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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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1718-22

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

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The Main Buildings

### Nothing for Nothing

"It is curious," said our philosopher, meditatively, "that whatever you want to add to the top of your nature you must cut out from the bottom. At the top of your nature are very fine faculties and powers, mostly undeveloped. At the bottom are appetites, instincts, self-esteem, selfishness, regard for what you think are your rights—in short the mixture we call 'human nature.' It is from these at the bottom that you must get the material to build with at the top—supposing you want to build. Fortunately there's so much down there to take from that anything you need for the top will never be missed. In fact the removal of what is necessary from the bottom will be beneficial to what's left."

"Let me illustrate. A college student, finding an examination ahead, sees that he must get to work on himself and develop say a mathematical faculty. This faculty for mathematics is not exactly at the top of our nature, but it's certainly a good way from the bottom.

"Well, this student, finding the faculty alarmingly undeveloped in view of the rapidly approaching examination, must cut out in its favor some of the instinct to eat too much or to drink and to laze around and so forth. This material cut out from the bottom he uses to build up the desired faculty at the top.

"Even the would-be athlete must go into training and deny himself something. Nothing for nothing. No graces nor faculties free; you must *work*—with

your will — for whatever you want, sacrificing something lower for every higher.

"I pointed out by means of the aforesaid student that a clear mind and fine memory are only to be got by curbing the excesses of certain lower instincts. You can have the excesses or you can have the clear mind. But not both. You must pay for one of them with the other. In a lazy man the bottom is growing at the expense of the top.

"You may think my remarks are now finished. But those of you that are still awake will find that the very flower and bloom of them is yet to come.

"There are faculties locked up in us all higher than the mathematical, faculties capable of understanding life and death and the soul and human destiny and immortality, faculties that can look into this earth of ours and see the new Earth and Heaven waiting to show through, faculties that can see the god with folded wings in every man of us, that can see the shining sun and blue sky in the depths of the heart of every mother's son here — but let me hold on. So far I'm only making bald statements of fact. But my imagination might get fired. Let that do.

"These top-story faculties are waiting, as I said. According to principles I laid down in my early remarks, if you want them you must pay from below.

"Pay what? Nothing less than what you call yourself! But the moment you begin to pay the price, that moment the goods begin to be delivered. The thing necessary to be got is an equanimity of mind that can't be shaken. In that equanimous part of the mind, once you get it in any degree, the fore-mentioned faculties begin to develop of themselves. It's the equanimity, the evenness, the unshakableness, that you have to pay for; after that, all comes of itself.

"Now see here: if a fellow does me an injury, or says me an insult — yes, I understand about grammar; I'm above that now — I'm hurt in mind or sense of dignity or rights, and I may want to do him an injury in return, or insult him back, or at least remonstrate, or go away and grieve.

"Well, I must get a state where I don't feel anything against him at all, feel quite kindly, and not hurt. I ought to say, get *to* this state; for there's a place in me already, the higher man, where this state now is. To achieve this I may perhaps reason with myself that in the long stretch of years, on through death to the life beyond, nothing like this is of any real importance at all in itself, only in the way I take it. What size will the matter look to me when I look back upon it in ten years or at death? I'm on a big business. This insult is a mere nothing. Get out of my way! I say to it.

"Now do you see? I pay my price for the goods I'm after.

"The same with ill-luck of any sort of size, or

good luck. I hold calm either way the dice come out.

"You see it's by the jolts of emotion, anger, resentment, exultation, grief, despair, anxiety about events, hope that some good stroke will come this way, disappointment that it doesn't, pride — all such things as these, by all these a man gets shaken from his inner calm and confidence. A man must meet these things day by day and gradually get himself out of their power, get such a sense of the great thing he's after, the divine powers of understanding that I spoke of, that he becomes too big to be troubled. His calmness and his kindness at last can't be shaken. And every move he makes along these lines, every trifle of victory over himself, means that much more calm and peace and that much more opening of his inner faculties to the deepest truths.

"Now here's a philosophy to live by, solid wisdom and commonsense. And interesting as you go along with it. Just win one victory and you know the trick of winning all the rest and your power to do it. And think how good it will all look in later years!

"And you'll find that something in things is watching you. Each of us has some one thing, some one worry or irritation, that keeps at him. He manages to dodge it along one line and in a week it's found another. But directly he's got too big for it and it can't upset him any more, it quits. And that's the only real way to be rid of such things. Get too big for them.

"And so, boys, with these few remarks I'll let you proceed with what you were saying when I felt called upon to intervene."

REPORTER

### Make Your Own Habits

SOME habits are merely foolish or useless, like Dr. Johnson's unbroken habit of touching every lamp-post he passed in the street. It had gradually absorbed a part of his will, come to be a center of action on its own account, and was able almost to compel him to do what it wanted. But of course if he had found it was growing further, so as for instance to make him want to touch every house or every vehicle by the roadside, he would probably have taken the trouble to kill it.

Nearly all habits, if they have a sphere of operation which admits of extension, do try to extend. Some of them, unchecked, lead on to one or another form of excentricity or insanity; some to moral ruin; some open the door to the man's endless growth and transform his mind and character.

Some habits almost start themselves, the man hardly noticing. Most of the injurious ones, even those that finally wreck their owner, start with a very innocent and playful look about them.

Others, all the best, require to be intentionally

created, and then watched, nourished and protected. For they will have subtle and hardy enemies in our human nature.

There are bodily habits, and mental habits, and spiritual habits. Doing something with the body may be the seed of a bodily habit; with the mind, the seed of a mental habit; doing something as a soul, with the mind made to co-operate, is the seed of a spiritual habit. It is this last, when come to full flower, that can transform us into all we want to be in our highest moments of aspiration.

For a spiritual habit also, once created, and afforded the little daily effort necessary to sustain it, will grow in-between-whiles of itself, acquire life and power, and finally enter and become a vital part of the self of the man that created it for that purpose. In this case we are intentionally using and permitting that tendency of habits to become more and more a part of a man's self which in the case of a *bad* habit may bring about his ruin.

Before leaving my room for breakfast I made a practise of reading one or more from a number of elevating quotations which I had copied out from time to time in the course of my general reading as they struck me at the moment. I gave three or four minutes to this so as to get thoroughly the spirit and uplift of what I had selected for that morning.

The habit soon became fixed. Gradually a sort of self or presence awoke in me, coming forward at that time every day and demanding that sort of food for itself. So I left my room every day conscious of that presence, of its increasing reality and strength, and of the uplift that followed my brief consciousness of it.

But somehow by the time I had finished breakfast I had lost all this and become my ordinary commonplace self again.

Then I thought: Why not make a strong effort and hold this through the meal? And this, in a few weeks, I found I could accomplish. After that it continued of itself. Mealtimes are a great opportunity for self-building.

But then the first few minutes of preoccupation with work again reduced me to myself. And again I made the same effort and gradually found that I could hold my other self as a steady light in the back of my mind all the hours of morning work.

At night, near sleep time, I won this again and as it were looking back *up* the day met the morning light coming *down* the day.

So by this double work I learned at last to live. For I had made a new self and in that began a new life, reborn.

We are accustomed to say that 'habit is second self.' And let us not think we are talking only in metaphor.

STUDENT

## Weak Wills and Good Resolutions

**M**OST of us fight shy of good resolutions. We have made them so often in the past and their life was *so* brief! Why should any new one do better? Our wills are no stronger than they were before.

Why not take a tonic for the will, a small dose two or three times a day? The same dose would be also serving as very legitimate food for our self-respect.

A *small* dose — there's the point, a dose that gives little trouble and is quite a pleasure to take.

For instance: A man who knows his tendency is laziness resolves one evening in a fit of enthusiasm that he will 'henceforth' get up early.

Do you know about the little boy dressing himself for the first time? His nurse, who had always hitherto done it for him, today only looked on and told him which came next. So he toiled through it all, the manifold buttonings and hookings and so on, and when he had at last finished he said: "Will I have to do all that every day?" "Yes." "Every day of my life, years and years and years?" "Yes, every day."

The prospect was too appalling and it seemed to him that it would be better to eat up the soap when the nurse wasn't looking and so shake off this weary world forever.

The nurse should have said: "Well, you do it just for the next three or four days and then we'll talk about it again."

And so our lazy friend should have resolved to get up early for perhaps one week or even less, saying to himself that after that he would regard the question as perfectly open for a new consideration, nothing yet determined in the matter. At the end of the week he could have taken another. His mistake was to say to himself the fatal word 'henceforth.' That aroused in self-defence every lazy particle of his nature.

The surly-tempered man, finding his surliness is bad for his liver — which it is — or that it spoils any comradeships that he would really like to make — for in our hearts we are all human and kindly and better than our thoughts and tempers — decides that he will 'henceforth' be different and genial.

But the very next morning he is off his new base from the moment he wakes! He never gets round to his resolution *at all*! It was that thought *henceforth*, waking up every surly particle of his nature, determined, every one of them, to hold on to their quarters.

But they wouldn't have taken any notice if he had vowed to himself that just *tomorrow* he would give a genial good-morning to the first fellows he met. That wouldn't have seemed to them to threaten their lives or to be a notice of eviction for all time.

That's the way to go on — small steps well within your power; each one, as taken, giving you sense of self-respect and the consciousness of power to do more.

These are the doses of tonic. And it often happens that when a man has taken but three or four of them he suddenly finds to his astonishment that he has broken some old fetter that has been tethering him for years, or even has the power to start a new life.

But go slow! Be careful of the word *henceforth!* The will is in you, all the will necessary for anything; but it needs to be taught confidence in itself, led up to the tasks it can do and patted on the back for doing them.

There aren't any weak wills, only unused ones. So come on! Who's for good resolutions again, *small* ones?

STUDENT



### Reading Human Nature

WE should all like to be readers of human nature, but very few of us know how to set about gratifying our wish. Mostly, too, by 'human nature' we mean merely the *failings* in human nature. And we judge other men by their actions, being quite unable to reach in understandingly behind the actions to the thoughts and states of feeling that prompted them.

We get the power really to read human nature only in proportion as we get the power of tolerance and sympathy. Let us remember that the kind of reaction we make to the nature of others as we see it may be of the utmost service or of the utmost detriment to our own growth.

The beginner must first decide what *is* human nature. Some very cranky and disagreeable men soften and sweeten very much as the years go on or when they are sick. Was their 'human nature' the softened and sweetened part that now comes into view, or the old cranky and disagreeable crust? Or perhaps both? But in that case, in our attempts to read character were we able to sense the better part hidden all the time under the crust? If not we are mere beginners in the science.

Nowadays books are appearing which deal with the outward indications of character. You note whether a man's nose is of this or the other shape, how close together are his eyes, whether his chin protrudes or recedes, etc., etc.; and from particulars of this kind you make your deductions.

All this reckoning is well enough as far as it goes, but it is a substitute, and all that is given by it, and much more, is given by the real art.

Suppose we say that character, the character of every man, consists of a *crust*-nature laid on over a core of *human* nature. The human nature may be

quite hidden. Or it may gleam out now and then and here and there through cracks in the crust. Or it may shine through fairly steadily all the time. And sometimes when the crust has grown old and mellow or is sick the inner nature may get a chance it never had before.

It is by studying human nature according to this principle that we can make our study tell so heavily in our own favor. For in the act of looking for the inner core of true humanity within the crust of other men — a crust often forbidding and unpleasant enough — we become for the time our own best selves, attain our own real humanity. It is at this time, by this effort, through these opportunities, that we ourselves are accomplishing our own inner growth. The crust self of each of us can see nothing but the crust selves of other men, and even that but partially and incorrectly. But our better selves, evoked in us by the attempt to see the better selves, the true humanity, of others, grow by the attempt and reach an understanding even of the crust selves of others which nothing else can give.

Another man's faults, what are they? *Failings* is a better word: failings or inabilities (as yet) of his inner nature to come forth and take control there. Sometime, somewhere, he will have outgrown them.

The study of human nature is begun and carried on and brought to complete success only by the practise of trying to see the better nature of others where at moments it breaks through into their lives and talk, by holding on to that in our thought of them, and by refusing to let thought *dwell* upon their failings. A man becomes himself like that upon which his thought dwells.

STUDENT



### Move The Chair

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, discoverer of gravitation, sitting in deep thought in front of the fire one day and feeling his shins getting uncomfortably hot, absent-mindedly asked his wife to move the grate back a little.

All men at some time and some men nearly all the time find circumstances painful or uncomfortable. They are not always as immovable as the grate and we can consequently readjust some of them to suit our wishes. But even in these cases it is reasonable to ask whether we should not find it often more economical to readjust *ourselves*. For painful or uncomfortable circumstances are not necessarily doing us any real harm; they may be painful or uncomfortable only because we let them be so, because we take them in that way. The scheming to readjust them may take a lot of thought and effort. As soon as we have got rid of one lot another will come along. And very often we find that all our thought and effort



is wasted. The circumstances stick close as plasters.

The simple course of moving *himself* a little did not occur to Newton. Neither does it occur to us that some thought and time spent in readjusting *ourselves* would not only give us what we are really aiming at in our efforts to readjust circumstances, but also much more.

We want pleasure in life and peace of mind as a

disregard it. I have moved my chair instead of bothering about the grate.

A certain amount of practise, of will-work, is necessary before I can *keep* that state, stand permanently above that source of irritation and remain even-minded towards the man. Most of us do not know that a little practise is competent to do this for us. We fail once and with that failure the attempt ends and



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#### A TYPICAL CHINESE GATEWAY, OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PEKIN

The inner city is surrounded by a wall fifty feet high.

basis for it. We find that circumstances are hindering both.

Let us disregard the pleasure for a moment and consider only the peace.

You don't look out for another saw every time you want to cut another length of wood. Once well sharpened the same saw serves you again and again.

Take a simple case. My peace of mind, my equanimity, is disturbed or irritated, let us say by a persistent little trick of some other man's, perhaps a very unpleasant habit which I know I cannot get him to alter. It is no real concern of mine and affects me only because I let it do so, because I let it in on me.

Now there is a place or state in me or possible to me, even if I only get it for short periods, in which that trick does not irritate. I am then above it, can

we let the irritation get worse and worse — perhaps even till we can hardly think of anything else.

But as the state of evenness *can* by practise be got let us suppose that in respect of some given source of irritation we have done it. We have found and sharpened the necessary saw to cut that length of wood.

Suppose that all along with this there was another irritating circumstance but of a different sort.

Why shall I not now turn upon this and use against it the very same power which I have acquired in dealing with the first, the same saw already in my hand? By the first victory I know what I can do. The two tasks are really the same. The same amount of effort which cut one piece of wood will cut the other. In both cases it is going in or up to a state where

something does not bother, getting above the reach of that something, getting to a *what-does-it-matter-after-all* state.

But suppose the circumstance is really injurious. Suppose, for instance, that I am a prisoner and that the cell I occupy is permanently damp and keeps me rheumatic.

Well, if I can get it altered, or at any time that I can get it altered, I will. But if I cannot? Then so far as I am concerned it corresponds to an unpleasant trick of some man's which I cannot alter, corresponds in the sense that I must treat it in the same way though it may need more saw work, a longer and stronger use of will. It is the getting interested in the state we want, the peace, that concerns us. It is this, much more than the outward circumstances that should occupy and interest our thoughts.

The secret is, to begin with the little things. Victory in them shows us what we can do, what our saw can do. And so, going on from one thing to another we can at last get a secure and permanent peace that cannot be reached and spoiled by anything. In this peace we are beyond the need of pleasures for we have *happiness* and we have found the way of growth. New faculties and comprehensions are opening in us. It is in this peace that we come in touch with our souls, into the light of our souls. The peace has spiritual wisdom in it, ready for use. STUDENT

### Accumulating Power

DOING your duty is like improvising on the piano; it's an education of the lower man by the higher. The musician's higher nature sounds a melody into his mind, into his inner hearing, inspiring him to render that melody on the instrument so that the lower or outer man of him can get it too—that part of him that has to have music come to it through the outer ears if it is to get it at all and have the profit and upliftment of it.

The same with duty. The inner man, who knows what is right action, the eternal beauty and benefit of it, tries to get us to work it out on the keyboard of life and conduct so that the outer man shall also have the understanding and benefit and education of it.

If a man won't obey, the things left undone which should have been done turn into enemies and give him a lot of trouble sooner or later.

Just as a musician gets closer to the *music* side of his higher nature by accepting the impulse to improvise whenever he feels that there is something there ready to come out, so the rest of us get closer to the *power* side of our higher nature by always accepting the inner call to duty, a call always there

whenever the outer occasion is there. We accumulate power in the will, become more and more truly men. This increasing power shows itself not only in the respect of others, not only in our self-respect, but in the circumstances of our lives. In the doing of duty we have unconsciously demanded promotion, as it were, and we get it. Circumstances presently change in answer to the demand. The thing is as natural as that a boy who has faithfully done all the learning that one class can offer him, should rise to the next. A morally weak man, accustomed to shirk his duty, may crave for a change in his circumstances. But there is no power in a craving; it is not a demand; there is no will in it.

Living as men the strong life of duty, we had best not lay out hard and fast outlines of just what circumstances we should regard as good or desirable. We have not yet knowledge enough to do that wisely in respect of the when or the what. Leave that to the directing inner man, to that part of the inner nature from whence comes the impulse and the power to act in the performance of duty. Things will then work out 'of themselves' as we say; really under that direction; and will be exactly well and fitting for us. Faith *works* when a man is doing his part. A man is not entitled to any faith that things will work well for him unless he *is* doing his part. C.

### Imagination

AN animal differs from us, among other ways, in having practically no imagination. It takes accustomed situations precisely as they are. A dog is content to do every day the same thing at the same hour, and to be round the same house and in the same fields chasing the same rabbit or taking the same walks all his life.

But a man imagines other surroundings or himself doing quite other things, and, if he can, puts his plan into realization.

That is nearly as far as we use the imagination. But if we worked it *inward* instead of on merely outward things and doings, there is no height of growth and development we could not attain.

The new feat is, to imagine states of mind instead of things or doings. To imagine, for instance, the state of mind *kindliness*, or *cheerfulness*, when we are feeling morose or gloomy, or the state *energy*, when we are feeling slack. It is quite proper to say *new* feat, for most of us can hardly perform it at all; very few indeed have gone far with it, and fewer still have *perfected* the technique.

Our new creation of state might not last long at first, perhaps not ten seconds. It is a matter of a few weeks' practise, giving a little attention to the work now and then each day. Kindliness, cheer-

fulness, and energy, once well created by imagination, are the three most important — and the first three — steps of a ladder of ascent which leads up to the very top of human possibility. As we go on creating them day by day with increasing power and surety we change the whole mind and body to correspond. Animals, we agreed, have practically no imagination. Present day man has, but mainly that form of it which relates to the outward. In using imagination to create inner states we pass beyond average present day man. And when we have this form in full power we shall be as far beyond present man as he is beyond the animal.

STUDENT

### From 'A Summer's Night'

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

FOR most men in a brazen prison live,  
Where, in the sun's hot eye,  
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly  
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,  
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.  
And as, year after year,  
Fresh products of their barren labor fall  
From their tired hands, and rest  
Never yet comes more near,  
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast;  
And while they try to stem  
The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,  
Death in their prison reaches them,  
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign  
Of languor, though so calm, and, though so great,  
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate: you remain  
A world above man's head, to let him see  
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,  
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!  
How it were good to abide there, and breathe free;  
How fair a lot to fill  
Is left to each man still! —*Selected.*

### The Silent Voices

BY LORD ALFRED TENNYSON

WHEN the dumb Hour, clothed in black  
Brings the Dreams about my bed,  
Call me not so often back,  
Silent Voices of the Dead  
Towards the lowland ways behind me,  
And the sunlight that is gone!  
Call me rather, silent voices,  
Forward to the starry track  
Glimmering up the heights beyond me  
On, and always on! —*Selected.*

### Looking for God

BY F. D. HUNTINGTON

#### LOOKING for God

The parish priest of austerity,  
Climbed up a high church steeple  
To be nearer God  
So that he might hand  
His word down to His people.  
And in sermon script  
He daily wrote  
What he thought was sent from heaven,  
And he dropt this down on the people's heads  
Two times one day in seven.  
In his age God cried,  
"Come down and die,"  
And he called down from the steeple,  
"Where art thou, Lord?"  
And the Lord replied,  
"Down here among my people." —*Selected.*

### Start Where You Stand

BY BERTON BRALEY

START where you stand, and never mind the past;  
The past won't help you when you're starting new;  
If you have left it all behind at last,  
Why, that's enough, you're done with it, you're  
through;  
This is another chapter in the book,  
This is another race that you have planned,  
Don't give the vanished days a backward look,  
Start where you stand.  
The world won't care about your old defeat  
If you can start anew and win success,  
The future is your time, and time is fleet  
And there is much of work and strain and stress;  
Forget the buried woes and dead despairs.  
Here is a brand new trial right at hand,  
The future is for him who does and dares,  
Start where you stand.  
Old failures will not halt, old triumphs aid,  
Today's the thing, tomorrow soon will be.  
Get in the fight and face it, unafraid,  
And leave the past to ancient history.  
What has been, has been; yesterday is dead  
And by it you are neither blessed nor banned.  
Take courage, man, be brave and drive ahead,  
Start where you stand. —*Selected*

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## New Way Quotebook

THE more clearly a man perceives the duality of his nature the more progress is he making.

Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the Infinite.  
—Amiel

LET'S welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go.  
Be our joys three parts pain.  
Strive and hold cheap the strain.  
Learn nor account the pang; dare,  
Never grudge the throe.—Browning.

THE philosophy of cutting down our desires (by the practise of not thinking of them, turning them out of our thoughts) is this:

To have a desire and be able to gratify it is very pleasant. But some other time we shall get the same desire and circumstances will deny us the gratifying of it. The unpleasantness of this more than crosses off against the pleasantness of the first occasion. So it is better in every way to begin turning an unfriendly eye upon them since so many are enemies in disguise.

THE surest and quickest development of the will comes from making ourselves work against the grain: that is, making ourselves in our lowest moments carry out what we designed in our highest. But it may be a long time before we appreciate how great is the victory we are achieving.

THERE comes a time for each of us when he has to look back and then say to himself one of two things — *I am glad I took that turning*, or, *I wish I had taken that turning*. One path consists in the constant use of will; the other in being constantly used by desires. A man's higher nature with all its powers is finally struck alight by the friction of will against desire.

WE can produce any state of mind by making ourselves act and look and speak for awhile as if we already had it. Then it will take charge of the situation for itself and we have only to guide it a little. Here is the key to transforming our nature and temperament.

DON'T neglect doing a right thing now because you think you can't keep it up. In a man's battle with his lower nature, his battle for freedom, every stroke tells though it may only be long afterwards that he is able to appreciate what he then did.

THE importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live.—Matthew Arnold

WHAT ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.—George Herbert

AS a mother, even at the risk of her life, watches over her child, so must the follower of the true path watch over his mind.—Buddha.

EXPERIENCE tells us that each man most keenly and unerringly detects in others the vice with which he is most familiar himself.—Emerson

COURAGE conquers all things; it even gives strength to the body.—Ovid

REMEMBER that to change thy opinion, and to follow him who corrects thy error is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error.  
—Marcus Aurelius

AS you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you, — in a book, or a friend, or best of all in your own mind.

FAR better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank among those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.  
—Roosevelt

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 the difficulty by diverting their attention, or, if they cannot do that, collapse into yielding masses of plaintiveness and fear. But the heroic mind does differently. To it, too, the objects are sinister and dreadful, unwelcome. But it can face them, if necessary, without for that 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. And hereby he makes himself one of the masters and lords of life.  
—R. L. Stevenson

CHERISH and increase your enjoyment of music. For as we are very conscious of our outer lives and hardly at all of our inner, music can reverse this; for it is the voice of the inner, claiming some of the attention we give so exclusively to the outer.

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A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General

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for Soldiers and Sailors

Who rises after fall on fall  
Unconquered, conquers all.

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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COMPANY — FORWARD — MARCH!

A RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL BRIGADE ON PARADE-DRILL

## "Finding God"

(From a personal letter)

**N**OW as to the 'change of heart' you've asked me about. Did I 'find God'? I don't know whether I did or didn't in your sense of the phrase. Perhaps you'd say I didn't. At any rate,

here is the case, about as best I can tell it:

You know what I was. A college man, educated all round — classics, mathematics, science and 'philosophy.' (Excuse my putting that in quotes; it never gave me any 'wisdom,' anyhow.) As I was intended for the ministry, of course the curriculum specialized out along that line. When finished, I should be

Original from

supposed to know whatever was knowable about God, His purposes, methods and plan of salvation for man.

As I told you before, I found at a certain point of my career, in fact on one particular evening, that I didn't believe a word of it all, never had believed it in any real sense. All that happened was that I became aware that I had only accepted the whole religious 'lay out' with the merest surface of my mind. That it *was* the merest surface I knew because I knew that I had never had any moral sense, had never so far as I can remember acted from an unselfish motive, and had been a petty thief, liar and humbug since I could remember. I think my mother knew me right through; no one else. She opposed my proposed ministry, but my father was set on it.

You may ask how I could have been what I say I was and yet accept in any sort of way, with any part of my mind, the religious teachings of my parents and the more elaborate ones taught at the college.

I don't know. The two things were simply absolutely separate.

Well, as I tell you, I woke up to my own unbelief. I don't know that I got morally worse for that. There wasn't much room for worsening. All that was lacking to put me where I belonged was to be *found out* in something and so lose the standing with others as a gentleman which I possessed. For I valued the good opinion of others more than I can tell you, inhaled it, lived on it.

I *was* found out — in a theft — and was advised to leave the college, to 'resign.' When he learned the state of the case my father wouldn't have me at home, wouldn't have anything more to do with me. So, once on my own resources, I began to sink, took to drinking, dropped lower and lower, and finally landed where you first saw me — behind the bars.

There was never, I think, a more abject cur, one with less link to anything decent in character. I was witty, with plenty of language, and could tell an obscene story anytime, vividly and amusingly, and was correspondingly popular — among a certain class — in the prison. But under it all I despised myself, loathed the fellows that came about me, and inwardly hated and cursed those others who saw through me and wouldn't have anything to do with me. You mayn't think it, but there are fine characters in gaol as well as outside it.

It was one of these that got me at last. I had been running off some of my stories in the yard to a grinning group and suddenly somehow got so utterly sick of the whole business (including myself) that I swung round and walked off in the middle of a buffoonery. I passed one of these fellows on his way across the yard — he was a 'trusty' — and something made him stop me dead. He looked at me a moment and then he said without a word of introduction: "Man, why don't you take a new start? You've got better stuff in you. Shake off that rotten gang.

You're chucking a man's soul into the gutter."

And, of course, I knew it was so. I felt cold all over, and cheap — cheap — there's no word for it.

It was late in the afternoon, a November gray, and I slunk to my cell and sat down to think. I saw that all my life long to that minute I had never had any real pleasure out of any of my doings, never had any self-respect, never done anything but secretly cringe when a straight, morally upright man looked at me and seemed to read what I really was.

The atmosphere somehow suddenly began to change around me and in me. It seemed to me that the very essence of that *something* that was in all the fine and honorable men I had ever met came about me, and came with a kindliness, a compassion, an encouraging and down-reaching quality that softened every fiber of my being. I knew, I saw, that life in *that*, with that companionship and penetration, would be happy *and that it was henceforth possible for me*.

Men have made God with their *minds*, and it has been a failure. *This* God, the one I had found, made *me* with his *heart* and with my heart I knew him. It's beyond the mind and beyond words. It's a compassionate power that can wholly change a man in five minutes when he's got so disgusted with himself that he cries for it with his whole nature. And it's the power that comes into every man in *some* degree in his moments of right action, and comes into him and goes out through him in his moments of loving action and of fellow-feeling and of unselfishness and of sacrifice. For then he is nearing to it, is a little *like* it. It feels and acts like that in its grand way towards everything.

And so I began life again, determined to have a clean and straight and noble record. I have had my failures, of course, plenty of them. But with that companionship, of which I never lose the sense, I can always get up straight again and go ahead with the battle, a slowly winning battle.

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## Reaping and Sowing

### A MEDITATION

"**W**HATSOEVER a man soweth, that also shall he reap." That seems to some of us a hard and menacing text, especially to those who have done shady things in their past, things not (yet) found out. Equally menacing is another text about the ultimate proclaiming from the housetop of whatever has been done in secret.

It's curious what a difference there is in preachers. One Sunday we had a man who was laying all the stress on *forgiveness* of sins. The next was all for reaping the penalty for every sin you've sown. (The other side of the case, reaping the *reward* of every-



thing *good* you've sown, he seemed to forget).

Forgiveness, and penalty-reaping, — two opposites. There must be a truth that's between the two, or maybe one that includes both in a larger statement.

So I thought to myself, and after a while it seemed to me that I found this larger truth that could include

Now it may be you need a pretty sharp sting, a cut with a whip, to wake you up to where you stand, make you see the rottenness of your ways and in particular of that special wrong thing I've supposed you did away back.

Consequently you'll get the sting, get laid by the heels somehow, get a mighty unpleasant time. That's the reaping, though you may have forgotten the sowing. But that doesn't matter. It'll be a *sort* of unpleasantness that will connect with that *tendency* in you that made you do that special wrong thing and a long set of fellows to it. It may be that the unpleasantness will seem to connect only with the last member of the set, perhaps a very small member, and then the punishment, the reaping, will seem unjust because of the disproportion with that. But it's not in any disproportion with the whole line. It's the *line* the Law is dealing with, and the tendency behind the line.

But suppose the man has 'got on to himself,' sees his mistakes, repents of them and starts in good earnest to amend himself and clean his ways. What will the 'reaping' be then? Or will there be the 'forgiveness' of his past?

Both, as it seems to me. But as, in the first case, the 'reaping' was adjusted to his needs as an awakening *sting* of some sort, disgrace, pain, loss or what not, so in this case also will it be adjusted to needs. But it will be softened, spread out, merciful-ized into a *lesson* that will rather show the man more clearly (than he could of himself) just the quality of mistake he made, than *hurt* him. Maybe he

doesn't need any more hurting, only some *showing*, some calling of his attention in upon the tendency in himself. For there'll be some of that remaining in him, unknown to himself, for a good while after he's decided to turn in his tracks. He needs his eyes directed to it. Unless that is done he can't of himself make a radical cure. And it's the radical cure that the Law is after, the cure of the last traces of tendency that will remain unseen and unsuspected.

But even while this modified and adjusted and spread out and merciful-ized reaction is coming upon him he'll feel quite distinctly the mercy and friendliness of the Law as it deals with him. He'll understand that it isn't going an inch further with him



From the painting by Maurice Braun

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#### LOMALAND FAIRIES

A Moonlight picnic

the other two, the forgiveness and the compulsory reaping.

Say you commit some wrong thing, unknown to anybody. Law, the Higher Law, puts that down in the Book against you. Sometime you've got to reap what you sowed.

But as I take it this 'Higher Law' is no mechanical thing, blind and unconscious like a machine. Nor is it vindictive. It's working in your interest, somehow. You're a part of the general *Great Life* and are intended to be ultimately valuable, somewhere, somehow, in the general working out of the plans of Life. Consequently it's your *training* the Higher Law is after, the growth and molding of character.

than is necessary for his good, his help, his teaching. And that clear sense of compassion, of protection, will be more than compensation to him for what he's going through. It's the sense of forgiveness.

So it seems to me that the middle truth between the two truths stressed by the two preachers, is the truth of adjustment. If a man's trying to wake up and turn about and do right he'll need quite different treatment from the man going right ahead with his misdeeds. One needs a whip cut, the other a showing. And the showing will be in proportion to the amount of it needed. The man must be shown where to dig in himself beneath the acts to the root tendency from which the acts came. He'll finally be brought through and purified in a way that will fill him with gratitude.

In this way the thing worked itself out in my mind, and the result answered to all I've seen in my own life and the life of others.

PAROLED

### The 'Devil's' Reform

*"When the Devil was sick the Devil a saint would be. When the Devil got well the devil a saint would HE be!"*

**T**ERRIFIED, perhaps, by the thought of possible death, into his brief plans for amendment?

Not necessarily; nor necessarily any insincerity in them.

The 'Devil' of these lines might under certain circumstances be you or I. Let us meditate a little upon the duality of our human nature.

The 'devilment' in each of us consists of a certain set of desires leading usually to corresponding conduct. They are almost constantly on the buzz, as it were, and keep us moving. In the case we are considering (translating the affair into our own case) the sickness caused them to cease buzzing for the time and the patient lay there free from them, his self no longer surrounded and worried by them. Consequently his self could come to its proper nature, serene, clear-thoughted, full of genuine good intent, even saintly. But it was really the same self as it had been when overborne and overrun by the swarm of desires that constitute our 'devilment.' The desires, it seems, really have their root in the body and get from there into the mind. The body being too sick to give them any chance to work, they faded out for the time and ceased to bother.

After that, as I have learned (from personal experience, for the lines do not mention it), the 'Devil' got feverish and had a wild, dreamy, delirious night — or rather, his body did. And of course he himself, the real self, had his attention drawn into the delirium, was mixed up and preoccupied with it, forgetting *himself*. That is a closer statement of the fact than to say, as people generally do, that *he* was delirious.

Then the fever left, and he went deeper in to

himself while the body slept in its exhaustion. And it seemed to him that he had now passed into a place of light where he understood many things about life and himself that he had never understood before. Peace and light and understanding and profound happiness. But he was still himself, more himself and more conscious of himself than ever before that he could remember, the truest state of selfhood than he had ever been in. And he yearned to stay so, to continue in that selfhood and light and activity. For he was active in some way, conscious that he was sending out some beneficent influences all over the world, into all kinds of lives and into human hearts that needed it.

Then he woke, got suddenly into touch with his body again, and all that deep, rich state became cloudy and confused. For the body was painful, aching with weakness and the brain full of confused half-formed thoughts and memories. "I know now what it is to be dead," he said to himself. "It's real life. I wish I could have stayed like that and gone on working that way and understanding things. I can't remember much of it now, less and less every minute."

So he got better, being at first very cross and irritable and difficult to put up with. And as he got better his desires came up again, and behold — the original 'devil.' "The devil a saint would *he* be!"

And yet that does not quite do him justice. For that state he had been in, true life, his true self, was always somehow now deep in his mind, though he couldn't get clear about it. And it did influence him so that he was never again quite the sort of unregenerate fellow he had been; in fact he was a good deal softened and changed. And in later years, I am told, when in the quiet with himself, evenings, he got back a good deal of the peace he had been in and gleams of its knowledge, some sense of the fact that he could even then send out some helpful and uplifting influences, and some idea that after all, self is soul and more and more soul the more you get into it, and that desires and devilment in general are outside the self and can be weakened and got rid of — by will, without waiting for sickness or death to do it for you. Sickness has drawbacks, you see; and in life, with your will you can go a good way towards doing for yourself what death will later do for you, but do much better and more splendidly if you have already started the process with a well based preparedness of mind.

STUDENT

### Health and Will-Health

**M**OST of our diseases are due to accumulated waste matter, forms of rust of the living stuff of our bodies. All waste matters are more or less clogging or poisonous to the living atoms (called

'cells') of the body. When thus poisoned by wastes they cannot carry on their work properly and cannot defend themselves against the attacks of germs. These various germs are generally regarded as the cause of the various diseases arising from their attacks. But the deeper cause is the wastes that poisoned the cells and damaged their power of defence. On this fact rest all the systems of 'health by exercise.' For the body mostly consists of masses and sheets and tubes of muscle. The heart is muscle; the lungs are largely muscle; and the glands and digestive organs are buried in muscle. The exercises

not, those that are woven into the intestinal tube, into the tubes of the bloodvessels, those that penetrate the lungs, glands and other organs, and that constitute the mass of the heart. Nowhere is waste allowed to accumulate and stagnate. A lazy man, an inert man, is a poisoned man, even though he takes every 'tonic' he sees advertised in the drug stores.

Other things going along with it, will means health, and *cheerfulness* is one of the roots of will.

Could we write the prescription for a will tonic? Perhaps it would be something like this:

To keep cheerful; when we can't do that, to keep



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THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND

make the muscles squeeze out their waste matter into the blood, make them squeeze as you squeeze a sponge the organs they surround, and send the blood more rapidly through the lungs, kidneys and other places where the cleansing or waste removing is accomplished. The same principle underlies the value of a smart rub-over with the hands.

And the same principle also underlies the fact that no one with a slack will has good health. Your thin, wiry, alert man, always on the go, may do a lot of wrong things with his body and correspondingly damage it, but he does not accumulate wastes.

It is not only by active exercise under our conscious will that the muscles squeeze out their wastes and the wastes in the organs they enclose. They are in constant response to our *sub-conscious* will, kept in more or less constant tautness and alertness in proportion to our more or less constant *mental* tautness and alertness. The slack, lazy, inert man has slack muscles; the alert man, the man always on deck, always ready for the next thing the moment he has done this one, has taut ones. He is sending life all the time not only into the muscles that are under the direct control of the will, but also into those that are

the outward signs of it for the encouragement of others. This comes back to us after a while with interest and gives us the real thing for ourselves.

To do well and alertly each duty as it comes in sight. When there are several duties, to select the one the lower man least wants to do.

To avoid drifting. When one occupation is finished to pass to the next with an inner act of decision — even when the 'occupation' is rest or relaxation or going to bed. Picking up a book merely because one's eye happens to fall upon it is getting negative, slack.

Never to say: "Oh, what's the use?"

Never to let in the thought that we are wearing out, getting useless, or have no future.

To keep up the fight. Death isn't the finish of us. It's a new start from where we left off here. C.



### Our Solar System

A MAN can get more philosophy than from any book if he will study human nature. He must begin, of course, with that sample of human nature that is right under his observation, his own.

Each of us is a sort of solar system, with the 'sun' — himself — in the middle, and the 'planets' — the various elements of his make-up — circling round. But he's so thoroughly absorbed in the doings of the planets that he gets home to *himself* with the utmost difficulty and usually never knows of himself at all!

It is by using his will on them that a man first begins to find himself distinct from his planets. What is called self-control or self-discipline is really control or discipline of one or other of these outlying centers.

Your lazy man, for instance, decides one evening, after a survey of himself, that he will henceforth get up in the mornings with the sounding of his alarm clock. There is no difficulty about the decision. He is quite clear with himself that he will carry it out.

But the next morning when the ring comes he is very comfortable, just remembers his decision but does not feel the slightest reason for carrying it out, and remains in bed his usual half hour. Later in the day he says, "What a fool I was!"

The fact is that when he made his decision the 'planet' called the body was taking no notice of it, being quite comfortable in an easy chair. The man was working only with the 'planet' called the mind. But when he woke the next morning the mind (containing the decision) was not yet active. The body with its sense of comfort was in the center of the field, and the man did not assert himself because he did not distinguish himself from his body but remained peacefully at terms with it. If he had said in himself, "*I run this show, and you (the body) will please obey me,*" and had enforced his decision, he would have taken a step towards knowing himself.

Another of the 'planets' is the will itself, the king's (the 'sun's') chief executive and foreman. But if the king does not exert himself and stir up this foreman the entire system is run by the successive temporary desires of various other 'planets.'

A very troublesome planet is memory, continually worrying the man with his past; another is imagination, working close to memory, and making him think out things he would like to have or do. And these two have enslaved a third, the mind, and use it almost as they choose.

To get self-knowledge of himself as the sun of his system a man must rectify all this disorder and anarchy, using the three chief of his planets, his will first, and under that his mind and imagination. Controlling his mind he must make therewith his decisions as to future right conduct, using the will to see them through. To memories he will allow but a small share in his attention. And his imagination he will compel to occupy itself with representing to himself what he really is — the immortal sun of this system, a system of which each member represents some

special energy of his own which he will gradually bring back to its proper service of him.

And so at last, with the new order, there will come to him peace and happiness and knowledge and dignity.

STUDENT

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### A Chinese View of Human Nature

IT was the teaching of Mencius, one of the most famous of the ancient thinkers of China, that human nature is essentially good but that man cannot altogether hold to his goodness against the strains of daily life.

"The trees," he said, "of this mountain were once beautiful and luxuriant. But being shorn away daily with axes and shears, could they retain their beauty and luxuriance? Still, through the activity of their inner life and under the influence of rain and dew, they were constantly throwing forth new buds and sprouts. But then came the cattle and goats and browsed upon them. So came the bare and stripped appearance of the mountain and when people see it they think it was never otherwise. But is this the truth?"

"And so also of man. Shall it be said that the mind of any man was without inner goodness? The way in which man loses this is like the way in which the trees are stripped by axes and cattle. Shorn day by day, can the mind retain its beauty? Yet through the activity of its inner life it is constantly striving to re-adorn itself day and night. And at dawn, in the peace of the early morning between night and day, it is conscious of those feelings which are worthy of it. But these are not strong enough to maintain themselves and they are worn away by the happenings of the day. This destruction is constant; the restorative influence of the night is not of itself sufficient to preserve the natural goodness of the mind and heart. So human nature seems not very different from that of the animals, and people think it never possessed that beauty which I assert of it. But their view is false to the truth.

"If it receive its proper nourishment there is nothing which will not grow. If not, there is nothing which will not decay away.

"Men have the four principles of goodness in them just as they have four limbs. The principles of goodness are compassion at the sight of suffering, shame at evil and dislike for it, modesty and kindliness, and approval of good. Men who say of themselves that they cannot develop these qualities play the thief with themselves.

"To take example from others in the practise of right is to help them to the same practise. Therefore there is no attribute greater than helping others to practise virtue."

### The Finding of God

(From an old French tract)

"NOW is pleasure a sin?"

"Some pleasures, assuredly, be sins. That thou knowest right well."

"Aye, that I know. It was not of them that I made question. What I had fain have asked thee was this: Must the rightful pleasures of body, sense and mind be renounced if one would find God and be pleasing to Him?"

"Thou must first find thine own *inner* God and come at one with *him* ere thou canst reach the *One* beyond."

"And for this finding, I say, must rightful pleasures be renounced?"

"Does the child *renounce* his childish pleasures and plays to become a man? Is it not rather that in becoming a man those pleasures drop away of themselves and are no more pleasures? Yet the inner God is not to be found as one finds manhood. Manhood comes by the will and working of nature; the inner God must be found by thine own will and working. Yet this finding is likewise a becoming. And the pleasures fall away, even as they do from the child. More: the man thou callest thyself, to whom they are pleasures, to whom pains are pains and disappointments disappointments, *he* falls away from *thee* or thou passest beyond him and outgrowest him. By daily thought of the light that shines within thee, thy one self becomes two. Anon thou feelest thyself the man thou wast, he of pleasures and pains, and anon the new man of light. With faithful effort this new man prevails and the other falls away from his old place and supremacy and becomes servant and tool. Thou hast called forth and found and become thine inner God, him of the light. The way to the *One* is now opened. Think not, then, over-much of these 'renunciations,' nor let byegone sins detain thee; hold the light steady in heart and mind, image it from time to time through the day, deep within thee, and thou wilt in no long time be victor. The hidden night-sun in the heart-deeps will rise and become visible as the dawn in the east. Verily hath God ordained the outer dawn as a sign to man, a daily sign and symbol, of the dawn of new life in heart and thought and imagination."

### Our Three Worlds

"*MAY the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding.* . . ."

The solemn final words of the preacher, half intoned, and sustained by solemn chords from the organ.

For a moment, there was a hush over the congregation, a silence even of *thought* before anyone stirred. Then they rose. The atmosphere of rapt silence

was shattered. In each person the customary inner clatter of thought began at once. As they passed into the open air the customary clatter of tongue began likewise. "What a beautiful morning!" "Yes, isn't it?" Etc., etc.

Soul, mind, body — the three lives we all live, the three worlds in us all.

First, the world we catch a glimpse of in our highest moments when even the mind is stilled, a world that music may take us to the threshold of, and which, could we but hold the mind-silence a while, we could enter and there really know ourselves and the divine.

Then the midway world of ordinary private mind-thought, full of picturings and memories, of plans, fear, hope; the world which, when the outer senses are stilled in sleep and judgment ceases to guide, becomes the world of dream.

And lastly the outer world of action and talk.

All three lives run along at once in us all, one within the other. But the first and highest has been neglected so long that most of us know nothing of it, never enter it, and consequently know nothing of realities, nothing of enduring peace and joy, nothing of the unfailing source of light and hope.

The first silence is of lip; the second of brain-thought. Through these two doorways we may come in to our true selves.

STUDENT

### Just Wait for the Thaw

CHEER up, chillun, tho' the weather's mighty raw,

Every time dar comes a freeze, dar's gotter come a thaw.  
It takes a little patience till de freezin'-time is done,  
An' if you lose yoh temper, why, it doesn't help yoh none.  
Cheer up, chillun, 'cause de weather's on de move,  
When de luck appears de hardest, it is certain to improve!  
Cold wave an' warm wave, dey gotter mind de law —  
Every time you gets a freeze, you gotter have a thaw.  
Cheer up, chillun, an' prepare to say "Hurrah!"  
De chilliest proposition by an' by is boun' to thaw.  
Yoh hopes dey keeps a droppin' — don't you let it make  
you frown,

Thermometers was built foh movin' up, de same as down.  
So, cheer up, chillun, 'cause you sho'ly might as well;  
We all has our troubles, an' dar's nothin' new to tell.  
Each botheration seems about de worst you ever saw,  
But every time you gits a freeze, you's gotter have a thaw.

— *Washington Star.*

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## The New Way Quotebook

## SOME CHINESE SAYINGS

WHEN Heaven is about to send down calamities upon earth, it first raises up someone heroic whose genius shall prevail against those calamities.

THERE can be no living man without his appointed use, nor any evil of society which man is unable to put right.

IF one is a *man* the mills of Heaven and earth grind him to perfection: if not, to destruction.

HEAVEN sends us from twelve to sixty opportunities each hour for the development of will by resistance to small bodily inclinations. He who uses even a few of them attains a surpassing inward freedom. His words are of weight; his actions are marked and imitated by inferior persons.

A MAN should question the smallest of his habits to ascertain whether he would not be better without them. An animal lives in habits; it is the mark of a man to be practised in the ability to set aside all his routine.

TENACITY is reckoned a fine quality, but the question is — whether the man has it or it has the man. In the first case it is will, in the second obstinacy or unreasoning conservatism.

\* \* \*

FOR mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.— *Lowell*

WHAT is it to be one's self? God *meant something* when he made each one of us. For a man to embody that meaning of God in his words and deeds and so become in his degree a "word of God made flesh," is to be himself.— *P. H. Wicksteed*

AND he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of compassion, and so the second, and so the third and the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of compassion, far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure.— *Eastern*

LET us be like a man standing on a watch-tower, to whom others turn and say, not '*What of the night?*' but '*What of the morn and of the coming day?*'

A MAN who makes a resolution in a moment of exaltation, usually makes it with only a part of himself; and the other part does not endorse the undertaking. He catches the devil napping so to say; but when the saint goes to sleep and the devil occupies the stage again, there is trouble. This is why it is necessary to keep on making the resolution again and again. For it is a fact that the human personality is not a single thing but a collection — like a bundle of sticks. When we learn anything new, we have to train the whole nature, part by part, which takes a long time. We learn to do the new thing well one day; and the next day we are back at the starting-point and seem to have made no progress. This is because part of our nature which we had trained has now passed from the field of view, and another part, as yet uncultivated, has come on; and this also needs to be trained. And so we have to go on practising until we have trained every phase of our complex nature. And it is the same with good resolutions: they must be enforced again and again; and efforts too great to be concentrated in the act of a moment must be spread out over a long stretch of time. *H.T.E.*

HUMANITY is one Self. At the beginning it was one; it now seems many, but at the end, when the minds of men are tuned together (a process already indicated by the growing sensitivity of many to the unspoken thoughts and feelings of others), humanity will be one vast organism in perfect harmony, and every unit, still feeling itself a unit, will yet feel with every other, giving, nevertheless, its individual color to all it takes into its consciousness. Except by assuming the reality of one Life distributed amongst us all, there is no possible means of accounting for sympathy with pain.— *The Path*

MUSIC is what *awakes* from you when you are *reminded* by the instruments.— *Whitman*

EVERY man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God, and cannot be spared, defends him.— *Emerson*

LIFE is a ladder with one end in the kitchen and the other among the stars.— *E. A. Neresheimer*

IF you are tempted to reveal  
A tale someone to you has told  
About another, let it pass,  
Before you speak, three gates of gold,  
Three narrow gates: — first, "Is it true?"  
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind  
Give truthful answer. And the next  
Is last and narrowest: — "Is it kind?"  
And if to reach your lips at last,  
It passed these narrow gateways three,  
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear  
What the result of speech may be.— *Technical World*



GIFT  
MAR 19 1918

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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Where *The New Way* and *Theosophical Path* are published

## Move On!

"Remember no more the former things, nor consider  
the things of old!"—ISAIAH

"WHENEVER I think of becoming anything,  
passing forward into a better manhood and  
creating a better future, a kind of paralysis  
comes over me. My heart seems to get all cold and  
heavy with the memory of my past, the things I've

done that nobody knows. That brings me to a stand-  
still. The new future closes in again and the new  
hope goes. I'm left standing where I was, alone with  
myself and the cold threatening weight in my heart.  
Every time I think of making a move I have to face  
that, days of it, till I let go the idea and reckon to  
be content with just what I am. So I try not to stir  
up all that any more now. Hopeless."

"I'd take up the fight again, if I were you, and

go through with it to a finish. Things may get blacker and blacker for a little while, and then suddenly the whole situation will clear. In fact the case only needs stating to enable you to see your way. The stating is like this:

"A man's soul is always wanting him to take a new start and come up higher, begin a new life lit up with its light, reach a finer manhood. There are times when he's extra sensitive, and the soul gets in its call clearer than usual and he feels it. The whole of his mind stirs to it, wakens and opens out. The light's shining through him. Before that he was living in a sort of dull way, half conscious you may say, just hand to mouth from day to day.

"But *now* what's happened? This light from his best self, in showing him what he *can* be, can't help but be showing him in the same moment what he *is* and what he *was*. If it's going to waken up his mind at all it must waken all of it, must stir up *all* his perception, perception not only of what he can be but of what he is and was. If you bring a lamp into a dark room it'll light up just as well the grimy corners as the harmonies of the gold-framed pictures on the wall. The dirty corners correspond to memories. Everything comes into view. And the dirty things look much dirtier than they are just by contrast with the others. They get to look darker and darker, and you vaguely sense a lot more behind, dim shadows of things forgotten and yet not wholly forgotten, hidden in the deeps of memory like shapeless phantoms, clouds of them. And it's this whole mass of memory, the defined parts and the vague setting behind in the years gone by, that chills and weights the heart and kills the will to go forward.

"But, man, the soul knows your past — better than you. And it nevertheless says *Come on!* It cares nothing about your past so long as you'll *come*. It's up to you to face forward, forward to the new light, not backward to the ghosts and shadows. It's up to you to accept the invitation, to go through this troubled few days of stirred and half stirred memories and come out the other side. If there's *fear* in your heart, it's up to you to go forward all the same and in going forward the fear is presently vanquished. Some morning you'll wake with all clear in the heart, sunshine and hope. The shadows may recur now and then for a while, but you take no notice. And if you've got perplexities as to right conduct of any sort, doubts as to what you ought to do in any matter, take your mind out of the tangle of them and *wait*. Wait, that is, till with the increasing light which the soul pours into your mind you can see straight and cool. Make for the light, make for your new life, and in time everything will clear. *Move on*, that's the great thing. If there are thick clouds that seem to threaten, move all the same. The sun's the other side. Move, and hope, and trust, — they're the passwords."

STUDENT

### Four-squared Freedom

**F**REEDOM! A great word. Nobody can hear it without something in him rising to respond.

Freedom, we think, is the opposite of restraint. And yet it is also the child and product and reward of restraint — *self-restraint*. Whenever a man restrains any part of himself he is giving freedom to some other part. If he restrains the part that gives way to rage, he is giving new freedom and scope to a part that rage dulls and paralyses, the part that can think and judge and will. Any bodily passion, restrained, gives that much more freedom to the nobler part that thinks and sees and wills.

It is well to distinguish between freedom and license. License is full freedom given to (or seized by) some one among the *lower* parts of the nature, a part that has no right to so much. It leads always to disablement, pain, disease and often death. No bodily craving or impulse, even when quite legitimate, ought to be allowed *license*.

The mind and inner nature ought to have all the freedom we can give it. But the mind has not its freedom when it is thinking along vicious lines. For it has then become the servant of vicious impulses from below which are using it. Only when the mind has its true freedom can it show its higher functions. Its true function is to know, to see into things, to judge the proper worths of things, to will. Its full powers of knowing have never yet been developed. It has never yet had perfect freedom for its proper work. That is why we don't know so much that we might know, why the meaning of things is so dark to us. Our minds are caged eagles. An ancient symbol of the mind was a square, with a lion, an eagle, a bull and a *man* at the four corners — courage, the soaring quality, energy and will. What can hinder a man from developing all the angles of his 'square'? Outer restraints, restrictions, rules? *A man can find his deeper freedom in obeying rules*, even unjust ones, even harshly restrictive ones. He can cease to obey them from fear or from compulsion and yet obey them to the letter *as an act of will of his own*, so becoming more of a man through the aid of the shackles he previously chafed at. If he can do this and quell the chafe at restraint, the soreness at injustice (if there is any), he will have cut through the bars of his mind's cage, and though his body be in a cell the 'eagle' may spread wings in the sky. It will be a hard struggle for the will, but the struggle will give new life. There is even more manhood and freedom to be got in this way by obeying rules that are harsh and unjust (or that seem so) than in obeying those of which the justice and necessity is quite clear.

The craving for things and conditions — bodily freedom, for instance — is a great force, sometimes an immense one, exhausting and disturbing to the

mind, sometimes even driving a man mad or producing disease. If you can get rid of it by constantly turning the mind on to other thoughts and by insisting on peace with yourself and your surroundings, remembering that "practice will make perfect": if you can get rid of it in these ways you still have the energy, the power of it, but now in another part of your nature. It has gone into 'the eagle, the lion, the bull and the man' of you. One does not become an effeminate, a cipher, a half-man, by ceasing to chafe, to snarl, to rage, by quiet acceptance of the inevitable. On the contrary for the first time one becomes a something, a real figure, a force. A live wire is *losing* force when it sparks. Take yourself by the neck, then, and get down under the rules and restrictions — not because they are stronger than you but because you are stronger than they. Put up with what there is to put up with because you are bigger. Keep serene. You will be gathering in materials and energy for a new life you have never yet dreamed of. For two lives, running alongside each other, or one above the other, are possible to us all — the old one, the old self, and a new one, the life of the freed inner self, the 'square.'

MASON

✱

### The Unfailing Fly

"THERE'S a fly in every pot of ointment," says the proverb: meaning that in every situation, however otherwise agreeable or tolerable, there is at least one little disagreeable element, one thing we should like to get rid of. "If I could just get *that* out of the way there wouldn't be much to quarrel with." Don't suppose that the next man has not his 'fly' also just because you cannot see it or because he isn't saying anything about it.

Well, we make a great effort, perhaps succeed in getting rid of our 'fly,' and heave a sigh of relief. "At last *that's* gone!" But almost at once some new irritation comes into view, just as troublesome as the other.

And so we go fretting along through life, wasting the time and mental energy with which we could achieve so much. For it is just this margin of energy, over what is used up in our daily employments, that holds the possibility of new growth and achievement.

The first step to the recovery of it, the first step to peace, is to recognise that there always is and must be a fly of some sort, and that if we get rid of this one the next will turn out to be just as disagreeable, often in fact the very same fly in another form.

The next step is to *study* the fly. We may find that we ourselves created it, or at least knowingly permitted it to settle in the ointment. Another man's little trick or habit, for instance, with nothing whatever really to do with me, may become a most per-

tinaciously irritating fly in my ointment solely because I have let my thought dwell upon it. So this fly points out to me that my mind has not been minding its own business. In truth I created this fly and now worry at it! Considered in that way the fly becomes a lesson to me, very helpful for the future.

All flies are helpful in some way. What chance would a man have to grow if the conditions about him were always exactly what he would like? Just as one sort of fly teaches us to make our minds mind their own business, so every other sort shows us something in ourselves that needs conquering or outgrowing.

Which of course points out the way to treat them. We must find out what it is in us that is disturbed by each fly, and then increase some power which the disturbedness shows we are in need of or have too little of.

Whilst doing this we can be taking the third step, which is to make for a state of inner equanimity which no flies — though we are noting and learning from them — can disturb. We take them for granted and stop expecting pots of ointment that have none of them.

Treating flies in this way we get a new insight into life and into the meaning of the circumstances that surround us. We are beginning to understand what they are trying to do for us, each offering its special opportunity for growth and acquirement of power. We are getting hold of our hitherto wasted surplusage of mental energy and entering upon a new range and depth of mind life. Whilst not ceasing to grow old we are ceasing to be *worn out* by age, and our comprehension of life widens instead of contracting with the years. "Constancy of mind," says Seneca, "secures us in all difficulties. Our sovereign remedy against misfortune, is Constancy of mind. It is not violence, reproach, contempt, or whatever else from without, that can make a wise man quit his ground; he is proof against calamities, both great and small."

STUDENT

✱

### Where Were We?

VERY few of us, said the Camp philosopher, have given proper attention to the philosophy of waking up. Indeed I am not sure but that the entire mystery of human nature might not be cleared up by a study of this matter.

When a man goes to bed he takes off his clothes — in general. After being in bed a certain length of time he takes off his body likewise, along with as much of his mind as is inseparable therefrom — what we call the brain-mind — and departs. Returning in the morning, he re-assumes this mind, his body and his clothes. I suppose none of you will venture to

dispute this simple and obvious statement of commonplace fact. No interruptions, please!

In general, the body wakes up of itself in the morning when it has had enough sleep. It may then take some more, out of laziness — which does not affect my point.

But if, before it goes to sleep, the man impresses upon his mind, by an act of will, the time at which he wishes it to wake, it will usually obey to the minute.

On waking, or soon after, we find ourselves feeling happy or grouchy or serene or quarrelsome or cordial or dismal or . . . you know . . . all sorts of moods. Along with the body we take on the mood we find ready for us, just as we might put on any suit of clothes of any color that we might happen to find ready on the chair by the bed.

But you all also know, of course, — in theory —, that if, going to bed, instead of willing a *time* for waking, you willed the *mood* you desired to find waiting for you, imagined it in advance, impressed it on the imagination, just as you imagine and impress the time, that would be the mood that would await you and in that mood you would begin and go through the day. It would of course always be a cordial, cheerful, serene, friendly mood; for no one would intentionally will the opposites of these, not even — but let that pass.

So far, I believe I have you all with me in these commonplaces. We will proceed a little further. — Please don't go away, Jones; I shall be through in another hour or so.

You will be asking me where the *man* is, or in what state, while his body and brain-mind are asleep and probably dreaming. For most of us, on returning, do catch our brain-minds in the act of fashioning aimless and often reprehensible dreams. We take a certain amount of charge of the mind on our return and expect it to conform through the day in thoughts and thought-pictures to common sense and to the facts of things. But of course it does an immense amount of wild work all day long on its own account, notwithstanding, some of which we should be glad if it would avoid. For you will notice that our attention is wholly tangled up in its thoughts and moods and we do not recognise ourselves as apart from these. They are what we mean when we say *I*. We never consider that as *I* can guide and in some measure control or even stop them, *I* must really be a separate existence. But whether we do control them or let them loose, we are right in with them and appear to be unable, except in sleep, to get our attention detached for a moment. In fact we never consider any such possibility.

Now we have got thus far: that in saying good-night to his body the man can leave instructions with it and with its mind as to when it shall wake and in what mood and even with what thoughts. Left to itself, the phenomena of dreams, of delirium, and

even of day-dreaming show that this mind will be utterly flighty and unconcentrated in its working, and has no power of judgment. The powers of control and good-judgment belong to the *man*. With these powers about him or in his possession, into what state has *he* entered while deep sleep is upon the body?

And there I fear I must leave you without our being able to give each other an answer. For the state is one of such real life and real awakesness to what is behind this outer show of things to which we attach so much importance — that the memory of it cannot be brought back and put in line with our ordinary memories. As soon as we come back into the midst of these and of our ordinary thoughts and feelings we have to let go of it, just as a man would have to let go of a melody that he had been hearing as soon as he got into a whirling factory. The whole attention is preoccupied.

But there is just this: that the echoes of it may come suddenly into the mind of a musician or a poet as the inspiration of the music or poetry that he puts into form, or into the mind of the great scientist or inventor as the secret of the discovery or invention which he then works out into details.

And also this: that when a man collects himself and takes a survey of his nature, his weaknesses, faults, trickinesses, his unconcentration and emptiness of mind, and so on; when he gets above all this in the silence of his thoughts for the purpose of the survey, begins to feel himself then in the presence of something greater than himself, and wills that henceforth he will live a fuller and worthier life — then he is touching the outskirts of the deeper and higher state. And this much of it he can remember because he is touching it with his mind *awake* and held ready to note and remember. If he will do this day by day or night by night, why should he not sometime find himself in *both* worlds — this common world of our ordinary consciousness and thoughts, and that other where we are gods? Why should he not bridge the gulf, make the link between the two?

And now I will let you go to dinner. You must excuse my eloquence. It comes natural to me. Another time I will resume my instructions. C.

✱

## Waking Up

### A NIGHT MEDITATION

THE men of our little party, camping up there alone in the mountains, had to take turns at night guard, of course. Each man called the next about ten minutes before his own spell was up. My experience with one of the others was quite a lesson in human nature.

In his proper self he was a very nice, genial fellow.

But there was nothing of *that* fellow on deck when you called him for his guard turn. For a long time he just grunted and growled and rolled over in the cot. Then he came to a little more and swore a bit to himself. Finally he would get up on his elbow and curse at me, telling me what he would do to me if I didn't clear out and let him alone. I'd put down a mug of the coffee that we kept brewed through the night, give him a final "*get up now!*" and clear out accordingly. And in a few minutes he'd be on hand all right, his ordinary genial self, ready for a chat.

"I guess I was a tough one to call," he said, the first time. "I'm not any too clear just what I *said* to you, but I know what I felt like *doing* to you for about five minutes. Strange how a man isn't like himself at those times."

His bodily part is all warm and comfortable and finds that it's got to get up and go out into the cold night. The man himself is not altogether there yet. Then he gets right in and takes charge and you find his proper self again. The bodily feelings are there just the same, of course; but

they're not allowed to give themselves voice. Finally even they may get to enjoy the rich night air.

Coming into the body and waking up there, swinging over into touch with the bodily pole of his being, a man gets partly out of touch with the other pole, what you might call the spiritual, where he's his real self. A vague dream, sometimes, that seems as if it might mean something if you could only tell what, or a feeling of having been somewhere worth while, is about all in the way of memory that he can bring across — except, of course, that he brings *himself* with his will, his notions of right conduct and so on. And even these he's apt to get blunted to by the sensations and cravings of his body.

Now all that must be something like the way a man comes into his body at birth or thereabouts — little by little. At first in a mighty bad temper, they tell me, at being called to come on duty in this cold world! But it takes more than ten *minutes* for him to get in control! More years than that many

minutes. In fact he has to be constantly reminded by teachers and parents — if he's got wise enough ones — that he *ought* to get in control. Otherwise he'll take the situation just as he finds it and never come in sight of his own ideals at all or of his real nature as distinct from the nature of his selfish comfort-loving body. He'll remain something like my half-awake relief-guard. Not of course necessarily in a bad temper all the time, but yet not on deck and consequently ready to *be* in a bad temper whenever anything doesn't go the way he wants it to.

Where does a man get his ideals and his notions of right conduct? Merely hearing parents and his teachers tell him he ought to act rightly would never of itself make him do so — except from fear of consequences — and still less make him come to really *want* to do so, unless what they told him (from outside) corresponded to something he already had of his own, within. It corresponds with his real nature, and when he hears it he gradually recognises it as what he admires and would like to follow. Still, even this double telling



'A MORNING IDYLL'

A painting by Maurice Braun, a Lomaland resident

(from without and from within) mostly has a pretty feeble chance at a hearing against the more vivid bodily end of his nature with all its impulses and desires — that is, unless he gets the habit of making constant intelligent efforts to come to himself and wake right up. For, in this way of looking at it, getting born is getting temporarily *asleep* to your real self and waking into bodily selfness.

It's a pretty good thing for the body when there's a man inside it that can control it. He'll make it keep healthy and so double its life — maybe more than that. Seems likely that later on in human history, when we have perfect heredity and know how to guide and treat our bodies so that they have nothing but the best conditions and don't break any laws of health whatever, and when we know how to think and feel right, these bodies of ours may show that they have the power to keep renewing themselves right along, just as fast as they wear away. 'Physical immortality' — wonder if there's anything in that



idea. Anyhow a mighty long spell of life here. It would give us a chance to come right home to ourselves and know ourselves through and through for what we are. Why not say *souls*? It's not a bad word. Souls veiled up in bodies. Middling thick veils some men seem to have, too! A CAMPER

✽

### Silent Moments

THIS *silence* proposition is common sense, after all, when you come to think it out. A man can't think deeply when he's taking hard bodily exercise. Your thinker may perhaps pace slowly up and down, but he'll stop even that for a moment when some exceptionally bright or subtle thought strikes him, and most men while thinking hard keep quite still.

Man is generally reckoned to be something more than mind and body. Some *know* that there's a third and highest element, usually called soul, sometimes spirit.

So it is a reasonable proposition that if you must silence — that is, quiet — the *body* in order to use the *mind* to its utmost, you must also silence the brain-working of the mind in order to give the *soul* a chance.

That means stopping brain-thinking that you may become aware of a still higher activity in you, or start an activity higher than the mental. Learning to quiet the thoughts is a very difficult task, about the hardest we can tackle. A man's mind talks to him all the time, from the moment he wakes till he goes to sleep sixteen hours after, and sometimes after he's gone to sleep. It occupies almost his entire attention with its thoughts all that time. These thoughts may be of a worrying or terrible character and their victim may long to be done with them. But while they go on they compel him to have his attention on them. If he wants to have his attention fully freed for something else he must stop them.

Consider the meanings men attach to the word *prayer*. Some regard prayer as asking for something concrete, as when the farmer prays for rain or a child for a toy. Some pray for something interior, such as contentment or power to conquer a bad habit. To a few, prayer means entire silence of ordinary thoughts while the mind, rising above them, enters into wordless communion with the Highest. As the state of prayer is withdrawn from, thoughts again begin to claim attention, and finally the usual current of them is in full flow. The musician likewise gets beyond his mind-thinking when the inspiration comes upon him. It comes from the soul and a man's soul doesn't speak brain language. Maybe the finest music is the language of soul-states as ordinary language is that of mind-states. You can only get the inward-

ness of music in proportion as you stop the rattle of ordinary thinking.

I went into a schoolroom once, and the long benches of little ones were all sitting silent and took no notice of my coming in. The teacher put her fingers on her lips as I entered as a signal to me to keep quiet. The children remained still about a minute and then all got up and ran out into the playground laughing and carrying on as children do. "We always have a 'silent moment' together," said the teacher, "just at the beginning and end of school time and once in the middle." She said that though the children did not quite understand what they were doing they would understand later on and even now were the better for it and got something out of it. They were easier to control and their attention was better concentrated upon their work.

I didn't see much in the thing at the time, but I'm beginning to now. If we grown-ups would take a minute like that now and then and feel after our souls we should be all the better for it. We should come in time to *know* of our souls for sure. And that would be the end of loneliness and the end of fear of death. "There, anyhow," we should say, "is something that death can't touch." And we might recall a very old text which says, "Him who knows the soul, the soul makes immortal as itself."

I guess a few 'silent moments,' one here and there through the day, one the first thing in the morning and the last at night, might be a mighty good spiritual tonic for us all.

No. 135

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### Please Sir, It Was the Liver!

IF we looked deep enough we should never urge a state of body as an excuse for a state of mind — a goutiness or a bad liver, for instance, as an excuse for a fit of bad temper. The *possibility* of the bad temper must already have been in the mind or the bad liver could not have called it forth. There are gouty or bad-livered people who yet remain serene and self-controlled. So likewise temptation is never the real cause of a man's dishonesty. It is merely the *occasion* for a previously latent streak of dishonesty to manifest. Let us never take credit to ourselves for freedom from a weakness or a fault. It may be there within, never yet called out by some sufficiently provocative occasion. It is by these urgent occasions that life displays us to ourselves. We should be grateful to them for having enabled us to find ourselves out. For the latent streaks of weakness are just as real hindrances to the attainment of perfect manhood as the visible ones. The great cure for both is to forget the falls of yesterday and go forward into each today with purpose reborn, heart undaunted and fears ejected.

STUDENT



## When A Man's Alone

BY E. A. GUEST

STRANGE thoughts come to the man alone;  
 'Tis then, if ever, he talks with God,  
 And views himself as a single clod  
 In the soil of life where the souls are grown;  
 'Tis then he questions the why and where;  
 The start and end of his years and days,  
 And what is blame and what is praise,  
 And what is ugly and what is fair.

When a man has drawn from the busy throng,  
 To the sweet retreat of the silent hours,  
 Low voices whisper of higher powers.  
 He catches the strain of some far-off song,  
 And the sham fades out and his eyes can see,  
 Not the man he is in the day's hot strife,  
 And the greed and grind of a selfish life,  
 But the soul of the man he is to be.

He feels the throbbing of life divine,  
 And catches a glimpse of the greater plan;  
 He questions the purposes and work of man;  
 In the hours of silence his mind grows fine;  
 He seeks to learn what is kept unknown;  
 He turns from self and its garb of clay  
 And dwells on the soul and the higher way.  
 Strange thoughts come when a man's alone.

—Selected

## The Feller Called Me

BETTER get mad with the feller called Me  
 Than with anyone else on earth.  
 He's so blind sometimes that he cannot see  
 The gifts that were his at birth.  
 He stumbles and trifles and goes astray  
 Instead of just going right on  
 Up the straight and narrow and truthset way  
 To the golden gardens of dawn.

Better get wise to the feller called Me  
 The first thing that you do;  
 It will help so much in the day to be  
 To put what you want to through.  
 Study him over and take his size,  
 And probe him clear down to the deeps,  
 And learn by his ears and his nose and eyes  
 What bad in his nature sleeps.

Better pick quarrels with the feller called Me  
 Than with anyone else you know;  
 Ponder him over from A to Z,  
 And watch him wherever you go.  
 For every weakness you find and cure  
 Will be something to set you ahead  
 In the path that is straight and fine and sure  
 That your soul is destined to tread.

—Folger McKenzie in the *Baltimore Sun*.

## In the Silence

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

WHERE did'st Thou tarry, Lord, Lord,  
 Who heeded not my prayer?  
 All the long day, all the long night,  
 I stretched my hands to air.

"There was a bitterer want than thine  
 Came from the frozen North;  
 Laid hands upon my garment's hem  
 And led me forth.

"It was a lonely Northern man,  
 Where there was never tree  
 To shed its comfort on his heart,  
 There he had need of me."

And yet I called Thee, Lord, Lord —  
 Who answered not, nor came:  
 All the long day, and yesterday,  
 I called Thee by Thy name.

"There was a dumb, unhearing grief  
 Spake louder than thy word,  
 There was a heart called not on me,  
 But yet I heard.

"The sorrow of a savage man  
 Shaping him gods, alone,  
 Who found no love in the shapen clay  
 To answer to his own.

"His heart saw what his eyes saw not;  
 He bade me stay and eat;  
 And unto him, and unto me,  
 The cup was sweet.

"Too long we wait for thee and thine,  
 In sodden ways and dim,  
 And where the man's need cries on me  
 There have I need of him.

"Along the borders of despair  
 Where sparrows seek no nest,  
 Nor ravens food, I sit at meat,  
 The Unnamed Guest."—Selected

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## The New Way Quotebook

I WILL strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them.—*'Julius Caesar'*

"YES," said the old man sadly; "I've been worn out by a long succession of troubles, most of which never happened."

WHEN things go wrong and I am sore perplexed  
With the tumultuous duties of each day,  
I mind me of a quaint old Saxon text,  
The burden of a homely roundelay:  
"*Doe the next thyng.*"

If thou wouldst have the stay and help of thy soul,  
the inner Presence, in hours of pain, turn toward  
it betimes in hours of happiness when there is no  
void to fill. Give, when thou hast somewhat to  
offer, if thou wouldst receive when in thy need.

—*An old Manual*

It is a peculiar form of energy that is wasted in  
superfluous talking, an energy closely related to the  
will. Consider, for instance, the curious fact that  
if one has determined upon doing something and  
tells another man of one's determination one is very  
likely never to carry it out. The telling was a leakage  
of the necessary will.

GIVE me the man who can hold on when others  
let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back;  
who stiffens up when others weaken; who advances  
when others retreat; who knows no such word as  
'can't' or 'give up'; and I will show you a man  
who will win in the end, no matter who opposes  
him, no matter what obstacles confront him.

—*Orson Sweet Marsden*

WE ought to live with the gods. This is done by  
him who always exhibits a soul contented with the  
appointments of Providence and obeys the orders  
of that divinity which is his deputy and ruler and  
the offspring of God. Now this divine authority is  
neither more nor less than that soul and reason  
which every man possesses.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

If thou workest at that which is before thee,  
following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly,  
without allowing anything else to distract thee, but  
keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst  
be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest  
to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satis-  
fied with thy present activity . . . and with heroic  
truth in every word and sound which thou utterest,  
thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who  
will be able to prevent this.—*Marcus Aurelius*

## OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS

He that lives not well one year  
Sorrows for it seven.

The mill cannot grind with the water that is past.  
If everyone would mend *one*, all would be mended.

He that would live in Peace and Rest,  
Must see and hear and say the best.

A man of words and not of deeds  
Is like a garden full of weeds.

## SAYINGS FROM THE TEACHINGS OF BUDDHA

BECAUSE he hath pity upon every living creature,  
therefore is a man called 'holy.'

WITH pure thoughts and fulness of love, I will do  
towards others what I do for myself.

WHY should we cling to this perishable body? In  
the eye of the wise, the only thing it is good for is  
to benefit one's fellow-creatures.

OVERCOME evil by good.

CONQUER your foe by force, and you increase his  
enmity; conquer by love, and you reap no after-  
sorrow.

To make an end of selfishness is happiness.

FULL of love for all things in the world, practising  
virtue in order to benefit others — this man only  
is happy.

THOUGH a man conquer a thousand men in battle,  
a greater conqueror still is he who conquers him-  
self.

HATRED does not cease by hatred at any time,  
hatred ceases by love.

## HABIT

HABIT is a fixed series of acts. Do a thing once  
and the tracks are marked. Do a thing twice and  
a route is mapped. Do a thing thrice and a path  
is blazed.

Do the right thing over again.

If you are prompt today you will want to be  
prompt tomorrow. If you are square once you will  
surely seek to be square again. The fight for a thing  
worth while right now cannot help but ease the fight  
for the thing worth while later on. It is the law of  
habit; and habit creeps on from the minutest action  
repeated over and over again.

Do the right thing over again.

Grow great of habit. There is no other way.  
Start what you do start — right; or else begin over  
again. You can fondle the eggs of a python, but  
you can't play with the python. You can break the  
bad habit today, but if you wait until tomorrow the  
bad habit will break you.—*Witness*

503 1918

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A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General

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Soldiers and Sailors

"Ever the deed that a man does best  
Is a deed beyond his power."

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 CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING DAY PAGEANT

Raja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

#### Self-Salvage

"JUST a sudden impulse. Before I had time to think, I had done it — and my life was wrecked." But what is an impulse? An impulse is the thought of a deed — *come alive*. It comes all in a moment, rushing into its opportunity, but it did not come *alive* all in that moment — probably long before.

The momentary thought of a deed is a momentary suggestion to do it. A man's whole life career may depend upon how he treats that suggestion — for example, to take some money that is not his.

He may not act upon it — then. But he may leave it there in his mind, unkilld, unejected. He had a momentary thought of himself as doing that thing and then passed along, leaving the seed behind him.

You see the same principle in quite innocent thoughts. As a man passes from his garden into the road he half consciously notices that the hinge of the gate is pulling loose. This may happen many days running without the idea distinctly coming into the practical front of his mind. Suddenly one morning he turns back, gets the necessary tools and puts the thing right. The impulse to do so had *come*, before, and been quite properly allowed to stay. That particular morning it came *alive*.

Which is not an entirely correct statement. For the impulse, a germ, had been alive from the very first time it had appeared and been allowed to stay, coming more and more alive each time of its re-appearance. At last it happened to coincide with an opportunity, a few minutes' leisure or a mood, and got its will — quite legitimately.

But *every* unkilld germ, every thought of a deed or suggestion to a deed, will do the same. They grow, come more and more alive, and at last coincide with opportunity. And there are the wrecks in human life.

A great deal goes on in our minds of which we are not clearly conscious. Deep in there we often accept ideas without knowing of our own momentary glance of toleration or approval of them, though that glance has given them a life that will grow stronger. The first time the idea of taking money from the till occurred to the young man now behind the bars he gave it a momentary glance of toleration of which he was perhaps almost unconscious. But he may remember that he did not instantly spurn and eject it.

We can of course *use* this principle, this power of growth possessed by tolerated and approved ideas. We can not only approve them when they are there but make them when they are not. Beside being ever on the lookout to kill and eject germs that will otherwise grow into evil powers capable of sweeping us into deeds we may regret for the rest of our lives, we can be equally on the watch for their opposites.

There are dark places in our memory-galleries into which we fear or dislike to look, deeds that we would like to forget but that will not be quite forgotten.

They should be let come into open memory without fear till we have had our will of them. We can let the soul's light into each one and in each one create the ideal of what the deed and feeling *should* have been when the temptation came. Out of the mistakes of the past we can get power for the future, creating and giving life to a rebuilt character.

And on the smaller scale of each day, looking back through that day, we can amend its mistakes, out of each drawing the strength to meet its occasion rightly when next it confronts us. From each failure we draw the thought of its opposite, in each creating a victory for the future and better days. There is no wreck that cannot be salvaged and refloated on the great stream that bears us all God-ward.

STUDENT

### Steering the Even Course

SITUATIONS pleasant, situations painful or unpleasant, situations neither particularly one nor the other, just neutral: life is made up of these three in ceaseless blend and succession. Our great endeavor is to avoid the unpleasant ones and have only the pleasant, to have the stick with only one end to it, to have a magnet with only one pole. Some spend their entire thought and energy in that endeavor, trying always to steer off the unpleasant into the pleasant, and consequently having nothing left over for real accomplishment in life. In extreme cases we call them degenerates, morally diseased. A very few steer an even line, not condescending to swerve their course at all because this line happens to be passing for the time through the pleasant or the painful. They steer by an ideal of duty, and in consequence of not swerving they make much progress, far more than we others who more or less zigzag all the time.

This attempt to get more of the pleasant and less of the unpleasant into life is of course quite vain. It is easy to see that they are and must be equal in quantity. When the pleasant comes along it is the more enjoyed in proportion to the amount of unpleasant that has gone before. If you dwell in mind a great deal on the pleasant and make efforts to get as much of it as you can you proportionately make the times between the pleasures gray and dull and monotonous and become proportionately more sensitive to the painful and unpleasant. In thinking much of comfort you are preparing more misery at the inevitably coming times of discomfort. So it is much better to try to be indifferent which of the two you are at the moment going through, just taking them as you get to them, freeing yourself from the power of either and going ahead independently.

In this endeavor we presently come upon the fact that our nature is dual, an upper and lower, an inner and outer. The outer or lower is the part that is always on the search for the pleasant, shrinking from the unpleasant; it is the part to be taken in hand and cured of this. The upper or inner is free from this bondage, does the steering straight ahead, and is the real man with a life of his own which presently turns out to be very full and rich, growing and progressing, and marked by an intensity of satisfaction which is never reached at all by the other.

A man on this path will obviously make much headway in life, since his energies are not spent in the effort to get the pleasant or in worrying about the unpleasant. He uses them to move on.

Let us steer a straight course for a strong and noble manhood, careless whether it happens to be passing for the time through the pleasant or the unpleasant, accepting either evenmindedly. Whatever comes up to be done from hour to hour we attack

with all the force we have and conquer it by perfect doing of it. We develop mind and body to the highest efficiency that circumstances permit. For that too is duty and those who attend to it in that spirit will find that sooner or later every acquirement they have made will be called on for noble service. And by steady and unshrinking work along these lines we gradually come to knowledge of ourselves as souls with an endless path of royal work stretching in front of us.

STUDENT

✱

### What is the Soul?

"THIS 'real self' that you talk about, the soul, distinct from the ordinary thinking self, from the just-you-and-me self that wants its three meals a day, what do you mean by it? Stand, deliver and make clear, or this audience deserts you from now on."

O. K. I'll do my best with the contract. Let's see what the soul *does* for a man by way of getting some notion of what it *is* in him.

What's music? A set of selected sounds, arranged so as to convey something, to convey a meaning, isn't it?

An animal can hear the notes as well as you can, some animals better. But they have no meaning to him. Some few men are the same, men with any amount of brains. They could tell you all about the different vibrations of the notes and how they must be selected to form proper chords and scales. But the world of *music*, the world of *meaning* conveyed by the sounds, is closed to them. They are just sounds.

Show a savage a few lines sketched by an artist on a bit of paper, and he sees nothing but a few lines. But if one of you looks at it he sees the *meaning*, a human face or a landscape.

I don't say that the man who can't appreciate music has no soul. His soul will be showing itself in other ways. But in you and other normal men the soul is that which, standing as it were above the mind and shining down into it, enables the mind to find music and meaning in what would otherwise be merely mathematically arranged sounds. Its light gives of course to all of us much more than this. It gives the power of making high ideals and the will to build these ideals into our own characters against the resistance of the desires of the lower nature. An animal has desires only, not will; and it cannot make ideals. It is because of this light that the common man may suddenly show himself a hero, ready to give his life for a cause or for other men.

And there is also a great deal of the soul's light that the mind cannot yet respond to, even the minds of the highest men we know. When we can respond to more of it we shall be able to see the spiritual *meaning*

in all nature and in life just as we now see the spiritual meaning — the music — in a set of sounds. We should find in nature the expression of the Great Soul as we now find in a symphony the expression of the musician's soul. We should understand the meaning, the hidden why, of life and our own separate lives in our bodies.

So by soul or real self I mean that Presence with each of us whose light makes the mind more and more responsive to inner and higher meanings and gives the will to lead the corresponding life. That it is an actual and helping Presence, each man must of course find out for himself. I am only trying to say what I mean by the word.

"Well, what's the prescription for that? How shall a man live his life so as to get at his real self, to know of his soul?"

If he wants to get more conscious of what's *within* him he must try to cease to be so much the sport of what happens to the *outside* of him. He must try to have his attention not so much occupied with getting comfort and pleasure for his personality and avoiding discomfort and unpleasantness. He must try to cease caring about whether he is popular and important or disregarded and slighted. Whereas most men are almost altogether tied up with all this, the man who wants to get in to his real self must free himself from it. He must aim for mind-calm in the face of all external matters. Even the ordinary man with no special ideals would do well for himself with a little of the same practice.

But the direct search for the real self is carried on through *silence*. For it is only in the moments of silence of lip and mind that a man can feel back into himself for what is beyond his ordinary thinking personal self. And some of the best of these moments of silence come in the performance of ordinary commonplace duties. In his attempt to do them fully and faithfully a man may come nearer and nearer to his better self and feel its presence and help.

REPORTER

✱

### The Talisman of Duty

THERE is something refreshing about any fellow who simply does his duty, regardless of any glory he may get or miss, or of any other consequences. He may not win any medals or cut any figure as a hero or have a leading part in the show. But in playing his part well he shows the heroic quality and becomes a vital influence for good on all about him. Duty well done puts a sort of moral ozone into any man's atmosphere, not only benefiting him but helping all with whom he comes in contact.

Ozone is Oxygen *plus*. As Oxygen is necessary to sustain life and to preserve health, Ozone is exhilarat-

ing and wholesome in larger degree. It gives to the vital forces in the body greater resistance to fatigue and disease, and, also, by its special purifying power, neutralizes miasmas and kills germs. The mere presence of Ozone has the effect of pure mountain air and sunshine and nature's sweet and beneficent forces. Though silent and invisible itself, its power is shown in its effect upon things around it. This vital Oxygen *plus* has no quarrel with time or place or condition; nor is its virtue dependent upon other things. It just works on steadily and helpfully, and makes its presence felt wherever it is in the atmosphere.

The man who dignifies even the smallest duty by treating it as worth while, is putting morality *plus* into his atmosphere, even more than he knows. He is claiming his place in the democracy of endeavor, — the one universal and international realm — where all stand equal before the great law of cause and effect. Here the full rights of citizenship depend upon the *quality* of the work done, and not upon the position occupied by the worker. Here each one gets out of his work just what he puts into it; and whatever he gets, goes into his character. He may have no voice in choosing his duty; but he always has the power to decide how he will meet and handle the duty of the day.

A task may seem interesting and easy, or it may seem like a monotonous and wearisome burden, according as a man devotes his full strength and ability to it, or grudgingly gives it his divided attention. In the first case, he is master of the situation; in the second case, he belittles his own power, and the situation looms up large in proportion, and becomes hard to manage.

If we would be quite frank in analysing our failures, we should find that the trouble began in failure to master thoroughly the little things which we thought didn't matter so much, and were not worth making special effort to control. We should indignantly deny that we were *unable* to do the small things; and yet our half-hearted or absent-minded work shows that we were 'not all there.'

Everything in the universe is ruled by law, even to the duty of the day and the place in which every man finds himself. The soul, in working out its evolution, sets itself the task of learning every lesson, and in the divine economy, "nothing is great, nothing is small." Each soul is placed exactly where it belongs, in order to learn something necessary for further progress; but some minor weakness or ignorance may stand in the way, and block the path and shut out the light of truth, until, at last, it is frankly faced and firmly conquered.

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

It is often hard to decide what to do, when one's own impulses and desires and the various demands of outside conditions seem to pull in a dozen different directions. A long train of consequences follows any decision, so that any move, true or false, is far-reaching in its results. However, confusion and doubt give way when tested by the touchstone of duty. With this touchstone, even hard and disagreeable situations, met cheerfully and confidently, will be robbed of their unpleasant power, and will add strength and brightness to their master. Life is a great teacher for those who are willing to learn; and what seems like hard luck may be only a course of intensive training, to bring out hidden resources of strength and balance.

Y.

### The 'Deep Breathing' Mistake

OF late years it has been the fashion for the health journals and the medical columns in newspapers to recommend 'deep breathing' as a way to health. Suppose we examine that prescription from a common-sense standpoint.

An under-exercised man will be more or less out of health. Different constitutions require different amounts of physical exercise, and by an 'under-exercised' man we mean one whose daily muscular exercise is short of the amount his constitution calls for. To get his health he must take more, increasing it with his returning vigor. And (unless he was taking too much food before, having perhaps in that way lost his health) the increasing vigor will call for an increased amount of food.

What should we think of him if, after having regained his health, he should attribute the regainment not to the increased muscular exercise but to the increased feeding and in that conviction teach all the out-of-health people he knew that forced eating beyond the body's call for it was the way to health and vigor? How would they prosper under this prescription? What sort of digestions would they have in three months?

No doubt one of them would turn round on him and say, "My friend, your prescription is a serious mistake. *You* arranged and carried out the exercising that benefited you, but it was the *exercising* that arranged the food-quantity. If you had interfered *there*, deciding out of your own head upon an excessive amount instead of leaving the decision to the body's proper appetite, you would have seriously interfered with your progress and very likely have gone back instead of forward."

Now turn the case around to the matter of breathing.

Your under-exercised man has less chest room and feebler respiration than the man of vigor. When he moves healthward by taking the necessary exercises



his chest expands of itself and his breathing deepens of itself — both in the proper proportion to his increased needs and activities. As in the other case, the *exercises* depend upon *him*. But the *breathing* matter, like the food matter, he should leave to the decision of the body, which will know and carry out its own requirements. In other words the necessary deeper and fuller breathing will automatically come about in the rightful proportion. Otherwise he must damage the respiration apparatus just as the digestion apparatus would be damaged by the man who thought he could get health by — let us call it 'deep eating,' forced eating. Just as common-sense advice would be: Take food in the amount of



THE MUSIC TEMPLE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

your body's proper appetite for it as called for by the amount of exercise; so also, let the body take air in the amount it has the automatic appetite for, which will be the amount of its need, and no more think of forcing superfluous air upon it than of forcing superfluous food. By all means deepen your breathing, but do it through general exercises which will of themselves bring about deepened breathing.

Fortunately we cannot interfere with our *hearts*, or there would be people prescribing the same meddlings there as they do now for the lung centers. Nature will not let us evolve any further powers of controlling our bodily mechanism than we now have till she is sure she can trust us with them. And the present deep-breathing craze will not encourage her to confide any more power to us yet. You cannot trick yourself into good health. You must pay the honest price. M. D.



THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA

### "Thinking of Nothing"

"YOU white skins do not know the joy of sitting thinking of nothing," said an old Indian chief once in the course of a conversation reported by a traveler of the last century. "Your lives are wasted by your minds and your tongues, and the

years that should be filled with developed power are for you years of failing age and darkening intelligence."

Thinking of nothing, like a cabbage or a clam! Would that be an ideal way of killing time?

Thinking of nothing in *that* sense certainly would not. But we do not know what the Indian meant by his 'nothing.' There is a sense in which the power of thinking of 'nothing' for a few moments now and then would be very valuable.

"Alas!" said the old man wearily, "I am worn out with long years of troubles, most of which never happened."

Never *actually* happened. But each of them had happened again and again in his *thoughts*, his anxious anticipations. The worry of

them wore his brain out and brought him to his death just as well as if they had happened.

A man never yet got worn out thinking about astronomy or the theory of wireless telegraphy or an essay of Emerson's or the teachings of Buddha. Good hard thinking about real topics is as beneficial to the mind and brain as good hard work is for the muscles. A man should read and study for this among other reasons — to furnish his mind with material for healthy

thought. He provides himself with something to exercise it upon.

But he should also be able, when desirable, to slow down his brain altogether, into silence, so as to rest it as he would rest his muscles.

That need *not* be becoming a cabbage or an oyster. Perhaps we come as near to a clam as is possible to humans by letting the mind wander at its will, wholly unguided. Not

only is there no real rest for the brain in that, but at any moment we may come upon a set of thoughts that will worry worse than a hornet swarm or wake up desires that run through the veins like poison. Thought unguided is thus the great squanderer of our life capital, the great cause of early outwear — even more so than the muscles would be if, the moment we ceased employing them, they began to twitch and jerk incessantly on their own account. And this squandering of vitality by the mind is in addition

to what is squandered by wrong *actions* following upon the desires the mind stirs up.

But man is more than a brain and a brain-mind. Brain is an instrument. He can use the moments of rest, stilling the customary brain-thinking, to come home to his real self, to find himself, to come into that Light that shines unseen and unknown to us while we are slaves of our own minds, carried along where they choose. This Light is the source of life and is ready at any time to be drawn upon for more. *Give us this day our daily 'bread'* is an appeal to it.

Thought, then, about a real topic, is right and beneficial mental exercise. Some topics, say astronomy, for instance, from their very nature raise and vitalize the mind in addition. And thought turned away from the common brain rattle and brought home to the Light and to true selfhood therein is an opening of the channel to the great life source. How much we could achieve by using the neglected odd moments of the day for the practice of real silence! We could learn to rest and restore our whole natures day by day, defer old age perhaps for decades, and reach it at last with the light of consciousness undimmed. But it is in just these odd moments that we let our minds wear us down and kill us.

We are all nose-led by our minds. Look around in a restaurant and watch the faces of the people as they eat. Note the people you meet in the street, the changing expressions, the frowning, muttering, smiling, as their streams of thought rush along. Ninetenths of it useless and life-wasting, some of it much worse.

Mind control, then, leads to peace, efficiency, conserved vitality, and therefore to added years with unexhausted brain. In the practice of it comes self-knowledge; and it clears the way to realization of the divine. The opportunities for the practice of it are scattered all along the day — in concentration of attention upon the duties of the occasion, in study and close thinking, and in right use of the moments when we are accustomed to let the mind wander where it will. In this, as in everything else, practice leads to habit and makes perfect.

STUDENT

✱

### The Other Man's Orbit

**A**N astronomer watches a new comet moving for a few nights and ascertains that much of its path or orbit. From this he can construct the whole and say where the comet will be in a year's time.

But you cannot do that with human nature. You may be acquainted with that much of a man's career in which he committed a theft. But if you thereupon call him *a thief*, as if that were the whole of him, you are treating him as the astronomer treats the comet's orbit, constructing the unknown whole of

him from the known bit. If you were acquainted with another segment of his career you might find that when moving in *that* he sacrificed his last dollar to help a comrade.

Here is another man who never committed a theft. But he may have more of the thief *tendency* than the first, merely never having chanced to be submitted to such a strain of need or temptation as the first succumbed to.

You say of a third that he has no will. Well, he may not show any in respect of such parts of his conduct as you can see. But elsewhere, in mental self-discipline, in repressing himself here or compelling himself there, he may be using more will than you ever did. He may seem to you to yield weakly to some failing. But he may not happen to regard it as much of a failing. Maybe he would rather die than yield to some other tendency he has which he does regard as a failing. You yourself, with all your respectability, may quite simply do things which if you saw them done by another man would fill you with contempt. But because *you* do them they seem all right. Which of us would like a searchlight turned upon his life?

And so on. We cannot construct each others' full orbits of character until we can look *into* each other instead of seeing merely the misleading external.

We can do this only by the acquirement and perfection of a certain habit and power. Every other man is as conscious as you, vibrating like you between pain and happiness, with a live sensitive heart like yours, having hopes, fears, clouds and sunshine, as you do. He is as vitally interesting to himself as you to yourself. Like you he is in the hands of the Higher Law and like you he comes or will come under its sentence for his evil and its benediction for his good. In a word he is a fellow creature, a brother unit in the universal family.

It is this that we must try constantly to feel as we meet each other. Duty may require that we sometimes *deal* with others with exterior sternness, as for instance a judge does. But underneath, within, must always be the recognition of another human being.

Thus only do we slowly acquire the power to understand the real nature of others with its two poles of light and darkness. And this is also the way to the deepening of our own consciousness into a real understanding of life. For in each fellow man whom we thus sympathetically touch, we have touched life at a new point inaccessible to him who lives wholly to and within himself and knows himself only. It is the way to the expansion of our own hearts and selves till their pettiness is left behind forever and our faults and weaknesses outgrown. We have broken down the hedge between our little lives and *Life*. We have learned the Universal Language. STUDENT

## The Path

(Contributed by a Prisoner)

BETWIXT me and my shining goal  
The black clouds roll.  
My feet are weighty with dark mud  
And spotted with my blood.

Despair sits in my heavy heart  
Nor will at all depart;  
Yet even despair becometh friend  
In making fears to end.

Hopeless I hope and journey yet,  
Nor will the goal forget.  
Who striveth wins at last, though hell  
Clangs out its sullen bell.

In the black mists there is no rift,  
Yet one foot I can lift  
Each after each and feel the way,  
Falling yet rising aye.

Move on, oh heart-chilled traveler, creep  
Up the rock faces steep;  
Each day that passes leaves one less  
Before thy crowned success.

He shall not fail who moveth on  
Though hope and light be gone;  
Who rises after fall on fall  
Unconquered conquers all.



## Lyric of Action

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

'TIS the part of a coward to brood  
O'er the past that's withered and dead;  
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust,  
What though the heart's music be fled?  
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,  
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,  
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal."

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth  
Are a burden too heavy to bear,  
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste  
Of a jealous and craven despair?  
Down, down with the fetters of fear!  
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise  
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,  
From His throne in life's nethermost fires,  
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn  
Of the soul that repents and aspires.  
If pure thou hast made thy desires,  
There's no height the strong wings of immortals  
may gain,

Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate  
Unbound by the past, which is dead!  
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?  
What though the heart's music be fled?  
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead.  
And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun  
Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is done.

— Selected



## Reaching Out

BY RICHARD HOVEY

DOETH not God's light shine even on the blind  
Who feel the flood they lack the sense to see?  
The lark that seeks him in the summer sky  
Finds there the great blue mirror of his soul;  
Winged with the dumb need of he knows not what,  
He finds the mute speech of he knows not whom.  
Is not the wide air, after the cocoon,  
As much God as the moth-soul can receive?  
Doth not God give the child within the womb  
Some guess to set him groping for the world,  
Some blurred reflection answering his desire?  
We, shut in this blue womb of doming sky,  
Guess and grope vaguely for the vast of God,  
And, eyeless, through some vague, less perfect sense,  
Strive for a sign of what it is to see.

— From "The Masque of Taliesin"



## April

BY BLISS CARMAN

MAKE me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
When thy flowery hand delivers  
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,  
And thy great heart beats and quivers  
To revive the days that were,  
Make me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir! — Selected



THE great man is not convulsible or tormentable.  
He is so much that outer events pass over him with-  
out much impression. — Emerson



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## New Way Gleanings

ANY action which a man avoids from perceiving it to be bad he may also (and better) avoid from perceiving its opposite to be good.— *Spinoza*

"OF course I may be wrong, but . . . ." How often does one hear a man commence the utterance of his opinion with that hypocritically modest-sounding phrase! The hypocrisy is unconscious, but it has never for a moment entered the speaker's mind that his opinion "may be wrong." The truth finder in any matter is he who in the utterance or having of an opinion admits *to himself* that he may be wrong and keeps his mind ready for the right that shall replace his present wrongness.

"PUT into your work all the thought and attention that the work needs. Any that is left over after that, fasten to a star."

This is well worth hard practice, for it is these loose thoughts with no definite occupation that "Satan finds some mischief for."

To regard each day, as it dawns, as a 'last day,' and to make of its sunrise, of its noon, of its sunset, a rhythmic antiphony to the eternal gods, — this is to live in the spirit of the 'great style.' It has nothing to do with 'right' or 'wrong.' Saints may practise it and sometimes do. Sinners often practise it.

— *John Cowper Powys*

IT is the last ounce and the last minute that make the showing. But it is what went before that does the work. The man puts his strong shoulder to the car, but there's not a sign of a move till he gets that last ounce into his push. The fire blazes away under the kettle without a sign of it in the water. But the minute after comes the boil. So keep on, keep on. You may be within one ounce and one minute of all you have been trying for and believed you were failing in.

IF, at the first of the day, we would try to hold the silence for a while, feel the presence of our better selves and let in their light, day by day we should be less and less at the mercy of our thoughts, day by day be outgrowing the limitations of our personalities and realizing a larger life. It is when talk begins, stirring the common brain-flow for the day, that this larger life and loftier consciousness fade out of view. By the practice of this hour of silence we gradually become the masters of our minds and brains and bring them into true service of us.

IF only we had courage, how the great tides of existence might sweep us along — and we not whine or wince at all! — *John Cowper Powys*

FROM every point in a man's life several paths diverge. There is pain waiting for him upon all of these save one. That one leads to the Light. He always knows of this one, but keeps himself blind to his own knowledge. The one path gives joy; the others, beside their pains, give pleasures at first, or ease; this is why he follows them against his stifled knowledge or sense of right.

But even when he has gone far afield and is at his worst, he should remember that at any moment, in that moment's silence, he can face himself to the right direction and take a step. He may swerve again but he took that one; the effect of it is henceforth there in his nature as a power. And at last he will learn to leave the true way no more.

— *The Century Path*

## SOME BITS OF CHINESE WISDOM

HABITS of excess grow upon a man, and the mind, giving way to the passions, they increase day by day.

And when the passions have reached their climax, they also fail.

ACTING without anticipation, as occasion requires, occupying oneself without making too much of it, effecting difficult things while they are easy, and managing great things in their beginnings, is the method of Wisdom.

All difficult things have their origin in that which is easy, and great things in that which is small.

Therefore the wise man can accomplish great things. Wisdom takes account of small things, and so never has any difficulty.

TRANSACT your business whilst it is still pliant.

Regulate things before confusion begins.

The tree which fills the arms grew from a tender shoot.

The castle of nine storeys was raised on a heap of earth.

The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.

KEEP your mouth shut, and close up the doors of sight and sound, and as long as you live you will have no vexation.

But open your mouth, or become inquisitive, and you will be in trouble all your life long.

I TAKE note of a disagreeable circumstance without wishing it were otherwise. I observe an agreeable one without desiring it to remain or be repeated. I feel desires arising in me without participating in them.

LET Heaven arrange things for thee. Then all that happens will be for thy benefit. But Heaven will also often grant thee thine own desires in order to show thee their unwisdom. And then it will be as when one, having invited a friend, finds him arrive with his whole family and dependents and remain so long that one laments his existence.

GIFT  
JUN 6 1910

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"Shadows? Look up!  
They mark the footsteps of Light!"

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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STOA OR PORTICO ON STAGE OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

## Exercise

### THE DOCTOR'S AUDITORIUM ADDRESS

THOSE who will sometime leave this institution, who constitute of course the great majority, would like to return to their work and families in the best state of health they can reach. And I suppose that the minority who will not leave would

rather be in good health than in bad or indifferent.

Drilling is in the air now. Practically all the young manhood of the country is being taught to stand upright, to walk properly and to bring all the muscles of the body into working order. Many thousands who have never known the feel of health before will get it now. I wish it were possible — I am trying to bring it about — to have regular voluntary drill

here every day before breakfast, perhaps an hour, with permission to any man to fall out when he feels that his limit is reached.

Drilling calls, firstly, upon a man's will, making it alert in its action upon his nerves and muscles. Once he gets this alertness he has something that will stand him in good stead for the rest of his life, physically, mentally and morally. Drilling brings the will into full action upon the nerve cells and fibers of the brain; they transmit its action to the nerve cells and fibers of the spinal cord; thence outward along the nerves of the limbs and trunk to the muscle fibers. And the muscle fibers of the trunk squeeze and massage and drive the blood quickly through the organs of digestion and so on. And all these organs are in addition roused to their best by the mental alertness produced by the drill.

What does 'getting old' mean? From our present standpoint chiefly this:

You know that a piece of elastic tubing left unused for a long time gets hard and loses its elasticity. Then when you come to stretch it, it breaks. The same with our blood tubes, the arteries, running everywhere through the body. They share in the general degeneration that comes of habitual under-exercise, get hard and lose their elasticity, and so no longer allow of free blood-flow through them. Those of them that have to supply the brain, for instance, with blood, cease to do so freely in accordance with the brain's varying needs. The brain consequently loses its powers and begins to harden and degenerate. Similarly with other organs. Moreover under-exercise likewise means an inferior degree of that mental alertness which acts upon and tones up all the cells of the body. But we must remember that different men, and the same man at different ages and conditions, require different amounts of exercise.

What is disease? In the main we can regard it as a successful invasion of our bodily cells by germs.

Now each cell, of which we have many, many millions — our bodies consist mainly of them and of the long fibers that they run out into — must be fully alive all through it if it is to be called healthy. There must not be spots in it that are not alive, not shot through with its life, minute waste heaps. Such spots are not only no good to it, not only clogs to its activities, like carbonized oil in gearing, but are also the food of germs. For the cell cannot defend them, cannot take care of them.

You can see now the point of exercise. It is not to grow *big* muscles. It is to have *live* muscles, muscle cells alive all through, all the dead spots squeezed out. "A healthy muscle cell," says physiology, "is immune to the attacks of disease-bearing germs."

But the will effort that we put forth in smart exercise of all the muscles goes first through *nerve* cells and fibers and causes them also to clear themselves

of dead spots, spots of waste accumulation. They likewise become immune.

The same exercise keeps all the arteries flexible and elastic so that their coat does not stiffen and harden and get ready to break under the pressure of the blood within. And, as I said, it keeps all the internal organs squeezed and massaged. The regular army drill exercises are so designed as to bring practically every muscle of the body into play and give every joint all the movements it is capable of. An imperfectly used joint will be the one for rheumatism to come and roost in. Any single man could of course do all necessary exercises for himself alone. But though he will very much benefit himself he will lack the mental stimulus that comes from doing things in company with others, and also from hearing and alertly obeying orders. But there is one very valuable exercise — rubbing oneself all over with the bare hands for five minutes at bedtime — which can hardly be done by a company!

Now we come upon a kind of exercise that is not referred to in any army manual. I mean *mental* exercise. The brain is the organ used by mind, and its cells need, if they are to be made healthy and free from dead spots and immune from germs, to be exercised daily in hard regulated thinking. In other words, daily study of something is necessary for brain health. It is pleasant to find that the classes for study are well attended and that in addition so many men take out books for private study. Story reading and the like, if the matter is properly selected, is good, of course. But it is not exercise in our present meaning. But learning things by heart — poetry, for instance, *is* exercise, very valuable to the brain. Listening to music, good and necessary as it is for a full, complete life and developmental to the higher parts of our nature, is not exercise as we are now using the word. But the study and practise of a musical instrument is.

So by way of summing up, we may say that exercise is the clearing out of what is stagnant and its replacement by what is living. If we want our whole nature, from the physical up, to be healthy, we must give it exercise from the physical up, daily — exercise physical and mental. And in the word mental we may here include the will and character and likewise the elements that music appeals to and the elements called spiritual. All surely need exercise for health.

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### Mind-Tuning

IT is curious that men are willing to give a considerable amount of time daily to bodily exercise for the attainment of bodily health, but often none to mental exercise for mental health.

Bodily exercise gets rid of superfluous and un-



vitalised stuff that would be clogging the machine. Mental exercise does that for the mind.

You recognize your superfluous bodily stuff by reason of its making you uncomfortable and your activities difficult.

We are mentally uncomfortable and our mental activities difficult. But even when we are aware of that we do not recognize that the uncomfortableness and difficulty are due to superfluous stuff and still less undertake exercises to rid ourselves of it.

Bodily exercise consists not merely of movements but of movements made with strain and snap and with each carried to the limit.

Mental exercise consists not merely of reading or study or thought, but of these done with effort, tension and concentration. 'Easy chair' reading and thinking does not count here. In fact the results of this often call themselves for exercise to remove them.

Hard mental exercise may be got in the study of anything — languages, the sciences, shorthand or whatever else; and in any reading that demands real thought.

Exercise means concentration of attention and then the reproducing to yourself of what you have concentrated upon.

One can get exercise from reading a concert program or looking into a store window — if he reads or looks with a sufficiently steady mind to be able to look away and then recall to himself the pieces, authors and performers on the program, or a good part of the contents of the window.

Exercise of the mind requires the dominating of it. You consciously stand above it and hold its nose down upon what you are doing or reading or looking at. "I shall expect you to be able to repeat this presently to me," says the schoolmaster to the boy as he shows him a sum in arithmetic or a proposition in geometry.

So we say to the mind as we make it attend to the study of anything. "In five minutes I shall require you to prove to me that you got that." And we look away from the book and see that it *did* get it. A proposition in geometry or arithmetic, involving close reasoning, is a particularly good bit of exercise and test work. So is learning by heart.

In mental exercise we therefore do several things at once.

We take a stand above the mind and in holding it to its business, at the same time begin to find that we are distinct from it.

We exercise the will.

We acquire what we are studying.

We train the mind to follow a fixed line and not wobble or get off on other lines.

We greatly improve its capacities, its 'muscle,' and squeeze out of it a lot of stuff that hinders its work and our progress, and is the source of all sorts of moods and clouds that never need be there.

Bodily exercise; mental exercise; and, for perfect health all round, we ought also to do some daily spiritual exercise. The first two, done in the right spirit, are helps to the third and may even be made parts of it.

STUDENT

### One-Eyed Pete

OLD one-eyed Pete was a pretty tough-looking character, a tramp, and "hadn't a cent to his name." Moreover he was discouraged and tired, tired of this everlasting struggle, and all for what? What was he living for? He had no idea; he simply trudged along from place to place earning his meals by doing odd bits of work. But underneath his weather-beaten ugly exterior, Pete had a good heart.

He had been sent to jail many times for "having no visible means of support." This had hardened him so that he had finally decided to get off to a place in the woods he knew of and live alone, a little nook beside the river on the edge of the forest. He built himself a little shack of logs, big stones and brush; a wild little cabin, but it was quiet and peaceful and a home to him; for his food he trusted to what he could grow, the fish in the stream and the wild berries from the bushes. Yes, here he was at last, alone, away from the world which had cast him out, hoping at least for peace, if not happiness.

He was sitting one night on a stump in his little shack by the fire. There was silence in the woods except for the low music of drizzling rain and the natural undertone of the great forest. The tall pines were silently singing; everything was singing and yet silent; all quiet and peaceful.

Presently he heard a sound outside, a rustling sound, as if something were moving in the dead leaves and grass. What was it? Who could it be? And what could anyone want of poor old one-eyed Pete? He stood up with clenched fists; he was ready to fight and fight he would! Then he cautiously opened the door! — But his mouth opened, his fists opened, and even his heart opened, when he saw a poor thin mother-cat carrying a little gray kitten in her mouth.

"Well I'll be derved! come along here ole gal!" he said, as he took her up and stroked her. She purred and rubbed up against his ragged old coat. But she was so thin and starved-looking! "Wait ole Miss, I got a bit o' fish fer ye," and he gave her part of his next meal; then made a bed of a few soft rags in the corner beside his own for them. "That's somethin' like it, ain't it, ole gal? somethin' like it?" he murmured to himself as he sat down by the fire again. He was touched, yes at last — that poor hungry mother-cat had touched his heart because she had not been repelled by his outward appearance;

her instinct had told her there was a man underneath those old rags and she appealed to the man. That was the turning-point in Pete's life.

Next morning the warm rosy sun shone through the trees; the rain-drops sparkled on the buttercups and grasses; the morning breeze, fresh and cool, rustled through the leaves above. The birds sang. Yes, there were birds in those trees with nests and little ones, but Pete had never noticed it before.

As he stood there in the doorway, he scratched his head. "That cat ought to have some milk; I'll take her up to that farm-house on the hill if I kin brace up and have enough grit to face that prim old housewife. Ain't she prim though! prim's no name fer her!"

He took the cat and meowing kitten and trudged along, forgetting his rags and general griminess.

"Who in the name o' heaven is that frightful-looking creature! Cyrus! Cyrus! go and drive him away!" called Mrs. Wilkins to her husband from the kitchen where she was straining the nice new warm milk.

Now Sallie Wilkins had a "hankerin' fer cats" and as soon as she saw Pete's cats she began to soften.

"Law me! look at that cat! 'Pears she's hungry." Pete hereupon mustered up his courage: "Lady, ye ain't got a mess o' milk fer the ole gal, have ye?"

"Milk, rather guess I have! Sit ye down there and gimme that cat. I'll fill them ribs."

She turned and went into the pantry to get a saucer and Pete spied the nicest steamingest hot pies just out of the oven. How tempting they were! he wanted to take them and run, but — no, he must remember the cat! To steal pies meant no milk!

As soon as cat and kitten were satisfactorily engaged with the milk, Mrs. Wilkins turned and looked keenly at Pete: "Ye don't look overfed yerself. Go out there to the pump and wash up a bit and I'll give ye some nice warm victuals."

Pete humbly retired and washed accordingly, but

it would have been better if he hadn't because he couldn't make a good blend, couldn't get rid of the high-water mark. He came back with his face shining and his hair wet and plastered down. "Felt more like a man," and what's more, the one dream of his life had come true — "sittin' down in front of a good square meal, and eatin' it without bein' caught an' locked up."

While Pete ate, Sallie Wilkins went on straining her milk and firing questions at him. "Where de ye live?" There was silence. "Well, what's yer business?" Still there was silence.

"What's yer business, I say?"

"Well ye see lady, it's jest this way, I'm out o' business jest now," answered Pete.

"I rekin yer lookin' fer another job then, ain't that odd though? It's luck what's bro't ye here; there's old Saunders up town needs a team driver, an' I'll wager 'at if

you'll perk up a bit he'll as likely as not take ye. Jest tell him 'at Mrs. Wilkins sent ye, he's a kin o' mine, his step-brother's aunt's second cousin Hiram, married my husband's mother's first cousin by marriage and he lives around the corner from Hank Spink's grocery store to the right o' the Methodist church in the fourth house."

Pete was getting a little bewildered, couldn't take in so much at a time. Being now anxious to get away before she began again, he muttered a word of thanks and started to flee, leaving his family in the care of



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### PETE HAS HIS 'SQUARE MEAL'

(Likewise the cats.)

Mrs. Wilkins. "Goin' te look fer a job! What'll happen next? Seems like the world's comin' to an end."

But Mrs. Wilkins called to him to come back and likewise summoned her husband's aid. "Cyrus, perk this man up a bit so's he kin get a job."

"And he sure needs it," thought Cyrus, wondering where to begin. "From below, I reckon. Always best to begin at the base and work up."

So Pete was squeezed into a pair of shoes, his trousers were shaved of fringe and rags, and he was given a pink shirt to put on. Finally he was brought to Sallie for inspection.

"Now Cyrus," said Sallie, "you jest go and git that red and blue striped necktie o' yern."

Cyrus hesitated. "Go on with your selfishness! Don't ye recollect what the parson said last Sunday? And you a wearin' that very necktie at the time. 'Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you.'"

That necktie — or something — did the work. Pete got that job.

He worked all day, and in the evening started back for the Wilkins' farm with a light heart to tell the good news to Sallie. She was in the doorway all in a fluster about something and didn't hear a word he said, but piped out in a high treble voice, "Man, them cats of yourn is fled; it's nigh two hours since I set eyes on 'em."

Poor Pete! His only link, broken as soon as he had made it!

He turned away and trudged sadly along home. He reached his shack, went in and built a little fire, sat down on his gunny-sack and began to think, resting his head in his hands. Suddenly he felt a gentle rubbing against his feet. There she was, his old cat, and the kitten!

"Well by hokey, ole gal, back home again!"

"Wouldn't leave yer old friend, would ye? Not even for a mess o' milk?"

He took her up in his arms. He had found his happiness at last. He had something to look after and work for, something besides himself. G. M. B.

✽

### His New Life

THIS is what he told me about it:

"That dog taught me more than I can tell you, made me all over in half a minute. Perhaps I'd been getting ready for it inside and he just gave the last touch. Things happen that way sometimes.

"A misanthropic fellow, I was, when I first got him, living all shut up in myself and caring nothing for anybody but myself. I didn't get him because I like dogs but just to guard the house; for I lived alone, same as I do now.

"I was sitting in my kitchen one morning, thinking of a few alterations I was going to make about the

house. Everything all quiet everywhere. I don't know what got into the animal; he had never done anything like it before. The last thing I noticed of him he was lying quiet near the stove, but all of a sudden I felt his paw on my knee and I looked down. He was looking up into my face with his clear, frank, brown eyes, and suddenly I realised that there inside was a live conscious presence, a soul, you may say, somehow appealing to me in its affection for some return on my side.

"I was shot all through. I guess I must have trembled with it for a few moments. I spoke to him and patted his head and he put the other great paw up on my knee and seemed actually to speak to me out of his steady eyes. I recognised a *friend*, I tell you, for the first time in my life, and for the first time I myself became a friend — if only his.

"But the thing didn't stop there. I got up and went out and took a turn up and down the road, he following, of course. It was spring and all sorts of wild things in the hedges had opened up and flowered. It seemed to me as I looked at the flowers — I'd never taken any notice of flowers before — that there was somehow something in them like what was in the dog's eyes, a living something that seemed to turn towards me and know me and look to me as I passed with a sort of conscious friendliness. They were doing their part in the general scheme, same as the birds were, and they knew it. And I've never seen a flower since without the feeling as if we were friends and me telling them so.

"I can't explain it all any more, only I knew that everything everywhere was alive and in its way conscious, almost, you might say, a soul. There was consciousness in the whole business, in the air and through the sky and in the earth — even the sun. Trees and hills and all. I never had such a time in my life. I tell you I woke up and reached out and for the first time began to live — anyway to understand what life was and might be.

"A man passed me, a workman. Any other time I should have felt a sort of grouch, anyway a sense that I didn't want to see anybody. But I looked at him and in his eyes too there was a new friendly conscious something greeting me. And we said good morning and what a fine day it was, and sir, I tell you I felt all warmed up and new, what with him and the flowers and the dog and everything.

"Well, thank God, I never got back to my old surly self. I don't say I can make friends, even now, or that I'm anybody's chum. Even when a man changes inside there's something of his past will hang about him that he can't always shake off or break through. And this affects other people a little, even though they feel a friendliness to him.

"But though, as I said, you won't find me arm in arm with anybody, the old feeling of shut-in-ness and shut-them-out-ness is gone. There's friendliness

in me and I've begun to live and most everybody gives me a friendly touch out of his eye as he passes. And when I see a fellow surly and grouchy as I was or wrapped into himself and there's nothing, maybe, but suspicion in his eye — why, I feel the same to him too and sorry for him. For he's missing his life.

"If a man will get this general friendliness, this understanding of the life everywhere, he'll never be afraid of death any more, nor of his conscience, nor of his own past. His mind and thoughts will have a door opening forwards towards the sun and no back door."

STUDENT

### The Socratic Method

"YOU can't tell me what the sermon was about."

Johnny had stayed at home with a cold. Gertie had been to church. They were conversing in the nursery before dinner and through my open study door I could hear the talk.

"Yes, I can. It was about sin."

"Oh, well, that's easy. Sermons is always about sin. An' they makes sin, too. Aunt Liz said it was sin to wish the sermon would stop. What did he say sin was?"

"Why, of course, he said sin was doing what God didn't want you to do."

"Why don't God want you to do those things?"

Johnny seemed to be in a sardonic and cynical mood, begotten of his cold, perhaps, and his method was to be dialectic and Socratic.

"He don't want you because they are sins."

"And would they still be sins even if God didn't care whether you did them or not?"

"Why — I — suppose so." This seemed to be a new point of view, requiring consideration.

"Then a sin isn't a sin just because God don't want you to do it, but God don't want you to do it because it is a sin? God's wanting don't *make* the sins, but sins is there anyhow? Supposin' God didn't care what you did or what anybody did, what would you tell me sin was then?"

"Don't be wicked, Johnny. Sin is what you *know* is wrong."

"I ain't wicked, I'm only thinkin'. Didn't God give me a thinker to think with? So if God wasn't there somethin' in you tells you of yourself that sin is wrong?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose so. I never thinked of that."

"What was it you telled me Tuesday about takin' my candy?"

"I said somethin' in me wanted to take it but I wouldn't let myself."

"But which was *you*? The somethin' that wanted to take it or the other somethin' that wouldn't let the first somethin' do it? That's what I want to know."

This seemed to require some consideration.

"I dunno. Sometimes I'm the something that wants to do wrong and something won't let me. An' sometimes I'm what won't let what wants to do wrong. . . . Johnny, I'm all mixed up. Do stop."

"So there's two of you? A wrong one an' a right one?"

"Why, yes. I wish Daddy was here!"

"Which of 'em's talkin' now?"

"Not neither of 'em now. Only the think part. Oh dear, that makes three! I think I'm mostly what wants to do wrong."

"I don't. I think we're good, really truly. I think there's a little mouse in us, lives up and down all over. An' it's always *it* that wants to do wrong. An' it makes such a noise with its wanting that we can't think of anything else — not then, nothing else at all, only the wrong thing. An' so, 'cause we can't think of anything else we think the mouse is *us* an' we think us ourselves is what wants to do the wrong. But all of a sudden we think one day — I won't let myself do that. But it's the mouse we won't let. An' if we kep' on we'd find we never did want to, but only the mouse wanted, living up and down all over us and in our legs and mouths, an' we thought we were the mouse 'cause it made so much noise and lived all over. An' then when we *knowed* it was the mouse we wouldn't let the mouse be us anymore an' we'd be ourselves an' do what *we* wanted to. An' what *we* want to is what's right. I guess right is what *we* want — always, but mostly we don't know we want it. . . . I wish I had a cold every Sunday."

The last remark seemed irrelevant, but perhaps it wasn't.

PATERFAMILIAS

### A Way Through

THERE'S always a way through. Life and misfortune never yet tied up anyone in bonds so tight that he couldn't move. When a child has had a broken arm in bandages and a sling for weeks, it gets so accustomed to using the other only that when the break has finally healed it is often necessary to tie up the *healthy* one for a few days so as to compel the little patient once again to use the one that was so long idle. Misfortunes seem to me to have often (perhaps always) the same purpose hid within their apparent cruelty. They compel some hitherto unused or imperfectly used part of a man's nature to rouse itself and get to its strength. Then the use of that function turns out to be the man's '*way through*' — into some new form of activity, into peace, even into joy. And he will get to all this the quicker, the more faith he has that it will be so. I often think of the

case of Benvenuto Cellini, a great Italian artist of the Middle Ages who, says Prof. James:

"after a life all in the outer sunshine, made of adventures and artistic excitements, suddenly finds himself cast into a dungeon in the Castle of San Angelo. The place is horrible. Rats and wet and mould possess it. His leg is broken and his teeth fall out, apparently with scurvy. But his thoughts turn to God as they have never turned before. He gets a Bible, which he reads during the one hour in twenty-four in which a wandering ray of daylight penetrates his cavern. He has religious visions. He sings psalms to himself and composes hymns. And thinking, on the last day of July, of the festivities customary on the morrow in Rome, he says to himself: 'All these past years I celebrated this holiday with the vanities of the world: from this year henceforward I will do it with the divinity of God. And then I said to myself, 'Oh, how much more happy I am for this present life of mine than for all those things remembered!'"

STUDENT

### Call up the Reserves

"THE Law of Nature is that they who do the thing shall have the power. They who do not the thing have not the power."

That seems to be putting the thing upsidedown. "They only that have the power can do the thing," is what we should be inclined to say. But Emerson was right. Every effort we put forth to do anything does two things; the act is double. It goes *forth* from us to do the thing; it goes *back into* us and alters and develops our structure — physical, mental or spiritual — in such a way as to make the repetition of that act easier and its performance better. How else, for instance, could a man's practice at the fiddle do him any good if whilst playing the notes outwardly he were not also inwardly fashioning the nerve and muscle stuff to play them better tomorrow? But this latter part of the thing goes on of itself; *his* business is to *do the playing* as well as he can.

We should do well to remember this, whatever part of our nature we are working with, making effort with — physical, mental or spiritual. To cultivate and perfect the body, mind or character, all we need is to *do the thing* as best we can, make the effort. That is our part. The other part, the internal change, the development, the cultivation, will go on of itself.

So Emerson was right. As science phrases it, "structure follows function." All up the scale of nature we find the evolving creatures doing the new thing — somehow, but *doing* it. And by the effort and act of doing it *somehow* they gradually evolve the organ or structure to do it *well* with.

We have any quantity of idle reserve stuff in us waiting to be built into working structure. Most of us die with this stuff still idle and unbuilt. A physiologist says: "Just as muscular exercise causes an increased growth of muscular fiber, so regulated mental exercise must develop and strengthen the

tissue of the brain." And another: "There are between one and two thousand million cells (living particles) in the brain, and there was probably never a person who did not have several million undeveloped ones. Two gardeners may till precisely the same patch of ground, one after the other. The second one may, without increasing the extent of the patch one foot, double the amount of the yield."

This applies just as well to unused reserves of our being that are much higher up than brain. Do the thing, and the reserves at once begin to organize so as to enable us to do it better. None of us exhausts or can exhaust his limits.

M. D.

### Out Where the West Begins

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

(Selected)

OUT where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the West begins.  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,  
That's where the West begins.  
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,  
And a man makes friends without half trying,  
That's where the West begins.

LIFE is a series of surprises. We do not guess today the mood, the pleasure, the power of tomorrow, when we are building up our being.— *Emerson*

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### Gleanings in Many Fields

"I WAS lying back lazily, undecided whether I would do anything or nothing, when my eye chanced to fall on a book. So I took it up and began to read."

"A man should never let himself sink into that negative, 'suggestible' state. If he has decided to rest, let him rest; if to read, read; and if to read, let his decision be to read this or that. In the negative state, unprotected by decision, the mind may become the prey of anything, a foolish impulse, a harrassing memory, an anticipated trouble. All sorts of dis-integrations are going on. Whatever one does should be done with full, conscious determination."

SITUATION looks threatening, impassable, impossible? Walk straight up to it, calmly as you can, I've seen a little steamer, going up the winding river, sail straight into the rocky face of a cliff. But the cliff opened when we got near and showed a way.

HE went and herded with one and another of the elements of his own lower nature and left with each some of his own will. "These things are too strong for me," he presently lamented. "They have all my will. I am powerless."

No more lessened in will than a candle flame is lessened by lighting other candles. Consort betimes in thought and deed with the elements of thy nobler and better nature, and with the will thus communicated to them they will ultimately overpower the others.

EACH latent power in our natures will sometime find itself in the best conditions for its growth and ripening. The conditions that you and I are facing now, unpleasant as they may be, are answering to the need of some of these undeveloped powers. It is for us to use them while they last, to compel conditions and circumstances to display themselves as opportunities.

THERE is no more generally useful precept than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much for what we feel. Thus the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness 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 we were brave. Again, in order to feel kindly towards a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. 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 old bad feeling soon "folds its tent like an Arab, and as silently steals away."—*Prof. William James*

How singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which might be thought to be the opposite of it; for they never come to a man together and yet he who pursues the one is generally compelled to take the other. They are two and yet they grow from one stem . . . and this is the reason why when one comes the other follows.—*Socrates*

WITH great effort the man had at last come near to the light of his soul and now felt its presence. "I cannot reach thee, O Soul," he said. "I cannot live thy greater life, for I cannot throw away the sweets of this life below." And there was great and dire turmoil within him and he was nigh to ceasing the struggle and turning back from the goal.

But he thought within himself: "Nay, though I be dragged back to earth once and again and again, though my mind be devastated and torn by the conflict, yet if I but keep my face toward the light, surely there will be victory ahead. Light will become fire and burn up the passions I cannot slay."

And thus it was with him after many days—victory and the great peace.

A SUFI poet tells us that he saw in a vision a white bird fall from heaven into the mire of earth. Sometimes it struggled and sometimes not to free its feathers from the clinging soil. With each struggle, however far apart they were, it succeeded in disengaging one white feather, and this flew up to the sky and shone in the luminous air under the sun. Each feather floating remained attached to the bird below by one white thread. And at last the feathers were so many and their pull so strong that they drew the bird up again into the blue heavens, the home whence it came.

I THINK there are moments in the day, and especially at sunrise and sunset, when one's personality separates into two and the lower can look up to the higher and sense it as a separate presence. Then when this moment of silence is over they reblend. But at each such separation the higher becomes stronger and at last becomes a redeeming power for the other. This is so, however, only if such moments are looked for and encouraged and we have in some measure practised the art of silencing the mind. The habit of lip chatter and mind chatter paralyses the efforts of the higher man caged in each of us within the lower.

— *From a student's notebook*

IF a man have friendly thoughts, friendly thoughts and deeds in like measure will return to him on all sides. But the shadow of even one unfriendly thought, lurking in the mind, will be felt by all with whom he associates, and from some of these will surely provoke a response of ill-will in thought and deed even though they know not why they so feel and act or assign to themselves reasons that are not the true.—*Eastern*



JUL 5 1918

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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## THE WATER-WAYS OF OLD VENICE

Across the little 'Bridge of Sighs' on the right went the prisoners who would never be heard of again.

### One Minute

"THE check was in my hands. It had been carelessly written. I was in terrible straits for want of a few dollars, — and suddenly, almost without thinking, I saw my chance and raised the figure. And that one moment of impulse has wrecked my life. It seems hard."

It did seem hard. The poor young fellow's life.

if not quite ruined, was at any rate grievously maimed.

But yet, as he admitted in a few minutes' further talk, there was something behind this one moment of impulse. There had been many times before, when, in lesser money difficulties, the thought of doing that very thing had "just crossed his mind."

But to *cross* a place is to come in, to traverse it, and then go out. These previous thoughts had never gone out, never been masterfully put out. They had

entered the mind, been momentarily considered, and — just sunk down out of sight to develop quietly like seeds in soil. So permitted, they were *sure* at some time, given the conditions, to come up into act. And the conditions were sure, too. The conditions of pressing opportunity for every such mental deposit or seed will come sometime. It is a law of life.

But there is the other side to this same picture, full of hope and promise for us.

Most of our minds, our mental fields and their contents, is out of our sight. We are only aware of what our thought is immediately dealing with, what is in the spot-light of attention. But in the large field beyond, there is as much doing as in that brightly illuminated spot which alone we are fully aware of at this given moment. Seed-sowing is easy. It almost does itself. We can sow what seeds we will and be confident that in time and with surely coming opportunity there will be a reaping for us. If the seed was of the right sort we need look forward with nothing but hope to the reaping. A good seed, looked after now and then, will kill a bad one that is at the very moment of sprouting. A man's mother may have sowed seeds in his child mind which, nourished by his memory of her, will sometimes come up at the nick of time to save him from such an impulse as that which wrecked the young clerk's life.

One minute! None of us appreciates what one minute can do for us. The opportunities for one-minute seed-sowings are a hundred a day.

We are angry. Well, for *one minute* let us clear and smooth the mind into peace; for one minute let the divine light of our higher natures shine down upon that dark troubled state; for one minute forgive. And there is a seed planted with all our divinity in it, with a living spark of will vitalizing it. So again and again, one day and another, just the minute; and perhaps one more minute's retrospect at it and repetition of it at bedtime. At last the arising of the poison-fumes of anger about anything of itself calls up the counter-power to scatter them. The seed comes up at the right moment charged with the energy we gave it. It will even come in ahead of the anger. We have conquered, a self-conquest, a transformation of a part of our nature.

Let the moody, gloomy-minded man do the same. For one minute let him arouse himself with his will and stand up conqueror in that light which is all the time his real inner nature. Never mind what follows. Win the one perfect minute of serenity.

There is no transformation a man cannot effect in himself by these one minutes that grow in the darkness and silence out of sight, and then, when they are wanted, break through and join with each other.

The best of them all is comprehended and included in those one minutes in which a man collects himself as a soul, invokes his divinity, makes himself feel its presence and help, this light above and within him.

Let that be the first and last deed of the day, that minute of divine resolution, the self-taken pledge *I WILL*. In the end, though it may be years ahead, his whole nature will be transformed. The ideal will be actualized. He will have re-created himself.

STUDENT

### Hope

**A**NOTHER day! Same old round of duties! What's life for, anyway? I wish I was dead and out of it."

That was his first thought as he opened his eyes in the morning, the wearisome monotony of the empty days.

We may sympathize with him and yet see that his trouble was himself; it was "the same old round" of *man*, the "wearisome monotony" of the empty *man*.

A man can find his days interesting only when he has an aim or aims which he is progressing in the accomplishment of. He may have a very dull day, but if he can give his evenings to his own hobby, see himself progressing as a violinist or watch his garden yielding flowers in response to his care, he feels himself compensated. And one or the other may be in the back of his mind all day and save him from being bored even by the dull duties he must do.

Our man who woke with a sigh had nothing of this sort to sustain him. The long hours ahead were gray and cloudy.

He took himself up in the morning where he left himself last evening — as we all do; and he had let himself be a self that wasn't interesting to itself and wasn't worth taking up. It was a self that knew itself not to be accomplishing any aim, not to be progressing.

You can find life interesting, as our gardening friends do, by progressing in an *external* aim. But you can also find it so by means of working at an *internally* directed purpose and feeling your progressing accomplishment of it.

The inventor goes to sleep with his last problem in his mind. He opens the new day by finding that in the night he has somehow got a step further with it. The new day has hope for him, promise of further accomplishment.

We took ourselves up this morning where we left ourselves last night. If we want to begin tomorrow with hope we must see that we finish today with hope.

The Earth, according to the old story, was gloomily lamenting inside her gray coat of clouds. No sun and no sky was visible and she could find nothing to relieve the monotony of her ceaseless spinning and circling. The bright Sun-God saw her sadness. "Behold, oh sad Earth," he said, "the clouds are of thine own making. They surround thee, not me. Dissipate

them and thou wilt find that I shine as ever and the sky is as luminous as ever and as ample. And as thou circlest around me I carry thee with me to ever new regions of light. Courage, then, and scatter thy clouds."

And that is the message to each of us of his sun-soul, shining upon the mind from a sky that the mind can open to even as our physical eyes open upon the outer sky. It is hope that scatters the clouds, hope and good-will. We must get a gleam of that hope every night if we would begin the next day with one. Create hope at night, and by morning it will be stronger. Ere long it will be sustaining us all day, this cloud-scattering power. And so in no long time we can find ourselves living two lives at once, — this life of ordinary duties and experiences that now looks so dull, and the larger life under the spiritual sky in the divine sunlight of the soul, that light which gives all living creatures their life — though but a few men know and practise this way of finding out where their life comes to them from. It is that ignorance that makes our days so heavy and empty and that drives us to the search for ways of relieving us of ourselves.

"There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet may remain silent for lack of speech.

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

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

"Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.

"These truths, which are as great as life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them."

STUDENT

### The Message of Brotherhood

THERE are reasons why the philosophy of Brotherhood has a message for the man behind the bars such as nothing else can offer. In the first place the prisoner is a Brother; he is human like other men; he has seen many phases of life, generally of the darker sort; he has contacted live human nature and his experiences with it have too often disheartened or disgusted him; he has known suffering; he has made his mistakes and is behind the bars presumably to learn his lesson. Such a man in such a position wants no teachings that oppress him with the idea of his own worthlessness — too long dwelling on this helped to place him where he is; he doesn't want to be reminded that society has no use for him — if

society had done its whole duty by him he might not have fallen.

What the prisoner wants first and most of all is a mental, moral and spiritual 'lift.' He wants a lift into the regard of his fellows; he wants a lift into the sphere of his own self-respect; he wants a lift into the atmosphere of strong optimistic thought, on to the plane of self-confidence. Only a philosophy which looks the facts of his case fairly in the face, which understands the nature of the man, which can explain and apply the laws governing all human life, and is characterized by an unlimited appreciation of man's possibilities of growth and achievement, can give him this lift. That philosophy is Universal Brotherhood.

Brotherhood holds out a helping hand to the man behind the bars and says to him: "Brother you have made your mistake and you must reap the harvest you have sown, but — *you have another chance!* Things look black, life looks hard, fellowship and humanity seem pretty far off; but all is not lost. This life is only one page in the great Book of Life. Your greatest trouble is that you haven't found your Self — the big fellow inside — the real Man that never falls, never fails, never despairs, *and never dies!* You don't know how big you really are, nor how crowded is this life — even here behind the bars — with opportunities for self-improvement, self-development, self-conquest. And the self that you are to improve, develop and conquer is the self which is never written in anything but lower-case type — the personality that wants, that sins, that gets you into all your difficulties. It's quite a handful, but it doesn't stand a chance when you let the big fellow, the *real* Self, take control of your life. And you have all eternity to grow in; after you have got what start you can in this life there will be the Great Change, opening the doors of a greater life in which rest and strength will come. Then you will have another chance to take up the thread where you left it on earth, with every aspiration alive, every effort preserved, all saved to you to carry out the design of your life more perfectly and more fully. But remember, in this great span of Eternity which is yours, there is no standing still; it is either forward or backward, and the further the back-drift the harder the climb *which must be made sooner or later!*"

Then this message of Brotherhood reminds the prisoner of the truer interpretation of that Law taught by Christ in the words, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," the law of *Karma*. William Quan Judge, the second great Leader of the Theosophical Movement, a true Friend of Humanity, says:

"It is a great mistake to suppose that an individual is the mere puppet of his past, the helpless victim of fate. The law of Karma is not fatalism and a little consideration will show that it is possible for an individual to affect his own Karma. . . . What are the means through which the effects of Karma can be thus

changed is also clear. A person can have no attachment for a thing he does not think about; therefore the first step must be to fix the thought on the highest ideal. . . . It is the attitude of the mind which draws the Karmic cords tightly round the soul . . . it will only be through a change of mind that the Karmic burden will be lifted. . . . Free will of man asserts itself *and he becomes his own savior.*"

Here is what the message of Brotherhood holds out to the man behind the bars — a doctrine of self-redemption, the natural and inevitable working of the Higher Self, the God in the prisoner himself, manifesting here and now, bringing results today, tomorrow, and every day that the absolute confidence of the man in the Divine Law governing all life impels him to act from that part of his own nature which is in full harmony with that Law. The bolts and bars of iron may still be about him on the outside, but the real imprisonment will be over; he will have stepped forth from the bondage of his own limitations, of self-distrust, of rebellion against rules and discipline, of hatred and condemnation of his fellows. The rules of the prison become stepping-stones; the prison becomes the building ground in which a liberated soul is rearing stately palaces of immortal structure; the term of sentence, from a horror and a blight on the man's life, becomes a term of initiation into an era of new growth and enlightenment. Yes, with the light of Brotherhood a prisoner can make a life-sentence an unsuspected opportunity to learn lessons that he failed to learn in the world outside. The man behind the bars must by his own outlook and attitude change the aspect of our prisons from dungeons of stagnation to gardens of grand human growth!

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul  
As the swift seasons roll.  
Leave thy low-vaulted past,  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at last art free." M. M.

### The Prince's Seven Moments

"SO he found after all that he was a king's son and a prince."

By the fire, just before tea time on the winter's afternoon, my wife had been reading one of the old fairy stories to our little girl. Rather mixing it up with what I was writing, I had been lending half an ear to the unfortunate young man's adventures.

When my attention was first aroused he had, it seemed, been abducted when he was out hunting in the open country beyond the royal estates. The abductor was a great magician and ogre, who, for reasons I did not catch, desired that he should thereafter forget his identity and exalted rank and never return home. By his magic power he had accordingly changed the young man into various animals, ordain-

ing that in each he should have only the mind natural to the animal whose form he was for the time wearing.

But it seemed that there were two magic horns which it was the duty of the warden at the Royal Castle to blow from the battlements, one of gold, to be blown at sunrise, the other of silver, for the sunset.

Enchantments like that to which the young prince had been subjected were quite usual in those days, and the king had never been able altogether to prevent them nor to destroy the ogre. All that he could do for the victims of enchantment was to make these great horns and to endow their notes as they went forth upon the air with the power of awakening these victims for one moment to their proper consciousness.

One swift moment, so swift that the poor creatures almost never noticed it. But it was known to the king that if one of them *could* seize this moment and hold it for the space of *seven* moments; or if, by the memory of it, one of them could learn to recall and repeat it for himself during the day, and at last, at one of these repetitions, prolong it to the seven, such a one would gain freedom from the enchantments of the ogre.

So the poor young prince wandered about, having many strange adventures, always in the guise of one animal or another, and, as the enchantment decreed, with only the mind and thoughts and desires corresponding to his animal form.

And yet, deep within, there was always something more. In his poor animal self he did not know what was that touch of unsatisfiedness running along through all he did, taking just the last edge from his animal pleasures. And at sunrise and sunset, when the great horns sounded their call, he would stop and listen for a moment; and then the touch of unsatisfaction, almost melancholy, became keener, became a flash of longing for something — he knew not what, for the flash was so quick.

It was springtime. And one morning when the sun came up he was on the top of a grassy slope whence he could see the Royal Castle. The horn rang out, and of a sudden, for the great moment, he knew himself and all that had happened to him. In the flash he thought, "Ah, if I could but stay thus!"

The flash was gone. But on the morrow a sort of memory or anticipation drew him again to the same spot and again for the moment he awoke to himself.

And this became a habit. Indeed, now, all the day he would not go far from that place — not able to think to himself why he would not, yet with an unsatisfaction and craving that was growing clearer and keener.

One day it was suddenly *very* clear and keen, and by some secret effort within which he did not himself understand he made *for himself* a moment of awakening like that which the horns were wont to make for him.

He could not then hold it, but the power to make it

came again to him another day, and another. And at last there was time enough for him to think — not “*Could I but hold this,*” but “*I will hold this.*” And though this thought vanished, yet with the succeeding days not quite so quickly.

One day he seized the moment and the thought with all his soul, put his will into the fierce effort to remain himself. And the moment lengthened and his effort grew tenser, till it seemed to him that his heart stopped and that he must die of the tension.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

#### OUR OFFICE CAT

Of a sudden something snapped. The green slope and the Castle and the sky and sun all dissolved and swam together. There was a great crash and then a flashing of lights and many beautiful sounds and the sounds of the horns amongst them and through all there was the vision of his father, standing upon the castle battlements.

He came to himself. The spell was broken. He was the prince again as of old, standing on the slope. And at his feet, looking up at him, was a noble boar hound, such as he had been accustomed to take with him on the chase.

“That’s a good story, little mother,” I said; “where did you get it?”

“But oh, papa,” broke in our little Gracie, “don’t you think it seems as if it almost might be *true*?”

And thinking it over afterwards it did seem to me as if there might be something in it. But a good many fairy stories have that look about them, and maybe were meant to have it. THE LISTENER

#### Friend Conscience

“CAN anybody tell me what Conscience is?” said the teacher.

“Please, I can,” spoke up one little girl. “Conscience is not doing what you want to.”

A good many of us would give about the same definition, except that we should say: “is what *tells* you not to do what you want to.”

Poor Conscience! That does seem to be about as much of his message as we can get through our thickness.

For is Conscience always saying *Don’t*? Of course not; it is also what frequently says *Do*. But in that case we give this voice some other name, or no name at all, not recognizing that it is the same speaker in both cases. It is also Conscience that says to a man, Go into that burning house or jump into that mad sea and rescue that child.

Sometimes it isn’t saying *Don’t* or *Do* but yet is active. It may for instance flash a great idea into the brain of the man of science or the essence of a great poem or symphony in upon the consciousness of the poet or musician. It is merely that in these cases we do not call it by the name of Conscience.

We hear the music and are stirred by it, answer to its meaning. But we could not respond to it when it comes at us from outside unless it was already deep inside, waiting to become known to us. It is Conscience that gives the stir of response.

No man abstains from a wrong deed because of the mere brain thought that it is wrong, nor merely because he has been told that it is wrong. Something already in him responds to the telling, the same that responds to the music — in both cases *Conscience*. It is hard on Conscience that we will never credit him with any other work than saying *Don’t*, and neglect his gracious and heroic inspirations of a hundred other kinds. It is his duty to say these *Don’ts* and he will always do it when occasions call, but he probably regards these as the least pleasant of his duties and takes much more joy in helping and inspiring and rejoicing us in other ways.

For of course Conscience is the higher and diviner self in each of us, and whatever is higher and diviner

in us is because of him, because of his presence in us.

But we are so inattentive and know so little of what we could get from the cultivation of silence! Silence — the real thing — is nothing but paying attention to him. We accomplish it by not paying attention for a while to the customary chatter of our brains and reaching upward for what is higher.

Conscience does more than anything we have yet said. It has a strange and hidden power of adjusting a man's circumstances for him. The man who is trying to find and recognise and live by his Conscience will be presently aware, if he is watchful, that he is getting help. Not getting the gratification of any of his personal desires, no more than before; but getting, little by little, all the necessary opportunity for the new life he is trying to live. Let him keep his attention upon small happenings, upon new duties given him, upon little apparently chance changes in his assigned daily program. In each there will be either a lesson or an opportunity for him. And he will learn the one and understand the other in proportion as he has faith, in proportion as he has true humility, the humility which kills the thought *I am higher or holier than thou*; and in proportion as he tries to put the personal I and its self-centered desirings out of his thoughts. Then, upon faith and trust he may erect hope. For he can reach the Light.

STUDENT

✽

### Sons of the Morning

**A.** — THEY say there is some state or place after death in which a man gets all he has longed for in life.

**B.** — But suppose he doesn't want them then?

**A.** — He's got to have them. Not by decree of Fate or any power outside himself, but just because his longing tied a string to what he longed for, and it comes after him.

**C.** — I don't think much of that theory. It may be true, of course; but I'll tell you something that *must* be true. It's this: — That a man's got to have *himself* to put up with long after he's got sick of himself. Every man gets tired of himself sometime, what with his ceaseless thoughts and longings and worries and tricks and habits. He wants to shake off the whole thing and get free, begin again, fresh, at another place altogether, another sort of self that hasn't got all these ways, a better general outfit. He stands back, looks at his self, and would give anything to say a final goodbye to it -- or kick it overboard without a goodbye.

That state may come, for all we know, after death. When it comes during life some few men commit suicide -- which is silly, for killing the body doesn't kill this self you want to get rid of. It clings the

tighter and is a worse worry than ever. I won't stay to prove that now.

Some men just continue with this weariness of themselves — tired of life, they call it.

And the main bulk get over the weariness for a spell, reunite themselves with the self that for a time they were so tired of, blend themselves wholly in with its pleasures and so forth again and go on as before — till the next spell. If the spell came once its return is sure.

A man *creates* this 'self' he gets so tired of. He does it by his ordinary self-centered ways of thinking: *I will do this; I will get that for myself; I will have this; I want that; I, I, I*, till at last he's got an *I* tied round his neck that's as heavy as a grindstone and as ceaseless in its chatter as a windmill in its turning and as insistent in his ears as a farmyard of peacocks. And so at last he wearies of this created thing. You *may* perhaps have sometime to accept all you have longed for, long after you have got through with the longing; but you'll *certainly* have to accept and live with the creature you did the longing with.

**B.** — But what's the prevention and the cure?

**C.** — Never mind the prevention. That's an affair of child-training, and we, unfortunately, are grown men with the disease of *I* full upon us.

The cure seems to be, to stand back from your ordinary self (before the time comes when you get sick of it, if possible), and look at it, at the whole personality that says *I* all the time, and practise feeling yourself bigger than that, nobler, a son of the Light. We *are* that. Why not claim the right to feel so and stay in the feeling a few minutes now and then, mornings and nights or whenever? This would gradually get permanent and the little self would peel off and vanish without trouble — at any rate with only a few whines at finding itself being outgrown and disregarded. 'Lucifer, Son of the Morning,' who fell. That's our case. Lucifer means Light-bearer, bearer of the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But we've lost our light, the 'Morning Light,' and we've got to get it back again and stand up with it and shine with it.

The amount of it is that each of us is two, dual. But we've forgotten that we are the big chaps and have let the little chaps run the whole show and be the *It*. And the big chap, the Son of the Morning, stirs at last and gets unhappy and knows there's something wrong but can't say exactly what and so can't rectify it. For he's let his mentality of Light run down and cease to work and so there's nothing but his mentality of flesh and personality to help him -- which is mighty poor help! But he can wake up the other again gradually if he'll have the stick-to-it-iveness enough to go through the time when the new efforts don't seem to be accomplishing anything. when he seems to be even going back. REPORTER



## Pygmalion and his Statue

THE sculptor Pygmalion of old carved a statue, and with his much thought of it as from day to day it grew more beautiful and lifelike under his hands, he did at last wake it to life, instilling into it of his own.

That might be our symbol for creating that higher self we will to be. Out of the pure white stone of our spiritual nature we carve it into form according to our image. At first it seems empty, a beautiful form of imagination only. Our thought plays round it, but within it there is nothing, no thought, no consciousness.

So it seems, though indeed there is; for as we made it from our conscious spiritual nature, it has spiritual consciousness.

As we proceed, working out our ideals into new thought and new imaginations of strength and beauty and new heights of action, the statue we have made gathers into itself our mind-life, sublimated, and at last is a living spiritual mind, capable of understanding all the secrets and inwardness of nature, and now capable of becoming our Teacher and spiritual Warrior who created it. What is lower in us gradually disappears before the light of that higher, and as with a new soul we begin new life. And after death these two become one, the man and the distillation of all that was best in him since he began this magic work.

This, I think, would be the way to an interpretation of the myth of Pygmalion and Galatea. STUDENT

## Be Brave

BY MALCOLM QUIN

WHY repine we, why despair,  
Yielding to the instant woe?  
We are not what once we were;  
Let us build on that we know.

Let the future and the past  
Make sublime the present hour.  
What we do is doomed to last,  
And we know not all our power.

Even now the future life  
Shape we with unconscious hands;  
Sudden 'midst the woe and strife  
Full our dream incarnate stands.

Lightest thought and humblest deed,  
Aspiration's faintest breath,  
These are but the unseen seed  
Fructifying spite of death.

Not despair, but wise intent,  
Takes the meanness from our task;  
High resolves and onward bent —  
These the passing moment ask.— *Selected*

## Prayer

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

(Selected and condensed)

SOME people think prayer is a telephone,  
A patent transmitter to hire or own,  
And at every hint of a small desire,  
They call up the busy Central wire  
To plug into the Great White Throne.  
But maybe prayer is a road to rise,  
A mountain path leading towards the skies  
To assist the spirit who truly tries.  
But it isn't a shibboleth, creed, nor code;  
It isn't a pack-horse to carry your load;  
It isn't a method; it's *only* a road.  
And perhaps the reward of the spirit who tries  
Is not the goal but the exercise!

## The Making of Man

BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

WHERE is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape  
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger,  
or of ape?

Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,  
Shall not eon after eon pass and touch him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,  
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,  
Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric  
Hallelujah to the Maker, "It is finished, Man is made."

## IT is the flesh

That ails us, for the spirit knows no qualm,  
No failure, no down-falling: so climb high,  
And having set your steps regard not much  
The downward laughter clinging at your feet,  
Nor overmuch the warning; only know  
As well as you know dawn from lantern-light,  
That far above you, for you, and within you,  
There burns and shines and lives, unwavering  
And always yours, the truth. Take on yourself  
But your sincerity, and you take on  
Good promise for all climbing: fly for truth  
And hell shall have no storm to crush your flight,  
Nor laughter to vex down your loyalty.

— *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

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### Gleanings from Other Fields

"YOU can always conquer the difficulties you cannot conquer by conquering those that you can."

"WHEN a man finds that his highest thoughts and best feelings come to him by night under the stars, he might reflect that the stars are equally shining by day."

"SUCH is the force of our will joined to the supreme, that whatever we wish to be, seriously and with a true intent, that we will become." — *Jean Paul Richter*

"ONE step and then another, and the longest walk is ended;  
One stitch and then another, and the widest rent is mended;

One brick upon another, and the highest wall is made;  
One flake upon another, and the deepest snow is laid."

"The more a man makes efforts at self-purification and growth the more closely does Divine Law adjust his circumstances for his assistance in this work. This must be so, for he is beginning to make himself one of its helpers and instruments for the general uplift. The average man, content to live on his old level, does not earn (in this sense) the separate consideration of the Law."

"It is always worth while to take a small victory over oneself, even if so small it doesn't seem worth taking, or even if one has fallen so low or is so hopeless that there is not a flicker of desire to make an effort. The smallest victory sometimes clears the whole sky. It is always at least double what it seems, for to miss the opportunity of it is to slip a step backward instead of taking one forward. And later on we may find that it is just for want of that step that we are short of a great success."

"ONE might say there are two kinds of time: one that moves by long steps across the weeks and years, the other by little ones from minute to minute. When we are in one of them we say that a week has gone by in a flash; last Saturday seems like yesterday; last Christmas Day like last week. When we are in the other a day seems to drag along like a year. And when we come to look back at this whole life just as we leave it, the whole of it with all its weeks and years and minutes, will seem like a mere day in our vast stretch of progress."

"EVERY man has his own path 'homeward.' As he treads that path, which is the path of right action, his pains and troubles thin out and finally vanish. Pains come from trying other paths and are to indicate that these are misleading sidetracks."

"WE look forward through the blank and cloudy today into an endless vista of blank tomorrows. We multiply the trouble of today by 365 and label the sum 'the coming year.' The tomorrows are not really like that. It is only the lens of today that we looked at them through. There is a step of growth and progress in every one of them, waiting to be seen and taken."

"It is the mind that ties itself and us to externals by the myriad cords of thought about externals. And so concern and desire and weariness and disappointments. If we could learn to still this thought the mind itself and we with it would have freedom, could take wings up to the sun and stars and in to the Heart of the world. Then solitude and forced inactivity would have no more terror for us."

"I FOUND out the close relationship of pleasure to pain by noting that as far as I allowed the first to take hold of me, just so far the other, when its turn came, could take hold. And I found that if, when pleasure was upon me, I disregarded it and simply kept *peace*, to the same extent I could have peace when in pain. Pleasure and pain are alternating states of one's outward man; peace is beyond and above both, for it belongs to the inner."

"IN the carrying out of every intention we have two sets of consequences, the immediate and the deferred. The latter may make a long circuit but they finally come home to us. The evil current of a harsh word goes out, passes on its disturbance and inharmony from one to another, and finally curves back upon him who sent it forth. This must be so, for he created it and it belongs to him. An evil deed may be long on its journeying and its form when it returns to us may be strange and unexpected and sometimes terrible. But that which returns is that which went forth, and the return is a necessary medicine for its creator. And likewise the good deed or word comes back at last as a benediction and happiness. Character is an irresistible magnet for its own."

"THE prisoner who complains of the injustice of Society and its disregard of his welfare, should remember that he himself was and is a part of it. Did he, when he had his freedom, say or do anything for the betterment of the lot of prisoners? Did he make any protest against the common treatment of prisoners? If not, then the rest of Society is only acting as he acted, and his reproach comes back to himself. Let him consider this when he regains his liberty and thereafter charge himself with a duty towards those who will then be suffering as he suffers now. A few, with exceptional opportunities, are splendidly doing this; but there is no released prisoner who cannot do *something*. Collectively they could exert a tremendous pressure towards the reform of prison conditions."

GIFT  
AUG 16 1918

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Soldiers and Sailors

"Keep thine heart above all that thou guardest  
For out of it are the issues of life."

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 SIDE VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER, NEW WAY HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

## Mind-Mastering

AN Arabian magician, in the course of his researches, once captured a little demon that had hitherto been safe under the seal of Solomon. "What wouldst thou have of me?" said the sprite. "I have work for thee," replied the master, and so sent him on an errand, pleased at his alacrity.

The task was accomplished with surprising speed and then there was another and another. In a few days all that the magician wanted done was finished and he was rather put to it to find employment for his sprite. But employment there had to be or the sprite found his own — which was always mischief. And having once been attached he would not be dismissed whence he had come. The captor racked

his brain, and racked it again and grew tired out with the effort. But he could not keep it up; fatigue became exhaustion; exhaustion became imbecility; he had at last to sit still whilst his whole house was turned up-side-down, his furniture destroyed and his mystic apparatus set on fire. Only when there was no more mischief to do and the magician's sanity had permanently gone, did the demon take his departure.

The story is very sad, but we are really all of us in very much the same case. It was however quite proper and in the program of things that we should each call forth a mind from the store-house of nature. Our almost irreparable mistake has been in not keeping it under strict training. Not having taught it how, on occasion and at command to do exactly this or that, or to sit still and listen, it has become an insistent nuisance that will not let us attend to anything else. It will almost never carry out a commission properly. We send it in search of a definite train of ideas and it does a thousand other things by the way, often neglecting entirely what it was sent to do. It demands incessant occupation or it gets into mischief. It must be given a newspaper, a book, a gossip. Failing these, it is incessantly restless. It hums tunes to itself till we are tired to death. It rummages in the store-rooms of memory and drags up old stuff that had a thousand times better have been left undisturbed. At any moment it may stir up a hornets' nest of fears, anticipations, anxieties, rancors, wild desires.

But what are its proper functions? First in a general way, to be a servant, behaving properly and not dragging its master around by the nose; somewhat more particularly but without particularizing, to carry out the functions of daily active life exactly as its master directs, neither falling short of that nor doing anything by the way.

And secondly, to be available when required, as a messenger between its master's own higher nature, his spiritual consciousness, and himself. For birth implies some separation between the two, he in the body and the higher nature beyond; and mind as go-between. He must be able to withdraw his mind from the outer world, stop its flighty quiverings, and send it to the spiritual self of which it shall bring back an image, whose ideation it shall reflect and return with for his inspiration and guidance.

For this work it must be trained by some daily practice of *mental silence*, say at night and for a few moments on rising. Says a living writer, a Sioux Indian whose education — he stands high in the medical world — enables him to tell us something of Indian ideals:

"Silence is [for an Indian] the absolute poise or balance of body, mind, and spirit. . . . If you ask him, 'What is silence?' he will answer, 'It is the Great Mystery. The holy silence is His voice'. If you ask, 'What are the fruits of silence?' he will answer, 'They

are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity, and reverence. Silence is the corner-stone of character.'"

To which we might add that it is only in some moments of inner silence that faith and trembling hope will suddenly stand up in *knowledge* and the profoundest problems of human life see their solution.

STUDENT

✱

### After the Storm

"THERE have been a good many little changes and reforms here since the new warden took hold, all tending to make our life easier and pleasanter. But somehow the cloud over us seems to get darker. What is the matter with things? And what can one do?"

The only thing to do is to get ready for the time when the cloud shall lift.

Why shouldn't there be a cloud over the minds of us all? If, as is scientifically known, every particle of *matter* in the world and the universe affects every other particle, and if I cannot tap my pencil on the table without sending out a vibration that a sufficiently delicate instrument at the North Pole could record — how can we suppose that our *minds* can remain serene and unaffected by the mental conditions of the millions on the battlefields? The whole world is on strain.

But a man who can conquer himself *now* will find there is nothing he cannot do when the great storm is cleared. If we keep our minds ahead of us, put up with everything cheerfully, and hope, we shall be all right.

Some men let off the strain in talk, chatter about everything and nothing. That is the worst thing to do. Useless chatter empties and unbuilds the mind. The mind grows by exercise; part of the exercise consists in study, concentration and hard thought; part in the practising of silence. In real silence the mind gets above the passing trifles of life and man begins to understand himself.

Why should there be a flood of talk and speculation just because a new rule happens to have been made? Forget the rule — by keeping it; turn it out of the mind in that way; keep the mind silent to itself about it and occupied on a higher level. That sort of effort is the first step to peace and growth. If a man will take this line he can make all conditions of every sort helpful to him in his growth, in his attainment of preparedness for the great days after the storm.

The little things that disturb one now, what size will they look in ten years? We shall be wishing then that we had seen them now in their right proportion.

*Growth* is the thing for us now to attend to, preparedness. Growth in will, in self-conquest, in serenity, in kindness, in health, in the power to concentrate

and study and remember. There is enough in that program to fill our time and attention. We shall become worthy citizens of a new world risen in new light and hope and purpose from the ruins of the old.

EL VIEJO



### A Brain-Dream

IT was that curious state in which one dreams while awake, and the things and people around become distorted, mixed, or changed into symbols of themselves.

There was a laundry next door and four or five of the women were doing something connected with their work in the yard — and, of course, chattering ceaselessly as they worked. One of them, however, a quiet, thoughtful-looking girl, was taking no part in the clatter and seemed preoccupied with what she was doing.

The morning was hot and my study hotter, and I got sleepier, and the figures and sounds of the women vaguer. . . . .

There were four or five houses in a group, slatternly looking things, put up anyhow and only half-finished. But there was an incessant buzz of rearrangement going on somehow among the bricks of which they were composed. They were flying about inside in a sort of confused swarm, not staying long anywhere. A lot of them would come out of their places in one of the walls, buzz in and out among each other and then come perhaps to a moment's rest on the floor or force themselves into gaps in other walls where they did not belong and which they did not fit — but only to wriggle and clatter there too and finally rush out again. The slates on the unfinished roofs were doing the same and the rafters were never still a moment — altering their angles and knocking their ends together and now and then dropping in on to the littered floor. All the time, too, the bricks of each house would be flooding to and fro among the other houses, whirling about in there, knocking things down, and then either passing along further or coming back by chance to the place whence they came.

But one of these houses stood a little apart, and in this there was no confusion at all. As I looked I saw that it was gradually arranging itself into one of the most perfectly finished dwellings you could imagine. The bricks were somehow steadily increasing in number, and each, as it appeared, took up its precisely proper place and stayed there. Activity among them — yes; confusion — no, only steady construction. One or two of them would now and then visit some other house as if for a definite purpose and then immediately return. Some from other houses would drift in, in an aimless way or rush in excitedly, but they seemed to be given no welcome nor offered

any place to rest and soon disappeared somehow.

I do not know that this house grew in size, but it did in grace and beauty. Every room seemed adapted to some distinct purpose and when the whole was at last finished, behold — furniture appeared, of different sorts corresponding to the different rooms and of the most admirable form and finish. One room, I could see, contained a harp and music cabinet. Another was fitted up as an artist's studio with some beautiful bits of color work on the walls.

I looked away for a moment at the other houses, contrastingly, and when I looked again the white curtains of one of the upper windows were drawn apart and a woman sat there, dressed also in white and very beautiful; serene of expression and looking with her clear eyes upon the mad and slatternly shacks around her dwelling.

Suddenly there was a peal of harsh laughter from all these others, coming, it seemed, from the gaping openings that were designed to be their front doors. . .

And that woke me. The laundry women had burst into laughter over a remark made by one of them, apparently referring to an absent friend: "She! Why, her brains is as crazy as one o' Jim's half-finished shacks down on the flats!"

STUDENT



### Concerning Meal-times

#### A SPECULATION AND EXPERIMENT

(Communicated)

IT is especially while eating that one seems to take sudden dislikes to people. Their ways and attitude at table are apt to become suddenly intensely disagreeable or repulsive and color one's entire feeling towards them.

Reflecting on this fact a bit of philosophy of life gradually came into my mind. A few of us here have talked it over and begun trying it out for some time past.

Since we live in bodies our quality of thinking and feeling is mostly determined by the bodily states, is apt to be in the *key*, as it were, of the body; in some men altogether so. In these men their thoughts are governed by their moods and their moods by their bodily condition.

There is of course a fine part of our minds that is beyond any such governing as that, not affected at all by the body or by any surroundings or events. But the part that *is* affected and governed is so strongly affected that it (we) can hardly get at all aware of that serene part above, the part that really understands life, the part usually called soul.

Now such an action as eating, an action so closely concerned not only with the pleasant but with the very life of the body, an action which gives it life, naturally puts it into an extra sensitive state, what

they call in science 'a state of unstable equilibrium.' At that time it is therefore specially affected by what we see, strongly stamped by reason of the extra sensitiveness and the general stimulation set up. Something in another man that at another time we hardly notice or disregard, becomes then very prominent, seizes on the mind and works upon the feelings.

But by taking advantage in the right way of this stimulated and sensitive condition it must be possible to achieve a great deal of even spiritual progress.

For the growth in character and real knowledge that some of us are trying for consists in making ourselves aware of and at last one with that fine upper part of ourselves to which the ordinary body-governed thoughts and moods make us so blind and deaf. Once we could do that we should have won our real life and be masters of our bodies, our moods, thoughts, passions and impulses.

Consequently if while eating and in that state of bodily sensitiveness that results from eating we were to keep our minds and thoughts fixed on the *light* above us, our higher self, what we may call our god part, the 'immortal comrade' as some book calls it, we could let that in just as easily as we now let in the thought of some other fellow with his unpleasant trick or attitude. We could let in uplift instead of downpull. You must excuse my rough way of putting the matter.

So it is not so curious, when you come to think of it, that we can make mealtimes serve us in a double way and that they are a great opportunity to let the overshining light into ourselves. I have sometimes pictured it as the yellow sunlight streaming down and lighting up the table and the other fellows and me. And one's own posture and ways at table, when made dignified and manly, are an extra help. There are about 1100 of these opportunities a year. Surely we ought to be able to accomplish something. The chief trouble is our sure tendency to give up a job if we don't seem to be getting any immediate results. X.

✽

### The Unheard Harmonies

THE clatter of conversation suddenly stopped for a moment, as it will sometimes in the largest companies. And now from some upper room we could just hear the sounds of music most beautifully played. I do not know what the melody was, but it was as beautiful as the rendering of it was perfect. Nobody broke the stillness that had come upon us until the piece was finished.

"Has *that* been going on all the time?" said someone in a low voice; "and we missed it all!"

"That must be something like what a man says to himself when he is dead," said another of the guests.

We all looked at him curiously, not exactly knowing what he meant.

"I mean that just after a man is dead and his ordinary thinking stops along with the brain he did it with, he may gradually become conscious of another sort of thinking so high and beautiful that it will seem to him like that melody that floated so faintly down to us from somewhere upstairs. And he will say, just as we did, 'Has *that* been going on all the time? And I never heard it!'"

"But why should he have never heard it?" asked a girl.

"Because of the customary clatter of his common brain-thinking, occupying all his attention."

"Oh, what a delightful idea!" said this girl; "What can we do to find it? Do you think I've got it going on in me?"

"Certainly a point in favor of being dead," said a guest smiling. "But you've got to give us a prescription that's less radical and will still leave us alive!"

"Meditation is a lost art," said another guest. "You mustn't be preaching that in the twentieth century."

"So's silence," said the first speaker. "Nevertheless it happened to descend upon us just now of its own sweet will. And mind-silence will likewise fall upon a man once in a while, just as a specimen for him to learn from."

"And what does he get then?"

"Well, if he's attentive he can hear the music from upstairs, the spiritual harmonies of his own soul. It steals down the stairway and enwraps him and makes him know things inexpressible. There's a wordless communion between himself and his soul and he knows for the first time what peace is. He knows, too, that any time when he's ready the peace and the harmonies and realizations are ready. And after that he practises the readiness when he's alone. He knows how to be alone without being lonely. And he knows that dying is passing *into* the light instead of out from it.

"Meditation is not a lost art; it's simply a disused one. And if we don't use it how can we expect to have the knowledge which it alone can give? We live between spirit and matter. But if we never silence the matter end and give attention to the harmonies of the spirit end, how can we realize what's there waiting for us?"

"We only half live and are always trying to supply the missing half from material that can't give it. There's no other reason for unhappiness. Get the other half, little by little, and we should never have another dull or vacant moment. The upstairs harmonies of the silence would come in upon us and show us a new world containing everything we hunt for so mistakenly in this one. And then we should for the first time know the real beauty of this one too.

"So there's a sermon preached from the text which that music upstairs furnished us with." LISTENER





*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

"... for more than once when I  
Sat all alone . . .  
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed  
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into Heaven . . . and yet no shade of doubt,  
But utter clearness, and through loss of Self  
The gain of such large life as, matched with ours,  
Were Sun to spark."—*From one of Tennyson's poems*

**The Value of Reticence**

**A**LL grace, all beauty, suggest to the thoughtful observer the power of self-restraint, the reserve which enables an individual or object to maintain its existence, separate, yet in harmony with the whole. A true and delicate reserve does not suggest aloofness, except to the ignorant and uncultivated, those who from want of thought have little respect for their

own deepest feelings or for the feelings of other people.

The grace of reticence is sadly lacking in the life of today. It does exist, in the finer, stronger natures, even though it be unrecognized by the chatterers who dissipate their force in a voluble stream of talk about their own affairs, ignorant or heedless of the fact that this letting-off of personal steam, with its empty garrulous noise, is stopping their progress toward anything real, and that it is only when this valve is shut that

they can move on in their power and true dignity.

This lack of reserve and discretion in speech and bearing — proclaiming in itself a lack of mental poise and depth of feeling — betrays a growing tendency toward vulgarity.

There is a power in thought even though unexpressed, and the economy of this will give us, at the opportune moment, the power of expression and the ability to command attention.

When we consider calmly and speak deliberately then will our words come forth with power; but we cannot do this until we have learned something of the grace of reticence. Through the constant practice of judiciously withholding our words we shall find ourselves, when the occasion demands a free expression of our feelings, able to hold our minds steadier and to grasp the subject in hand more competently. Then the feelings we have kept to ourselves will have gained coherence and intensity, the worthless will have dropped away and the true we shall see to be true in the light of our own deeper natures.

Why can we not realize the value of reticence, and recognise the truth that ripe thought, correct ideas, and just judgment are the fruits of deep contemplation and an inward withdrawal? Never until we do this shall we reach our deeper feelings, nor shall we have true consideration for others. For we cannot estimate the effect of self-indulgence in speech — the heart-wounds, the false impressions it may give.

It is the egotism of the age that is the cause of this garrulity, this never-ending 'I' in the mind and on the lips and before the eyes and minds of others — this egotism that takes so many forms, assumes so many guises, and that is such a subtle enemy.

How late do we learn that the deepest feelings are stirred no longer in a heart that is drained of these holy depths of emotion by excessive speech, by words, words, words, which by 'explaining' every feeling and laying the heart bare to the gaze of others in self-exploitation, cause the real thing to vanish.

Reserve is strength. What comes from the heart reaches the heart of others, and the truest relations between human beings have naught to do with volubility concerning what exists, or what has happened, or what might happen, or what ought to.

What respect we have for those who stand in delicate reticence upon 'a spot of their own,' protected by their power to restrain useless, self-revealing speech!

ELISABETH BONN in *Century Path*, December 8, 1907

### Will-Tonics

A CONTEMPORARY gives its readers ten exercises for 'strengthening the will.' Prepared by a psychologist of the modern school, they are thus endorsed by the editor: "... if you are one of those impetuous persons who are forever saying: 'Now

I will do this,' but never do it — or if you rush impulsively into decisions because you never trained yourself to patient inquiry, then try these exercises for the benefit of your will."

Here are two of them, the others being of the same sort:

"Replace in a box, very slowly and deliberately, one hundred matches or pieces of paper."

"Move a chair very slowly from one side of the room to the other for five minutes."

One is reminded of the woman who, for the sake of exercise, detached the brush from the broom handle and carefully went through all the motions of sweeping the room, meanwhile leaving it unswept!

We *ought* to exercise the will daily in compelling the mind to pay attention to what we are doing or to what we give it to do. But instead of these deadening exercises — which would do more harm in one way to the mind than they would do it good in another — why not make use of ordinary duties that have to be done anyhow, or select exercises that are not only just as good discipline as these ten but also profitable in themselves?

A man has to wash and dress every morning. Instead of carefully and attentively "moving a chair across the room for five minutes," why not carefully and attentively wash and dress, not allowing the mind to think of anything *but* the washing and dressing? If he has to sweep out his room he has another five minutes that he can similarly turn to profit.

One of the prescribed exercises is to turn over, slowly and quietly, all the leaves of a book of about two hundred pages.

Why not, instead, take a book of something it would be worth while to study, say a foreign language or a branch of science, and compel the mind to pay close enough attention to *one* page or to ten lines to be able to repeat the words or substance of the matter? Why not determine with yourself, and carry out the determination, to do that every night, say for ten minutes?

Why not go deeper and determine with yourself that for the first hour or ten minutes of each day for a week you will look cheerful and speak cheerfully, or, better, *feel* cheerful?

A month of all this sort of thing will give a man a moral lift, a power of attention, a development of will, that can hardly be estimated. M. D.

### Nature's Night-Draught

"THE heavy afternoon" — yes, it *is* heavy. One can stand the morning; there is a certain freshness about it, even here in these walls — anyhow in the first part of it. And the evening is quiet and maybe there is a decent book to read.

But let us see if we can't think out why the afternoon runs so leaden-footed nearly to sunset, why the body is then so heavy and the work so difficult. Nature gives us the night to rebuild ourselves. Maybe if we used that gift well we might almost defy the years to hurt us. Look what nature *can* do in the way of renewal. Is not an infant's body but a part of an older body all refreshed and rewound for another spin?

Remember about Prometheus? A Greek fabled hero, cursed to be chained to a rock. Every day a vulture came and gnawed his vitals. By night they were renewed.

We are chained to some sort of a 'rock,' all of us. By day the vulture cares of the day consume our vitality. Who can think of a worse vulture than his own mind? But most of us differ from Prometheus in that the vulture more or less keeps up his work by night too; and so there is little renewal and vitality fails us, and in a few years there is old age and then death with nothing much accomplished.

In the evening when the time for closing comes we go straight to bed without any sort of mental cleaning up or quieting down or preparation at all. We enter upon the night with the mind still churning, the vulture still gnawing. And then Nature comes, with the night-cup of sleep, and would fain renew and rebuild us. But we have not prepared the way for her, the Great Mother; we have not done our part and the best of her work is impossible. We have not tuned the mind in a final peace to the thought of renewal and a faith in her power and will to renew and refresh.

Yet that is our part of the work. So when morning comes Nature's work is but half done. There is no spring and no real morning in the brain and the mind. The clouds of yesterday are still in our sky. And so the mind quickly transforms itself again into the vulture that gnaws. By midday all the freshness — such as it was — is gone and we face "the heavy afternoon."

Let us remember that in the day the thinking parts of the brain have no chance to rest. The heart can rest between two beats, but there is no 'between' in our thoughts while we are awake. To go to bed with the day still rushing through our minds, means that the brain cells cannot get in its completeness the rest that will alone fit them for the work of the next day and make them alert and responsive to the will.

As men hope for the opportunity of making spiritual peace before they die, not less should we seek it before that lesser beneficence of nightly sleep. But in this latter case the body can share in the blessing if we let it.

I feel sure that if we do our part the very nature of the 'vulture' can be altered, so that it gnaws no more. Then the feet of the afternoon will no more be leaden.

No. 135

## I Will

I WILL start anew this morning with a higher fairer creed;  
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless  
neighbor's greed.

I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;  
I will waste no moments whining and my heart shall know  
no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;  
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;  
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;  
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.  
I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;  
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;  
I will strive to see the beauty spread before me rain or shine —  
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned  
with mine.— *Selected*

✽

## The Man of Cheer

I DON'T know how he is on the creeds,  
I never heard him say;  
But he's got a smile that fits his face  
And he wears it every day.  
If things go wrong he don't complain,  
Just tries to see the joke,  
He's always finding little ways  
Of helping other folk.  
He sees the good in every one,  
Their faults he never mentions,  
He has a lot of confidence  
In people's good intentions.  
No matter if the sky is gray,  
You get his point of view,  
And if the clouds begin to scatter,  
And the sun comes breaking thro'.  
You'll know him if you meet him,  
And you'll find it worth your while  
To cultivate the friendship of  
The man behind the smile.— *Selected*

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## New Way Quote Book

"KEEP thy heart above all that thou guardest, for out of it are the issues of life."— *Proverbs*

"ONE lesson which I have learned in my roaming life, my friends, is not to call anything a misfortune until you have seen the end of it."  
— "*Brigadier Gerard*" (Conan Doyle)

"THE few moments in the course of each day in which a man absorbed in some worldly pursuit may carelessly expend in kind words or trifling charities to those around him — and kindness to an animal is one of these — are, perhaps, in the sight of heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording."— *Sir Arthur Helps*

LET us remember, when in periods of depression or discouragement, not to let go or throw down the reins and cease efforts. For this phase will pass; bright days of progress are ahead as they are behind, and when these come we shall be measurelessly grateful to our better part for having held us to our course through the darkness.

WE are sometimes so stunned with misfortune as to be indifferent what now may happen to us. Would it be possible to get just as indifferent *without* the stun of misfortune, while in the full consciousness of life and with every faculty awake and alert?

Even if so, life would not then be worth anything, most people would think.

It would on the contrary be a joy of freedom and unchained mental power that we had never before tasted.

"DIGESTION gone wrong, bad news from home, a cold wet day, an unpleasant scene with another man — the very mischief seems to be in things. Troubles enough for a week dumped into one day."

Well, there are two relieving gleams in the situation. First, that if there are a week's troubles collected into one day, Fate owes you six serene days later on and will certainly pay the debt. Second, that if you can keep a good heart today you can make seven times as much progress in developing moral muscle as on a serene day.

THE moments of silent self-communion and aspiration are the gathering of reinforcements behind the battle-line in the great life-struggle against the forces of our lower nature. Whilst they gather we may seem to fail and fall as completely as in the years gone by. But the moment comes when the commanding soul pours them into the fight and by that day's close there is victory. Keep up hope if you can, even at the worst. But anyhow persist with those moments.

A MAN'S possessions frequently own him more than he owns them.

IF a man will take a little victory over himself every day — just one, at first — by the end of a year he will have a will that is worth something.

A MAN should remember that all his faults hang together and that in each of his refusals to yield to one of them all the rest feel it.

Also that when even the least of them solicits him all the others are close in the rear ready to profit by his weakness. Fight that one and he fights all.

IF you are inclined to dislike a man think of something good you have seen him do and hold him in mind as the doer of that. If you have never seen anything of that sort be sorry for him for what he has yet to go through in awakening.

"MR. FACING-BOTHWAYS" — Bunyan never saw how fine a title that might be. It expresses our possibility to be constantly facing inward to the light in our hearts and inner consciousness and at the same time outward to the world of men and events, living the outer life by the light of the inner.

BEHIND all a man's moods and changes of disposition from one part of the day to another and from one day to another, there is a part of him that does not change. It is this which he should find if he would get peace and light. And it is to be gradually obtained by recalling and reviewing, when in the better and higher moods, the moods which were lower and darker and cloudier; by running backward through them along the unbroken thread of light and seeing them as they were. Self-criticism of one's worst by one's best, and recalling of the best when one is at one's worst, is the key. The real man, thus found, is the man that death cannot touch.

THINKING of *nothing* is not the same as thinking of *nothing in particular*. The first is real rest and refreshment; the second is often more tiring to the brain than the same amount of hard mental work, and moreover one never knows what unpleasant topic the mind may not at any moment happen to light upon.

There is a great Life diffused through the universe, ever consciously regenerating and evolving. When the mind is really still we can get into the current of this Life and from thence draw strength and a peace of which few of us now-a-days know anything. The mind fidgets constantly in the *thens* and *whens* and *theres*. The secret of strength and peace is in the power to come home at will to the *now*, the always unfolding, never-dying *now*. Let us awake into this full *now*, instead of fretting and dreaming in the *thens* and *whens* and *theres*. Happy he who by practise can for even five seconds place his mind fully in the *now* and restrain its persistent restiveness!

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A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General

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Soldiers and Sailors

"The greatest of all time-wasting  
is time wasted on revenge."

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GIFT  
SEP 11 1918

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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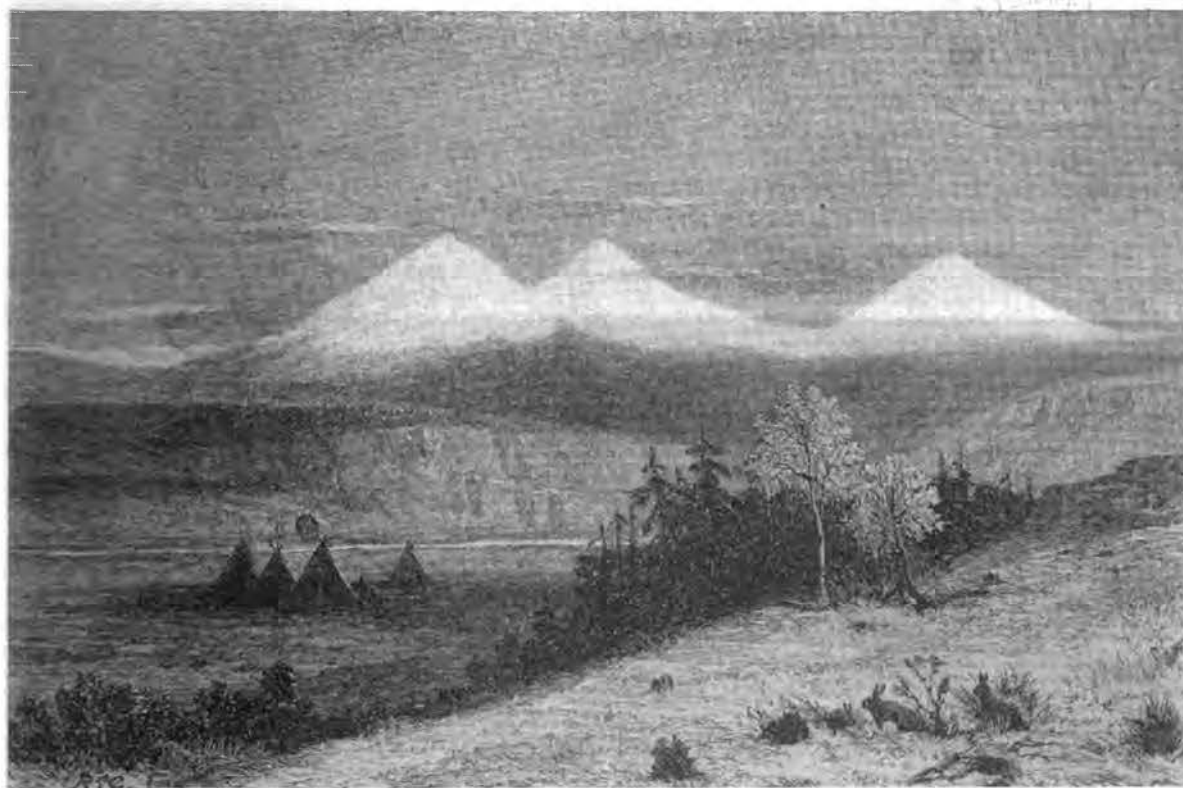
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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

## THE THREE SISTERS, CASCADE RANGE, OREGON

There are really five 'sisters' in this group, the still remaining parts of an ancient volcanic crater rim.  
The range has many volcanic peaks.

### Letting in Life

WE all of us wish to 'get the most out of life.' That is the way we put it. If we were to put it more exactly we should say that we wish to get the most *Life* into our *lives*. For *Life is joy*. They are one and the same, Life and joy. Those

who think that life is often not joy, mean that the lives of some people contain little Life. Their circumstances and conditions are such as to prevent them from having much of this Life-joy in their lives. They have so little as not to attract their attention, which is all occupied with their pains and restrictions instead of with this little which is most surely there.

But Life is joy, what there is of it. If even a *little* of it were not at least a *little* joy, *much* of it would not be *much* joy.

Everyone, by his mental states, *can* allot to himself much or little Life and therefore much or little joy. No one can hinder a man who wants more Life and knows how to adjust his mind so as to let it in. Any quantity is waiting. The mind is the door, shut or open. But how to open it? Unfortunate conditions, and ignorance of how, may render the opening very difficult; but it can be done.

I was out with a woodman once, a regular big-souled son of the soil. It came on to rain and we got wet through. He saw me sort of huddled into myself and thinking of the coming bad cold or rheumatism or perhaps pneumonia, and he said: "Why, man, don't be afraid of it; it'll do you good. Just stand up to it and welcome it and open out to it. Spread your leaves to it like the trees and feel good about it and it won't do you any more harm than it does the trees."

We were in wet clothes all day and in the evening I never felt better in my life. By a new mental attitude I had let in Life enough to protect my body and energize it.

Some people don't like Walt Whitman's poetry, but he had a fine message for us all the same — and not only in his poetry but in his life. He was always letting Life into himself. Lying out on the sea-shore or in the forest or on the open ground, or walking the crowded streets of the city, or standing on Brooklyn Bridge — everywhere he found and welcomed Life of some sort, Life human or Life of great nature, that he could feel and expand to and rejoice in and sympathize with. He took over into himself every form of life. He rejected nothing, not even degradation, for he saw in it the germ of divinity that would ultimately redeem it. He revelled alike in a mountain or a desert, in a stately tree or in the vigor and muscle of the man that was felling it; in human life as he found it, because of the comradeship and splendid toil that is to be had out of it; in human life as he foresaw it, because of its limitless growth. When he was in poverty and half paralysed he sat at his open window and still rejoiced at the great out-of-doors. He envied no man, regarding other men's better lot as if it was his own. He feared nothing, not even death, for he knew death was arranged for as a step forwards and outwards for the soul. He had widened his life by sympathy till it was as wide as all things and men, as deep as the earth's, as high as the sun's and stars'. Nothing could make him shrink into himself. There was not a sour atom in his make-up. He was a volume of *The New Way* all to himself.

That's the way to live. Get rid of envy, criticism, rancor, fear — all of the life-poisons. Pour out good feeling. Have active pity wherever there is pain. Disregard evil and find some good. Then this personal *I, I*, which is the cause of our smallness of life, of

its restriction, weakens out and more and more Life rises in us. Health will begin to come into body and mind, and when at last the body can hold no more and wears out, the inner man will have renewed his youth.

STUDENT

### The Unwritten Law

"WHAT'S the matter, son?" Big Ben asked the young mechanic, who was pacing the yard and frowning.

"Oh! it's that brute in charge of the shop, upstairs. I'm willing to work; it keeps me from thinking, and I always did like to turn out a good job. But Jason picks flaws in everything — even when they couldn't be better. I'd learn to do things upside down, or any old way, to keep him still. It's his everlasting injustice I can't stand."

"Well, boy, like cures like, if you know how to take the medicine," Ben said with his quiet smile. "You've been unjust to yourself, or you wouldn't be here. The same with me and all the rest. We've let ourselves get run by something we should have bossed. That's our injustice to ourselves. Sooner or later a man always gets into some situation where his bad generalship with himself comes back at him for correction, and of course it hurts. If it didn't he mightn't pay any attention to the signal. Then it's up to him to use the situation according to the hint. Jason's your situation. You can put the thing right now, once and for all, and come out bigger than you came in if you'll take a bit of teaching from him that he won't know he's giving."

"I'd like to know what. The only thing he can do is to make you fighting mad."

"Exactly: the side of his nature that runs him is giving you your best chance to bring out your power, the bit-and-bridle power over yourself that you've never got at yet. Being rather small potatoes himself, he tries to feel bigger by making others feel small. Don't let him give you your size. Make yourself to your own measure and stick to it. You're unjust to yourself when you let him or anyone make you mad. That's the thing you've got to strengthen — the thing that landed you here, wasn't it? You've got stuff enough in you so that simply by being bigger and pluckier and quieter you'll take the wind out of his sails. He may make things worse for you for a while, but don't let him move you. Then it's up to him to change *his* tactics. That'll be the only way he can get anywhere. He'll find out suddenly or little by little that there's something in you he doesn't understand, and then he'll want to. You can get the use of a mean man by using his meanness to bring out the finest stuff in yourself. And in the end it'll wake up something better in him too. Just try the game."



"You forget he's got all the authority and the disposition to make things hot for me if I put on any airs."

"Put on nothing! Make a fresh *output* of something more of your manhood. Don't *seem* to be more; just *be* more of the all-around man that you are. He'll think it is a bluff, all right, because you have been playing into his hands so far. Show him it's the realest bluff he ever called. Take account of stock and get busy levelling your weak points up with your best nerve. You'll get so interested in the job that Jason and all his jangling will glance off like water off a duck's back and never get in on you."

"Boy, things don't go by chance in this world, whatever they may look like. If a man gets up against a situation it's always because there's something in it he can use for himself. One way or another it'll keep coming back at him till he *has* used it. And then it'll quit. That's the biggest secret in life, and if you think it out and watch things it'll explain life to you."

"Well, I'll buckle to and try the job. But it'll be a tough fight."

"Maybe it'll help a bit when you find out that all the rest of us are up against our lessons too. Every man alive is in the school." MECHANIC

✽

### The Colonel

CONCENTRATION of mind is the hindering of all other thoughts and topics save the one you wish to be occupied with.

In the attempt to get it we find that the mind behaves like an animal which we are trying to train out of an old habit.

"What!" says the mind; "mayn't think of baseball?"

"No," you say; "you're studying Spanish now. Keep to that."

The mind concentrates easily and well on anything it is very interested in. It rambles along till it gets to such a subject and then stays there till it thinks of something more interesting still.

What we have to train it to, is to stay where it is *told*, not where it *wants* to stay.

No one becomes a man of power and achievement till he has done a good deal of this mind-mastery. For the mind is steadily wasting power or energy as it rambles along and dives into things and gets excited or worried or angry about them. So there may be hardly anything left for real and important accomplishment.

Another point: Unless the man seizes and holds his mind, the mind seizes him and carries him along with it.

A man knows what his thoughts are, of course. They keep his attention. They keep *him* — in other

words, drag him along. He is so occupied with his thoughts, flowing along one on the heels of another with no interval between, that he has never had any time to come to a proper understanding or realization of *himself*. Consequently he has only the vaguest sense of what he really is — you might say, of who he is. "I'm *I*, I suppose. That's all there is about it."

But that isn't all.

A colonel of a regiment doesn't march in the ranks, or let the ranks go where they separately choose. He rides behind and *directs*. And he wears the insignia of his office. By that he exhibits his rank as colonel.

In the same way we can only get the right feeling of *our* rank, and know what it really is, by directing our thoughts, not letting them do as they choose.

They don't like that. They've never been drilled. They want to stop at the first farm-house, take a swim, climb a tree or scatter over the whole country. And the colonel — *you* — just watches them and says nothing or is dragged along with them!

Let's get some order into the rabble, reduce them to discipline, make them pay attention to the road.

What is this road? It is anything you have to do or have decided to do — sweeping out a tent, washing, studying; in fact the road lies along the stretch of the sixteen waking hours of the day.

Begin here and there. Don't be too hard at first. Say the tent-sweeping — no other thought but that for the five minutes it requires. Feel yourself standing above this rabble of thoughts that wants to scatter; and, as colonel, hold them to their line of march. Keep the thoughts on the thing in hand and don't let any of them slip out of the ranks or climb a tree.

It's hard work, but if you make any sort of success of that five minutes you will have begun to feel your dignity, your manhood, a real refreshment, the first sense of *what you are*.

And what's that? Well, there's the fine old word *SOUL* — a live Light in the universe before ever the brain was, to be a live Light again when the brain has slowed down and stopped.

Whenever an inspiration, a fine idea, a flash of great truth, jumps into the mind, that's a gleam of our soul-knowledge suddenly inserting itself in amid the common thoughts which we are accustomed to let fill up our attention.

Begin ruling the mind, and our soul-knowledge begins to come to us. It's because they don't try this that men don't know anything much of themselves or of the great store of high knowledge that lies all hidden in them. Try it a few months, a little day by day. The colonel begins to come to his dignity and understand himself and his position.

If a man starts shorthand and gives it up, there's that much time wasted. But any effort spent on *this* work, even if you get discouraged and give it up, stands to your credit, has been added to your stock of efficiency on all lines.

STUDENT

### The Man and his Clothes

THERE is a French proverb which says that the clothes make the man. In shabby attire he feels shabby and apologetic; put him in smart clothes and he feels another man altogether, acts differently and with more self-respect.

We wear a more intimate suit of clothes than any the tailor made — *the body*. Even a clean shave makes a man respect himself more. If a man with a slouch and a round back wants to dignify his character, he can make a pretty good beginning by dignifying his body.

And that means a sustained set of efforts or acts with the end in view. Might we not say that in a sense a man is surrounded by his deeds and that these make a *third* and still more intimate 'clothing,' also with its effect upon his feel of himself? Doesn't a man feel better after doing a fine thing or finely denying himself some wrong thing? And feel mean and with no self-respect after doing a mean thing?

The things a man habitually does, become the creator of his habitual state of mind, of what he *is*.

It is a give and take. A man's states of mind come out into his body and his acts, and his body and acts react on his mind and character. But which began the game?

The actor who wishes to express courage or anger throws himself into the bodily attitude of it and presently some of the feeling corresponding to the attitude develops in him. But how could he have known that just such a facial expression and such gestures and attitude *were* the expressions of those feelings unless he had previously found that such feelings naturally developed such an expression and such gestures and attitude? The child is not happy because it smiles; it smiles because it is happy. Later on it can be taught that by forcing itself to smile when in a bad mood it can produce a good one.

When a boy gets into a passion there is no doubt that the state disturbs and disarranges or blocks for the time some of the fine nerve-currents in his brain. Some time perhaps he gets a fall or a blow on the head and the nerve-currents may be similarly but now *permanently* blocked or disarranged. His temperament changes and he may become a thoroughly passionate and ungovernable character. Surgical examination may and often does reveal in these cases that there is a particle of bone split loose from the inner surface of the skull, pressing on the brain and deranging its currents. This being rectified he regains his normal temperament. But if he had had none of that passionate tendency in his nature no injury to his brain could have affected him *in that way*.

And though a man's liverishness may make him bad-tempered, it would never do so if he had not at other times let himself get bad-tempered *without* being liverish. The body registers the old states of mind.

All of us have will *enough* to alter one state of mind into another and so gradually alter character, but we don't all know very well *how* to get the will to do that kind of work.

We can use the principle we are talking of. If we are irritable and grouchy we can assume the attitude and expression of geniality, can smile and say something pleasant and encouraging to someone. The real state presently follows and *then* we can hold and increase it by direct act of will. Doing this often enough finally rebuilds character. All faults of character can be finally changed by repeatedly acting as if they were already changed — the lazy man by acting alertly, the shabby-natured man by acting generously, the dishonest-natured man by acting honestly, and so on. Thus we gradually liberate the mind from the control of lower impulses. And in no long time all right states of feeling and all lines of right action come to be preferred and enjoyed, and character can be carried higher and higher. Once we have seriously entered upon this work sickness can no more mentally depress us, old age cannot dim our light of consciousness nor death confuse it.

STUDENT

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### What Old Age is For

SOME people get their best thoughts while working at something mechanical, at routine work.

Many writers find it helpful to rise from their seats and pace about for a while in order to keep their minds alert. And it often happens that we get some sudden bright thought as we stoop to pick up a pin or make some such movement. In short, muscular movement gives a back-flip to the brain and consequently stimulates the mind. It induces the mind to think along whatever line of thoughts is habitual to it. If they are painful thoughts, then solitary mechanical work, digging, hoeing, for example, may be almost torture, only relieved by the presence of some other man to talk to, or by ceasing it and taking a book.

Which shows the importance of gradually training the mind into the way of thinking pleasant and profitable thoughts, so that when stimulated by mechanical and muscular work it may not be a nuisance, or, better, be a profitable companion.

The reason for the connexion between muscular activity and thought is easy to see. Though our minds contain an essentially divine and immortal something, a light of self-consciousness which no animal has, yet in part they are of the same nature as the mind of the animal, just as the body of a man is of the same general nature as the body of an animal. An animal's mind is entirely related to its active outer life. Its thoughts, such as they are, are wholly concerned with *doing*, running away, running after.

getting food, mating and so on. Its life is outward, its thoughts wholly out-pointing. Its thoughts and its muscles play together all the time. As the dog has so often chased the rabbit, mere running will at last of itself make him think of and look for a rabbit.

A large part of human life, nearly all of some men's lives, is the same. Their thought is all concerned with active outward doings. The life is outward, like an animal's; though of course the doings and related thinkings are much more complex. Muscle movement and mind movement continue to play together.

See, then, what old age means in such cases. Outward activity becomes difficult or impossible. The life gradually tends to be more and more in the chair. The muscles are stiff and the senses dim. The mind is no longer kept stimulated by sensation and muscular action. Consequently it almost ceases activity and nothing much goes on but the automatic flow of memories of the long past; and between, there is dozing.

But of course that need not occur. It will not occur in those who have made their minds independent of outer activity for their stimulation. They have kept their minds at work by direct will; they have been thinkers, with minds accustomed to deal with topics that have no direct connexion with any *doings* at all, inner matters.

In old age the brain itself becomes more and more difficult to work with. How then? Must the mind necessarily come to an unprofitable standstill?

Not at all. Nature knew what she was doing when she provided old age for us. But if we are to use the opportunity of old age we must have practised it.

When in moments of deep silence a man's mind passes from *thinking* on high matters into *realization* of them, he is preparing a fruitful old age, preparing a mind that can shine with clear flame even though the brain may have lost its pliancy.

There have always been some, for instance, who knew that prayer could pass into a deeper state than prayer *for* something — into the state of realization of the Great Presence everywhere. And also some who have found in the silence of their thoughts that they could realize themselves as souls, essentially divine selves *in* the body, with body and brain and brain-mind as their instruments, instruments furnished by nature and in time withdrawn by nature, meant for outward life and experience, but not meant to displace and stifle *inward* life and experience. In old age we stand between the two. We are still in touch with the outer life, still have that to rest on. But if the mind has had any training in silence, in going inward and upward for a few moments at night-time and morning in aspiration and realization, in inward discipline, then the disabilities of old age, the loss of keen sense-power, the gradual loss of touch with the outer world, — all these will be our finest nature-

given opportunity for a far richer inner world. The light of intelligence will not fade out but will be able to illumine for us the path of advance now opening through the gates. Whilst getting into touch with our future we shall not lose touch with our present. Looking both ways, on and back, we shall understand the unbroken and unbreakable line of our life as never before. Old age is then crowned, as the ancients knew it ought to be and might be, with wisdom — which is realization.

All this depends on our little day-by-day trainings of the mind, on the moments of silence, of resolution at the commencement of each day, and of retrospect at the end of it when we call ourselves to the bar of our own judgment and so gain strength for the future.

STUDENT



### Practising Dying

"DEAD, poor chap! Well, we've all got to come to it. Six feet under ground at last."

"I thought you had more religion than that."

"Oh well, I believe in the soul and all that, of course. But when you see a fellow die before your eyes and know that in two or three days he'll go into the earth —"

"Well, I guess you're a typical case, believe one thing in words and another in reality. Every fellow ought to train himself to understand death and get the thing right in his mind."

"How can he understand death till he comes to it — or then either?"

"Ever see a dragonfly or butterfly hatch out of a chrysalis-case? Gives a stretch or a stir or two inside and the shell cracks down the back and lets him out into the sunshine. While he's in the case the best he can do is a little wiggling. But of course that helps to develop his muscles against he wants them for wing work. Supposing the bugs came around and looked at the empty chrysalis that they had seen wiggling for so many days and said: 'Ah, poor chap, dead at last! Soil for the bushes is all *he's* good for.'"

"What you might call studying to understand death consists in getting little by little into the way of thinking of yourself as *in* the body. A man's in the body for the sake of experience and to develop his will and get thoughts that a pure spirit that had never been embodied couldn't have or understand. Man *was* a spirit and will be again *plus* all the attributes of thinking manhood that he won while on earth."

"To some extent everybody knows he's *in* a body and not *of* it but he doesn't bring his knowledge home to himself."

"A man does an extra hard day's work and next day his muscles are all stiff and, as he puts it, he does not want to work. The fact is that it's his

body that doesn't want to move and he takes over the disinclination into himself and calls it his — an important mistake.

"But there's work to be done, and so he puts out his will and makes his muscles and body move around against their disinclination. And presently they get limber once more.

"Some other day the fine currents of the body are for some reason all out of gear and he takes that general *bodily* out-of-tuneness over into himself, the same as he took the muscular stiffness, and says 'I feel as irritable as thunder today.' The irritability isn't really his, and there are plenty of self-disciplined people who have trained themselves not to *show* irritability and secondly not to *have* it whatever the bodily conditions may be.

"Most of us have let that part of ourselves which works as mind get out of control and think any sort of thoughts it chooses and refuse to be concentrated properly on what we are doing or reading — which makes us what you might call *half there* all the time and more or less incompetent. Among the thoughts we have permitted the mind to develop and get fixed in is the one you began with when you spoke of Jim as 'poor chap' and 'dead' and going to be put six feet underground. This is the cause of most of our fear of death.

"If a man wants to 'practise dying' he must train himself to think of himself as *in* the body and the ruler of the body. And he must get control of that part of his consciousness which works in the brain as his mind, making it have thoughts about himself that are the truth and not illusions. He must gradually get the state of serenity and kindliness and must refuse to have that state altered into surly or irritable or any other moods by the chance conditions of the body from day to day. By this steadiness the body itself will be helped and healthened. He must think of himself as a soul, a spiritual light that has come into the body just for the purpose of acquiring knowledge and will through experience and effort, especially the kind of mental effort I've been speaking of.

"Living and thinking in this way, when the body comes to be old and worn out he won't feel *himself* to be old and worn out. He will have won the sense of his eternal spiritual youth and got the foretaste of the joy and freedom of that sense. And so he will have long outgrown that fear of death which darkens the lives of so many. He will know already that death is a glorious spiritual freedom for new experiences about to open.

"All this seems to me to be common sense, just what everyone would think out for himself and do for himself if he weren't so weighted down with bad training and half hypnotised by the general thoughts about death that have somehow accumulated in the air for centuries. Let's throw all this out and begin to find ourselves as we really are." REPORTER

## Revenge

THE don'test of all don'ts is: Don't get even. The greatest of all time-wasting is time wasted on revenge.

It not only is a waste of time, but also of gray matter, nerve force, vitality, and soul justice and life reserves. The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

When you want to hurt him who has hurt you, you want something that irritates you while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean after it's all over.

You can't get through this life without meeting people who injure you. There are those that snub you, those that betray you, those that cheat you, those that envy you, besides all the swarms of spiteful, malicious, weak, and venomous human mosquitos, worms and wasps.

If you stop and chase each of these to punish them you will have no time for anything else.

If you allow yourself to think of them, they will poison you until your mind is sour as buttermilk, your sleep ruined and your hours of leisure turned from content to wretchedness.

Forget it!

It makes not so much matter whether or not you forgive an offense; the only satisfying thing is to forget it.

Go on!

There is too much to do, to stop and fight bees. Life's too rich to pauperize it by hate. Let it pass! Go on!

Perhaps your enemy needs a thrashing. But what's that to you? The question is: What do you need? You need peace of mind, poise, and contentment; and to keep thinking about him is to upset yourself.

Why redress injuries? They always redress themselves automatically better than we can redress them.

We don't realize the self-acting, automatic equalizing efficiency of the spiritual world. When a man does dirt, he gets dirt, by-and-by. Let him alone. Why bother?

When Jesus said that about turning the other cheek he was not talking impossible idealism, but plain sense.

The people who spiritually arrive are the *forgetters*.

Here is a sentence you may paint on your wall where you can see it by day, on your ceiling where you can gaze on it when you wake up at night, on your mind where all your thoughts can read it as they pass by, and on your heart where every emotion can be shaped by it:

*An injury can grieve us only when remembered. The noblest revenge, therefore, is to forget.*

—DR. FRANK CRANE (*Selected and slightly condensed*)

"Revenge is making two wrongs for Divine Law to deal with, where there was originally but one."—Sir Henry Cullen

"And thou, man, shouldst be mindful that though the body seem to thee of marvellous subtlety in its compounding, it is as nothing compared with the soul that dwells within this structure."—*Leonardo da Vinci*

"The soul can never be infected by the corruption of the body, but acts in the body like the wind which causes the sound of the organ, wherein if one of the pipes is spoiled, the wind cannot make music from that one."—*Leonardo da Vinci*



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### LEONARDO DA VINCI

One of the greatest artists who ever lived; great also as a thinker and inventor. Died 1519.

"While I thought that I was learning how to live, I have been learning how to die."—*Leonardo da Vinci*

"Patience protects against wrongs as clothes against cold. If you put on more clothes as cold increases, it cannot hurt you. So must you grow in patience as you meet great wrongs and then will they be impotent to disturb your mind."—*Leonardo da Vinci*

"In youth acquire that which may requite you for the deprivations of old age; and if you are mindful that old age is wisdom for its food, you will so exert yourself in youth, that your old age will not lack sustenance."—*Leonardo da Vinci*

### Keep Trying

IF boys should get discouraged,  
At lessons or at work,  
And say, "There's no use trying,"  
And all hard tasks should shirk,  
And keep on shirking, shirking,  
Till the boy became a man,  
I wonder what the world would do  
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict  
Gives up at first defeat;  
If once repulsed, his courage  
Lies shattered at his feet.  
The brave heart wins the battle,  
Because through thick and thin,  
He'll not give up as conquered —  
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened  
Because at first you fail;  
If you but keep on trying,  
At last you will prevail;  
Be stubborn against failure,  
Try, try, and try again;  
The boys who keep on trying  
Have made the world's best men.—*Selected*



### Self-Confidence

IF you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't.  
If you like to win but you think you can't,  
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost;  
For out in the world we find,  
Success begins with a fellow's will,  
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;  
You've got to think high to rise,  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man;  
But soon or late the man who wins  
Is the man who thinks he can.—*Selected*



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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

### The New Way Quotebook

EVERY surly snub that we give to the friendly overture of a fellow-creature will sometime come back to us at a time when we are most sensitive to the hurt of it.

A FINE SERMON? Well, there are two kinds of fine sermons: one, of fine language, of interesting, novel and suggestive thoughts; the other, often commonplace enough in its language, that inspires to a new and higher sort of life and conduct. This latter is by a man who tries to live himself what he preaches, and compassion is always at the heart of it.

SHIRKING duties for pleasure is always a mistake in tactics. For they get sullen, go on ahead of you, and later on you find them able to disappoint you in some much greater pleasure than the one you now took. Keep your duties in a good frame of mind by attending to them as they come, and you will find them very friendly and not only giving peace of mind but thoughtfully making the necessary way for needed pleasures just when you can get most refreshment out of them.

"A CERTAIN famous court architect, who flourished in Japan some twenty odd centuries ago, and who was asked how he did such wonderful things, said: 'There is nothing supernatural about it. I first free my mind and preserve my dependence upon God. Then, after a few days, the question of how much money I shall make disappears; a few more days and I forget fame and the court whose architect I am; another day or so, and I think only of *the thing itself*. Then I am ready to go into the forest [the architect and the carpenter were one then] whose wood must contain the form I shall seek. As you see, there is nothing supernatural about it.'"

— John Lafarge, in his book on Japan

"EACH of the three portions of the day that follow the meals are in a sense themselves little days, and may be so treated. If you take care that digestion starts work under the influence of a good state of mind, the little four or five hour day just beginning will go smoothly and well and the digestion itself will be helped. Therefore look after the first ten minutes that follow a meal. Even if you intend to take a rest presently, for the first ten minutes go alertly at some duty. At the least, from the time that the last mouthful is finished, insist with yourself upon feeling alert and cordial. For the meal has aroused energies, and if you don't start them along a healthy channel of feeling you're likely to find that, left to themselves, they'll take a wrong one. A little work of this sort ten minutes three times a day would cure many a weakly dyspeptic and make over his mind and body." — *The Camp Doctor*

THERE are several good ways of damaging the will and making it go lame. One of the best is to decide to do something and then, when the time comes for the effort, to let the will lapse and leave the thing undone. By faithfully keeping up this practice the will can be made lame for life.

"It is unwise to look on ahead at some coming pleasure which will compensate for the blankness or discomfort of today, or to look backward at past pleasures, longing that they might come again. Pleasures will come; but the man who is strong enough to practise the refusal to anticipate them in his thought will presently find *now* so full of meaning and interest and opportunity and scenery and experience that he will have all he wants."

"It is your purpose God looks at, not your feelings about that purpose; and your purpose, or will, is therefore the only thing you need attend to. . . . Let your emotions come or let them go . . . and make no account of them either way. They really have nothing to do with the matter. They are not the indicators of your spiritual state, but are merely the indicators of your temperament or of your present physical condition." — *Hannah Whitall Smith*

"WHAT, then, is our neighbor? Thou hast regarded his thought, his feeling, as somehow different from thine. He seems to thee a little less living than thou; his life is dim, it is cold, it is a pale fire beside thine own burning desires. Thou hast made of him a thing, no Self at all. Have done with this illusion. Pain is pain, joy is joy, everywhere, even as in thee. . . . In all sickness and sorrow, in all exultation and hope, everywhere, from the lowest to the noblest, the same conscious, burning, wilful life is found, endlessly manifold as the forms of the living creatures, real as these impulses that even now throb in thine own little selfish heart." — *Prof. Royce*

"THE advantages of a good disposition of body are considerable. . . . If, therefore, you do not practise the military exercises in public, you ought not to neglect the doing so in private, but to apply yourself to them with all possible diligence. . . . Even in study, where there seems to be least need of it, we know many persons who could never make any great progress, for want of health. Forgetfulness, melancholy, loss of appetite, and folly, are the diseases that generally proceed from the indisposition of the body; and these diseases sometimes seize the mind with so great violence, that they wipe out even the least remembrance of what we knew before. But in health we have nothing like this to fear, and consequently there is no toil which a judicious man would not willingly undergo to avoid all these misfortunes. Dexterity and strength come not of themselves, but by practice and exercise." — *Socrates*



GIFT

OCT 17, 1918

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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## AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF *THE NEW WAY*

Looking down into the Greek Theater from one of its entrances.

THE old Greek theaters, with their rising tiers of stone seats, were built into the hollow of some hill, as is this one. They were open to the blue sky and the performances were in the daytime. The largest of them held 30,000 spectators. There was practically no stage scenery and usually but three actors on the stage at a time. The music was that of flute and harp.

### Square Your Accounts

"Instead of concentrating on our opinions and preconceptions, often based on no knowledge of facts, let us square up our accounts each night, for the next day may find us in quite a new condition of mind. . . . We have it to do somewhere: we may do it just before we die. At that time something steps in and *forces* us to take a stand, but we ought not to wait until then. . . . Let us on retiring at night square up the accounts of the day in preparation for the morrow, for we may then waken in a condition in which the mistakes of the past have no power to turn us away from the light. Let us look back only in order that the mistakes we made yesterday may not be made tomorrow. And then we shall not have to pile up our brains with great and difficult resolutions."—KATHERINE TINGLEY (*in a talk to her Students*)

HERE'S a thought — we have all at one time or another made up our minds to 'get square' with some other fellow for what he said or did to us. But has it ever occurred to us to 'get square' with ourselves for what we have done to ourselves? How many of us have ever thought of a 'Self' in himself to 'get square' with, or how to get square with him? Let's stop and think a moment.

Yesterday you overheard Jones say to Brown: "You may call it 'sincerity,' if you like; I call it 'bluff,' and if you knew him as well as I do, that's what you'd call it!"

"Ah, yes," you told yourself, "that's Jones all over. Never did anything on the level himself, and now because I happen to be showing what I'm made of and a few honest-minded folks are giving me credit for it, he feels called upon to air his doubts of my sincerity. Well, just wait till my chance comes, and I'll show some folks what sort of a case *he* is!"

With these thoughts and more of an equally 'charitable' kind, you went through the day, and when night came took them to bed with you, all the stronger for several hours' pondering. They remained in your system all night, destroyed all chance of a real constructive night's rest, and started you out today with poison in your system. Now suppose that you had taken a few moments, just before turning in last night, in order to square *your* accounts with *yourself* — not your imaginary account with Jones, for remember that was only a fragment of overheard conversation of which you really knew nothing.

In the first place, you might have said to yourself: "Suppose that Jones was talking about me, of what consequence is it? Am I living my life for what Jones or any one else may say or think of me? Or am I seeking to make of myself something worth while, in accordance with the urge of that Big Fellow I feel inside? If the second, certainly I am not concerned with what anyone says or thinks of me; if the first, then I *am* a 'bluff' and Jones was right — if he meant me. In the second place: suppose that I *am* striving to live my life for its own sake, and with a sincere effort towards self-improvement. If Jones was talking about me, doesn't this disturbance in me mean

that I've some more weeding to do yet? If his words 'got me riled,' then there must be something in me to 'get riled.' Now it's a sure thing that the Big Fellow that keeps urging me to go ahead and win out wouldn't 'get riled' at anything anybody said about Him. — Hm! — maybe Jones wasn't quite wrong, and maybe what truth there was in his words hit the *untruth*, the sham in me! In that case he did me a good turn, and in place of my getting ready to cuss him, I ought to be figuring that while 'listeners never hear good of themselves,' still what they do hear may be mighty good *for* themselves.

"In the third place: suppose that I am in the right and he is in the wrong; then clearly he needs my help. If he is carrying a grouch in his mind and I am honestly trying to make my life of use to others as well as to myself, it's evidently up to me *not* to feed that grouch with my irritation and annoyance. If I'm not strong enough to hand him out something generous and worth while, to counteract his ill will, I can at least refuse to add to his current of thought with thoughts of the same kind; I can leave him alone mentally and let him get on his feet. Besides, I don't know what tomorrow holds for me or for Jones. It's a sure thing that I don't hate Jones badly enough to want to go out of life myself, or have him go out with a good-sized deposit of ill-will to my account, and who of us knows when the call may come, and if it comes now, when the chance to settle the account?

"Any way, here it is the end of the day; when I wake up tomorrow I shall be up against an entirely new proposition. Now I don't want to carry over any unsettled accounts to that new sheet: why not square the account right now, before the day is over?

"How did I come to get this grudge against Jones? I didn't have it when I got up this morning or when I went to bed last night — didn't think of him, in fact. — Ah, yes, maybe that's where the trouble lay — I was taken by surprise, I was *unprepared*. Maybe if I had made a little preparation last night for today, had taken the time to think kindly of Jones and of everybody else I know, that remark of his would have sounded quite different. At any rate, there's no harm in trying the experiment of a little *preparation* for tomorrow.

"The real I is here for a purpose: it wants to find the strength, the joy, the worth-whileness of life, and it wants to make life strong and joyful and worth while for all its fellows. Jones is a fellow-traveler; he makes his mistakes, but I'll give him credit for trying to see just as straight and go just as straight as I do. If the road looks dim and crooked sometimes to him, then all the more reason for me to keep my clouds out of his way.

"So, *here's to you, Jones!* May your night's rest be as good to you as mine is going to be to me, now I've 'squared my account'!"

— MONTAGUE MACHELL (*In The Theosophical Path*)

## A Secret in 'Fletcherism'

REMEMBER the 'Fletcherism' movement of ten years ago? Had a great vogue for a while. Health by the practice of much mastication. Every mouthful chewed to the limit.

Mr. Fletcher recovered his health and almost his youth by it. At least that's his explanation of the benefit he got.

But now-a-days you hear very little about it. And you surely would if the thousands who were trying Mr. Fletcher's prescription had all got the results he did.

It always seemed to me that the much chewing — valuable as that is — was a rather minor part of the prescription, and that those who tried it and did not get his results, had neglected the part he did not so much stress.

As he sat in the restaurant taking his leisurely meal, he was chewing something into his food that the average man is apt to know very little about — peace of mind, serenity, in fact the positive substantive opposite of worry, care, or fears. *This* went into his blood and nerves along with the perfectly digested food and was assimilated therewith.

We all know that some states of mind are very bad for the body, clog its manifold inner workings and not only make wrinkles and lines in the face but the equivalent of them in every internal organ — nerves, brain and the rest.

Consequently we all know that the opposites of such states — namely serenity, hope, content, joy, good-will and the like — are good for the body, powerfully conducive to health and multitude of days.

"I'm as ugly as a bear with a sore head today; don't know why; a regular beast of a mood" — I heard a man say that, this morning. These apparently causeless moods are due to states of the body — mostly liver and spleen, I think — affecting the mind. Then the mind tells back on the body and makes things worse. Some animals — dogs, for instance — seem to feel these moods too, sometimes. They'll have a surly day now and then.

But a dog, in that case, just *is* the surly mood of the moment. He can't stand back from it and observe it and say to himself, "What a mood I am in today, to be sure!"

A man *can* do this. Which is because *he* is not really the mood, only tossed about with it or in it. As he makes the statement about his mood he is standing for the moment apart from it and surveying it. If he recognised what he was doing and did it intentionally and as a regular practice he would learn to conquer all such moods as were bad for health and produce those that were good for it — and at the same time learn what he himself is.

Two valuable acquirements.

Don't feel yourself *to be* the mood, but to be that

which stands up out of it and surveys it. Then develop, day by day, this sense of standing up out of it; develop the stander-up out of it. It is you.

In the beginning of this work there seem to be two selves: below, the mood-self, that feels perhaps "like a bear with a sore head" today; and above, the stander-up self. The latter begins after a while to be able to draw up the mind to itself so that the mind has a set of altogether new thoughts and feelings. The mind is thus taken out of the power of the body and then cannot be affected by the bodily storms, and — ultimately — can still them. Up to that time the mind oscillates between the two powers: for a little while, perhaps in the peace of the early morning, rising into the serenity where you have drawn it, and then later becoming the prey of the mood. Two selves.

A man once told Mark Twain — so Mark says — that he used to have a horse so swift that once when a storm came on suddenly he climbed forward from the buggy-seat to the horse's back and they sped ahead of the storm. "And, sir, would you believe it, that horse kept such a pace right ahead of the storm that for five miles he and I were in bright sunshine and the buggy behind flooded with water."

So in the end, little by little, we learn to live wholly in that greater new self we have gradually developed, and from there we command and purify and healthen what is below. And we understand, then, with perfect clearness and certainty, that though that which is below — namely the mood-driven body — will die, *we* are up on a level that death cannot reach to. We can smile at him and patronize him and jeer at his famed old scythe.

M. D.

## Myself and My Shadows

ONE of the men assigned for duty with me was an old chum I had not seen for ten years. He was more silent but more likable than the cynical fellow I had known in other days. A new sympathy drew us together, and when I felt free to speak of the change that had come about in him, he told me this story:

"One morning I awoke from a dream, so vivid and real that everything in my old room seemed strange and vague in the dawn light. Even my own body lay on the cot like something quite apart from me. Stranger than all, I felt more *like myself* than ever before in my life. I was like a prisoner, who had left all his handicaps behind, and had stepped out and up on to a 'breezy and well-lit plateau.' Here, with every breath, I drew in a new lightness and strength and courage. Best of all, I *knew* that I, as well as every living thing, was part of all this light and beauty and freedom that filled and enfolded all things.

"It was clear to me then that I had simply awakened

to the richness of real life. I was like a restored heir who had come into his own at last. Compared with this reality, ordinary living was only a heavy, beclouded and unlovely dream. I could see how gleams of this large, luminous truth, shining beyond our counterfeit life, pierced through the shadows, here and there, and stirred the restless dreamers with high hopes and noble longings. I saw how the pure flame in men's hearts was smothered by the murky air of their confused, disjointed, selfish thoughts. Meantime, their changing bodies and all the nature-world of things around them were merely shadows of the reality, cast upon the screen of time.

"In the dream I am telling of, I had pushed on past the stage of pantomime figures that, like marionettes, mimic in dreams our usual waking thoughts and feelings. I was something more than all of my waking and sleeping self put together. I was in a place of living knowledge. In the clear, luminous air of reality where time and space had no limits, I was so awake to a sense of truth and unity, that I saw my whole life as a passing scene in a play without beginning or end. To the larger vision of my aroused self, the every-day life was only a troubled, unsatisfying dream, with the Soul bedrugged with sordid, trivial nightmares of falsehood, desire and distorted truth. How strange it seemed that we should not know that we were asleep to the best in ourselves and in each other. How blind we were in seeking for an enlarged and keener sense of life by indulging in passing sensation and petty ambition, while our superb birthright of selfhood was waiting to be claimed. The more we took of the real treasures that made us so rich and generous, so free and strong, the more there were for all the others. My one impelling desire was not to get from others, but *to give, to give*, out of the exhaustless resources of my own nature, the riches which were held in common by all who would claim them. Whenever another found himself more fully, I felt his larger sense of light and liberation as if it were my very own.

"The clear air was wholly free from any cloud of confusion or uncertainty. And justice was a beneficent force, so delicately balanced and so ingrained into everything that it voiced itself in universal harmony, and keyed the smallest action to the 'music of the spheres.' Justice, harmony and balance were one and the same with an all-pervading compassion, which outflowed to every being whose real life-currents ran low. An arousing, sustaining and confident sympathy gravitated to the lower levels of dream-heavy humanity, and the natural unity of fellowship was like water seeking its own level. 'Awake! Awake! Awake! Stand up; shake off the unworthy, false illusion of dream-shadows, and find your true self and your place in real life!' was the ringing call of Brotherhood to its own. 'Why jostle and struggle to get and to know the cheap, half-true, unsatisfying

things, when your own heart holds a great satisfying strength and light that makes you one with power and knowledge? The hidden recesses of your own being open out into boundless realms of reality, filled with splendid, vitalizing peace and the glowing light of truth.'

"Just to feel myself a part of all life was to know that my fellows were an extension of my selfhood — a part of me, but in different bodies. How clear it was in the sunlight of truth, and how strange that the outer separateness ever could have been taken for the inner reality. Filled with the matchless power and beauty of real life, I felt irresistibly drawn to carry the message of it to all who blindly walked the ways of earth, overshadowed with waking dreams. Even though they were blind and deaf to my words, I could put into the common current of heart life an awakening strain of my faith which was knowledge. This was the thought that vibrated through every atom of my being when I awoke in my old room, and knew myself as something more than my body on the cot and my busy, short-sighted mind. It was the beginning of new things — the work of carrying an unforgettable message."

L. R.

### That is How He Feels

THE right attitude towards other men — that is one of the two most difficult things in life to understand and accomplish. The other is the right attitude towards *ourselves*. Solve and well accomplish these two, and we can begin living and building.

The right attitude towards other men: — I don't say I have found or accomplished this; but I *have* found a sort of formula or saying which is beginning to yield me such beneficent results that I feel like sharing it.

The expert carefully looks the machine over and presently understands it, sees what it may be expected to do, its powers, limits and flaws. His trained eyes and hands have given him the whole machine.

There are experts in human nature of the same sort. They look you over carefully, your features, walk, speech and ways, and so come to a reckoning of what you may be expected to do, your powers, limits and weaknesses. It is the trained eye again.

In a *machine* there is nothing but what a trained eye can see. You cannot take over into your *own* feeling the feeling that a machine has of itself and thus understand it, for it has none.

But inside of a *man*, within the visible 'works,' there is a live being with a consciousness of himself. feeling hopes, fears, desires, thoughts, — just as you do. The 'works,' that is to say, features, ways, conduct, are the expression of this live self within. Just

as your outwardness and ways are the expression of you.

It is in this spirit that we must appreciate and try to understand the natures of other men, gradually opening out our walled-in consciousness so as to appreciate theirs, living not only with ourselves but with the rest — almost, you might say, *in* the rest, appreciating *their* inwardness, *their* feel of themselves.

*That is how he feels* — in that sentence is somehow concealed, as I think, the key to one's own peace and growth, and to a final understanding of life and man.

*That is how he feels* — you *recognise* something in other men, whatever it is; see not only their conduct but appreciate (by no means necessarily *approve* of) their feel behind it that prompts it. You may disapprove what the man does and the feeling behind; it may be your duty to resist him or take action of some antagonistic sort. You may be a judge on the bench or a prosecuting lawyer with corresponding duties; you may be in a position of authority and responsibility with corresponding stern duties. But — remember our key sentence. Underneath what you may have to do, you are thinking *That is how he feels*. You may pity him for feeling like that; you may know it to be wrong, to be a mistake, to be dangerous, to be wicked. But — *That is how he feels*. Follow that thought; keep it; and in time it will give you the right inner attitude towards others; it will lead on to the right attitude, whatever that is.

There is no anger, no contempt, no sense of superiority, no hate or resentment arising from what you recognise in others. But yet also there is no indifference, no sense of *what concern of mine is he?* The right attitude is on a line between, which I cannot well define. It is the fixed recognition of every-one as a man still having something divine within him whatever wrongness or mistakenness or even vileness may be misguiding him, whatever his weaknesses, whatever the grossness of his lower nature. You see the real man still there, however soiled or debased. "Yes, *that is how he feels* — so far; but the higher nature is seeking to come into control."

Herein is the solved secret of the right attitude towards others, an attitude to be held whilst at the same time we are unflinching in our protest against the evil they may be committing. It is Brotherhood without sentimentality.

STUDENT

"'Do you know what it is,' M. de Lamennais said once, 'that makes man the most suffering of all creatures? It is that he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite, and that he is torn asunder between two worlds.'

"The whole struggle is there. It does not matter how literate or how illiterate, how religious or how

irreligious, every man according to his degree, in the solitude of his thoughts and the silence of his soul, is torn between two worlds. It is a struggle universal and inescapable. I am persuaded that even in the most abandoned and depraved of wretches the struggle never ceases; in some form or another, perverted enough in some cases, the struggle between one world and the other goes on to the end. It really does not signify whether we call it a struggle between two worlds or between the higher and lower natures, whether it is the immense conflict of a Hamlet or the effort of a clerk to be more industrious and honest at his duties; the significance of this duality is its universal presence in the human race and its inescapable insistence — unless there is a spiritual destiny for humankind."— *Harold Begbie*

### Finding Oneself

IT is in the very fact that a man changes so much in feeling from one day to another, and from one part of the day to another — it is because of this that he can find his true self, the thread that runs unbroken and unchanging through all these changes. It is important to find this thread because it is also unbroken by *death*.

We are sometimes high up in our scale, clear, serene, kindly, conscious of being something more than we outwardly seem, better than our common deeds and thoughts. We stand in the sunlight. Then comes an hour when we are at our worst, capable perhaps of meanness and dishonor in conduct, jealous, suspicious, cowardly.

And there are hours of gloom, depression, fear, rancor; or empty hours when we seem nothing at all, machines, drudges.

But as all these changes of state and mood gather around one living self-center or soul, it is that that we want to find. In our best and highest state we are nearest to it. In any of our worse states we can look back to this higher one, recall it as well as possible and try to let it soak in again. And when in the higher ones we can take a look back at the things we did and said and at the way we felt in the lower ones, and see them thoroughly for what they really were. Steadily looked at in this way they begin to wilt and when they come again they are not quite as low and unworthy as they were. It is like waking up in the morning at a given hour, because, the night before, you imagined and willed yourself doing so. For a little while you may not remember why you woke just then. So, when the time comes for doing or saying some unworthy thing that you are accustomed to do, you find yourself not so ready to do it because, in the better moments, you imagined yourself as not doing or saying it, or as not feeling

that way. Then you recall the better state just there, while in the worse, and the situation clears up.

So we gradually get the *habit* of recalling the better state while in the worse, beckoning to it; and of recalling the worse states while in the better one and imagining them corrected, blown away, thrown down and stood on.

Doing this steadily, day by day, there comes a time when we can realize ourselves as in command of the whole situation, as something greater and diviner than we had ever imagined, as superior to anything that may happen to the body, as standing henceforth in the great spiritual sunlight. That is *finding oneself*.

STUDENT

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### Mind-Space

IT seems to me that there are two kinds of distance — one that you can measure in yards and miles, and one that we haven't yet invented any measure for.

There are some fellows I take to as soon as I see them, or very soon after. We are friends at once and become intimates of each other's thoughts and feelings. Others, again, we can't get into touch with at all, even though we may pass the friendly word and the time of day as nice as possible when we meet. There's a 'distance' between us, a mind-distance, that we can't jump across — the sort of distance that won't go in terms of a tape-measure and can't be said in yards and miles.

Thinking of *this* sort of distance, it has always seemed to me that out in the world everywhere there may be many people quite separated from me outwardly, who inwardly, according to the other kind of distance, are quite near and almost touching, friends of whom outwardly I know nothing and never may in this life. But yet we inwardly act and react with each other, perhaps all the time. Some of my best days may be the sharing with some of those fellows of good days they are having. The unreasonable clouds of some of my days may be the clouds of theirs, felt by me.

And the other way about. My courage and hope, my fits of depression, may likewise affect *them* for good or ill without their having any idea what's really going on. If I win out over a temptation it may mean just that last necessary ounce of moral strength for one of them when he is struggling with a temptation of his that threatens to wreck his life.

It's a wonderful give and take, this. They say that passing through death is the loneliest time of a man's life. I don't believe it — not for any man who's thought along these lines and acted accordingly. Not for any man who has accustomed himself to act

as if others whom he may never have seen will be helped or hindered by what he does and how he lets himself feel and think. Not for any man who in this way keeps his sense of brotherhood alive, and his sense of responsibility; who keeps the light and warmth of his heart going outward all the time and trusts that where they are needed, there they will be drawn. Not for any man who believes that wherever some other is in distress or fighting with his lower nature on the knife edge of temptation, an inner cry for help goes out there that he can answer without his outer mind knowing anything about it.

This sort of man won't be lonely in death, because with each moment of the passage he will feel more and more the bonds linking him with the outwardly unknown comrades whom he has helped or who have unknowingly helped him, bonds which he has strengthened and drawn closer by his belief that they exist.

Seems fanciful? It won't, if you'll consider it a little. You'll know, somehow, that it's a fact; just as a man knows by the feel in his heart that his mother away off in the little old village home is thinking of him, loving him and so inwardly helping him all the time as he walks the city streets; — yes, and even if she's what they call 'dead.'

Let us remember that, deep inside, we know many things to be true which we can't prove in our outer minds. Faith is believing in your outer mind what you inwardly know.

STUDENT

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### The Measure of a Man

(From Professor William James' *Psychology*)

OF course we measure ourselves by many standards. Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck, are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things and able to suffice unto itself without them, is the sense of the *amount of effort* which we can put forth. Those [strength, intelligence, wealth, etc.] are but effects, products. . . . But the *effort* seems to belong to an altogether different realm, as if it were the actual thing which we *are*, and those others but externals which we *carry*. If the 'searching of our heart and reins' be the purpose of this human drama, then what is sought seems to be what *effort* we can make. He who can make none is but a shadow; he who can make much is a hero. The huge world that girdles us about puts all sorts of questions to us, and tests us in all sorts of ways. . . . When a dreadful object is presented, or when life as a whole turns up its dark abysses to our view, then the worthless ones amongst 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 wished-for things. But it can face them if necessary, without for that losing its hold upon 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 and keep his heart unshaken is the direct measure of his worth and function in the game of human life. He can *stand* this Universe. He can meet it and keep up his faith in it in presence of those same features which lay his weaker brethren low. He can still find a zest in it, not by 'ostrich-like forgetfulness,' but by pure inward willingness to face the world with those deterrent objects there. And hereby he becomes one of the masters and lords of life. He must be counted with henceforth. . . . We draw 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 own, and our life is kindled at his.

### Open the Door

OPEN the door, let in the air;  
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.  
Joy is abroad in the world today;  
If our door is wide it may come this way.  
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;  
He hath a smile for everyone;  
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;  
He may change our tears into diadems.  
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in  
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;  
They shall grow and bloom with a grace divine,  
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.  
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in  
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin,  
It will make the walls of the heart so fair  
That angels may enter unaware.  
Open the door! — *Selected*

### The Intercepted Salute

By T. E. BROWN

A LITTLE maiden met me in the lane,  
And smiled a smile so very fain,  
So full of trust and happiness,  
I could not choose but bless  
The child, that she should have such grace  
To laugh into my face.

She never could have known me; but I thought  
It was the common joy that wrought  
Within the little creature's heart,  
As who should say:—"Thou art  
As I; the heaven is bright above us;  
And there is God to love us.  
And I am but a little gleeful maid,  
And thou art big, and old, and staid;  
But the blue hills have made thee mild  
As is a little child.  
Wherefore I laugh that thou may'st see —  
O laugh! O, laugh with me!"

A pretty challenge! Then I turned me round,  
And straight the sober truth I found.  
For I was not alone; behind me stood,  
Beneath his load of wood,  
He that of right the smile possessed —  
Her father manifest.

O, blest be God! that such an overplus  
Of joy is given to us:  
That that sweet innocent  
Gave me the gift she never meant,  
A gift secure and permanent!  
For, howsoever the smile had birth,  
It is an added glory on the earth. — *Selected*

### THE BUSY-BODY

"His estate is too narrow for his mind; and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretense of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. There can be no act pass without his comment, which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious. His ears are long and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling." — *Joseph Hall*

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## The New Way Quotebook

"WHATSOEVER is brought upon thee, take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate. For gold is tried in the fire and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity."— *Apocrypha*

WE like many men because we feel that they think well of us and others because they do us good turns. But it is much better to hunt up good grounds for *respecting* men; for respecting good qualities makes them take root and grow in ourselves.

"Do the work that's nearest,  
Though it's dull at whiles,  
Helping, when we meet them,  
Lame dogs over stiles."

"If the duty grows hard, or you faint by the way, be not discouraged, fearful or weary of the world. Remember that 'Thou may'st look for silence in tumult, solitude in company, light in darkness, forgetfulness in pressures, vigor in despondency, courage in fear, resistance in temptation, and quiet in tribulation.'"— *William Q. Judge*

"IN the waking state we do not remember any of the ideas which we might have had in sound sleep. Only this follows, however, — that the ideas were not clearly seized while we were waking up, but not that they were obscure while we slept. . . . I rather suppose that ideas in sleep may be clearer and broader than even the clearest in the waking state. For man at such time is not sensible of his body. When he wakes up his body (brain) is not associated with the ideas of his sleep, so that it cannot be a means of recalling this former state of thought."

— *The philosopher Kant*

"NEVER be ashamed to say, 'I do not know.' Men will then believe you when you say, 'I do know.'"

"Never be ashamed to say, 'I can't afford it'; 'I can't afford to waste time in the idleness to which you invite me,' or 'I can't afford the money you ask me to spend.' Never affect to be other than you are — either wiser or richer."

"Learn to say 'No' with decision; 'Yes' with caution. 'No' with decision whenever it resists temptation; 'Yes' with caution whenever it implies a promise; for a promise once given is a bond inviolable."

"A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. Often have I known a man to be preferred in stations of honor and profit because he had this reputation: when he said he knew a thing, he knew it; and when he said he would do a thing, he meant it."

— *Bulwer Lytton*

"Now understand me well — it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."— *Whitman*

THE more a man can feel himself dual throughout the performance of his duties: namely, the man below who *does* and the man above who *directs* — the more progress he is making. To quicken this progress, make the man who *does* well acquainted with the rein, the whip, and the spur.

"THIS day I shall have to do with an idle, curious man; with an unthankful man, a railer; a crafty, false, or an envious man. All these ill qualities have come about in him through ignorance of what is truly good and truly bad. But I that understand the nature of that which is good and that which is bad: who know, moreover, that this transgressor, whosoever he may be, is my kinsman (not by blood but by participation in the same Reason and the same Divine Particle) — how can I be hurt?"— *Marcus Aurelius*

"WHEN it seems as if things could never be worse. When your rivals all have passed you in the race, When the change is very meager in your purse, When you look in vain to see a friendly face, That's the time to look your bravest, That's the time to thrust aside —  
All a weak man's thoughts of quitting —  
That's the time to cling to pride."— *Selected*

OF course it takes two to make a quarrel. If one of the two is big enough to refuse — well, there is no quarrel.

Similarly a situation that desires to be unpleasant or painful must have the co-operation of the man it is aiming at. If he refuses to see it that way, its fangs are drawn.

If he feels, "How unpleasant or painful or crushing this situation is!" — then the situation wins.

But if he thinks, "What can I, as a man who intends that nothing shall crush him, nothing stop his growth, — what can I get out of this situation?" — then *he* wins.

EACH man as he knows himself stands between spirit and matter and is conscious of both: conscious of spirit as his conscience and inspiration; conscious of matter as sensation and impulse and desire. His consciousness of either increases with the attention and thought he gives it, and this is its food by which it grows. If he pays great attention to the lower, he becomes insensitive to the upper. But if he daily feeds the upper, he will become so at one with it as to have all its power and being in himself and can entirely dominate the lower. This is the great victory.

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
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The slip from which the vine on this gateway grew, came from the Headquarters in London.

## Whatever Size You Permit

**M**OST of our troubles have no absolute size or weight of their own. The mind gives them a size and weight that does not really belong to them.

A man may certainly be said to have a very real trouble on his hands when he finds himself behind

the bars in consequence of having done something he shouldn't. But it isn't anything like the size nor of anything like the blackness that it seems to him on the first night of his arrival. He is painting the future with a blackness that does not belong to it and the situation will soon clear up considerably and show itself to have quite a little sunlight in it, after all, as well as certain unequalled opportunities for

progress on all lines, though perhaps not at once visible.

Limit your trouble to the actual quantity now on hand, and to the future turn a quite self-confident face. This is the first part of the prescription.

Determine what space in the mind any trouble is entitled to. The more space you give it, the bigger the trouble. With practice, the sort of practice the Stoics used in old time, most troubles can be reduced to a very small space — that is, can be seen as really very small. Look at a trouble as you will look back at it from ten years hence. A child finds its doll's face one morning scratched with a pin. This occupies all its little mind for a time. It can think of nothing else and there is consequently a gigantic trouble. The child's father, from his further-on standpoint, can see the trouble as almost a nothing. But yet, *his* own whole day has been spoiled because he has found his carriage panel scratched by some mischievous boy with a nail! It was a gigantic trouble because it took up so much of his mind. He had not learned to take up a standpoint a good way ahead. If we could only see each thing in the proportions in which we shall see it when at death we look back at our lives, the soul's grand review just before it passes on to the nobler stage!

When any of the ordinary troubles befalls us and proceeds to occupy the whole mind and worry us to a rag, let us think: "Well, I have been through troubles before, some of them just like this and just as irritating or enervating, some more so — and yet, here I am, alive and still with plenty of fun in me! They vanished in good time, and I guess this one will." That thought will at once make the trouble look smaller. And then proceed to think of something else. Practice makes perfect.

Among the something-elses which we can proceed to think of, this is a good one: Life *has* to have pains and troubles. They are the means by which, courageously meeting them, we grow in strength. Troubles run all over us till, by refusing to let them do so, we get stronger than they. Life here is for the *purpose* of strengthening us. It is a man-growing school — real man, man with will and character. Our pleasures are the needed recreation times.

But in that case, someone may say, why do anything to relieve the troubles of others if troubles and pains are good?

Because compassion is also good! — good in more ways than can be written down in a month, good for the man who feels it and acts accordingly, good for those for whom it is felt, good — because it spreads like a ripple — for the world. It blesses at both ends of it, and it is just as needful a force for ripening souls as is pain. *Our* business is to do the compassionating for others and the deeds that follow; something wiser than we and infinitely more compassionate, will apportion the *pain* that is needed.

So let us begin the habit of taking on, or taking

into our minds, the troubles and pains of others. And for ourselves, begin practising on our *small* troubles, allowing them to take up less and less room in the mind, squeezing them out with other thoughts, putting them to one side and serenely passing on. After enough of this they get to look the size they really are and at last learn to vanish so quickly from our minds and memories that we have hardly time to notice them. Then we learn the way to treat the larger troubles.

In all of which we are moving forward on the *New Way* towards that Light which, when we have found, nothing can dim in us any more. STUDENT

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### What are You Pointing at?

"THINGS seem to have the very mischief in them today."

It is days that have 'the very mischief' in them that we can put to most profit. For the mischief is not accidental; it is pointing to something. Find that out and we can begin to see the meaning of life. Solomon said, *get wisdom*, and it was this that he meant.

Most people go through life never suspecting that they are being offered lesson after lesson. Some do recognize it, but they only think of the large events — mostly the calamities — as containing lessons. But on the whole there is perhaps more to be learned from the small things.

The thing to note is the accuracy with which the small events of some one day will concentrate upon a few tender points and make them smart. The proverb says it never rains but it pours. The pouring is necessary to make the lesson come home and be learned. But pour as it may, there are very few of us who open our eyes and see the lesson.

Yet we must all have noticed that on a day when we happen to be feeling irritable a string of little irritating things will occur. We are tried almost beyond endurance and have to put forth a constant effort at self-control to prevent ourselves from exploding.

It was not a pleasant day, but the *effort* at self-control brought about an unnoticed increase in the *power* of self-control. The irritations were concentrated and directed to secure that increase. They were the answer to a need. *One* irritation would have done no good. There had to be a string of them. And on another day when we were all serene, even a string of irritations would not have irritated and consequently would not have been any good, and consequently do not come. Does it not look as if something took advantage of our condition to get in a lesson, knowing well when to do it? An irritable man might take the hint and work away at his

failing on his own account, not only on stormy days but on sunny ones.

Have we never said, when we saw someone submitting to some unpleasant duty or task: "*I* would never submit to that"? And have we never noticed that maybe within that very day we had to submit to some such very thing? There was too much *I* to the fore, or a sense of contempt for the other man as a meek or poor-spirited creature, that needed a touch of the pruning knife. And the touch came just when there was the best chance of our understanding the meaning of it.

So it is by examining every small disagreeable thing — those that look most like chance — that we learn the places in our nature that need attention.

But what about the great ones, the downright calamities? Have they a meaning?

They too are awakeners of us to something. They all mean something and point to something. Mostly they come, these strokes, when we are least expecting them. And it seems for the time as if our daily life was dissolved or dislocated. In fact it *is* dislocated. The easy and pleasant and regular pattern we had made is thrown into confusion and the joy of living has vanished.

These great or small cataclysms are apt to follow times of easy and pleasant living when character is in danger of 'going soft' and our power to react against things and brace ourselves against pain needs exercise; or to come when we have drifted along some course we knew at the beginning was wrong — or should have known — or when earlier aspirations have been forgotten.

And so they too point to a Divine Law which is ever watching our individual lives and striving to awaken us to the meaning of life and fashion us for grander duties beyond.

STUDENT



### Pruning

**C**UT off those branches of a tree that are growing wrong, and the sap they were getting goes for the benefit of the others that are growing as you wish. There is that much more nourishment for them.

Trees do that for themselves sometimes. You see one or more lower branches die and drop off. Maybe the tree has a kind of knowledge that if it is to grow tall it must economize somewhere. So it diverts the sap from the wrong to the right place.

Some of them are not as intelligent as that. They don't know any better than to let some low branch grow and grow till at last there is not enough sap for the higher ones, or even for the main trunk. And then you see everything withered or stunted above the place where the vampire branch comes off.

The very finest results in mind and character come from diverting sap from useless and mischievous branches so as to starve them in favor of good ones and of the main trunk. Thought is sap, and it nourishes any branches it is allowed to run into. For instance, jealousy or envy. Some men think so constantly of the better luck of others, of their better opportunities, or of any special favors that are shown to them, that the rest of their minds are stunted, or half withered and starved — though they never suspect it.

It is quite easy to divert the sap from this vampire branch and starve it out — to the great profit of better ones and of the whole mind and character. Just get out of the way of thinking along that line. Don't have that sort of thinking, and the trick is done.

Vanity, the proud sense of my competence and ability, is another vampire, an enemy to the growth of manhood, of the trunk of our tree.

A hostile or contemptuous feeling for others is another bad branch. It is not so easily killed as the others, but the method is the same. Turn the thoughts some other way when they begin going along that line.

Minding your own business, which includes not getting irritated at the poor way some other fellow may be doing *his* business, is a bit of pruning that prevents a lot of sap-waste and bad growth.

A whole lot of this thinking about *I* and *me* might as well go under the shears. The true, big *I* can't get any chance to grow while there is so much of the small one that wants everything to come his way. Now as a matter of fact this small *I* is incapable of doing any important pruning or sap-diverting at all. Directly a man begins upon those jobs it is already the big part of him that is at work.

The easy prunings, such as the pruning of jealousy or envy, make the next harder ones in their turn easy.

All the time, the bigger man is growing. The mind is getting clearer and serener. Character is getting a finer touch. The more a man who is at this work ceases to worry about being respected by others, or his company desired, the more he will get their respect. The more he puts away discontent, the more content he gets. And not a passive cabbage content. It's a content that comes from the fine consciousness of fullness and growth. The growing top of the trunk is up in the blue air and light.

STUDENT



### Seeds in the Roots

**A** HORTICULTURAL paper reported some years ago that there was a large estate — or some estates — somewhere in Mexico which were covered with walnut trees bearing very small and worthless nuts. The owner or owners finally tried an experiment of which they had gotten the idea

from some native Indians. Procuring some very good walnuts — the nuts themselves — they bored small holes in the roots of their trees, inserted one of their nuts in each, and closed them in. The plan worked, according to the report — or rather the buried seed worked. The trees gradually bore better and better fruit until at last it was of the same quality as the hidden nuts in their roots.

A man once told me that for years it had been his plan to copy into a notebook all the fine and inspiring passages which he happened to meet with in his reading. Glancing at his book I saw extracts from Marcus Aurelius, the Bible, Emerson, Epictetus, *The Light of Asia* and *The Song Celestial* of Sir Edwin Arnold, *The Imitation of Christ* of Thomas à Kempis, the books of David Grayson and others.

"This is good," I said; "what do you do with them?"

"Well," he answered, "there they are, you know, ready if I want to look them over."

"Do you look them over?"

"I take a glance now and then, but some time I mean to have a good go at them."

He seemed to me like an orchard owner who should read that horticultural extract I spoke of, and then, with the idea of improving his trees, collect a lot of fine walnuts — but never do anything with them.

If you want to improve your thought-quality and character and make your mind bear fine fruit, you must not only collect the fine fruit offered us in the great writings, but put it into the roots. It will never begin its transforming work till then.

It is not easy to get at the roots of the mind during the day. We are too much occupied by the swaying leaves, the ceaseless movement of ordinary thoughts. But at night there is generally much less of this. The 'leaves' of the mind are preparing to sleep. The silently active roots of ourselves are easily got at. We uncover them by looking back critically through the day and noting where we failed, where we lost control, where we did something it would have been better not to do. And then, having settled the account, we read some few deep sentences from somewhere that we see to contain a great truth about life or conduct or the soul. Reading it three or four times with the mind well upon it and in the atmosphere of peace and inner silence — this is putting the seed into the root. And the little pregnant cavity closes in as we go to sleep.

Doing this steadily and faithfully, the quality of our 'fruit,' the fruits of character and thought borne by the mind, gradually changes for the better and will finally equal that of the seeds we planted. And some seeds, those from high sources, contain immortality and permanent joy.

For a long time we shall notice the two fruits on our boughs: the old sort, limited, acrid, poor little personal thoughts that we should be ashamed to have anyone thoroughly see; and the new, as if they came

from some splendid thinker within, of whom before we knew nothing.

But this thinker is the real man being born in us, the man whom death cannot touch and who will gradually redeem us from all smallnesses and inspire noble and worthy conduct.

STUDENT

### As to Diet

THE General Readjuster strolled up and presently took a hand in the discussion.

"You fellows seem to be always talking about the diet, what ought to be in it and isn't, and what ought not to be and is.

"Now, I don't say that the diet here is the ideal thing. Likely it's better looked after in some prisons, and it's dead certain that in some it's a sight worse.

"I used to be a diet-talker myself, once, and was fixed so that I knocked up against all the varieties in the diet line that go.

"Vegetarians a-plenty, of course. And two or three fellows I struck who ate nothing or next to nothing but meat. Among the vegetarians there were some that took the dairy products and eggs, and some that wouldn't. 'Is milk a vegetable?' they said. And there were some that wouldn't touch beans or peas. 'No legumes for me, thank you. I don't want to eat uric acid or the cousins of it.' Two or three took nothing but nuts and fruit. Some thought bread was bad for them. And there were non-starchists — fruit and meat men.

"Well, I studied all these fellows and took a note or two about them.

"Of course there were some few who had found something or other didn't agree with them or that they got on better on some line, and who, when they had made what little change they needed, said and thought no more about the matter and went along all quiet and peaceful. These were the healthiest of the lot.

"But these apart, the rest never seemed to think of much else. And I used to wonder, when I looked at them, whether they monkeyed with diets so much because they weren't healthy, or whether they weren't healthy because their minds were always on the worry about diet.

"Some were pretty extensive eaters of what they did eat, I tell you! I reckon they'd always gone heavy on food and consequently damaged their digestive works pretty early. So they were after a diet that was easy enough on the digestion to let them go ahead with their over-eating ways and yet not suffer.

"And there was another peculiarity with some of them. A fellow would tell you that he used to be all eaten up with rheumatism, perhaps. 'But, sir,



directly I cut out the starches I never had another winge. I know what suits me now. No more starches for yours truly.' Well? Well, after a while you'd find that fellow on some other diet. And he'd come around praising his new diet the same way as he did the old.

"I got some light on this after a while. For the first two or three months of his new plan that fellow would be saying to himself every meal-time and all long in between: 'Now I've got the diet. This is

right line in composition, cookery, or what you like.

"Very likely the diet here is not the best and not always cooked to the best. But it's got the essentials. If we never saw a bit of meat or fish from Thanksgiving Day to Thanksgiving Day — well, you can get your flesh-forming stuff out of beans and peas, with bread to help. And we've got the fuel stuff, the starches, in the bread and rice and potatoes and oat-meal and the like. There's the acids and salts and alkalies in the dried fruit and prunes and vegetables. And there's fat enough in the beans and corn and what butter and cheese there is, and even without any butter and cheese.

"The balance and proportions in the diet here, as I said, mayn't be the best. It mayn't always be particularly palatable or inviting-looking, and it's some monotonous. But if a fellow will only do just a little common-sense choosing, and go slow when he knows he's had enough, and when he's in doubt whether he's had enough always to reckon he *has* — for the most of us eat thirty per cent. too much anyhow — and will eat confidently and cheerfully and do all the chewing he ought, remembering that it is not the amount just

swallowed but the amount well *chewed* that does the real business for us — why, I reckon this diet will sustain health in them that have it, and help give it to them that haven't. *Help* give it; for of course the prescription for health has got several items in it besides diet!

"But no diet is going to be any good to a man that's everlastingly talking and thinking about the thing. He keeps his mind on the worry, and that means keeping the *stomach* on the worry. REPORTER

### Meal-Table Wisdom

MY dog was very fond of me, but one day when he was eating his supper I stooped over him and patted him, and he growled. He didn't want



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

### INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE BUILDING BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

A reading, writing and rest-room established by Mme Tingley for soldiers and sailors. Here free home entertainments and French classes are given by volunteer workers and teachers of the League.

what fixes rheumatism,' or whatever else he had. "See? 'Twas faith-cure. A mind confident that he was going to be all right. And so he'd get all right.

"But after a while the novelty wears off. Maybe a touch of the complaint again anyhow. And so he'd get to wondering if his diet *was* right after all; perhaps get into a fear that he was damaging his kidneys or something, or not getting enough nitrogen or phosphorus into his system. Anyhow, faith gone. And, consequently, the complaint again. Eat while fearing and doubting, and *no* sort of food will do you any good. It'll just feed your complaints.

"And, I got to thinking, the other way about. Eat confidently and cheerfully *any* reasonable sort of diet and chew it up good and plenty, and you'll be all right. And maybe if a man eats that way he can get pretty good service out of a diet that's *way* off the

any interruptions or distractions while he was at that business.

Some men are at their best while eating, ready and agreeable talkers, perhaps. As the animal eating-department proceeds with its work, the real thinking man stands as it were apart, giving it just enough attention and supervision to hold it in rein and good behavior, but otherwise quite disengaged from it, thinking quietly, or observing what is about him, or letting loose some conversation.

At the other extreme is the man who almost growls like my dog. He is all in the eating business, nothing left, swamped. He has gone down into the animal and become one with it for the time. If you catch his eye, the animal is all you see there.

Between the two, the men at their worst while eating, and the men at their best, there are all intermediate grades.

Meal-times are therefore one of a man's best opportunities for understanding his own nature, for understanding that he is a man, a thinker, associated with an animal, incarnated in an animal body. As he comes to realize this, he comes to his power of control. He finds that it is not he, but the animal part, that wants to overdo in the eating line and is so preoccupied with what it will eat. And just as wrong eating will cloud a man's mind and damage his health, so will right and controlled eating clear his mind and improve and establish his health. This is because ordinary thinking requires a certain finer part of the animal nature for its work, and it is this finer part that is dulled by excess in food. Right eating, with self-control, with the sense of oneself as controlling, refines this finer part. A man is a divine something anyhow; but he cannot realize that in his mind all at once. The mind wants training to feel so great a truth, and we can take the first and a very important step in this training at the meal-table. We cannot get our sense of dignity as men till we begin to pull the rein on the animal. The man who is all in his plate has lost his dignity.

"Food is built-up sunlight and the sunlight's there waitin' for you — if you can get it out," said an old woodman once to the writer, an old man who at eighty could swing his axe and drive his saw like the rest; "I've always thought o' that whiles takin' it, and I reckon I get the sunlight out of it all through me. And if I've got any hard thoughts against anybody in my system, meal-times is exactly when I don't let 'em have the ghost of a say. You must eat good feeling into you if you want to feel good between that meal and the next."

Good feeling towards others, the sense of dignity as a man, and the will to get for the body's needs and upbuilding the energies latent in the food — these are the points to look after three times a day, a thousand times a year — a thousand and more opportunities a year!

M. D.

### Every Man his own Sunrise

"THIS very place, which you call a place of banishment, is fatherland to those who were born there. So, nothing is wretched, unless you think it so; and, on the other hand, every lot becomes blessed after it has been faced with equanimity."— *Boethius*

"THE aids to noble life are all within."— *Matthew Arnold*

**M**ONOTONOUS? Well, I don't know that it is so much the *duties* that are monotonous as the man that does them. Gradually — that is, in the course of a few weeks or even days — *any* duties take on the color of the state of mind in which one is accustomed to do them. Through the morning, or the first part of it, we are mostly fresh and the duties go pretty well, whatever they are. In the afternoon we are apt to be flat and heavy, and the duties, whatever they are, are likely to come to look dismal in retrospect and in anticipation.

The only complete and permanent remedy is to prepare the ground in advance. Which is not the right way to put the thing, of course. For the ground is already there laid out — the customary afternoon's work. It is really *ourselves* that we must prepare in advance against we come to the ground.

*The first thoughts*, the first feelings — there's the key.

Some men are conquered by the coming day before they begin it. As soon as they get out of bed the gloomy shadow of the day rises and comes forward and wraps them up. They look through the shadow that's now about them and see grayness and monotony — morning, afternoon and evening, sixteen hours of it. The city clerk and the city shopgirl, thousands upon thousands of them, have to face this every day just as thoroughly as the man behind the bars.

The day, or rather the day's work, cannot be changed as a rule. But the man or woman who is to live through it and do the work — can be; which is a much more radical cure, a cure for which they can get the help and sustainment of the Highest, of the all-encompassing Light itself.

*Fight the shadow.* Scatter it as the sun scatters the shadows when it rises out of its bed, golden and glowing. That's what this little life of ours — the gateway to the real life — is for.

The first thought as we rise should be a *salute* to the day and to ourselves as warriors facing it. "This day is for another step in growth of my manhood. That is what it is for, and I will use it." That is what the shadows are for — to call out our strength is scattering them. The Light would be no good to us unless we earned it by fighting for it. What good is a man who has never had to work for his income?

So hold that thought for a minute or two, every muscle strung to it, till you have the confident glow of it.

Then look on, down the hours, and see yourself living them through in the same spirit whatever they contain — morning, afternoon and evening. Do it

thoroughly; don't spare them or shrink from them; go right through. Create yourself in advance, so that you afterwards go through the day in reality, you are continually met by the created man. You will have sown the hours all along with right thought and loving will. You are ready for everything.

And you will find, after a few days of this, that the day *has* begun to change. Your sounded keynote is underneath it all. You find the ground has actually been prepared in advance. Weight and monotony are lessening. There is a secret, sustaining something in you that you are conscious of all the time, however weary you outwardly become.

At last you don't care what the day contains. You contain peace, and a kind of joy, and a sense of power and victory. The hours have met their master, and you know now that that is what the apparently meaningless hours of life are for. We meet a new self in them, the self sent on in advance to prepare our way and that self we become. STUDENT

### "At the Darkest Hour"

A letter to THE NEW WAY

... Prison Sunday, August 25, 1918

DEAR SIR: I am writing to acknowledge and to thank the League for a copy of THE NEW WAY received today through Chaplain's office in this Institution. This is the second copy I had the luck to get during my short time of imprisonment. The first copy I got in the famous ... Prison in December 1916, and if it had not been for that copy of THE NEW WAY I am quite sure this man would not be sitting here and writing this letter to you. I got that first copy on the eve of the first day of my imprisonment and most naturally the darkest hour of my life.

On the very moment when I was contemplating to make a shift from this life to the next, that copy of THE NEW WAY was thrown in my cell. Now to say the truth my eyes fell on the three words 'The New Way,' and as curiosity is the mother of many things, I picked it up and read it through several times that evening, and as you know that wonderful copy the result was that I started on the 'New Way' and have so wonderfully succeeded. This letter I am writing just for the joy of getting another copy of THE NEW WAY edition, because during the past twenty months have been shifted to three prisons, and although I took good care of the December, 1916, copy I am sorry to say I lost it anyway.

The effects of reading such literature so full of truth and common sense cannot be estimated; it is as if somebody takes one by the hand and pulls one along in the right direction. That kind of literature is just what humanity needs today, because people

don't like to hear the daily song of the world's wickedness. What mankind needs now is to teach and show that: "Who rises after fall on fall, Unconquered, Conquers all." Under such teachings mankind will rise higher and higher.

I am awfully sorry for not being able to subscribe for THE NEW WAY, but as soon as I finish my term I will write for it at once. It has helped me to get along, to look on the brighter side of life, to hope and to trust in God; in a word, the copy of THE NEW WAY for December, 1916, has given me a new lease of life which will never end, according to a line in the copy I got today (February, 1918) — "Death isn't the finish of us; it's a new start from where we left off here."

I would like to get that copy of December, 1916. If you happen to have a copy still unsold will you please keep it for me till I come out and I will buy it of you, as I want to keep that copy as a Keepsake.

In closing my letter I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to you and to all the members of the International Theosophical League of Humanity, and may this poor letter encourage you to keep up the good work.

Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

Very respectfully,

(Signed). . . . No. . . .

### In the Midst of Life

BY E. T. HOPKINS

THE Jester won to the mountain peak  
And turned to gaze behind —

"Was that a path for a step so weak?  
Thank God that I was blind.

"The sunlit stretch where I laughed so loud,  
Did it skirt that precipice?  
The bridge where I stood to sketch the cloud,  
Did it span that black abyss?

"When I turned aside to the little stream,  
Was that somber tarn so near?  
Was the eagle's swoop in the evening gleam  
On the bones I see from here?"

Into a hollow just ahead

The pathway crept along —

"Enough is hid for mirth," he said,  
And the curlew heard his song. — *Selected*

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## The New Way Quote Book

THE disagreeables of life should not be looked at on their own level. Look down on them from above as necessary bits in the general scenery of life. To a man in an aeroplane the scenery flows on beneath him, one sort with another, he above, with the sunlight on the white wings.

WE shall save ourselves a great deal of discouragement if we remember that in aiming at any quality or power our ideals of that quality or power grow higher just as fast as we do, sometimes faster, and they are consequently always above our attainment. As we do not usually observe that they have risen, we seem to ourselves to have made no progress and even to have gone back. Our help lies in recognising that where effort is being put forth, there *must* be progress.

ON the principle that if you can tell someone of your suffering it becomes more bearable, it has been argued that if you could tell enough people it would disappear altogether. What then? Shall we tell as many people as will listen? No! Put a good outward face upon it and tell *no one*. For so, you not only grow in will and power of self-command, but begin unconsciously to be molded by the lesson the suffering surely holds within it.

"THE battle of life cannot be fought without pain. Man must have pain in every case, for he is the conquered as well as the conqueror." So wrote Schopenhauer; but he did not add that if a man must bear the pain of being the conquered (conquered by himself), he will also have the sense of triumph arising from being himself the conqueror.

To see to it:

That as for the man who respects us, we really have the fine qualities he credits us with.

That as for the man who dislikes us, he shall have no proper reason for his dislike.

That as for the man who despises us, we have no such contemptible quality as he may be supposing.

"THE only way to carry any great purpose is not on your shoulders but in your heart. Carry it on your back, and it will gradually wear you down. Carry it in your heart, and it will lift you along."

— *David Lloyd George* (Premier of Great Britain)

"DIFFICULTIES are the things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more profitable difficulty on his hands than you have, provided you use it as an athletic champion uses his antagonist."— *Epictetus*

"BE like the headland, on which the billows dash themselves continually; but it stands fast, till about its base the boiling waters are lulled to rest."

— *Marcus Aurelius*

"WHY not pray for deliverance from the fear, or the desire, or the pain, which a thing causes, rather than for the giving or removal of the thing?"

"But perhaps you will say, 'The gods have put all *that* in my own power.' Well, who told you that the gods do not assist us even to that which it is in our own power to get? Begin there with your prayers, and you will see. Instead of 'Oh for this pleasure!' pray you against yearning for the enjoyment of it. Instead of 'Rid me of my enemy!' pray against desire for the riddance. Be *such* the direction of your prayers, and then watch what comes."

— *Marcus Aurelius*

THE usual phrase is: "The doctor ordered So-and-so to take horseback exercise or cold baths or to leave off wearing shoes for a while." And it is in strict analogy with this that we say: "The universal nature ordered So-and-so to fall sick, lose a limb or suffer a bereavement, and so forth." For in the former case the word 'ordered' means, prescribed such and such a man a remedy as conducing to his health; in the latter the significance is that that which befalls a man is so prescribed for him because it conduces to his progression.— *Marcus Aurelius*

"WHATEVER the weather may be," says he,

"Whatever the weather may be,

It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,  
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

— *James Whitcomb Riley*

"THOUGH wanting all intellectual advantages and culture, a noble character stands forth boldly and is not deficient in anything. The greatest genius, on the other hand, will excite disapprobation if stained with moral defects. As torches and fireworks pale before the sun, even so are intellect, genius and beauty outshone and obscured by goodness of heart. Wherever this appears in a high degree, it more than compensates for the want of these qualities; nay, we are ashamed to find that we even notice their absence. The narrowest intellect, the most grotesque ugliness, if united with this rare nobleness of soul, are transfigured, irradiated by beauty of a higher kind; wisdom speaks out of them that strikes all others dumb. Moral goodness is a transcendental quality, belongs to an order of things that reaches above this life and is incommensurable with any other perfection. When it is present in a high degree it widens the heart till it embraces the world, and everything lies within and nothing without, because it identifies all being with its own. What are wit and genius when compared with this?"— *Schopenhauer*

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A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General

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Soldiers and Sailors

"The coming years their promise shall unfold,  
New life arises from the ruined old."

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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INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE BUILDING  
BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

A reading, writing and rest-room, established by Mme Tingley for soldiers and sailors.

## The Latent Stores

"I COULDN'T think of the name to save my life, and yet I knew it perfectly well."

We have all had that experience. The name was just at hand *somewhere* in the mind, almost in sight, and yet we couldn't exactly get hold of it in such a way as to be able to speak it. If anyone else had spoken it we should have recognized it in an instant as the word we were after.

There's quite a philosophy wrapped up in that bit of experience.

A deep reader of human nature who happens

to be in control of a number of men will sometimes give one of them a job that the chosen man has never given any outward indication of his fitness for. But he takes hold of it and you presently see him discharging his strange duties as if he had been born to them. There were faculties latent in him that he had probably never himself suspected the presence of, though the other man had sensed them in him. But as soon as the demand for them came, they stepped into the active foreground of his mind and began to work.

There are two boys apparently just alike, maybe brothers. A master starts to teach them geometry.

One can't make head nor tail of it. The other catches on instantly, gets ahead of the lessons, seems as if he knew it before somewhere deep inside him, and is presently a fine geometer.

The young Mozart, when he was three or four years old, got to the piano on his own account and soon showed that he knew all about the complications of harmony before ever anybody taught him. But if there had never been a piano accessible, nor any other instrument, his gift might never have been known even to himself.

All of which means that the mind of each of us is a deeper and richer affair than we have any suspicion of. We only know of that part of it that we can talk from, that will go into words, that we can act from, do something from, that circumstances are such as to call out. Mozart's music became known to him as soon as he could do something about it. We only remembered that worrying name when someone happened to speak it. And yet it was there.

We have all sorts of fine things in us that we know nothing of because they are not called on, that we must often go through life knowing nothing of. That's all right. They'll ripen later. We've got lots of time in front of us! But 'fate' (Divine Law) placed us in circumstances of heredity and environment that do not call out these latent gifts because there are some things in our characters that require previous attention and development and rounding out. *Balance* is wanted. The latent gifts can wait till some badly weak places have had attention. And routine and drudgery and perhaps much pain may be necessary for the strengthening and filling out of these places.

All men, whatever their outward showing, are inwardly divine. The divine may be utterly hidden, no sign at all of it. All that shows may be base. But a deep and compassionate reader of human nature would be able in some way in every case to call forth *some* sign of the hidden divinity. And some time, here or hereafter, it will break forth in its entirety.

A man who wishes to bring forward his own divine part — and this mere wish is already a sign of its presence — will *do* something about it so as to get it little by little into the fore part of his mind. He will do what kindly and unselfish things come in his way. He will say pleasant and encouraging things. Knowing himself divine, he will examine his conduct and words and note where they did not measure up to his best. He will try to feel his divinity, that light which burns deep within him, that love for humanity, that love of right, that peace and dignity. He will never let the evening finish with sleep till he has done a few minutes of this, till he has brought some of his latent divinity, its beauty and strength, into the fore part of his mind. It is only the fore

part, the part that is concerned with doings and speech and common thoughts, that sleeps. The deep part never sleeps. In sleep man becomes the deep part. But that does not help him unless in his waking time he draws it forward and blends it with the other. We do not have to develop our divinity; we have only to develop our knowledge of it. And this is done by right action, right speech, right silent thought and aspiration, and steadfast hope.

STUDENT

### Will-Work in the Nursery

"I WANTED to take a dime off of your table, last night, daddy, but I didn't do it. I *runned* away. But I did want it *very* much."

"Good, sonny; dad's proud of you. But you might have done even better."

"What was that?"

"It's very good not to *do* a bad thing. But wouldn't it be better not to *want* to?"

"Oh, you can't *help* that!"

"Well, your arm was going out to the dime. But you held it back. You *willed* away the *do* in it so that it didn't do that do. Wasn't it like that?"

"Yes, I s'pose it was."

"Well, why not will away the *want* for the dime out of your thought-place? Then you could have looked at it all quietly and never needed to run away. We can will away wrong wantings just as well as wrong doings. Our *thinks* are something like our arms. They go out in *wantings* to have things, and then very soon our arms and hands will go out in *takings* of the things we want. But the *wantings* come first, and if we will them away there won't be any danger of the *takings* coming after."

"It must be very hard to do that."

"Well, we practise, you know, till it's easy, just as Uncle Sidney practises his violin till what was difficult gets easy. We want an ice-cream sometimes when we're out, don't we?"

"Yes!"

"So there's a bit of practice for us. It's all right to have an ice-cream now and then, but we don't have to have it to live. So we could practise sometimes and throw the want out of our minds and be able, when we wish, to see one and yet not allow our *thinks* to want it. Most people are nearly all the time unhappy because when they were little like you they never practised throwing away wants. They want and want what they can't get. And they never know how easy it is in a little while just not to want. How many kinds of wants do you think there are?"

"I never counted. Oh, thousands upon thousands of them. They keep coming and coming all the time."



"Let's see. There's wants for things that will do you good. And there's wants for things that won't; or even for what will hurt you. And there's wants for what you can get, and wants for what you can't. And there are quite wrong wants, like wanting somebody else's dime. That seems to be five sorts of wants, though some of them may be two or three sorts at once. So when we come to practise this throwing out — willing away, I think we called it too, didn't we? — we begin with wants for what we can't get or that are wrong. We won't think of those things, and if we do think of them we won't want them. And then we take the wants for things that will hurt us, and throw *them* out. We won't have any of these two sorts at all. And then we begin to look at the wants for things that won't do us much good, or perhaps no particular good, though they may be nice and all right to have now and then, like the ice-cream. And we'll practise till we get so that we can want them or not, just as we choose. We'll like them all right when we have them, but we'll be masters all the time and not let them squeeze into our minds just when they like and stay there when we want to think of other things. Shall we try it?"

"But, daddy, didn't you learn it already?"

"Well, when I was little I never had anybody to tell me about this and so I never practised it very much. I wish I had. We'll try it together and tell each other about how we get on, shall we? We'll have our wants behave just as *we* want them and not let them behave just as *they* want us to."

PATERFAMILIAS

### Coming Back

"I ALWAYS feel, when I wake in the morning, like a man who comes back from a good holiday in the country all refreshed and peaceful and at once finds himself again with his termagant slatternly wife and disorderly children, and in his dirty ill-kept house. In half an hour he feels as if the mental benefit of his change was all gone.

"For there's the same old day to take up, the same old collection of worries and thoughts and duties and men, all in the same surroundings. There's just a minute or so of peace as I lie in bed before I come to myself, and then it all rushes in over me. The thing is worse, of course, if it isn't yet time to get up; for there's nothing to distract one's mind from mulling it all over, and so at last you get up already half tired out — in brain, anyhow."

It is not like that with everybody. A great musician said that in his case those early moments of waking were moments of profound peace, and that if he prevented thoughts from coming into his brain

the peace presently began to take the form of ~~how~~ harmonies which he could later write down. "I ~~seem~~ to have brought the music back with me," he said.

The point seems to be that he ~~prevented thoughts~~ and held the peace.

Old philosophers believed that the soul disconnected itself from the body and brain during the night and went, free, to 'its own place'; in the daytime being mostly in bondage to the body and brain.

But the bondage can be made less and less complete. "It depends on the first minute I enter the schoolroom," said a schoolmaster to the writer, "how the boys will behave that day, whether all will go well or the day be a horror. Something in the way I come in, or the way I'm feeling when I come in, strikes the day's keynote."

It is not given to all of us to come into our brains, like the musician, with the sound of harmonies developing in the peace and silence of mind. But we *can* command and get the peace and silence, and refuse to allow the day to come in and run all over us. We can enter the day, instead of letting the day enter us. The day will perhaps be just another yesterday. But *we* need not be the same as yesterday. Let us wake into the day and into the mind with a new power of dealing with them, a new power of holding ourselves at peace, of self-command. Fixing this attitude and with mind held silent, we are ready to rise. We have sounded the keynote of peace and self-command and it goes down the day with us, day by day with more power. A man can build himself on the words peace and self-command till he has become almost another being and no outer events have power any more to play upon him and disturb him.

STUDENT

### "Never the same Man again"

"I SUDDENLY realized that, and I've never been the same man again."

One of two men whom I passed in the street was saying that to the other. What it was that he had 'suddenly realized,' of course I do not know. It was evidently an important realization, for he had 'never been the same man since.'

Most of us go through life without the slightest notion what life is for, or that there is any *for* about it at all. We just live along. Tomorrow we will do this. Next year, if we have luck, we shall be able to get that or go there. Plans and anticipations of this sort fill up our minds.

Emerson says he once had a vision of the days as draped figures passing in front of him one by one. As each went by he saw that she had various gifts for him wrapped in her robe. Some were jewels, that he knew afterwards were of infinite value; some

were trifles worth next to nothing. He could take what he liked. Then, as one of them passed him and silently left him his choice, he put out his hand and took some trifle that happened to catch his fancy at the moment. As she turned away he caught a glimpse of the scorn in her eyes.

"I suddenly realized that, and I've never been the same man since." This man seems suddenly to have seen one of the jewels and seized it.

There are moments of possible realization for us in every week and every day. Some of them would give us light in smaller matters, some on the very greatest. We do not see them. Our attention is too full of other things. At the moment when the veil lifted we happened to be looking the other way.

An old Arabian story tells how Allah had made this promise to men: that there should come certain brief times in their lives when each should be granted whatever he happened to be then wishing for. But Allah was pondering whether He would withdraw the promise. "For," said He, "I have seen that in these moments the men are desiring a cow or a wife or wealth or some little pleasure that passes. And in no long time I grant what they have set their hearts upon. One only of them, here and there, far apart, have I found desiring *Me* and the light and wisdom I would have granted."

There is another side to prison life beside the rough and painful one. It is there just *because* the prisoner cannot fill the odd places in his days with the pleasant little things and doings that other men rely on to occupy their time and interest, and *because* there is so much to put up with.

The ordinary man never desires that *peace* shall come into his heart and mind. His thoughts are concerned with very different desires.

Peace is much more than the power of resignedly putting up with things. It is an active light that fills a man's whole nature and illuminates his mind and restores his body.

'Peace be with you' is an old benediction. There is something in the very sound of the word *peace* which carries the meaning and creates the state itself. Troubles will come every day, anyhow. Is it not just as well to have inner peace to meet them with instead of a mind that troubles can disturb? Every trouble and worry is an opportunity to develop this inner peace a little stage further. For a long time it may seem as if no progress were being attained. The worries will all seem to irritate and depress us as ever. But with each attempt — even but for one minute or five minutes — to meet the thing with peace in the heart and mind, the power to win it will be growing. Peace is silently developing out of sight under the soil. And one day, at one of the moments of promise and possibility which every week and every day contain, it will suddenly break through and we shall 'never be the same man again.'

In its light we shall see the meaning and immensity of our life and what is really in it for us.

STUDENT

### "Made for Holy Uses"

SOME of the ancient thinkers believed in evolution much more thoroughly than we. We think mainly of evolution as concerned with the outward and visible *forms* of life. All the lower *forms*, plant and animal, says our science, gradually evolve into the higher; at the top being the form of man.

But what of the conscious spark of life *inhabiting* those forms? It was of the evolution of *this*—its evolution in intelligence, more than of the forms it inhabited—that those old philosophers were thinking. The spark outlived its form, they taught, and passed to another. And so upward and upward, gaining all the time in intelligence and brightness of consciousness, till at last it became thinking man.

But they did not think evolution went on aimlessly of itself, and no more do most of us. It moves to an end, a purpose, divinely designed from the first. Behind all, supporting all, guiding all, is Divine Mind and Will. In that Mind there must be an idea or ideal of each of us—each of us as he will be when he has ripened every power and grace of mind and character that now lie latent in us, either latent or just beginning to manifest. It is this Will that all lives shall one day come to manhood and then to *perfect* manhood. It is this Will that guided evolution from the first. It is at work in each of us now as his conscience, that inner voice that calls upon us to be ever nobler in thought and deed and so get nearer to the Divine Idea of us.

"The wise man," said an old Chinese philosopher, "knows no distinctions; he beholds all men as made for holy uses."

He meant that in each man is some gift, some power, peculiar to that man, which, when he has developed it, he will use for the uplift of the rest. Look for instance at Whitman, Lincoln, Beethoven, each with a noble power peculiar to himself and used with intent to help and uplift the rest.

And the old Chinese sage looked ahead in imagination and saw *all men* as some time fully unfolded, each fully answering to the Divine foreplan of him, each with his special power at work for the uplift and ennoblement of the rest.

Each with his special power! No two men are inwardly alike. And the higher they are, the more unlike. Consider, for instance, the three we have named.

A thousand ordinary men may be just alike in, say, musical capacity. But let this ripen in a couple of them as their special gift, perhaps a Handel and a Beethoven; and at once they are different, not

ly from the rest but from one another, so different that you can tell after hearing a few bars of their music which of them composed it. Each gives us power to the world; the world would not have gone along so well without the music of either, and needed both.

### Who's the Ruler?

"THE spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." A man might mean by that that his body was not strong enough to carry out all that he wanted to do.

But the sentence is usually quoted as referring to the conflict between bodily passions and spiritual impulses. With that meaning we ought to say: "The spirit (or soul) is willing, but the flesh is too strong for it," too *strong* instead of *weak*. Still more plainly: "I am willing enough to do right, but I cannot because my body runs me." Putting the thing to ourselves in that extremely plain way, we should see the first step to freedom. Instead of freedom we sometimes say self-mastery, but we really mean mastery (of the body) *by* the Self. The Self does not need to be mastered; it needs to be made the master, to be given its proper dignity.

The old philosophers who said that matter was evil, did not mean that atoms and wood and stone were evil, nor that a man's body of flesh and blood was in itself evil. For it is a divine instrument when properly played on and lived in. But when, instead, it plays on the man — !

We know, of course, that when it is filled up with alcohol there is nothing of the man to be seen, and the man cannot see himself as a man. He is dissolved into the brute. A man who has let his body fill itself at the table so full of food that he cannot make it smile or even think hard, has also in part lost himself as a man.

On the other side of the case it often happens near death, when the body is so close to its finish that it can hardly speak, that people have the clearest mental and spiritual moments of their lives, see all their mistakes, look ahead at the opening future through the gates, and are full of love for their fellows.

We who are not at the point of death can do better than that. We can get at all the best and divinest and noblest of ourselves while we have the body to work it out into action with and register



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### AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, CUBA

The Royal Palm reaches maturity at about forty, and dies at the age of one hundred and fifty to two hundred years.

Query: Why shouldn't we do as well as that?

And so in every one of us is some gift, some power, some essence, which is his alone, which the rest of us need from him for our growth, which he alone can give us, and which he will some time find in himself and begin to use. Some, of course, have their power to some extent already at work.

So it is for this reason that we can respect each other and respect ourselves, however poor the showing of us may be thus far. We are all 'made for holy uses' and shall some time realize them. STUDENT

for us, so that the harmony sounds all the time.

By universal friendliness and good feeling; by thorough and hearty doing of everything that is seen as a duty; by gradual self-training to feel ourselves as men in the body for the carrying out of a high purpose, a purpose in which no outer circumstances can hinder us but for which they are always the (perhaps disguised) opportunity — by keeping at this we can overcome every bodily difficulty, attain health, develop all the fine qualities latent in us and have a steady golden light of joy burning in the heart. A few weeks of this will give their results. We can say, "The spirit is willing, and likewise mind and body."

STUDENT

### Smile!

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

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

And furthermore: a kindly, genuine smile in the eye will drive the shadows from your own life, too, and light up your mind in a most surprising way.

The smile to be cultivated is that smile of the eye in which there may be no apparent change in the rest of the features. It comes from just deliberately uncovering the joy in the heart — which is always there, and much else equally well worth finding — and letting it out through the eyes.

One of the first things that the greatest of living teachers of the singing voice tells the pupil is to "smile with the eyes." It places all the anatomy of the face, mouth and throat in harmonious balance, in proper adjustment to emit the perfect tone. Then, when the pupil feels the thrill of the perfect tone, he thereafter adjusts himself properly; he feels only the tone and lives in it.

So it is with the joy-tone in the heart. We may adjust our instrument for the best mode of expressing it, feel the thrill of the radiation as it goes out

to lighten the lives of others, and thereafter live in that consciousness.

The true smile is a LIFE radiation, giving new life to him who has it and to those about him. It has no suggestion of simper, smirk or grin, nor of being forced. A forced smile grates, just as it grates to hear a singing tone forced through a badly adjusted throat and mouth. As the true tone requires perfect balance of force and resistance to produce it, so the joy-tone of the heart requires a balanced adjustment of the whole nature truly to express itself in the eye. High motive governs the balancing. Joyous laughter is a fine exerciser, arousing life-force throughout the body. Yet comparatively little is enough. We can't laugh all the time. It would wear us out. But we *may* smile with the eyes all the time and be stronger for it every minute in mind and body. Try it!

A. C. M. (in *The New Century Path*)

### Keep your Face to the Peak

**"W**HENEVER you are in any doubt, remember that the *next* duty is always plain" — is a piece of wise counsel one often hears or reads.

In a general way it is a good sound saying, but maybe it needs a little adding to.

"Keep your face toward that peak," I once heard an old forester say to a raw assistant who had to make his way through a dense and trackless patch of wood. "Keep your face to that peak whenever you can glimpse it through the trees. You'll stray a bit now and then, but it won't signify if you'll keep correcting yourself by the peak. You'll come out all right."

It is the same when a man gets on to the 'New Way' and tries to cultivate his sense of duty. He gets into all sorts of small perplexities as to what is his duty, or whether this or that is, or whether some little thing he wants to do mayn't perhaps be wrong. Sometimes they'll bring him to a dead standstill, and his head will get so tired worrying what's right to do that he's sort of paralysed and maybe inclined to throw up the sponge.

"You'll stray a bit now and then, but it won't signify if you'll keep correcting yourself by the peak."

A man's soul is steadily with him if he's trying to do right. To try to do right is to stir up all sorts of things in the mind that whiz about through it and perplex him and try to make him give up the game. They distort the view, and give him ugly pictures of other people, or make him feel wicked and lost. Or they'll bring his past up before him and try to give him such a weight and chill in his heart as to paralyse him. Some of them may pre-

tend to be his conscience and imitate it pretty well.

Let him be sure that he will see the peak again presently and be easily able to correct any little sidetracking he may have done. Let him see if he can't get five minutes' peace in his heart and then *face forward* with that. Let him get to his heart and pay no attention for a while to the worriment going on in his brain. That'll bring him within touch of his soul. And then let him *go ahead* and begin something, sort of saying to his soul: "Here, you'll show me presently if this is a wrong tack. It's bound to lead round to you if I keep hold of you."

Doing the best you can *with the thought of the soul* — that's the clue. You'll find things will answer to that. *Offer up* what you do when perplexed as to whether it's right, and the way forward will gradually lighten up till at last you don't sidetrack any more. The offering-up turns out to be the compass. Keep the heart-peace, do the best you can, disregard any shadows of fear, and things will come out all right.

A WAYFARER

### It's all in the State of Mind

**I**F you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think that you dare not, you don't;  
If you think you would like to win, but can't —  
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think that you'll lose, you've lost;  
For out in the world you find  
Success begins with a fellow's will;  
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost  
Ere even a step is run,  
And many a coward falls  
Ere even his work's begun.

Think big, and your deeds will grow;  
Think small, and you'll fall behind;  
Think that you can, and you will;  
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;  
You've got to think high to rise;  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man;  
But soon or late the man who wins  
Is the fellow who thinks he can.— *Selected*

THE way to God begins in a man's own heart. It is from there that he must start. For direct to the heart comes that ray of divine Light whose source is the goal that all of us will some time reach. What is called by old mystics 'awakening the heart,' consists in making ourselves aware of the presence in the heart of that divinely conscious ray.

### When Nature wants a Man

By W. F. B. IN *The Spokesman*

**W**HEN Nature wants to drill a man,  
And thrill a man,  
And skill a man;  
When Nature wants to mold a man  
To play the noblest part;  
When she yearns with all her heart  
To create so great a man,  
Watch her methods and her ways —  
How she hammers him and hurts him,  
And with mighty blows converts him.

When Nature wants to take a man,  
And shake a man,  
And wake a man;  
When Nature wants to make a man  
To do the future's will;  
When she tries with all her skill  
And she yearns with all her soul  
To create him large and whole,  
With what cunning she prepares him,  
How she goads and never spares him —  
And in poverty begets him.

When Nature wants to name a man,  
And tame a man,  
And fame a man;  
When Nature wants to shame a man  
To do his heavenly best;  
When she tries her highest test  
That her reckoning can bring,  
When she wants a god or king,  
How she reins him and restrains him,  
So his body scarce contains him,  
While she fires and inspires him.

Watch her methods and her ways,  
Nature's plan is wondrous kind  
Could we understand her mind.— *Selected*

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### The New Way Quote Book

LET those who begin upon some right way of action and then throw it up, or who practise it intermittently and only when they happen to 'feel like it'—let them remember that the time will come when they will suddenly realize what they *might* have attained had they but persisted. It is their vision of the 'promised land' which they might have entered if their purpose had stood steady when it seemed to be accomplishing nothing. That man alone attains who can walk through the passing shadows along the path he marked out for himself when all was confidence and sunshine and promise.

A MAN can get inner life for himself, get nearer and nearer to his divine nature, by the right use of any sort of work which he has to do. Let him do it from fear or to curry favor with someone in authority, and however well he does it, it is enfeebling his true manhood. Instead, let him make an ideal of how that work—however simple it be—should be done, and then give it the extra touch that will make it measure up to that ideal, a touch whose effects perhaps no one but him can see. A sense of self-respect will come at once; and it is in keeping that and having *that* as the motive for good work, that character grows. For into this commonplace bit of work—or into himself as he does it—he has drawn the light of his higher nature. He has made it a companion and so, through that, has opened for himself the New Way. And the same can be done with non-compulsory pieces of right work, the culture of mind and body, and so on.

"WORRY is worse than illness. People worry about the draft, their future, their health, money matters, until their brains are so tangled up that they become a burden to others and spoil their own lives. Nothing really tragic ever happens to the serene, confident, smiling man or woman, and even those who spend their time in worrying over things, big and little, never have their fears justified."

— *Boston Post*

"I WOULD beg for a twilight music-hour in prisons. After the activities of the day, when the inmates retreat to their cells for the night, then come the hours most dreaded, when the soul is left to face past misdeeds and disturbing mental pictures. Then it is that music would prove a cure for these souls in torment, by withdrawing their thoughts from unwholesome introspection and self-analysis and leading them to green pastures and beside the still waters where souls are restored and harmonized by the Master Musician of us all."

— EVA VESCELIUS (in the *Musical Quarterly*)

"YOU will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person that comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it; and as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes."

— *John Ruskin*

"WHEN your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—*that is victory*."

"When you can lovingly and patiently deal with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance—*that is victory*."

"When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation or to record your own good works, or to itch after commendation, when you can truly love to be unknown—*that is victory!*"

— *Sunshine Bulletin*

"WHEN in the crucible of grief is thrown  
A human soul, with fate's white flame below,  
The Master watches silent and alone  
To see if gold be freed in midst of woe."

"THERE is so much bad in the best of us,  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
That it hardly behooves any of us,  
To speak ill of the rest of us."

"Is not each new-dawned day a new life for us?" asked Marcus Aurelius of himself.

"In a sense, yes. But the old day, ere it dived into the past, whispered all its mental contents into the ear of the new one. And so we presently find ourselves today the same selves as yesterday. That might be a parting blessing wafted from the old to the new. But most of us allow it to be something very different, often nearer a curse. Still, if we would remember that whatever we put into the contents of today, or permit to be there—effort at progress, gloom, determination, rancor, struggle for self-mastery, patience, confidence and courage, hope,—anything—will reappear for us among the contents of *some* tomorrow, we could make each vanishing day turn back at its farewell and leave an unmixed blessing for tomorrow and all tomorrows to come. For our encouragement we can remember that today's efforts at progress reappear tomorrow as the power to make stronger and more fruitful ones. So for those who take this path, each day is so much more than yesterday that it *is* a new life."

— *American Essays*



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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

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A GLIMPSE OF THE DOME OF THE RĀJA-YOGA  
COLLEGE. ON THE LEFT, A CORNER OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

## We Two

I NEVER knew such a tireless talker. There was absolutely no let-up to him. From the moment he woke up in the morning till he went to sleep at night he was at it. And he even talked in his sleep. He usually waked a little before I did, and consequently when I waked, there he was talking!

*What about?* Everything! What he proposed to do tomorrow or had done yesterday. Everything he'd ever seen or heard of or been through; all he'd learned; all his hopes and memories (most of it personal, himself first of all and other people after); how he liked or loathed them, what they had said or

done, how they looked, how they interfered with him or irritated him — an endless string.

My cell-mate, he was. And as we sat side by side at meals and he still talked, and worked side by side in the shop and he still talked, you can imagine the life I led. Yet as we had been together almost from the time we got into the prison, I had got sort of used to him. In fact, though I'm almost ashamed to say it, his talk really interested me, whatever it was about — even when he was worrying me and fretting me and driving me nearly to insanity. Still, it was a serious business. For I knew that there was a lot of fine stuff in me that I could never get out and realize while my attention was all taken up with this fellow's stream

My life outside had been very different, of course, from what it was in prison. In my young manhood — ah, what a glorious time! — I had had fine teachers, — teachers of music, painting, astronomy, poetry, philosophy, and the other great sciences. I had not been old enough altogether to realize all they had taught me. But what they had put into me was there, all the same, ready for me to call upon and draw out and bring into realization. Yet what chance had I to get it, to remember any of it, even to remember in any real way that it was there? All I had was just a feeling there was something, if only I could tell what.

Well, one day when he was in the full flood of his chatter, somehow or other I stopped *listening*, or almost, and just *looked* at him, looked at his mouth, his restless face, lips, eyes. After a little while he seemed to know I was looking and not listening, and began to let up a little in his talk, sort of hesitated and stammered. Just for a minute though, only, and then began again. I had tried to stop the listening by an effort to get back into *myself*, but I had not made much of a success of it and could not keep it up.

But I got into a way of trying this when we were alone together, especially well on towards bedtime. And after a while it seemed to me that he wasn't quite so talkative next day and his talk not quite so empty; and also as if I had begun to catch on to bits of what was inside me, though I could not exactly place it. Moreover, bits of his talk seemed inclined to turn towards better subjects than were customary with him, so that I began to think it might be possible for us to get on better some day.

So I kept it up, and as his snatches of silence (or almost silence) got a little longer, the sense I had of a lot of knowledge inside me, and a kind of peace that held the knowledge, grew clearer. The music and color and light of my old days seemed to be coming back and a sort of understanding of things to be developing.

I kept it up, as I said. And this fellow seemed positively to kind of like it at last, looked for it, quieted down of himself when the time came, and when he did begin his talk it was actually about the things I had been realizing in myself! As fast as I got clearer about them in one way, an inner way, he got them into his thinking (as far as they could be got there) and put them into words. And that helped me to get farther another time into myself.

It was quite a bargain we made. He was to be quiet while I went to realizing what was in me, and then he might do his best to think and talk about it afterwards. Though of course for a long time his talk was pretty foolish chatter. But it got nearer the mark all the time. And his interest in it began to get the better of his interest in gossip and personal stuff in general, and I noticed that as his talk and ways improved, so did his health and strength. And he was happier and had a kind of light about him.

Well, I'm making a long story of it. I can't tell the end of it because it isn't finished by a long way. But the two of us are friends now. There's less and less of his chatter about nothings. He tries to understand me and to get clear for me in his own way what I'm getting at inside in my way. And that's more and more. For there's the old light and joy and color and knowledge coming back little by little. By the time my turn's up, and maybe long before, I guess it will have all come back. And I'm going to take him out with me. For by that time his developed powers will be just what I need, and what I've got will be just what he needs to work out and shape up. So we'll both profit by the partnership.

PRISONER

### Let It Out!

THEY were discussing acting and actors, the good old question whether an actor has actually to feel the emotion he expresses.

It's a bigger question than one thinks at first. Most all the philosophy of human nature is in it. James — Harvard professor — somewhere gives a prescription for substituting a good state of mind for a bad one. Act as if you already had the good state he says. If you're feeling slack and flat, act as if you were feeling smart and alert; if morose and snarly, get a smile and kindness into your eye and say something friendly to somebody. Presently you actually get the feeling you are acting as if you had.

But could you if you had never previously had such a feeling at all, if it wasn't *already* somewhere in you? Suppose a fellow had never felt cheerfully kindly in his life. He could then only act as if he felt so by imitating as well as he could the ways he had seen other men have when *they* were feeling like that. Being only an imitation it would be seen through as a bluff by any keen observer. And it would not have any effect on the man himself, would not work like James's prescription. Here is the secret of poor acting, or one of them. The bad actor has not got in him in the necessary degree the emotion required by the part he is playing.

But every man has felt cheerfully kindly at *some* time. And consequently that feeling is somewhere registered in his mind. And also, somewhere in him is the registered memory of the outward manifestations of it. The two are registered together and any act of will that calls out either one is at the same time a call on the other. This is the secret of James's prescription.

And also the secret of good acting. The good actor does not artificially imitate the ways and tones of other men whom he has sometimes seen in the state of feeling he wants to portray. At some time he has himself had more or less of that feeling — at least as

much as his part requires — and of course it was then expressed in his ways and tones. He can call up the feeling itself and therewith by the same act of will the general keynote of expression, the keynote that runs out into the various sorts of expressive action. Studying for better expression is trying to feel out fuller and completer ways of manifesting the emotion — to *feel* out, not *think* out. The latter produces artificiality.

What he is trying to express grows by the attempt. For his will is on it as well as on the expression of it. It is being exercised. A good actor knows when he has gone far enough.

But the deeper bearing of the whole thing lies in the possibility it opens of changing and ennobling one's whole manifested personal character. None of us lives on his highest levels of feeling and corresponding thought and action. Some live very far below. But the point is that here and there in their lives, if only for a few minutes, they have been on these levels. The possibilities are in them.

A certain kind of man: that means a man with a certain sort of feelings usual to him, with corresponding thoughts and actions. Some men say they are tired of themselves, would like to be different. They want to be a new kind of self, a nobler sort of man. How? Apply our principle. Let them cultivate or call out a better kind of feelings and so also of thoughts. Call them up and practise them. For this other kind, even up to the very divinest kind, is there, waiting to be called on. When, by practice, the new kind is fixed, there is the new man that was desired. A very fruitful opportunity for practising the new kind is when the old kind are most troublesome, when one is feeling extra harsh and critical towards one or more of our fellows.

*Thoughts* may be very difficult to alter. They flood in so quickly. That is true; but thoughts are flowers — or weeds — which are rooted in the soil of feeling. Feel morose, and the thoughts and thought-pictures of other men will be of that character. Feel kindly, serene, cheerful, and the thoughts will soon correspond.

The whole body is made over every seven years, they say. I think the mind, the soil of feeling in which thoughts grow, can be made over much more quickly; seven months, seven weeks, maybe. Anyhow seven weeks will make an immense change if one puts one's will into it.

Feeling gets its directest expression through the eyes. See the expression in a father's eyes as he looks at his little child playing around. When feeling is wrong, harsh, disturbed in any way, make the eyes express something different, kindness, serenity, cheerfulness; in the same act you both express *and* call up from the depths. Open the way up between heart and eyes; make the eyes express what is in the heart, and for a time the trick is done. The required change is effected. We see everything new. We have but

to do that simple thing often, daily, and we win. Our whole nature rises. Old faults and failings fall off. The brain clears and memory becomes stronger. Even digestion is bettered and health improves.

The whole thing rests on the fact that we are inwardly divine and from time to time have actually felt moments of our divinity — our better moments, we call them. They can be recalled, along with their expression; and it may not matter which of the two ends you put your chief attention on in beginning the work. Little by little, one phase after another, one new step with each attempt, the full divinity can be reached and brought into life and thought and conduct as its expression.

STUDENT

### The Two Handles

A MAN'S mind is his ladder to everything he may want to attain. But if he does not turn it into a ladder it will, when left to itself, prove a very effective barrier.

To some extent we all know of its work as a ladder. If a man wants, for instance, to be a skilled linguist or electrician, it is by filling his mind with the language in hand or with the facts of the science, that he mounts to his proficiency. In his leisure moments he will more or less reject the aimless or disturbing thoughts that fill the minds of most men and replace them with thoughts of the subject he has in hand. And at last the mind, becoming interested in it, will do this of itself without his voluntary guidance. It is now a ladder to his proficiency.

Replacing one set of thoughts by another — it is that which makes the mind the ladder of ascent. A man finds his lot disagreeable only because that is his thought of it, and he cannot ascend to his higher possibilities till he has begun to alter that way of thinking; for it is not a ladder. I saw a man hoeing in the sunshine the other afternoon, with a lot of small flies buzzing about his face and hands. "They used to irritate me till I could hardly work," he said. "But after a while I got into a way of thinking of them as means to acquire patience and will, so that, in a way, the more they worried me the more I smiled and didn't care." He had made his new thought, once he had fixed it, into a step of his ladder. For he was a climber — perhaps by nature, perhaps because he had made himself one.

Everything, said Epictetus the Stoic, has two handles, one by which you may profitably take hold of it, and one by which you may not. There were the flies. The handle by which *not* to take hold of them was to count them as a worry: the handle by which to take profitable hold of them was to count them as an opportunity to acquire something.

Make two groups in your life, said the same thinker:

one shall consist of what you cannot alter; one of what you can. What you cannot usually alter much or at all are the circumstances in which you find yourself and the ways of other men: what you can alter with a little daily practice is your way of looking upon these and thinking of them. The flies will be there anyhow, but you can look upon them as worries or as material for your manhood.

Substitute one set of thoughts for another and so make a ladder. Have a language, a science, or something, for study and use your growing interest in it for replacing aimless common thoughts and memories and forward-lookings.

Have also a still higher aim — to become a man whom circumstances cannot disturb. And a still higher — to find the Light within and above, which gives immortality and gives also the divine desire and power to give it out to all others in words, in deeds, and in radiation.

Thus day by day we gradually make of the mind a ladder instead of a hindrance. STUDENT

### Thinking of Death

A MAN ought to have the subject of death well to the fore of his mind all the time, said a very wise ancient philosopher.

It was good advice, but it might lead to very morbid mental conditions. For there is a false and morbid way of thinking about death, and there is a philosophic and healthy and life-giving way. We must do our thinking straight and keep it straight and be careful not to mix up different things. The things not to mix up are the body and the man that dwells therein. When the body goes underground the man won't know or care anything about it. As a matter of fact the body is falling off from us in particles all the time, minute by minute, and is repaired about as fast as it goes. But at last the intelligent animating essence of it — intelligent in its own way and degree — finds that it won't take any more repair, isn't worth the attempt, won't hold the stitches. So it lets go, ceases the business, and departs elsewhere, to domains of nature where it can work to more profit. The body is dead, falls off the man altogether. You might say the man sheds it. — Nature directs this.

Before a tree sheds a leaf or branch it withdraws into its trunk and roots all the valuable life-juices and materials that were functioning in that leaf or branch and keeps them ready stored against the time for putting forth new growth. As a man sheds his body he withdraws into himself all the best and noblest of himself that was finding expression in his life in that body, all the will, all the best elements of character grown and molded by experience and effort. He can contemplate the whole field and see his mistakes and

his scores as he could not while he was still in the thick of it all. He stands now with all the *worst* of himself — that which was inspired by the body, to whose overgrown and selfish demands he yielded to so often — purged away: with all the best, noblest, tenderest of himself gathered together in him, purified, ready.

Ready for just what? Well, we must leave that to a Wisdom greater than ours, greater than what ours is now, anyhow; a Wisdom that is equal-measured with all-embracing tenderness and compassion.

Deep in himself, each of us knows that this is true. Something rises in a man as soon as he hears it, and knows it's the truth.

This consequently is the way to think of death, and in the light of it we should try to live. What matter these passing discomforts and troubles? The real matter is that we should keep our eyes fixed beyond them, getting out of them the power to look beyond them. What really matter this and that little thing that we desire so much to have or do? The real matter is that we should not let them get a clutch on us, so tight a clutch on our attention as to hinder us from moving forward during life into that large peace and joy and vision that come of a right contemplation of death. STUDENT

### The Two Sorts of Books

"I'M too old to begin that now." That is a sentence one hears pretty often. Whoever gets his mind well saturated with the spirit of it has already let go his hold on life and in the fuller sense ceased to live.

At some time in a man's life he comes to the parting of the ways. Along one way he keeps alive and goes on growing to what we call 'the end.' Along the other he gradually ceases to live, even though he will still be moving about, talking and doing business. Like a wheel, he runs on long after the power has been cut off. But the other man never lets the power *be* cut off.

So in the study of how not to grow old we divide the man into two parts, the wheel and the power; the part that is always tending to run down, and the part that can supply the other with energy and keep it going.

There are books that are especially valuable to the power part, and books that concern only the other. Though in the end, if the other is left to itself, there will be no books that concern it. It lets go of everything, and, as we say, 'lives in the past.' Really, we should say, 'dies into the past' — the ordinary mark of old age. This part of the mind has no power of self-observation, of self-judgment. The *other* is the self-critic, self-student. From its self-study and self-criticism come power and life. Keep it going, or arouse

it if it has never got going, and we keep alive 'to the end' — which is really a new beginning and a new going on. This part is the real self and the seat of will or initiative as well as of the power of self-observation. It is steerer, adjuster, guide, energiser. We have much energy in youth and young manhood, energy of brain and muscle and function. But it is energy supplied by nature. It is when nature's supply begins to cease that we need our own. It is at the point where we begin to need our own that so many of

your ways of letting your mind work, to your general mental attitude. They push in home to where you live and may make you consequently uncomfortable. They help to self-criticism and show the way to self-alteration.

But directly a man criticizes his own ways he stands apart from that part of himself which falls into set ways or always had them; still more, when he alters them. It is thus self-study, self-watchfulness, readiness and desire for self-alteration, that gradually produces the man who does not grow old; who, though his brain and muscles wear stiff and become difficult for him, yet knows himself as beyond them and clear of the changes they undergo. It is open to each of us to be bound up in those changes, or to live, keeping our light burning, moving always forwards, ready to learn new things and try new ways, resistant of disinclinations and expectant of wider and deeper vision week by week.

STUDENT



Lamaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

### BREADFRUIT

So called because this fruit occupies with South Sea Islanders about the same place as wheat and other cereals do with us and is of the same nutritive value. Its taste when roasted is compared to that of potatoes which have been stewed in milk.

If you wish to call the tree *artocarpus incisa* you may do so.

us begin to fall into old age. For we don't supply it, fall into habits, become a mere bundle of habits, cease doing anything new, tend to live in reminiscences, and really die.

Every man must of course do his own keeping alive. But there are books and kinds of reading that greatly help. The whole of THE NEW WAY is written with the hope of arousing men to self-study and self-guidance, and thus to the use of the power to keep alive and keep growing 'to the end.'

Now if we take such books as Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius or parts of Emerson, for instance, we find that though they are philosophy indeed, they are not that sort of philosophy which consists of long drawn-out and heavily thought-out theories of the abstract. There is an intense personal touch about them. They speak to *you* about *yourself*, direct your attention to

do a bit of work at it every day and if possible at the same time on each day. The *difficulty* of the acquirement constitutes the 'bridge' — which, in this case, you *want* to break. Keeping the day and hour without a miss is starting the rhythm in mind and brain which will do the breaking.

Is it shorthand or Spanish? Then the brain-forces will learn to collect at that hour ready for that subject. Today's bit of acquirement will fall right on the heels of yesterday's with least effort and most result. If you are not there to take charge of these forces they scatter idly, and later, when you want them for that particular work, they have to be summoned, come straggling, and some don't come at all.

Of all rhythms the most valuable is that of five or ten minutes' spiritual thinking, review of the day, and aspiration at bedtime, and so beginning the night

### Start Your Rhythms

A REGIMENT of soldiers breaks step crossing a bridge. Otherwise it is the bridge that is broken. For it will take the rhythm of the march, spring a little more at each beat, and at last snap with the overstrain.

The secret of any acquirement, bodily or mental, is to



at one's best. The highest work upon one's character is then going on at night whilst one sleeps. No one who wants Light will ever (or need ever) break step in this matter. The soul has a right to this and requires it for its health and growth just as the body has the need of exercise and food.

Mind and soul and body are organs of knowledge, each of its kind. We know what kinds of knowledge belong to the mind's sphere and we know that we cannot get them without honest daily exercise of the mind. And so for the kind of knowledge possible to the soul we must give it its chance to work, a chance it is ready enough to take when we start the rhythm. It is for want of doing this that men have forgotten that the soul *can* get knowledge, some going further and forgetting that there is any soul.

Body, mind and soul, all organs of knowledge as well as of action. The body knows in its own way what it has to. It knows what kinds of food will suit it best at different times; it often knows when an earthquake is coming; in woodmen it knows what are the points of the compass, what time it is, what the weather will be, and so on — knowledges only dimmed in most of us because we take so little notice of them and do not do anything to develop them. By the same neglect we have become unaware of *soul*-knowledges — which are of *their* special sort and as far above mind-knowledges as mind-knowledges are above body-knowledges. Soul, mind, body, — they correspond to different departments of universal nature, from the spiritual and divine down to the material. There is no reason why we should not be complete, from one pole of our being to the other. All the difficulties and pains of human life have come into it because men refuse to fill out their natures.

STUDENT



### Our Alchemy

ALCHEMY was a curious study, once the pursuit of the subtlest minds of their time. These old chemists thought they could turn the base metals (usually lead) into gold. They worked on the belief that there was a very subtle primal element diffused everywhere. This, being compounded with itself in various manners and proportions, became the various elements we know, gold, lead, sulphur, oxygen and so on. To change one of our elements into another, lead into gold for instance, the lead had to be reduced back into this primal element again and this then recombined differently so as to become gold. Whether the old alchemists ever really accomplished this in fact is a disputed point. There is some evidence that they did. But in any case modern science is so far with them as to have discovered the primal element out of which our elements *are* made; though as

nature's methods of manufacture are not yet discovered we cannot imitate her and do it for ourselves.

But some of the more spiritually-minded alchemists were using all this chemical talk as a symbol of spiritual things and processes in man. By 'lead' they meant man's lower personal nature; by the transforming of this into 'Gold' they meant its alteration into a glorious godlike nature. It had first to be 'dissolved' or 'melted' and then rebuilt into the new form, brought out from the melting into a new constitution.

A man's personality, the kind of personality he is, may be said to be made up or expressed by the kind of thoughts that are customary with him. A low personality has low thoughts; habitually low thoughts make up a low personality. "What a man thinks, he is; it is man's thoughts that govern his life and give him bondage or freedom, pain or joy. Let a man strive to purify his thoughts; that is the old secret."

That is from an old treatise on spiritual alchemy. And then it goes on to speak of *silence*, the silence of thought in aspiration, so that out of this 'melting' into silence the mind may come forth in a new form, transformed into 'Gold,' capable now of altogether new thoughts and wishes and determinations, the 'lead' state gone for ever. This is a process taking a long time to *complete* but giving *some* results from the very first. For with each attempt, a little, a very little, of the mind is transformed. The interior silence (of aspiration, or wordless prayer) is the 'primal element' into which the personal mind is for a few moments dissolved or melted, to come forth remade in a new form. He who will do some of this at night, attaining peace within his heart, will find in the morning that already some transformation has been done. During the day he *fixes* the transformation, 'crystallizes' it, as they said, by a new faithfulness in the doing of his duties, a new kindliness in word and action towards others. So, day by day, he takes each day its step, content with the step of that day, never losing heart and confidence, knowing that there must be ups and downs, sunshine and dark clouds, neither looking ahead at what he may be nor backward at what he was.

STUDENT



"Do not attempt in the case of any man with whom you come in contact a valuation of him as to [lack of] worth or dignity; hence do not take into consideration the badness of his will, nor the limitation of his understanding, nor the perversity of his ideas, for thus you may arouse hatred or contempt for him in yourself. But bear in mind only his sufferings, his need, his anxiety, his pains. In this way we shall continually feel ourselves related to him, shall sympathize with him, and, instead of hatred or contempt, experience that fellow-feeling for him which is the only love to which the Gospel admonishes." — *Schopenhauer*



## The World-War and Universal Peace

—From Katherine Tingley's address at Isis Theater, San Diego, California, May 6, 1914, on the occasion of the 47th Annual Encampment of G. A. R. Veterans of the Departments of California and Nevada.

"IN this Twentieth Century humanity is challenged for something greater than war: we are challenged to defend our country and the countries of the world by the nobility of our manhood and our womanhood.

"The time is coming when you, the noble Veterans of the Civil War, before you close your eyes, will see the beginning of a great and united effort in this country and all countries for a larger liberty, a royal freedom, a spirit of brotherhood so accentuated that war shall cease for evermore. Then we shall close the door of the past and begin a new era, so royally splendid that never again shall war come to our land or the lands of the people of the earth. . . .

"And I tell you, noble Veterans, before you pass to another condition of life you will feel a new urge, a new inspiration; yes, a new hope will be born in your hearts, and a new light into your lives, and you will realize that to truly live, to evoke all the noblest in his nature, man must gain the knowledge of his immortality — of his divinity . . . and then all humanity shall have peace, grand and superb — something that will be as a veil between us and the old memories of all that is sad and pathetic, the loss of life and all the suffering that war produces.

"Be assured we shall still have the inspiration of defending our flag and our country and the grand principles of liberty laid down in that royal Constitution of our noble forefathers. We shall have a new conception of life, a new conception of a larger duty, and a grander expression of brotherly love."

## The Golden Age

MAY not the tradition of a 'Golden Age,' found among so many peoples, be the dim reminiscence of an actual period and condition far back in humanity's past: of a time when men were sensitive to the finer motions of their souls and esteemed these more highly, and gave therefore more attention to them than to the bodily impulses and sensations? Then these latter gradually got the foreground of attention and thought, became keener and more vivid and urgent in their pressure upon conduct, and at last usurped almost the whole mental field. Now it is only the poets and musicians, and these only at long intervals and in small degree, that can perceive the diviner motions of the upper self and record them outwardly for the rest of us.

But the glory and beauty of that long-vanished age can and must come again. Once again will men lend their attention to what is inward. To this new search for the lost life they will be driven by the manifold pains which sensuality and unbrotherliness have brought upon them, their absorption in sensation and loss of fellow-feeling for each other. — *Student*

## The New-Year Bells

"While the bells are ringing on the outer plane, calling men to a recognition of the New Time, the soft, silvery tones of the compassionate Heart of Life are sounding forth their sweet music to the souls of men, calling them away from the paths of darkness, unrighteousness, and despair, to the ever-abiding Glory of a Truer and Better Life, and the Hope and Peace of a New Day." — *Katherine Tingley*

"Remember that as when you are passing through a thick fog you can see nothing in the space ahead of you but darkness, so when you are mentally passing through a dark and depressing period you can see nothing in the time ahead of you but darkness. That is, you can see nothing in the future for you but darkness. Which, again, means that it seems to you that there will be no more joy or sunshine for you. And this is as much an illusion for time as the other for space." — *Stoic Saying*

## Suddenly One Day

(Found in the pocket of Captain T. P. C. Wilson, killed in action)

SUDDENLY one day  
The last ill shall fall away.  
The last little beastliness that is in our blood  
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,  
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through  
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.  
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,  
Man will see God, staring back at him.

— *Westminster Gazette*

## These Things Shall Be!

BY J. A. SYMONDS

THESE things shall be! a loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.  
Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.  
New arts shall bloom of loftier mold,  
And mightier music thrill the skies,  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## The New Way Quote Book

THERE is no better way of getting our imperfections well and permanently out of our sight than acquiring the habit of watching the imperfections of others. There is also a good deal of pleasure in it, for the more we can picture others as small or faulty the more are we feeling ourselves as big and flawless. On the whole it is one of the best ways of paralysing our growth without feeling it.

THE man who wants to get free from a present task which he finds disagreeable or monotonous might remember this law: that no task will permanently fall away from us till we have learned thoroughly to put our minds and wills into doing it well, and till any good that it may be capable of doing to some part of our nature has been accomplished. These two *tills* run alongside of each other and when their term has come the task lets go its hold and will trouble no more.

"EVERY man hath his enemy in his power; that is, his body, by which he sins. Therefore blessed is the man who, having such an enemy given over to his power, always keeps him captive, and shrewdly guards himself from him."— *St. Francis*

"DID you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object and in no measure attained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did a man ever try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them, or that it was a vain endeavor?"— *Thoreau*

"BLESSED is the man who thinks himself no better when he is magnified and exalted by men than when he is held to be mean, simple, and of no account. For as a man is before God, that is he and no more."— *St. Francis*

"HAPPY he who has habituated himself to look upon his whole earthly career but as a task of which the reward, though not given *here*, is as priceless as it is certain."— *Carlyle*

"IN every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the body and the soul; and that what you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains for ever."— *Epictetus*

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

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

"THERE is no better test of men's progress than the advancing power to do without the things they used to think essential to their lives. The lives of men who have been always growing are strewn along their whole course with the things they have learned to do without."— *Phillips Brooks*

"THUS man is made equal to every event. He can face danger for the right. A poor, tender, painful body, he can run into flame or bullets or pestilence, with duty for his guide. He feels the insurance of a just employment. I am not afraid of accident as long as I am in my place. It is strange that superior persons should not feel that they have some better resistance against cholera than avoiding green peas and salads. Every man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God and cannot be spared, defends him. The lightning-rod that disarms the cloud of its threat is his body in its duty. A high aim reacts on the means, on the days, on the organs of the body. A high aim is curative as well as arnica. 'Napoleon,' says Goethe, 'visited those sick of the plague in order to prove that the man who could vanquish fear could vanquish the plague also; and he was right. 'Tis incredible what force the will has in such cases; it penetrates the body and puts it into a state of activity which repels all hurtful influences; whilst fear invites them.'"— *Emerson*

## THE CHARACTER OF WALT WHITMAN

"PERHAPS no man who ever lived liked so many things and disliked so few as Walt Whitman. He appeared to like — and I believe he did like — all the men, women, and children he saw. When I first knew him, I used to think he watched himself, and would not allow his tongue to give expression to fretfulness, antipathy, complaint, and remonstrance. After long observation, however, I satisfied myself that such absence or unconsciousness was entirely real. He never spoke deprecatingly of any nationality or class of men, not even against any animals, insects, or inanimate things, nor any of the laws of nature, nor of any of the results of those laws, such as illness, deformity, and death. He never complained or grumbled either at the weather, pain, illness, or anything else. He never swore. He could not very well, since he never spoke in anger and apparently never was angry. He never exhibited fear, and I do not believe he ever felt it."— *Dr. Bucke*