, with one minute of peace and light. Forgive an enemy wholly for one minute; make kindness shine.

At bedtime, in the early morning first thing, create one of these one-minutes with all the strength of aspiration you've got.

All these, I say, will thereafter work of themselves. Each is a power in you that never dies. And when you've made enough of them, and they've had time enough, they'll do for you what we supposed that 'god' from another planet tried to do.

Man's natural condition is progress, onward, always on and on. But he lets himself be caught and stayed and tripped. What's the past got to do with us now? Our eyes should be on the shining future. Let's stop getting caught and stayed and tripped, keep our eyes ahead on the great light and move, move, throwing out of the mind everything that stays us. Move *through* and *past* what happens. Don't let it reach out a hand and clutch you and hold you fixed. Don't let it stand in your memory for an instant.

Hard to manage, all this? Yes, in the ordinary way. But not if you practise these one-minute séances now and then. You'll be enjoying them inside of a week. No trouble at all about it.

STUDENT

### Oh, What's The Use?

THERE was more music to come; in fact the finest piece on the list had not yet been played.

But the last few minutes my mind had got to thinking over the possibilities of a good supper and the picture was drawing me more and more.

Part of me wanted the supper, and wanted it at once, too; part wanted the music. I had the casting vote. What did I want?

What shall we three do? I said to myself.

The whole range of human nature was alive in me, visible. It was a fine first lesson in psychology. There

was a high element with its consciousness in the music, feeling great things that couldn't be put into words. There was a low element with its consciousness in the body and wanting the bodily sensations of a good supper. And there was a *me* element to which both the others were appealing to be allowed their special activities. Whichever of them I should side with, that one's pleasure would become mine.

The course of human history on this planet really turns on the way in which men have given license to the one or the other of these two elements. For of course the lower one demands other pleasures beside eating. And the higher one is by no means concerned with music only.

As I watched the drama going on in me I understood it better and better. That lower thing in the body was a real being that knew well what it wanted. And it could push its wants into my mind every minute or so and divert my attention from the music and from thinking. And the higher element was also a being, for it gave me a prick of the conscience every time I was going to get up and go out to supper. It seemed to say into my mind: "Shame on you that you will let that thing drag you out to *eat* when you might be getting the inspiration of this music!"

So I sat. And then I remembered a picture I had once seen in Europe. It was of a man praying at an altar. On his right stood an angel, shining white, one hand on his shoulder, the other pointing upward to a great light above; on his left, but crouching down out of sight, an evil squirming-looking thing, pulling at the man's robe.

The picture was just my situation, except that I was listening to music instead of kneeling at an altar.

Somehow, all in a moment, I knew that the picture represented a *fact*. We *do* have an Angel with us, drawing us to all that's high and right. And we do have the other thing, always drawing us down into evil, into *matter*. And we can let the mind go with either and act according to either.

But I am not saying that the lower thing is *in itself* evil, or rather, was evil to start with. It's *come* to be evil because of our yielding to its demands after the point at which they are proper. We let our minds go with it and reinforce it, so that in some of us it has got to be a real vampire, absorbing will and manhood, forcing our thought and imagination to serve it more and more.

And here's the moral of the situation. If we want to live sane, fine lives, get sight of our divinity and immortality, get permanent peace and joy, get to our hidden powers, get *free*, — we must begin learning to think and imagine on a new line. That means, get the mind in key with the 'Angel,' which is our real self, instead of with the other thing, the 'reptile,' the cause of all our selfishness and disease and suffering.

Nor is the job a hard one, though it takes time. and perseverance. But the reward is past all telling.

The first thing is, — not to let our thought get tangled up in anything low. Keep the mind on to other matters altogether. Keep it friendly. Keep it from troublesome and disturbing memories, memories of wrong things done, memories of pains and pleasures past, memories of quarrels and wrongs. Keep its imaginings clean. Get it out of the hands of the 'reptile.' Get it out of the way of thinking of the body as itself. It is *in* the body and the *user* of the body.

The mind needs employment, of course. Give it all the study and thinking and good reading you can.

But also make it more and more aware of the 'Angel,' the inspiring Presence of Light I saw painted in the picture and felt as it urged me to hear out the music. We all feel it as conscience. But we need to feel it as an *actual living presence* with us, especially in our moments of real silence. It is there that our highest knowledge and noblest powers and possibilities of permanent joy are stored. People sometimes read about this and make one or two trials and then give up. If they would keep on a few *weeks* they would begin to find out what sort of a path they were moving on. To the man who can see the worth of it and who means to win out, the program is something like this:

The first thing mornings and the last thing nights, try for a few moments to get aware of that helping presence. Also now and then in the day. When you have stood out against temptation and done something right, or done something kindly and helpful, then you can feel its approval. And contrariwise its disapproval when you have done something wrong, or its withdrawal when you are thinking along some selfish line.

Working and thinking and using imagination in this new fashion we soon begin to enter a new life, a life that gets fuller and richer and happier day by day. Its possibilities can't be imagined. And it's the only life containing the answer to that drear question which comes up some time for each of us, "What's the Use?"

STUDENT

### Your Symptoms

**Y**OU go to a doctor and tell him your symptoms. To you they may not seem to be connected one with another, nor with some habit or trick you have which the doctor unexpectedly ferrets out as their cause. Some men can't even see a connection between their headache of this morning and their lobster supper late last night.

However, you take the doctor's word on trust, drop the habit, and so find the symptoms disappear.

Of course there are diseases of the mind as well as the body, sets of mind-symptoms. If you could find a wise enough mind-doctor he would tell you what habit was the cause of them, what habits to drop for a cure. And some of us would be very unable or very

unwilling to see the connection of cause and effect.

But as every man by the time he is forty is said in the proverb to be either a fool or his own physician, let us try to take a step towards being the latter.

Let us admit that there are laws relating to our mental life which, if broken, will hurt our mental health as surely as the breaking of laws relating to our bodily life will injure our bodily health. (And, by the way, bad mental health is one of the most frequent and powerful causes of bad bodily health.)

A physician would never amount to much if he studied his own case only. Let us then look around us a bit.

Here are a few manifestly healthy-minded men, strong, serene, helpful, pleasant to be with, of good, clear, sane judgment.

A few others, selected for contrast, are all twisted in, self-centered, gloomy, anything but good company — except perhaps to their like.

Listen to the talk. The first lot are talking about *things*, ideas, principles; not about themselves, not much about the conditions around them, not much about other men. And their talk is mostly salted with humor.

The other lot are talking about *people* or about themselves. At best their talk is gossip. More often it is snarl. Much of it is grumble. And apparently they can see no good in anybody.

This lot we can call diseased — mentally.

If they knew they needed a mental doctor and could find a competent one, he would say:

"My dear fellow, all these symptoms hang together and the cause is that you've got an inflamed spot in the middle of your mind, the spot called *I*. It will get well if you keep your thoughts off it and stop scratching it. One of the symptoms of the inflammation is also one of the causes of it. I mean talking about other men, gossip. Take my word for it, if you'll refuse to have a hand in a talk that's about the personalities of other men, or to introduce such a topic yourself, you'll find such a relief from all your symptoms in a month that you won't know yourself. You can't have one end of a stick without the other. If you're thinking and talking of other men's personalities at one end of your mind, at the other (for the time unnoticed by yourself) you are thinking about your own personality, scratching that inflamed place and making it discharge its poisons ('toxins,' for there are *mental* toxins) all through your mind. These toxins are the cause of your gloom and all the other symptoms.

"Also, never talk about yourself and least of all about your grievances.

"The next thing is to get more friendly feeling into you, especially towards the bigger-minded fellows, the fellows who never talk about personalities. Refuse to dwell on any faults they may have. They're not angels, of course. Are you?

"And as you rise in the morning, think, first thing,

*I'm too big for all this little business. I'm a man.* Hold that for two minutes. Same just before you get into bed. But any high thoughts will do. The first and last minutes of the day contain immense curative powers for mind and body if a man has the will to call on them and the perseverance to keep on at it.

"Now there's the prescription, a sure thing if it gets the chance. And the cure it will give means peace, happiness, bigness, and health.

"My fee? Shake hands on the bargain and look me in the eye like a man and that's enough. Good luck."

STUDENT

✽

### The Light-spot

AS the man of science, if he is anything of a genius, is letting his thoughts run along upon his problems, upon one of these thoughts as it passes, there seems to flash a sudden light. He sees that by it one of his problems is solved or a great invention revealed.

The poet too may find some casual thought suddenly open out under a great light and reveal itself as the key to a new poem, a light that presently floods his whole mind with inspiration and fills and guides it till the poem is done.

We may not be men of science or poets, but the same thing may happen to us. As we read or think we also may suddenly perceive that some thought, either from the page or coming of itself, flashes out as a clue, a key to a new way of thought and of the conduct of our lives that we never had before. Now we understand something that was dark, the why of something perplexing; we have a new guide for our days, a new hope.

The soul in each of us, the diviner self, the watcher of our thoughts, becomes a partaker in them as soon as they become impersonal, as soon as they are about something larger than is our common habit, as soon in fact as they are real thoughts at all. And upon any one of them that holds any promise of bringing forth real fruit, it does throw more or less of its light, whether we notice it or not. It is as it were interested in that thought, calls our attention to it, prompts us to hold on to it and develop it. Our thought is for the moment in some degree in tune with its wisdom. But of course it cannot do this unless we accustom ourselves to have such thoughts, to use the mind to search impersonally into things, dropping for the time that *I, I* that stands so much in the way of our growth and our peace. The man of genius, during the moments when his genius is at work, has forgotten himself. He 'comes to,' comes back to himself, only when he has followed his new thought as far as he can go.

We can make it the same with ourselves. We can practise searching in our minds for one thought worth having, one minute, five minutes. Working like this we can soon 'get a move on us.'

STUDENT



## A Birthday in Middle Life

UPON the road another stone,  
 Another hard-won boundary passed,  
 And youth's dim unimaginable goal has grown  
 Instant and vast.

The end was far, undreamed of then,  
 In life's first clear felicity;  
 It was a fate that called sometime for other men,  
 But not for me.

I drank the gladness of the grass,  
 The rapture of the woods in May.  
 I was immortal as they are, serene, alas!  
 And young as they.

What in the hurrying hours remains?  
 What faded blossoms linger on  
 To mock, as they recall the joys, the joyous pains  
 That now are gone?

Ah! in life's barren, desert lands  
 This still may lift the heart and be  
 A crystal well amid the bare rocks and the sands'  
 Monotony.

This — that no agonizing dies,  
 No hoping and no strife is vain,  
 That in the garnered harvest of a man they rise  
 And live again.—*Selected*

✱

## When All Is Done

by PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

WHEN all is done, and my last word is said,  
 And ye who loved me murmur, "He is dead,"  
 Let no one weep, for fear that I should know,  
 And sorrow, too, that ye should sorrow so.

When all is done and in the oozing clay,  
 Ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,  
 Pray not for me, for, after long despair,  
 The quiet of my grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,  
 The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,  
 And wounds so deep that love, well-tried and pure,  
 Had not the power to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,  
 And that through night I seek a dimmer shore;  
 Say rather that my morn has just begun —  
 I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,  
 When all is done.—*Selected*

## All is as the End is

by BERNARD CARPENTER

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

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

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

All is as the end is.

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

For all is as the end is.

Call no day dark or bright till the sun sets.

—*Selected*

✱

## What is Death?

AN English physician thus describes the ideal approach of death:

Without pain, anger or sorrow, the intellectual faculties lose their brightness. Ambition ceases, or fades into desire for repose. Ideas of time, of space, of duty, languidly pass away. To sleep and not to dream, is the pressing and still pressing need. The awakenings are shorter and shorter; painless, careless, happy awakenings to him of a busy world, to the merry sounds of children at play, to the sounds of voices offering aid, to the efforts of talking on simple topics and recalling events that have dwelt longest on the memory; and then again the overpowering sleep. Thus on and on till the animal nature is lost.

The time shall come when this act of death, now as a rule so dreaded, shall, arriving only at its appointed hour, suggest no terror, inflict no agony.

But the time shall also come when men will be trained so to live and so to think that as fast as the faculties close to the outer world they will open to an inner, that as the mind loses contact with the one it consciously gains it with the other. There is no need for any man to wait till death to know something of the freedom and expansion that death will give him. This is the reward of the power of true silence, gained by the practise of but a few minutes day by day. For

From the soul of silence that was ere time began  
 Comes forth the Voice that bids rejoice and speaks its word to man.

✱

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## The New Way Guidebook

### HOW TO GROW

EVERY young man should do at least one thing every day which helps somebody else and from which he himself cannot possibly reap any profit or advancement. Let him do one thing every day that cannot possibly yield him any tangible reward, directly or indirectly, now or ever. I know of no discipline of character equal to this. After a while a subtle change will come over your nature. You will come to understand the practical value of the words of the Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There comes to you an acquisition of power. Your influence, by a process which is beyond any human analysis, reaches out over your associates, over all humanity. A man cannot select a surer road to ruin than to have a selfish motive back of every action. To do all your deeds, or most of them, with the thought of the advantage they will bring you, will result in paralysis of character, as surely as certain drugs introduced into the nerves for a long time will result in physical paralysis. I do not think that there can be a more valuable suggestion to a young man facing the world and desiring to increase his powers, than to practise unselfishness.

—Senator Beveridge

You say that the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous now that my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but Spring is in my heart. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song. I have tried it all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I can not say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to appear with the dawn. My work is only beginning.

—Victor Hugo

THERE is a great, sweet golden bell in me!  
It has a tongue of flame, a flame so bright  
I seem to walk forever in its light,  
As gods do in their immortality.  
If I could ring the bell that is in me,  
Sorrows would cease and blackened hopes turn white,  
All tears and terrors take to sudden flight,  
As evil birds flap screaming out to sea.

—Winifred Welles

DRIVE the steed of thy body with the two reins of silence and kindliness. Thus shall thy journey be easy and thy path and thy goal clear to see. When the mind gives ear to the peace within the heart, that is silence. When the peace becomes a light shining out towards thy fellows, that is kindliness.

—Eastern

ATTEND to the little matters, the little duties, the little victories over yourself, the little efforts, the little sacrifices. It is these that count towards the great victory that will at last transform the man who keeps on with them. It is in attention to some one of these little things — and you can never tell which; there is no outward sign — that a man unsuspectingly diverges once and for all from the track that leads nowhere in particular to the one that leads to the heights of being. Don't miss it!

"In life's small things be resolute and great

To keep thy muscle trained: Knowest thou when Fate  
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,  
'I find thee worthy; do this thing for me?'"

—New Century

GET a thought worth having before you go to bed, whatever the effort, and *write it down* in the best language you can, just one thought, optimistic, about the things that matter. Every night, however you feel. Don't miss it. Read over next morning what you have written and then put it aside. After a month look over the lot and you'll find that you have thought out for yourself a philosophy of life. The thoughts will piece up together and every following month will carry you further in insight and strength of mind. Be sure that the thought is optimistic. Optimism opens up the mind. Pessimism locks it up in cold storage.

—Century Path

BEHOLD the mighty dinosaur,  
Famous in prehistoric lore,  
Not only for his weight and strength  
But for his intellectual length.  
You will observe by these remains  
The creature had two sets of brains —  
One in his head (the usual place),  
The other at his spinal base.  
Thus he could reason *a priori*  
As well as *a posteriori*.  
No problem bothered him a bit:  
He made both head and tail of it.  
So wise he was, so wise and solemn,  
Each thought filled just a spinal column.  
If one brain found the pressure strong  
It passed a few ideas along;  
If something slipped his forward mind  
'Twas rescued by the one behind;  
And if in error he was caught  
He had a saving afterthought.  
As he thought twice before he spoke  
He had no judgment to revoke;  
For he could think, without congestion,  
Upon both sides of every question.

O, gaze upon this model beast,  
Defunct ten million years at least!

—Chicago Tribune

For Prisoners and Others  
Whether Behind the Bars or not

60723  
The DIVINE LAW is Love itself  
Ever giving new opportunities.—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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THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY FROM THE TRAINING CAMP AT BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

ENTERING THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS AT POINT LOMA

The grounds were thrown open to them for the day by Mme. Tingley and a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* given in the Greek Theater in their honor.

## The New Day

**D**ESPITE appearances humanity is now one as it has never been before. And for that reason joy in life is waning, the old joy, to give place to a new one. Individual happiness must for a while disappear in some measure, merging into the general

sea of pain and despair. But after a space there will arise a new and general joy and peace in which all the flowers of life will bloom. The question — *ought* a man to be happy amid the general wide-spread misery? — is about to be answered after a fashion. He *cannot*. The wild rush after pleasures which we see on every hand is a mark that the answer is now being

rendered. There is no *inner* personal joy and peace because each man's heart-strings — despite his selfishness — are vibrating to the pain of others. So he rushes for some outer pleasure that may deaden the inner gnawing which he does not understand.

But collective pain is a bond of brotherhood like collective joy; and, too, there are more and more who *accept* the world burden and try no more to fill their own little cup of individual pleasure. They voluntarily live the greater life and thus are beyond the prick of personal pain or desire. Life is perceptibly lightened and the *Day* draws nearer with each such 'sacrifice.'

We hold that there will come a moment when the situation will almost suddenly alter, suddenly fill with light. Not very far ahead, in the intense stress, there will come a moment when the feeling of unity, deep in humanity's heart, will break outward into clear consciousness; the limiting tie of each man's mind to his purely personal center will snap; the horrible crave for *individual* relief amid the *general* situation will suddenly weaken or depart. In that moment the Christ-soul of brotherhood will be born in the world as a new impulse everywhere diffused; in that moment every thread of the web of minds and hearts will shine with light; pain will have pealed its own death-knell, and that peal will pass quickly into the peal of joy for the arising of a new Life, new Heaven, new Earth. STUDENT

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### Knowing Human Nature

THERE'S a surface human nature and a deep human nature, and you can know the first as thoroughly as Sam Weller knew London without having the slightest touch with the other.

The first is known by observation. Some acute business men do this in perfection. They reckon a man up by all sorts of signs, the way he walks, speaks, looks at them; his complexion; fifty little outward indications. Sometimes they make a judgment about some applicant for a post so swiftly that they don't themselves know how they did it; and it may be almost infallible. Their power comes from the long practised habit of studying men as a horse dealer studies horses. It's a science, needing, like other sciences, the coldest observation; and, like other sciences, *not* needing a heart.

But as it needs no heart for its practise, so it doesn't give any knowledge of the heart, the deeper nature, of the man on whom it is practised.

The other way reaches after a while all the knowledge that the first one gets, as well as much more. It rests on sympathetic fellow-feeling leading at once to action. It is knowledge by service.

You notice some other man suffering or in difficulty. Your friendly desire to help is aroused and you go and render the help. This action awakes in you a brotherly feeling towards the man you have helped. There is

now an inner in-touch-ness between you. He has become a fellow-creature, not a mere outward form.

There is a double effect. Your own inner nature has enlarged by as much of him as you have now got the feel of in your heart. And your knowledge of inner human nature has grown by as much, though you could not put the addition into any form of words or description. You got it by *doing* something, not by mere outer observation. The profoundest knowledge of human nature, finally including all that the other way yields, comes by this method, by action towards and for others, by service. The constant practise of this has been the secret of their knowledge of human nature in the wisest of all ages, all the spiritual teachers of all times. These men have seen human failings and weaknesses clearly enough, but they were always holding on to that part of human nature which is deeper than its failings. By constant service and the kindly and compassionate will to serve they did the holding on and got the knowledge. It is deeds of service resting on the desire to give help that alone will open up full knowledge of human nature, knowledge by sympathetic in-touch-ness, realised knowledge, *direct* knowledge as distinct from knowledge which rests on inference from appearances.

This principle of coming into inner touch with a man and so knowing him, by acts for him, is capable of being applied further. God, the Divine in all things, may be known in the same way, understood, got into touch with. Real inner knowledge and communion can be opened up. The way of brotherhood towards the hearts of fellow-men may also be the way to the heart of the Divine.

Constant service of some sort must be rendered. Part of this service is service to humanity, for the Divine is present there in each one, however hidden.

Let a man make the highest idea of the Divine presence, of God, that he can, one that satisfies his ideals. That of itself will be one act of service and will bring its reward. The idea will be imperfect and perhaps wrong in part. But in part it will lead to and be accepted by what it is intended for.

Then, to the Divine he has thus reached in his thought and in degree got into actual touch with, let him make offering of all his work as he does it; doing it in the spirit of offering it; do it at his best and as best he can. Let him treat his pleasures in the same way — those that are fit for this offering up.

The touch between the man and the Divine will grow closer and more conscious. The man will come to *know*, where at first he could only have faith. And because of the companionship his whole nature and will, will gradually get purified and ennobled and strengthened, and his failings will be outgrown and drop away.

This Way is as open to us now as in older times, the times when men symbolised their offerings of their deeds by little daily offerings of water, a flower or a fruit. The symbol and deed went together. STUDENT

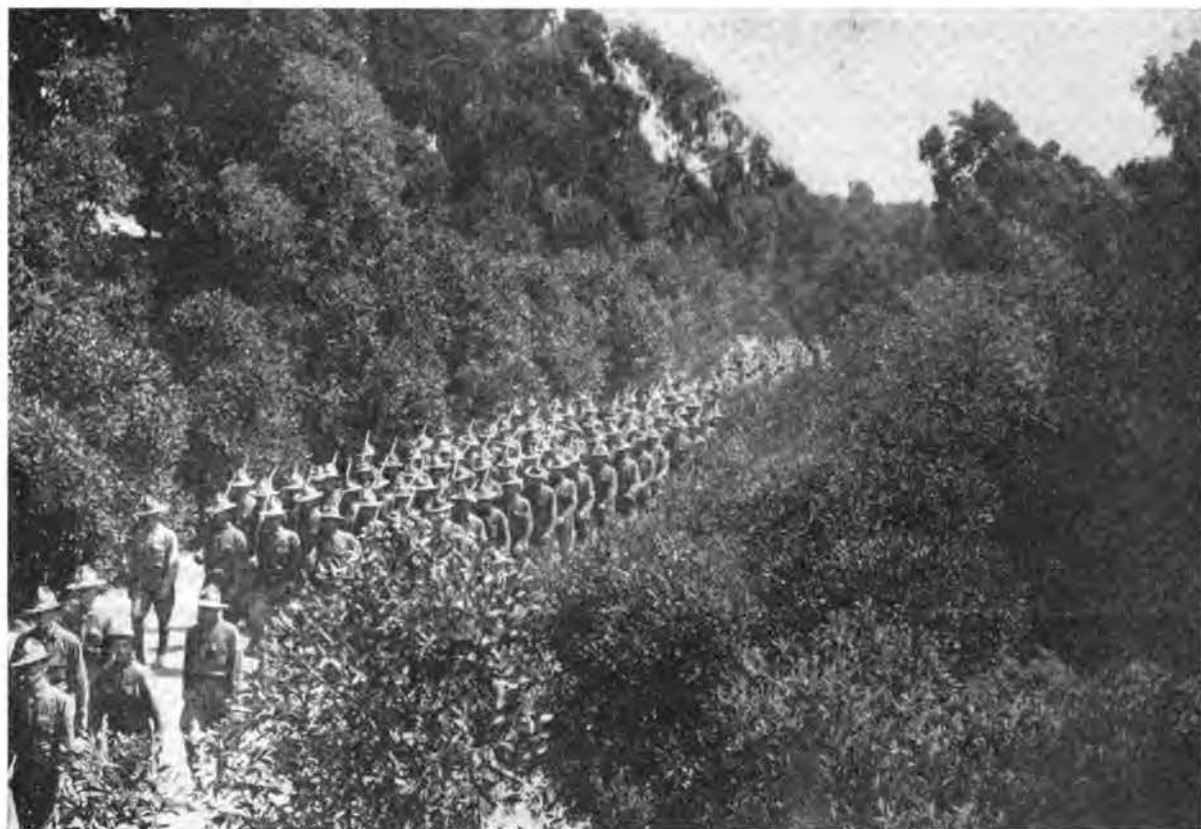
### The Magic of Right Action

**A** RIGHT action, done against the temptation to do a wrong one, instantly strings up the entire nature, sweeps clouds out of the whole mind, tones up the body, makes Satan of a sudden get behind us.

That is magic, and there is no other way to get for ourselves those results. They are very pleasurable;

is no way of getting rid of these feelings except by returning to the new and charming policy of right action. All the people who have thoroughly tried the policy agree about all this.

But let us think: Why didn't we try this before as a steady principle? Because something in our nature tempted us and we yielded. And that something said: "Right action is difficult and painful; leave it



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

A GLIMPSE OF THE WOODLAND AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING SOLDIERS OF THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY PASSING THROUGH  
FOR AN ENCAMPMENT UNDER THE TREES BY THE SEA

we are tempted to repeat the process. Imagine having a nature that continually tempted you to do — right! We are familiar with the other kind of temptation; this one would be a novelty.

If men would only learn how easy it is to get the habit of right action! The pleasure of it! The tonic of it!

You have to be careful about a right action; you will certainly be tempted to do another, and you may at last get so infatuated with this kind of work that no other will satisfy you for a moment. It rouses a good many little imps in the lower nature, and if you go back on your tracks and yield to any of these as you used to so easily and constantly, you will feel peculiarly mean and small and out of tune. And there

and try my pleasant way." We believed it and acted accordingly. But if we gave the matter a thorough trial we should find we had been lied to; the pleasure is the other way. Let us now try it and a surprising thing will become obvious. The pleasure in wrong action is not ours at all; it is the lower fellow, the little imp, who gets that pleasure; but he asserts so positively that *we* get the pleasure that we are deceived and come to take his pleasure for our own.

All the while we secretly loved right action without knowing it, and the pleasure of it is ours. We have a right to it; why not get it oftener? The pleasure is the approval of the soul, the only real and lasting pleasure without a reaction, productive of health of mind and body, productive of wisdom and knowledge

of spiritual things. It is a pleasure altogether peculiar to itself. It endows the possessor with a magic touch, a magic something which causes all those who are distressed and in need of help to come instinctively to him; to all who see him it gives a sense of safety and protection which they cannot explain; all who are trying to do right are encouraged in his neighborhood; all who are in doubt between right and wrong are encouraged to select the right by infection from him.

Right action is the easiest way out of wrong action. To be continually examining oneself — have I done wrong? — is apt to be morbid and to breed that fear of consequences here or hereafter which paralyzes any action whatever. If the steady principle is to do right, wrong will soon go of itself, and there will be no need for morbid heart-searching.

A man need not be worried about right action *tomorrow* or look forward wearily to months or years of it. His concern is only with the next action on his list; in the path of right action you live from hand to mouth, healthily and cheerfully doing the next thing that turns up.

In constant right action we can come to know our immortality. For we come to know the soul, the very principle of immortality itself. We are friends with our own souls.

STUDENT

### The Two Lights

#### AN OLD GERMAN STORY

THE shining soul took some of the finest particles from its own living form and made a little mind with them and gave the mind some of its own electric life. And the little new-born mind became a living shining thing on its own account and was pulsating and thrilling all through with excitement.

The soul said, "Go down there and make a place for me. I will come along presently when the nest is ready."

So the mind went down and housed itself in a little infant form, new-born, making the brain its headquarters. For it found it could look out from there through the eyes and get all the delightful knowledge about the world that came through that and the other senses. Little by little it began to arrange all this knowledge and to arrange the sensitive live brain-stuff to do the new thinking with. This life in the body and brain and senses, and the new world outside and the internal arrangements necessary to get along and understand everything with, took up all its delighted attention for a long time. And though it did not know it, the soul had followed close after, not at first getting into the body but just watching from without and giving a touch of its own to the arrangements.

But at last things seemed to be ready and the soul came right in, making the heart its headquarters. But

its light shone all over, up into the brain and even — if anybody had eyesight enough to see — out around the body too.

And the mind felt that something had happened, though it did not know what. It found that it could now think of *itself*, think 'I', instead of merely of the body and the world outside. And it found that when it did some things its happiness seemed to cloud over and it became somehow uncomfortable about the heart; and that when it did some other things its happiness became greater and the heart was warm as if a light were there. It heard people call the first sort of things 'wrong' or 'selfish' and the other sort of things 'good'; and it could understand in a way when its teachers spoke of an 'inner light' in the heart and how good it was to get more and more aware of that light and to live by it. Sometimes it wanted to, and sometimes it wanted very much not to, and wished that that something in the heart would stop bothering and interfering with its pleasures. But on the whole it attended, and attended more and more, finding that that was the only way to keep real happiness and health.

So it thought more and more of the light as the years went on until at last it could almost see it in its heart, and it got more and more guidance. And the soul gave it more and more of its own joy and as much teaching in the shape of great ideas and flashes of truth as the mind could understand. Its understanding got always clearer and it could feel the heart light better, and therefore made more efforts to live closer to it and get its thoughts illumined by it.

And then came one great day when it suddenly remembered and knew and came right into its parent heart-light and became one with it. "Thou and I," said the light; "we are twain and one. Let us go forth and help and spread our light. Thou shalt give our spoken message to men."

And so it was.

### Economy

ECONOMY consists in not spending where you don't have to. The result of economy is that you have enough to spend where it will be useful.

There are other economies besides economy of money.

An imprisoned man may desire his liberty so keenly as to lose his health from that reason alone. He is spending his life-force in an unnecessary and unprofitable way, for his desire will not bring his freedom a day nearer. Desire is one of the forms of life, and this man is not economical of it and consequently has not enough to spend where it will be useful, namely in bodily health and function, and in better forms of mental action.

It is therefore one of the higher kinds of economy never to permit oneself to desire anything one cannot



get, and never anything that one *can* get till the moment comes for getting it. This is a simple prescription for the avoidance of infinite unhappiness.

Desire comes from imagining oneself as having a thing and almost at the same moment recognising oneself as not having it. A prisoner cannot desire freedom without thinking of himself or imagining himself as outside, as somewhere where he wants to be, as being able to do what he wants to do. The imagining would be pleasant in proportion to its clearness were it not that in an instant he has to come back to recognition of the reality — that he has *not* freedom. This recognition gives the pain, and the painfulness of every present restriction is increased by each repeated memory of the imagined freedom.

So men torture themselves, when the habit of not thinking of what cannot be got is so easily acquired. By this acquirement desire dies out, for desire is born of thought. Practise will give perfection, just as well in this as in playing the piano or writing shorthand. Why should it not? And as we are talking of desires for what cannot be got, is it not clear gain to get rid of them? They are pure nuisances.

Let us then learn day by day to call in all thoughts (which are the mothers of desire) of what cannot be got, or for what can be: of what cannot, altogether and once and for all; of what can, till the proper and practicable time comes for the having or the doing or the necessary arranging and planning. Let us not wish anything to be other than it is till the moment comes when we can rightly make it other.

The reward is a deepening peace, a growth in manhood and power of mind and will; then happiness under any circumstances. And, because we have readjusted ourselves to life, we shall find that life begins to reply by adjusting itself in curious and unexpected and most beneficent ways to us. Life is not blind accident and chance, but, if we let it take its own wise way and trust it, directed by infinite compassion. Life has always gifts of some sort for us. They will come at the best time if we give up deciding what we want them to be and economically turn our energies to our growth. Trust releases all sorts of caught cogs. STUDENT

### Old Age

**E**VEN wise men sometimes dread the coming of old age, but in that case their wisdom fails them.

For every period of life has needed and necessary lessons and experiences for us.

We live almost wholly in our senses, minds and emotions. So it is natural that we should lament the decay or weakening of these activities of our consciousness. We don't know of any other activities to which to betake ourselves for enjoyment. We live in the basement of our houses, and when the waters of the

years begin to creep in there, we are sure that we shall be drowned. We don't know that we have simply to go upstairs, don't even know that there are any stairs. We need to be taught how to grow old: — *grow* old, not merely *get* old.

At all times we are cut off from the really deep things of life, or they are veiled for us, by the incessant butterfly dance of the mind, by the active senses, by desires and all kinds of emotion. These make up life for us and when they begin to fail we think that life itself must be failing.

*It only happens because we think it.* But beyond all these another and fuller life is now prepared to open if we look out for it, the life of the soul where pure truth can be seen and known as it never could in the earlier years.

But if that richness, peace, and dignity of consciousness is to be fully got, it must to some extent at any rate have been sought before the advancing years have gone too far with their work. The mind must know something of the art of retiring into itself and getting the touch or baptism of the soul — the real prayer — always awaiting it. The more that divine peace has become known by something of daily practise in the earlier years, the more surely will that awakened peace be the constant state of the later years.

Then old age will mean a coming nearer to the roots of life, an increasing understanding of the meaning of life, a fuller and fuller insight into its secrets, an unveiling of the divine Presence everywhere, a nearing to the soul, and a sure knowledge of immortality. The mind will be tossed about less and less by desire and emotion and will come gradually to its true function — the interpreting of the life of the soul. Death will come unfeared as the crown and completion of this, a sudden and welcomed widening of the river into the great lake.

Thus prepared for, old age loses all its terror in our realization of the new opportunities it offers.

STUDENT

### The Thread

(From a letter)

**T**HEY say that when a man's drunk he's apt to show his true nature. But you could just as well say that the drink *hides* his true nature. Depends which of his natures you refer to. When he's got his sober wits about him he keeps a rein on a part of himself that breaks loose when the drink is in him, breaks loose and runs away with the cart. But don't forget that he's in the cart even then, though he can't guide it any more.

Now what breaks loose? And who's *he* in the car? 'Multiple personality' — that's a very modern phrase meaning that in persons so afflicted the changes in

their personality from time to time are so marked that they seem like bundles of distinct personalities. And sometimes the man when in one of these personalities can't remember what he did and said when in another of them.

That's disease, of course; and drink may produce it. For between the man sober and the same man touched with drink there may be a gulf so marked that memory hardly brings back to the sober man what 'the other' said and did. Are they the same man? Or are there two men in one body?

Let's examine ourselves for the answer.

You and I are not victims of the disease called 'multiple personality,' and it happens that neither of us drinks.

But yet we change a good deal as the day goes on, and also from day to day. Did you feel the same genial fellow this morning that you did last night? Do you feel the same fellow in the silence and peace of the hour about sunrise as you do in the late afternoon? If you'll look yourself up carefully through a whole day you'll find several pretty distinct fellows. You'll do things in one part of the day that you'd never think of doing in another. Your line of thoughts changes altogether. And yet you're the same soul through it all. A man always seems to me like a string of beads on a gold thread, beads all different, some one color, some another, some round or well shaped, some chipped or broken, some clear so that you can see the gold thread through them, some flawed and dirty and hazy. Sometimes he feels himself to be one bead, sometimes another, acting and thinking accordingly. What he *ought* to do is to feel himself the *thread* and get all the beads so clear that the gold of him shines out through each of them.

Yes, that's the 'self-knowledge' that the old Greeks spoke about.

Get hold of the thread, you yourself, the gold, first thing in the morning, and hold to it all day. Get the sense of inner peace as soon as you step out of bed, peace and the power to hold it. Salute yourself as a soul; or, if you like, salute the soul; salute the day and the world of toiling, suffering men and women, just as if they could feel and get heartened by your salute. (Maybe they can, in a way.)

A minute or so of that is easy enough and has a peculiarly invigorating power over body and mind.

Then the day sets in, work, meals, the other fellows, worries and all the rest of it. But don't get swept off. In the midst of it all hold off a moment and recall that first state. It was you that had it, same man. Be again that man. Hang on to your thread.

And in the evening look back at the changes, at the beads, and take a note where you let go the thread and forgot. But though you did let go, it was still there, and it was you.

If a man will live like this he can soon get beyond his troubles, soon get steady peace, soon recognize him-

self as his radiant golden thread of immortal vitality.

Yes, the metaphors may be a bit mixed. Don't matter so long as you get the idea.

YOUR OLD FRIEND X

✽

### The Meaning of Drudgery

**N**ARROW, uneventful drudgery, useless to the doer or to the world — that is perhaps the way in which a majority of people would describe their work if they were put to it — especially women.

Now and then they find in themselves some impulse to live nobly, and they look around to see what materials there are to do it with. They fail to see how the endless chain of duties that look useless or trumpery can answer to that impulse. Yet there is no way out of the duties and no prospect of any way opening. Finally, with a mixture of humility and despair and resentment, they may say, "Well, I suppose I'm not thought fit for anything else." They mean, not thought fit by an over-ruling Divinity or Law.

Inside, all men and women are far greater than they seem or suspect themselves to be. How does that correspond with being condemned to years or a lifetime of duties that look useless or insignificant?

Suppose the duties *are* pettifogging and uninteresting. May it not be that if we were released from them we should at once betake ourselves to a lot of doings that were equally worthless but that happened to be interesting and absorbing? Should we not in that case be further from a higher, inner life than now? We should not only be tied *bodily*, as now, to a round of little doings, but *mentally* also, through our interest. May not the lack of essential importance in the duties, and our uninterest in them, be our very opportunity?

How about the spirit with which we carry them through? Just because they are uninteresting they leave us free for the effort at serenity, peace, hope, for the effort to live apart, to live higher, to keep the mind in the spiritual sunlight, to create ourselves anew.

In time, if we treat the round of duties in this spirit, we come to see the why of them, that they were the essentials of our growth, like the daily scale-playing to the young pianist.

Let us take heart and accept everything. The great thing is, not what we do, but what growth we accomplish while we do it. One duty will do as well as another if we use it in that way. At some time when we least expect it we shall break through into full light and understanding.

STUDENT

Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast  
No backward glances towards the past,  
And though somewhat be lost and gone,  
Yet do thou act as one new-born;  
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask;  
Each day will set its proper task. —Goethe

## Know Thyself

BY ANGELA MORGAN, in *The Cosmopolitan*

Reined by an unseen tyrant's hand,  
Spurred by an unseen tyrant's will,  
Aquiver at the fierce command  
That goads you up the danger hill,  
You cry: "O Fate, O Life, be kind!  
Grant but an hour of respite — give  
One moment to my suffering mind!  
I cannot keep the pace and live."  
But Fate drives on and will not heed  
The lips that beg, the feet that bleed.  
Drives, while you faint upon the road,  
Drives, with a menace for a goad;  
With fiery reins of circumstance  
Urging his terrible advance  
The while you cry in your despair,  
"The pain is more than I can bear!"

Fear not the goad, fear not the pace,  
Plead not to fall from out the race —  
It is your own Self driving you,  
Your Self that you have never known,  
Seeing your little self alone.  
Your Self, high-seated charioteer,  
Master of cowardice and fear,  
Your Self that sees the shining length  
Of all the fearful road ahead,  
Knows that the terrors that you dread  
Are pigmies to your splendid strength;  
Strength you have never even guessed,  
Strength that has never needed rest.  
Your Self that holds the mastering rein,  
Seeing beyond the sweat and pain  
And anguish of your driven soul  
The patient beauty of the goal!

Fighting upon the terror field  
Where man and Fate come breast to breast,  
Pressed by a thousand foes to yield,  
Tortured and wounded without rest,  
You cried: "Be merciful, O Life!  
The strongest spirit soon must break  
Before this all-unequal strife,  
This endless fight for failure's sake!"  
But Fate, unheeding, lifted high  
His sword, and thrust you through to die.  
And then there came one strong and great,  
Who towered high o'er Chance and Fate,  
Who bound your wound and eased your pain  
And bade you rise and fight again.

And from some source you did not guess  
Gushed a great tide of happiness —  
A courage mightier than the sun —  
You rose and fought and, fighting, won!  
It was your own Self saving you,

Your Self no man has ever known,  
Looking on flesh and blood alone.  
The Self that lives as close to God  
As roots that feed upon the sod.  
That one who stands behind the screen,  
Looks through the window of your eyes —  
A being out of Paradise.  
The Self no human eye has seen,  
The living one who never tires,  
Fed by the deep eternal fires.  
Your flaming Self, with two-edged sword,  
Made in the likeness of the Lord,  
Angel and guardian at the gate,  
Master of Death and King of Fate!



## Ghoul Care

BY RALPH HODGSON

Sour fiend, go home and tell the pit  
For once you met your master,  
A man who carried in his soul  
Three charms against disaster,  
The devil and disaster.

Away, away and tell the tale  
And start your whelps a-whining,  
Say "In the greenwood of his soul  
A lizard's eye was shining,  
A little eye kept shining."

Away, away and salve your sores  
And set your hags a-groaning,  
Say "In the greenwood of his soul  
A drowsy bee was droning,  
A dreamy bee was droning."

Prodigious bat! Go start the walls  
Of hell with horror ringing,  
Say "In the greenwood of his soul  
There was a goldfinch singing,  
A pretty goldfinch singing."

And then come back, come if you please  
A fiercer ghoul and ghafter,  
With all the glooms and smuts of hell  
Behind you, I'm your master!  
You know I'm still your master.

—Selected



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### Gleanings for the Way

THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you. —*Bible*

THE body is the City, and its heart the Palace,  
and the Royal Presence there a hid, invisible, close,  
subtle thing, the Spirit. —*Indian*

ONE who knows others is clever; one who knows  
*himself* has the Light. —*Chinese*

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive  
Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,  
There, brooding by the central altar, thou  
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,  
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise. —*Tennyson*

#### TWO EASTERN FABLES

I dreamed that I was driving rapidly homeward, was  
in sight of the gates, and was applauding myself for  
my skillful driving and splendid progress.

Suddenly the horse turned his head square round  
and looked back at me with an expression of intense  
admiration, almost worship. So absorbed was he in  
this that he swerved from the middle of the road and  
landed me in a ditch.

A certain flower plucked itself up by the roots  
in order to contemplate its own beauty. And the  
sun came forth and withered it so that it died. "Alas!"  
it said, "I should have been content to strive to grow,  
day by day, sure that growth would then come of it-  
self without my concern."

Drivers! Horses! Keep looking *forward*. Flowers!  
Keep looking *upward* at the sun. All will then go well.

Just do your best and praise or blame  
That follows that, counts all the same.  
I've allus noticed great success  
Is mixed with troubles more or less.

—*James Whitcomb Riley*

To keep my health!  
To do my work!  
To live!

Never to look behind me for an hour!  
To see to it I grow and gain and give!  
To wait in weakness and to walk in power  
But always fronting forward to the light,  
Always and always facing toward the right,  
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray —  
On, with what strength I have!  
Back to the way!

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

THE DIVINE LAW is Love itself, and it ever gives  
us new opportunities. If we fail today, we can make  
a better effort tomorrow. Constantly the Soul is chal-  
lenging us to new and better efforts; whereas our  
lower consciousness, our pessimism and our lack of  
faith in our Divine Nature always seek to raise a wall  
between man and his Higher Self. —*Katherine Tingley*

THERE is no end for us now — but radiant and fresh  
beginnings.

We have achieved a nobler peace than death's —  
Not an escape from life,  
But daily, for the long and spirited encounter,  
The peace that spurs, that strengthens and fights on!  
—*Louis Untermeyer*

THERE is a certain divine Law which lies hidden  
in the events of our lives, in what look like chances  
and accidents. Wealth, poverty, disease, health, good-  
fortune, calamity, pain, pleasures, bereavements — all  
these things make up our lives. They are the doings  
of this Law, and they answer to something in our  
natures, tending to call out that which is good, to  
kill out that which is weak and rotten. "What a man  
sows, that he reaps," is a part of this Law; the Law  
is retribution, punishment, reward — that describes a  
part. But it is much more. It gives continual oppor-  
tunity in all its workings. If pain befalls a man, it is  
his opportunity to grow strong by heroic bearing of  
it. If pleasures and wealth, these are opportunities  
to share with others, to relieve pain, to help the world.  
If bereavement, it is opportunity to consider the deep  
things of life.

So by this Law the universe is a divine school for  
us all equally and has that meaning and significance.  
—*Gleaned*

WE like only such actions as have already long had  
the praise of men, and do not perceive that anything  
man can do, may be divinely done. We think greatness  
entailed or organized in some places or duties, in certain  
offices or occasions, and do not see that Paganini can  
extract rapture from a cat-gut, and Eulenstein from a  
jews-harp and a nimble-fingered lad out of shreds of  
paper with his scissors, and the hero out of the pitiful  
habitation and company in which he was hidden.

—*Emerson*

#### PATIENCE

IN your efforts to overcome your failings don't get  
too impatient with yourself. The error of a moment can  
be put right in a moment; but a fault that has been a  
long time in the making will naturally take time to get  
on top of.

But just as certainly as we cannot win in a moment,  
so certainly must we win in the end if we keep up the  
effort. Heavy debts can only be paid by instalments,  
but each instalment infallibly reduces the debt. The  
trouble is that we cannot see the creditor's book and  
watch him put down the instalment to our credit and  
note the lessening of the debt. But we can be sure  
that he is perfectly honest and accurate.

Perseverance means the doing of a thing again and  
again, without reference to the number of times it has  
been done before. And all the time that we are wearing  
out our opponent we are growing in many things be-  
sides the one we are specially thinking of. STUDENT

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for Soldiers and Sailors

In little duties greatly done  
Shall the hero's strength be won.

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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THE ATTACKING COLUMN: POINT LOMA TOTS ADVANCING TO CAPTURE A VISITOR

## The Man and his Will

IT'S easy enough to live as an animal. We all do it. And of course I don't mean by that that we all live low or bestial lives. I mean that we live almost exclusively in the use of faculties which, however highly

developed in us, exist and work on a lower scale in the animals also.

Now if we want to be *men* and develop quickly along a specifically *human* path, get up to heights only possible to humans, we must find and use some faculty or power that is specifically ours, which is not manifest at all,

so far, in animals. In the development of this must lie the fulfilment of our great hope.

And I say that nearly every one of us, nearly every mortal, *has* a great hope — but buried deep in him beneath unconscious hopelessness. We are so hopeless that we don't know we are hopeless, think we are content so long as we can have our desires gratified.

The under-hope, the hope we don't know of or have forgotten, is the proper and justifiable hope to have an infinitely richer and fuller life. And we go after outer things because they seem to promise something of that life, knowing as we do that they won't keep their promise. Each of them presently fails and then we are after another.

But our secret hope begins to come into view and to be answered as soon as we find the specifically *human* part of ourselves and begin to work at that. After a little while we begin to find happiness, and suddenly we catch sight of the noble and forever onward path we have got upon.

I was listening to the music last night, and for a moment after one of the pieces had ended and there was silence for that moment, I thought: If I could break through now into a new sort of being, a new fullness of myself!

Our great secret hope is really to reach that new fullness of ourselves, that new sort of being. No animal could have such a hope as that, such an idea, not the least germ of it.

That hope and idea is therefore a specifically human touch and one we should hold on to.

The way to realize it is of course likewise specifically human, one that no animal could even begin upon. So we have got a sort of clue already.

They tell us that our mind does not differ from the mind of animals except in being more developed.

Well, let that go. But what *uses* the mind? Last night one of you recited a long piece of poetry from memory. For a quarter of an hour he held his mind steady on the mental picture of the page, on the memorized sound of the lines as he read them over in the learning, and on the succession of ideas which the poem conveyed. If he had let go of his mind for two seconds he would have had to stop reciting.

What held his mind back from its customary ramblings for that fifteen minutes? His will, of course. What animal could do that? Will does not manifest at all in animals, only desire, instinct and habit. The controlling will is a specifically human power, and its first and nearest use is in controlling the mind. Will is our instrument for realizing our hope; mind is what we must use the instrument on. The idea of greater life, of grander being, is what we must hold the mind to.

Holding the mind at all is a great job. Most men can't do it. Learning things by heart is a great exercise for that. If every man would learn by heart, little by little, some great piece of prose or poetry, and repeat it to himself every day, he would be giving himself an immensely valuable bit of training. Let it be one that

raises him to his highest state of thought. Even one sentence is better than nothing. Try this one, for instance, from a little book dealing with this sort of thing: "*The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit.*"

Some men can't exactly realize at once very clearly what their minds are. After repeating that sentence, say, to himself from memory, let a man recognise that the 'place' in him where he is recalling that sentence and repeating it and thinking and feeling what the words mean and that is elevated by the words — is the mind. When he has repeated it let him hold the mind still on the thought and feeling for a couple of minutes.

I say that that holding, especially done the first thing in the day after stepping out of bed, is a step to realizing our great hope. It will color all the day. It will at last bring the soul into the mind so that the mind will understand what the soul is. It will open the path onward. It will make right action and the overcoming of our faults easier and easier.

If a man will practise learning things by heart and repeating them it will give him understanding of his mind and its ways, and of the action of will in controlling it. And if some of what he learned is the highest matter he could find in his reading, he will gradually alter, raise and deepen his mind and make it aware of the soul. There is no use in trying to define the soul. Each of us will come to understand it in his own way as he finds it morning by morning and night by night touching and coming into his mind as a sense of uplift, of benediction. It is what makes outside conditions seem gradually less and less important, outside annoyances less and less annoying. And it finally brings a peace that cannot be disturbed. It is a presence, and it is also the mind's path onward. For man is a mind ensouled from within and clothed with a body.

Continuity should be our watchword. REPORTER

✱

### Meeting our Liabilities

"I FEEL like the very dickens today, somehow; want to hit somebody in the eye."

"On the raw edge, aye? Everything rubbing you the wrong way?"

"You bet! Liver, I guess."

"Maybe; but a man ought to be able to stand his liver getting out of order without his mind and feelings getting out too. Why should other fellows have to suffer because my liver or your liver is out of gear?"

"They don't know. I haven't hit out at any of them with my tongue."

"But you have with your mind. Snarled internally at some fellow at breakfast, haven't you, because he didn't sit or eat the way you wanted him to, or didn't walk around the way you think a man ought to, or something like that? That's hitting out with the mind."



"Well, I know; but I never *said* anything."

"You don't have to. A man's thoughts of other fellows, or his feelings towards them, get out anyhow. They're all around him poisoning the air for himself and everybody else. And sure as fate there'll be men that'll think back at him the same way, probably not knowing why, or maybe getting irritated by some trifle in *his* ways, or some trick *he's* got. And so it goes, to and fro, likely getting worse all day and sometimes ending in some open quarrel. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters . . .': ever hear that text? The 'bread' comes back sooner or later, bad bread or good bread. Means several things, as I take it. Means, for one thing, that if a man throws out hard, harsh, critical thoughts about other fellows, sooner or later those thoughts or their equivalent will come back *at* him from men that happen to have in them more or less of the same nasty streak as he has. Maybe the same men as he was hitting out at or it may be others. They may not recognise why they feel that way towards him, think it's some little trick he has that irritates them. And he may not recognise what's getting into him and making him feel like a hedgehog with the spines out — same as you do now."

"A pretty ugly to-and-fro circle. There don't seem to be any way out of it."

"Oh yes, very easy. We've got to eat the 'bread' that comes back and turn it into sound flesh and blood, meet our outstanding liabilities as they come due till there's nothing more to meet."

"Which means — ?"

"Some days we feel all kindly and cordial and friendly. Other days — you've got one on now — our own currents are coming back to us, either out of the 'air' because our livers happen to be giving them the invitation, or direct from other fellows. And they'll put our livers in worse shape than they were before; in fact they're competent to do the whole business. Well, as long as they come, let's take them, swallow them with a good grace, and — burn 'em up for good and all, *not* paying them out again as fast as they come in. A day like you're having now is the very day for doing a whole lot of this work, taking an awful lot of your own bad 'bread' out of circulation for good. Feel kindly this whole day, not *at* anyone in particular but outward in general, from your heart, and you get the trick. It's not easy at first; you can't altogether succeed for long. But by the time that with practise you've got so that you can meet a bad day in this spirit and win out, there won't be any more bad days to meet. You'll have no more evil currents, bad bread, threatening liabilities, out around to come back at you. You'll have won your serenity for good and all. And what you *then* send out will not only be helpful and pleasant for other fellows not as strong as you will have become, but it will prompt them, without their knowing why, to send back to you the good you are sending out. It'll be a beneficent to-and-fro circle instead of an evil one. And your will will have become strong enough to conquer anything in

yourself that needs conquering. This is a will-tonic."

"It's a hard job to feel kindly and cordial when you *don't* feel it."

"Well, not so hard. For there's a part of us that does feel that way anyhow, and we've only to think of that part."

"How can a man think of it? I mean, he must have something to hang his thought to."

"Let him think of it as a Presence of Light, a sort of shining Companion with him, the source of all his best thoughts and feelings and ideals, shining its light into him and around him, into his heart and head. Create that picture in the mind and make it more and more real to you every day. A man *has* an ever-present Higher Self. Let him make that form for it and trust this Self to use the mind-form his imagination has made as a means for getting into ever closer touch with him, illuminating his thought and transforming his character."

STUDENT

### The Fuller Life

THERE is a well-known picture of a group of musicians in a large music chamber. They are seated in various attitudes of rapt attention about a piano on which Liszt is playing.

What reaches them from the instrument? Nothing but certain rhythmic motions of the air. It is by these that they have been raised to the highest states of feeling of which they are capable, states which are a full understanding of what the player and composer wish to convey to them. And of course they are never again *quite* the same men after having been so moved, as they were before. The music has left a permanent impression upon their souls.

The state they are in is one of intense life, though it gives no outward sign.

To get a certain contrast one could imagine an addition to the picture. We will have a large window looking upon a meadow, and in the meadow some children are playing, rushing about and shouting with glee. These too are in a state of intense life but a life of a wholly different sort, one that expresses itself in very visible fashion. The first sort of life, that which the musicians are now living, we might call spiritual; the life expressed in the glee of the children, physical.

Suppose that the picture were actual, that one were entirely deaf, that the player and his piano were out of sight behind a curtain, and that one entered the room where the listeners were sitting. They would seem to be almost dead men, save for small casual movements and their breathing. And they might be so absorbed as not to notice the entry of an observer. He would have to get somehow into direct touch with their souls to understand what sort of state they were in, what sort of life they were interiorly living, without outer sign.

There seems to be something of a lesson here. Nearly all of us judge *nature* to be unconscious, the trees, the stones, the earth. And the stones and earth we judge to be not only unconscious but unalive.

How can we be sure? We can at any rate be sure that fine forces, rhythms of vibration, are reaching them from the sun and stars and the earth and ether of which we are unconscious, to which we may be said to be 'deaf.' And because they give no outward sign of life and of response we judge them to be insensitive.

In days of antiquity the thinkers did not always make that judgment. They credited nature with conscious divine life, with the power of inner response to the harmonies of the great Player, the creative Soul of all things. That response was the cause, they thought, of the gradual awakening of matter to *outward* life, so that it became what we call living, a life that we partly recognize in the trees and plants and fully recognize in the animals and in our own bodies. Into that now outwardly conscious and outwardly alive matter of the body incarnates the Soul, the self of each of us, this self then developing in the brain the reasoning mind which is sometimes permitted to deny the soul's existence!

It is when the sun rises and the atoms of our bodies begin to stir for the day's life that we can most easily become aware of ourselves as souls, of the great awakening consciousness of all nature, and of our minds as the mirror of both. It is in these few moments that we can best refresh and strengthen our minds for the day's personal duties. And our minds will not altogether lose — will as time goes on lose less and less — the effects of those moments of reality, the moments when we touched what is, instead of being limited to what seems. STUDENT

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### Catch 'em Alive!

"WHY, that's so! It never struck me just that way before."

He had often had the thought, just noticed it lying around in his mind, just uninterestedly assented to it as true and O. K. But now it had suddenly come *alive*.

A man's whole progress consists in his power to make his good thoughts come alive, compellingly and convincingly alive.

What's the difference between one story-teller and another? Though they may tell the same story, one has got it alive in his mind, the other not.

Worrying about what you can't help does no good. We all admit that. In one man out of a thousand the thought suddenly comes alive, and he ceases to worry from then on.

We all have some fine thoughts lying around in our minds, quite enough to show us how to live the highest and most splendid kind of life.

At *some* time in every day — though we usually don't notice it — one or more of these thoughts comes alive,

perhaps as we rise, just after breakfast, at any odd time, or in the late evening.

Catch it quickly. In another moment it may be dead asleep again. Hold it. Keep it alive. Develop it. Stay on it. Perhaps write it down. Give it two or three minutes anyhow. By doing that you've given it the power to wake up again, more awake, at some other time. It's just the thought you need for this particular day. And this particular day, by a strange 'coincidence,' was its opportunity in weeks or months to come alive and get a breath and talk to you.

But don't let it altogether get to sleep again. Prod it up a little, later on, and also tomorrow. Try to live by it at once. Do something about it, even if only one act or word.

What goes on inside a man is the really important thing for him, much more important than what goes on out around him. What we need is the habit of attention to this inside business.

The thoughts that come alive in us, thoughts that suddenly show us the way to live, if we notice them and treat them rightly, turn out to be rungs in our ladder of ascent, each coming at the right time. The best plan is to have some fixed time in the day when you can get to yourself, silence the ordinary mind-thinkings about outer matters, and say in yourself: Now, mind inside of me, what have you got for me today that's worth anything?

Those of us who have great trouble in getting inside of ourselves in this way will find it a good training to learn some fine poem (or anything that's elevating) by heart and repeat it. There inside where we are silently repeating it, is where the sleeping thoughts lie ready. When the repeating is done, look around in there and see what's doing. What we have repeated, if well chosen will of itself wake up some good thoughts.

This is the way to a large and deep and interesting inner life that will make us quite independent of what outer circumstances may be. STUDENT

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### The Pictures We Live In

WE can get a good deal of self-knowledge and wisdom from studying how and why we like and dislike other people.

Also a good deal of humility, for we may find that the people we like are merely those that happen to have a good opinion of us; or at any rate that our dislike of others rests only on the fact that they happen to be indifferent to our company or even have a positively low opinion of us. In the latter case, in order to attract their interest or good opinion, we may make a show of possessing qualities that we have none of. We may do this so thoroughly as to come in time to deceive our own selves and strut about before ourselves arrayed in artificial plumage of our own making, thinking it real.

Some men, having but little of some good quality, are fond of showing off their little in the eyes of others who have still less. From the comparison they gradually come to picture themselves as having much of it and strut about in plumage only a degree less false than in the other case. But the cure will be less painful.

Some again in humility err on the other side. Associating with men who have or pretend to have more of some desirable quality than themselves, they picture themselves as having less than they really do possess, and in their depression or humility keep their wills half paralysed.

Very sensitive men, whether sensitive by reason of vanity or what not, often feel and accept the silent estimates that others have made of them, estimates that are mostly false, thus living in pictures of themselves that are not even of their own making. And they are likely to make their case worse by consorting especially with men who estimate them favorably and avoiding men who estimate them unfavorably.

Now all these pictures of oneself are fatally in the way of self-development, of real growth in any sort of power or faculty, and of course especially fatal to self-knowledge, knowledge of our real self.

We must get rid of them all. We must live without comparing ourselves with anybody, without thinking: I am better or worse than he, possessed of more or of less courage or wit or capacity or anything than he. We must aim at *having* all worthy powers and faculties and capacities, all noble qualities: not at *seeming* to have them, not as being known — even to ourselves — as having them. We want all our strength and time for getting the qualities; to spend any thought in trying to seem to have them, in trying to display them, is a fatal dissipation of the very energy that alone can keep those qualities

alive or make them grow. If a man thinks, *I am courageous*, any courage he may actually have is running away through a wide rent in his container. It is the quality of courage that must draw forth our admiration, and effort must be to get it, not to see ourselves as having it, still less to be seen by others as having it. If we

admire a man for the possession of fine qualities, how much of our admiration for him remains after we see that he proudly knows he has them? Does not our admiration risk total transformation into contempt or envy?

Let a man forget each worthy step of growth or acquirement he makes, and press on to the next. Let us never stay to look back. The soul of each of us ever beckons him onward. That is the way to think of the soul, as a light within, in the mind, yet also ever on ahead. That is the way to think of life, as a pressing onward to the soul.

STUDENT

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### Start a Cutting

MY poor old gaunt geranium plant seemed to be dying. It hadn't flowered for a long time and indeed was much more stalk than leaf.

A friend said: "Why don't you cut off the end of one of those stalks, dig up the old plant and throw it away, and stick in your cutting, make a new start with it, in fact?"

I hadn't much hope for the poor old withered thing. It didn't seem to have any life left in it. But I thought I would try the advice.

It worked! The cutting took hold, threw out shoots all over it, grew into a little mass of the richest green, and finally flowered — white like the parent but just touched with pink, which she wasn't. Youthful blood, I thought. The plant had really renewed its youth.



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### OLD MEMORIES

"Pity," I said to myself, "that a man can't take a cutting from himself and start all fresh."

Certainly a man's arm or leg wouldn't grow if you put them into the best of soil. But couldn't he make a new start in his *mind*? Some men are all tired out with themselves: — same old thoughts and feelings day after day. Mind never seems to grow, never flowers into a new thought.

There are times when cuttings are sure to strike, and times when they're less sure. If the plant could speak it would tell you when to take your cutting for surest and best results, and where to take it from.

There are times in every man's life as he lives it from week to week, when he knows that just then he could take a new start. He knows it and yet won't have faith in what he knows. There are times when a bad habit could be thrown off for good if the man had faith enough in himself to seize them.

These times come pretty often lately. There is something new in the air. We shall find out what that is when this war cloud has emptied itself and passed away with the old order that culminated in it.

Let us look out for one of these times, cut loose from our old ways and selves and begin afresh. That is planting a cutting, and if we water it it will strike root and grow and get the flush of a new youth on its flower. Look after it, stick to it; have hope and confidence; and don't let the old worn out stalks cumber the ground any longer. They are only withered memories and worthless habits of other years. The cutting is free for the to-morrows and its youth is renewed.

Nature tells us many things if we will study her aright. Her keynote is eternal renewal and we can take that as her message to ourselves.

STUDENT

### Providence

AN APOLOGUE BY VICTOR HUGO

THE other evening I noticed a number of dead bees lying on the floor. The poor things had come in through the open window. When the windows were closed they found themselves prisoners. Unable to see the transparent obstacle, they had hurled themselves against the glass panes until at last they fell to the floor exhausted, and died. But, yesterday, I noticed a great drone who was dashing himself against the panes with all his might. "Ah! my fine friend," said I, "it would have been an evil day for you had I not come to the rescue. Before nightfall you would be lying dead, and I would have found your poor little corpse among those of the other bees. Come, now, like the Emperor Titus I shall mark the day by a good deed: let us save your life."

I threw open the window, and, by means of a napkin, began chasing the insect toward it; but he persisted in flying in the opposite direction. I then tried to capture him by throwing the napkin over him. Finally he flew

the whole length of the apartment, maddened and desperate. "Ah, you tyrant!" he buzzed. "Despot! you would deprive me of liberty! Cruel executioner, why do you not leave me alone? I am happy, and why do you persecute me?"

After trying very hard, I brought him down and, in seizing him with the napkin, I involuntarily hurt him. Oh, how he tried to avenge himself! He darted out his sting; his little nervous body, contracted by my fingers, strained itself with all its strength in an attempt to sting me. But I ignored his protestations, and, stretching my hand out of the window, opened the napkin. For a moment the drone seemed stunned, astonished; then he calmly took flight out into the infinite.

Well, you see how I saved the drone. I was *its Providence*. But (and here is the moral of my story) do we not, stupid drones that we are, conduct ourselves in the same manner toward the providence of God? We have our petty and absurd projects, our small and narrow views, our rash designs, whose accomplishment is either impossible or injurious to ourselves. Seeing no farther than our noses and with our eyes fixed on our immediate aim, we plunge ahead in our blind infatuation, like madmen. We would succeed, we would triumph; that is to say, we would break our heads against an invisible obstacle.

And when God, who sees all and who wishes to save us, upsets our designs, we stupidly complain against Him, we accuse His Providence. We do not comprehend that in punishing us, in overturning our plans and causing us suffering, He is doing all this to deliver us, to open the Infinite to us.

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### The Great Task

(From Arnold Bennett's *The Human Machine*)

"THE brain can be trained, as the hand and eye can be trained; it can be made as obedient as a sporting dog, and by similar methods. . . . It can learn the habit of obedience by the practise of concentration. Disciplinary concentration, though nothing could have the air of being simpler, is the basis of the whole structure. This fact must be grasped imaginatively; it must be seen and felt. The more regularly concentration is practised, the more firmly will the imagination grasp the effects of it, both direct and indirect. . . ."

Read, counsels Mr. Bennett, some serious book in the evening before you go to bed, say a chapter of Marcus Aurelius or Emerson or Epictetus. Then, when you leave your house next morning, concentrate on what you have read.

You will not have gone ten yards before your mind has skipped away under your very eyes and is larking round the corner with another subject. Bring it back by the scruff of the neck. Ere you have reached the station you will have brought it back about forty times. Do not despair. Continue. Keep it up. You will succeed. You cannot by any chance fail if you persevere.

In case of friction between you and your environment, says Mr. Bennett, it is the machine, the mind, which is always at fault:

You can control nothing but your own mind. Even your two-year-old babe may defy you by the instinctive force of its personality. But your own mind you can control. Your own mind is a sacred enclosure into which nothing harmful can enter except by your permission. Your own mind has the power to transmute every external phenomenon to its own purposes. If happiness arises from cheerfulness, kindness, and rectitude (and who will deny it?), what possible combination of circumstances is going to make you unhappy so long as the machine remains in order? If self-development consists in the utilization of one's environment (not utilization of somebody else's environment), how can your environment prevent you from developing? In that noddle of yours is everything necessary for development, for the maintaining of dignity, for the achieving of happiness, and you are absolutely lord over the noddle, will you but exercise the powers of lordship. Why worry about the contents of somebody else's noddle, in which you can be nothing but an intruder, when you may arrive at a better result, with absolute certainty, by confining your activities to your own? 'Look within.' 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.'

### A Prayer

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

CALM Soul of all things! make it mine  
To feel, amid the city's jar,  
That there abides a peace of thine,  
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,  
The power to feel with others give.  
Calm, calm me more; nor let me die  
Before I have begun to live. —*Selected*

### Life's Mirror

BY MADELINE BRIDGES

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

A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.  
Give truth, and your gift will be found in kind,  
And honor will honor meet;

And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.  
For life is the mirror of king and slave;  
'Tis just what we are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you. —*Selected*

### A Creed

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I HOLD that when a person dies  
His soul returns again to earth;  
Arrayed in some new flesh disguise  
Another mother gives him birth.  
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain  
The old soul takes the roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust;  
This hand, this hand that held the pen,  
Has many a hundred times been dust  
And turned, as dust, to dust again;  
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone  
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,  
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,  
Is curse or blessing justly due  
For sloth or effort in the past.  
My life's a statement of the sum  
Of vice indulged, or overcome.

I know that in my lives to be  
My sorry heart will ache and burn,  
And worship unavailingly,  
The woman whom I used to spurn,  
And shake to see another have  
The love I spurned, the love she gave.

And I shall know, in angry words,  
In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear,  
A carrion flock of homing-birds,  
The gibes and scorns I uttered here.  
The brave word that I failed to speak  
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads  
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;  
Dear words shall cheer and be as goods  
To urge to heights before unguessed.  
My road shall be the road I made;  
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,  
In this long war beneath the stars;  
So shall a glory wreath my head,  
So shall I faint and show the scars,  
Until this case, this clogging mold,  
Be smithied all to kingly gold. —*Selected*

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### The Notebook

Small duties grow to mighty deeds,  
Small words to things of power;  
Great forests spring from tiny seeds,  
As moments make the hour. —*F. Bennock*

THERE is not a trait, physical or spiritual, of ours, that is wholly finished off and at a standstill. We are every one of us in every atom of our existence and at every instant on the move to some extent, up or down, forward or backward. —*Prof. W. E. Ritter*

WE forget that every little action of the common day does its little something to make or unmake character and that what one has done in secrecy will sometime work out into the open. —*An Ex-prisoner*

HE who inflicts pain on the gentle or falsely accuses the innocent will inherit one of the ten great calamities. But he who has learned to suffer with patience will be purified and will be the chosen instrument for the alleviation of suffering. —*Gautama Buddha*

MAN is often making least progress when all is serene within. The swifter growth of the inner man may involve much perturbation of mind and body till they can readjust themselves to the new interior conditions. Then for a while there will be peace again. —*A Chinese Saying*

IF you want to be popular, stop wanting to be. Nothing checkmates that want so effectively as the want itself, nothing so effectively makes a man's character small and uninteresting. If you will notice the thoroughly liked men you will see that they are not thinking of themselves at all, just genially throwing out the best and realest that is in them and pleased to get back the best and realest that is in others. So the prescription is geniality, the spirit of good comradeship, the consideration of everybody as your friend. —*The Notebook*

By diverse creeds we worship, you and I;  
The Ear of One Alone receives our prayer.

The King shall beg, the beggar mount the throne;  
Earth laughs at him who calls a place his own.

The Fool met Fate: "Fair maiden, say,  
Where goest thou?" quoth he,  
And Fate replied, "Hold on thy way,  
Thou man — *I follow thee.*"

Small ills are the fountains  
Of most of our groans;  
Men trip not on mountains,  
They stumble o'er stones.  
—*Arthur Guiterman* ('Proverbs of Ind')

THE lines that connect men's minds are not limited by and do not run through the space that separates their bodies. Independently of distance our minds touch the minds of many whom we have never seen and whose thoughts help or hinder us as ours help or hinder them. Once we realize this, and it can be realized, we have a new motive for right action and right thought.

—*The Century Path*

PEOPLE who go through life bemoaning their luck and thinking that success is for others and not for them, must expect failure; for self-confidence is the very foundation of all accomplishment.

IT is the man with the positive nature, who feels that he is equal to the emergency, who believes that he can do the thing he attempts, who wins the confidence of his fellow-men. He is beloved because he is brave and self-sufficient.

IF you would succeed up to the limit of your possibilities, hold to the belief that you are success organized and that you will be successful, no matter what opposes. Regard as a traitor every suggestion that your life may be a failure, that you are not made like those who succeed and that success is not for you. Expel it from your mind as you would a thief from your house.

BELIEVE in yourself, not with a selfish egotism that disregards all around you, but with such reverence for the good that is within you as to render failure impossible.

—*Success Maxims*

THAT from which this people really suffer, and perhaps more than any other nation, more than any other time, is the weakness of attention. . . . Every feature of our social life shows an unwillingness to concentrate attention. Only that which can be followed without effort is welcome. . . . Human nature is indeed so arranged that the attention at first follows in an involuntary way all that is shining, loud, sensational and surprising. The real development of mankind lies in the growth of the *voluntary* attention, which is not passively attracted, but which turns actively to that which is important and significant and valuable in itself. No one is born with such a power. It has to be trained and educated. —*Selected*

THE wise therefore speak as follows: The soul having a twofold life, one being in conjunction with the body, but the other being separate and higher, when we are awake we employ for the most part the life which is common with the body, except when we separate ourselves from it and live for a time in the highest kind of thought. But when we are in deep sleep, we are liberated, as it were, from the life of the body and live a life separated from bodily activities. —*Iamblichos* (a Syrian philosopher)



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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY ON THEIR HOMEWARD MARCH AFTER BEING ENTERTAINED AT  
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### Open Your Front Door

AN AUDITORIUM PAPER

I GOT to wondering why the birds sing; it was that that started me off.

They sing at mating time, says science, to attract a mate. Maybe. But why do they sing all along the

rest of the year, now in November, for instance? A mocking-bird used to get up on the arbor top in my garden in the early evenings and for thirty minutes put his whole energy into rendering the songs of every other sort of bird in the neighborhood, did it for pure enjoyment, all by himself. When he was satisfied he went to bed. In the mornings he sometimes did the same.

It seems to me that that wants a good deal of explanation.

Why do the plants put out so much gorgeous color in their flowers? To attract fertilizing insects, says science. Maybe. But just as the birds sing as much when there is no mating on, it seems possible that four-fifths of the flower display that plants make has nothing to do with insects. In fact some *self-fertilizing* plants throw out very fine flowers.

When a man is suddenly struck with a great idea his first impulse is to talk it, write it, tell it, put it on the air. He may be restrained, of course, by various secondary considerations. If he sees money in it, for instance, he may hold it; or if there is no one who could sympathize with it. But his first impulse is to spread it out before his fellows. And this the more, the more generous—that is, the higher—is his nature.

The same with the composer, the poet, the artist. The inspiration that comes upon them they must throw out, express. They burn to give the symphony, the poem, the picture, to the world. Thoughts of fame or money have nothing to do with this primary impulse. If they persistently resisted the impulse, the inspiration would soon begin to cease coming upon them. To continue getting it they must give it out. The process is as natural as the singing of the bird, the color show of the flower.

There may not be much difference between the song of one thrush and another. But there's every difference between the poetry of Tennyson and Whittier, the music of Beethoven and Handel. The world needs all these. Each contributed a special something that has helped the mind of the race in its special way. And though each got the apparatus for expression, the brain and eye and ear and so on, from his parents and ancestry through heredity, yet the special message, flavor, so to speak, that the man of genius delivers through his art, his poetry or his music, is absolutely his own, unique, not got from anywhere but himself. He came to earth charged with that to give, and directly the apparatus was ready he began to give it—often, in fact, before that; in early childhood.

The highest sort of man, then, comes to earth as a contributor to the rest of us, with a special gift of his own for us. And everything does look as if he brought it with him, got it or developed it in himself *before he came here* amongst us. And it is just this that has made me believe that the soul of each of us existed, somewhere, somehow, before it came here to what we call life, from a place or state perhaps of so glorious a nature that we, shut in to bodies of poor disease-ridden flesh, cannot understand—till we get out again, free in death.

To return to where I started, the birds and flowers. It seems to me that they too are actuated, though without understanding it, by the same urge to give out, to contribute from within, to bring the hidden into the manifest. You see the same in the schoolboy as he goes whistling to school, though he too does not understand what he

is doing. But the life in him and welling out of him may understand.

In other words real life shows itself in contributing, giving. He who wants more and more of it must obey its law, let out his inner nature if only in a kindly smile or word. Set our minds to that keynote, and our own inner states of joy and of power and inspiration begin to open to us. It is for lack of doing this that men know so little—so nothing—of their own inner wealth.

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## Heredity and . . .

### AN OVERHEARD TALK

"I CAN'T say I like this theory of heredity—at any rate as it stands. It's undignified. Isn't a man anything but a set of shreds and patches picked off his parents and uncles and aunts and grandparents and tied together? Isn't there at least something brand new in him, something of his own making? I may have my mother's nose and my father's good memory and love of books and gift of talking and my grandfather's bad temper and tendency to gout; but haven't I added something on my own account? And what am I that has all these things? I am a self, a *one*, not a bit of patch-work.

"I don't say there's nothing in the theory. But it needs adding to. For if it covers—or seems to—the case of the ordinary man, there are other men it won't fit at all. You might pick out all the elements of the character of an ordinary man in his family tree. Some men do go through their lives with dispositions and tendencies and powers of mind that are pretty much the copies or blends of the same in their parents and grandparents. What they're born to they stay with, never show anything specifically new or changed from one end of their lives to the other—except what they get out of environment, training, example and so on.

"But that's the ordinary character. What are you going to make of a fellow that shows up something wholly new, not anywhere in the family tree, men for instance of extraordinary genius in some line, men who throw over the parental limitations altogether, disregard the family tendencies and dispositions, make nothing of their environment and strike out a path wholly their own?"

"*Harked back to some ancestor, I suppose, whose record's lost.*"

"A theory ought to explain the facts. You mustn't make it explain facts it doesn't explain by supposing another fact you haven't any evidence of."

"*Well, what are you going to do about it?*"

"Look straight at the facts we know and see if we can't find in them some warrant for a theory that we can complete the theory of heredity with."

"*Go ahead. What's the card up your sleeve?*"

"The point I start from is that every man is a self,

an I, a soul, a *one*. This is the deepest and certainest thing he knows. And he talks it when he says *My* mind, *My* memory, *My* body. He's conscious of himself owning and operating these possessions. Generally he takes them as he finds them. That's the ordinary man. But if he's an extraordinary self, very strong, as he grows

it as matter of certain knowledge, not of probability.

"Souls aren't all of a piece with one another. Some are strong and overrule their heredity and environment, overrule their bodily impulses and passions, come out as geniuses — in some way or other show their inherent divinity. Others during life are more or less the creatures



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THE REAR OF THE COLUMN: TWO COMPANIES OF THE U. S. TROOPS DEPARTING  
FROM 'LOMALAND' AFTER THE ENTERTAINMENT

through infancy and childhood his special nature works upon the materials of mind and body that he got from heredity and transforms them to suit his extraordinariness — and there's your man of genius, your great man. The materials don't fit him, aren't what he wants, and he changes them as they grow. In the ordinary case the materials do correspond to the nature of the self or soul that's taken them on at birth, or it isn't strong enough to alter them. All I want to add to the theory of heredity is the fact of the self, the soul, what says *I*, with a nature of its own, in the general case coming into such conditions of parentage and environment as more or less fit its specialities; but in the rarer cases coming into conditions which, though partly out of fit, it can and does alter. And I don't see what you can find to quarrel with in this if you take the soul as an immortal something, always growing and changing as it pilgrimages through this universe, neither beginning with birth here on earth nor ending with death. It's a theory if you like; but the wisest men, the Teachers, the deepest self-knowers in every human period and race, specialists as you may say in soul lore, have every one of them taught

of heredity and environment, take the stamp that birth puts on them and go through life with it.

"Now mix this in with the theory of heredity and see if it doesn't give some stimulus to a man to find himself, to assert himself against the limitations of heredity, to use his will and be a real man. It's constant use of will against the resistance of the drags of his nature that finally brings a man to himself. To sit down and say 'I'm as my Maker made me' is paralyzing himself."

*"But how, according to this, (and you've got to complete it), did the souls come to be so different in their qualities of disposition and degrees of strength?"*

"I don't believe there are any two things, any two units of any sort whatever, in all this universe that are the exact duplicates of each other, not even two drops of water or two atoms of iron. If there *were* two alike, there would be no need for one of them to exist, and it wouldn't exist. Expression through infinite diversity is the law, and we can't understand the why of it till we touch with our understandings that absolute center of things in which our souls are rooted, the absolute center of creative consciousness and wisdom." REPORTER

### Creating the 'Angel'

THE secretary of *The Universal Film Manufacturing Company* was recently asked in an interview to what he attributed his rapid advance from one of the lowest positions in the company's offices to his present rank. "I'll tell you," he said, "one reason why I think I got along. Because I figuratively lived, slept and dreamed *Universal* affairs" — meaning the affairs of the company. "I thought of them day and night, of ideas to develop, hints and suggestions for further improvement."

The writer once found in the course of learning shorthand that he had to go through a stage in which the mind became a nuisance. In the beginning it had to be forced, of course, to learn the alphabet and outlines. But when it had learned all this it took the bit between its teeth. It went off on its own account. It translated into Pitman's little geometrical marks the title of every book the eye happened to rest on, the name over every store window, the last words of the sentences that anybody spoke. Mental vision was as it were obsessed with shorthand outlines.

Doubtless others who go at the art with the same enthusiasm go through the same experience. It has of course the counterbalancing advantage that you progress rapidly. For subconsciously you are going on learning and progressing even when your attention is otherwise occupied. You have created in your mind a living shorthand entity, and he takes his growth into his own hands.

Our minds and bodies are largely made up of entities like this:— habits, we call them, tendencies to which we have given a sort of independent life in some part of our make-up, and which, once alive, try to make our minds and bodies serve them. Some men can't walk over a pavement without seeing to it that they put their foot down at every step on a crack between the paving stones.

Some of these entities — the shorthand entity, for instance — may be very useful to us, even though requiring restraint. Some — the drink crave, for instance — should never have been created, and the sooner they are starved to death by refusal to let them gratify themselves, the better. Else they may come to dominate their creator, mind and body. And a few others, again, should be given every possible opportunity to grow till they do absorb the entire mind and govern the whole of conduct and thought.

We can create any habit of body or mind that we choose by doing or thinking something often enough. After a while the self-living entity is created, doing or thinking that thing on its own account, perhaps long after we have come to wish it didn't.

But why don't we make use of this principle for our highest profit?

A certain great Teacher once spoke of "laying up for ourselves treasures in heaven." This was what he meant.

Force the mind on to a line of high thinking often enough and it will presently take to going upon that line on its own account, will develop an entity of our own creation that lives on that line and goes on growing there, gathering in and also drawing out of itself materials for its own growth.

Each of us is latently a divine self or soul. This is the way to uncover or resurrect or untomb our latent divineness, our real power and splendor and nobility.

To get the habit of high thinking by the practise of it for a little while every day, is really getting the habit of drawing out of ourselves some — more and more — of the inactive divineness, giving it life, and establishing it up there in the top of the mind as a living entity with the power of self-growth when we are not attending. And the light of this will presently get strong enough to shine down into all the rest of our mental make-up, illuminating and transforming it and awakening all its powers.

With the aid of any book or passage that we have found elevating and conducive to elevated thought and feeling let us get at this work. If it is short enough learn it by heart. Each repetition will give it more and more meaning. Here is a passage from one of the writings of Katherine Tingley that covers all we have been saying and much more:

*"A pure, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned to a degree, the sacredness of the Moment and the Day. In this life, the petty follies of everyday friction, disappear. In place of lack of faith in one's self, 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."*

STUDENT



### Christmas Day

#### THE YARD PHILOSOPHER'S IDEAS

IT seems to me that we're up against quite a problem in the matter of Christmas Day.

The problem is in the fact that we feel different on that day from what we do on any other day in the year. It's a holiday, but so's Sunday and so's Thanksgiving Day, and neither of *them* feel like Christmas Day. There's a good dinner coming, but so there is on Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving Day don't make a man feel as if he was new-made all through and wanted to shake hands with everybody he meets. There's a Christmas feel that's altogether peculiar to Christmas and a man finds it in his bones the moment he wakes and before anybody's had the chance to say a word to him. That's the problem.

You may say a man feels that way because everybody else does. But in the first place you've got to explain why everybody else does. And in the second place you've admitted that feeling is catching of itself and apart from

words to convey it. And if you admit that feeling is catching you've made a very important admission. For if a sufficient number of people decided that from Christmas Day on they'd keep up the Christmas Day brotherly feeling, the feeling of general human joy and renewedness, this sufficient number could totally alter human

law underlying all that *materially* happens in it. And what materially happens about Christmas Time — about three days before Christmas Day, to be exact — is that the sun turns north again after his six months' journey south. (Really, of course, it's the earth that turns the corner of her orbit.) What happens right away is the



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#### IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

A Scene from Shakespeare's *As You Like It* as presented by Katherine Tingley in the Greek Theater, Point Loma, California

life in about a week. The infection would spread; more and more people would find it a pleasant feeling to have; and at last the entire race would get it.

But we're still hedging the question why people feel different on Christmas Day, why they're receptive to the infection. Other religions beside Christianity, and long before Christianity, have celebrated Christmas Time. Christianity has put an extra warrant on a sacred and festival time that was marked before.

Now if we have any real Christian belief and understanding at all we must believe that Christ could have selected any time he wished, to be born at. Why did he select Christmas Time? Why did he choose to call the peoples' attention to that time in so special a manner? For he must have known that that date would become one of special significance and thought-provokingness for all time to come for all who should be, even in name only, his followers.

Most of us believe that the universe has *spiritual*

first stir of new spring life. Nothing to show for it at the moment, but there *is* the stir that will lead on to all the young fresh green life everywhere. The earth and her children-to-be have taken their start to new spring life. And man's body, as part of the earth, has likewise been touched with the new thrill.

Now, if spiritual Law *does* underlie material happenings, if the material *is* a sort of copy of the spiritual, then why at the same Christmas epoch shouldn't there be a new *spiritual* stir in man's being, the birth of a new *spiritual* something in him? It was, in my judgment, to call attention just to that very thing that Christ arranged for *his* birth then, to show man that in every individual at that time a spark of the Christ spirit was struck alight.

We miss our chance, of course. We don't *keep* the spark alight. We're so fastened on the Christmas *day* that we take no thought of what we might be doing to fan up that spark on the days that come after. We



give way to the reaction and let it spoil our finest chances of new life. In the same way a man may get exhilarated and uplifted by the splendor of a sunrise, and then, instead of keeping the uplift, turn away and in half a minute forget it under the rush of the first ordinary thoughts that happen to come across his mind.

We want a 'Christmas Day Continuance Society,' a group — say in this Institution of ours — that would agree to try to hold the Christmas spirit. They should not lay out too large a program. They'd have done pretty well for one attempt if they would keep the object of the Society alive in them till — say January 2nd of the New Year. Just those few days' effort to be extra kindly and cheerful and alive would more or less color all the rest of the time till Christmas came again. Then they could have another shot. Even a single man could do something in that way for himself and — by unspoken infection — for others.

REPORTER

### The Two Minds

THERE is a kind of thinking that solves all difficulties and brings an understanding of life and a realization of our truer divine nature, leading to a peace and joy that no outer circumstances can ruffle.

And there is the common kind of thinking that often leads nowhere and may bring nothing but trouble.

The first kind of thinking is induced by acquiring the power to silence the other. And it is curious that only when you have gained the power to silence it does it show fully such real possibilities of usefulness as it has.

Most of us have no such power, don't know that it can be got, or realize how good it would be to get it.

In a general way as soon as a man ceases to use his mind it begins to give trouble. He needs it, of course, to read with, to study with, to think definitely about any problem or question with. But those occupations don't take up the whole time. There are mechanical things to do, part of the time, things that hardly require any thinking at all. They are things we use the body for, scarcely making any demand on the mind for their proper doing.

Well then, the instant we cease, or almost cease, to require the mind's services, it is likely to become a nuisance. It starts off thinking about anything it chooses, and it may choose topics that to us are very irritating and painful.

Some other man's peculiarities are a favorite topic of choice. It may so develop the picture of these that we almost want to go and hit him.

It may hark back to some worry or injustice we have suffered and keep at that till our brain seems to be a red hot coal.

It may remind us of some shady thing we once did and go ahead with thoughts of possible consequences

that make the heart ache with remorse or go cold with fear.

It may recall pleasant times in the past with old comrades and give a heart-ache of another color. Or it may so dwell on the painful present that we look forward to a perhaps unattainable or very distant future with a longing that is like the gnawing of a wild animal.

There are a few of the mind's customary misdeeds. Every man knows his own troubles.

What is the cure? Most of us think there is none, never try to find one. Perhaps because most of us do not know that if this mind *could* be silenced, another whose working is in peace and light would gradually wake, give us healing in its thought, and transform our lives.

Let us begin, then, with the assurance that the power of real silence at will can be got, that silence in the one mind which is the opportunity and evocation of the other.

There are some who practise this a while and then give up, thinking they have made no progress. The mind slips off moment by moment, just as it used. They do not notice that it does not slip so far nor quite so readily, that it is more easily brought back, that they observe and correct each slip more rapidly and surely.

There is an Eastern proverb that holds a key to success. If we write the words on the mind, the mere repetition of them from memory, with the thought of their meaning will help us to begin:

*"Drive the steed of thy body with the two reins of silence and kindliness. Thus shall thy journey be easy and thy path and thy goal clear. When the mind gives ear to the peace within, that is silence. When the peace becomes a light shining out towards thy fellows, that is kindliness."*

This is the way to get at the other mind, the mind of the soul. And it can be practised in and out all along the day. Each day, each week, will have its unnoticed step of progress.

STUDENT

### Man and Animal

IT is soul that marks off man from the animals. Man is more than animal that thinks. He is a something that can *watch* his own thinking, turn his thought where he will. What animal can watch its own mood as we can ours, and, if the mood be a wrong or a poor one, change it to one fuller of light? What animal can control its own imagination and imagine what it will, or control its memories and have what memories it chooses to have? Certainly we do not much exercise these powers of control, but as souls we have them. The man who comes surly to breakfast usually lets himself stay surly. The flighty, uncontrolled mind is usually allowed its own way — which is the cause of most of the senility and second childishness that are apt to come with old age. It is our own fault if we live as thinking animals merely, leaving unused the power that would presently enable us to live our days like gods.



### Perfection

BY WALT WHITMAN

IN this broad earth of ours,  
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,  
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,  
Nestles the seed perfection.  
By every life a share or more or less,  
None born but it is born, concealed or unconcealed  
the seed is waiting.  
Over the mountain-growth disease and sorrow,  
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,  
High in the purer, happier air.  
From imperfection's murkiest cloud,  
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,  
One flash of heaven's glory.  
O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,  
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,  
Along the mighty labyrinth.



### One Great Desire

BY EDMUND GOSSE

CLING to the flying hours, and yet  
Let one pure hope, one great desire,  
Like song on dying lips be set, —  
That e'er we fall in scattered fire  
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.  
Here in these autumn months of time,  
Before the great New Year shall break,  
Some little way our feet should climb,  
Some little mark our hands should make,  
For liberty and manhood's sake.—*Selected*



### The Will

BY J. A. SYMONDS

BLAME not the times in which we live,  
Nor fortune, frail and fugitive;  
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule  
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;  
But blame thyself, O man!  
Although both heaven and earth combined  
To mold thy flesh and form thy mind;  
Though every thought, word, action, will,  
Was framed by powers beyond thee, — still  
Thou art thyself, O man!  
And self to take or leave is free,  
Feeling its own sufficiency;  
In spite of science, spite of fate,  
The judge within thee soon or late  
Will blame but thee, O man!  
Say not, "I would, but could not. He  
Should bear the blame who fashioned me."  
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice  
Cries, "Thine is the deed, O man!"—*Selected*

### Buck up, Brother!

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

BUCK up, Brother! Turn your eye  
From the things of days gone by.  
Fix your vision on Today,  
And the 'morrow on the way.

Past is past, and what hath been  
In the realm of joy 'or sin  
Resteth there for good or rue  
Spite of all that we can do.

Let that Chapter close, indeed,  
Save the lessons we may read  
In its teachings — out of them  
Yet may come our diadem.

Buck up, Brother! Close the book  
And toward the future look;  
And Today with purpose true  
Let your Soul be born anew.

Reassert your Manhood fine.  
Cry, "Tomorrow — that is mine,  
And my days will not be vain  
Now that I am born again!" —*Selected*



### Failure

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

WHAT is a failure? It's only a spur  
To a man who receives it right,  
And it makes the spirit within him stir  
To go in once more and fight.  
If you never have failed, it's an even guess  
You never have won a high success.

What is a miss? It's a practice shot  
Which we often must make to enter  
The list of those who can hit the spot  
Of the bull's-eye in the center.  
If you never have sent your bullet wide,  
You never have put a mark inside.

What is a knock-down? A count of ten  
Which a man may take for a rest.  
It will give him a chance to come up again  
And do his particular best.  
If you've never been bumped in a rattling go,  
You never have come to the scratch, I know!  
—*Selected*



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### Gleanings from Many Fields

CHOOSING, choosing constantly and day by day, is the enlargement of character. Life is at all points a matter of choice, a daily — nay, an hourly — renewing of choice. Which shall it be — a definitely directed will or an easy drifting with the current? Life undirected, life that is not held taut to an ideal, is the life that becomes a bore, that slackens hold on all things and runs its course to the end.

CHOICE is formative and upbuilding. Failure, so long as the soul never gives in, but uses each incompleteness as the base of a new start and a higher effort, does not hurt; but an ignoble choice, a slight standard, leave their mark upon the soul for all life. Life is the upward struggle, not attainment, but stepping forward, little by little.

ON the whole, courage is the first and last virtue; courage to attempt, to endure rebuff, to begin again and again.

It is a shame for the soul to give out before the body.

WHEN we realize the meanness and wretchedness of small, persistent desires, we begin to be able to lay them aside.

A GREAT misfortune properly endured is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more truly than those who undergo no trials. The more numerous the obstacles which are surmounted by the will, the stronger the will becomes.

THERE is no pain the body suffers that the soul may not grow by.

TAKE not much care what or who is for thee or against thee. The judgment of none is to be regarded if God's judgment be otherwise. Thou art neither better nor worse in thyself for any account that is made of thee by any but God alone: secure that for thyself and He will secure all the rest.

ENTHUSIASM in some sort of work that is worth doing, it is this which puts man's will in line with that great 'I WILL' that called forth the universe. The man is the will of him, and when the will is nobly used the man is at one with his inner god. It is this sort of work that is the only true vitalizer of every part of the nature, the only real tonic.

ONE can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little ones.

LIVE each day as if the whole of existence were telescoped into this single day. With no idle regret for the past, no useless worry for the future, let a man live this day as if it were his only day, the only day left for him to assert all that is best in him, to conquer all that is worst. He should master the weak element in him at each slight manifestation from moment to moment.

THE sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. So, to feel brave, act as if you were brave, use all your will to that end, and courage will presently replace fear. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it and keeps it still fastened in the mind; whereas, if we act as if from some better feeling, the other soon "folds its tent like an Arab and as silently steals away."

FEAR in all its forms is a kind of atheism. The man who is afraid has lost his faith; he no longer believes in God.

THE universe is not against us, it is for us. Life is not unfriendly; in the exact degree in which we make ourselves its pupils does it teach, nurture and develop us.

WHAT seems to be a final loss is often a supreme gain; even our afflictions, in the full reach of life, are 'for the moment.'

THAT which justifies courage in facing the possibilities of life is the conviction that its master is our Lord as well; that it is so framed that "all things work together for good" to those who are obedient to the laws of life; that our little plans are embraced in a greater and wiser plan; that "light is sown for the righteous," the mysterious future silently beckoning us forward into paths that seem dark and ominous but which end on the summits of the mountains. He who distrusts, holds back and fears, misses the great opportunity and loses the noble achievement; he who trusts and dares plucks the flower of victory out of the very jaws of death. For such a world as this courage is the only safety; the coward is lost.

WHISTLING to keep up courage is no mere figure of speech. On the other hand, sit all day in a moping posture, sigh and reply to everything with a dismal voice, and your melancholy lingers. There is no more valuable precept in moral education than this, as all who have had experience know: if we wish to conquer emotional tendencies in ourselves, we must assiduously, and in the first instance coldbloodedly, go through the outward movement of those contrary dispositions which we prefer to cultivate. The reward of persistency will infallibly come in the fading out of the sullenness or depression and the advent of real cheerfulness and kindness in their stead. Smooth the brow, brighten the eye, and speak in a major key, pass the genial compliment, and your heart must be frigid indeed if it does not gradually thaw.

If anyone be conscious that he has a taint of crookedness in his blood and that he is inclined to play tricks, let him face the situation and bestir himself. There is nothing but contempt and humiliation in store for the dishonorable man at the hands of the world, nothing but self-reproach and self-loathing within his soul.

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

## THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

SOME OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE GROUNDS OF THE EDUCATIONAL CENTER,  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA,

### The Soldier's Opportunity

reason for the muscular exercises.

**Y**OU cannot have health without exercise. Everybody knows that; and people with commonsense take exercise or go through systems of exercises accordingly.

But you can turn this statement over and say what everybody also knows — that you cannot have a healthy body without a healthy mind. The chronic worrier, for instance, will never have a good digestion.

There must of course be a reasonably healthy and well-kept *body* for a healthy *mind*. Which is another

Bodily exercises are not the only essential for a healthy mind. The mind must itself have exercise. It must be put through its paces and given hard work at least

once a day. Reading novels and stories, whatever else it does, no more exercises the mind (in our present sense) than sitting in an easy chair exercises the body. Mind has thinking and remembering among its functions. Exercise of these is therefore making it think hard and remember. Study of something covers this requirement.

Mind and body, both being given their due of exercise, conduce to each other's health. Is our health program complete? We spoke of worry. Not to worry, for some men, requires a considerable and constant exercise of will. A further step of the program for health, if we are to consider our entire nature, is therefore daily exercise of *will* so as to get *that* healthy and strung taut.

Desiring is easy; it does itself. We find ourselves desiring this and that all the time. Will finds its exercise (among other ways) *against* the pull of wrong desire. In the worrying man, however much he dislikes his worrying, *something* in him desires to worry, or the worry wouldn't persist. He has to work his will against that something. In another man the favorite trick is moping or grumbling or criticizing others or quarrelsomeness or laziness or — or — : each of us knows the enemies in his own nature. Well, all these afford material for the use of will, for exercise. And as they are every one of them antagonistic to perfect health not only of mind but also of body, it follows that for perfect health we must keep will exercised and up to concert pitch.

In doing that we begin to learn something. We use our wills; we use and command our minds; we use and command our bodies. We are beginning to awake to a sense of our dignity as ruler each of his own world. My use of will in my command of mind and body, is also exercise of *myself*. I need this exercise of myself in order to come to myself, to recognize myself as what I am, to grow into a self that is worth something. Most people know next to nothing of this *myself* in its true nature, in its fullness, because they have never fully developed it by hard exercise in rulership over their failings. So they mistakenly confuse themselves with the mind or even the body — both of which are *instruments* always in need of sharpening and cleaning, though differing from most instruments in being benefited by full use. They have never yet really lived as awake selves, never waked up to what real manhood, fully developed, means and feels like. If the self of a man has one end in the earth, it has the other in the sun. As we have already some notion of the earth end, it is the *sun* end that we ought to get at and feel ourselves as.

The soldier has peculiarly fine opportunities for all this. The bodily exercises are part of his program anyhow. He has time for study. He knows what will is, for the discipline calls it into exercise. And he is confronted with ideals of real manhood, of courage, of magnanimity, of comradeship, of honor, that grow of themselves out of his life and work. Let him hold by them, for as the bearer and embodier of them he will presently be able to do more for his country than he can now imagine. For it is just the dignity and even divinity of

human life, when rightly lived, that men need to be awakened to. None of us knows what a splendid thing life can be.

STUDENT

### Will-Work

THANK Heaven, I'm a thoroughly irritable, worrying, critical-minded, disagreeable man!

"You have the grace of gratitude, anyhow. But why be grateful for all those temperamental hedgehogs and rattlesnakes?"

You remember when Mark Twain got out of sorts and went to a doctor? The doctor told him to give up smoking, drinking and a few other of his vices. He got well at once and was consequently grateful for having had those things to reform on. Otherwise he'd have had to stay sick. Same here. I want to grow a fine, strong will to start a fine, strong character with, and I've got all that material, the hedgehogs and rattlesnakes, to practise on. When I've cleaned them out I can begin business.

"But cleaning them out surely *is* the business?"

Oh, no! Only the preliminary; just scale-playing. Your pianist begins business in fine art after the scale-playing is perfected.

Let me give you a lesson in psychology, my son. *Psyche* means soul. A man begins to live as a soul when he's full up with light and peace. And the preliminary to them, the preliminary to that life — which is the only real, full and enjoyable life — is freedom.

"Freedom from what?"

From control by his mind. His mind must be controlled *by him*. His will must be on top all the time. And the time for practice is all the time. No lack of opportunity.

Some fellow says a nasty thing to me. It would like to crop up in my mind all day. Or he does me something mean. My mind would like to mull over *that* all day, in and out, getting madder and madder.

Well, every time that shows up, I out with it, won't have it, keep peaceful and interested in something else. Fine will-work.

Mind wants to worry about something that's going to happen tomorrow, or may happen tomorrow, or did happen yesterday. I won't have it; won't look at the unpleasant side of tomorrow or yesterday; keep my head cool and quiet. More fine will-work.

Some fellow's lazy or got no grit or some trick that irritates me. Won't reform or screw himself up, won't be a *man*. My mind wants to think about him and get mad at him. I say to my mind: What's his weakness or perversity got to do with you? You just come to heel and think about something better. Think about your own faults, some you haven't a notion of yet.

More will-work, and very likely some hard words or a quarrel side-stepped, certainly some time and life-force saved. Nothing wastes life-force like thinking over things till you get mad at them.

My mind wants to know how much income some fellow's got, or why he isn't at business today, or whether he's been sent on an interesting errand that I'd like to have had, or why he's been given a job I wanted. *None of your business*, I say. Get on with your development.

You see there's plenty of will-work waiting besides what you do on the body—when it wants to loll in an arm-chair instead of passing to the next duty, or go on eating when you know it's eaten enough.

And then you come to the next layer. A million things distract your mind and eat up your life-force that you can't see for one that you do see. All this morning there was a little catch in the back of my mind that I was hardly conscious of, just knew there was something unpleasant away in there grumbling to itself though I was thinking of other things. I couldn't exactly give my full attention to anything. At last I said to myself, What is that anyhow? And I reached in and pulled it out into full view. It was just an unpleasant little duty I have to do tomorrow. These things all the time.

Well, there are some things in the mind, say another fellow's trick or a good worry, that are *full* in view. There are other things, like the one I've said, that are only *half* in view and yet hamper the mind. And I'm just getting on to it, there are about eight thousand things still deeper, that are not in view at all, invisible shreds and specks and clouds of memory and anticipation and so on, that are under the floor of a man's consciousness and can't be pulled out into sight, which yet,—taken all together—make up an utter drag on real mental freedom and power and development.

But yet they must be cleared out.

How's that going to be done? Well in the first place a lot of this fine work will be done by the exercises I've been speaking of. They'll bite in deeper than you'd think.

But the real cure for the lot rests on the fact that they all center about *I*. And as fast as a man can get over thinking about *I* so much, turn it out of his mind, live bigger than *I*—where do *I* come in? I'm not getting justice; I'm being put upon; *I* want; *I* don't like—just so fast will he clean up the back places of his mind, the dark corners, the attics, the forgotten cupboards, clean them up and clear out the bats and bugs and spiders.

And as fast as he does this he's winning *freedom*. And after the freedom is peace and light—which are the two states (or one state) in which a man can really get to know something about life, get real wisdom.

But the whole thing turns on having an iron will, to be got by small practisings all the time. That's why I'm grateful for my failings and weaknesses; they're practise material.

STUDENT

## Alchemy

### A PAPER FROM INSIDE

THE dream of the alchemists was to make gold out of lead, to turn the dull, base metal into the royal one. There were various schools of them. Some took

their task literally, hunting for a subtle chemical something, which, put to work upon the lead, should gradually transform it in the heated crucible. The possibility that a few of them may have succeeded is not without some warrant in recent discoveries of chemical science.

But for others this chemical process was a symbol. They were speaking of a *spiritual* something, which, put to

work upon the common human nature, 'lead,' should gradually transform into the godlike, into 'gold.'

People think more about the look of schoolrooms than they used to. They know that bright, lofty rooms, light-tinted walls with a few pleasant pictures, tastefully curtained windows letting in plenty of sun, and some flowers here and there on the tables and desks, have their effect upon the children's spirits and health and make the teachers' work easier.

And the prisoner knows that if the same principle were considered in the fittings of his cell, the dining room and workshops, his mental atmosphere would be a good deal bettered.

Let us go in a little deeper. How are our *minds* fitted up? Are the colors blue and gold, or gray, brown and black? The thing seems important, for we have to live in our minds all the time. And our habitual thoughts get into a kind of association with our surroundings, so that when a man gets back to his cell he finds himself all mixed up again with the thoughts or moods he has left there in the air or clinging about the walls.

Imagination is a great power we use very little. Consequently it's very weak and needs practising up. *Hope* is one form of imagination getting to work. To *hope* that the mind will one day fill up with light, that the brain and heart will as it were get hung with blue and gold instead of gray and black,—is a way of working the imagination. In fact it seems to me that a right sort of hope is that subtle spiritual something that the



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS. TO THE RIGHT IS THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE

better class of old alchemists were speaking of as the thing competent to alter the 'lead' of human nature into 'gold.' It is a kind of light going into our dark places and clearing out the shadows and glooms. It weakens out that everlasting *I, I*, which gives us so much pain and trouble. It makes us kindlier, more ready to see good, more tolerant, wishful to throw out to others the light we have lit up in ourselves, less selfish, more ready to give and share. It makes present restrictions much lighter and life easier. And it produces a line of uplifting thoughts which gradually displace all the old grim, hostile, despairing thoughts with which we have filled our minds and darkened the atmosphere of our cells.

You may say, — *hope for what?* Well, hope that all this will happen. It is so imagining it that it at once begins and goes on growing. It will make us spiritual alchemists and bring back some of the joy of childhood and a second youth. It will make our cells even pleasant places to come to — yes, smile as you like! — because they will be associated at last with so much that we shall have thought and felt along this new line in them. We shall go around with minds that are right good to live in. And we shall be more and more independent about what happens or doesn't happen.



### The Blue and Gold Star

THE '*Don't Worry Society*': — now that's a funny business. If a man decides to stop worrying, why not just stop it? Why join a Society?

Just because Brotherhood is a fact in nature. It's a power, and such a man instinctively knows it. He's going to use the power for his own help. He'll feel *in company* when he's trying to stop his worrying, and his efforts will have much more success. And apart from this particular thing he has in hand, the same sense of being in company will make him *happier*. In fact the feeling of brotherhood and comradeship is the greatest of all sources of permanent happiness. It's a deep natural feeling, rooted in a fact; and that's why those who have it, being in tune with nature, have power and happiness. Even when two men are but shareholders in the same Company there is just a gleam of the same principle at work between them.

A man can always get another in with him in this brotherhood business. Give somebody a right friendly look and word, and you'll feel good over it for the rest of the day. And he too. You've used the principle and get the benefit of it.

Get two fighting schoolboys to stop their fight, make it up with each other and shake hands, and they're probably friends for life, anyhow for their school life. They've found that it's pleasanter that way, in fact downright happiness. It is a fuller comradeship.

A man I know has a small gold star on a blue enamel background over his bed. I asked him what the initials on it stood for, once, and he said, "Oh, that's my Brotherhood star." It was part of the badge of an Association that had ceased to be, years before, but the man said it reminded him of a pledge he had once taken to himself. He said he had come to a determination that now and then every day he would make the feeling of brotherhood in his mind and heart and as far as possible take every opportunity to speak and act accordingly. It was of this that the blue and gold star reminded him when it caught his eye or came across his memory in the day. The picture of it shining in his mind had come to be a real power in itself, by association, able to help him to the feeling he had associated it with.

This man was an example of the power of a high thought, steadily repeated, to alter and refine the whole nature. It had even bettered his general health. He never knew depression; he was never lonely, and nothing made him unhappy. People came to him when they were in any sort of trouble and never went away without help and encouragement.

Of his religion I do not know much, nor exactly what label you would put on it. "There's not much of religion that will go into words," he said once. "But if a man will stand in the place in himself where he feels kindness towards others and look up from there to the Power that sends its everlasting kindness down to him, he'll presently begin to know what religion is."

Brotherhood is easily got, and when got it leads to more than you would imagine. It's a light through, in the dark places of life. Hold it up and keep it up, and there's not a demon in one's nature, not a dark mood or impulse, that won't be presently wilted to death under its rays. The *Don't Worry* people are all right; but if men will use this *Do* along with any *Don'ts* they may find useful, they can accomplish a thousand other good results in addition to the one they're after. STUDENT



### The Veil of Birth and Death

By L. R.

NOW in the regions where the gods dwell in light and peace, the Earth was known as a far-off, sorrowful place. But that it reflected the sunshine, it might have been overlooked in the great heavens filled with starry worlds, many of them bright with an inner light of their own.

Though the earth was fair and wonderful, somehow things had gone wrong upon it. So the gods, moved by pity, had pledged themselves to share with the bewildered children of men their own light, and to carry it to them little by little even if it took until the end of time. For they lived in the very light itself.



Thus it came about that, one by one, an endless line of Pilgrims left their bright home and bravely made their way earthward. Without fear or favor they took on human life just as they found it, entering alike into hovel and palace and all kinds of places and claiming kinship with rich and poor, with bad and good, with ignorant and learned,—for all were sorely in need of light. Mayhap they were guided in their choice by the heart light of mother love, which, alike in homes of cosy comfort or of cheerless want, guarded tiny living garments of earth matter made ready for them to wear. Thus mother-love brings light to the earth.

These baby bodies that the incoming souls took on were fresh and sweet; but everything was so different from the existence of joyous freedom they had left behind, that often the first breath came with a protesting cry of dismay. Then, as the tender touch of sheltering mother arms pillowed the Pilgrim's head upon a loving heart, every sense was soothed, as by a fragrant memory of that foregone home of light and peace.

In long after years, many a man and woman Soul lost sight of the light they came to bring, and lost faith in their fellows; but few ever forgot that first touch of reality on earth which makes mother's love akin to the vital peace of the unseen world. To fall asleep in her arms was ever blessed rest; and often the aged, when dying, looked back to the beginning and longed to lay a weary head again on mother's breast as their eyes closed in a last long sleep.

The line of homeward bound Pilgrims was as continuous as the incoming stream, and to all of them the mystery and plan of endless existence were an open book. As familiar scenes faded and the senses ebbed from the dying, there came the liberating joy of freedom from a body which, at best, was but humanized dust. The only sting of death was the bitter regret felt by the released Pilgrim, who saw recorded upon the screen of time the full meaning of every event in the journey just ended, and realized where he had failed to use Life's chances when he was fitly embodied for Earth's work. But with this backward look, the outgoing Soul renewed its pledges, resolving that *the next time*, the light should burn more brightly than ever.

As Death stilled the Pilgrim's senses into a wise silence, the meaning of everything was so clear it seemed as if the Soul *could* not be confused or bewildered or forget itself, however deeply it might be veiled in flesh. But so it must be, until the light in every human heart shall overcome all darkness and delusion.

To the glorious, unconquerable Soul, the change into

petty, unclean and unsatisfying Earth-life is like the smothering darkness of Death; while release from the body is a royal rebirth into native light and freedom.

The curtain between the two worlds marks the time and place for Pilgrims coming and going, to change their garb. But to Life, which is older than Time itself, and is ever pulsating throughout space and in every atom of matter as well, the veil of Birth and Death no more begins or ends progress than do the figures on a dial.

The incoming Pilgrims still remember who they are, for a little while, so that the fresh purity and sweet trust — outbreathed from baby bodies helps the diseased and

weary world with renewed hope and courage. But as their bodies grow and their senses become stronger, even those who love them best let them drift into the unwise and bewildered ways of an unhappy world. The confused, insistent claims of the body and its brain-mind drown the Soul harmony in countless discords. Even so, there are flaming moments when the heart light warms and thrills the whole being with its native sense of pure creative power which yet shall make this world anew, as fair and wonderful within as it is without.



WHERE THE NEW WAY IS PUBLISHED

### Somewhere to Live

A MAN should see to it that he has somewhere to live in his old age.

I was moved to that reflection on finding myself rheumatic this morning. And consequently out of temper, and not seeing things straight, and being shut in. I was in the cell rather than in the open air.

An early riser will know what I mean by that last sentence. Beside the outer silence and peace due to people not having yet begun to stir, there is a silence and peace of the *mind* in the first while after sunrise, due to the common day-thoughts not having yet begun to stir. It is a sense of inner peace or largeness, well lit-up, though; and also as if there was a good deal of high mind-work going on somewhere beyond the brain that was too big or too high for the brain to be able to understand.

Gradually the body and brain get to business and shut this early large-thinking man up small inside them. The day begins. But it is a much better day, all along, if the man has been up attending to that while of peace and silence and largeness. For that was a spell of true life, and if a man persists with it day after day he comes to understand what true life is, the life that did not be-

gin at birth nor is broken by the coming of death.

Well, I was rheumatic and livery and woke late, woke already shut into the body and brain with my rheumatism and a poor temper and poor-tempered thoughts and feelings. Nothing but *me*, no *ME*. I call that larger fellow of the first while *ME*; my day's personal fellow — a rather disagreeable person — *me*.

Not everybody gets rheumatic as the years pass on. But of course the body wears stiff; its doings among its nerves and brain and organs get slow and awry; it's getting necessarily rusty. To a certain extent a man must put up with this.

But it needn't affect him very much if he has learned where to live, if he has developed a *ME*. If he has been content to remain a mere *me*, why of course there is nothing of him but what is affected by the rusty conditions of his body, though he may get accustomed to them in a way. Still, he's a shut-in.

The idea is, to have the other and larger life all ready to retire to. You are then in the body, but also in a larger world. The body may be uncomfortable and perhaps crippled in some way visible or not, but this will not only not seem important but will be a positive help to the will in opening up the other life wider and wider.

Therefore let us at all times be developing a blue sky of our own to live under, with a glowing sun in it, or else the stars and a silver moon.

STUDENT

### The Inner Chamber

IT was years ago that I first read Whitman. But, toiling here and there through the pages, I found nothing (or very little) to which I responded.

Lately, by some impulse, I pulled out the volume again. And now I found that here and there he was voicing the very soul and inwardness of my mind. What he said was now in me, awaiting the very words in which he said it. Poetry and all fine reading draws out into clear light what was previously hidden in us. It makes a man known to himself. The outer man has often no understanding at all of the inner man and his wealth, though the inner man is also himself. The poetry that appeals gives the inner a voice and a shape that can be heard and seen and understood by the outer. And so also of music. Neither can give outright. They only interpret and make manifest.

As we live, think, suffer and endeavor — especially suffer! — the inner man grows, deepens. So we find as the years go by that the old pleasures are empty; we are beyond them, greater now than they. Surely nothing to lament in that, the very sign of growth! And now the book, the poetry, that once was nothing to us, is aglow with meaning. We have ripened, we are ready for the message, the message from the inner to the outer. If we are wise in our life, in our readings, in our meditations, seeking daily the inner silence of

aspiration, we can as it were at last transfer ourselves from the outer to the inner and find peace and wealth — and this without leaving the outer or omitting any duty or any kindly service and attention to others.

Whitman lived his last fifteen years of life paralysed but 'uncomplaining,' they say. There was no 'complaint' just because the inner life had come out and become the outer and filled up the outer with its fullness.

STUDENT

### The Passing of Revenge

A MAN hits or insults you, and you hit him back without a thought. That's ordinary, unregenerate human nature.

And being human nature, it is, on the whole, Society's treatment of the criminal. The criminal has in some way wronged Society or some one or more members of it and after certain technical procedures Society hits him back.

Until recently, and mostly yet, it hit him back without a thought, instinctively: that is, without considering whether the back-blow was the way of wisdom. It dealt out the instinctive back-blow that the ordinary man renders for an insult. It calls the blow 'punishment,' and it grades the hardness in a rough sort of way; but the name does not essentially alter the proceeding.

Which is really a sufficient argument against or condemnation of 'punishment'; for very few would question that the instant revengeful back-hit of human lower instinct is wrong.

But if 'punishment' is *wrong*, then there won't and can't be good results from it. Of the two desired results — that the wrong doer shall be hit, and that crime shall be lessened — there will only be the first. Crime is not lessening but increasing. Our method is not staying the increasing diffusion of criminality, nor causing the criminal, after release, to be less likely than before to commit his crime. As much as he is less likely, is the result, not of the 'punishment' awarded, but of the agony of exposure and disgrace. The treatment itself, dispiriting, unmaning, resentment-making, tells in *favor* of subsequent crime.

As we said, crime is increasing. The treatment of it is wrong and we are accordingly getting the inevitable results of wrong doing.

The proper treatment of crime seems to most people, once they seriously take it up, an insoluble problem.

But note this rather significant fact: That as soon as it began to dawn upon some minds that the betterment of the criminal, physical, mental and moral, and not revenge, not the back-blow, was the proper motive to start with — then some new ideas began to come and we had the parole system, the indeterminate and suspended sentence, juvenile courts, etc., etc.

And we say that in proportion as the revenge treat-

ment is seen through and becomes distasteful, in proportion to the numbers whose minds thus change, will new and right ideas present themselves and join on to the few we now have. And at last, when the revenge idea is wholly gone, we shall find the absolutely right treatment, the only treatment that will give the steady diminution of crime which we want to see.

The revenge instinct is wholly vicious and only in proportion as we get rid of it will our minds clear up and come in sight of methods of treatment which are wise and humane and consequently fruitful. We can remain blind as long as we choose. But there is a little eye-opening here and there.

STUDENT

### Myself

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

I HAVE to live with myself, and so  
I want to be fit for myself to know.  
I want to be able, as days go by,  
Always to look myself straight in the eye;  
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,  
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf  
A lot of secrets about myself,  
And fool myself, as I come and go,  
Into thinking that nobody else will know  
The kind of a man I really am;  
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,  
I want to deserve all men's respect;  
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf  
I want to be able to like myself.  
I don't want to look at myself and know  
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me;  
I see what others may never see;  
I know what others may never know;  
I never can fool myself, and so,  
Whatever happens I want to be  
Self-respecting and conscience free. —*Selected*

### The Unconquerable

THE battle is not lost so long as you have a leg to stand on and a gun to fire. Even in destruction and death the real hero rises unconquerable.

Men may take your money from you, deprive you of liberty, lock you in prison, torture you; but they cannot defeat you, even as naked hands cannot smother the high flame. Fate itself, the plotting stars, the plan of destiny, cannot overcome you, if you are of good

courage. By and by the universe retires before the soul that will not fear.

Whatever theologies say, there is but one unpardonable sin in nature; it is to be afraid.

Courage is the primal virtue. It was the first flower of mastery to bloom in the human race. It is the universal virtue. There have been savage tribes who have known not so much as a name for some of the moral excellencies of our civilization; there has never existed a tribe who did not revere courage.

There are always reasons for giving up. Arguments for self-pity are thick as blackberries.

The world is crowded with thorns and cruelties, causes for tears. Courage is the divine unreason; against a rock, the waves of disaster beat in vain.

Say to yourself: I am the unconquerable. I shall arrive. In the center of creation sits not an enemy, but my Friend. I shall arrive, what time, what circuit first, I ask not. In some time, His good time, I shall arrive. Let come what will, I shall never say I am beaten. I am not a negligible molecule, a mote in the sunbeam, a worm; I am a man; and so help me God, I shall play the man.—*Dr. Frank Crane. (Selected)*

### Outlook

NOT to be conquered by the headlong days,  
But to stand free: to keep the mind at brood  
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude  
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;  
At every thought and deed to clear the haze  
Out of our eyes, considering only this,  
What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,  
This is to live and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human need  
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb  
With agony; yet, patience—there shall come  
Many great voices from life's outer sea,  
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,  
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity. —*Selected*

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### The Notebook of Quotes

GET hold of the powers you haven't by using those you have. All the *I can't's* in life come from non-use of the easy and plentiful *I cans*. A man who *can't* get over his bad temper *can* make himself give the others a friendly, pleasant good-morning as he comes to breakfast. A man who *can't* get up in the morning with the bell *can* stop lazing in the chair when there are duties to be done, *can* stop that day-dreaming and do something or take a book, *can* stop that slouching and walk like a man. A man who *can't* get over that habit of over-eating *can* sit upright at table and do his eating like a gentleman. In other words, all self-controls that are difficult can be reached through the self-compulsions that are easy. Use the will where you *can* make it work, and in time there will be no places where you *can't*. The best moral tonic and character-builder I ever heard was: — Where there are several duties confronting you, select the one you least want to do and get at it smartly. There is no jelly-fish that cannot get a backbone.

—From a *Psychology Manual*.

To have one thought instead of another, this one instead of that — is the key to progress of every sort, in mind and character. Thoughts are either the wings or the clogs of the mind; they color it, build or unbuild it. Watch them, select; reject. Persevere till the watchfulness becomes automatic.

A MAN who holds down rising anger does far more than simply check an outburst of unruly passion. The force controlled is not merely suppressed, it is transformed and raised, and travels outwards as a subtle radiation of the soul whose influence is unimaginably great. —P. L.

WHAT a man does instantly reacts upon his nature and he becomes the product of his deeds.

ANYONE can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the Sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means.

GET over the habit of talking to yourself, of letting your mind talk to you, if you want peace. For the mind may suddenly remember something or imagine something or anticipate something that will stir up anger or annoyance or dread or longing or irritation. And out of that a quarrel or a foolish deed may arise that you may regret for the rest of your life. A man's ordinary thoughts as he works are usually of no more use to him than the flies that buzz about his face and are just as worrying. Get slowly the difficult power of commanding mind-peace, mind-silence, at will. It can be got. And then the deeper, fuller nature opens; the mystery of life becomes plain; the mind becomes changed and its thoughts come into harmony with the thoughts of the soul.

If you want to grow in mind or character, stop talking of or thinking of another man's weaknesses or shortcomings. Not only is the mental energy you do it with the same that you need for your building, but it is the same at work *destructively*, undoing any constructive work you have already accomplished with it. *Mind your own business* is something we should say to ourselves ten times for once we say it to another. Contempt, dislike, and anger, are our constructive force turned enemy.

'THIS golden day' — how can a man think that in this grimy, clattering workshop?

Well, it's just a fight between the workshop and you. If the workshop wins, you've got a leaden day to live through. If you win your thought, even a moment, even merely try to win it, you're that much more of a man, that much too many for things to down. That's what 'things' are for, in a big view. They're a rough matchbox for a man to strike his will alight on. You can't strike it alight on a velvet cushion.

YES, the conditions are painful, humiliating, repressive, — anything you like. But, sometime, each of us will get out of them. Well, why not *get out of them* whatever they can give us that's any good to us? String up the will tight in refusal to let them depress us. By that we get their juice. By that we use them instead of letting them ride us. A pain is a pain, but when it's over it's just as well to be able to look back and say you're glad you took it the way you did. If it's going to be there anyhow, *use* it. Use or be used, — that's an alternative always offered to all men by all circumstances.

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

THE universe of things ought to be considered as ordained principally for this: That through it, as through a highway or some natural stair provided with firm and fixed steps, a man may proceed and ascend within the sanctuary of his own self, where he may see and know himself, and find; with wonder and surprise, his own infinite value, power, and the inestimable riches hidden within himself. —*Raymond of Sabunde*

CONCENTRATION of thought, one-pointedness, as the Hindûs called it, is something to us almost unknown. Our minds are like kaleidoscopes of thoughts in constant motion; and to shut our mental eyes to everything else, while dwelling on one thought only, has become to most of us almost as impossible as to apprehend one musical note without harmonics. —*Max Müller*

EVERYTHING we do becomes a part of us. We are better or worse every hour; we are never morally stationary, because, whether we think, speak, or act, we are fashioning ourselves and making our destiny.

11 1917

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for Soldiers and Sailors

To exchange this thought for that,  
Here is the Pathway.

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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WITHIN THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

### How to Make the Bed

"I COULDN'T bother to do it as carefully as that."

I was speaking to my tent-mate who was making his bed with his usual attention to exact flatness and neatness.

"Why not be an expert in bed-making as well as anything else?" he said. "It costs next to nothing. The bed's got to be made. May as well get something

out of a necessary job. At a cost of two more minutes than you spent on yours I've accomplished quite a deal, in fact several deals, moral, mental, spiritual, aesthetic, psychological — want any more of it?"

"Hire a hall, Jim," I said. "This is too much wisdom to give out to one man. 'The Rev. James Bonney will deliver his famous lecture on bed-making. Illustrative pictures. Five reels.'"

"Well," he said meditatively as he lit his pipe and

sat down, "I've sometimes thought I'd like to *be* a reverend for a while so as to deliver a few discourses on a text that's never had a fair run. I mean '*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do* —' you know the rest. Now that's as full of meat as an egg. I used to keep it stuck up over my bed. And that's why I began to think it meant bed-making as well as anything else.

"Any fellow can just do what he's got to. It's the extra touch a man gives to his jobs that presently lifts him out of the *any-fellow* ranks into the commissioned.

"There's a string of things that a man's got to do every day, duties of one sort or another. Now I say that if a man flings his whole mind into every one of them as if he were practising to be an expert at each, he'll be ten times more of a man at the end of a year than a man that puts his best juice only into what he likes doing.

"It's obvious that he can't *lose* anything at this game. He's keeping himself fit all over, mind and body. He builds something into his nature with everything he does. And when playtime comes he gets more fun out of the play because he's trained himself to throw himself head and ears into every job. His will's growing all the time because he keeps it toned up against the laziness and slackness we're all born with. His mind learns to concentrate and his body to be dexterous and strung up. If a man's mind is on tone, so is his body. His muscles are taut, not slack. He walks upright and alert, like a man, and his digestion and health generally, are good. If he uses his eyes, ears, fingers and what not to the full on everything he's got to do, they get keener and better fit for everything else. Because his will's growing he comes to be able to control himself in every direction. Then, because he's trained his mind to come to heel all the time and not fly around so much, it gets out of the way of hunting up thoughts that worry and are bad for him, and it becomes a reliable instrument for his thinking and study. It'll get to the bottom of things he wants it to think of. And it'll stay quiet when he wants to enjoy music or a bit of fine landscape.

"And he lives about four times as much as the other fellow because he travels faster and sees more scenery."

"Sees more scenery?" I said.

"Yes, it's something like this:

"Fellows are apt to complain of their lives being monotonous — same old things everlastingly to do. I'm beginning to get on to a queer law about life. It looks to me, and looks the more like it the more I look, that these 'same old things' cling on to fellows just because they don't stand up and meet them right. I mean because they don't do them with that extra touch, don't throw themselves right in. They don't *exhaust* the situation. It looks to me that when a fellow *does* do this, does go right into his monotonous jobs and exhaust them — why, after a certain time they quit, drop off him and he passes on to something better, even if it does take the gods a little time to notice what he's doing and promote him. And all this is in addition to the fact that jobs done so as to get something out of them

for will and mind and character, done with tone to them, mostly cease to be burdensome. A man partly forgets *what* he's doing in the *way* he does it.

"A fellow's got to meet a given lot of experiences till he *does* meet them. Then they quit. Just you look and see if that don't seem to be so. Slouching and shying at duties is the way to have them stick like barnacles.

"So according to this everything a fellow does should be done with a tone, done full chorus. If he says good-morning let him put some friendly juice into it. If he's got to walk twenty yards let him walk them, not slouch them.

"And there's the philosophy of bed-making. Be an expert at it, *and* at saying good-morning, *and* at playing a ball game, *and* at learning French and the big drum, *and*, when necessary, in resting in an arm chair and thinking of nothing *but* rest and relaxation. But you get so that you don't need much of that. This line of work presently gives the strength it goes along with, and a margin over as a tonic.—THE OTHER FELLOW



## How to Treat Things

### A WARDEN'S ADDRESS

I'VE been a warden a good many years, boys, as you know, and I've always tried to make things as easy as the good running of the place and the state regulations permitted. I've been in plenty of troubles myself and hundreds of men here, first and last, have told me more or less about their own lives and their thoughts about life in general. And so, what with one thing and another, a kind of philosophy of life and how to live has grown up in my mind that I think you won't mind my telling you. It works in my case and I believe it will in yours, and living by it is teaching me more about my own nature every day. There's more *to* a man, there's more goes on in a man, and he's got more powers — undeveloped as they may be — than most of us think. And it's right living that opens up this larger nature to our knowledge.

The question is, how to deal with the *troubles* of life. The easy places we needn't now talk about.

I always found that if you speak hopefully to yourself about things and don't worry they respond after a bit. The 'Don't Worry' people are on to the secret to a certain extent, some of them perhaps altogether; but in general their prescription is incomplete. Mere not-worrying is compatible with laziness, and though a mentally lazy man, going according to the 'don't worry' formula, may secure himself an easy time for a while, sooner or later there's endless trouble for him. He's merely in arrears with his worrying, not settled with it.

"Oh, you'll work out all right somehow." A man who had often been in difficulties of almost every kind told me once that if he said that to things when they were at their tightest and seemed to be getting more



threatening for him all the time — if he said that and quietly went ahead in that sort of trust and did the best with them they *did* "work out all right somehow."

He was no lazy man, mind or body, and he did his best with the situation as he came face to face with it. And this he regarded as half the prescription, the other half, neither half working without the other. "Speak kindly to things," he said, "*and treat 'em right*, and they'll presently respond like an animal. Sail straight up to a cliff face that looks impassable, and you'll find a way will open and let you through. Don't worry things by worrying about them, and they'll treat you right in the end."

The philosophy of the matter is that the running of things is not accidental. They correspond with the man they come up to meet. Look them straight in the face and ask them what they're trying to do to you *and why*. What's in you that they're responding to and corresponding with? Then you get their message. They're telling you something about yourself, something you need to look after.

Don't worry them by worrying about them. You owe them duties, just as you owe duties to an animal you keep. Do every last duty to the full, like a man, by all circumstances and people, and you make circumstances your friend. You've got a right to trust them because you're doing your duty by them. They serve you. You're bigger than they. Directly you've got their message well into you they'll bow and open a way for you to pass.

I don't say no misfortunes will happen to a man that takes this line. We've all of us slipped up on our duties in the past, for one thing. We haven't treated things right and so they come up again in some form to give us the chance to give them a better deal, come up bunched sometimes and consequently very uncomfortable. Treat them right *now*, anyhow; respect their rights *now*; don't worry them; and even the worst of them, given that prescription — both halves of it — will "work out all right somehow." When a man stands up to his duties of all sorts he's standing in that part of his nature where he is bigger than things and is the guide of things. But it's such an unaccustomed and mostly undeveloped part of his nature that he can't see the guidance he is doing. Till his eyes open, the eyes of that part of his nature, and he gets light, he must just work on in the dark. But there's always light enough to see his duties if he keeps on at the nearest ones, each as it comes. The confusing thing is that the way through difficulties and troubles opens in front so apparently accidentally and casually that for a long time it's impossible for him to believe that by doing his duty, trusting, and not worrying, it is his own hand that is opening it. He's like a magnet approaching a lot of iron filings. They fall into order as it nears, without it's seeming to do anything at all. A man is a magnet, and the will with which he keeps serene and does his duty is his magnetism. With that he's boss all the time.

REPORTER

November 30

"WELL, it is the day after. A year till next time. Still, Christmas in a month."

"My dear boy, never look back."

"I wasn't; I was looking forward."

"Looking forward, in the way you were doing it, is really looking back. You look back to what you *have* had and then throw it ahead and see it coming again. What do you get by looking either ahead or behind? Much more unrest and unhappiness than pleasure."

"You mean live in the moment as it comes to you, like an animal, no yesterday, no tomorrow?"

"Well, things do come to us rather than we to them. When we talk of *our* past we really mean the past of *things*, the things or events that have gone. When we talk of *our* future we mostly mean the future of *events*, things that will come. The terms past and future refer to what flows, not to ourselves whom it flows past. In this connexion it's the show, the outward, that does the flowing. We are the spectators of the passing panorama. *We* have a past, present and future independent of the past, present and future of the show or flow of outward events. Why not pay some attention to that? There are two worlds, the within and the without, and we stand in both, but so absorbed in the outer that we forget the inner. More really, we stand in that inner all the time and look out of it upon this outer, having forgotten where we actually are. We only increase the forgetfulness by this constant looking backward and forward, remembering and anticipating. The proper treatment of the passing show is to take it as it comes, merely reacting properly to it.

"From another point of view you may say that at birth a part of us steps out of that other world into this show world and develops here a body and senses and special sort of mind to deal with what he finds. But part of us remains in the other, unnoticed by the part preoccupied here.

Our job is to get aware of that other. And the first thing is to stop bothering with the outer past and future and step back into the living inner present. What that inner world may be like and what that part of us that lives there is like cannot at once be understood with that other part of the mind that has been specially developed to contact and deal with the outer show."

"Then how's a man going to get any notion of the other?"

"He must find a bridge between the two parts of his mind and walk across. He must find that bit that's common to the two and use it as a key. If this outer world and the part of mind with which we deal with it were suddenly wiped out, only the other remaining, we should find that in that inner world and in that part of our minds that lives there we all felt like brothers, comrades. All our hard feelings towards each other, all our sense of separate interests, are *this* side of the bridge.

"But even on this side we do sometimes feel like brothers, comrades — when we are at our best. So in that feeling and thought, brotherhood, sympathy, compassion, kindness, we have a state or action of the mind that is common to both its parts. By encouraging it, cultivating it, as it were walking on it as on a bridge, we can gradually become aware of the other without leaving here.

"In that other world is *light*, light in its highest term. And in *this* world when we look for instance at the sun our minds fill with the conception of light. With *light*, therefore, we have a thought and state that is also common to both worlds and by which, as by the feeling of brotherhood, we can begin to link up with the other and get ourselves across understandingly. Harmony, music, likewise. There are some kinds of music, some tunes, that carry a man as we say 'out of himself', much as harmony of *color* will do for others. 'Out of himself' means *into* his other self, the other world.

"So it is the rest of ourselves that we want, the part that lives in light and harmony, in the other world, the within and beyond world. It is that that we need to find and to feel the presence of and connect up with. It can be done. Then this one is no more a pain. We have found the other *in* this one, all through it."

STUDENT

### What After Death?

(From a letter)

I HAVE often thought that we can get some idea of after-death states by a study of during-life states. Memory, sleep, and awakening, must be clues.

Our past mostly comes up in memory all fair-hued. But memory does its magic by selection, not distortion. It picks out the happier scenes and moments of our past, neglecting what came between, and from these makes a new whole which is at once true and false. My boyhood, as it now lives again in my mind, is all glee and green fields and early summer mornings and romps by the river after school. The little sorrows and disappointments and losses that intermixed with this are not painted in, though I can recall some of them if I will. I say 'little,' but the sorrows were keen enough then; yet memory, left to itself, manages to drop them out on the whole. It does not give me the wet days and the clouds. It is by reason, rather than by memory, that I know that lights and shades alternated in the life of that boy just as they do in the life of this man, the shades predominating; for as that is my somewhat unhappy nature, so it was his. So I am not really deceived by this trick of spontaneous memory in leaving out all or nearly all the shadows. But I can understand from it that if death comes to us as a deeper sleep, necessary as a rest for the life-weary mind, the dreams that fill that sleep-time will reproduce the *happier* moments

only of the life that has closed, and from those selected moments will fill in and complete a picture the utter refreshingness of which just depends on this selection.

I am certain that death is sleep; but what opens for us on the new morning when that sleep has done its work and all the fibers of the mind are cleaned and cleared and refreshed by it I know not. Wherever the resumed life will be lived, it is at any rate a new opportunity. And it is a new and refreshed and stronger man facing the opportunity. For our present pains do teach and develop, though we may not be able in words to say what or how. They do slowly transform and deepen character, provided we do not let them embitter us. Indeed I do not see how character could be deepened and enriched and made noble and tender in any other way.

So the pains do their work and sink into the deep background of memory, not to come forward among the dreams of the sleep that follows death. But the joys do; they are there in their live pure colors for the refreshment of the after-death sleeper. And the new life opening when that sleep is done must contain and exhibit all the good and all the strength that had been acquired throughout the old one.

For me, then, there is nothing to dread in death. I accept the program set for us, believing that wisdom and compassion underlie it all and that all is arranged for our growth. In this reasoned faith it is possible to take everything that comes. And as, little by little, this faith clears and tranquilizes the mind, we begin to be able to get gleams of light and insight that may enable faith to give place to actual vision and knowledge.

Death stands above me, whispering low  
I know not what into mine ear;  
Of his strange language all I know  
Is, there is not one word of fear.

### The Story of the Day

THE afternoon is for most of us the heavy part of the day. Work has to be done more or less against the grain.

The morning goes pretty well. The mind seems freer, not so weighted with the body.

And in the evening, if there is something worth reading at hand or something light to do or see, the time goes all right.

Almost anybody that is accustomed to take note of his feelings would say about the same as the above. But very few either inquire into the meaning of these changes of feeling or try to take advantage of them.

The body does not fully wake up till midday. The early sun wakes up the brain and senses, but the main interior activities concerned with digestion and assimilation to some extent hang fire till noon. You'll find your dog lying around sleeping most of the morning. And experiments on even the plants have shown that

their electrical currents and responses to stimulation are slow and sluggish till the sun is in midheaven at noon.

Till midday, therefore, the interior bodily processes do not make much of a drag on the mind, do not much attract its attention, leave it free for its own working.

But by noon or soon after, they all come alive and the mind is drawn in, feels the bodily conditions much more than in the forenoon and especially more than in the early morning. And as none of us is right healthy and most of us very far indeed from real health — even

read something light and interesting rather than something calling for much mental effort during the hour or so before bedtime.

But before actual *sleep* comes to be demanded we have a period when the mind is free from both pulls if we would but notice it. It has not yet quite got the pull towards sleep. And it is mostly free from the pull of interior bodily doings. In this quiet period it is very receptive of impressions made upon it, impressions coming from what is read or thought, and impressions from



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#### THE 'SINGER MIDGETS' VISITING LOMALAND

These little people comprise representatives of several nations. They are not only highly educated, the majority of them being graduates of European universities, but socially most charming and cultured.

though we may have no definite trouble with a name and needing treatment and consequently call ourselves well — these faulty conditions all through the body disturb the mind likewise, weight it down or infect it with some drab mood. And presently the products of slow or faulty digestion make the case worse.

But in the evening the body has come to a reckoning with itself and temporarily closes the account. The bodily currents slow down and ease off. The various organs slacken their work and the muscles relax. The brain is no longer so much called upon or worried by the interior doings of the body. Its active particles take on a finer vibration and as the evening goes on they no more want to be compelled to do hard thinking than the muscles to do hard work. They are getting ready for sleep. That is why we feel the inclination to

the higher nature, the soul. All these are seeds, germinating during the hours of sleep, getting ready to become active elements among the first thoughts of the next day, capable of making the next day a blessing or a curse to us, making it sunlit or heavily blackened with clouds. That is why the last few minutes of reading and thought are so important. They are the time of tuning ourselves to the soul and getting aware of its presence and light.

So don't study or read novels right up to bedtime.

Don't talk your mentality away during the first two or three hours of the day. Keep its mainspring tense in silence as far as you can.

And regard the afternoon as the great battleground, the training ground for will. Put the will into it so that it goes with snap and vim against any weight of

resistance. In other words make its very difficulty tell on your side instead of against you. (N. B. But you need not make the difficulty worse by so bolting the food at your midday meal half masticated that its mis-digestion and your subsequent poisoning by it are insured.)

M. D.

### The Call to Men

WHEN we talk of a *man*, like that, with an emphasis, what are we chiefly thinking of and admiring in him?

More than one fine quality, of course; but qualities of character, not of mind. We don't say a man is a *man* because of his mathematical powers or musical culture or skill in languages or cookery, though he may have these acquirements.

Among the qualities we think of as going to make a *man*, must always be *will*. There is no true manhood unless a great will is there at the back to support and develop the rest. There may be all sorts of fine instincts and impulses, but unless a will is there to stay them and give them blood and put them through, they don't give a man the noble title of *man*.

Will has no power to *select* a line of conduct. Judgment does that. Will is the power to *keep* the line against resistance. *All the real resistances are within*. It is easy enough to act along lines of *desire*. That is not really acting at all. It is being carried, pulled. The man who wills holds himself *against* this pull. He has determined on his line.

Will is the mate of imagination. A man imagines himself as different from and stronger than his desires, above them. With his will he makes that good. And this imagined picture or thought of himself presently starts helpfully into action on its own account. For if he holds it steady in his mind and keeps repeating it from day to day, keeps it sustained, it will itself attract some will into it and thus do half the work of becoming an actuality.

The man works his will at two places. At one place he keeps sustaining his thought of himself as boss among his desires; at the other he enforces his thought upon them or kicks them aside.

One of these desires, acting as spokesman as it were or agent of the rest, will try to get him to stop making and holding that picture. It may work under the form of laziness or inertia, or under the form which says, "Oh, what's the use?" What's the use because I know I can't win? or, What's the use of winning? Why not have a quiet life and take myself as I find myself?

So this spokesman or agent is the great enemy and 'gets' the man who won't be man enough to be a *man* or won't own to himself that he is being fooled and nosed by a part of himself that he ought to trample down and walk over and reduce to its proper subordination.

What does 'ought' mean here? Ought is another form of the word *owe*. A man *owes* it to the Light to strive upward, since were it not for what the Light (of his soul) has done for him and within him he would still be nothing better than an animal in the wild. And no man ever makes an effort that does not work out as much for the general progress as for his own. Nor can any one be a 'slacker' in this spiritual battle without chilling the hearts of some weaker than himself whom yet he may never have outwardly seen or known. We are all linked invisibly and all the single skirmishes are parts of one great battle.

STUDENT

### Unnoticed Signals

SOME very fine poetry had been appearing in our prison magazine, musical, full of meaning and inspiration, and lofty in expression. Nobody, not even the editor, knew who had written it. There were guesses, of course, but when the truth somehow at last leaked out we found that nobody had guessed aright. It was a little quiet fellow that no one had even thought of. He didn't mix much with the rest of us and hardly ever conversed with anyone. But though he kept so much to himself there was always a friendliness and pleasantness with him so that we liked him without very well knowing why.

"I suppose I'm two men, like the rest of us," he said to me once after the secret was out and I was asking him about his poetry. "Two lives, better, perhaps. There's one life, or one of me, out here in the yard and the workshops, the life of the day. And there's another when I get alone in the cell, the life when the poetry and all the thoughts and feelings that belong to it come in on me. That's the real me, the real life and the real me. I suppose it's running along all the time, but I only really know it and get it — I mean it only comes right into me — when I take up a pencil and try to express it in words and thoughts. I seem to take it up where I left off the night before. And it isn't lonely, either; I seem to come closer to the rest of you than when I am actually among you. I seem to be telling the rest what's in me."

"You think everyone has this other life?" I asked.

"Yes, it's there. But it can't get out, can't make itself known to them, at least not so that they clearly recognise it. I don't quite know how I came upon it. I never had very first class health and so I got to be a good deal of a reader, as a boy. Emerson — prose and poetry — seemed to wake me up more than anything. opened up thoughts and feelings in me that I couldn't put into words. I guess it was through him and writers like him that the place in me where those thoughts and feelings are, waked up. Or I waked up to them. There must be some way for everybody to get at his inner life if he could only find it out. 'Twouldn't be the same

for all. I suppose that anything any man finds the highest for him would be his way. It might be love of children, or just love of his mother; or music; or love of giving service and help or spreading cheerfulness and encouraging down-hearted fellows; or getting on top of the worst part of himself. Books, like me with Emerson, might do it; or general thinking over the meaning of things with the hope that something in him that knew would give him light, might be a man's way. A man's religion, if he really had it, rightly taken, is a sure way.

"I don't always know what people men mean when they talk of the soul. But the soul, to me, is that part of a man that's always in this inner life".

"Must be hard for some men to get at," I said.

"Perhaps it is. And yet not if a man wants to. He's only got to find out what way gives him the surest touch of it, and go ahead getting that touch as often as he can, trying to remember the feel of it, and thinking about it when he's alone. And every man gets touches of it all along that he doesn't notice."

REPORTER

### The Mind of God

AND behold there was a palm-tree by the well in the desert outside my tent. And I looked upon it through the open space of the tent door.

I thought: There beyond is the palm-tree, and here within, in my mind, is a picture of the same.

It seemed to me that my mind presently went forth from me, carrying within it its thought-image of the tree. It went forth toward the tree and drew near to it and enveloped it in such wise that the mind-image of the tree and the tree itself blended and became one.

And my mind understood then that even as it had held within it its thought-image of the tree, even so was the real tree a living image in the mind of God. And all things whatsoever, I perceived, were live images created in the mind of God and placed before us that we might see and so comprehend somewhat of the mind of God. The mind of God compasseth and filleth all space, and within it as images are all things. We see it not, but only the images we call things. And because the mind of God is divinely alive and creative, all the images existing therein are alive with His life. It is because their essence is mind that they can enter and become known to human minds. And until we know them as mind we call them 'matter,' which is but a word for mind unrecognized as mind.

So my mind withdrew itself from the palm-tree and came back to me. And I was no more lonely. Was not the mind of God shining to me in the sun and moon and stars? Were not the trees and the young lambs its living containments? Nay, was not I myself, were not all men, drawing the breath of body and mind and soul, within the mind of God, brothers all, living, offspring of one Father-Life?

So I thought, and was happy.—*Arabian*

### An Arabian Story

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

\* \* \* \* \*

HAST seen

The record written of Salah-ud-Deen  
The Sultan? how he met, upon a day,  
In his own city on the public way,  
A woman whom they led to die. The veil  
Was stripped from off her weeping face, and pale  
Her shamed cheeks were, and wild her dark fixed eye,  
And her lips drawn with terror at the cry  
Of the harsh people, and the rugged stones  
Borne in their hands to break her, flesh and bones;  
For the law stood that sinners such as she  
Perish by stoning, and this doom must be.  
High noon it was, and the hot khamseen's breath  
Blew from the desert sands and parched the town.

... and one dog by a well,  
Nigh dead with thirst, lay where he yelped and fell,  
Glaring upon the water out of reach,  
And praying succor in a silent speech,  
So piteous were its eyes. Which when she saw,  
The woman from her foot her shoe did draw,  
Albeit death-sorrowful, and looping up  
The long silk of her girdle, made a cup  
Of the heel's hollow, and thus let it sink  
Until it touched the cool dark water's brink;  
So filled th'embroidered shoe, and gave a draught  
To the spent beast, which whined, and fawned, and quaffed  
Her kind gift to the dregs; next licked her hand,  
With such glad looks that all might understand  
He held his life from her; then, at her feet  
He followed close, all down the cruel street,  
Her one friend in that city.

But the king,  
Riding within his litter, marked this thing,  
And how the woman, on her way to die,  
Had such compassion for the misery  
Of that parched hound: "Take off her chain, and place  
The veil once more above the sinner's face  
And lead her to her house in peace!" he said.  
"The law is that the people stone thee dead  
For that which thou hast wrought; but there is come,  
Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb,  
Not heard upon thy trial; this brute beast  
Testifies for thee, sister! whose weak breast  
Death could not make ungentle."—*Selected*

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### The Guide-Book

QUESTION: *I would like to have a concrete practice pointed out to me as something to begin with in self-discipline.*

REPLY: Begin by trying to conquer the habit, almost universal, of pushing yourself forward. This arises from personality. Do not monopolize the conversation. Keep in the background. If someone begins to tell you about himself and his doings, do not take the first chance to tell him about *yourself*, your opinions and your experiences. Do not ask a question unless you intend to listen to the answer and inquire into its value. Try to recollect that you are a very small affair in the world. Your only greatness lies in your inner true self and it is not desirous of obtaining the applause of others. If you will follow these directions for one week you will find they will take considerable effort, and you will begin to discover a part of the meaning of the saying, "Man, know thyself." — *W. Q. Judge in The Path*

Man, made of thought, is eternally thinking. His chains are through thought; his release is due to nothing else. His mind is immediately tinted or altered by whatever object it is directed to. By this means the soul is enmeshed in the same thought or series of thoughts as is the mind.—*W. Q. Judge*

THAT which the mind ponders upon, into the likeness of that it is changed. This is the old secret of joy and of sorrow, of bondage and of freedom, of the soul's darkness and light.—*Hindu*

LIFE is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—

—*William Makepeace Thackeray*

PUTTING away slander, he abstains from calumny. What he hears here he repeats not elsewhere to raise a quarrel against the people here; what he hears elsewhere he repeats not here to raise a quarrel against the people there. Thus he lives as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends. . . .

Putting away bitterness of speech, he abstains from harsh language. Whatever word is humane, pleasant to the ear, lovely, reaching to the heart, urbane, pleasing to the people, beloved of the people—such are the words he speaks. . . .

Putting away foolish talk, he abstains from vain conversation.

And he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love; and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure.

—*From a Buddhist Scripture, translated by Rhys-Davids*

If we look at the field of operation in us of the so-called advantages of wealth and position, we see at once that it has to do with the brain and nothing else. Foods, clothes, sight-seeing and the like concern the brain, not the soul or character. As the brain is a portion of the unstable, fleeting body, the whole phantasmagoria disappears from view and use when death comes and the bodily inhabitant departs. But imagine the same brain and body *not* in places of ease, imagine that a good part of life has to be hard struggle, the doing of duty, not the pleasing of the senses; *this* experience will burn in, stamp upon, carve into the character more energy, more power and more fortitude. It is thus through the ages that great characters are made.

—*W. Q. Judge*

WHY does the tree throw up in the spring a million opened leaves to the sun? By the very same leap and outgoing glow of conscious life that makes the child shout as he races through the meadow. It is the outgoing of spirit into matter as the life of matter. Every movement of nature has its reflection, its counterpart, its explanation, in the consciousness of the heart of man, and he is spiritual who can read out his heart into nature. In the heart glows that one eternal life that is the real life of nature. Think what the years will do if we try only for a little, daily, to seek sanctuary in the heart. The little cares of life will begin to take their proper insignificance, and the small resentments at daily injuries cease to be. Charity for all men will soften our thoughts and words, for we shall see that what they do comes from their being unaware of the light we have begun to find.—*The Path*

IMAGINE a tree "of which two leaves observe each other externally for a long enough time, mutually exclusive, and without any suspicion that they have a life in common. The 'self-consciousness' of one of the leaves, deepening inwardly (down the twig or branch) at last reaches the point whence the 'self' of the other leaf branches off — and becomes aware of its unity with the other. Instantly its external observation of its fellow-leaf is transformed; it sees a thousand meanings in it which it never saw before. Its fellow-leaf is almost as much an expression of self as itself is; for both now belong to a larger self — that of the spray or branch from which they depend." — *Edward Carpenter*

### IN THE HEARTS OF HEARTS

OUR God is never so far off  
As even to be *near*.

He is *within*; our spirit is  
The home he holds most dear. . . .

So all the while I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,  
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,  
Myself God's sanctuary. —*F. W. Faber (Selected)*