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for Soldiers and Sailors

"Silence is the soul's opportunity to reach us."

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

JANUARY 1920

No. 1



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CENTRAL BUILDINGS  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Glass-domed roofs admit all the sunlight of the Californian sky.

#### Self-Survey

NO man ever finds out what he is, what his real nature is, till he practises standing back and looking at what he *isn't*. The great trouble with all of us is that we think we are what we are not, and let ourselves be run by what is not ourselves at all.

What kind of practice separates off from us what has hitherto seemed to be ourselves, brings it out in front of our mental eyes and enables us to look at it? If we can do that, we can begin to get our rightful dignity and power of will, and achieve self-mastery.

Self-mastery, self-discipline, are really wrong and misleading terms. For that which has to be mastered

or disciplined is *not* self. Self is what does the mastering and disciplining — when it is done at all. We have to find the line between controller and controlled, and stand on the right side of it, *our* side.

When night-time comes we think of the day as behind us, nothing more to be done about it. Wait! If we are wise, there *is* something to be done about it before we let go of it and give ourselves over to sleep. We know that it was full of mistakes. Our special weaknesses and failings showed up all along the line. Let's look back along the line and own them up to ourselves in the spirit of complete honesty, surveying the whole day — sometimes easier to do if we go back through it *to* the morning instead of downward *from* the morning. We may find at one place, for example, that we got irritated and lost temper over something done or said; or that we had our customary irritation at or contempt for some other fellow's little tricks or manner; or gave way to the favorite temptation; or — well, fill in your own gaps! In short, we want to notice all the places of the day at which we lost control of ourselves in any way. Have them up and look at them a moment in the spirit not so much of regret as of correction. We see that we were the wrong side of the line, on the side of the thing we should have controlled instead of on our own side, the controller side. As a matter of fact we were being *run* by some force in our nature, but did not know it, did not distinguish ourselves from that which was running us. A man is always being run by something in his nature whenever his conduct or feeling is short of the highest. What we want in the day's living is, to act on every occasion in the way the largest-souled man or woman we know of or can imagine, would have acted, and hold that in mind during this survey as contrast to the way *we* acted, not sparing ourselves, nor excusing ourselves, nor yet going too far with the sense of self-humiliation. We are just conducting a quiet research of ourselves. We take sides with the large-souled way of living out the day and meeting its occasions, as against the lower line we actually followed.

Now, thus standing back in our real inner nature we have the other or outer one in full view. We have separated it off and are looking at it.

Not much may seem to have been done, when for a few minutes we have thus surveyed the day and in imagination created our conduct and feelings into the form we wish they had had. But we have in fact sown a seed which has every kind of power in it if we will see that it has the chance to grow. And the chance consists in repeating this little bit of work in self-review at the close of each day. For a long time we may fail just as usual through the day at the usual places and occasions of failure; but in behind the power is growing. We begin to be conscious as the old impulses at wrong-doing are coming in upon us, that they are not ourselves but forces draw-

ing us. We are no longer quite on their side. And presently it comes about that we can say, "No you don't," assert ourselves, and begin to win out against them. A man has scored a *great* victory when he scores a 'small' one on some little matter where he has been accustomed to be overmastered. It is in these small ones that we make ourselves aware of the line between our true controlling self and the outside forces of our nature that we intend to subdue, forces that have hitherto weakened us and held us back and turned us aside all along our way, the sources of all our mistakes and troubles.

And then we say, "Well, if I am not that thing that I can call my ordinary personality, what am I?"

A man only learns what he is in this work, in this creation of himself into the master of himself. It may not seem at first to be saying much to say that he is a soul. But it will soon. For when we have found ourselves as souls, we have found ourselves as immortal, beyond the reach of death, partakers in and parts of a new kind of life, in touch with the Life that sustains all things, a life whose fulness is a joy that cannot be dimmed by whatever may happen to us in the outward flow of events.

All this can be accomplished by finding the separating line in our natures, using daily thought and imagination in strengthening the controlling self, bringing it into action, and thus making its existence the surest thing in our knowledge. STUDENT

✱

### The Garden of Eden

IT was Sunday morning and the yard philosopher was turning himself loose to a few of us after breakfast. We were a little group about the gate, smoking and looking through the bars into the great flower garden with the greenhouses, all in the quiet early sunlight. I don't suppose I have reported "thinker Jim's" exact words, but I don't believe I've missed them by very much. He was a great reader and had changed very much, as I was told, since as a young man — a university man, they said, but he never spoke of his own past — he came in many years before for a bank hold-up. He was now toward the end of his time.

"I never had any difficulty with that Garden of Eden story. The Garden's there now, just as much as ever it was. Where's 'there'? Why, inside of us, of course. Part of every man's in it still; part of him is outside the gate. Every nation's got a tradition — *memory*, I say — of that Golden Age, the Age when we lived altogether inside the Garden. And the traditions say that sometime we shall get back altogether inside again.

"Nobody ever even thought of acting wrong then. They felt the Divine Law of right conduct as part

of their make-up, in their bones, and acted as naturally on that line as a bird sings. It was only when a part of each of us got outside that the part remaining inside had to be telling the part outside what he ought to do and what he ought not. Conscience is the part still inside, and we call it the soul. You can say that they didn't *have* any souls then, if you like, for they *were* souls. 'Getting outside' was getting too fond of the body, too much mixed up with it.

"They didn't 'die' then. For it didn't make

conduct, for nobody ever thought of acting wrong.

"Men felt like brothers to each other and acted accordingly, all peace and harmony. That was the natural thing. If any of them was in trouble — which nobody was — all the rest would have felt it with him and put it right for him.

"Science and philosophy were no trouble to them, for everybody was close enough to the Divine to know the working of Law and Nature, and all about things, and what was the reason and inwardness and promise of life. It was only when they got outside



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#### GREEK THEATER, RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

During performances the orchestra is hidden from view of the spectators in the natural hollow visible behind the temple.

much difference to them at first whether the body was clothing them or whether it was worn out and put away. They were just *themselves* right along, body or no body.

"There was music and poetry going on in them all the time. For they were in touch all the time with the blessed harmonies and symphonies of Nature by which Nature does her work and goes through her changes. It was only after they got outside that the outside part of them lost those divine feelings as a steady state and only got 'em now and then, echoed from inside the Garden. Most of us now can't get them at all, of ourselves. The few that can at times are our musicians, poets and painters.

"And as I said, there was no trouble about right

that they lost this knowledge more and more and had to sweat back at it as best they could with hard thinking and investigation.

"And they didn't have to control their minds then, for their minds ran altogether along the proper line of things in every way, kept in tune and in the running gear of natural workings. Their thoughts were never sidetracked with desires for what they shouldn't have.

"As I take it, then, this 'Garden' was a *state*, not a place. And it existed long before Nature had evolved the bodies men were to dwell in, animal bodies. But at last in the course of evolution the bodies were ready, highest animal, human, ready for these souls to come into. And it was a long time

before these men, at first *in* the bodies merely, became *of* them as we are now — run by them, most of us, forgetting that we are anything else. That was getting 'outside' the Garden. They got more and more at one with their bodies and to that extent less sensitive to the finer things. This was in the program, too, I reckon, for it was time for new and hard experiences. That Garden life was a child-state, you may say, of innocence and purity. All right as far as it went; but maybe it had to be lost awhile in order that it might be won again through suffering and pain and effort and sweat. They had to know the opposite in order to appreciate what a blessed thing they had lost. But there's still conscience and music and poetry and philosophy and brotherhood to show us the way back, to show us that the Garden's still there waiting. And in time we'll all find it again and be there knowingly. The same traditions of every nation that speak of this past also tell us, as I said, that the Garden is waiting for us in the future. But it's a long journey we've come, boys. How much more there is in front of us depends on us. Each of us can find the Garden in himself even now and begin to do a little practice inside himself in living there.

REPORTER.

### The Daily 'Bread'

"GIVE us this day our daily bread": I always wondered whether that 'bread' didn't mean something different from the loaf on the table.

The other day I started putting a pinch of cooking soda in my old dog's drinking-water to cure his rheumatism. He never saw me do it, and if he had he wouldn't have known what I was at. It did the business, though, and in a few weeks he was quite a bit spryer and seemed altogether free from pain. When the pain had been on him hard he used to look up at me in a kind of appealing way as if he was asking me to help him about it and wondering why I didn't. I stopped the meat in his food, too, for I reckoned *that* wasn't good for rheumatism. And that hurt his mind as much as the pain, and I guess he thought I was pretty unkind to him, one way and another. I'd have given a good lot to be able to get the situation into his mind so he could understand what I was at. But as I said, I got the result I was after for him.

Two or three things occurred to me over that. A man's got other places to get twisted and lame in than his *body*. And he needs help and what you might call medicine and treatment there in his mind just the same as for his joints. Health and strength of will, for instance: who's got that? We mostly don't know where or what's wrong with us, or even that anything is — till the medicines begin coming!

Health would mean joy in the mind and spirit, wouldn't it, just as with the body? Natural clean joy. And natural, upright, open, honest, clean, friendly and hearty doing and thinking. And a strong, straight will.

My old dog looked to me for help and he got it, and never knew I'd done anything except take away what he wanted, that I saw wasn't good for him, and give him some water that didn't taste very good. And there's things taken away from *us* all the time, things we want; and other things coming to us we *don't* want; and we think we're hard used or overlooked by the Divine Power that runs things. But I reckon that Power's not only giving us 'bread' all the time to feed our spiritual nature, but 'medicine' too — sometimes when we don't know anything about it, and sometimes when we do and mayn't find tasting very good! And it takes away something we like that just then would be no good to us or straight-out harm. Yes sir, I reckon we're not neglected nor overlooked, any one of us, and if we trust and take what comes, we'll come out all right. The 'bread' is spiritual food and uplift — comes into the mind by night, maybe; and the 'medicine' is what happens to us that we don't like and try to sidetrack. Injustice from other men? Sure! But to the fellow that trusts, and studies what's up, the injustice will be made to work out to his profit. It'll be turned into 'medicine' for him.

"Give us this day our daily bread": — I only started to talk a spell about that, but I got a bit sidetracked on to the 'medicine' line. No good askin' in *words* only for the bread that feeds and nourishes the spiritual nature. We've got to reach up and take it. It's *offered* all the time. Make a silence a couple o' minutes any time; stop the chatter and clatter in your head and reach up, and you'll find the bit of 'bread' needed just then to hearten you up and help you.

And so, what between the food to grow with and the medicine to cure and tone up with, and the best efforts at straight conduct he can be making all the time — for you must take exercises as well as food and medicine if you want health, — a real man comes out o' the mill at last, fit to look himself in the eye and respect himself, and just as sure of his spiritual nature as you are of your body. A man don't have to have *faith* in his spiritual nature. He can *know* it's there.

REPORTER

### Keep on Keeping on

THEY say every atom of a man's body changes in the course of seven years. Seven or not as it may be; but that it changes all through in *some* such term of years is certain. There's no other machine in the world that can replace its own



worn-out parts, without stops or decreased output.

And I don't know any more encouraging thing to think of than that. For we don't have to leave the whole thing to Nature and come out at the end of the seven with the same body as we began it with — minus that much of outwear. We are not animals merely. Nature has left no small part of the game in our hands.

Tell a sensitive man who's pretty sick that he looks worse today and that you hardly think he can pull through — and he will certainly *be* worse and may take the turn to death for that bit of cruelty. And, of course, the other way about. Keep him hopeful and he will probably get well. Tell a prisoner, run down in health, that a parole is coming for him, effective in a month, and watch him walk ahead into health in that time — just a month!

Those are extreme examples, a lot of work done on the body by the mind in a short time.

The mind is largely dependent on the body. We all know that. But the other way about is even more true. These ready examples show us how dependent upon and respondent to the mind is the body.

The New Way may begin right where you stand at any given moment. It begins now if you choose to begin now. Get to work and come out in a few years with a new body. Every time a sour, resentful, depressed thought is turned out in favor of a fresh, strong, hopeful one, the body is not only saved that much damage, but the bit of change going on in it at that moment is tilted over in the right direction, the upward direction. And, of course, as the thing is started in the mind, that also is altered in the right direction, the touch remaining forever even if you never give another. But if you keep on, in a few weeks there is a habit that works of itself, — like those tablets in the drug-store that "work while you sleep."

Active brotherhood in thought and deed is the deepest-acting of all such tonics, the greatest and most inclusive of them. It's a light burning in the mind and body, a sort of private sun of your own. Brotherhood is the first thing to get after as a mental state, because it includes the others, cheerfulness,

hope, alertness, courage and the various tonics and rebuilders in general. The opposites of all these are, of course, poisons. A man who begins trying to avoid these poisons and get after the tonics will presently find, if he looks out for it, that help is coming to him. He's co-operating with the Divine, which is a real Presence everywhere, and it begins to back him from the first. He's getting its approval, benediction — yes, gratitude. Look out for it; look in for it. Get a silent spell now and then so as to give it the best chance. Go to bed that way. Pick up your keynote the first thing in the morning. Don't leave the mind and body to Nature. Take

right hold of yourself from now on. Matters of food and exercise are important, of course, in their way, but this business strikes far deeper. Recollect that there are men in perfect health on every kind of diet that can be imagined.

But remember that in all affairs where there's something to be achieved by will, a dead point always comes along presently, and it's the deader and more discouraging the more progress was made at the outset. The man who wins out in anything is the man who does not take the trouble to notice whether he's at a dead point of apparent stagnation or going before the wind and tide. So much effort, so

much progress, whatever things look like. Keep on keeping on. Always keep on keeping on. STUDENT



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#### THE STRENUOUS LIFE

#### In Trouble

*"He that has felt the spirit of the Highest  
Cannot confound, nor doubt Him, nor deny;  
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,  
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."*

—TENNYSON

**"B**LESSED are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

I'm always glad of the bit of Greek I learned as a young man, for there are things in the Gospels that come out with a lot more meaning if you go back to see what they are in the language

they were written in, and that fits them closest.

So I looked up that one once when I was in about all the trouble I could stand. And the nearer translation is like this: "Blessed are they that are in trouble, for they shall be *drawn near*."

There's no man fully knows the two ends of human nature, the inner and the outer, but him that has been in fierce trouble. And not all of them except they take note of what's going on.

This universe is no blind thing. There's a great Soul all through it, watching, helping so far as we let it, uplifting. The man who does evil flouts it, pushes it away. The man who looks only after his own pleasure disregards it—maybe, to that extent, is disregarded by it. And the man in pain and trouble comes straight under its care, is *drawn near* to it, gets the straight inflow of its compassion. That's why great suffering, looked back upon after it's all over, has a sort of tenderness and glow about it. The man who had it sees now that while it was going on there was something touched in him, something awakened, that he never knew of before.

There's a kind of peace and light in behind great suffering, I tell you. We don't suffer all in loneliness; there's always then the close companionship of this Soul, if we would but notice. A man gets touch of this Soul in his highest moments, in the silence. But he gets a still deeper touch, and from another aspect of it, when he's suffering. It gives its inspiration betimes to the musician and the poet and the great scientist and inventor. That's one of its ways of coming into human life and uplifting it. But it comes in to the man in trouble and shows him another side of itself, a diviner side from one point of view. And as the musician hands on his inspiration to others by the music he writes, so the man who gets this compassion poured into him when he suffers, becomes the man who can himself hand on the same to others who suffer, and becomes a helper. Sympathy and compassion are a form of life, and give life not only to those we help with our pity, but to us as we let the kindness go through us outward to another. So there's a kind of inner joy and peace in suffering, and you can feel it somewhere deeper than the pain. The outward suffering and the deep peace within always go together—though many don't notice the latter because they're letting the suffering make them bitter.

Men think they can't find God. They wouldn't think that if they noted the incoming of this something when they suffer. When a man's dead he's right in the presence of that Soul, in the full presence of its light of inspiration, its strength, and its softer light of compassion. Your deep thinker, your man of culture, may be farther *forward*, in a way, than the rest of us; but the man farthest *upward* is the man who has suffered enough to be able to hand on to others the compassion he himself received. It's the

sort of compassion that calls out strength and manhood and the heroic side. It doesn't effeminize a man nor make a sentimentalist nor a cringer.

Maybe men won't always need compassion. It isn't in the program that there should always be suffering. There will some time be light and joy everywhere. But till then there'll be help needed of all of those who are big enough to be ready to give it. They are the ones who have themselves done some suffering and found the peace and strength in it. Suffering rightly borne gives strength. What spoils its work and *unmans* you is self-pity. *Hide* your suffering behind a calm and quiet look and a friendly smile. Pass the joke along and keep a never-so-sensitive eye to the troubles written on the face of others. Your suffering will end sometime. Make use of it while it lasts. Work with it. STUDENT

### "Whatever the Weather may be"

"I ALWAYS find," said our optimist, "that if I can have a good breakfast the day will go all right."

"Got to eat what there is," growled the chronic grumbler.

"Don't make any difference; it's the sauce that counts. A fellow brings his real breakfast along with him, or makes it as he eats. The mush and bread and stuff's just the shell; it's the soul inside the shell that I'm talking about. A fellow puts that there himself and then eats it—poison, medicine, or neutral, according as he makes it.

"Ever notice your thoughts during breakfast? You begin all peaceful, maybe; nothing much doing in the mind either way. But after about the first round that grievance pops up, that particular worry that happens to be on hand, that ugly trick of some other fellow, that special thing you happen to be wanting and can't get, the heavy or tedious job waiting for you—and so on and so on. Every fellow knows his favorite little wigglers. You don't really wake up when you get out of bed, but wake up during breakfast and pretty soon find the wigglers taking possession. You eat 'em in along with the food, get up from the table with 'em.

"And the day's colored with them. They've had the first innings, sounded the day's keynote. You may forget them in the swing of work, but they're in there all right, in the back of the mind, keeping up their chirp. The day's spoiled for the fine job o' living. For living is a fine job, one of the fine arts, *the* fine art. Most fellows never begin to get on to that, don't have a notion what life's for, what it can lead to, what it can do for 'em just as well here as anywhere else.

"Now, what did I mean by a good breakfast? I meant a meal where a man don't eat wigglers but

sunshine. He keeps his mind all smooth and nice and his head clear. He lets his body and mind and brain wake up to the tune of *sunlight* instead of wiggles and kicklets. Sky's blue and the sun's gold, eh? Fill up all through with *them* — and peace.

There's the sauce to eat in with the mush and stuff. Just imagination? All right! If imagining the great blue sky with the sun in it looking down at you is going to keep the mind too busy to hatch out wiggles and begin its everlasting chatter for the day, it's worth doing, ain't it? And ain't the effort of will in this bit of mind-ruling worth something — day after day, month after month? I tell you that a fellow that does this gets his mind to come to heel at last. He gets his freedom. He gets to know that he himself is not the mind nor the body, but a bigger proposition altogether. Every day begins right, right keynote, mind and body. Every day gives him a new step, a little more knowledge, a little more self-command, a little more peace.

"So there's my notion of a good breakfast, free to all comers, six-thirty daily." REPORTER

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### Today

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SURE, this world is full of trouble —  
I ain't said it ain't.  
Lord! I've had enough and double  
Reason for complaint.  
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,  
Skies were often gray;  
Thorns an' brambles have beset me  
On the road — but, say,  
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',  
Makin' trouble last?  
What's the use of always keepin'  
Thinkin' of the past?  
Each must have his tribulation,  
Water with his wine,  
Life, it ain't no celebration.  
Trouble? I've had mine —  
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',  
Not a month ago,  
Havin', losin', takin', givin',  
As time wills it so.  
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow  
Fell across the way;  
It may rain again tomorrow,  
It may rain — but, say,  
Ain't it fine today! — *Selected*

### Colors Flying!

"I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflexion of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of lilacs, the violets and the rose as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

—VICTOR HUGO

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THE immense majority of men go through life without ever knowing or even suspecting the existence of their greater selves. It is as if a little locomotive running all its years on a side line between two countryside depots should finally reach the scrap-heap without ever knowing that it was part of a great system networked over an entire state. A man should never leave his chamber in the morning to begin the day without an attempt in aspiration to reach that greater self of which he is a part and whose representative he is on earth for that little track between birth and death. If he will do that, he will sometime get the glorious assurance of realization, see his immortality and be free from the fear of death and the sense of limitation.

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## The New Way Quotebook

"IT seems to be the rule of life that we should have our ups and downs. But as long as we refuse to stay down, but get up again and try to climb a little higher each time, we need never be discouraged. The very fact that there is a spark of the divine in our hearts, that we do sometimes have noble unselfish thoughts, is a promise of ultimate success if we will persevere. No effort is lost. Remember that 'who rises after fall on fall, unconquered, conquers all.'"

—*Katherine Tingley*

"WILT thou that thy vexations and pains shall be taken away from thee? Or that thou shalt have strength to bear them unmoved?"

"And I reflected that sometime these troubles would fade away and vanish of themselves and be forgotten. But the strength to bear them, were *that* acquired, would be an eternal possession, ready at all times for all the uses of strength.

"So I struggled no more against the vexations, but rather with myself that I might endure them with an unmoved spirit."

—*Persian*

"How many have thought of this I do not know, but here is a fact: As a sincere student of life works on, there sometime comes a sort of silence or loneliness all around in the forest of his nature. Then he may stop all by allowing despair to come in with various reasons and protests, and he may thus throw himself back to where he began. This is a law of mind. I would never let the least fear or despair come over me, but if I cannot see the road or the goal before me for the fog, I would simply sit down and wait. I would never let the fog make me think no road was there or that I was not to pass it. The fog must lift."

—*W. Q. Judge*

WHEN some great blow falls and every interest in life seems suddenly to have been cut off and life made blank, it is then more than at any time that a man may feel the sustaining and compassionate presence of his soul. Life sometimes brings us up short in our constant search for outward pleasures and contents that we may thus for the first time know of this immortal part of ourselves.

"HUMANITY is close to the top wave of victory; just beyond, where the eyes cannot see, where the ordinary reason cannot follow, one is almost touching the fringe of the universal truths that are waiting for all."

—*Katherine Tingley*

"BY constant use we can keep the Celestial Gates from rusting."

—*TAO*

"FINISH every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense."

—*Emerson*

"ATTEMPT the end and never stand to doubt; Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

—*Herrick*

"SPEAK to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet.

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

—*Tennyson*

"THOSE desires which I must 'sacrifice' are not my desires, but they are desires which are directed against me and my higher existence: they are my foes which cannot be destroyed too soon. The pain which they cause is not my pain, but the pain of a nature which has conspired against me; it is not the agonies of death, but the pangs of a New Birth, which will be glorious beyond all my expectation."

—*Fichte*

"GENIUS? Every man's a genius, I tell you, if he gave himself the chance to show it. A man's genius has got to work out through his brain, hasn't it? How's a man going to get his fine furniture into his house if he's filled it chock full of rubbish?"

—*Dodd's Table Talk*

"KEEP in thine own center and stir not from the presence of God, revealed in the soul; let the world and the devil make never so great a noise and bustle to draw thee out, mind them not; they cannot hurt thee. Though the hands or the head be at their work, thy heart ought nevertheless to rest in God."

—*Boehme*

THEY say that the best way to find something you've lost is sometimes to disregard it and look for something else. And the best way to conquer one fault is sometimes to tackle another. All a man's failings really hang together, and the whole chain may be broken when you break some one link.

"NOW there is one self that becomes known in the heart, in the peace and the light, when the other is silenced. But the other has its very life in the ceaseless stream of its inward talk. If thou wouldst make an end of troubles, find the first and dwell in its light. Thou wilt find that in its silence is all knowledge, and in the talk of the other naught but vexation and confusion."

—*Persian*

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APR 1 . . .

"Keep coming!"  
Is the soul's insistent call.

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

## THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

FEBRUARY 1920

No. 2



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

DISTANT VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, WHERE *THE NEW WAY* IS PUBLISHED

### Making Capital out of Limitations

"WHAT field of thought are you browsing in now, Jackson? You've been in a brown study all evening."

"Well, rather; though I've not done the subject up brown yet. I'm chewing over an idea I found of Goethe's about limitations. I supposed we 'shut-ins' were experts from first-hand experience on that subject. But Goethe views it from another angle. He says that 'in limitation is shown the hand of

the master.' I always supposed that the opposite was true: that the limitations usually had the upper hand. His remark made me mad, when I thought of all the things I *could* do if I wasn't fenced in with the galling limitations of prison-life. Then it struck me that I needn't take it so hard — Goethe was not twitting me about my position; he didn't even know I was going to be born to read what he wrote.

"The next library book I got fell open where Emerson was telling what could be done in spite of limitations. Among other things he said: 'Co-



lumbus discovered America in an undecked boat.' I thought: 'Oh, bosh! that was plucky enough for Columbus; but the Americas are all on the map now; nothing left to discover but the South Pole, and the world does not need that in its business.' However, without enlarging upon the Columbus case, Emerson goes on to argue that we ought to keep busy making discoveries in ourselves. That riled me too. Why talk about what belongs to us fellows, when the State has pried us loose from everything — even our names? All the same, this idea of making capital out of limitations keeps bobbing up in my mind, like a live fish daring me to catch him and carry him home. So far, I haven't made him my own.

"It is funny how ideas get into the air and affect a number of minds all at once with the same germs of thought. Somehow I have just been figuring on this same problem of how the prisoner can get even with fate for all the lost chances that go with his sentence. I have wondered if *he* might not have a lot of unknown and unused chances waiting to his credit against he chooses to wake up to them. I have been looking back over my own life for an answer.

"I remembered when I was a youngster in the country school, one day a new boy came, named Andrew Capps. He was homely and shabby and awkward and rather shy, and stuttered a little, and was way behind in his studies, and, more than all, didn't know how to play base-ball. The first day he came with an English boy who always dislocated his h's, and he presented Andrew to the teacher by saying: 'Miss Wilson, this 'ere is Handy Capps.' Well, the poor fellow sure looked the part of Handicaps, and the nickname stuck for a while; but he was just game enough to take it like a challenge.

"Before long we fellows had a certain respect for the awkward chap in the class of small boys and girls. He dug into the reading- and spelling-books as if he was hungry for words. He was rather a pitiful contrast to little tots, like Daisy Ashton, with her white apron and blue hair-ribbon and a bird-like way of easily piping out a lesson that came hard for *him*.

"Well, it seems this boy's parents were badly in debt and likely to lose their place, when his mother suddenly died. His father couldn't afford a housekeeper, so it fell on young Andy to mother the brood of younger children, as best he could. After a spell of this, the farm crops got ahead of the mortgage, and the boy's widowed aunt came to run the house. The very next day, she said, Andy started for school, 'without the help of soap or ceremony.' No doubt it was like a cold plunge for poor Andy to face that roomful of strange children, their keen eyes taking stock of everything about him. But he took the plunge like a natural student bent on making up for lost time — quite as much at home as anybody.

"At recess, the school bully greeted Andy with: 'How do you like kindergarten?' For answer tiny Daisy stepped up and gave him a good push and ordered him to 'Go way!' Then she turned and adopted Andy, as a motherly bantam might annex a big Newfoundland, and dragged him off to fix up the broken swing. It was amusing to see how the class of small fry kept him busy the first week putting their playground in shape, and unconsciously helped him over the awkward time before he found his place with the big boys. He had the confidence and good will of the youngest ones in no time — his motherless brood at home had taught him some tricks we didn't know. And somehow the tots' trust and admiration actually gave him a special standing with their big brothers, who found he was clever enough with their games, too, once he learned the rules.

"Andy's efforts to overcome stuttering resulted in his speaking more clearly and slowly than the rest of us, who usually slurred our words. In trying to look as neat as the boys whose mothers inspected them each morning, he soon got to looking even better kept than they did. Though we were ahead of him in our books, he had the start of us in knowing a lot of everyday things. It was Andy who fixed the loose hinge on the school door; it was he who could run the stove so it gave out heat and did not smoke; it was Andy who whipped off his coat and wrapped it around little Johnnie Reed when he set himself on fire, playing with stolen matches. It was Andy who thought to bring salt when we went camping up the river overnight; and he knew how to cook the fish to a delicious turn, and to bake potatoes in the ashes, 'fit for a king,' as the postmaster's nephew said. The nephew was his father's only child, and had no end of sport clothes and fishing tackle and games; but he was helpless as a kitten in an emergency.

"Long before the term ended, Andy showed that he would be the leading scholar in another year. And he made good in so many ways that 'caps' was dropped from his nickname. The boys quite meant it when they called him 'Handy,' and they made up a conundrum about the handiest boy in the school who always caps the climax. We supposed that his fund of practical knowledge was as natural as a pug-nose or freckles, because when he was tied to his job of housekeeping he had no chance to learn from books or other boys. Now I see that *because* he had stood up to a situation of limitations, he had called out a lot of resources by exploring the undiscovered country in himself. We saw only hard luck in a real live boy having to wash dishes, and cook, and nurse children with mumps and measles, and take the bunch all along everywhere he went. He had worked overtime with head and hand and heart, thinking and feeling and doing for the helpless little things. But instead of making a sissy of him, we

had to admit that he was as much of a boy and more of a man than any of us; and, besides, he understood us better than anyone except our very own mothers."

"What became of him?"

"Oh, he studied medicine and made a fine doctor; not the kind that cuts up cats and dogs to find out what's the matter with diseased and worried human beings. Just to see him walk into the sick room gave you a fresh hope and courage and faith in yourself. He made you feel that you were something bigger and finer than anything outside of you, and that he had tried the game out on himself and knew that it worked. He gave you faith in yourself." L. R.

✱

### Self-Assertion

"I NEVER could see any difficulty in the immortality proposition. If a man comes into the body, he'll go out of it. If he was alive before he was born, he'll stay alive after he's dead."

"Ay, but how do you know he was alive before he was born?"

"Well, they explain everything by heredity, now-a-days, or try to. And if there's awkward things it won't explain, they point to the things it will and simply say the awkward things have just got to come in under with the rest. But there's no need to force the situation that way. Let heredity go as far as it can, but after that try something else.

"Now, I want the words *self-assertion* for this business. Who's your man of genius, your Napoleon, Edison, Mozart, Whitman, Shakespeare, Confucius? As like as not he's born in a perfectly commonplace family that nobody would otherwise ever have heard of. Nothing in heredity to account for *him*. 'Sports,' maybe Burbank would call these fellows. As soon as they're old enough to allow of it, they begin to show up head and shoulders over their heredity and *assert* themselves, assert *themselves* — their own special and peculiar nature, their gift, their creative genius along their several special lines. One of them might have his mother's nose and his father's conversational fluency and his grandfather's gout. Don't make any difference. They've got what their mother and father and grandfather didn't have any of, and what nobody else ever had, in or out of their family. Shakespeare was a poet and Whitman was, and Mozart was a musician and Handel was. But besides that these showed up above everybody else in being poets and musicians, each was a *special* poet or musician to himself, brought his speciality in his gift as well as the gift in general, so that you couldn't hear two lines of Shakespeare or two bars of Handel without knowing that it was just Shakespeare or Handel out of all the poets and musicians that ever were. That's what I mean by

self-assertion. They asserted the strong special nature they brought with them into the body as soon as ever the body was old enough to allow of it, forcing themselves through as fast as they could. And then, at the other end of life, when the body began to wear out, they gradually ceased to be able to get their genius through it so well. At one end of life the instrument is too immature and they have to wait; at the other it's too stiff and they have to stop more or less. But just as they brought their genius into the body with them, so they take it out with them, *the better for its exercise*. Why not? Don't this idea seem all right?

"'But,' you'll say, 'how about the rest of us that aren't geniuses?' Well, these genius fellows had power, the power of self-assertion in the grand sense of the words, self-assertion against heredity, in a degree we haven't. Against heredity: mark that. For the man that can't assert himself much against heredity, either in talent or fine character, which is the case with the most of us, is the average man. He exhibits qualities that mainly came to him from his heredity, or rather, that his heredity provided him with a sufficient instrument for, nothing much more, nothing much uniquely *his*. Just above him in the scale is the man who does get a trifle beyond heredity. He's got a little originality of some sort — his special nature just able to show its nose. Right above him is the man of more or less marked talent in some line, or with a marked character of his own distinct from anything inherited. And so you go up and up till you come to the man of genius.

"Now I say the man of genius gives us the key to the whole situation. He *shows* visibly what's *true* of all of us, but what the rest of us don't show because we haven't got enough to make a show with. Mother sometimes makes over father's clothes for the eldest boy. And that'll be all right for him if he never overshoots his father. But if he's got the makings of a big fellow and presently out-tops the old man, the old clothes are soon no good to him. Heredity is the old clothes. They'll fit the most of us all right, and the fit stays. But the man of genius outgrows them and has to get his own. But it don't follow because the old clothes fit us, that *we are* the old clothes. And it don't follow because the hereditary tendencies and make-up of our family give us all we need to live and work with, that there's nothing of us *but* those tendencies and make-up.

"The man of genius shows us in a marked way what's just as true for the rest of us — that we come into the body for our instrument of work and experience, and bring our nature with us. But *his* nature is strong enough and special enough to show through. And it's reasonable to say that what a man brings into the body, he takes with him out of the body at death. For which showing I'm grateful to the man of genius. He teaches me about myself;

teaches me that I came into the body alive and with a past and a special character, and ready for business, and consequently go out of it alive and ready likewise for business — whatever business will then be assigned to me by the Great Genius of All, the Spiritual Sun with as many rays as there are men. It'll make us all geniuses someday, somewhere."

REPORTER

### My Dog Tray

"YES sir," said old Sandy the cobbler, "I've learned a whole lot from that dog of mine.

I'm responsible for his actions, and yet I can't always control them. If he takes a nap on the neighbor's bed of mignonette, it's *me* they blame. But how could I help it when I was down shopping in the village? If he howls all night at the moon, they blame it all on to old Sandy, though as a matter of fact I'd a deal rather he'd a-kept his mouth shut.

"Seems to me that most everyone can be divided into two parts, dog and master. The dog is dog all the time, but the master *ain't* always *real* master.

"F'rinstance. Tim the neighbor's boy threw up his ball last Tuesday and it landed right on my cucumber frame and smashed a pane of glass. Of course I knew perfectly well the poor kid didn't go for to do it, but before I could get hold of myself I give him such a talking to that he was fairly crying against I'd done with him. I felt ashamed of myself and gave him an apple to make him forget it, and really it looked to me as if my dog had rushed out barking before I quite knew what he was at.

"Same thing happens when neighbors has 'words' over something. It's like two peaceable fellows coming down the road each of them leading a dog. Before they know what's up the dogs are fighting, while all the masters want to do is to call off the engagement. The masters were never mixed up in the row at all. They just stood over and tried to stop it, but the dogs were so eager for the scrap that a whole lot of damage was done before they were through.

"There's a growling cur in the best of us, always wanting to plant his teeth into somebody else's g. c., and if he succeeds then everybody blames the master for not holding him back. I often think to myself when someone gives me a lash with the rough side of his tongue: Oh never mind, it wasn't him at all. He's a good fellow all right. It was just his dog Tray trying to start up a fight on his own account.

"P'raps we live too much up in the clouds and forget the dog we're responsible for at the end of the string. If he does wrong, we have to suffer for it, although maybe we think we couldn't help it. Well we've *got* to help it and that's all there is to

it, and if we kept our eye on the dog and checked him in time, these scraps wouldn't be happening quite so often. When something comes along to make me mad and I feel inclined to start off and use 'language,' I've got so now that I say to myself: Look out! Tray's beginning to growl. Better pull him back or he'll be starting something in another minute.

"Look at it how you will, there's a low and a high in everybody, and if the high looks after the low, it's good times for him and the neighbors; but if the low gets beyond his control, then there's going to be trouble in camp.

"Good day, sir, and thank you for dropping in. Perhaps you'd like a rose off the bush there for your buttonhole, and look out you don't step on the dog as you go — he might start something." P. L.

### The Grand Tribunal

"DOES the story end right?"

"What do you mean by 'end right'?"

"Well, does the villain get what's coming to him and the rest come through with the troubles he's caused them? That's 'ending right,' isn't it? The way any story ought to end."

"Is that the way things end in real life, justice all round, courage and manliness and kindheartedness rewarded, selfishness and treachery and dishonesty exposed and punished?"

"Not always. Lots of scores left unsettled, good and bad. And yet we feel somehow that the story or play which winds up with the villain on top and his victims under, is not only an outrage to our sense of justice, but a libel on the Government."

"The Government?"

"Oh, I mean the Grand Government, the Great Upstairs to the whole show. The bad-ending story implies that this Grand Government is willing to let wrong get by it and right go to the wall, or that it isn't strong enough to enforce its decrees. I don't believe there's a man alive that really thinks that, when he forces himself to think at all."

"I don't either. But how about the facts? It does look sometimes as if the Grand Tribunal wasn't always strong enough to tackle some fellows and lay them by the heels, or didn't notice what they were doing."

"I guess they catch it good and hot somewhere. Did it ever strike you that a man never forgets anything he's ever done? Written down in his memory, just waiting there in the background. It stands to reason, to me. As he does it, his mind takes off the picture of it and winds it up on to the reel of memory. May seem forgotten, but now and then some bit of a thing you did as a boy, perhaps forty

years ago, slips loose and comes right up in front of you and lets you know that all the rest is there too. Well, when a fellow gets alone with himself after death, all silence, nothing doing to take up his attention, just himself with himself, don't you reckon

him delivered in *his* court and know the justice of it. Judging himself or being judged, it'll come to the same thing in this case. So he'll stay with himself, and stay, and stay, all in that clear, cold, silent light, till he's *got* it, till he sees himself just as he is.

How about that for a beginning? Looks natural to me."

"Maybe, maybe. But how about the good and fine things he did, scattered along in the record? There can't be many records black from cover to cover."

"Well, they'll ease the situation, sure."

"But go ahead with your notion. What next? The poor chap wouldn't stay forever in the fix you've got him in, would he?"

"Why no, I guess. He'd come through at last when the lesson had got him soaked and softened and scoured from one end to the other, and when he was ready to make an honest shot at a clean life and pay up the score for every wrong he did till he's wiped it off the slate."

"A clean life? Where?"

"Can't say, Somewhere. Life, as I reckon, is a grand school all the way up to the finish—and the finish is a beginning for something greater. We're all of us in one of the classes now. The next class is out of my range of view. I'm no textbook to the universe—'see page 41 for the answer to this question and page 64 for the answer to that.' Maybe the answer to some questions wouldn't go into any words we could understand. I've got enough to attend to in this present class. Maybe you have too. But I'm dead sure that your good-hearted fellow here, trying to live straight, that has had his rights walked upon, met injustice, met misfortune, had troubles that look to him like pure, unmerited injustice, and left the class with nothing put straight for him, he's all right notwithstanding. The Grand Tribunal is tender enough with chaps

like that, I reckon. It knows how to make it all up to him, good measure, too, and wisely good measure. Every man alive has got the certainty, deep in his soul, that there *is* a Great Tribunal, and that it knows its job and will sometime make him read the full record of his own memory and take a judgment that will likewise be his own. And make



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'THE CORKSCREW,' BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL, GRAND CANYON

(The Colorado river has been gnawing at its rock-bed for untold ages, the famous canyon being now from three to seven thousand feet deep and three hundred miles long)

that all the wrong things and mean things and cruel things he's done, all the long line of them, will start forward and make him look at them all in the quiet then, with nothing but that to occupy him? Don't you reckon he'll pass hot and cold flushes of judgment on himself? The Great Tribunal working on him, if you like, and making him hear its judgment on

him see that he'll have to take the natural consequences for what wrongs he did till he's evened off the score and can start clean. The wool over his eyes won't be there. That's what death is, as I reckon, pulling away the wool. Then the Light comes in on you and the first thing you see is *yourself*. But if a fellow would let the Light in on himself every day, not waiting till he's dead, and take an honest examination of himself with the aid of it at the end of every day and try to live accordingly, there wouldn't be much he'd have to be afraid of. The Great Tribunal won't be blind to a man's *trying* to do right even if he don't make a full success of it."

REPORTER

### Law and Order

IN some ways most of us still look out upon life pretty much as the savage does, though in others we have got beyond him. It doesn't occur to the savage that there is law and order everywhere in nature, chance and caprice nowhere. But we have come to think that. We haven't the vanity to think we *know* all the laws of nature, but we do think that however far we may study nature we shall never find any happening that is *not* under law, and a law, too, which would be comprehensible to a big enough mind. We are justly satisfied that there is no corner of nature where pure chance and caprice rule, where things run themselves anyhow. Law, law, and always more and more of it passing into the view of observing minds and becoming known there, the universe and mind corresponding, the universe reflecting itself into minds.

The universe must then be run by mind. Else there wouldn't be this fit between the ways of the running and our minds that can know the ways. It must be mind showing itself to mind.

But that we can't all see yet. We have got *one* step ahead of the savage in that our minds are prepared to find law everywhere and chance and caprice nowhere. But we do not all yet take the next step by seeing Mind in the law, Intelligence as the source of the law, behind it.

There are other steps also which we shall have to take sometime if we want to understand life and find out how to live it. When we have seen Intelligence in nature we shall have to see Purpose. We do see evolution going on all through the kingdoms of nature, up to and in man. But we do not see that there must be Purpose and Will behind it all, working out a plan, that this mighty process of evolution doesn't just happen of itself. We don't see that, feel it, sense it, any more than the savage sees law everywhere. To him there are often just happenings, a storm, an eclipse, an earthquake. We are a step ahead of that. For us there *is* law every-

where, evolution everywhere. But law and evolution just *happen* to be there, we think. We do not sense the great Plan and Purpose working out through them.

And another step yet. In a sort of general way we do just see touches of a *moral* or *spiritual* Law in life. We believe that the evil-doing man who flings himself against this Law is likely to get hurt in some way in the long run; that his character degenerates all the time; that the good man gets peace and happiness; that honesty is somehow the best policy; and so on. But we haven't yet got to the grand idea that spiritual and divine Law is all through and never failing. We are like the savage who, though he sees natural law here and there, cannot see it everywhere, some things seeming to him to go according to chance and caprice. But the scientist sees law throughout, in the least particular. The chemist knows that if he mixes his ingredients according to law, he will surely get the result he wants. If he mixes them at random, he will not, and may get an explosion that will kill him.

We do not reckon on the Divine Law in any such confident way, sure that if we go by it in all we do, we have its backing and it will work out into our happiness and our growth of mind and character. We think we can sometimes 'get by it' and do wrong without any trouble coming. Yet we only need constant study of our own lives to learn that this Law is unfailing in its action, ultimately working out every good or evil deed into its appropriate reward or punishment and thus always making for our own highest interests, always beneficent even when its work on us is through pain.

So we have to get beyond our present blindness and crudeness; to see intelligence all through nature from one end to the other; to see Purpose, purpose to raise everything higher and higher, to raise *us* ever higher; and to see spiritual and divine Law in human life, the Law that so adjusts our reappings to our own sowings in the past, whether remembered or not, that out of them we may learn wisdom for right sowing now — a Law that is ever at work in and for us. As we have some of the matter of the universe in our bodies, so we have some of the mind of the universe in our minds and some of its spiritual power and wisdom in our hearts and souls. STUDENT

### Every Power will find its Field

"THE difference between material and spiritual evolution is that in the former the individual must reply to the environment; in the latter the environment is also always replying to the individual." A rather obscure sentence at first reading. But it soon clears up.

In regions covered with snow all the winter the animals that in summer are brown-coated, must



exchange their brown for white when the snow is around, lest they should be seen and escaped from by their prey or seen and eaten by their enemies. In this and a thousand other instances of material or natural evolution we see that the individual must adapt himself to (or "reply to") the environment.

But in our *spiritual* evolution the environment sooner or later so adapts itself to *us* as to give each and all of our latent powers their best opportunity for exercise and development. To Blind Tom, a little negro slave-boy down on a plantation, there somehow comes a piano and the chance to hear pianists and to practise all he needed. They were the reply of environment to his latent musical genius. And it came out into full manifestation, and he became one of the greatest pianists of his time. And to Helen Keller, a child blind, stone-deaf, and consequently dumb, there comes someone with skill enough and patience enough to get in behind her blindness and deafness and call out all her latent mental and spiritual possibilities.

We need never worry about opportunity for the exercise and development of any powers we really have in us. Sometime or other — and at the right time, too — often in some apparently utterly accidental way, their opportunities will come. And while waiting for the right moment to furnish us with these, or in along with them, the environment will put in its time, so to speak, by calling upon *us* to adapt ourselves to *it*, to meet its exigencies by creating in ourselves some power or quality (perhaps merely endurance or patience, perhaps fixity of determination) that we lack entirely. Environment is always either replying to us or calling upon us for a reply to it. It is always busy with us — *for* us, — doing one or both of its duties even if it seems to be purely restrictive or punitive. Our circumstances become an interesting study if looked at in that way, and they will presently reveal to each of us that his life is no mere chain of accidents, and has his best and long-run interests in view. STUDENT

### Frowning Fate

GIVE me the fate which wears a frowning face;  
For in its heart there is concealed a grace  
Which won, will give no countenance to pride  
When fairest fortune smiles, a flooding tide.

Adversity, kind nurse my way along,  
Has reared me kind and counted with the strong:  
While smiling fortune did my life betray —  
Till now adversely I myself will lay

Across the neck of pride, and so be free  
To breast with tested strength my destiny —  
Opposing fate to give its kindly aid,  
So I may challenge it quite unafraid.—*Frank M. Pierce*

### The Promise of Life

(As two poets see it)

THERE is a beauty at the goal of life,  
A beauty growing since the world began,  
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,  
Till the great human soul complete her span.  
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,  
The currents of blind passion that appall,  
To listen and keep watch till we discern  
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;  
So to address our spirits to the height,  
And so attune them to the valiant whole,  
That the Great Light be clearer for our light,  
And the Great Soul the stronger for our soul:  
To have done this is to have lived, though fame  
Remember us with no familiar name.—*Archibald Lampman*

### Progress is

The law of life, man is not Man as yet.  
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end  
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,  
While only here and there a star dispels  
The darkness, here and there a towering mind  
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: . . .  
When all mankind alike is perfected,  
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then,  
I say, begins man's general infancy. . . .  
But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,  
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,  
He shall start up and stand on his own earth,  
Then shall his long triumphant march begin,  
Thence shall his being date, —  
When all the race is perfected alike  
As man, that is; all tended to mankind,  
And, man produced, all has its end thus far:  
But in completed man begins anew  
A tendency to God. Prognostics told  
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise  
August anticipations, symbols, types  
Of a dim splendor ever on before  
In that eternal circle life pursues.  
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,  
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant  
Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great  
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade  
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace  
Rises within them ever more and more.  
Such men are even now upon the earth,  
Serene amid the half-formed creatures round.

— *Robert Browning*

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## The New Way Quotebook

"If this life were all, then in many respects it would indeed be poor and mean; but regarded as a preparation for the next sphere of existence, it may be used as the golden gate through which we may pass, not selfishly and alone, to the palaces which lie beyond." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

"EVERY mean and selfish action sends us backward and not forward, while every noble thought and every unselfish deed are stepping-stones to the higher and more glorious planes of being."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"A MAN'S true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask, What *property* has he left behind him? but angels will inquire, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

— *Mahomet*

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

— *M. S. Bridges*

"WHEN, in the silence, I had got deeper into myself than thoughts can express; when *thoughts* had ceased in *thought*; then, from the center of life, the heart, I heard the subtle, never silent, song of life." — *Eastern*

"SOME people are afraid, every time the tide goes out, that it will never come in again."

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear.  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But upward, onward, till the goal ye win."

THE strong man achieves the greatest triumphs the more the difficulties heap up in his path. The difficulties become stimulants one by one as they appear, enabling him to call out more and more reserves of strength that he could not otherwise have got at. So you always find him one pace ahead of the situation. And in the end he comes out with a much bigger success than if there had never been a difficulty at all. For the difficulties and obstacles seem to understand at last that they can't make good, and then collapse altogether.

"HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round."

"QUESTION: I would like to have a concrete practice pointed out to me as something to begin with in self-discipline.

"ANSWER: Begin by trying to conquer the habit, almost universal, of pushing yourself forward. This arises from personality. Do not monopolize the conversation. Keep in the background. If someone begins to tell you about himself and his doings do not take first chance to tell him about *yourself*, but listen to him and talk solely to bring him out. Try to recollect that you are a very small affair in the world. Your only greatness lies in your inner true self and it is not desirous of obtaining the applause of others. If you will follow these directions for one week you will begin to discover a part of the meaning of the saying, 'Man, know thyself.'"

— *W. Q. Judge* (in *The Path*)

THE kindness of silence is something we might all bestow much oftener than we do. Surely this is a place where the Golden Rule might have much wider practice than it has — the shielding of others by silence as we would have our own mistakes and misfortunes shielded.

"WITH aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
Not till the hours of light return  
All we have built do we discern."

— *Matthew Arnold*

## WAKE UP!

"THE dreamer knew there was something wrong with him, something incomplete in his life. And he thought that the lack was of this or perhaps of that possession. If he could only get one of them! And his dream presently supplied them. But after the moment's pleasure in the new acquisition he was still unsatisfied, thinking as before that his dissatisfaction would be met if he could only get some new this or that or find himself in some new surroundings and conditions. Presently he had these also, but in no long time was still restless and still thinking that if some further desire could be gratified all would be well with him and his life would at last be really in flower.

"But finally in the wanderings of his dream he met a stranger who said to him: 'My friend, you dream and what you are really craving is to *get awake* and come into the joy and sunlight of real life. It is this unrecognised desire that you are trying to satisfy with things that can never meet it. It is the *dream* that is glamoring them over with false promise and giving them their seeming value. Wake! Come forth into life!'" — *An Arabian Fable*

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

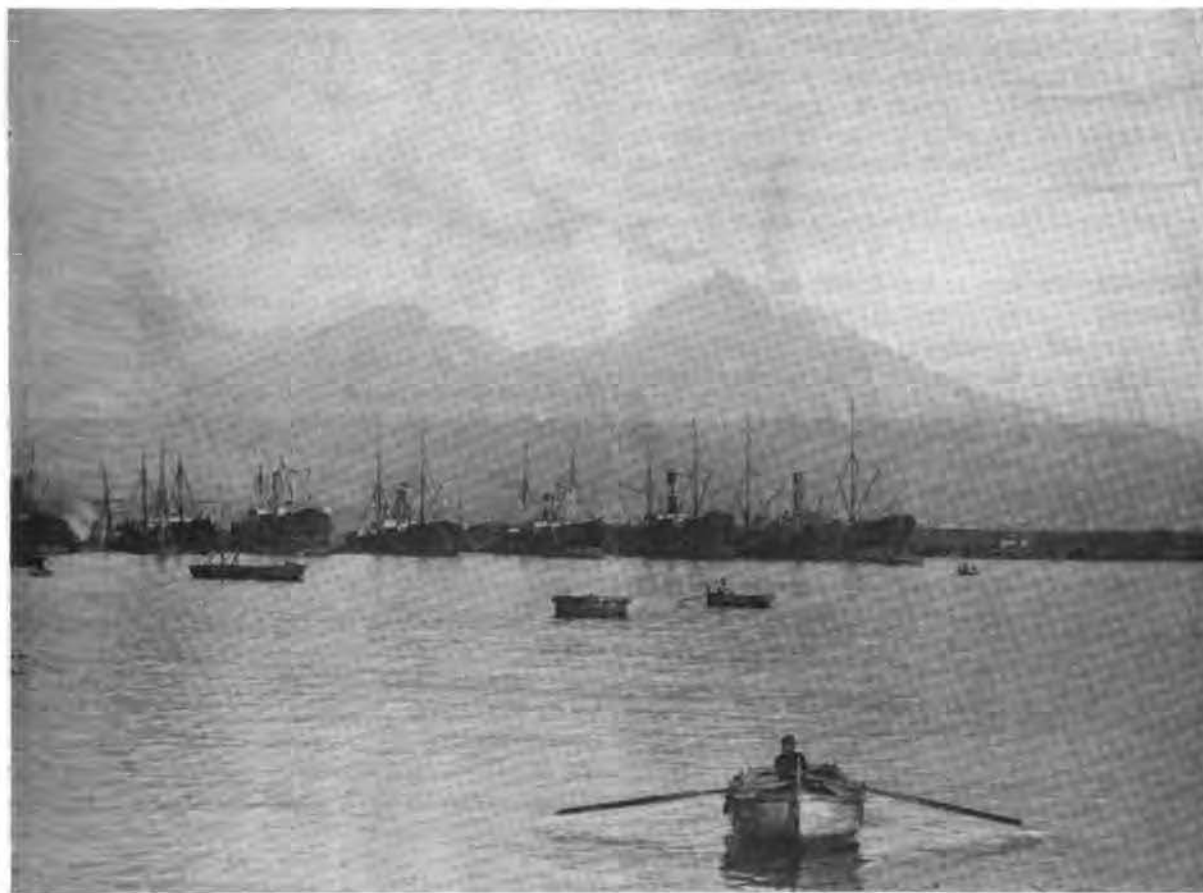
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

MARCH 1920

No. 3



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE MÔLE, NAPLES HARBOR

VESUVIUS began active life in A. D. 63 with a series of earthquakes. It came of age as a volcano sixteen years later and from that day to this has taken a more or less prominent and unpleasant part in Italian affairs. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there were a number of highly spectacular eruptions. On one occasion a lava stream twenty to forty feet thick journeyed four miles in six hours, destroying everything in its path, and on another (in 1872) a shower of great masses of rock was flung four thousand feet into the air. But the people still have their little homes and vineyards on the slope, perhaps hoping that each outburst will be the last.

## Light Ahead, After All

THERE'S an illusion around the early days of a man's prison term which he should look after and clear up. There's no need to let it wear itself out with time. It's just a matter of false arithmetic.

These early days must be a bit grim and black, of course; no denying that. But the newcomer is apt to look on ahead through the years of his term, whatever they may be, and see an endless succession of days as dark and grim as those he's now passing through. This depresses him worse, much worse, and makes the present time — seen through the depression — weigh on him heavier than before. And so he goes on, thinking the future will all be like the present and making the present darker again by this imagined future. It's a vicious circle, and he can do a lot for himself right away by facing the situation in another fashion. If he can see some light ahead he'll find his case ease up at once, lose nine-tenths of its weight and begin to get a touch of live interest about it.

What is the new way to look ahead and find some light there?

You know that everything gets easier and easier with custom, accustomedness to it. Man adapts himself mighty quick to his environment, any sort, and presently takes it for granted. Every day as it passes adds a lot to our accustomedness; that is, whatever unpleasantness is in the new situation has something taken off its weight. Instead of the future days being heavier and heavier they get lighter and lighter because of accustomedness. And at last, I tell you, they're as light as the man's temperament would allow *any* days, wherever he spent them, to be. Very soon here, as everywhere else, it comes to be the man's own temperament and not any conditions outside him that makes the situation for him. Here, as in all possible situations, that's the truth. The moment the unpleasant novelty here is no longer *novelty*, then it's temperament that counts.

And so the real point is, what are we going to make of our temperaments? Fellows don't understand that they can gradually make their temperaments what they like. Suppose there are two men just in with a term of some years. The years pass and both get out. What sort of men *then*? One of them has been fretting all his term that the best years of his life were going from under him and that by the time he got out there'd be nothing much left of him in the way of spring and go, that in fact he'd be a worn-out has-been. He's just let that eat into him all the time, mind and body.

But the other refused to let into his mind for one moment any thought of failing capacities, of wearing out. He's kept hope and will and alertness all alive.

He's thought of the time of release as a time when he'll begin for the first time to do something real. To that end he's studied, sharpened his mind, acquired such knowledge as will serve the purpose he has formed, disciplined himself, and done all he could to better his health.

What do you think will be the difference between the two? — one, living for years with the constant depressing thought of missing his chances, of growing older and older with less and less spring in him; the other, not only with no such thought but with the exact opposite, thinking *more* spring and go and energy into himself all the time, whatever his age; one, with gloom for his companion; the other, with hope and determination.

Now I say that it's open to each of us to change his temperament in a year for the better and towards the best. And if we see that fact and act accordingly, we'll be ultimately even glad of our term here. The man who looks forward to doing that, sees more and more light on his path through his tomorrows, not more and more darkness and weight. Every time he gets alertly to a duty, strict on time, instead of slacking to it three minutes late; every time he gets out of bed sharp on the call instead of as much after the call as he can venture on; every time he crowds out a touch of gloom or surliness with one of hope and friendliness, he's given a touch to his old temperament towards the new one, a touch to his health, a flash to his mind — taken, in fact, a dose of tonic for today that'll tell on tomorrow. That's the idea — touch up every day several times with a view to tomorrow and keep up a general pressure as far as you can right along. It's the *little* things, the little efforts at odd chances that do the business. You know there's lots in the law of cycles. The various sorts of days come around, bright and dark. Most of the brightness and darkness is in ourselves, really, not in conditions. All the phases of our own temperament circle round and come up one after another, and we think it's something in the day, something outside. Now if, when we get a dark phase on, we do something to *bust* it, strike a light there, get on an extra spring just because we feel least like it, say an extra friendly thing to somebody, we've registered the effect of that, and when next that phase comes round it comes *with* the bit of spark and go we put into it. And we put another and another, so that in time that phase is altogether altered and is so full of the strength we have put into it that it now does nothing but help us every time.

All this, being, as I take it, nothing but common sense and the plain fact of the case, and yet not being easy for the newcomer to get on to for himself, is offered to him with the best wishes of a man that did have to get on to it for himself. But it took a long time and that's why he wants to ease things for the next man — good luck to him! REPORTER

## Sweeping Out

THERE is a good deal of resemblance between the workings of mind and body — enough, at any rate, to give us some practical wisdom about the one by studying the ways of the other.

The first morning duty is cleaning up our rooms, sweeping out the dust of yesterday, putting things in order. The worse we left things last night, the more to do in the morning. And sweeping involves raising some dust anyhow and a stir-about of the furniture.

The body, all through, is in the same case and attending to the same business as we in our rooms. There is some stir and confusion all through it as the various organs and the millions of minute living beings that compose the organs open their doors and windows and shake out into the cleansing blood-stream the chemical 'dust' and toxins that accumulated during yesterday's activity. This is the first business for their renewed energies to attend to, and not until it is finished — and it takes a good while — do they settle down to the regular work of the day.

And the mind is doing the same. Who has not noticed that all the mental whim-whams he's got, grievances, snarls, difficulties, all stir up and come forward during the first of the day after breakfast? But finally the confusion clears; we get to our ordinary work; our ordinary mental state has settled in for the day.

So the business of the day goes forward till the evening. In the evening the man puts things a little straight in his room before he sits down for the quiet hours of reading and thinking and rest.

The body does exactly the same thing. All the organs and living cells slack off, quiet down, put the chemical results of their day's work on the shelf to await tomorrow's attention, and begin preparation for sleep.

We should do the same with the mind. All the aforesaid worries, grievances, difficulties, should be put on the shelf and taken no further notice of. Nightly practice soon makes this easy. *Peace* should be the idea. If any of the whim-whams wants to talk about itself and make trouble we should say: "Yes, all right; I'll attend to your case at the proper time, not now. Go to sleep and be quiet." And this especially as we near our sleep-time — peace and the highest thoughts we can, then; a clearing of the brain and an attempt in silence to feel ourselves as souls. A man who puts an indigestible supper into himself at bedtime is going to hear about it from his liver and stomach next day. He may hear about it during the night! He's spoiled the rest and recuperation time of his bodily organs and cells. They've had to work and must consequently do bad work, being tired. There's been fermentation instead of digestion. And the man who lets his mind fill up with

his indigestible difficulties towards bedtime instead of quieting down in peace has done the same. He's spoiled his mind-rest and rebuilding time, and 'next day' — perhaps also in the night — he's going to know it. The indigestible supper is bad for the mind — through the body; and the bad thoughts are bad for the body — through the mind. For these are mates during life and largely dependent on each other's health for their own health. But the difference is that the body always tries to do the best and make for health — its own and the mind's; but the mind by no means always or even often (and sometimes never) tries to do the best for itself. We don't train it rightly at all. From one point of view it's like a suit of clothes taken off at night and put on in the morning. If we throw the suit down anyhow in the dirt and dust it's dirty and dusty and crumpled in the morning. If we shake it out and brush and fold it, it's all nice in the morning. We may note, for instance, that anything we have read at night is among the first things to come forward into our thoughts the next day. It is in the morning that we reap what we sowed at night. It is at night that we may set the rudder for the next day's course. We only need to keep the mind steady during the sweeping-out time, holding inward silence and peace as far as may be for a while, and in that half-hour we can do more for ourselves to come nearer to the great soul life than at any other part of the working day. This is the first step to true self-knowledge and light. STUDENT

## The Roll-Call

I GUESS it's only children, and not all of them, that are right away at their best and brightest the moment they open their eyes in the morning after the night's rest. It ought to be the same with us older folk, but for one reason and another our bodies don't respond like that to the first bugle-call of the sun. We've mostly got to have breakfast before we come fully to ourselves. And if we're smokers we may be dependent on the first whiffs of the weed, too.

"You sure got out of bed the wrong side this morning, honey," the old mammies used to say to the children when they were cross and contrary. "I guess I lit my first pipe the wrong end this morning," an old pal of mine would tell me if he found his temper was inclined to be a bit short. It was his version of the old mammies' saying. One day he followed up his text and let me into a corner of his philosophy of living:

"It's after breakfast the day starts for me and if I can't get a hold on myself then I'm mighty little good after. It's a question of getting a hold on myself or having something else get a hold on me. See? Right after breakfast is a great time and a



great chance, I tell you, if you know what to do with it. The thing *not* to do with it is to start in chattering, either to yourself or anybody else. Get off alone if you can for five or ten minutes and see what's in you. Get your message for the day.

"Ever notice there's two meanings to the word *willing*? 'A willing chap,' we say, meaning *obliging*. But when we say that a man *wills*, that's the other meaning. '*I WILL*': that's a great pair of words if a man puts the right stuff into them — sort of a pledge to his Higher Nature that if it'll do its part for him he'll do his, an invocation to it to come in and spread all through him and stand by him. And with that sounding all through he can get to his work. He's all right now, got the grand keynote sounded in his ears and mind. He's made his own will take a hold on him. He's on the *right* one of the two roads that open every morning in front of each of us. Of course as the day's work goes forward his ordinary day's self will likely close in on him as usual and he mayn't notice anything different to what he was last week or last month, maybe. The gleam of light he got seems to be drowned out. Don't let him be fooled or discouraged. Day after day and week after week, as he keeps on, the drowning out is less and less; he keeps a little more and more hold on himself. And sometime he'll win out. That other, what he's made his morning invocation to and his pledge to, will be here to stay. It's the rest of himself, the best part of him and the biggest, the immortal soul of him. Most fellows don't know there is any such part to 'em, think there's nothing but the part that eats and chatters and grouches, maybe, and wants a good time. I tell you a man's transfigured when he gets to know what he really is — like that swineherd boy in the nursery story that suddenly found he was the king's son and a prince, and the old rags fell off and underneath was the velvet and satin and gold. Next day, maybe, when he woke, the rags was on him again and his swineherd's job to do some more at. But he'd *know*, then, and know that sometime the transfiguration would be a clean, final job. And so he'd have *hope* for his chum from that out and attend to his job better than he ever did before and with a singing heart.

"A man don't become a *man* till he can *will* along the lines of his higher nature."

REPORTER

### Each Man's Trinity

**B**ODY, Soul, and Spirit,—that's our threefold constitution according to Saint Paul.

Most people don't find that this tells them very much. They are with him as far as *body* goes; that much is obvious. But what about Soul and Spirit? There they begin to get a little vague.

Suppose we sight the thing from another angle. First, then, *body*, animal body, animal; for the body is an animal and wants everything that any other animal wants, food, fun, comfort, warmth and all the rest of it.

But of course this animal of ours can *think* in a way that no other animal can. If your dog wants to go out for a run he just wants to. He does not give himself reasons *why* he should go for a run — for instance, that his health needs it. But if we are in the midst of a duty and that much higher animal of ours — the body — wants us to throw the duty over and go for a run, it can give us plenty of reasons why we should yield, sometimes very plausible ones. Our health needs it and we owe a duty to our health; we shall take up our duty better when we get back; the duty isn't really ours at all and some other fellow ought to do it; and so on and so on. We all know the line of reasons that come up in our minds 'of themselves' when it is a question of a pleasure that we know is wrong. If your dog could get inside your mind and make thoughts there with it, if he had access to your mind and could use it, he would get up just such reasons why he should be allowed out for a run through the neighbor's chicken-yard. And because these reasons were made in and with your mind and you presently found them there, you might think they were really your own reasonings.

So our bodily animal differs from any other in that it has access to our minds and can use them, often to our injury. Apart from that it just has wants like any other animal. "I want to, I want to."

Then, secondly, as to *Spirit*. A closer translation of the Greek word which Paul used here is *Breath*, Divine Breath. For the real man of each of us was in Paul's view a divine emanation, a 'Breath' from the *great* Divine. Whatever is right and divine in us is due to the presence of that 'Breath' in us. It gives the musician and poet and artist their thrill of inspiration, delivers it into their minds that it may take there the form and expression, the clothing, by which such men hand their inspiration on to the rest of us and enable us likewise to have some of it.

And it is conscience, that urge which, without reasoning, above the mind, tells us what we ought to do and what not to do. And in some emergency, a fire, a shipwreck, it may suddenly make the common man act like a hero.

So between this divine Breath — the Presence, that which we feel in our highest moments,—and the animal, is the mind, the middle principle, which is at the service of both the other two; though the word used for it by Paul is translated *soul* in our Bibles. Perhaps 'Soul' would have been a better word than 'Spirit' for the *highest* of the three. Then we should have a clear idea of human nature: Soul or the 'Breath'; mind; and animal; the mind being sometimes at the service of the Soul, sometimes (and some-

times in ways and on occasions when it should not be) at the service of the animal. For, as we saw, when an evil tendency prompts us and we resist, we find this animal part using our minds and making reasons therewith why it should be gratified. If a man is morally weak and inclined to yield, any kind of a reason will do to sway him; if he strongly resists from sense of duty or self-respect or for the sake of others, the reasons offered to him by this conscious animal force below will become subtler, more difficult

the animal we have taken a step towards recognising ourselves once more as souls; and in time, by this practice, by aspiration in moments of inner silence, and by constant kindness in feeling and conduct, we can make the recognition complete. Then there suddenly comes an unimaginable peace and joy that will never fade again. STUDENT

### What Are We At? --- a Question for Us All

I DREW a long breath and pulled myself together. Fifteen minutes by the clock! A problem in projective geometry was in front of me. Fifteen minutes ago I had been studying it. Then my mind slipped off along some link to a scene of my childhood and I wondered what had become of those two boys I had gone swimming with that Sunday morning a quarter-century ago. One thing had led to another and, as I said, it was fifteen minutes before I got back to the patient drawing-book waiting for its turn to come round again.

Two hours each night I was giving (theoretically) to geometry and draftsmanship. I wondered what fraction of the time my mind was *really* on the business. But memories running on from that boyhood scene had disturbed me too much and I had to put the book away for the rest of the evening. Geometry interested me, nevertheless, and there were times when my mind would get some

problem in its teeth and never let go for a single moment of a whole evening till I had the solution. If only one could command one's mind and get the power of making it behave in that intensely concentrated way and stay at whatever it was set on — *at will!* And likewise get the other side of the same power — that of making the mind keep *off* any topic one did not want to think of. Perfect mind-command, in fact: how was that to be got?

Mind is the rudder of our ship of life. The ship has to go where the rudder points. Whatever we do is whatever we have first *thought* of doing. Don't think of doing a thing, and you won't do it. To think much of doing anything is the way to be led on to do it, even if you then don't want to. And so there is, with the very few, a straight clean course across the troubled sea of life; with most of us, perhaps, no well-set course at all, often a mere drifting this way



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### THREE HEROES OF THE MOUNTAINS

Only seven of these famous St. Bernard dogs remain, owing to scarcity of food during the war. The breed (a cross between the Danish bulldog and the mastiff) has been kept for centuries by the monks of St. Bernard to assist in the rescue of travelers lost in the snow. Some of them weigh as much as one hundred and fifty pounds.

to answer, more persuasive, till at last vice may come to look like virtue and wisdom. And it is in and with one and the same mind that the conflict goes on, the reasonings one side and the other. So the first step to victory is to understand clearly what is happening, to understand that the reasonings we find in our minds may be energized from below.

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household" as soon as he begins to try and better his life. The animal part in us, being associated with our human intelligence, has borrowed some of that and in moments of temptation is using it to secure a pleasure *we* really know to be wrong. Recognise this and deny a hearing to the selfish, animal claimant, and we begin to take our rightful place and put the foe in his. Then it is no longer a foe but a valuable and necessary servant in our lives. Every time we assert our dignity and use our will in proper restraint of

and that as the wind blows; and with some, a wreck on the rocks. For, except with the very few, the mind is a rudder that won't obey us, or hardly; that does what *it* likes. We haven't attached the ropes of will to it. We have no concentration and therefore no efficiency in our study and thinking. And so, in almost every man's life there come times when he feels as if he would give his right hand *not* to think of something, some painful memory, some anticipation of dread. It is the tragedy of life that we cannot make our chief servant serve us.

But what should we think of a man who yearned to be able to play the violin but never practised, never attacked the difficulties, did not even recognise that practice had to be done? Should we not show him that he must work at the scale and its chords and assure him that only after mastery of that could he let out the music that was in him?

Well, how are we going to take hold of the rudder and break its will and bring it under command? We are captain, steersman, passenger, all in one. *Where do we want to go?* What is our deeper purpose in life underneath our little plannings for today and tomorrow and next summer? Our deeper purpose — *if any?* We ought to write that question on a sheet of paper a yard long and stick it up somewhere where we should see it first thing in the morning and last thing at night and a dozen times between. That alone would do a good deal to steady the mind. The first time we fully faced the blank fact that *we didn't know*, that we hadn't any such purpose, might be the saving moment of our lives, almost a new birth.

What do we want from life? Where do we want to find ourselves? What shall we be glad to have accomplished in ourselves when we actually come in sight of death? These are the questions which, steadily faced for a few moments every night and used every morning to set the compass for the day by, will gradually discipline the mind to the service of high fixed purpose.

The thing is really simple — in statement. Each man has a greater self, the soul of him, living on its own plane its own great life. The personal mind-self of our daily life can reach this if it will point itself that way, without diverging, each day making a step. It is in *silence* that the energy for the step is gathered. It is in interior thought-chatter that this energy is dissipated all day long. Silence is conservation of the energy we need to go forward with. It is in some moment of silence, when we are trying to build up in thought a high purpose, that we shall see the great goal of human life. And we can practise silence by trying to hold the mind upon the duty or the occupation of the moment, the path to efficiency of every kind. It is by this and by noble purpose maintained from day to day that we slowly grow conscious of our immortality. Then the vessel is set head on for the New Land. STUDENT

### The Man with the Inch

MOTHER used to tell us to leave a bit on the plate every meal "for good manners." As a boy it always seemed to me that it would be better manners to leave the plate all nice and scraped and cleaned up. I ~~put~~ the point to her once and she said that in that case the dog had the best manners of us all, for he licked his plate so clean that you couldn't tell that any food had ever been on it. "Leaving a bit is just a sign that you are something more than the dog. Your eating part wants that bit just the same as it wanted each of the other bits. You let it have its turn all the meal. But at the end you step in and say 'Now it's *my* turn' and assert yourself over the eating part. We're all of us made up of a *want* part and a something much higher that ought to control that. Leaving a bit every meal helps you to come to know that higher part, which is really *you*. The want part isn't really you at all."

"There isn't a great deal of difference between one man and another," said an old gardener to Professor James, "but what little there is is very important."

But if this little is very important, then it isn't really little at all. I wonder if there are any little things? An inch is a little thing, measured against a hundred yards. But if the hundred yards is a shooting-range, the inch may be the difference between hitting the bull's-eye and missing it, the prize and no prize. The whole crowd shoots; anybody can do that. It's the man with that little inch that scores.

Look after the inch everywhere if you want to amount to anything. There may be only a couple of minutes between the times that one man and another come to work or get up in the morning. Both equally have to come to work and get out of bed, but one of them has *used* the occasions to taut himself up, exercise himself. In health matters we think a lot of exercise — exercise of body for bodily health, exercise of mind for mental health and growth. Well, it is in these two-minute matters, the all-important 'inch,' that we exercise *self*, the real self, and make *it* grow. Whatever you have to do, take control, assert yourself, put the final inch to the shooting, make the duty serve you at the same time as you serve it. Think of the difference there would be at the end of a few years between two men, one of whom had treated himself right along in that way, and the other had not — difference in character, in will, in mind, even in bodily health; difference between having merely existed and drifted, and actively lived — between having been mere passenger on the vessel and the captain and director of it.

As it is by the little perfecting touches to our duty, unnoticed by anybody, the little acts of self-control and self-energization in conduct, that we gradu-

ally build character, so it is by the little omissions, the little permitted licenses, that character steadily degenerates. And both are so very easy! STUDENT

### Our Duty to the Prisoner

(FROM A RECENT PUBLIC ADDRESS BY  
MME KATHERINE TINGLEY)

UNDER the present régime of so-called correction and redemption we are cultivating criminality, we are adding to the number of criminals, we are injuring the progress of our State and hindering the advancement of our children. Statistics show that in America there is constant increase of criminality, that our criminality as a nation is from ten to twenty per cent. greater than that of the British Empire or Northwestern Europe. Surely we are not in just the position to declare that we are proud of our civilization, in spite of its advance on many lines.

We should rub the word 'punishment' out of our vocabulary and in its place put 'correction' and 'redemption.' To my mind every institution of correction should have the power of redemption within its walls.

Those who are in prison are to a very large extent the victims of circumstances and conditions. They have never been taught that within themselves is the power to redeem, that within themselves is the royal talisman — the key. It is the psychology of condemnation, the psychology of persecution, that has brought us to our present position. We should impose on our legislatures the necessity for such laws that a man can make a mistake and still be a man. If we are to do credit to our humanity, to our Divinity, to our rights as citizens of this great Republic, we must find a way to stem this tide of criminality. We must arouse in ourselves a new order of compassion. There is a better way.

I am trying to use my influence to affect the public mind in behalf of a new expression of justice, a new study of human nature, and a united effort to touch the Legislature with the heart-doctrine, that slowly and surely and in harmony with the laws of our State there may be brought about a resurrection of the spirit of brotherhood, a resurrection of the Christ-spirit. Then the one who makes his mistake will have his chance, and this chance will be so splendid, so compassionate, and so generous, that the correction which our laws at present hope to enforce will be brought about in the twinkling of an eye. For there will be the psychology of the heart-doctrine, the psychology of that sympathy and trust that says: "You are more than you seem; you are part of God's great family; there is within you, as there is within me, this divine spark, and I will not put a stumbling-block in your way."

### What Are You Here For?

IF you've never made another  
Have a happier time in life,  
If you've never helped a brother  
Through his struggle and his strife;  
If you've never been a comfort  
To the weary and the worn,  
Will you tell us what you're here for  
In this lovely land of morn?  
If you've never made the pathway  
Of some neighbor glow with sun,  
If you've never brought a bubble  
To some fellow-heart with fun;  
If you've never cheered a toiler  
That you tried to help along,  
Will you tell us what you're here for  
In this lovely land of song?  
If you've never made a comrade  
Feel the world a sweeter place  
Because you lived within it  
And served it with your grace;  
If you've never heard a woman  
Or a little child proclaim  
A blessing on your bounty —  
You're a poor hand at the game!

— *Chicago Elk News*

### Round By Round

J. G. HOLLAND

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.  
I count this thing to be grandly true —  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.  
We rise by the things that are under feet,  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.  
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper awakes on the pillow of stone.  
Heaven is not reached by a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round. — *Selected*

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## The New Way Quote-book

"BEWARE of desperate steps. The darkest day,  
Live till tomorrow, will have passed away."—*Cowper*

"ADVERSITY is like a cloud — *for it passes.*"—*Byron*

"Do not be disheartened; hug your forces, so as  
to believe in them, and bide your time. It is sure to  
come to those who are faithful to themselves."

— *George Meredith*

"WHAT we've got to do is to keep up our spirits,  
and be neighborly. We shall come all right in the  
end, never fear."—*Dickens*

"ADVERSITY borrows its sharpest sting from our  
impatience."—*Horne*

"IMPATIENCE dries the blood sooner than age or  
sorrow."—*Creon*

"Do not despise your situation; in it you must  
act, suffer, and conquer. Every point on earth is  
equally near to Heaven and the Infinite."—*Amiel*

A MAN need not be afraid of his past if he does his  
best with the present.

IT isn't so often that a man's opinions haven't a  
leg to stand on as that he thinks the one leg is two.

"FOR one flower blooms upon the rock of truth,—  
God is in all our hurry and delay."

— *Francis Ledwidge*

"THE key of yesterday  
I threw away.

And now, too late,  
Before tomorrow's close-locked gate  
Helpless I stand. In vain to pray,  
In vain to sorrow;  
Only the key of yesterday  
Unlocks tomorrow."

(N. B. Today will be yesterday in due course.)

"THE common fluency of speech in many men  
and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter,  
and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of  
language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt  
in speaking to hesitate on the choice of both; whereas  
common speakers have only one set of ideas, and  
one set of words to clothe them in; and these are  
always ready at the mouth; so people come faster  
out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a  
crowd is at the door."—*Dean Swift*

"THEY conquer who believe they can."—*Dryden*

"ANY difficulty, thought of seven times as an oppor-  
tunity, turns into one."—*Japanese proverb*

"OF things which come to us the hardest are the blest;  
They stir the soul, and give to life a zest.  
The things we fear the most, to make our slaves,  
Encountering life as Chiefs among its braves."  
— *F. M. P.*

"EACH of us may rise by his own life to the heights  
of knowledge and power for the good of all who may  
be left behind him."—*W. Q. Judge*

"THE All-Mother never fails to offer to her own,  
twin cups, one gall and one of balm. Little or much  
they may drink, but equally of each."  
— *Ernest Seton Merriman*

"KNOW thine own self aright and thou hast done  
with fears."—*Edwin Arnold*

"IN order to do great things we should live as  
though we were never to die."—*Vauvenargue*

"WHEN we sit lamenting amid the ruins of our  
happiness or our integrity, touch us with the fire  
from the Altar, that we may be up and doing to re-  
build our City."—*R. L. Stevenson*

"ON this plane of ours the Spirit focalizes itself in  
all human beings who choose to permit it to do so."  
— *W. Q. Judge*

"THE conquest of Duty — this is the chief of  
conquests."—*Indian*

"ONE may conquer a thousand men in battle, but  
he who conquers himself is alone the great victor."  
— *Indian*

SOME trees have the sense to drop away their own  
lower branches, that with the sap thus conserved they  
may add to their growth at the top. Why haven't  
we as much sense as that?

OF course one's body gets older with the years.  
But the soul keeps its eternal youth. And so we feel  
ourselves getting older or not according as we are  
at the time nearer to one or the other of these poles  
of our being.

IF a man spent the same attention on interior com-  
munion with his own soul which he now gives to  
imaginary conversation within his own mind with some  
one or other of his acquaintances he could soon be as  
sure of the existence of the one as he now is of the  
other. "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and  
spirit with spirit can meet. Closer is He than breath-  
ing, nearer than hands and feet."



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for Soldiers and Sailors

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MAY 17 1920

The Man who 'keeps a-coming'  
always wins.

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

APRIL 1920

No. 4



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### THE FUNICULAR RAILWAY UP THE SIDE OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, ITALY

This wire-rope railway takes the visitor within 150 yards of the mouth of the volcano.

#### Stepping-Stones

"I SAY, Jackson, your story of 'Handy Capps'\* rather haunts me. Feel as if I almost knew him. Not that he's such a familiar type, either; for most of us use our limitations as excuses

rather than as assets in the business of life. Perhaps that's why we make a botch instead of a success of it. I begin to see how we are apt to get behind our handicaps and feel abused, instead of getting on top of them and using them for stepping-stones to come across on."

"I know how you feel about Andy. It's like this, Arnold. Something deep inside just feels as if you

\*See February number of THE NEW WAY.

had a part in his plucky make-up, as if you had the grit to do what he really did try out. It's odd how we all take sides with the hero, on the stage or in a story, even if our own record is anything but heroic. Somehow the hero seems to picture an unknown part of ourselves — some of the undiscovered country that belongs in every human geography. I suppose it is the lasting part that takes up the game of life each time in a baby body. There is the 'I-am' feeling in everyone that outlasts childhood and grown-up years and old age, and when the body dies it must go right on to new adventures."

"Isn't that what the Chaplain calls the immortal soul, that we ought to get busy and save?"

"Well, I'm satisfied that a fellow is an immortal soul. His soul wouldn't amount to much if it was a loose-jointed appendix, liable to drop off in the sea of existence, like a tadpole's tail. • It is his body that drops off, cell by cell, so we have a new one every seven years, the doctors say. It's a poor immortality rule that won't work both ways — forward and backward. And if we are *immortal*, it must be that we immortally *are*, in a continuous performance of past, present and future."

"If that's the case, we'll have to get busier than ever to save ourselves from making an eternal fizzle, trying to play the game."

"Exactly; but perhaps we are working out some of our salvation here, without knowing it. Maybe a prison is not the worst place to get pried loose from a few handicaps, along with everything else."

"Maybe it isn't; but I'm generous enough to trade my chance with some envious outsider."

"I doubt if you would be any better satisfied, in the end. Somehow the *quality* of conditions in a man's life *belong to him*. He fits into them like his body does into his clothes, only more so, because the tailor made the one while he builds the other up around himself. Even if he moves away and begins anew among strangers, he usually relates himself to the new set of persons and things in the same kind of a way he did those he left behind."

"I believe any prisoner could look back and see the small beginnings of traits in himself which gradually led up to his law-breaking. None of us *planned* to get in prison, of course. But, on the other hand, did we ever really plan to weed out of our make-up the things which needed restraint? Some of us have learned, when it is too late to take the easy way, that if we had gotten ourselves in hand by self-control, we shouldn't be learning discipline from someone else now. It is hard to admit that we took the longer way round, but even now if we just go ahead, we are bound to arrive. There is always another chance in the great scheme of things — there must be."

"In the few years I have been here I have lived through more things in mind and feeling, and got them

settled, than the average outsider does in a long lifetime. So have others here, — some who have suffered the most in confinement. Human nature is the same on both sides of the bars, and suffering leaves one better or worse for it. If it doesn't make you bitter or hard, it makes you broader and better able to understand and sympathize with others. Real sorrow rids you of sentimentality while it enriches your nature with genuine sentiment."

"There are a lot of fine, strong natures wearing stripes, because when they got side-tracked they were like an engine running wild, off the main line. Sooner or later they ran up against the obstructing law, and if the sudden shock did not stun them, the jolt often woke them up, more or less. The output of good energy which gets prisoners into trouble would make for good citizenship, if society knew how to salvage its human accidents. Meantime, nothing hinders us from taking a hand at our own cases. We have less distractions here than elsewhere, plenty of time to study our human nature, and no flattery to deceive us about the best and the worst in ourselves."

"What riles me is the fact that a big fraction of society that throws stones at us is living in glass houses."

"True; the average outsiders worry about the insiders as much and as little as we did before we arrived here. But that 'is another story.' I came in feeling bitter enough against everyone, though I was guilty, all right, of privately borrowing the bank funds. I was put in a cell with an uneducated pickpocket from the slums. I thought it was more self-respecting to answer his cheery 'Hello, pard,' rather stiffly than to mix too closely with common criminals. He took the hint. His good-natured face did not change a bit; but a look in his eyes showed that he knew what I had never realized, that *I was a snob*, and he was *sorry* for a *man* with so *childish* a fault. It struck me like a flash that in spite of his rough body and bad breeding, the man himself was more mature and bigger and better stuff than I was. He actually made me think of my mother, — she was always so patient and cool and dear inside, even when we children hurt her the worst. She seemed wise and big enough to see quite through me and to think all around me, and to know that, in time, I would see things differently. If she had lived, I might not have taken the long way round; but just her memory is a living legacy that has helped me to help myself."

"To go back to my cell-mate. He turned away and sat down to puzzle over his evening's lesson in the second reader, and I dropped down on the cot, thinking of myself in a new light. Looking back, I could see that snob streak in me even as a boy, when I tried to patronize Andy, because I looked better and knew more about books than he did. I was a snob, at heart, in college, but I covered it up more cleverly. And it was my trying to cut as wide a swathe as the

best of the young set that got me so deeply into debt that I took the bank's money. As boy and man I had played false with myself. It made me sick to see how I had woven a web around myself with a hundred little tricks and traits. I did not sleep any that first night, but by morning I was ready to take my medicine like a man, and to cure myself of my pet weakness."

"Certainly no one else in our sanitarium ever found out that you were a confirmed snob. That would be about the last thing they would suspect."

"Well, if I have cured myself, I can thank that quiet look from my untaught teacher of the slums. His conditions had always been so mean and poor and narrow, that to make life worth anything at all he just *had* to mine some of the riches of his own nature. A man don't have to preach if he is the living truth himself. His life is his best sermon." L. R.

✽

#### Now's not the Time for that!

**M**EN will take a lot of trouble to train themselves in Spanish, shorthand, surveying, engineering, or what not, in order to be fitted for the work they intend to enter upon. But they don't often give much attention to the training of the *mind itself* wherewith they have to learn all these things. Yet if they would go the right way to get it under control, they would not only multiply their efficiency many fold but also open out possibilities of growth they have never dreamed of. And this work can be kept in progress all through the course of our ordinary day's duties, studies and recreation.

The mind is never still. We don't have any trouble to keep it moving. The point is that its moving or thinkings shall be useful to us instead of useless or injurious. It is no very hard job to keep your horse on the main road. He has been trained so that it does not even occur to him to whisk into the hedge or bolt wildly up a side lane. But it occurred to him all the time when he was a colt, and every time it occurred to him he did it. Training him consisted in gradually making him not even *think* any more of leaving the track. His movements are now in a straight line *onward*, none of them and no time wasted in side-jaunts. That's the kind of mind we want, a mind to which side-thoughts don't even momentarily occur.

But now observe how very little of this sort of training we have ever given to our minds, how far they are from having lost even the wish to wander from the line of thought or work upon which we have placed them. As we look up from the book we are studying, almost everything that the eye falls on — and without looking up, every sound that we hear —

starts a little side-jault of thoughts, any one of which may extend to a journey that requires ten minutes to come back from. And besides the thoughts that are suggested in this way there may be others that come up from the depths apparently without any suggestion at all. In a word, we are all of us more or less the victims of mind-wandering and therefore to that extent short of our possible efficiency. Few of us realize how serious, even in the best of us, is our lack of mind-control.

Let us note some of the most ordinary occasions of mind-wandering and consequent dissipations of mental energy.

When we have accomplished a satisfactory bit of work and passed on to the next duty, the mind likes to hark back to it and get some more of that satisfied feeling at what was done. No small part of our constant failure to measure up to the *now*, to answer its call and live it fully, is due to this.

And in the same way we run forward in thought from what is in hand to a piece of work or a pleasant experience that is coming. These light jaunts forward and backward, never checked, going on hour by hour, sum up to a pretty large total of inefficiency in the course of a year! And then there are memories of the little events of yesterday or last week, recalled snatches of conversation, and an almost constant undertone of imaginary conversation with various absent acquaintances.

All this, or most of it, is of course easily stopped. *Not the time for that now*: a literary friend told the writer that he kept that sentence written on a sheet of paper pinned to the wall over his desk. It was what he said to his mind whenever it got off the work in hand on to some interesting sidetrack,— an outing he was going to have, something he was going to buy, a letter he would write, and so on, and so on.

But there are matters more difficult to keep the mind from than those: thoughts energized by intense desire, bitter regret, disappointment, anger. With these it seems impossible to do anything. We must, apparently, just submit and suffer till, for the time, they have had their fling.

So there is a whole scale of mind-wanderings, from little ones easily checked up to those against whose power we are now helpless.

But the helplessness is only habit. We have never even thought of treating our minds as we treat the young horse we are training, gradually forcing in upon them once for all the idea that they must not wander from the straight road, saturating them with it.

As in every other acquirement we must begin at the easy end. *Not the time for that now*: the more we exercise the power of saying that, the more the power grows. It can be successfully used at last in the worst cases so that *any* line of thought can be shut off at once and, if desirable, altogether. A wrong or injustice or insult can be brushed aside in a moment and

peace regained. And when peace can be regained in a moment it is only another step for it never to be disturbed even *for* a moment.

It is a fact that in proportion as we get into the mind the idea that it must not wander, it not only becomes infinitely more efficient as an instrument for thought and study and practical achievement, but also becomes capable of understanding what life is for and what is its goal and its ultimate possibilities. It is only our instability of mind that makes this knowledge so difficult to gain. In the effort to hold the new peace of heart there is a steady growth of character and dignity. Mean and petty things we once did without a thought of shame, become impossible to us. We become strangers to fear of any sort and less and less at the mercy of outward conditions. For the inner life, the life of the soul, is becoming known to us. And in some moment of silenced thought, thought silenced in aspiration at night or in early morning, this inner, greater life can be found in its completeness.

So for every reason, of efficiency, of character, of health, let us learn to say to the mind: *It is not the time for that now* — sometimes adding: *and never will be!* And then enforce the order. STUDENT



### Exercising all over

“**I** MAKE it a rule to exercise myself all over first thing every morning.”

Two men were chatting together as they walked down the street. That was the sentence I happened to catch as they passed me. It stayed with me for the day as some casual sentence like that sometimes will. My mind took it up and presently began to make more and more of it.

The man was talking of his muscles, of course. But there's more to a man than his muscles. For one thing there's his mind. I wondered what I should have to do if I decided to exercise my *mind* 'all over.' If exercise is good for the *body* and necessary to its health, exercise of some sort must be equally necessary to the *mind* for its health. And just as I had to separate mind from body in considering this question of exercise, I found also that I had to separate *myself* from my *mind*. For since I can make the mind think of what I choose and stop it from thinking of anything I don't want it to think of, I must be its boss — something separate from it. How, then, can I exercise *myself*? It seemed to me that if my body must have its exercise for its health, and my mind its exercise (though of a different sort) for its health, I must equally need exercise of still another sort for *my* health. There must, in fact, be three very different departments of health and of exercise, and yet somewhat dependent upon each other. For you could not

have a *perfectly* healthy mind without at any rate some measure of health in the body, nor perfect health in the body with an unhealthy mind. And I argued that likewise neither of these two could be strictly healthy unless *I* were, and that all three departments of exercise were equally desirable to make a thoroughly good job of the health proposition.

Then it became obvious that *I* was the guiding will in the whole concern. I, when going into action as director of the other two, was *will*. If I let the body and mind do as they liked I was certainly not in action, but rather like a man sitting in an auto with his hands by his side instead of on the wheel. I was only in action and taking exercise for *myself* when I was guiding and controlling and compelling or restraining these two other parts of my total make-up. This, therefore, was the third kind of exercise.

And from there I began to get the clue to real living in real strenuous health.

Making the body go through the proper exercises, whether it wanted to or not—that was me at work, me getting into action as will. Keeping alert all the time, smart on time everywhere, out of bed on the minute, always a smart walk instead of a slouch—that also was me taking my exercise. Keeping a friendly, cheerful look all the time — ditto. Keeping a friendly, cheerful feel inside — that's a pretty hard bit of exercise sometimes. Well, it seemed to me that doing that even five minutes, even one minute, at the times when I felt least like it, was quite a profitable bit of exercise all to itself. And it was and is. I felt the better for it all day in mind, body and *me*. Ditto a friendly bit of help I gave anyone, a lift in a difficulty, even a mere friendly word. The less I felt like doing it, the better bit of exercise it was to make myself do it. Any bit of self-restraint, I found, however small, did the same, gave a kind of higher energy, glow, satisfaction, self-respect. The same with not letting myself feel put out if I couldn't get something I wanted.

This exercise of self is a great thing, greatest thing in the world. You see fellows educated up to the notch in everything — university fellows, cultured to the limit in music, literature, art, science, and all the rest of it, and yet with no more moral self-rulership like I've been talking of than a yellow dog—selfish, loose, sensual, unable to master a single impulse. Reason? Never been taught healthy exercise of *self*. *Mind*-exercise, plenty; often bodily exercise in plenty, too; but no exercise of self, no will to put up against their noxious and ruinous desires. And in time, for lack of this, they lose all the benefits they got from exercise of the parts they did exercise — the body and mind. Isn't that just what a 'degenerate' is? A full degenerate is just a case of altogether unexercised self. And the highest sort of man you can think of, the noblest, is just a case of altogether and constantly exercised self. It's never too late

to begin that, and the results begin to come right off from the start. I guess a man that's exercised *himself* don't have anything to worry about when death comes along. He can give the password, go through duty-free.

STUDENT

### Diary and Journal---What the Difference Is

A DIARY has its uses, a record of what you do or what happens to you each day.

To the word *journal* we will give another meaning. There must be something happening every day that you would put down in a *diary*. If you have got something every day worth putting into a *journal* you are getting on. For we will make *journal* mean a record of real thoughts, not thoughts about personalities, your own or anyone else's, but about life.

Every man has a philosophy, and a fine one, good to live by, buried in him. From time to time a scrap of it comes up in his mind for a moment as a fine and valuable thought. Men who have most suffering to meet get more of these by far than men who have an easy time. There are several causes for the suffering in human life, but one of the chief causes is this:

We sometimes speak of the *path* of life, and quite rightly. The overwatching and indwelling Divinity of life intends that life shall be *progress*, onward, upward, for each of us—up to heights we do not now dream of. On this path we all get delayed by undue attachment for certain things or doings—not necessarily wrong ones, perhaps just pleasant ones. But as soon as they fill up too much of our attention, or require too much planning to achieve them, our attachment to them becomes an obstacle to our best interests, our progress. And so there comes a time when they are cut off and can no more be had. Then there is a suffering which is in proportion to the attachment. Suffering is suffering, but it begins at

once to call out power, our power to be independent of any outward thing or condition. It gradually stirs up the deeper parts of our mind so that we get thoughts from the center where there is in all of us a true understanding of life and its meaning.

It is these that we should look out for and record daily, putting them down in our fewest and clearest words. The respect we thus show them, the welcome

we give and the look-out we keep for them, will open up the way for more and more of them. We should not show the journal to anyone else, or hardly anyone. If we were to do that we might presently find that we were writing with a view to showing what we had written. It would lose its value, be less honest, less real, less close to the thought—even quite artificial and useless.

Suppose such a journal were kept for a year, not a word of it touching upon personalities or recording any outward happening at all, only thoughts about life, about the way to live, the meaning of life, its lessons, our highest ideals of conduct, some of them coming from within ourselves, some of them, perhaps, met with in the course of our reading. This journal would be the record of our growing inner life, and each thought, as we looked



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

### THE GREAT CHINESE TEACHER CONFUCIUS

Born about 550 B.C. He set before his countrymen the ideal of 'The Princely Man,' exhorting all to aim at it.

back to it from week to week, would itself be found to have grown and suggested others. Do you not think that by the end of a year we should have deepened our natures, widened our outlook, come to understand much that was formerly dark, and got sight of the true and highest path to travel by? The effect on character would be that we should have become softened, kindlier to others, much less touched and disturbed by any outward happenings, more even and self-controlled, more peaceful, surer of the companionship of our souls and surer of our immortality. Life is a teacher and will teach those who prepare themselves to learn.

Some may find at first that they cannot get any sort of thought worth putting down. Their own minds



seem to furnish nothing. Well, other minds often help us to our own. It is still *your* journal, the record of *your* thoughts, even if at first every thought is copied from a book — provided it expresses what you feel to be an inspiring and valuable truth. It answers to your own best nature and calls it out.

So whilst the *diary* is the record of temporary outward happenings that merely concern the personality, the *journal* is the record of the gleams of light one has found coming in upon him or down to him from his soul. It is a man's best communings with himself. See if you can make a journal, just a sentence or two at a time at the close of each day or whenever anything occurs to you. STUDENT

### Stirring up the Bats

“THIS ‘meditation’ you speak of, trying to find the soul in the silence of the last few minutes before sleep, I get nothing but trouble out of it.

“It’s this way. It does sometimes seem to me that for a minute or two I get a touch of something that’s beyond myself — a sort of a light, you might say. Gone presently, yes; but that isn’t the point. The point is that I feel worse right away, all the cussedness of me straight to the front, all the low-down thoughts and plans crowding in to the limit. What do you make of that?”

“Make of that? Why it means you’re succeeding in your job! What happens when you let daylight into a belfry? General stir-up of all the bats and rats and cockroaches in the place, isn’t there? But it’s the *light* that stirred ‘em up. A blind man might know some light had come in, just because of the stir, mightn’t he?

“Same with all the low things in a man’s nature. As soon as he lets in some light they start up and get his attention right away. And the mistake he’ll make is to bother himself about them. Let him keep his attention as much as he can on the light, not on them, and let in *more* light, all he can. The more the stir, the more the bats and rats, the more he knows he’s succeeding. These things will *get out* sooner or later and leave the place full of the light. Looked at in this way it seems to me the worse a man feels after an effort to let the light in, the more light he *has* let in. The first thing he notices is that just *because* there’s some light he can now see his ‘bats’ and low-downness in general. Couldn’t see it so as to appreciate its full lowness before. Don’t give way. Keep letting light in all you can, time after time, regularly, right along. In time these things will look so ugly even to themselves that they’ll clear right out and quit. Which is the same thing as to say that the more a man goes after the light the more his lower tendencies become distasteful to him,

cease to pull on him. He comes to like to feel clean and self-respecting. And as these things know perfectly well (better than he does!) that after a while they won’t be able to run him any more or have any hold on him, that he is about to outgrow them — why, they begin to get frantic and desperate. Their end is in sight, in their own sight, and they propose to make a fight for their place. ‘Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees’: see the idea? But before ‘Satan’ gets to *trembling* he puts up this fight, calls up his reserves, tries to make the man think the fight is hopeless, that the enemy was never so strong before.

“Don’t get fooled. There’s no more ‘Satan’ now than there was before. It’s simply that the light’s on him and he’s scared for his position and trying to make you hopeless or scared too. Good signs all. Keep on calling in the light, letting it in. Take no notice how things look or how it happens to feel up there in the belfry. The more hopeless the case looks the more business you’re doing. It’s the man that rides fastest that kicks up most dust about him. Get that little spell of peace and light and inner silence; live that minute or two in it before you lie down at night (and any other time too), and be sure that the more the stir-up of any kind the better you’re doing. The outcome of it all? Light and peace and certainty, and the power to show others too the way to their souls, the way of the soul, the New Way. Every day is a day nearer victory.” STUDENT

### Keep on Keeping on

(From an article by D. H. Colcord, in *The Scientific American*, entitled ‘The Scientific Reason for Failure’)

DID you ever study the reasons why you are apt to make mistakes to a greater extent after you have learned a new act than at the beginning? Thousands of men and women get discouraged on a new job and quit, whereas, if they understood the nervous adjustment that was taking place in their new environment, they would understand their fits of blues and ‘stick’ until they had found their new work easy and pleasant.

I knew a young man that applied for a position as a press-feeder in a large publishing house. . . . In three weeks he came to the office and wanted to quit. He said that he was not cut out for a press-feeder, and that he was thoroughly discouraged. I was surprised, as I had noted his progress during the first two weeks, and he seemed to be getting along in splendid fashion. He admitted that everything was easy to learn at first, but on the third week it seemed impossible for him to feed the paper into the presses without spoiling it. He said that he got so



nervous that it was impossible for him to keep his head in any sort of an emergency. He quit, and I have never heard from him since. His case is typical of thousands in every line of industry. A certain nervous and mental readjustment was taking place during the third week, which he did not understand and over which he had no control. . . .

As a matter of fact our lives are so ordered that about ninety-five per cent. of all our sensations and actions are the same day after day and are habits. It is a fact that man is a creature of habit.

Put a man in a new environment and all of his old habits are broken up and he must learn new ones. The change is stimulating at first — it acts upon us as does a vacation among new faces. The boy spoken of above found the new work at the press interesting at first, and he succeeded in doing well what he attempted to do because he was attending to every action. He was not depending on habit. Very few of his old habits would serve him here.

At the end of the second week the novelty of the new job began to wear off and he began to feel that the motions he went through to put the paper in the press had become habits. He thought he had the job learned. In his old environment he did a lot of the mechanical tasks without attending to them and had no trouble. On the third week he relaxed his attention and tried to let habit do the work. Habit failed to act for him because it was not thoroughly formed. If he had held his attention to the work at hand *one more week*, it would have been fixed and the new adjustment would have been made. When he relaxed, things began to go wrong.

If the reader wants to see just how the nervous system is affected by a change of environment let him deliberately form some new habit and observe its growth. He will find that there is a 'dangerous' period, when he thinks that the habit is formed, and it is during this period that mistakes and discouragement come.

### How to Live Easily

WE all know that what a man's thought is much fixed upon — say a grievance or some particular form of pleasure — will grow in his mind till it is out of all reasonable proportion to its real importance. It *runs* him. Well, why do we not recognise that the amount of thought we have given to our personalities — I, I, I — has likewise made them grow in our minds out of all reasonable proportion? They *run* us.

Now if that is the rights of the matter, *who are we that are thus 'run'?* And we find that we cannot answer this question just because our attention is

so entirely tied up with this overgrown thing that swamps us and runs us.

"Mammie, how are you always so cheerful whatever happens to you?" asked a Southern girl of the old darkey cook. "You're singing and laughing all the time."

"Why, Missie," she said, "I jes' wears myself and this world like an old loose, easy-fitting garment."

If we would wear our personalities like that and live happily in the light we should soon find out who and what we really are. This false *I, I*, (not the real *I* at all) would shrink to its proper size and importance, and we should care much less what happened to it or how it was treated or even mis-treated. STUDENT

### The Man Who Sticks

CHARLES R. BARRETT

THE man who sticks has this lesson learned;  
Success doesn't come by chance — it's earned  
By pounding away; for good hard knocks  
Will make stepping-stones of the stumbling-blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot fail;  
That no ill fortune can make him quail  
While his will is strong and his courage high,  
For he's always good for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride  
To jump to the front; he is satisfied  
To do ev'ry day his level best,  
And let the future take care of the rest.

He doesn't believe he's held down by the boss —  
It's work, and not favor, that 'gets across.'  
So his motto is this: "What another man  
Has been able to handle, I surely can."

For the man who sticks has the sense to see  
He can make himself what he wants to be.  
If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in —  
Why, the man who sticks can't help but win!

— American School of Correspondence

"LET the close of each day cast a band of gold over thy life, the pure gold from the furnace of thy reflexions. There is no magic, O disciple, greater than this alchemy."— *Egyptian precept*

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### The New Way Quotebook

"EVERY hour resolve steadily, like a Roman and a man, to do the work in hand with true dignity, kindness, freedom and justice; and to disengage your mind from other and disturbing thoughts. Such freedom shall you gain, if you perform each act as if it were your last, without shrinking, aversion, or fretting at your lot."—*Marcus Aurelius*

#### I KNOW

"*I know* that this Day will never come again. Therefore I will make it the best Day in which I have ever lived.

"*I know* that Happiness is a thing within and that it is always in the world and very near to me. *I know* I have but to search for it and that as soon as I begin to hunt it out I have it. Also, *I know* that as soon as I get Happiness and begin to give it away, it comes back doubled — and more, to me.

"*I know* that work is a stimulus and that it keeps the world alive and moving. *I know* that the people who work with Love in their Hearts and interest in their Brains are the real Doers and Benefactors of Mankind. *I know* that I can be a Doer and Benefactor.

"*I know* that Life is exactly what I make it. *I know* that other people and other forces can influence my life at Work only as I allow it. *I know* that I am young if I live Youth; *I know* that I am happy if I live Happiness; *I know* that I am Worth While if I attempt and accomplish Worth-while things.

"*I know* that the greatest thing I can ever do is to do my Best at all times and under every circumstance."

— *George Matthew Adams*

"THERE comes at last a time for all of us when we perceive that life is very short. Each Saturday comes along closer and closer upon the heels of the one before. If we encourage this sense of life's shortness we presently get the power to discriminate between things really important and things that have no real importance. And so, by following up the former we can get the Great Light into our lives — which is the great achievement — after it had begun to seem to us that we were now too old for any achievement at all!"—*C.*

"OVER the ocean of eternity the days break and the nights fall silently, while the tides of Life heave, surge and crest, then recede into peace.

"Amid the turbulence of the running tides, become as the Deep; listen if you will hear its harmonic theme toning through the ebb and flow of life; gain its harmony, returning home with the tide."—*F. M. P.*

"REGARD every apparent failure after real effort, as a success, for the real test is in the effort and motive and not in the result."—*W. Q. Judge*

"PARDON my taking the liberty of saying that you are apt to live longer if, when bedtime comes, you say your prayers. . . . Whatever gods you worship, your beliefs are the bases of your character and conduct, and however feeble and neglected they may be, they are, next to the affections, the best things about you, and the best you have so far been capable of. But you are capable of better, and if, at the close of every day, you will for a few moments meditate over them seriously, and try to bring your soul into sympathy with all the soul there is, your faith will grow, and so will your strength and usefulness and happiness and length of days."—*From an interview with the octogenarian publisher, Mr. Henry Holt*

"I HAVE little sympathy for triers, slackers, and whiners. I prefer the doers. Providence and nature intended every normal human being to render the service for which he is fitted. It has been proved time and again that the normal man has in him the latent capacity for far greater things than he accomplishes in his daily routine. It is only a question of arousing the capacity and establishing the habit of putting it to its best uses constantly."—*Luther Burbank*

#### DON'TS FOR WORKERS

"DON'T be afraid to make one last real effort after many failures — for it is the one that most often makes the lasting success.

"Don't worry about your work, for worry expends more energy than the hardest kind of work.

"Don't keep tab on your neighbor's work; you cannot run his job and your own at the same time.

"Don't laugh at another man's weakness or stupidity. If you hunt carefully you may find some of your own.

"Don't worry if you are not advanced quickly — the man who goes up like a sky-rocket often falls like a crash of thunder.

"Don't worry wherever you are put in this world — remember it is you who decides if you are to have a fighting chance.

"Don't apologize for your mistakes, and don't make the same mistake a second time.

"Don't tell a man what you can do, but show him, for it saves both his time and yours.

"Don't carry your troubles on your face, for it is only a laugh and a smile that improves work.

"Don't try to succeed by schemes: they are too full of snares — hard work is a slower but surer road.

"Don't neglect the small things about your work, for one small thing usually mars the whole."

— *Santa Fé Magazine*

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

MAY 1920

No. 5



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## ABBOTSFORD FROM THE RIVER TWEED IN SCOTLAND

Built by the great novelist Sir Walter Scott for his own residence. His stories are as fine as his house.

### How's all at Home?

"A MAN'S foes shall be they of his own household." I've heard sermons galore on most every sermonable text in the Bible, but I don't remember ever hearing one on that. And yet it's worth a deal of thinking on.

As it stands there in Matthew, spoken to the disciples, it meant that any man who accepted the

new religion they were to go out and preach, would find his family all up against him.

But a man's got a still more intimate 'household,' made up of all his tendencies and habits, and when he decides upon a new line of thought or conduct of any kind he'll find some of his old tendencies in the way. He'll have to make up a new household, composed of tendencies favorable to his new line. And he must back up these new tendencies till they can

hold their own against those they are to replace.

And right there one of the deepest facts in human nature comes into view. It's inertia, the tendency of a thing to keep on of itself once it's been started.

I was pretty far gone once on the drinking line — had the time of my life getting over it. Didn't know what a clutch it had on me till I tried to cut loose from it.

From a certain point of view a man isn't in the clutch of a habit till he wants to get free of it. Till then it's *himself* doing the thing. He wants to do it and he does it. At the time of doing it he's all one with the want.

But when he tries to get free he finds that the want has got a life and a will of its own now, got from him, from his life and will, while he was at one with it. And it comes in on him from time to time and overpowers his new want — his want to be quit of it. So that *against his will* he finds himself once again wanting what he doesn't (now) want. A paradox all right, that! This old want can do some thinking and planning in its own way, too, the bit of mind necessary for this having also been given it by him in times past. He'll now and then find a neat little plan how to gratify this desire come all suddenly into his mind along with the desire itself, a plan evidently thought out by it while he was thinking of something else, maybe finds it in his head all ready first thing when he wakes in the morning.

Here's a foe in his own household. And to cure the habit he's got to get back into himself the life and will and mind that the 'foe' got from him when it was all one with himself, or he all at one with it.

The way for this is to start another habit and let the two fight — he always backing the new one. When I was getting through this drink business, every time the crave came along I'd steadily think for three or four minutes how I'd be feeling the morning after; what sort of a weakling I'd then be seeing myself as for having let myself be run; how glad I'd be, looking back from then, to find I'd won out and kept my self-respect and held my will; how generally useless and noxious this thing was; how I'd been at it year after year and never got a gleam of real good out of it; and all that. I'd try to feel myself *bigger* than that thing, anyway.

Well, I never went down under the thing till I'd thought some thoughts like all them. Failed a plenty, of course. But this new habit, thinking of myself as too big for the old thing, as free from it and self-respecting, got at last a life of its own, and as soon as one came up in view, so did the other — and me backing the other. And in the end he won out, this new fellow, weakened the first one till it was just a shadow, all limp, mere suggestion rather than impulse, mere memory of what I *used* to do. But I knew even then that if I gave him a show he'd be right on deck again, pretty near as lively as ever. When the game

got that far I never did give him another show and I guess he's dead now, and no lamenting tears I tell you from yours truly.

And so you get the idea of what it means that a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He made his household little by little, yielded to little rotten habits till they got big and strong. But if he doesn't like the look of his household, if one or another member of it has got him into disgrace,— why it's open to him to gradually starve them, create some new members and grow 'em up bigger and bigger till they clean out the old lot. Any man that chooses can have the finest sort of a household inside him, gifted in all sorts of ways and hatching out the finest sort of thoughts all the time and clean fine conduct to correspond. His household is his ally. HOUSEHOLDER

### Around the Lumber-Camp Fire

THERE had been some little half-baked talk about the stars as we sat smoking in the moonlight after supper. I forget what started off old philosopher Pete on one of his spoken ruminations, but he presently said:

"It's a queer view of the universe most men carry round in the back of their minds: — millions and millions of great suns, each doubtless with his set of planets; and of the whole lot only *one* planet of *one* of these suns bearing life! Still, we may be grateful that some few extra-daring astronomers do doubtfully suggest that *perhaps* one more planet — little Mars — in this one favored system of ours, may be alive. Why, boys, there's a Living God in the midst of it all! How do you think a Living God, even if he wanted to, could produce out of his own Life anything that wasn't living? There can't be any life in the sea, a man might say. Anything living would die in a minute for want of air. But it happens that there *is* life there, adapted to just that state of things. Likewise there can't be any life on Mercury or Venus because those planets have no atmosphere and the sun's heat would at once roast to death anything living. But it may happen that there *is* life there adapted to just those conditions. Even on this earth there are forms of plant-life that flourish in the nearly boiling water of some geyser springs.

"I lay on the hillside the other Sunday afternoon and looked at the brown dead earth. A few large ants ran across. Then I looked closer and saw many much smaller ants, hardly visible. And so I got out my pocket-glass, and behold, a lot of still smaller life came into view! And the soil had a whole lot of almost microscopic seeds scattered through it, all alive and waiting for their chance when the rain should come. And I knew that if I took a microscope I should see that the very smallest forms of life, and these specks

of seeds, were full of inconceivably small germs, living on them inside and out. Why would the thing stop there? Wouldn't the germs have in them — and perhaps even consist of — still smaller living items? And these living items would be composed of various combinations of the ultimate atoms that chemistry deals with. If, then, these atoms, *in their combinations*, are alive, why aren't they alive in a simpler way *before* they make the combinations? How could dead things, merely because combined, make live things? Moreover, just as plants of the same general sort all differ a little from each other, and no two sweet peas are quite alike, and no two members of the same brood of puppies, and no two spawn of the same salmon, so too science is beginning to find out that there are differences among the atoms of even the same elements — gold, say, or lead or iron. There are signs that change and evolution are slowly going on among them just as they are going on all the time in germs and plants and ants and animals. I tell you the whole universe is alive and moving and evolving, down to the last speck that no microscope will ever be powerful enough to see. It's evolution by combination. A dozen different sorts of atoms combine in their millions to make a germ, with a higher sort of life. And half a million germs combine to make some little speck of a plant floating in the sea or sitting on a raindrop in the curl of a big leaf. And a few thousand of such as these make up the leaf itself, combined into a life that much higher. And the whole tree is a combination. And the body of a worm or a man is a compound of millions and millions of simple living units like you see with a microscope swimming free like specks of living jelly in a drop of dirty, weedy water from the pond. Always combination and combination, and so more and more life and higher. For the God back of it all has plenty of life from *his* limitless store of it to spare!

"And we humans might take the hint and do a bit more combining among ourselves, have a bit more active brotherhood, that is, so as to get more life into us. Combining is the one necessary condition for receiving more life. We've got families, yes; a little grouping in towns and states, perhaps; even in nations. Very feeble, so far. But the grand combination of all men with all men into one great living brotherhood — we're not in sight of it yet. Our *souls* have brotherhood, each with all the others. *They've* reached it. But we don't live the life of our souls. We live fighting and quarreling and envying and grabbing. That's why the word 'soul' don't mean anything much to us. We haven't *been there*. The

Kingdom of Heaven would be right here on earth if we knew enough to live like brothers. And then when a man's body was worn out and needed taking to pieces for repairs and re-assembling, he'd just take the next that was ready and romp right in again among the boys.

"But maybe I'm getting too far ahead for some of you fellows. It's the philosophy of *life* I'm talking, and the word 'death' don't appear in it from cover to cover — 'cept in inverted commas. It's the contrary of modern science where it's the word 'life' that's mostly adorned with the commas." REPORTER

### The Doctor's Religion

"A MAN'S life will never amount to much unless he lets God into it. *His* God, I'll say; that is, as much of God as he's big enough to understand."

After he'd done with your case and given you your medicine, the old doctor would sometimes get off on subjects at large. As he was a good deal of a thinker in his way and a good talker, he could be very well worth listening to.

I forget what led him around to religion this morning, but he finally got off the sentence I've quoted. I was an agnostic, myself, at that time, and rather proud of it, but his talk gave me a light that has

meant a good deal for me since.

"How can a man know," I said, "that his imagination of God corresponds to any reality? In all ages men have imagined to themselves a God which suited their own ideas. And the ideas have been different with different men and peoples all the way back through history."

"Maybe, maybe; but their having different ideas does not prove that there is no God. It only shows that while they all felt in their hearts that there was, felt the Presence there, they tried to make some idea in their *minds* to formulate what they were feeling."

"Have you made one?"

"Did you never?"

"Well yes, I suppose I have; several, come to think of it. I took over the one they furnished at Sunday School, first. Outgrew that later and got another. Outgrew — or out-thought — that and altered it. That game went on for some years till at last I got on to what I said just now — that men make their own God and no one really *knows* a thing about it."

"Men have always had different notions of *right*,



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SIR WALTER SCOTT



haven't they, different with different men and times?"

"Sure; just the same thing there."

"But the point is, that back of the different kinds of conduct that different people or peoples have thought right — pretty often mistakenly, no doubt — there was the notion of *rightness itself*, a feeling they were trying to satisfy by this or another sort of conduct. What was this feeling of rightness back of the conduct they were trying to measure up to it with?"

"They only did what they thought would be pleasing to their God."

"Then so far as that's true the first question comes back. You must explain the universal God-feeling under whose pressure men have made their concrete mental conceptions of God. According to my definition, God is the power that causes the universal feeling in man's heart, that God *is*. And the feeling remains sure as ever in there *even* when the mind denies. I don't let my mind come in on the business very much. It's too big a proposition for *our* little minds. Worship, for me, is just staying with the feeling for a while in *mind-silence*, and then I try to make my conduct square with that feeling. With the double effort this feeling has been strengthened into sure knowledge — of its own kind. In there, where I have the deepest sense of my own existence, I have also the deepest sense of God, the Divine. When I'm listening to music I know the composer though I never saw him or perhaps heard his name. I don't know whether he's six feet high or a dwarf, whether he's fond of science or likes golf. But I know *him*, his soul, his essence, just as far as my soul answers to his, as far as his music moves my heart and higher consciousness. And that's the way we know God — by the answer of soul to Soul. Any man who chooses can accomplish that answer for himself. And that's the one sure *proof* of Divine existence. The fact of men's universal belief in Divinity merely gives the mind a start towards finding the existence of Divinity a reasonable view to take. Without the inside proof there's nothing but theorizing. But there's mighty few men that haven't got *some* hold of it, whatever difficulties their *brains* may make about it. And their negations are pretty often due to their trying to get away from their own deepest knowledge."

"But does this God of yours punish and reward and so on? And did he . . . ."

"Now hold on, my boy. What I would say to a man who asked me such questions for his own help and not, as you have, for argument, is: Recognise and deepen your heart-knowledge; try to *live* by it and don't be drawing up hard-and-fast schemes. Wait. All that sort of thing will sidetrack you. Live your knowledge and it will clear up more and more."

"So you throw the ball back to the thrower?"

"My dear fellow, the question is evidently, so far, an intellectual game of fence for you. That may have a debating-society interest of its own sort, but

it's not practical politics. It'll never get anywhere, solve anything, nor convince anybody.

"And now you've had your medicine. Go and take it. It'll do you lots of good." And the old doctor chuckled and rose from his chair. THE PATIENT

### "At My Time of Life . . ."

**A** LONG about sixty or thereabouts, maybe sooner, a man begins to feel he's getting old, finds he can't do the things he used to. "At my age . . ." you find him saying more and more frequently.

Now, just there is the time of choice, choice between beginning to get old at once or putting it off for years; and choice between two kinds of old age, the full kind and the empty kind.

As you were saying, with advancing years a man finds he cannot now do all the things he used to. One by one he has to drop some of his activities. But there are always things remaining which he can do, and if he follows them up as fast as he sees them he will find that somehow there are more and more of them. There's a perfectly compensating and fully interesting replacement. The circle of interests alters little by little to suit the lessening bodily powers; but if we keep the mind facing healthily forward, that is, if we make the right choice between the two paths, this circle will not grow smaller, nor the interests childish, nor the mind senile. The way through into a full and useful old age is to keep the mind upon the things that can still be done, never for a moment upon those that have become too difficult. And then the things that can still be done will be found to be an increasing number.

A man takes life or death from his own thoughts. Letting into the mind the regretful thought of failing powers is turning it and the body towards death. Keeping an expectant eye for new lines of useful activity that will presently come into view and following them up when they do — is to keep hold on life, to keep mind and body toned and encouraged. We get old by thinking we are getting old; we keep the sense of full life — and up to the very end, too — by thinking of action, dropping out of thought all the activities no longer possible, and developing others that will come into view.

Old age is not a kind of disease; it is in the natural program and should have as useful, as educative and as happy a place in our lives as middle age and youth. No man expects or wants to do the same things in the evening as he did in the morning or afternoon. But the evening can be just as full of useful activities of its kind, and of pleasure in them, as the other parts of the day, and it has its own special opportunities for development of mind and character. By use of



them we better our living of the next day; and by use of the special opportunities allowed by old age we are bettering our living of the next life,— wherever and whatever that may be.

### The Man and the Job

OLD Farmer Clarke's nephew had been appointed to some position or other in the city government and was apparently rather inclined to get the big-head about it. Anyway the old man felt moved to give him a little counsel in the matter, and he afterwards told me something like what he said to him.

"Now look here, Jim," I says, "don't you go and get the big-head over that job of yours. It's how a man does his job that sizes him up for me, not the frills and gold lace and 'your honor' and all that stuff that belongs to it."

"Way back in the old village I was raised in there was an old chap what had the job of keepin' the streets swept up a bit and the snow cleared when there was any. I kin see him now, peacefully a-shovin' his barrow and now and agen takin' a rest on the handles. H. P. we called him, Hendon Parish, letters stamped on the side boards of the barrow. He said he'd just as leave be called that as anything else."

"One day in a hard rain I found myself takin' shelter alongside of him in a old barn, and after a little of the usual about the crops and such like I asked him if he ever wanted to swap his job for anything else."

"Well, no," he says, meditative-like, a-chewin' his pipe; "I don't know as I do. If a job comes your way natural-like, and you ain't got nothin' better in hand, I reckon it's up to you to take it. Things don't come by chance, accordin' to me, but are guided from somewhere 'way up out o' sight. The work's got to be done; you're lookin' for a job; it's offered to you; well, says I, why not shoulder it as your appointed bit of the world's work just then? You get a heap o' content out of it that way. This 'ere's a good steady job and gives a chap a chance for a bit o' thinkin' if he's got the materials for that. The world's life is a big stream, to me, movin' on toward somethin' that's worth movin' on to. Can't say more'n that, 'cept that it is worth movin' on to. Do your bit in the general move, I say. Who knows which feller's bit is the bigger from the long-range point o' view? Go with the stream; do your bit; and help everybody as you goes along—that's my notion. You help

the stream and the stream'll help you—help you when you most want it and are least lookin' for it. The thing's guided, I tell you, and the fellows that takes it that way and comes up to all the duties o' the place where they happens to be, can know of the guidance for sure. They've got no call to worry about the future. I keep the roads clean; another



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### SET OF 'FALLERS' IN A WASHINGTON LOGGING-CAMP

They are standing on spring-boards well above the roots; the axes show where the undercut will be, the tree falling on that side.

Keep therefore hope and expectation and confidence and the intent to be somehow useful. For these are life, and give life and health. And nothing hinders their being carried through the gateway when we leave the body this side of it to be taken to pieces by Mother Nature and dealt out to some of her other children for a new cycle of use. EL VIEJO

fellow drives the wagon; somebody else raises the truck to fill the wagons; and the city folks send back the money to pay the farmer. All on the move together. My job ain't no fancy one, I know. But it's got to be done; that's the point. And one way and another it just happens to suit my old bones. I guess that's why it came along.'

"And that's the way I see jobs, my boy. And my hat goes off to the chap that does *any* job in his line of duty that way. It *don't* go off to a senator because he's senator. My hat wants to know if he's tryin' to do a good honest job in his senator-box before it'll stir. Just you take your new job like that, son. Look at it as your bit in the general move on."

P. L.

### Silencing the Phone

"I HAD disconnected the telephone so as to have a quiet hour with myself."

A short story in one of the magazines begins that way. In some of the old philosophies they treated of the mind as the receiving station for the messages of the senses. It combined them and worked them up into an intelligible form and handed the result to the soul, which was thus placed in touch with the outer world. But for that very reason it lost touch of itself, lost the sense of its own divinity and immortality and got dissolved, as it were, in the mind, no longer feeling the difference.

If you disconnect a telephone from the receiving wire it is silent. So according to the story, that was what the man did in order to 'have a quiet hour with himself.'

But if you could disconnect the mind from the five senses it would still have all its memories and would still go on talking them to you along with its thoughts thereon. So we must *silence* this part of the mind, the brain-dwelling part that is so closely in touch with the senses and so full of stored memories. This is a very difficult job, but even one minute of such silence now and then and especially at bedtime is of great value in finding oneself. In fact these one minutes or so, even but one of them — that last one — are indispensable, more than merely valuable.

We hear of "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." This is the way to it. But if it *passes* all understanding, it also *brings* understanding — of our divinity as souls and the glory and freedom of that. Did you ever notice, any of the times when you may have been in church, that as the preacher ended his sermon with those words: "And now, may the peace of God . . ." in the silence that followed there was actually a sort of peace or light come upon you? Just a moment, for the organ began and the people stirred and got up and began their ordinary

thinkings, and it was lost. Still, the real thing was there, in a degree, for that moment. And in the moment that follows the ending of very fine music there may be a touch of it before the applause. Or at sunset just as the last gleam goes down.

There *should* be such a moment among those around the bedside when the soul of the one they loved has just passed out. *It* has the peace and would like to touch them with it as a lasting benediction in their hearts if they would but hold the silence aright. And so they too could in that moment know their divinity and immortality as souls and the joy of it. They would be closer to each other, and to the one that has just passed out, than they ever were before.

"And I went forth from the death-chamber with the silver bells of the silence still sounding in mine ears, and always thereafter, in the silence, it seemed to me that I could still hear them." STUDENT

### The Right Handle

EPICETUS said that everything has two handles, one of them good to take hold of it by, the other not good. Every man has an unpleasant side to him, where his faults stick out; and another, where his good qualities are visible. In our thought of him we should take hold of this second handle and ignore the first. Habitual choice of the better one has a most beneficial and ripening effect on our own character, developing in ourselves some of the good qualities we admire in the other man. It is the same principle as you see at work in an art gallery, where the people unconsciously stand a little more erect and braced as they look at some superb statue of developed manhood, or where at a wrestling match the spectators' muscles tense up in sympathy with the strain of the combatants. But the same principle is equally at work *the other way* when we think harshly of other men's faults and weaknesses. Contrast the two types of men, one of whom habitually thinks of others by their best, the other who can see nothing but their worst — and make your choice for yourself!

Don't let's look down on another man for lacking some fine quality we think we have. Let's rather look approvingly on him for having one we have not. Our worst failings always try to distract our attention from themselves by getting it on to the failings of some other man. Why should we let ourselves be fooled and sidetracked in our path of growth and self-conquest and our peace of mind spoiled in that way? It is only we ourselves who gave the faults of others the power to invade our right to peace and progress. Nothing *compels* us to feel irritated or contemptuous at them. When you find them in your mind, just turn on them and ask them what right they have there!

Every one of us is in the hands of a Law which will sometime bring his faults right home to him. The only assistance we can render it is to attend to our own case. Attending to the other man's case only makes this Law put down another item against us in our account with it. There's nothing but trouble for us on that line, trouble that we need not have any of!

STUDENT

### "Do the Next Thyng"

**N**O MAN ever gets free of a duty by neglecting it. It only comes back at him later in a more irksome form. The quickest way to freedom from it is to do it as thoroughly and carefully as if one loved it. The more irksome it is, the better a tonic it then becomes for the will. Every real duty contains several hidden helps for the man who does it faithfully, even when it is a come-back from former neglect and looks like punishment or even malice. There is an accumulation of spiritual energy and a power of recuperation to be got in no other way. And here is the only cure for inertia.

If we are in doubt whether something is a duty, the best plan is to treat it as one and after a while take a fresh look at it. The mind will have cleared or circumstances altered.

Consistently *not* doing something is often among the list of duties, especially when the doing of it would be a bad example to someone younger or of weaker fiber than ourselves.

In doing duties we close all accounts against us as we go along. It produces a peculiar peace and inner satisfaction, the absence of fear, a readiness for whatever the future may have for us, and an ever surer feeling of the companionship of the soul; for the soul is never closer than when we are doing a hard duty. Duties are the safe way through all the perplexities of life. Attended to one after another as they come along, they are the guiding thread. "This, at any rate, I can do." When at last we have got through these dark places we can look back and be grateful for the guidance. If we keep doing, doing what there is to do as it comes, we can be sure we are moving in the right direction and at the best pace. There is light just beyond. STUDENT

TILL a man has won control over the tendency to talk interiorly to himself his mind cannot come anywhere near its full efficiency. For this is persistent leakage. Stop thinking about other people's ways and words altogether; stop talk with yourself about that; stop imaginary conversation with other people, and the worst of the leak will be ended and mended. Inner peace, which is the basis of efficiency and concentration, will in large degree have been won.

### The Enigma

R. A. V. MORRIS

**E**NIGMA of the ages, still unguessed,  
Man, mystery supreme, physicians fain  
Would find within the tissues of thy brain  
Thine explanation; poets take the quest  
Into the deep recesses of thy breast,  
Exploring all thy hidden joy and pain;  
Philosophers dissect thy mind; in vain  
They all spin theories with barren zest.

As, when through some great telescope we see  
Across void gulfs, abysmal, sheer, immense,  
An unimaginably distant light,  
Yet know beyond it vaster depths must be,  
So in our inmost selves we dimly sense  
A greater self, resplendent, infinite.

### We Shall Be Satisfied

**A**FTER the toil and the turmoil,  
After the anguish of trust belied,  
After the burden of weary cares,  
Baffled longings, ungranted prayers,  
After the passion of fever and fret,  
After the aching of vain regret,  
After the hurry and heat of strife,  
The yearning and tossing that men call life,  
Faith that mocks and fair hopes denied,  
We — shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken  
At the sunny fountain side;  
When the turf lies green and cold above  
Wrong and sorrow and loss and love;  
When the great dumb walls of silence stand  
At the doors of the undiscovered land;  
When all we have left in our olden place  
Is an empty chair and a pictured face:  
When the prayer is prayed and sigh is sighed;  
We — shall be satisfied.— *Selected*

And now in age I bud again;  
After so many deaths I live and write;  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish morning. O my only Light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

— *George Herbert*

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## The New Way Quotebook

"No man has his freedom until he has found the secret of self-control, self-discipline, self-government, which are, as we know, the prime factors in the building of character. Not until he has gained that certain knowledge which comes through the power of introspection, self-control, and self-denial, can he draw the line intelligently and consciously between the animal part of his nature and the spiritual. To find an anchorage in human life and to have the knowledge that comes from the two ideas of self-government and self-discipline, is to have the key to the situation. When man has attained this knowledge he has taken the first step towards mastering his own destiny; for it is self-mastery that brings man to the knowledge of his Higher Self, the Self that lives on and is immortal. It is self-discipline that acquaints him with the mysteries of his own being. For the soul of man is spiritual; the soul has the power to enlighten the mind and bring home to it a knowledge that neither books nor preachers can give. It is the power of making clear to man his own possibilities. And when he reaches this point, he realizes that he is the maker of his own destiny; he becomes the interpreter of his own life and can solve some of the sublime mysteries of life."— *Katherine Tingley*

A moving-picture-show, that's what the mind is, a new picture every second with explanatory comments and dialogue flashed on with the pictures, with them, between them, all around them. Does all this of itself and we look on, tickled to death with it. Some of it may be worth attending to; mostly — very mostly — not. With some care and practice we could reverse those proportions, but in general we don't, don't even distinguish ourselves at all from the everlastingly busy show-maker. Returning to the theater in the morning with the light, we find that the show has been going on in a still crazier way all night in the dark, and we light up the last few pictures of the film. Dreams, we call that. But the day performance isn't much better.

Returning *with* the light? I think, maybe, we *are* the light. If we turned it back into ourselves we might get to know something of this unknown light-maker and light-being who illuminates that show all around him on the brain walls.

"To master the lesser self is to give freedom to the deeper and higher self."— *Ursula N. Gestefeld*

"I WISH I hadn't done that. What good did it do me?"

Fixing the mind on the after-time when you will be saying that, instead of on the temporary enjoyment of yielding to the temptation, will soon wilt it to nothing. Why not start the habit?

WHEN a man realizes that a great pleasure to which he has long been used is now closed to him, he feels stunned and all the days to come seem gray and empty. Let him take heart and turn the vanished pleasure out of his mind. The future holds as much for him as the past. The capacity for finding pleasure in the things of life is like the glow of a searchlight. If it is turned from one place you will presently find that it is illuminating another with the same intensity. And the light is never really in the things themselves. It comes from the heart of the lamp.

IF a sick man took sides with his disease, his physician would seem to him a heartless enemy. We do take sides with our weaknesses, and trouble is the Physician's medicine.

WHEN I find that I have not something I really need, I always find that something I have will serve me just as well.

THE energy of a man's evil impulses can never disappear. Either they go on living as they are; or with advancing years they change into some other equally evil form; or, if he conquers them, he has taken into himself the energy they had and has by that much vitalized his higher nature.

"A MAN who plays for counters only, will play well. If he stakes small cash, he will be nervous; if gold, he will lose his wits. His skill is the same in each case, but he is distracted by the value of the stake. And everyone who attaches great importance to the external, becomes internally without resource."— *Chinese*

'OPPORTUNITY for practice' — I've always tried to meet the small annoyances of life in the spirit of those words, trying to dismiss each from my mind as it happened, moving on at once with the ever-moving current of things and leaving the annoyance behind me to look after itself in any way it likes. *I've* done with it.

"FIRM is the man, and set beyond the cast  
Of Fortune's game, and the iniquitous hour,  
Who looks past

To slow much sweet from little instant sour,  
And in the first does always see the last."

— *Francis Thompson*

THROUGH action to understanding; through trial to wisdom; through pain to peace and joy. So the mortal man finds his soul and knows himself immortal and divine.

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

JUNE 1920

No. 6



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## PANORAMA OF VENICE

Venice is built on piles driven down into about eighty small submerged islands. The 'streets' are the waterways between these islands and you do your shopping in a boat.

### The Long-Range View

"SO they were married and lived happy ever after." That was the way the old fairy-stories used to end. The brave young prince, after much toil and peril, had rescued the maiden from the ogre or the enchantments of the black

magician or whatever the trouble was, and unbroken happiness now stretched out in front of them.

We older folk smile at that, forgetting that it is just how we like our grown-up novels to end. "There's many a slip," etc., but the troubles of the lovers must all have smoothed out by the last page. They are to "live happy ever after"—a perennial honeymoon.

And yet we know that life is not like that. It is made of one trouble after another. There is no 'happy ending' to the series.

Different men take them differently. One man's idea of meeting them is the philosophy of 'grin and bear it.' He is on the way to the right attitude though he has not exactly got there yet. There is something more for him to do. Some think longingly of *death* as giving them release at last and peace. That's altogether a mistake. It only makes the troubles feel worse by contrast with the peace that is imagined and longed for. A very few make the worst of all mistakes — thinking that by taking their own lives they can get release.

Most of us take short views, fight and dodge each trouble as best we can and let it go at that. That's natural; in a way it's common sense; but it doesn't of itself get us any nearer to an understanding of the meanings or lesson of this succession of troubles.

Let us go back to our first man, the man of the 'grin and bear it' stamp. He recognises that there will be troubles right along, one coming up the front path as the other reaches the back gate. He worries about them less than most of us; and if he doesn't exactly stand above them, he spends much less time and mental energy than we do in trying to dodge them or whittle them down.

But it is just the chief lesson of troubles to get us to stand above, watch them, even suffer from them, and yet live a life above them which they cannot touch at all. The 'grin and bear it' man is in sight of that life if he only knew it, nearly there. His power to 'grin and bear it' is one of the powers that come from that life. His sympathy for others who are in trouble and have not got his philosophy, is another of these powers and also a way to the life itself.

There is a part of our natures which is always in peace, always in the light, always in conscious touch with the Divine, a part that did not begin with our birth nor is disturbed by death — the soul, that which Whitman calls the "Great Companion." It is present with us in our lives, though very few of us are conscious of this helping presence. To watch our own lives from above, to know that what we call life is but a moment compared with our great real life, to deal rationally with each trouble as it comes but to recognise that it cannot do us real harm or touch that real life — is to begin to live. For the great function of troubles is to guide us to the life they cannot reach to or disturb.

Yesterday is yesterday. A year ago is a year ago, and in a year *now* will be a year ago and in ten years, ten years ago. To *look back at the present* is the way to bring its troubles to their proper size. And every bit of encouragement and help we give to others in trouble is that much taken off the weight of our own troubles. Some lose it all in that way. STUDENT

## It'll Boil At Last!

I AM always glad when I get to feel utterly hopeless about anything I'm trying to learn or accomplish. Victory's close around the corner then. I know that so surely that I can't feel as hopeless as I'd like to! There's a paradox, if you like!

*Keep on keeping on* is my motto. A man fights his main faults and fights and fights, and don't seem to make any more progress than if he'd never done a stroke of work on himself. Maybe he lets the fight go at last and chucks the reins on the horse's neck. And a while after he comes to a time when he sees that if he'd stuck to his fight another day, the thing would have fallen off him without another kick. But he didn't stick to it, worse luck!

Fighting a fault or trying to get the light of the soul into you day after day is like watching a kettle over the fire. Nothing doing, not a sign, naught to show for all the heat that's gone up into the water. And you turn round to light your pipe, and when you look back the boiling's going ahead full swing.

Every bit of work and effort and thought a man puts into himself is like the fire going into the kettle of water. Seemingly nothing doing. The man that gives up, is like a man who should kick the kettle off the stove — perhaps thirty seconds before it was going to boil. Be glad when you're most hopeless about the thing, I say; be glad and keep on.

There's times with every man when his soul could get in on him and transform his life into light and joy and peace. Always coming along, such times. But there's no work been done from *his* side of the partition. And so men come to their death at last without ever knowing anything of their own grander selves the other side of the thin wall. Let a man keep on, keep doing his daily bit from his side and never worry a hair because there's nothing to show for his work. He's thinning the partition right along just the same, and one day, what between him one side of it and the soul helping on the other, the thing will give way and the new life's begun for him. But suppose he'd said — like they mostly do — *Aw, what's the use?* and thrown up the job! Like a plant that worked for its flower month in and month out, and the night before the buds were going to open out with tomorrow's sunrise, said that to itself and threw them off on the dirty ground!

Ever seen a gang of men trying to push a heavy railroad-truck? They shove for all they're worth — nearly, and not a sign to show for it. But the power of them has gone into the truck just the same, waiting there for another two pounds of pressure to stir the wheels. And they give it and off she goes. Or they don't give it and all the power they've put out goes for nothing.

*Keep on keeping on*, I say, and be most hopeful when you're most hopeless. Best, maybe, not to be



either; just quiet confidence all the time and let the result come when it's ready. Bank up your dollars but don't count 'em or fix when the compound interest is going to begin. A NEW WAY GOER

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### A Few Thoughts about Prayer

**M**OST men, even nowadays, believe in God, believe that in some way they came forth from God and so are sons of God. This is the truth, but they don't realize what an immense truth it is and the vital use they can make of it in their lives.

The first thing to do is to make the belief a certainty. If you're sick you don't simply *believe* in a medicine; you *take* some of it. You might call prayer from one point of view, taking some of God. From this point of view prayer is a state you put yourself in, so that the taking becomes possible. We can be sure of this — that what is to be taken has been made ready for us in advance.

Whatever the man who prays may be asking for, whether some concrete thing or the growth of a nobler character, he must believe that God is conscious of the prayer. But he may be so intent upon what he wants that he doesn't realize the tremendous significance of this that he believes.

If the prayer is in the right spirit it establishes a line of communion. At one end of the line is the man, his mind, his consciousness. But *the other end of the line* — does he think where *that* is? Where this stretched out ray of his consciousness has *got* to? And what may come back to him along it, sent back as part of the reply? If it is some outer thing or change of circumstance that is being asked for, it is easy, in thinking of that thing, to forget the possibility of a reply which, while no *direct* reply at all, is a sublime touch upon his heart and highest consciousness. If he does forget that, is it prayer in the highest sense? Is he in the state to get this highest reply?

What he is asking for, if some outer thing, may be good for him to have, or, from the long-range point of view, the point of view of his highest spiritual interests, not good. Which of these it will be, good or not good, is surely known at the other end of the line. He must believe that, or his prayer is a farce, showing no realization of the meaning of the word 'God' at all. But if he does realize something of this meaning and what it is that he wants a ray from him to touch at the other end — why, when he's made his petition, doesn't he leave the matter, in the faith that he has now committed it, to the care of Wisdom and Compassion? '*Thy will be done, not mine; for to mine, wisdom is lacking.*' That's the attitude. And so let the mind be then silenced of its common thoughts and the thought of the thing asked for and in the silence held up, as it were, so as to get touch of that

Presence to which appeal has been made. A couple of minutes of that mind-silence and mind-lifting — and then leave the matter of the petition where it has been placed. And the man goes quietly to his work, or to his rest if it is night-time, with the touch of the Presence upon him, with the faith now that however things may work out they are going to be guided in that working out by a Compassion and a Wisdom and a Power that has his highest interests in view. Is he not a son of God? So his prayer really goes on; it doesn't stop with that two minutes. He feels the link now, right along — the link made in the silence by the offering up of his mind for that touch of Companionship and overwatching. The man who develops that into a regular practice won't merely 'believe' in God in the ordinary sense of that. There will be more to the relationship than 'believing.'

And so, in the higher way of it, prayer is not asking for anything outward. Only for that touch of the overwatching Presence which brings not only the surety that our lives will get all that is best for us of help and adjustment, but also that peace of heart and mind in which our highest qualities can grow.

STUDENT

✽

### Where to Begin

**T**HOSE that ask shall have, said a Teacher. If anyone finds that though he asks for Light or Understanding or Peace he does not seem to get it, he should look into himself and see whether there is *enough* of him asking. It is only on that condition that the promise works out.

There is one sure sign by which a man may know he is nearing his higher nature and without which every effort finally comes to nothing. If his sense of Brotherhood is not widening and deepening, he is making no real progress. If it *is* widening and deepening and getting stronger, if that sunlight is permeating his nature and shining into his thought and conduct more and more, he is on the Path even though there may for a while be no other sign of his progress. Consider: If selfishness, disregard of the welfare and happiness of others, is the mark of the *down-going* man, the exact opposite must be the mark of the man moving *up* the heights towards the Light. Geniality, cordiality, friendliness, kindness, sympathy, pity — all these are words for different aspects of Brotherhood. They are the marks of awakening to the higher nature, the soul, marks of response to it.

Whitman's physician, Dr. Bucke, said that he never heard him speak critically or unkindly of any other man; and someone else said of him that the moment you came in contact with him, he made you feel that he liked you and was interested in you. Whitman was a man who had come awake to the presence of his

soul far more than the great majority of us, and the spirit of Brotherhood pulses superbly in everything he wrote.

And Beethoven, in his last and greatest symphony, where he reached perhaps the highest consciousness that has ever been expressed in music, made the chorus sing of the "kiss" he sent out "to all the world." The inspiration from his soul had broken down the limits of his personality and made him feel his unity with all humanity.

Every act or thought in the spirit of Brotherhood thins the veil between soul and mind, makes the mind — and even the body — more transparent to the Light of soul, the individual soul and the All-Soul of which it is a ray; just as the opposite sort of thought and conduct makes the veil thicker and blots out the Light. With every act done in the spirit of Brotherhood we have come for a moment into unison with the All-Soul and with its individual representative in us. For a moment we are its active instrument in its age-long work in the hearts of men for the uplifting and sweetening of human life, and that moment leaves its eternal and beneficent trace upon our natures. One particle of 'lead' is henceforth 'gold.' A man's aspiration for union with the Light, for final rending of the veil between, can only become effective in victory *if there is enough of him doing the aspiring*. And he makes it gradually enough by acts and thoughts in the spirit of Brotherhood.

It is because we have not understood this that we fail in our efforts. There is not enough of our feeling, of our will, at work to make our aspiration fruitful. This is a special effort of will, not like any other; and the power to make it, so that in the silence some day the sudden transmutation shall come about, is acquired only by kindly acts and words and feelings. That is obeying the wish of the soul, getting like it; and when we have made ourselves enough like it, it can do the rest for us.

"We reach the immortal path," said a great Indian Teacher, "only by continuous acts of kindness, and we perfect ourselves by compassion and charity." And again: "The man who walks in this noble path cultivates good-will without measure among all beings. Let him remain stedfastly in this state of mind, standing and walking, awake or asleep, sick or well, living or dying; for this state of heart is the best in the world."

STUDENT

### Compensation

I USUALLY find that when I've lost something I need, there's something I have which will do just as well. But of course I have to look around for it and then do some planning to make it work.

What's a man likely to be good for who's always

had everything he needs just handy? It's the planning and scheming to make a bad tool do the work of a good one that call out a man's powers. Some time the good tool turns up again and then you do twice as fine work with it from the skill you gained over the bad one.

Yes, certainly; sometimes you don't even find *any* kind of a substitute and then you turn to some other job altogether, maybe a job you're green at or never tackled at all before or have been accustomed to shirk. And you get your perseverance and ingenuity and planning-power called out there. What's a man good for who's always got the same easy job that he knows all about? Maybe the new job is pretty hard and unpleasant in the learning, but when it *is* learned you've got something new in your make-up. Anyway you take these things there's compensation.

Ain't all these things true just the same with life itself? I was just reading an English clergyman's account of "hardships" he suffered from the war. He puts the commas around "hardships" himself. He says that costs of things went up to such a degree that he couldn't any longer afford himself his customary supply of new books, "and thereby, to my great profit, have had a forced introduction to some of the literary treasures long possessed and neglected on my shelves. We had to restrict our coal-burning, too, and I had to get up from my study table several times of a morning and take some hard exercise to get warm — and several digestive and rheumatic troubles have entirely disappeared!" And he winds up with a good question: "I wonder if *all* difficulties and restrictions always call out unused reserves or point to opportunities of some kind?"

I guess they do. And it was the missing tool proposition that put me onto this. Restrictions along one line — openings out along another. When the restrictions cease you're the better man for the practice along that other. Sometimes, they tell me, a young baby is noticed to be using one arm only — something in the brain not awake to its job. Then they tie up the one that it *is* using, for a few days, so as to compel the other to get busy. May seem hard to the child, but it's pure profit to him in reality, ain't it?

What good is a man who always has an easy time and can do just what he wants to? It's the *hard* time that calls out the reserve stuff in him. If you get shut off your customary freedom of action in one way or another, look out for what there is in the situation for you, what sort of a job you can make with yourself and on yourself on some new line you never struck before, maybe never thought of. That's the meaning and inwardness of the fix you're in. Looks a hard fix, likely, at first, or is one outright. That don't make any difference. There's the compensation for it right around the next corner. It'll come into view of itself, but you look out that you

see it! And if you don't see it, search for it. It's there all right and mostly of a sort you never thought of. Life, I tell you, has meanings to it all along. And the cruelties and injustices of others to a man will be over-ruled by the Higher Powers to his profit if he tries to stand up to the situation and do the best with it. They'll do their part. AN OLD WAYFARER

his mind. He hung his sleeping mind out at the foot of the bed and Santa Claus put into it what he asked for. Santa Claus is the part of the mind that *don't* sleep, according to my view, gets around and noses into things. He does what he's told, *if* you know how to tell him anything. Otherwise he does what he's been accustomed to be let do. Most fellows let their



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, VENICE

Old market (fondaco) of the Turks: perhaps of the eleventh century. The city itself will be sixteen hundred years old next year.

#### What's in your Stocking?

**O**NE night in the year? Man, you hang your stocking up every night, in fact always keep it hanging. Did you ever think what Santa Claus means?

It's one of those stories invented by wise old fellows of old to teach something, just a pretty story on the surface, for the children; a deep truth for those who took the time to dive into it. Most fairy-stories are really that if you get back to the first form of them.

A fellow goes to bed with some unsolved problem in his mind; can't see into it anyhow. The more he worries at it the more he's confused. First thing he knows next morning the answer's there straight in

minds do what they like all day, think along of anything and everything, never hold them on a line and direct them, still less keep them *high*, right in the Light. What Santa has been let do all day he does some more of at night. Consequently in the morning the man finds his stocking full of the same rubbish or mixed-up stuff as he's accustomed to all day. If he thinks hard into things, doesn't think of personalities, thinks as high and fine as he can all day instead of that, Santa Claus goes ahead with the same job at night, and very likely in the morning the man will find mighty useful and helpful ideas in his stocking that Santa has nosed up somewhere in the fields of thought that he gets off to. He noses about in the fields you let him get accustomed to nose in — fields of fine thought, fields of worthless rubble and rubbish,

dead weeds of memory, rank weeds of hate, dirty ponds with scum at the top and rottenness at the bottom, *or* fields where there's gold outcroppings everywhere, flowers rich in scent and color, and clear streams with all sorts of beautiful life in them. That unsolved problem? Well, the evening's hard thinking sent off Santa *that* way and he nosed up the answer and came home and dropped it in the stocking.

And if a man reads and thinks and meditates high things the last hour of his evenings, or even the last five minutes, and silences the customary chatter of his own mind to itself, gets himself spiritual and as near the Light as he can — well, Santa goes *up* and pays a call on his soul and gets a bit of magic jewelry set in gold, all radiating fine influence, and in the morning the man finds *that* in his stocking with a gold pin to it to wear over his heart.

See the idea of Santa Claus? And the man and the stocking? The man is the thinking self of the day. The stocking is the sleeping brain and body. And Santa? Santa is what you make of him — a half-blind and disreputable old automaton that don't know what he's at, or, at the highest, a messenger between you and your soul. And the wise fellows who made the symbol knew that the night before Christmas was a special chance for him to be that last. STUDENT

### Looking Down on Yourself

“**I** WONDER what we should see if we could look inside the heads of some of those fellows working away down there and know what they were thinking.”

It was the boss, looking down from a warehouse window upon a number of men busy in the yard.

“I reckon there isn't many of us would show up well under an inspection like that,” I said. “If we could see our own thoughts just the way they would strike some other fellow who could look inside our heads, which of us but would set himself down as more or less of a lunatic? Between an outright insane man and the sanest man amongst us is there anything but a difference of degree? Perhaps it's a sort of knowledge of that, that makes us so mighty glad our thoughts *can't* be held up for general inspection.”

“Yes, that's so. And yet we not only put up with the thoughts but live in among them on the best of terms. Queer thing, human nature. Why don't we put the same label on our own cranky thoughts and crazy motives and twisted up notions as if some other fellow had them?”

“Just habit, I guess; accustomedness to them. Our own chicken, too. They got born in us, grew up in us, are with us all the time. We've never known anything different. But there are times — mostly in the early morning with me — when a man does

get a sight of himself from above, sees his personality out yonder, so to speak, or down below, chattering to itself all the time, doing mean things, thinking crazy things, getting everything out of right focus and all that — you know about it as well as I. He's standing above himself; that's the only way you can put it. If he could hold himself from then on for a few days as the fellow above and not get dragged down again into his own personal machinery, I guess he'd win out and be another man. But we don't do it. It's a daily tragedy, this getting drowned in our own foolishness.”

“You make two of each of us, at that rate — the upper chap that gets drowned and the personality he gets drowned in?”

“Must be that way. How else could a man get a sight of himself? The lunatic is only a man more thoroughly drowned, and in muddier water, than the rest of us. Even some of them know they're crazy, have a sort of sense that their thoughts about things are all wrong. The great thing for us is to be the man looking down from above as often as we can and as long as we can. And then one day we'll find that we can take such a hold on ourselves that we don't get drowned any more, keep our heads up above water in the light all the time.”

“Don't sound as if it was so much of a job to do.”

“I don't believe it is, once you get a notion what you're at, an idea of the real situation. There's two of each of us — that seems to be the idea to hold to. Begin with that and I guess we can make the running with a trifle of daily practice.”

REPORTER

### That Fly!

**T**HERE'S always a fly in the ointment. What would a man be worth whose life was all ointment and no fly?

Most of us would agree to that — and then say to ourselves that it doesn't seem fair, though, that our particular fly should have such a particularly painful sting and get us every time in our particularly sensitive part. “Now *that* fellow's fly I could put up with all right. Why should he have an easier fly than I?”

He hasn't. Every man's fly is to *him* the same nasty little stinger as ours is to us and gets him in his most sensitive spot just as ours gets us. Probably *he* envies us *our* fly and thinks it would be nice if he could exchange his for it. Maybe he deceives us by the contented way he accepts his inevitable or the cheerful appearance he has the grit to put on over his trouble.

Every man's fly fits him, belongs to him; that's the secret. It points to a faulty place in him that needs correction — stings right on that place; pride or ambition, meanness, love of popularity and esteem,

over-love of comforts, self-assertion or something. It's the reaction of life to the presence in him of the fault. Consequently it's going to be there while the fault is. And you can scheme any kind of a pleasant ointment you like for yourself; makes no difference. In a little while that fly will bob up to the surface and begin work on the sensitive spot. A man cures his faults by training himself to his proper sense of dignity and living above them. Then the flies have done what they had to and vanish.

OBSERVER

### Capital Punishment

BERRY, once the official executioner in England, some time after the relinquishment of his office gave an American reporter his views upon Capital Punishment and the treatment of criminals in general. He declared, says the interviewer,

that his experience brought home to him in an unmistakable manner that hanging has failed to prevent crime punishable by death, and he is convinced from personal inquiries, both among criminals and those in whose charge such were, that the "infliction of a less severe punishment — imprisonment under more suitable conditions than obtain — would tend greatly to diminish such crimes."

He quoted the striking decrease of crime usually punishable by death in Belgium, in Holland, in Saxony, in Michigan, and elsewhere since capital punishment had been abolished. The statistics available in Holland were for thirty years, during which none had been hanged.

Berry was very clear upon this point — his strong conviction that a radical change is necessary in the whole conduct of the penal establishment.

"Hanging is a big mistake, so are our methods of dealing with long-term men," Berry went on. "You must remember that all the inmates of such institutions are not hardened criminals.

"I have seen some of the most intelligent looking men die on the scaffold — you must remember that criminals are sometimes made so by their environment. Many become such from other causes.

"We all have something of the brute in us, but all are not equally capable of repressing vicious tendencies, and in some natures it only takes some slight trouble or departure from sobriety to excite to that state of insanity which makes a murderer."

"I would have each convict," Berry went on, "put to some suitable and useful employment, amid humane surroundings, so that he could earn his own living and be able to contribute toward the support of those upon whom his act had brought shame. Surely, work could be found for a man inside a prison which would cover the cost of his own maintenance and that of his dependents.

"Watch him of course, encourage his better nature, give him something to engage his thoughts — something withal which makes him feel he is doing something to undo the past, something which will enable him to restart life at the end of his imprisonment with a few pounds and know he is assisting to keep those of his kith and kin who need his help out of the prison during his term, — and instead of turning out callous criminals and broken men, you will find many thoroughly reformed characters.

"Then when released, help such along the path of right and goodness. That would enable a man to bear his degradation

with fortitude, to feel he was doing what he could to live down the past, and would in fact go far to prevent the hardened criminal the present system makes of men of certain temperaments."

### Man is a Failure

Man is a failure

When he has no confidence in himself nor his fellow men.  
When he values success more than character and self-respect.  
When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.  
When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot say that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable.

When he values wealth above health, self-respect and the good opinion of others.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.  
When his friends like him for what he has more than what he is.

When he knows that he is in the wrong but is afraid to admit it.

When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbor or his friend so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy doing that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.— *Ideal Power.*

### 'Lifer' Granted Leave to See Mother; Returns

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., May 19.— Joseph Coker, a 'lifer' at the naval prison here, today returned from the bedside of his mother in Texas, having been granted a twenty days' leave of absence.

Twenty days ago Coker received word his mother was dying at her home in a little town near Waco, Texas. He begged permission to see her before she passed away. For the first time in the history of the prison the request was granted. Without shackles and in the company of Dan Mullins, a former prisoner, Coker started south. The return of her son cheered the mother and she completely recovered.

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### The New Way Quotebook

"CONCERN yourself but with today;  
Woo it, and teach it to obey  
Your will and wish. Since time began  
Today has been the friend of man,  
But in his blindness and his sorrow  
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow."

"LET me reason with you a little, in sympathy with your heartaches and your yearnings. Believe me, you who have ever held in your lives great ideals and heart-yearnings for better things, that these could not exist if there were not answers to them in the progress of the soul. Many things that are mirrored in your heart and yet remain unanswered, will come to you as you advance along the path of self-endeavor for a purer, nobler, sweeter, and broader life. You will find through the law of self-evolution that each day and year will add to the dignity of your characters and to the honor of your homes and your country. Yes, to live the clean, straight, pure life, in infinite trust in the compassionate laws that would lead you on, means peace of mind and rest of all the senses."

— *Katherine Tingley*

WE profit more in doing without things that might be of any conceivable degree of profit to us than in obtaining them by wrong-doing.

"If a man could say 'I,' feeling himself to be what he really is, and hold it, he would presently find the light. The true 'I' is not the body and not the stream of thoughts, but verily the Lord of both, unborn and beyond death."— *Hindu*

"A MAN doesn't 'go into eternity' when he dies. He's there now — always was. Death's only a kind-hearted old earthquake that shakes down your dismal little shanty for you and leaves you in the open sunlight. The sunlight was there all the time."

— *Pete's Almanac*

"BLESSED is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact."

— *George Eliot*

"ONE of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he learns that every day is Doomsday."— *Emerson*

"If you had really loved, you would know that what you loved was deathless. If indeed you love them still, send your love after them — send it as a pure benediction, without thinking of yourself or of the answer you may get. Love is a gift that is exhaled like the aroma of a flower. Breathe out your love and know that it will reach its goal."— *R. W. Machell*

THE darkest hour is just before the dawn. It is when his victory is immediately ahead that a man feels hopeless about the attainment of it. And usually, because of that deceptive discouragement, he says, 'What's the use?' and throws away the great chance within his reach and annuls all his work.

"I UNDERSTOOD that life is joy; the more life, the more joy: — life in the pure, clean body; life in the mind; life in the creative soul; life in the compassionate heart. Wherever life, there joy. And since at death we are cut off from death itself and from all that dies and life is then unimpeded, how full must be the joy that death confers!"

— *Thomas Lowe*

HAPPY the man who has wearied of following his own aims and interests and little personal plans, and has resolved to consecrate his life henceforth to the service of the highest in him!

"'RESIST not evil.' He who said this knew well his duty, and desired to convey to us knowledge. That he did not intend a man to sit silently a looker-on while that which is called evil worked its will upon others, when by the lifting of a finger, perhaps, its intentions might be thwarted and annulled — is truth itself. He who taught that men should 'resist not evil' desired them only to forget themselves. Men think that all things which are disagreeable to them, are evil. By resistance he meant complaint, anger and objection to or against the inevitable, disagreeable or sorrowful things of life that come to self. Resist not evil, for it is inseparable from life. It is our duty to live and accept uncomplainingly, all of life. Resist not evil, but rather learn of it all the good which in reality it only veils."— *W. Q. Judge*

It depends upon what humor you find him in — we often say that of another man, forgetting that in ourselves the changes are just as marked, the personalities we wear just as different at different times. A man is not much above an animal till he has learned not to let himself be run by his moods in that way. Let us keep our manhood whatever be the bodily weather.

If a man will lend his mind for a minute or two to an evil desire this can always furnish him with a plausible reason for gratifying it. The one it usually selects for him is that an occasional gratification of it is the best way to weaken it; or that if he gives it its full fling just this once, it will either come no more or he will so thoroughly see its evil that he will yield no more.

Counter-reasonings are useless. It will always be ready for him. Let him keep his mind to himself, not letting these desires have the use of it for a moment.



Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

Count that day lost whose setting sun  
Hath seen no noble action done.

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# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

JULY 1920

No. 7



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

IN KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RĀJA-YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

(No trouble beginning The New Way at *that* age!)

## Efficiency

### AN AUDITORIUM PAPER

I'M going to talk about efficiency, not meaning efficiency in money-making or the efficiency that leads to worldly success — though my sort would

include that lower sort also; but general efficiency in the conducting of our minds and our lives. Our lives on earth are for a purpose, and efficiency in the sense of this paper is such as to give the power to understand that purpose and to answer up to it. Consequently it also gives peace and happiness.

Nobody has a right to think that our minds are incapable of understanding that purpose, the purpose underlying human life here, till he has made his mind an efficient one, put it close up against that piece of work, and found it fail. But that will never happen. I am on the side of the adepts in mental efficiency, who are the great spiritual Teachers of the race.

We have never mastered our minds. We allow them to be in states of feeling and to have thoughts that are absolute bars to their efficiency. They run themselves and when we try to control them and put them on a useful line we find not only that they are almost beyond control but so bankrupt in energy in consequence of having habitually and grossly wasted it as to be almost worthless when we do get them applied to any deeper problem. This is because we have never taken up and enforced our rightful position of masters of them.

You sometimes hear a man say: "I don't allow myself to think of that." In his very words he has missed the secret. He should say: "I don't allow *my mind* to think of that." Then he'd begin to recognise himself as the user of an instrument. That's the first step, to get a feel of ourselves as separate from our brain-thinking instrument, the first step to right and efficient control of it, the first step to the inquiry *Who am I* that should be doing the controlling? "*Should be*," for the mind leads us by the nose and we follow all contentedly, feeling ourselves to be the minds that are pulling us all over the place.

You say of a man that he's 'got it in him' to be a good speaker or fine writer or mechanic if he'd only take the necessary trouble. We mean that he's got powers latent in him. We've all got powers of fine thought latent in us, thought that can come to real understanding of ourselves, of life, of immortality, of the great purpose. But we've never developed them to any sort of efficiency. Who's to blame because we don't understand?

A queer violin it would be, that persisted in playing thirty or forty notes on its own account — snatches of all the tunes it could think of — for one note that its owner wanted it to play! The tune *he* was after would make slow progress! And be unrecognisable even if it did get through. Come to about the same thing as if he made no attempt at all to play his own tune and was perfectly satisfied with the snatches rattled off by the instrument itself.

But getting dissatisfied at last, tired out with the ceaseless racket, he might take the situation in hand. The preliminary step for playing *his* melody would be to compel the instrument to *silence*. Only when he had done that could he hope to render the music waiting all the time in his own soul.

We are in about the same case with our minds, as this fellow with his violin. Even when we *have* got them silenced for a moment they are straining

to begin their stream of useless or noxious thoughts again. Even when we have for a moment got them on a subject we want to go to the depths and the limit of, we can only skim the surface because of that same restless twitching and straining. And when we do get a fine thought through once in a while it's separated from the previous one by such a mass of useless ones, that we can't add the two together and make anything out of them and see what they're pointing at.

Now, everybody will agree that the natural and proper work of the mind is to understand, to see into things, and its natural and proper state is one that facilitates this work. That state, in which alone it can do its work, is one of *peace*, and of universal brotherly good feeling. Nothing disturbs our minds and stops their work so much as ill-feeling towards others; nothing tonics and energizes them so much as the opposite. The next important paralysing of good work is anger. And then fear. And then discontent. Unbrotherliness, ~~anger, fear, discontent~~. If we are in any of these states, a whole stream of thoughts and memories and pictures sets in to correspond. And if, even when we are quite peaceful, we allow our thoughts to run along as they choose, unwatched, there is sure to be one or more presently which will throw us into one or more of these states.

The great and almost unknown secret of human life is that in a very short time these four states can be totally turned out and got rid of. Part of the effort consists in just turning them out as they happen to come, — ill-feeling, fear, (and worry about anything: what good is worry?), anger, discontent. The other part is letting in the opposites, — general kindly feeling in the heart (don't try to *aim* it at anybody in particular unless someone needs help in pain or trouble), courage, tranquility, and content. If at first you can't *keep* these states, just silence the thoughts for *two minutes* while for that time you do hold them. That minute or so of heart-glow and steadiness with brain stilled, will do a great work. After a few days we find we are winning; after a few weeks we are close to victory. A new peace and joy and power has come to us. Our minds are as if they had had a rejuvenating bath. Whatever they are applied to they see into as never before. It is the reward of watching and guarding our thoughts and states. In its way, too, the body profits, gains strength, and old chronic troubles, whilst sure to be bettered, often thin out and vanish altogether.

It is in the moments of silence that we gradually become aware of the great purpose and promise of life and of what we really are. Especially at night, the very last thing. In the silence of a couple of minutes then, real mind-silence, we can reach up to the highest and divinest and feel that presence and our relationship to it — clearer and clearer, month by month; and the effects remain and help us

by night and by day and at last change us altogether so that a new and real life begins. I tell you our life is a great and splendid thing whatever the conditions that surround it, when we know how to live it. And this knowing how comes from watching our thoughts and states and expelling those that are in the way of our efficiency. It is an incredibly easy task, as well as incredibly fruitful, this expelling of unbrotherliness of feeling, of anger, of fear and worry, and of discontent.

### Watching Ourselves Grow

“DEADLY monotonous life here! If only we could have some change in the daily program. But it’s always the same, one day exactly like another.”

But what we really want is of course the refreshing change in *ourselves* that a break in the customary program produces.

The change of program can’t be got. How about effecting a change in ourselves *without* a change of program? For me there hasn’t been any monotony since I faced that problem and got a solution. You can see the solution some time before you may be willing to use it; it may have a rather putting-yourself-to-Sunday-School effect about it. And after you begin practising the solution it may be some time before it noticeably works. But it *does* work; it’s a final cure for monotony and a lot else.

There are times with some of us when we’re tired of ourselves, want to get on a new level altogether and take a fresh start, get hold of something we never had before.

A fellow that reaches that point is on a right way. For it’s not the monotony of *program* that now mainly bothers him and weights him down, but the monotony of *himself*. So it’s up to him to change himself and get fun from watching himself succeed — at first, watching himself fail. It’s really the failures that first wake up his interest.

The essence of the game is self-review—and imagination. A man’s faults fit the occasions of the faults like cogs of one wheel fitting into slots of another. Along comes a slot and a cog drops in. A quick, nasty temper is a cog. Every time the occasion for it comes up in the day, a bit of provocation of any sort, the cog’s ready to fit it. Sort of starts up out of the wheel. Every weakness we’ve any of us got is like that, a bit of apparatus ready for work the moment the opportunity comes, the temptation, the call for it, the slot. So the thing is to get rid of all the old cogs, so that nothing happens when the customary slots come round.

Suppose that at night you take a general review of the day. Stand back and look at yourself. Look at the line of thoughts you were having at different

parts of the day. Look at the places where you yielded to what you shouldn’t have yielded to. Look at all the places where you failed to be a *man*, failed in self-control, did what you don’t respect yourself for having done, did not do what you know a real big man would have done. A little of this every night for a few nights will have given you a new view of yourself, some real knowledge about yourself. For you’ve got yourself held up by the scruff of the neck at arm’s length, looking this chap over.

Now you have the secret. This is a double effort. As you take the trouble to see yourself as you are — “as your Maker sees you,” as mother used to say — and the view gets clearer right along — you are also unconsciously creating in yourself a stronger and clearer idea of the altogether higher chap you’d like to be. As you note the places in the day where you failed, you’re unconsciously creating a thought or picture or feel of yourself as meeting the occasions of failure in a new way — the way of *not* failing, of holding your manhood. Your idea of what you would like to be — a new man — gets clearer, so that things you’ve been accustomed to do or lines of thoughts you’ve been accustomed to have, that have hitherto seemed all right, now show up as out of tune with your new ideal of yourself.

It’s a fact that from now on the days will begin to get interesting. You’ve found something you can work at with interest — yourself. The days are not alike any more. They are all new and promising occasions for your new job. Through the outside work you’ve got another — the inside work — going on, giving new results all the time. And your standard is rising, so that you may seem to yourself to be failing *more*. In its way even that is interesting. And it’s interesting at night to correct the failures in imagination and watch the corrected picture get strength and finally win out little by little against the old habits, the old occasions that were temptations for failure. Getting at night a clear picture of how you did act and then replacing it with an imagination of yourself as acting or speaking as you would like to have done — that’s the key.

There is another point. You stand back, at night, and look at ‘yourself.’ Who is the ‘you’ that is looking? You’ve separated yourself from your ordinary self and begun to get up higher, nearer the soul. And so you finish up each night by silencing the lower fellow, getting him out of view and trying to sense the presence of the soul and its light above you and in you. It’s there, all right. And you’ll know that, clearer and clearer month by month. It’s at night, month after month, that we can gradually create the new man of the day, the man with light and joy and strength all through him. If we don’t create him, we stay as we were. That’s the secret of monotony.

And so, here’s the cure for it, final and complete,

and endlessly more fruitful and interesting,— no limit to it. If a man's stay in this place drives him to this cure, why won't he say that from one point of view it was the best thing that ever happened to him? Happened? There are no 'happenings,' according to my judgment. The universe is not run on that principle. It's *arranged* — for our help. REPORTER

### Forgetting the Ice-Cream

THEY were in the next compartment, the father and his little girl. I was mean enough to listen and not cough an announcement of my presence. I found I was learning something.

"Papa, I want an ice-cream."

"But, my dear, you had one yesterday."

"But it's *today* I want one."

"Suppose you could imagine the feeling of having one just as strong, every bit as strong, as if you were really having one, wouldn't that be just as good?"

"Yes (doubtfully). I suppose it might. But I can't."

"You remember yesterday's ice-cream, don't you?"

"Yes; that's what makes me want another."

"The feeling of it in your memory is *something* like the feeling of it when you were really having it, isn't it?"

"Yes (doubtfully again). But not so strong, of course."

"So what you want is the feeling full strength?"

"Yes."

"If you didn't have one for a long, long time, months, years, the memory might get so weak as not to be there at all, mightn't it?"

"Yes, but I shouldn't like that."

"Well then, the thing is like this: as you get farther away from anything nice you have had, the memory of the feeling of when you were really having it gets so weak that you don't even want the thing. Isn't that it?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose you have it again the day after. The day after *that* you'll be wanting it again just as strongly, won't you? You want it now because you had it yesterday. And you'll want it tomorrow because you had it today; want it a little more, because each time you have it your memory of it gets stronger?"

"Yes."

"Well then, having it only satisfies you one day. Tomorrow you want it a little more. And we said just now that if you didn't have it for a long time your memory of it would get so weak you wouldn't want it any more. It isn't nice to be wanting things, is it?"

"Well, no — not if you can't have them."

"So if you can't have things the best way is not to want them and so have no bother?"

"Yes."

"But didn't we say that the only way not to want something, say this ice-cream, is not to have it for a long time?"

"Oh, papa, you are mean!"

"Oh, we'll have the ice-cream. But it's always the best way, when you've had something nice of any sort, to try not to remember it too much. Think of something else. It's all right to have an ice-cream, of course. But there may be pleasant things that you can't have any more. And so if you've got this little power to let anything you choose fall right out of your memory and so not be wanted, you've got something very good, haven't you? And so you can begin practising getting it. We'll have ice-creams now and then, but in between we'll try and not let our minds think of them, perhaps not even once — anyhow not till we see an ice-cream place. People sometimes have very bad desires, you know, like drinking. And the want is so bad and painful that they stop it for the time by more drinking. When they were young they never learned this nice little power to keep things out of their minds. And they never think hard, real hard, that if they do something wrong today to stop up a want, the want will be there worse and more painful tomorrow. But if they could think of something else today and not do it, the want would be a *little*, little less tomorrow and after some more tomorrows all forgotten and dead. And it might even be so surprised that it couldn't have its way today as usual that it would get a sick headache and hardly be able to say anything at all tomorrow and then go into a quick decline, and in a little while be nicely dead." THE LISTENER

### Behind the Mask

IN ancient times the actors wore masks on the stage and spoke through them, the character of the masks differing of course with the nature of the parts they were used for. We get our words *person* and *personality* from that. For 'person' is made of the two Latin words *per*, through, and *sonare*, to sound. The actor's voice *sounded through* the mask that was concealing him. Person and personality therefore strictly mean the mask that conceals our real self. It is a pretty good mask, too, for it conceals our real selves even from ourselves! And a live mask, this personality we wear, changing its moods and feelings and ways from day to day or from one part of the day to another just as it happens to feel, or according as pleasant or disagreeable circumstances and occurrences make it feel. Also, of

course, the slow changes of the years, making the man inside feel that *he* is getting old. We are thoroughly mixed up with our personalities, don't know we are anything different from them and ought to be superior to them; and consequently instead of guiding them are run by them.

Philosophers have been arguing about Free-will — as to whether or not we have it — for a thousand years and are still at it. If, instead of *Free-will*, they would think of *Freed Will*, they might get to something. Will freed from all the incessant and injurious or useless desires of our personalities. The

thoughts and brain-chatter. In that silence we gradually become aware that we are something more than the outward personal self of moods and trifles, of fears, rejoicings, regrets, animosities and the rest. We are giving ourselves a chance as it were to breathe, to touch the life above and behind personality.

Human nature, said Plato, is a mystery; the self of each of us is at once "the same and the Other": "the same" — the self we know; "the Other" — the self beyond, coming into view little by little as "the same" is made silent for a few moments, the true man, the actor as he really is behind the masks of changing personality. It is only when we have practised this power of silence that we begin to sense our real selves, that the mind begins to understand high-range things of life, and our immortality, that the will begins to work at the service of our real interests instead of wholly serving the small desires, begins to invisibly adjust circumstances for our larger and truer welfare and opportunity — an adjustment that may look so casual and accidental as to blind us to what is going on.

So it is all one effort — finding our real self, the permanent, behind the outer personality; giving our will freedom; and getting the mind into control, stopping some of its wanderings, and, betimes, stilling it down into a silence that is the same as aspiration for light and wisdom, the same

as prayer in the high sense some give to that word. *Freedom* is the thing to think of. STUDENT



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#### KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE HANGING IN THE COUNTY HALL, WINCHESTER CASTLE, ENGLAND

Tradition says that this ancient British king founded a company of knights who should assist him in keeping religion pure, maintaining peace throughout his kingdom, and administering justice. The King and the twelve knights of the Order were supposed to have sat in council around this table.

will never gets a moment's rest, never has a chance to work for our *real* interests and so adjust circumstances for us that we could do our best growing. It *could* do this if it were allowed any leisure. Will has more power than any of us suspect, nor could we easily understand its modes of work on these higher lines.

The same, of course, with our minds — so tied up with small passing matters that they have no leisure to apply themselves to and understand long-range and high-range principles.

And, as we said, the same with ourselves — so tied up with our personalities that we never get sight of what we really are. Self, mind, and will, — all needing *freeing*, their best work waiting.

We can see the point, now, about *silence*. It is hard to get, this power of mind-stilling, so that for a few moments now and then, or night and morning, there might be real inner silence of all ordinary

#### The Line of Saturdays

AFTER breakfast on Saturday there is always a special lot of cleaning and tidying up to do against Sunday. Most days of the week seem to have their special quality, but Saturday is a particularly marked day. So it's easy to remember back from this to the previous one. I've always found it a good thing to do this, to recall myself as I was last Saturday — chiefly by means of recalling what I did then that happens to stand out in memory, and see whether I am exactly the same fellow as I was then, whether I've learned anything or got any new hold on myself, whether I've grown a bit



in self-control, whether if the same circumstances came along again I should behave as I did a week ago.

It's a good thing, I say, to do this. It gives you a perspective on yourself and on things. You run back a little along the line of Saturdays and see the essential unimportance of trifles that looked so large at the time. You always get irritated at some little thing; you see the line of these occasions going back and back. The occasions are going to continue in some shape right along. But are you going to continue to be *irritated* by them right along? Always jarred and disturbed just the same? It is this looking back that enables one to see things in their right size.

The line of Saturdays stretches *on* as well as back. Are we *always* going to let ourselves be tripped up? Can't we learn at last to live up higher, get bigger, make progress from week to week instead of staying exactly the same? What shall we feel at the end of life when we look back and see what we *might* have become, what strength and light we *might* have gained by scoring little victories all along as the weeks went by, doing a bit of growth each week, succeeding this week in not being tripped up as we were last week and all the weeks back of that? Next Saturday, which will be around very soon, we shall be looking back at this one. Can't we get something to show ourselves by then? Death is not the end of us, of course. It calls us to the exercise in a new way of any powers that we may have acquired in this, that we call life. We acquire them by making the successive Saturdays steps of an upgoing stairway. There's no harvest of power if one Saturday finds us about the same as the Saturday before.

Saturday is the end of the week. That is why it is a good day to be doing some looking back on. But you may find Monday or Sunday just as good. After you have looked back a bit, turn forward and make a picture of the seven days to come as fuller than ever before, one by one, of peace and light and strength and hope. It's the same thing, though on a larger scale, as one can profitably do each night in reviewing the day and then turning towards tomorrow and picturing oneself as living it through nearer to the soul than one ever did before, seeing it fuller of light. New Year resolutions are not much good. The year will take care of itself if we take care of the successive days and the successive Saturday by Saturday packets of seven of them.

STUDENT

### The Mark Tapley Prescription

WE are not told at what age Mark Tapley consented to die. Not before ninety, anyhow. How could anything kill a man of that temperament? What chance would any germs have inside *him*?

There are some men who always succeed in saying

something good of everybody else and of any circumstances in which they find themselves. Now, saying is always a double process. Whilst you say things out to someone else they are at the same time saying themselves in — to you. And the words echo around inside you and have effects, mental and physical. "Fine morning!" you say cheerfully to your friend as you pass him on the street. He gets a little lift from you — out of a bit of depression, maybe, or a feeling of loneliness. From him the ripple would go out further, passed on to the people *he* greeted or had to do with in his work.

But the thing was said in yourself at the same time, and your sense of the exhilarating fineness of the morning was increased — an increase of life and health. Your liver heard you say it and perked up a little more to its work. And the heart and lungs heard it and said it pleasantly to one another.

The surly, morose man is always an ill-healthened man, must be. The fineness of the morning never gets into *him*, no enlivening, pleasant message passed around among the members of *his* bodily household. Tell him it's a fine morning and he says there's a beastly chilly wind or it's going to be too sultry to breathe later on. He's a death-center, tending to depress the vitality of people who do not react against and throw off what he throws out — and his own vitality still more.

For Mark Tapley there was something in every circumstance, however dark, that relieved it. He'd get his bit of life out of it anyhow and give out what he got. And as he gave it out in his talk, he accumulated some more in himself.

Talking against other people is producing effects in yourself that are hurtful from first to last. The dislike-of-others mood is poison, and so is contempt. Trying to find something that might be said in extenuation of the conduct of disagreeable people, making allowances for them, recalling some better trait they sometimes show, being sorry for them on account of the fix they are in with their temperament, refusing to let the mind be occupied with them and their disagreeableness at all, or even being glad of them on account of the opportunity they give to practise unruffledness — these are ways of treating people as Mark Tapley treated circumstances. It's making sunlight (or at least a clear sky) inside instead of permitting cloud and is the most health-giving exercise of will we can possibly practice.

Serenity, this fine-morning-inside feeling, can be acquired with a little easy and pleasant daily practice. "Whatever the weather may be, said he" — you know the song. Having got the habit, the cheerfulness and good-feeling habit, we are as nearly germ-proof as a man may be. It's Mark Tapleyism applied not only to circumstances but also to people. And it can be got, even in a few weeks. It's better than the *Don't Worry* philosophy because it includes that



along with much more. It's a positive. It's always better to get your *Don'ts* into a *Do*. STUDENT

### Worth Trying

LET us consider of what goodness actually consists. I suppose we would all work it out in different ways, but to me it seems possible to divide goodness into two main elements: morality, negative and passive, and kindness, positive and active.

Morality is comprehended in the observation of the "Thou shalt not" portion of the Decalogue. Good people have made a religion of morality, when what it needs is a reasonable philosophy. Morality has actually a secure, logical basis, only we have lost sight of that. If we were only familiar with the steps of the demonstration we would be armed against scoffers and against doubts. I actually heard a man, accused of immoral action, ask, "Why not?" and no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. To have said "Because it is wrong" would have been merely absurd.

We are trying for a little broadening of the mental horizon — you and I — for a little soul expansion and spiritual growth. We are after the richer life, and wickedness is bound to retard us in our quest. Wickedness complicates life. The simple, straightforward way of living is what gives our souls a chance to grow and so to become of some value to us. Uprightness, morality, truth and decency give a clear, clean foundation for the richer life, while vice is a smothering force.

Morality is essential, but I contend that it is merely negative and passive. It clears the way and makes soul-growth *possible*, but it does not *make* the soul grow. Something active must be added.

If we are to bother with good resolutions this year, I would suggest taking a little thought on the subject of *kindness*. Kindness added to morality completes goodness. It takes a man-sized mind to understand the full meaning of kindness. It is not easy to be kind. It is much more difficult than to be moral. It requires the strength of a grown man. It means more than mere forbearance and amiability.

But oh, how kindness helps the soul to grow! How it enriches life! How it extends the personality to include other people, and broadens the outlook of life! It gives us purpose, poise, direction. It gives groundwork and foundation to life. It provides something to live for when all else crashes in ruins about our ears. I fancy a really kind man would not think of suicide. And it furnishes one of the most interesting, alluring occupations imaginable.

Yes, I think it is worth trying — this being good. I don't know what or where Heaven is; I don't much believe in Hell. But I do know that I would hate to enter Eternity — whatever Eternity may be — with the soul of a Machiavelli. We cannot look into the future, but it is in our power to prepare our souls

for whatever may happen, and I should prefer to take my chances with a soul that had not been choked with wickedness or stunted for lack of exercise.

(Condensed from *The Craftsman*)

### Oh! for a Dark-Green Hill-Top!

LEYLAND HUCKFIELD

OH! for a dark-green hill-top close to the sky  
And the song of bronzy bees in the golden gorse  
And bleating of new-born lambs in the waving fern  
And warm winds blowing out of a purple west,  
And, deep and dim, away in the Western sky,  
A dancing silver gleam from the distant sea,  
And a faint breath of the salt air thrilling me  
As in a time gone by.

Oh! for a dark-green hill-top close to the sky  
And the valley beneath me filled with April foam  
When plum and cherry and pear blossom smothers the land;  
And an olden madness drifting through my veins  
And an old song on my lips as the twilight falls,  
With longing for dim paths and daffodils  
And sweet wild roamings on the lonely hills,  
And trysts in darkened lanes.

Oh! for a dark-green hill-top close to the sky  
And cool wind on my throat and the night-time near  
And the white fog on the lowlands creeping higher,  
And all about a rustling sea of fern  
Till alone of the wide world left is a tiny isle  
Moored on a spectral flood that is silent and cold  
Till the dreams of youth are mine and the magic of old —  
That sleeps such a long, sad while.— *Selected*

### The Arrow and the Song

LONGFELLOW

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.— *Selected*

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### The New Way Quotebook

LET us do one thing each day, if only one, to assert our will as souls. Thus we shall not wholly lose touch of the Light. Behind the conscious mind these one-acts foregather into a little company, receiving into their midst the new-comer of each day, growing in numbers and strength — one day at a ripe hour to come forth together and clear the field.

WE could amount to something if we would stop interior imaginary conversations and dealings with other people and substitute interior real invocations of our own souls.

"If a man writes a controversial or a fighting letter late at night, puts it away in a drawer and keeps it for a couple of days, he will seldom send it if he reads it over again."— *Dr. Robert Morris*

"ANGER and worry are the most unprofitable conditions known to man. While they are in possession of the mind both mental and physical growth are suspended."— *Horace Fletcher*

WHY do we not use the fact that in the morning the thoughts of the night before come back to us with something added, a little more light on them — if they were of the sort that *light* can mix with?

THE attempt to progress on higher lines often produces a sort of fermentation in one's mind so that little impediments look like mountains, single thoughts worry like hornets, the past looms up menacingly, chills the courage out of one's heart, and even makes one feel like a lost soul. Don't fight these things. Don't give them a hearing. Open up to the Light, for that's the one thing they are out to prevent you from doing.

EACH hard duty, each difficulty, each temptation of our daily life, contains the question: What are you going to do about it? If we meet them weakly or wrongly, Fate smiles a little, quite compassionately, but says to herself: I must confront the man with that again. He is of no use to me or to himself till he has worked out the right answer.

EVERY good resolution will be easily carried out in the first flush of its making. Don't be taken in by that, think you have won out, or pat yourself on the back. Every wave has a discouraging trough behind it. Start from there and repeat the resolution. Keep it down there. Final successes are nourished in the bottom of troughs, not on the showy crests. A man's disease gets better at once when he confidently begins a new medicine. But the first improvement is because of his confidence; the work of the medicine comes out more slowly. He must continue to take it when the first flush of his confidence is gone.

It is quite probably not in the natural program that the brain should wear out with advancing age, or become dulled, or fail in memory. For whilst in cases of death from starvation all the other organs and tissues have lost from twenty to more than ninety per cent. of their weight, the brain and nerve centers have lost nothing. They appear able to keep their nutrition at the expense of everything else. It seems therefore a fair inference that in advancing old age they should be able to keep their vitality whilst it is evenly and normally dying down everywhere else in the body. And this would be the ideal condition for that clear light of consciousness in which life could be understood and its lessons appreciated as at no other period of our existence, the soul finding a constantly decreasing hindrance in its illumination of the mind.

THE law for spiritual development is the same as for any other. Nothing for nothing. "Each man must pay the price for what himself counts dear." The law is that if you want something you must begin observing the conditions necessary for its acquirement. If you want to be an athlete there are exercises to be regularly carried out and some old habits to be given up. Throwing aside impediments is the first step to any attainment.

"What's the good of abstaining this once? Tomorrow I shall yield. I can't keep it up."

Don't be taken in by a wife of the enemy. Each abstaining makes the next easier. "Three times starts a habit; seven times fixes it." Never was a wiser old proverb.

IN the worst of times, when we seem too depressed or overwhelmed to stir a finger, let us do at any rate one strong, manly, confident right action, invoking our best. This dark time will come again in its cycle, but right in the midst of it will come also the strength of that one action, the strength for another and another. At last these periods become mere occasions for calling out our best. We are stronger than any obstacle life can put in our way and able to help and encourage all our weaker comrades. Right actions are stepping-stones, left there for our further use when we come round that way again.

THOUGHT cannot be in two places at once. If we want thoughts and mental energy that can come to something and get somewhere we must create the habit of stopping the thoughts that are time-wasters and energy-wasters. What's the good of a leaky reservoir or a pocket with holes in it? Thoughts occupied with other peoples' ways and doings are the worst leakages. Then comes internal imaginary conversation with other people. Some men's minds are at that all the time. The habit of interior silence gathers up and places at our ready disposal all the mental energy we formerly dissipated uselessly.

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

Know this, O Man, sole root of sin in thee  
Is — not to know thine own divinity! — *James Roades*

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# THE NEW WAY

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

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

AUGUST 1920

No 8



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE MAIN BUILDINGS: THE TEMPLE OF PEACE AND RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE  
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

## Jim's Unofficial Sermon

"**B**E ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

Which shows that the Teacher considered that perfection is possible for us.

Are there any perfect men? It seems to me that you might meet with one and even live with him and never suspect what he was if you were blind to the indications.

For plenty of reasons I've always believed that men no more begin to be with their birth than they cease to be with their death. And I've always believed also that it's not always the whole of a man that gets born at all or is actively present in what you see of him. There's sometimes more behind that don't necessarily come into play. I'll make that clearer in a minute, when I get round to it.

Why do men get born at all? What brings them into a body?

For two reasons, I take it, mixed or separate. First — and perhaps the only reason at work in the case of most of us — because they need the experience and mainly the *pains* of life, to do something towards licking them into shape, making real men out of them. "Real men" — just give those words all the weight of meaning you know how. This lot, perhaps, is *brought* or *sent* into life, like a boy is sent to school, for his own good: sent, because if it was left to him he'd never go of himself, not understanding the need of education. Later on, he will; but later on ain't come yet for him.

The other reason for being born, as I see it — a reason usually mixed with the first one, but in rare cases pure — is because a man's got a job to do for the rest, or a message of some kind for them. This

reason is what operates with souls that love and pity their fellows, or that have the urge to share something good. I reckon a chap like Beethoven, for instance, had the urge to share the great music that was in him, get it into circulation for the general uplift, and he put in the whole of his time on that. Maybe there was also a percentage of *sent* in him, too, for he had to have a lot of suffering. But maybe, again, there's some that don't *need* the suffering they get. They look ahead and know it's coming — from human ingratitude and malice and stupidity and what not; but they take it because they see it's tied up with their job of helping, can't be separated. Their will to help is so strong that they're willing.

I said that a man ain't always necessarily wholly present in what you see of him. He may only put enough of himself into his working personality to do the job he got born to do. He may have all kinds of powers and spiritual possessions behind that wouldn't help in regard to that particular life-job he's taken the contract for.

There was a chap once in this prison — dead now — that seems to illustrate what I've been saying. I don't say he was a perfect man, but I never saw any fault in him. He was in here for something he never did, as was found after he was dead. But he never made a complaint or said a word to anybody that I know of. Anyway he was just the most embodied beneficence you ever saw — but a real *man*, mind you. He could smooth out a quarrel between two fellows quicker than they got into it and leave them better friends than they ever were before. He'd say something to the newcomer that would just exactly lift up the worst of his load for him. He got the run of the hospital and there were some of the sick that would hardly take a dose of medicine except from him. If they had to go across the line and were in mortal terror about it, he knew just what to say that made them as peaceful as children going to bye-bye. The guards came to think a lot of him and the warden would take his advice about new rules and regulations and changes in the old ones. A thousand little easements here were due to him. There's things copied in other prisons that he started here.

And he didn't have it all plain sailing, I tell you. He had enemies, fellows whose low tricks he wouldn't stand for and countered hard — exposed them right out sometimes. He wasn't any milksop, not he, and I never saw a white thread of fear in his make-up. Now and then, especially at first, he'd find some charge vamped up against him that would get him the dark cell or something. But he never bore any malice nor tried to get his enemy of the time into any trouble. The revenge notion simply wasn't in him. 'Twas him that started the school classes and the orchestra, and at first he taught a good few of the classes himself. Seemed to be mighty well educated, but he never said anything about his own past.

Now that fellow cut a mighty big swathe of good in the years he was here and there's simply no measuring the long-range effects of all he did. There's men in the world, many and many, redeemed characters because of him.

As I said, I don't say he was perfect. But I do say two things about him: that it looks to me as if a chap like that took up the job of life to cut that particular swathe of good and did his job up brown; and also as if there was a heap more in him as a whole soul than he found it necessary to put into that working personality of his. There was always a sense in you that there was more to him than was showing. He just met every situation full and over-measure, and you sort-of knew that if there'd been other situations that needed more, situations that life in here didn't and couldn't present, he'd have been just as ready for them. I say he'd put all that part of himself aside, just as he'd put on one side any part of himself that might have liked the usual pleasures and relaxations, in order to do this job thoroughly. And then, finally, worn out bodily, he quietly went through and rejoined the rest of himself.

There ain't much we *know* about life, but I reckon we can *sense* more than we know and come out right with it.

REPORTER

## Finding God

### A MEDITATION

"**S**EEK union with God," said the preacher that morning as a finish to his sermon. Because those were his last words they hung around in my ear, and my mind started in of itself to think about them and work them out. I hadn't had much light from the sermon itself. I might want union with God, but what would be the chances of God's accepting union with me? How could I establish a claim that would be honored? What sort of basis could there ever be for a special claim of that sort?

Of course you couldn't even *want* union with God until you had some notion of God's nature. What was my notion? I'd never tried to get clear about that before. So I pushed into myself and presently found that the root idea of God I had was — *the Power that helps*. That was as near as I could get. How is it?

The Power that helps; the Spirit of Compassion. It was that that was to be got union with. Did the first move to union ever come from *that* side, I wondered? As the Spirit of Compassion, it seemed reasonable to think that such a Presence would be likely to come near those who *suffered*, so as to help and comfort them, might wrap them around, in a way of speaking. And if they were conscious of it they might respond in gratitude with their hearts,

and so there would be a union on the basis of their suffering — such as bereavement or what not

That seemed reasonable and I believed it. But suppose I knew of someone suffering and went over and tried what I could to relieve it with *my* bit of help and compassion, or even only wanted to if I couldn't do any more,— wouldn't that bring me into union with the *great* Compassion, since we would be on the same business for the moment? We've all done a bit of that. And haven't we felt while we were at it that we had in us or with us an approving Presence that we seemed to be in tune with just then?

So another way to the union would be to be helping the great Compassion in its work wherever we could by putting our compassion into line with it.

Those who suffer; those who help; — these get a touch of union. It's up to them to live so as to hold it.

But there's help needed everywhere, beside what help is needed for suffering. Seemed to me that the man who picks up a nail from the road so's it shan't cut the tire of the next auto, is helping in a small way. He's got the right spirit. And the girl that teaches school and works hard and patiently because she loves the little ones and wants them to get on and grow up with quick minds and straight characters — that too is help and must be in line with what the great Compassion wants. And if a man should make a poem or write a song or a piece of music — not altogether for his own reputation or for cash, but in part because he wanted to do good — well, by that much of his motive that was to do good, that much of him that loved his fellows, that much of him that wasn't thinking of himself, he would have put himself into the current of help, and while there I guess he could feel his union to that degree with the great Compassion that wants to uplift everywhere and everybody.

And the man who faithfully does his duty, maybe hard and thankless duty of any sort, just because it *is* duty, just to answer up like a man to what he knows he ought to do — doesn't this give him something in his heart that must be the touch of God? Duty done like that must be a way to union, even if a man doesn't know what that helping and encouraging touch is that he gets.

The great Compassion must look on at all men, at all the drops of the great human sea, with equal compassion and well-wishing, doing all possible for them, all they will let, all the time. But it would distinguish from the rest, as it were, those who were showing the wish to help their fellows in some way, and would get nearer to them in proportion as that wish was shining out above the *selfish* parts of their total wish-force. So from the great Compassion's side there would be the union. But from their side, to make the union strong, there must be a recognizing move. If a hand's stretched out towards you, you must stretch out yours to grasp it. Love of God,

love to help:— I guess they're two sides of the same. I don't believe in any love of God, love of the Compassion Spirit, unless there is love to help. Must be compassion both sides if the union is to come about. But there might be love to help and yet no conscious recognizing love of God. For a man's mind might be in the fix that it couldn't believe in the kind of God he'd heard the people about him telling of. And so it would seem to him that he didn't believe in any. So there'd be some block to the union. What then? I reckon he wouldn't come to any harm! For if he was honestly on the search and his heart was warm with his will to help and his compassion and friendliness, he'd come somehow by the right notion — meet with the right book, maybe, or the right man to give his mind the touch, or get a flash for himself of the right thought coming from he didn't know where.

I don't reckon that "union with God" is such a dark proposition, after all. You get it with that part of your mind that isn't selfish, and if you stick to it, it comes up on top of the part that is and finally blots that out. And in the silencing of your common thinkings night by night, a last few moments of aspiration, the union and communion gets closer and closer and at last you must know it for sure. The one thing in life worth doing! Compassion, and duty, and aspiration,— I guess these are the three steps to the thing if you want the fullness of it.

THE WAYFARER

### The Background, Shadow or Shine

A MAN'S thoughts flow across a sort of background of feeling and take their color from it — for good or ill to him. But in its turn this background takes its color from our thoughts and is gradually modified by them. We call the background temperament, with a sense of fatality about the word; not recognizing the other fact — that with a little care and over-watching for a sufficient (and not so very long) time we can make our temperaments what we like. If temperament colors thoughts, thoughts make and unmake temperament.

And there's the secret of not getting old before you have to; and also of securing an old age that shall be as desirable and fruitful a department of life in its special way as childhood, youth or middle age, in theirs. Life should not begin to narrow and cloud in at fifty, but rather to open out in a new and higher direction, closing at last with the light of consciousness undimmed.

But it is about fifty that a man does usually begin to find himself thinking that his best days are over, his physical and mental vigor just about to begin going down the other side of the hill, and that it's

too late now to open up on any new line. "At your age," people say to him; "at my age," he says to himself. The background is beginning to cloud. His thoughts are beginning to be affected by it and darkened by it. The little *downs* of the daily ups and downs of health that follow each other in everyone's life at every period and are ordinarily and properly disregarded, he now begins to dwell on and to interpret as signs of commencing old age. And because of that he makes them so.

There is a story of some medical student hazers who, desirous of playing a practical joke upon one of their number, blindfolded him, tied him to a table, and pretended to open a vein in one of his arms, at the same time arranging that water should drop into a bucket. The student supposed the drops to be coming from his arm and presently fainted from loss of — nothing!

We die of old age somewhat as this student fainted from imagined loss of blood. The years drop from us and we think of every one of them as taking from us an amount of vitality that nature, left to herself, would never think of allowing it to be answerable for. But the effect is what we think it is going to be *because* we think that. Each such thought is a depressing wave spreading through that bit of nature which is our body.

No one knows or can know how much living-power his heredity has endowed him with. Whatever it is, we have wasted a lot of it; we all know that, and know how we did it! Nevertheless nearly every one of us who passes into physical decay and then on to death, does so with a lot of it unused, in no way compelled by nature. The injury is done — direct abuse of the body apart — by the after-fifty habit of interpreting the *downs*, among the daily ups and downs of health — the little disturbances of function and passing ailments — as signs of failing vitality.

The key to the remedy against this sort of self-poisoning is simply — don't do it! Disregard the downs. Refuse to admit into the mind the sense of failing. Keep the mind alert, cheerful, ready to undertake any new line of work, hopeful of its own future, never moping, and in that way make it a helpful and invigorating tonic to the body that it tenants. Then nature, taking her own way, working in the body, will do the best for it. Remember that the natural tendency of the body is to get well of things. If one organ is particularly in trouble, the others will combine in medicining it and helping it. Our best co-operation both with nature and the doctor is by refusing entrance to worry till the refusal is a self-acting habit, by holding cheerfulness and hope, by ousting the *failure* thought, and by smoothing out anger and harsh thought of others as quickly as ripening practice in it permits. Let us end each day with a few moments of complete mental peace and with a consciousness of the light of the soul about us,

and then, delivering over the body to nature for reconstruction while we sleep, prepare to find ourselves on the morrow with more power of self-control than ever before. And if with all this we stop doing the things with the body that we know to be costly to life — that is, sensual indulgences — there is not one of us that will not in a while find himself coming into the working possession of very unexpected reserves. Nature never meant old age to bring senility. M. D.

### The Days and Years

"THE River of Time" — a phrase the poets are rather fond of. We are in the River, sailing up-stream; and the River stretches away behind us into the illimitable past. Looking forward we see it coming down to meet us from future beyond future. So the poets' picture has to show a double movement — of ourselves, onward, and of the stream passing us, backward. It is a picture good to dwell on, helpful to us in facing the difficult present, taking away none of the rightful importance of the present but gradually taking away all of its fictitious importance.

I always like to keep a calendar on the wall and make a word or two of note against each day of anything particular that happens, especially the disagreeables. Picking up *last* year's calendar and looking back at the little notes, how unreal and unimportant seem the disturbances and disagreeables there recorded! Yet the notes meant a good deal when they were written. The only thing that stays just as alive and real as ever is I myself. I go forward through the events, staying real; *they* fall away into the rear and get unreal. Why should I bother about them so much during the little time that they will seem real? The great thing is to do my duty by them while they last and then let them go. I propose to move on along the *New Way* and continue doing so when death shall relieve me of my non-essentials. A gold thread that has to find its difficult way through a lot of beads and come out into the light again through the last:— that's my idea of life.

Looking back along the calendar at the end of the year is so far a good thing to do. But looking back along *each day* at the end of it is a still more fruitful bit of self-education. Don't let's neglect that retrospect. It may not be very easy at first. But it's the finest sort of mind-training, and the power to do it better and better develops with practice like any other. It's an essential for real self-knowledge, knowledge of the gold thread in the troublesome beads. It disentangles us from what is temporary and accidental in ourselves and from what ought to be got rid of, and shows us what is permanent. And it makes all the troubles of life easier and easier. For



as they will look very small when seen later on, on last year's calendar, we are making them look small when seen close up and even while they are going by.

Going through the day, hour by hour, we get so mixed up with and absorbed in the things that happen

and feelings, the same victim of events. But if we hold off this changeable self of the day and look at it and criticise its ways and weaknesses, we gradually become aware of the gold thread of real self running through it all, not beginning with birth nor to be

ended by death. We are practising how to look at the calendar on the wall. There we look back along the line of days instead of hours. Seeing how quickly they flowed we must of necessity get little by little the idea that we are greater than all the small worries and tangles we went through and lost so much on. We are gaining strength from this perception, strength not to be at the mercy of anything that happens. Things are getting their right proportion of importance and we see that the one and really important thing is that we should become too strong for anything to draw us from the noble path we have chosen. And at last comes knowledge of what that path is, where it leads on and up to, and what we are that tread it. Then we shall do our whole duty all along the line, fearless and in the light. STUDENT

### When Man's Love is Divine Love

WE are daily experiencing in ourselves, and in our fellow-men are witnessing, the divine love. But so separated has become the divine from the human in our finite minds, that we fail to recognize the divine when expressed by humans divinely, and cannot believe that it is of divinity when we experience complete satisfaction of mind and heart from exercising this divinely ourselves, or meet with it in our fellows. For, until we analyse ourselves and our feelings of joy, contentment and

satisfaction, it is quite impossible for our dense material minds to grasp the truth we are experiencing of the divine, even when our whole beings have been raised into joyous exaltation, and we are aglow with the divinity awakened in us and feel that it is of the eternal and not fleeting.

Yet the contrast proves this true, when the divine realities give way to even the highest feelings the



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### TEMPLE OF PEACE, LOMALAND

The left-hand one of the two buildings shown on the front page.  
Designed by Mme. Tingley.

and the thoughts and feelings they give rise to that we are not really ourselves at all. But in the retrospect at bedtime we hold them as it were at arm's length, stand back from them, separate ourselves from them, and so begin to be aware of what we are. If we do not do this, we are each day as much at the mercy of events as we were the day before. It is the same man day after day with the same thoughts

human mind is capable of, save when it is warmed and illuminated by the heart, and so is responsive to the soul. The divine afflatus withdrawn, then life falls stale and empty, and our hearts shrivel and are struck numb as with a death and our minds are a chaotic wilderness in which mad hounds of thought chase one another without object or purpose — veritable infernos; or strong minds, capable of the divine afflatus, sink into the hard frigidity of a polar night.

Yet how divine is the human and human the divine! The least thought or act of unselfish love being divine. Divine love made manifest in and through us. And there is not a human being who has not had such thoughts and who has not so acted in many ways, and has experienced the satisfaction, the divine exaltation and joy which then sprung into being within the heart and life. How natural was the action! It was divinely human — the natural condition and state of men, once we have ceased to be the animal man, and have risen and live above the selfish animal self, with its brain mind, making it subservient to the humanly divine self. Then every thought and action will be expressions of the divine love, and the satisfaction and joy, the "Peace beyond understanding," the "Joy unspeakable," will be ours. We then have found and are living in the eternal, enjoying eternal realities, which will be ever augmented if we but hold ourselves in this our natural state of being, the heart warming to illuminate the mind to the affections of the soul.

F. M. PIERCE

### To Each his Problem

THE Master gave to each of us in the class a separate problem in geometry to solve. Mine always was, I considered, the most difficult and tedious and exasperating of the lot. It seemed as if the Master had a special spite against me. Some of the others had certainly very easy ones compared to mine; some quite pleasant and interesting; and both these I greatly envied.

My problems were, as I said, the most trying and irritating of all. The curious thing was that the others were unable to see this, in their selfish absorption took little note of *my* difficulties, and mostly thought that *their* problems were the really difficult and trying ones!

The Master came to know of all this in some way, for one day he said: "My pupils, none of you can judge of the problems I set to any other than himself. I know your peculiarities of mind and degree of advancement, and I adapt the problems I set to each of you in accordance therewith. Relatively to your special requirements of mental discipline, the problems set to all of you, whatever they may seem, are of

the same difficulty. And so each of you should cease to envy any other, face his own immediate problem carefully, and so find that through it lies his next step of advancement. He should be glad that I find him strong enough to face that difficulty. Do not worry about what tomorrow's problem may be, for I will set that also according to your best interests; or about your failure, perhaps, to solve yesterday's problem. For should you still need that one I will set it again in another form; and your fidelity today will by that time have given you adequate power to deal with it.

"Remember that I am deeply interested in each one of you, the most backward as well as the best, and rejoice at every success that any of you makes. But I can only lead you on as fast as you will consent to follow. I have some very fine things to show you as soon as you are ready. And it is not forbidden you to help one another. In fact you will gain much strength for your own difficulties by that. Now take a new start and be hopeful."

But it was a long time before I could believe what he said and come to trust him. CLASS-STUDENT

### Every Nail — Every Time!

BECAUSE a nail was loose the shoe came off, and because the shoe came off the horse was lame, and because the horse was lame he brought up the general too late for the battle, and so the field was lost. We must all have read the little poem telling that story.

Behind the loose nail was the momentarily careless blacksmith. Probably he said "What's just one nail, anyhow?" and let it pass.

On the athletic ground you sometimes see a 'tug of war' when the parties at the opposite ends of the rope are just evenly balanced. For the few moments it might seem from a little distance as if there was nothing doing, the tremendous strain giving no evidence in movement. A child, then, adding his weight on at one or the other end of the rope, might determine the issue.

Did you ever think what would happen if the immense force of good in us, which proceeds from the never-resting soul, were suddenly withdrawn, leaving the immense force of evil wholly unbalanced and unchecked? Between these two great forces we usually move quite easily, mostly unconscious of the tension and not recognising that the small concessions to evil that we make, apparently almost nothings, or the small victories that we take over ourselves, may be like the child adding his little weight to the end of the rope and determining the issue. A 'small' victory or a 'small' surrender to a weakness may color the entire day for good or evil, fill it with

light and peace, or make it black, give or take away just the strength needed to face some grave temptation upon which even the happiness of all the coming years may turn.

The soul is in truth the general of our lives, in itself invincible. But it rests with *us* to drive the nail right! Just another touch with the hammer! That touch is the 'small' victory. To think "What's the odds in a little thing like this?" and act accordingly (or shirk accordingly) — means the loose nail. A few small victories, or small surrenders make the habit, one way or the other. And from the habit results the clear-eyed man who can respect himself or the moral slouch who knows himself a failure.

In the early years of life it is the parents who must guide the child in these daily small selections between right and wrong, daily occasions for little victories over itself. But if when we come to manhood we find that this was not done, well, it is never too late, by fidelity to all the passing opportunities, to strengthen our characters till they are too strong for any temptation that may present itself, to dignify our lives, and to get the light of our souls. STUDENT

### The Happy Warrior

WORDSWORTH

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
It is the generous Spirit  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright:  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train,  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:  
Is placable — because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, ever more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
He labors good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows.  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,

Is happy as a Lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpass;  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:  
This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
That every Man in arms should wish to be.— *Condensed*

### The Majesty of Law

THE whole front page of the morning paper blank today. No, not altogether. In the center of the white expanse was one item of news printed in gold. Very short. It just related that the entire lot of condemned-cell prisoners in Sing Sing had voluntarily foregone their allotted fifteen minutes a day in the open air in order that one of their number might enjoy the sunshine for the whole of his last two days on earth.

Well, anyhow, that's the way that item of news *ought* to have been set forth. As a matter of fact it was inconspicuously packed away on an inside page, just a two-inch item that nobody would notice.

The divinity of human nature again. All these men were first-class murderers. But the divinity of them, when there was a call for it, took no notice of what they had done, came triumphantly up out of its concealment, and struck its silver note. But to the chair the Majesty of Law will send all these men just the same, men capable of that! Thank Heaven the chair can't electrocute the *Light*, can't get in on a man as far as his soul!

The next humanitarian and lover of his kind and hater of twentieth century barbarism who thinks of writing an article against Capital Punishment might as well hold his hand and just print that item. The whole of his case is there — and the case for human root divinity, pledge of final redemption. EDITOR

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Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to: THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

### The New Way Quotebook

LET not soft sleep come down upon thine eyelids till thou hast pondered thy deeds of the day, thinking: "Wherein have I sinned? what done that I should not have done, what left undone that I should have done?" Beginning at the first, go through even unto the last. Then let thy heart smite thee for the ill deed but rejoice in the good.

"WORK at these commandments; think upon them and love them. They shall surely set thee in the way of divine righteousness.

"Know thou that the woes of men are the work of their own hands. Miserable are they because they see not and hear not the good *that is very nigh them*. Like rollers they roll to and fro, having endless trouble." — *The 'Golden Verses' of Pythagoras* (some hundreds of years B. C.)

#### DON'T stop climbing

Because there's some mud upon your feet. There are brooks higher up.

Because there are rocks in the way. They're much smaller than they look from a distance.

Because of clouds and black storms. They're an outside bluff. Just keep the sun shining in your heart.

Because of slips. If you take four steps and slip three you've scored one. It's the odd *ones* that make the climbing.

Because of any difficulties whatsoever. You can go through them.

Keep serene. Confidence, courage, serenity and persistence — get these words going in you till you can't hear anything else. Make them the first thought of every opening day, your pledge to yourself.

"TROUBLE has a trick of coming

Butt end first;

Viewed approaching, then you've seen it

At its worst.

Once surmounted straight it waxes

Ever small

And it tapers till there's nothing

Left at all!

So, whene'er a difficulty

May impend,

Just remember you are facing

The butt end;

And that looking back upon it

Like as not

You will marvel at beholding

Just a dot!" — *Kansas City Star*

"TRUE happiness is the evidence and fruition of conscious usefulness, and quarantine against obstructions to normal altruistic energy is the best means of obtaining happiness." — *Horace Fletcher*

A MAN should never let his past deter him from the path to Light. It is precisely because of our past that we need the Light, and the worse the past the more the need. And the Light is there ready to help.

"THERE was a wise old philosopher who called worry 'interest on trouble,' paid in advance. More often than not, too, the principal is imaginary only and never materializes." — *F. M. Pierce*

"Assuredly not as a sacrifice, but by wholly giving one's self to what one would become, is success attained, the heart's yearnings satisfied, and the soul freed.

"Only by subordinating the mind to the heart is the intellect warmed into illumination, and the soul released to mastership over these, to do its divine work in life." — *F. M. Pierce*

"THOU art manly enough while there is nought to oppose thee. Thou canst give good counsel and hast encouraged others with words. But when suddenly the trouble cometh to thine own door thou lackest both courage and counsel for thyself. And yet it is all for thy good when these or such things befall thee. Put the matter as well as thou canst out of thy mind. Bear it at least patiently, if gladly thou canst not. Govern thyself nor suffer an unchastened word to escape thee whereby the weaker ones might stumble. The storm that hath arisen will quickly subside and thy hidden pain will be soothed by returning grace. Be more tranquil in mind and brace thyself to better fortitude. All is not lost even though again and again thou feel thyself broken or well-nigh spent." — *Thomas à Kempis*

"I LAUGH when I hear that the fish in the water is thirsty. Perceivest thou not how the god is in thine own house? Go where thou wilt, if thy soul is a stranger to thee, the whole world is unhomelike."

— *Kabir*

"LET not men's sin dishearten thee: love a man even in his sin, for that love is a likeness of the divine love, and is the summit of love on earth. Love all God's creation, both the whole and every grain of sand. Love every leaf, every ray of light. Love the animals, love the plants, love each separate thing. If thou love each thing thou wilt perceive the mystery of God in all; and when once thou perceive this thou wilt thenceforward grow every day to a fuller understanding of it: until thou come at last to love the whole world with a love that will then be all-embracing and universal." — *Dostoevsky*

Nature may be slow in correcting man's mistakes, but she never quits trying.

GIFT  
SEP 27 1920

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

"Ah! from the true, the mortal self  
So thin a veil divides!"

#### NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading a magazine bearing this notice, place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers, sailors or marines. No wrapping — no address.  
A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General.

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley  
Point Loma, California

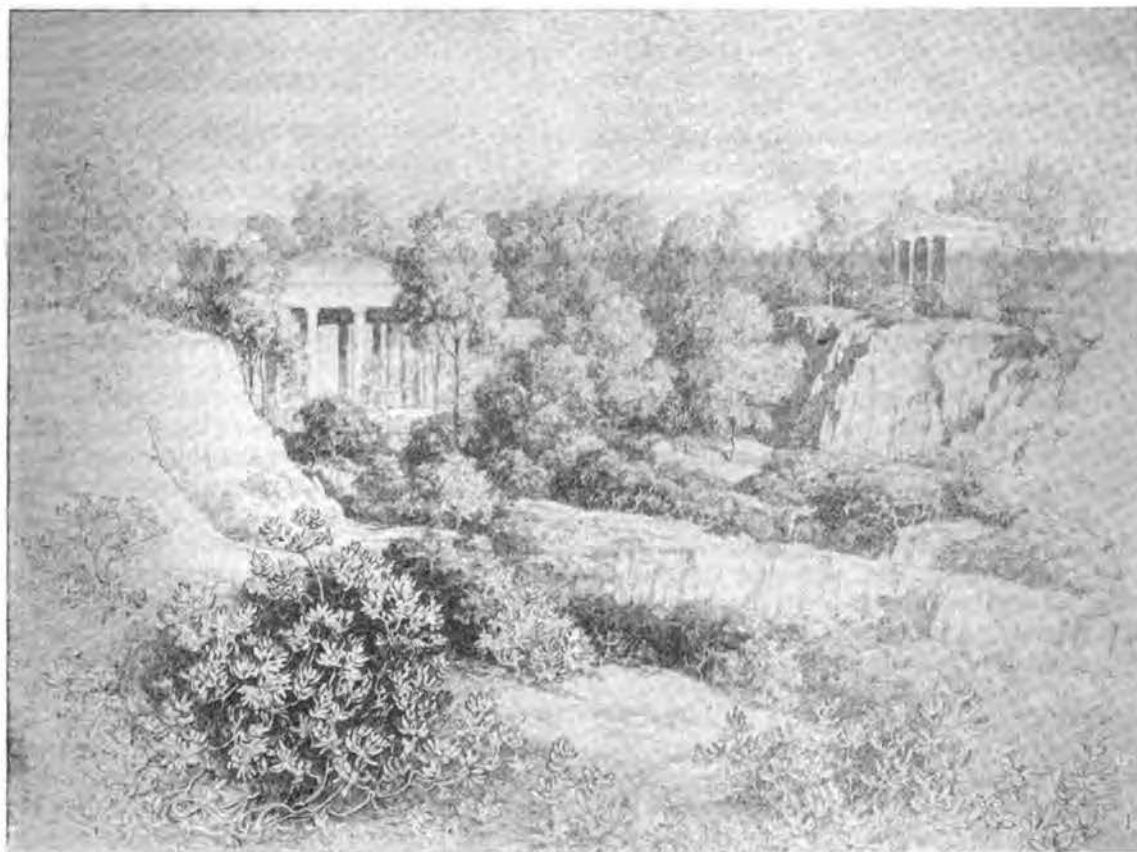
EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

SEPTEMBER 1920

No. 9



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

GREEK THEATER DESIGNED AND BUILT BY MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The first open-air theater built in America. The semi-circular tiers of seats are just visible through the columns of the Temple, and the audience see the Pacific Ocean as a background to the stage-setting. The building on the height to the right is for the orchestra.

**Address of the Woman's International  
Theosophical League to Governor Stephens**

*International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California. U. S. A.*

*August 18, 1920*

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR,  
State of California.

DEAR SIR:

As members of the Woman's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian) of Point Loma, California, organized under the Leadership of Mme. Katherine Tingley, our Foundress-Directress, to protect the homes and to guard the interests of civic and national life, and knowing your sympathy with progressive and humanitarian ideals, we confidently appeal to you to use the executive clemency which is the peculiar privilege of your high office, in the case of the People vs. Wolff.

We plead with you to consider the youth of the condemned minor, Roy Wolff. As mothers, educators, physicians, humanitarian workers, and public-spirited citizens of our commonwealth, we are deeply impressed with the powerful influence exerted by present social conditions upon individuals, and especially upon many natures which are mentally and morally negative, even if not frankly degenerate or depraved. The aftermath of the world war is a universal and dominating passion of unrest, which finds typical expression in every class and condition in every country. We have only to read the daily papers to be aware that present conditions are rife with sudden and powerful temptations, that crime stalks among us on every hand in strange and horrible guises, and that mature men and women, some of whom have had considerable training, have succumbed to these influences and done deeds of violence. It is reasonable to grant that a growing lad may be even more susceptible to such temptations.

While, therefore, the present social system does not protect the youth from such evil psychological influences, and while the current systems of education are inadequate to develop moral fiber strong enough to restrict these impulses that vitiate the social structure, it is but just that the most progressive methods of human conservation and education look to the law as a reformatory, not a punitive agent, particularly in dealing with so youthful an offender. Not only mercy but justice asks for this erring lad an opportunity to amend his ways and to transform his misdirected energies, rather than a penalty that cuts him off from life, where alone he can realize his failure and atone for his crime by learning to live, even though imprisoned, a life of usefulness.

We plead with you not to permit the taking of this young life to be a blot upon the records of our

fair State. Spare this lad! Give him, as an immortal soul, an unfortunate in whom the Divinity has as yet found no opportunity to be more than a hidden spark, one more chance to redeem himself in this life; and thus perform an act that may become a fragrant memory hallowing your official career.

Very respectfully yours,

For the Members of the Woman's International Theosophical League throughout the world.

MRS. A. G. SPALDING, *President*  
GERTRUDE VAN PELT, (M. D.) *Vice-President*  
ESTELLE HANSON, *Cor. Secretary*  
LYDIA ROSS, (M. D.) *Rec. Secretary*  
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GRACE KNOCH, *Chairman Pub. Com.*

**The Christos Spirit**

(From a public address by Mme. Katherine Tingley)

WE well know that humanity is discouraged; that it is in a condition of deplorable unrest; and that it is waiting for the needed help which comes only from the unfoldment of the religious nature of man. For man is in essence, and in the great universal plan, religious by nature. He has been seeking for the fuller light throughout all time, and he has met with all sorts of presentations of religion and with many varying formulae of truth; while the chaotic condition of the world today is due to these departures from the simple teachings given out by the Great Teachers who lived in ancient times.

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

To me it seems quite impossible for anyone ever to dream of finding that power within until he begins a searching self-analysis, until he begins to study the mysteries of his own being and his life in a way that will show what his possibilities really are. Think of what a mystery man is to himself, of how little he knows of himself, of how much less he knows of the laws that govern his life. He is confounded and confused by the contradictions he finds in himself, and by his own weaknesses, and sometimes even by his



aspirations; for weaknesses and aspirations, and aspirations and weaknesses, are manifested in the life of every man. And we lack the inner enlightenment which would harmonize the contradictions in us. It is the spiritual will which we lack, for this will is the great harmonizer and adjuster.

And so, searching self-analysis is the key to the situation. Let man courageously face himself, be his own confessor, confess his weaknesses to himself, to his Higher Self, his Immortal Self. If one has the disposition to do this, and sufficient belief in himself, he has the power to overcome; then he will find in the self-analysis, in the confession, in the bending of the knee of the mortal to the immortal, "the light that lighteth every man." This is the power that we must have today; this is the power that all humanity is crying for; this is the remedy that is needed — self-analysis, searching self-analysis.

As we move along the path of endeavor, of self-adjustment, we shall find an explanation of those mysteries which have confounded man for ages, for all lie within the economy of man, within his own being — these wonderful mysteries. Surely we have felt at times in our silent and more thoughtful moments, sometimes under the pressure of great sorrow and suffering or agony, the consoling and helpful power of the Higher Self, which is the living Christos within; and we have been lifted for the time at least, and sustained, and carried safely through our ordeals of sorrow. But this sweet trust, this inner light, this mighty help, stays not, unless it is held by the will — the spiritual will and our impersonal aspirations. The Christos Spirit is with us always, did we but know it, did we but invoke it; it is ever-present, "the still, small voice," that is continuously calling man to awaken, "to arise, and go to his Father." But we, the children of the Inner Light, the branches of the spiritual vine, must arouse ourselves and hold it within our heart.

How many men do you think there are in the world today, who believe in the living, immortal, real Self within? Do you not recognize and feel that if this were the accepted belief, if it were the controlling power in human life today, we should have a very different world around us, we should lead much fuller and richer lives, and that our literature, arts, sciences, indeed all our institutions and surroundings would be glorified beyond our dreaming?

It is because we are 'separated' from our inner Father, so to speak; because we are 'separated' by our passions and desires from the Christos Spirit within (our Higher Selves), which is an ever-living presence, that we wander and stumble and falter, and sometimes fall. It is indeed our unfamiliarity with these profound yet simple truths that should be the guiding power in human life, which is the real cause of our discouragement, of the contradictions in us, and of our weaknesses. For we do not realize our own strength.

Our first step on the path is to eliminate fear, for this is a great obstacle in the path of the aspirant — yes, fear; doubt; lack of faith in the essential divine self, in the possibilities of humankind, and in the possibility of achieving self-conquest. True it is that fear, dread, and despair — the negative tendencies of the human mind — weaken man's will and trust, and he then falls, lost in the hurly-burly of life, a victim of his own folly. Eliminate fear. Fear produces endless difficulties. It is the producer of more diseases than any other cause known to science. Fear was accentuated in definite and destructive forms in the lives of our ancestors, preëminently the fear of the 'Devil' and the fear of death, and it affected the emotional life of man and created disease by reacting on the body.

I hold that man is even now half conscious all the time of the splendor of the light within, but he does not bring it into action. His fear, his mental limitations, his prejudices, his misconceptions, egotism, and lack of faith, hold him back, and he depends for his salvation, if at all, upon outside sources. Some have simply not the courage to enter the new path — it requires, they think, too much energy, too much effort, and too much self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, and there are others who do not take to the new way because it is not the fad, or the fashion, and it may not pay; for to be absolutely truly religious is not popular. And then there are others who are so greatly controlled by the conventional ideas of life, and by the pleasures and gratification of their own personal desires; they too have closed the doors to the voice of the divinity within, they have shut out this wonderful and wondrous power of the Christos Spirit of which I so often speak, and so they just half live; they vegetate.

This power is not acquired from above or below; it is not brought into a man's life from without, but it is within. It is ever-present. It is ever calling, ever urging, pleading, working for man's true progress. It is the light itself. It is the Christos Spirit. May I ask you what possible explanation we can give of the life of man on earth, if it is not for the unfolding of the divinity latent within? . . .

Everywhere in human life is there need of strong men, able men, spiritual-minded men, men who know how to meet the vital problems that face us. . . . Let us, by our noblest and most unselfish efforts, do our part to bring into every department of life that knowledge which is not to be purchased, but which is found in man's surrender of his lower nature, of his passionate, his selfish, lustful nature, to the god within, to the Christos Spirit; and finally let us complete our part by calling forth the inner, divine power, which will then illuminate the mind and bring men to the heights of spiritual discernment — to the knowledge of their Higher Selves, to the realization of the Real Life. This is the message of the Christos.

### Forgotten Wealth

**M**EN usually have a double banking account, one part small, on which they draw checks for common daily expenses, the other large, which they leave untouched. One could almost imagine a man practically forgetting about that larger one in his constant use of and preoccupation with the smaller to which he is adding littles every day and from which he is drawing littles out.

We live rather like that with our minds. For though the mind is really a unit, a whole, there is the same division in it. There is a little part for daily use in common matters, housed in the brain, paid out all the time in small doses of talk and ordinary work — especially talk! — and added to by our daily little experiences, just enough of it to get along with: and the great part behind, practically never touched by most people, unrecognised, forgotten.

It is the brain-mind, the small part, that keeps up that incessant chatter to itself that we call thinking, more or less of which we pay out as talk if there is anyone round. *Real* thinking, the working of the great part, is so different from this that the two won't mix, or hardly. Very little of it will go into words, too deep for that. And what won't go into words might as well not be, for all we care to know about it. The brain may be regarded, from one point of view, as the word-making shop, dressing up thoughts in appropriate words. And most of us cannot understand even our own thoughts till the brain has put word-clothes around them. If we stop this word-clothing activity for a few moments and keep the brain still, we stop therewith the working of the little bit of mind that dwells in brain. Then we are left with only the workings of the greater mind, and as we have accustomed ourselves to take no notice of that, or have never had our attention called to it in childhood, it seems to us that there is then nothing doing in us at all, just a vacancy. So to fill the vacancy the brain-part starts in again at once with its usual small-talk, and the situation again becomes the ordinary one.

But the man who practises this silencing of his lesser mind in the brain for a minute or so now and then and tries to find his greater mind-self, to feel that presence in him beyond the ordinary thinking, soon comes to know that the apparent vacancy is not a vacancy at all. It is very full; his very highest is in it, his divinest, undisturbed by any of the things that trouble him in his daily life. It is the place of peace, and by learning to know more and more about it, by learning to retire there for a few moments now and then, he can gradually come to keep its peace always with him. No man fears death any more as soon as he begins to know of this greater mind, for in it is the knowledge that death has nothing to do with it. It is beyond death's reach, for death reaches

no farther than brain. And as this greater mind is not at all under the sway of moods or passions or selfishness, the man who begins to open up his touch with it, begins to get free of those states likewise. Moreover he begins to lose all sense of loneliness, for the higher minds of all men are in touch one with the others. It is the region of real brotherhood. Discords can get no farther in than the brain part.

At death the two parts of the mind become one, the higher taking up into itself all the experiences of the lower that are of any interest or value to it and adding them to its stores of memory. In life the two are separated in the way we have seen, and it rests with the lower part, by moments of silence and aspiration and by acts of kindness and brotherhood, to bridge the separation and find itself divine. That is the highest piece of work we can engage in, satisfactory and helpful and peace-bringing from the very first, making our lives a benediction to ourselves and to all other men. So we should cease thinking of others in terms of their outwardness and try to think of the plane where all are brothers, all divine, and try to see in their conduct the occasional shining through of their better selves, the hidden minds. For in us all, the hidden mind breaks through now and then in nobler conduct and loftier thoughts and feelings than the common.

STUDENT

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### Jim's Remarks about the 'Wheel'

**M**OST fellows thank God for the *easy* times that come along — spells when everything goes right, luck their way, health tip-top.

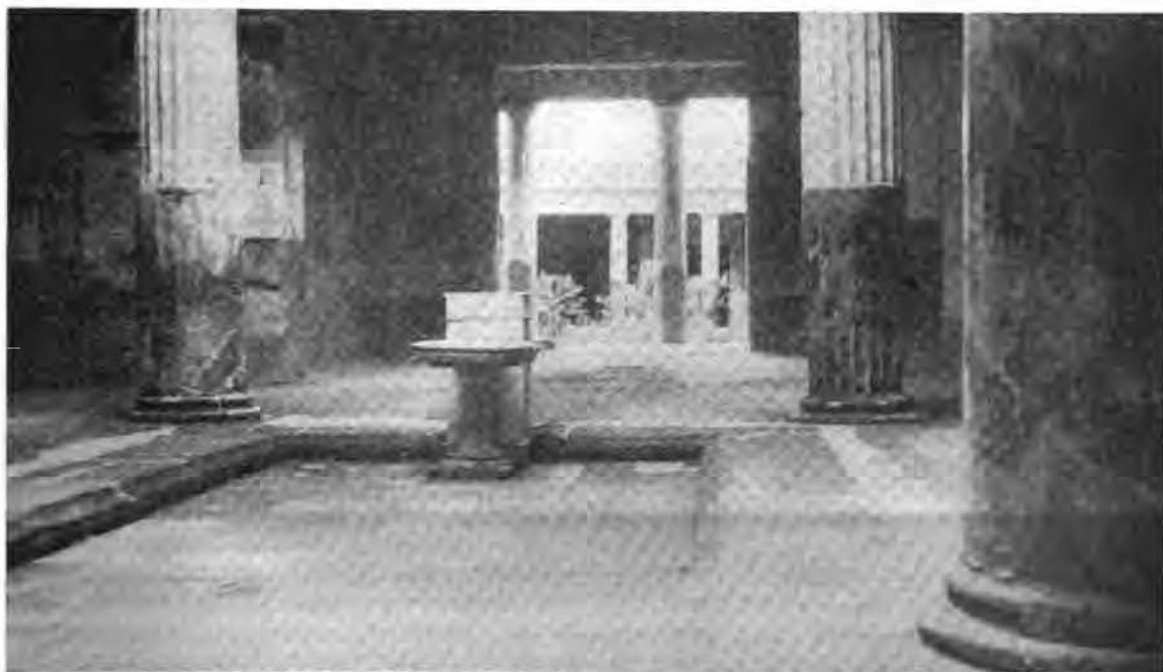
I don't look down on 'em for that. There's a wheel that turns. It wouldn't be bringing them up to the top if they hadn't just had a time down below when everything went wrong with 'em. The wheel turns, year in and year out, from one end of life to the other. Let 'em have a good time while they can. Nature knows her business and has her way with such.

That's for the ordinary man. These here remarks to follow don't apply to him till he takes a private contract with himself to be an *unordinary* man, a man that wants to amount to something spiritually. That chap *won't* thank God for the easy, top-o'-the-wheel spells. They're too temptatious, too relaxing to the spiritual fiber. And it's spiritual fiber, will fiber, character fiber, this man wants. Good times don't give a man anything to sharpen his teeth on. Give me bad times, I say. Or *part* of me says. And that shows that we're all two, double; leastways the spiritually progressive chap is: — a part that wants hard times to grow his spiritual muscles with, and a part that wants things easy. What I call the ordinary man at present — till he takes himself in hand

—*consists* of that ease-loving part. When a man comes to want the other, he's getting on. The new man of him is come into action. I could imagine a man wanting death just to show to himself he was ready for it, ready to beat it and come through colors flying, the other side.

Well, about these hard times, ill-luck, ill-health, ill-temper, bottom of the wheel. Always the wheel is a-turning and a-turning. Ever think what power there is in one minute rightly used? Say the luck

no trouble this time. He's blazed his trail. And he makes it longer, or puts in two or three more like it. One minute, one half-hour, one day — the power of them! Comes along at last that he's scattered his dark time all through with these sharp points of light and hope and good will and encouragingness and grit. *No* dark time at all! Nothing can phase him! Not even good times. He's too big for good luck to be able to make him slop over and effervesce and pat himself on the back. He's won his manhood,



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### COURT IN A POMPEIAN HOUSE

This superb city of ancient Italy was pretty well destroyed by an earthquake in 63 A. D., but the inhabitants, not taking Nature's hint, built it up again. Sixteen years after, the volcano Vesuvius bestirred himself and in one day buried the city twenty feet deep in lava and ashes.

is all against a man. He feels down and out, miserable, no health, no strength, sky black clouds all over. He says to himself: "Just for a minute, if I can't manage more, I'll make myself feel as serene as pie, equal to anything, fit to face anything and come out top. And I'll pay out a smile and a laugh and a hearty good word somewhere same as if the sun was shining everywhere. Why, this is the sort of time I *want*, thank God for it!" And he scores his minute, or his half-hour, or maybe even his day. I tell you he's given that wheel a bit of a jolt, made it take notice who it's carrying! But anyway it turns and after a spell of the top it brings him down again into the grims and glooms and ill-lucks and shadows. But in among them is that minute or whatever more he left there at the last call, shining there pleasantly in the dark. "Give me another flick, old chap," it says. And he does it again, same as he did before; but it's

bossed life and the wheel. He's come out right on top.

There's big wheels and little wheels. The little wheels are just day-to-day affairs. A man feels fine one day and all down in the mouth the next, no outward reason. Treat 'em all alike. Days when you feel like snarling at everybody and can't see anything but other fellows' faults — and some they haven't got — are days for practising up on these one-minute spells. Turn the faults right outside the door and put a friendly touch through your eye on everybody. Liver? A man don't have to be a slave to his liver! The liver'll behave a heap better if you show it that it can't get in on your mind. Just jerk it up, my son, with a few of these one-minutes.

And this is the way to live; just take tricks all the time, small ones; keep calling "*Check!*" You feel down; act *up*. Feel mean; act *open* and honest. Feel grouchy; act *hearty*. See naught but clouds

and rocks in front; *grin* and walk straight up to 'em. Do the unexpected by things that-a-way and you'll presently come upon a part of yourself you never knew was there, the part that shines and rejoices and knows, that was and is and can't be made not to be, the part that laughs all the time at death and troubles. The *soul*, my son!

REPORTER

### A Moment's Insight

JASON, senior trusty in the jail, had waked up that Sunday morning feeling somehow unusually clear and detached. Maybe because of one of those dreams of flying that he got now and then. After breakfast, before beginning some work at the desk, he stood awhile at the window of the warden's top-story office, looking down into the yard and getting absorbed in the spectacle below. It looked like a movie show, all the men strolling about or standing in little groups chatting, but not a sound coming up to him.

How often he'd been part of that same stage-setting! He knew all the men, of course, and could almost guess what they were saying, without hearing a word. It struck him, as never before, how clearly a man's quality shows in his speech, how his character comes out in what he says and how he says it. He noticed now how even the walk and gestures of the moving figures showed what they were. Their characters were in keeping with the way they carried themselves, either when strolling about or simply standing at ease. The longer he watched them, the more intimately in touch with them he felt, and yet the more remote. It was like a dream, where you know what others are thinking and feeling.

There for instance was Johnson, busily haranguing the crowd and sawing the air with awkward gestures, as always when on his favorite hobby of politics. How absurd he was to suppose he could put society right if only his plans were adopted! But there was a lot of human goodwill in his heart. Nearby, Kelly, the boxer, was telling fairy-tales of his athletic prowess, looking eagerly around for the admiration he craved. Two engineers, at one side, were deep in study of a ground plan they were scratching in the gravel. Their ill-fitting prison clothes did not hide a certain suggestion of reserve power of mind and body. Then there was 'Pitty Pat,' of light-fingered fame, showing *his* line of stage craft in quick, quiet, easy footsteps, as unmistakable as any finger-prints. The whole living picture of the yard seemed to show the inner mainsprings of action. It was a sort of screen-view of the Bertillon landmarks of human nature.

In his mind, Jason took them all in — entered into them, group by group, and man by man, knowing them well, and yet seeing them today in a new light. Each one seemed so much better and more likable, and yet

so much worse and more foolish than ever before. He was dimly aware that *they* were not changed at all, only *he* somehow saw more deeply into their dual make-up. He was amazed at their unsuspected reserves of good and bad, of strength and weakness, of meanness and nobility. He realized that each one of them had these two selves and the power to choose which one he would be. The pity of it was that they were so utterly blind to this power, blind to the splendid possibilities of self-hood lying fallow within for want of cultivation, just drifting along from day to day at the mercy of habit and impulse. Jason wanted to cry out to them how easy it would be to turn the scales in their own favor and achieve something fine with their unguided or misguided energies. Why, the boasting Kelly had it in him to lick *himself* into line and be the real thing, something with far finer and nobler powers than he claimed now. The engineers had only to have known themselves as well as they did figures and physics, to have kept out of prison. And so with each and every one of them.

Jason's natural sympathy seemed to enlarge his vision and to merge his personality into one man after another. He could feel how unsatisfied at heart they really were with themselves, going over the same ground in thought and feeling, day after day, and practically getting nowhere. He vaguely sensed something deep down in them all that *knew* it had the power to pick up with the handicap of life's broken chances, even in prison, and win out in liberation. If only the man would ally his wit and his will with his dim ideal,— would keep faith with what he longed to be at his best. It seemed to Jason as if for the moment he could feel the suffering of the inner self of each of them, stifled and bound and crucified because the man had allied himself with the small, selfish, scheming side of his double nature. And it came home to him how he too had always drifted along like the rest, leaving his better nature unclaimed if not altogether unrecognised.

As the men lined up to go inside, Jason was thrilled with the vibrating human power in the long marching line that woke the rhythmic echoes in the very walls. What wonderful things they could do with themselves if only they could see the depth of power and sacred beauty that belonged to human life everywhere!

ELECTRICIAN

### Self-Culture

THERE were and perhaps are a number of groups of people who associated themselves together for mutual encouragement in the practice of the *Don't Worry* philosophy. They found that it was perfectly practicable to refuse to worry about anything, and that as fast as they succeeded they got the use of a lot of mental energy which had been

previously tied up or wasted. Later on, somebody popularized the doctrine that it was just as possible to throw *anger* once and for all out of one's life and thus get control of a still further lot of energy for mental and bodily use. And still further, that it was also possible to stop *desiring* things or conditions that could not or ought not to be got. Still more energy consequently made available for spiritual, mental, and bodily use and to the great profit of all those three sorts of health.

But how many of these philosophers ever noted what a light they were throwing upon human nature?

Science mostly assures us that we are but animals of a superior kind and that every capacity we possess is only a superior degree of a quality possessed in lesser degree by the lesser-evolved animals below us. In other words, there is no specifically human *soul*-element in us.

Well now, let us ask ourselves what animal has any germ of the power of criticizing its own state of mind at any moment, deciding that that mental state or state of feeling is a bad or foolish one and then blotting it out as these people blotted out worry or anger or desire? There is the power of taking cognisance of your state of feeling, of coming to an opinion as to its rightness or wisdom, and then of altering it to correspond with your judgment.

Perhaps we have not hitherto attached much meaning to the word *soul*. Well, here is *soul* manifesting in action. We are entitled to feel, when we are thus supervising our minds, that we are souls acting as such, with all proper dignity, enforcing good government throughout all the lower parts of our nature. Whenever we are not doing that, we are forgetting our dignity, forgetting what we are.

We cannot begin the study of ourselves as souls till we have got into action as souls. That is why we know so little about ourselves, have so little soul-knowledge, so little understanding of the great soul-life we might be living in all its fullness and richness. This branch of science, the highest of all of them, is open to all of us. It is like any other sort we may try to acquire, in that we begin as beginners, know-nothings, gradually get the technique by working in the laboratory, and in due course become proficient. (But it is not a science that has any limits.) The laboratory is right at hand — our own natures. Some of the old medieval philosophers used alchemical terms for this art-science. They spoke of distilling the elixir of (spiritual) life, of finding the philosopher's stone, of making gold, and so on.

Let us remember that the brain and all its contents must ultimately be let go. Whilst therefore we look after its proper furnishing with all that is necessary and desirable and make it as efficient an instrument as we can, let us be acquiring something for ourselves, for the specifically human part, which is to go through death to the other side. Will, self-judgment, the

habit of commanding the mind, clearing it in a moment of disturbing clouds — it is work like this that accumulates to our credit treasures in 'heaven,' treasures which the withdrawal of the earth-part or animal-part cannot affect. This is the true self-culture.

STUDENT

### Time

R. A. V. M.

WE are adrift on time's unresting stream  
That sweeps us down the years from change to change,  
From where we love and fain would stay, to strange  
Inhospitable places: all things seem  
To loom and fade like shadows in a dream  
Upon its misty banks; till 'neath its waves  
We sink at last in death, and o'er our graves  
The moonlit ripples for a moment gleam.

But there is that in us which flings a gage  
To time, proclaiming: "I, the soul, am free;  
And, though the universe is but a cage  
Whereof thou art the gaoler, not to thee  
Will I myself surrender; nor can age,  
Decay and death, thy minions, conquer me."

### The Fighter Prays

Julian M. Drachman

INTO the fiery furnace  
Throw me to feel the flame  
That tears our stubborn metal  
And leaves it soft and tame.

Upon the anvil hammer me  
Keen as the wroughten blade,  
And if I tremble cast me out;  
Not of such, swords are made.

Plunge me, still hot and glowing,  
Into the icy chill;  
Temper my edge with freezing. . . .  
Then may it be Thy will

To grind me on the grindstone.  
Make me a true-edged knife.  
*I do not beg for length of days*  
*God, give me much of life,*

Out of the fearful foundry  
Bring me, clean, true, and whole,  
To smite on earth for heaven:  
Thus shall I earn a soul.—From *The Outlook*

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## The New Way Quotebook

"Do not judge in anger, for though the anger passes the judgment remains."— *W. Q. Judge*

"WE all *are*. We never *were* anything, but only continually are. What we are now determines what we will be."— *W. Q. Judge*

"IF you will rely upon the truth that your inner self is a part of the great Spirit, you will be able to conquer those things that annoy."— *W. Q. Judge*

"So thin a veil divides  
Us from such joy, past words,  
Walking in daily life — the business of the hour, each  
detail seen to;  
Yet carried, rapt away, on what sweet floods of  
other Being:  
Swift streams of music flowing, light far back through  
all Creation shining,  
Loved faces looking —  
Ah! from the true, the mortal self  
So thin a veil divides!"— *Edward Carpenter*

"WITHIN this body of ours which is subject to sensations, acquires knowledge, thinks, and acts, there is the true man, unfettered. He makes himself clearly present; nothing hides him from us. Why do we not recognise him? Whatever the outward conditions, if thoughts are silenced in the mind, recognition of him can be had and deliverance attained."—

— *Chinese Aphorism*

"THERE was a warmth within my heart for my fellow-men; and in time I found that the warmth was a light, the golden light of love; and from the midst of the light came forth a tone, resonant, constant, and in it a melody. It was the voice of the urgent god, my soul, my guide, my *Self*. So at last I knew him and these were the steps of my knowing. And in him I lost myself."— *Sufi*

WHAT, then, shall we say to the man whom Society, in its ignorant barbarity, has condemned to what it considers the supreme punishment? This first: that he does not die because they kill his body. Man cannot kill the conscious self of man. And then this: that at the heart of the world there is a Compassion that is greater in its power to help and protect than man's in his worst disregard of it, an unthwartable Power that can and will turn injustice and cruelty to the spiritual good of the man that suffers them. To the condemned man we therefore say, Have faith that all shall be well, and therewith turn all bitterness out of heart. Go forward in peace, fearing nothing.

"RIGHT thoughts are of the Light, the substance of the eternal, and will endure."— *F. M. Pierce*

"LIFE consists of illusion and delusion, till disillusion brings illumination, and a man has 'risen,' a divine soul, to look directly on Truth."— *F. M. Pierce*

"FOR know the myriad miseries of mankind,  
And the long reign of sin,  
Come but of questing outward, for to find  
That which abides within."— *James Roades*

"LOSE this day loitering, 'twill be the same story  
Tomorrow, and the rest more diltatory.  
Thus indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting over days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;  
Begin, and then the work will be completed."

— *Goethe*

"FEAR is the creative power of imagination distorted. It creates terrors and monsters, and the greatest monster of its creation is the bogey called 'death.' The monstrosity is man-made: the reality is no terror. It is but the passing through an open door, the entering upon a new day of life. The only death that man need fear is soul-death. The death of the body is as certain as the death of any tree or plant: a change of domicile for the soul, which may sometimes occur inopportunately, but which has nothing in it to inspire fear. Life and consciousness are co-eternal. Death is but a doorway in the house of life, and in that house are many mansions."— *R. Machell*

"ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought pain follows him as surely as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the cart."— *Indian*

"THERE is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can."— *Van Dyke*

"NOBLE deeds are held in honor, but the wide world sorely needs  
Hearts of patience to unravel this — the worth of  
common deeds."— *Siedman*

"NOT for success alone,  
Not to fair-sail uninterrupted always;  
The storm shall dash thy face, the foam shall  
cover thee all over.  
But thou shalt face thy fortunes and surmount them  
all."— *Walt Whitman*

"A GRINDSTONE that had not grit in it — how long would it take to sharpen an axe? And affairs that had not grit in them — how long would they take to make a man?"— *Henry Ward Beecher*



# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

OCTOBER 1920

No. 10



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE ATTACKING COLUMN: POINT LOMA TOTS ADVANCING TO CAPTURE A VISITOR

## Self-Improvement

"SELF-IMPROVEMENT" — I repeated meditatively; "well, yes, that's a pretty good aim. But what are you going to do with your self when you have improved it?"

The young fellow's remark had started me thinking and I just threw off that question more to see where

the thinking would get to than to hear his answer.

"I don't know that I catch on exactly," he said. "Isn't it a good thing for a fellow to improve his mind anyhow?"

"I suppose so, mostly," I answered. "Improve himself, improve his self, improve his mind — I was just wondering whether those are just three ways of saying the same thing. If a man were to repaper

the walls of his room and put down a nice carpet and nail up some bookshelves and stack them with good-looking books, and so forth, you'd generally say he was improving his *room*. Certainly this might also have a good effect, indirectly, on his mind also. And he would carry that effect with him even if he had to clear out of the room and leave everything behind him. Improving one's knowledge, putting more knowledge into the mind or brain, seemed rather like improving one's room. But yet they are two quite distinct sorts of improvement. Might not improving one's *self* be just as distinct from improving one's *mind* as that is from improving one's *room*?"

"Come to think of it, put that way, it does sound as if there was a difference. But what is it?"

"A man's character, his self, alters for the worse as he gets drunk, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does."

"And sometimes his best self comes out when he's right down sick?"

"Yes, I've seen that. In fact it's generally so with me. I make my good resolutions then and get kind of softened and see things in a new way."

"Well now, look where we are a moment. A man's *self* may lose its best qualities as he begins to get drunk. But his *mind* might for a while become more brilliant. And in sickness his *self* might gain a finer quality, whilst his *mind* became for the time too feeble to follow the simplest argument. Don't it seem to follow that self and mind are distinct things?"

"Seems so."

"Well, that 'seeing things in a new way,' as you put it, a higher way, getting softened, wanting to open up on a higher line and resolving accordingly — that's what I'd call a *self-improvement* as distinguished from a *mind-improvement*. The mind, from this point of view, is what you *furnish* — with knowledge or ideas, or polish up in efficiency to deal with knowledge; the *self* is that which *becomes* — becomes morally higher or lower; it's *you*; the mind is something you *own*. So *self-improvement* is passing to a higher state of self, of character, leading to a higher line of conduct, reaching up to a higher way of seeing things, better control of moods, a finer and kindlier and more sympathetic and grateful way of seeing others and speaking to them and acting towards them, more reverence and love for and trust in the great Power behind all things, perhaps. In fact self is '*heart*,' and mind is up in the *brain*. But of course, just as improving one's room is a help to refining one's mind, so culturing one's mind may be a very valuable assistant to improvement of one's self, showing the best way to do it and so on. But a man might improve his mind to a far point both in knowledge and appreciation of art and music and literature and what is called philosophy, and yet in himself be a cur, more or less of a degenerate, a sensualist, selfish to the limit. Or he might be a very high self, a perfect

benediction wherever he lived, and yet have nothing remarkable of a *mind* and very little of what is called culture."

"Well, which ought a chap to get after?"

"Why not both? Circumstances may not allow of a man going very far in *mind-culture*, but no circumstances ever prevent a man going to the limit in *self-culture*. And that latter must be a thousand times more important. For self must be the part that death can't touch. The best-furnished *brain* a man must drop at death along with all the stores of facts pigeonholed there. But the real self, the center *I*, isn't made of matter and consequently offers nothing for death to take hold of. If a man has tried to make a fine, noble self of himself during life, I reckon he'll feel at home all right when he gets the other side. Self-improvement is consequently a most satisfactory job to take up, because all the work you do on that line stays with you and stands as it were to your credit."

"What's the prescription for doing it?"

"The first thing would be, not to confuse mind-culture and *self-culture*, any more than you would confuse body-training and mind-training. *Self-training* is a *spiritual* job, where a man reaches in to himself behind or above the mind, silencing the mind, in fact, while he tries in the silence to feel the touch of the Divinity of himself, the real, deepest *I*, not the mere thought-thinking *I*. A higher, separate Presence, it feels like — at first, inspiring a man to be his finest and best, most self-ruled, peaceablest, kindest. But it's his self. And it isn't strange that a certain stage of sickness brings this out. For the body is weakened and quieted and so the spirit has a better chance to get itself known to itself. Body, soul, and spirit — that's what Paul said we were made of. Body-self, mind-self, spirit-self — you might put it that way. But the last is the real one that stands. It's up through that one that we reach God. And self-culture must be trying to make oneself like the living ideal of oneself that exists in the mind of God, the perfected and splendid self that's there forefigured for him to aim at.— Strange how far this business leads one's ideas!"

"But all that is nothing against mind-improvement. A man's self is helped in its growth if he puts himself in touch as best he can with science and literature and art and history. They connect him up with the life and thought and feeling of his race and show him some of the working-forces of the universe he's a part of."

STUDENT

### Dig Deeper

"All the trials that surround thee  
Are but stones to mark thy way;  
Naught will baffle or confound thee,

Canst thou love and bravely say:  
'Do thy duty, tide what may.'

IN ordinary busy life we are so occupied by circumstances that we see but the outside of things; but there may come times of silence when we can reflect and look within. Then we may glimpse the more real life that our soul is living all the while. Such times are opportunities; it matters comparatively little how they come. Seen from the point of view of worldly standards, such experiences may bear the mark of disgrace and sorrow; but every experience

heart; and it is from them that springs all that we can build. Let us cherish them as the source of future deeds, and not allow our soul to be blighted by useless repining.

Faith in the divine means faith in the divine spark in human nature; and it is ill to attempt to deny this divine spark.

To brood over our misfortunes is after all a form of selfishness; and we can escape from it by remembering that there are others who need our sympathy. It is impossible to place a man in a position where he cannot



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### RUINS OF TEMPLE OF SATURN, ROME

The Romans, like other ancient nations, had their tradition of a long-past Golden Age when all men were happy and at peace. Saturn, the King of Heaven, was said to have come down and reigned visibly on earth and instructed the people in the arts of life. So in later times they gratefully erected a temple for his worship and during the few days of an annual festival tried to reproduce the Golden Age of peace and good-will again, as we do at Christmas.

can be turned into profit for the real man, the soul. We should always be ready to ask ourselves whether an apparent affliction may not after all be a blessing in disguise, an opportunity for the mind to stand still and contemplate itself; a chance to readjust ourselves for a new start.

For man possesses by right of his human nature a perpetual power of regenerating and renewing himself; and often all that he needs, to prompt him to use it, is a temporary check.

This is the meaning of the title of this magazine: to point out a new way in life. We have perhaps been missing opportunities and wasting our natural gifts; and now we are placed where we can learn the lesson of life better.

Hope and faith are undying powers in the human

shed light and hope around him upon all who come in his way. Thus, in lightening the burdens of others, he escapes from his own.

The consolations of religion come to every man who recognises that religion is the innate sense of what is right and what is noble. If there are bad spots in us, we must heal them; but deep down within there is something that is always sound and bright. Let us then dig deeper into the mysteries of our own soul.

LAY PARSON

✱

#### Take the Long View

YES, my boy, the weeks go by like milestones on a railway journey when you get to be my age. The *days* seem slow enough individually, maybe, but

the successive Mondays or Tuesdays or Sundays seem to tap at your door fast enough to play a tune.

What do I get out of it? What have I learned? Well, if I were settling down to talk to a young fellow starting in life I reckon my advice might be a bit out of the usual run. The usual run is to tell him to have an ambition, to stick to work, to determine on success, not to be side-tracked into the pursuit of the ordinary pleasures.

There's something to be said for that. A fellow that follows it does get a kind of set and tone of moral fiber. His will keeps alive, and he doesn't rot down into a moral degenerate. But he'll come to the end of his life without a notion of what he is or what life is for. Nobody, making himself face the situation, supposes that we came on earth to make money and that life has no higher meaning than that.

Consequently that's not the advice I'd give a young fellow. I'd not counsel him to make business success his first aim. But I would go as far with it as to counsel him to take no notice of light pleasures. In every life pleasures and pains are strung together pretty equally; so much of one means so much of the other. And it's in enjoying the one and trying to get more, and grieving over the other and trying to cut them out that most men's attention is wholly tied down, none left free for the larger matters of life.

In the main you can't prevent the happenings we regard as disagreeable and painful. All you can do is to acquire the power of meeting them and going through them in such a state of mind that they can't cause you pain. And the chief way to acquire that power is to meet and go through the happenings we call pleasant without letting them pleasure us to weaknesses.

Making yourself into an iceberg? Not a bit of it! Life treated right can give us a keener, finer draught than pleasure. It will awake us to its own meaning if we let it. But we must live in it at a higher level than to be jolted by passing discomforts and pleasures. Suppose a fellow gave so much attention to the hour-by-hour changes in his body that he had almost none to spare for anything else, all his thought tied up in that. Would you call it *living*? Wouldn't you tell him to disregard all that, to take these little ups and downs as they happened to come, and learn to detach his mind for its real work? Well, it's the same on a larger scale with the passing pleasant and unpleasant situations, the strokes of luck and ill-luck, the oscillations of happiness and unhappiness. Take *them* as they come, detach the attention and interest as much as may be from *them*, try to have your thought running along on a level too high to be much tangled up with *them* — and you'll presently find that life begins to show you its meaning. You'll begin to understand how your life is an endless line dipping down here and getting into touch with sensation at birth and rising up out of it again into sunlight and

joy, at death. And it's just this way of regarding life, this way of treating the pleasant and unpleasant places we pass through, that will enable us to get this proper sunlight and joy and understanding even while the body that gives us so much trouble is still about us.

So that's what I would say to a young fellow. Let him live his life with common sense, with a friendliness to everyone, with living above injuries done him, or imaginary injuries, with gratitude for kindlinesses, accepting strokes of luck or ill-luck as they happen to come, as even-mindedly as he can, and through it all trying to remember that he is just passing across this field of experience to learn something from it that he needs for the greater life that is the other side of the stile. It's out of all that, that come the peace and strength which cannot be shaken. — Self-respect follows. REPORTER

### Just My Luck

“THAT'S just my luck.”

So says the man who finds things turn out wrong and who cannot see that the fault lies with himself.

It is so much easier to blame one's luck than to blame one's own folly for the troubles that come unexpectedly, that one can hardly be surprised at people talking about their luck as if it were a kind of fate put upon them by some unknown power, which has to be submitted to.

But is it so? Even supposing that a man's luck is something that he is not directly responsible for, how did it get there? How did it become his? Who put it on him? Can he change it? These are questions that a man should try to answer if he wants to be a man; that is to say if he wants to be his own master: and that is certainly what a man ought to be, and can be, if he has the will.

“But,” he may urge, “my luck showed itself when I was a child. How did it come there?”

Well, his character also showed itself when he was a child. How did *that* get there? Did it come from his parents? No! Because, if it did, all the children should have the same characteristics as their parents, and that happens so rarely that one might say there is never a healthy child without some traits of character all its own; and frequently the child's character is utterly different from that of either of its parents. Where did it come from, this individual character?

Is the character separate from the man? Evidently not. It is so much a part of the man that we call it the man himself. One cannot think of a man's character apart from the man. Evidently it is his own. And it is so because he made it and is making it for himself all the time.



But how could he make it before he was born so as to have it ready when he was a child?

Evidently he must have been alive somewhere before the birth of the body he inhabits. And that is the real point. A man is not his body but is the owner of it, and at birth he brought with him his own character and his own luck. His luck, as he calls it, is just a part of his character which he has developed for himself as he went along. He has acquired the habit of doing things so that desirable

results will come—or so that his expectations will be disappointed. Luck is a kind of habit and like all habits it is hard to change. But as it has been made, so it can be unmade or altered. It has taken a long time for a man to make his character and it cannot be entirely altered in a moment, yet the most surprising changes can be made, if a man wills, in a very short time: and there is a reason for that. A man's habits grow upon him almost unconsciously, without the use of his will. When he learns to use his will on himself in the right way, he can do in one moment more than he has hitherto done in years of lazy drifting with the tide. His character and his luck are a kind of habit and it is up to him to be stir himself and change them if they are not satisfactory. The ability to do this is one of the inherent powers of the Soul. All may have it. R. M.

### Be Honest With Yourself

**M**Y SON, have you considered the conditions brought about by, 'Not being honest with one's self'? No? Then listen. Such a one,—not honest with himself,—is dishonest with, and is not to be trusted by, others, nor in any circumstance.

And remember this: None, save the dishonest one, is deceived. For the effort to conceal the false renders one unnatural, and so reveals the very thing sought to be concealed. And outward dishonesty will surely follow on. The prime fact is, that the dis-

honest one lives in his atmosphere of deception, in any phase or incident of life. In every thought and act such a one is insincere, and this self-imposed insincerity is enhanced by the return to him of every dishonest thought and attempt put forth to hoodwink others and falsify things and conditions. Every effort to conceal the truth exposes the truth, blazoned.

"Loving darkness more than the Light," in what a blackness do those not honest with themselves live, move, and have their being! This lays them open to be obsessed and possessed by every disintegrating force in their nature and they are necessarily ego-tists.

How could these victims of themselves endure themselves were they not self-hypnotized? Think of this, son, and never, for a moment, cease to be vigilant over yourself and honest with yourself, in thought, impulse, feeling, and action. Habituate yourself to this positive attitude. Then only are you on guard, in and over yourself. Honest to yourself, you will be receptive to the good and true, instinctively repelling the false and base.

Be honest with yourself, first, last, and all the time. Unburden yourself of troublesome concealments, or they will fester and become rotten spots in your very life. Be honest with yourself and

free! And in the midst of any adverse outer conditions, Truth will illuminate your mind more and more, and you will be able to touch helpfully the right chord in every human heart. Be of unwearied patience in honest doing, and success will be yours.

This is the Law, engraved over the door of every Lodge of Truth, existing deep in every soul, and over the portal of the great Temple of Truth, eternal in the Heavens. "To thine own Self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

With wisdom speak the honest truth, and nothing else. Then you will be honest, and not before, *freed to be your true Self*, trusted and honored in life, fearless of men and things, and happiness yours, my child.

UNCLE JOHN



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'THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL'

## Private Theatricals

"HULLOA, Shorty, what's the matter with you this morning? Looks as though you'd got a grouch against things in general. Lost a dollar and found a nickel? What is it? Cough it up, old man."

"Well, Bill, I'll tell you. I'll allow I've got a modest grouch on me this morning. You know that new chap? Well it seems that he's by way of being a professional, and so although I've been sweating away these two months to get my Hamlet lines letter perfect, they've turned me out of the caste and put him in instead. Tough luck I call it, what?"

"Too bad altogether. I'm plumb sorry old man; but I'll tell you. I was up against that very thing here once, myself; but I got through it all right and I'm still alive and kicking.

"I took it like this: seeing as how I can't act on the stage same as I wanted to, why not have private theatricals of my own?"

"What d'ye mean, Bill? Get up a play of your own and boss the show?"

"More or less, yes. 'Twas this way. The first day after the jolt, I woke up with a pretty bad grouch. The weather was wet, my rheumatiz was playing Old Hob with my shoulders, and two of my back teeth was giving S. O. S. signals for all they was worth. I felt crabbed and mean all over. Up comes Carrotty Jack and asks me to do him a special favor! Now I tell you, I felt like going off like a fire-cracker and making the air about me blue with cuss words, but it came to me all of a sudden: why not act like I was feeling as sweet as pie? So I cracked a smile, or anyway the best imitation I could make at a moment's notice and I says: 'Sure, Mike,' and I did what he wanted. It struck me as funny, considering how I was feeling inside. But it fooled him completely and I went through the day acting as well as I could as if I was feeling tip-top.

"It felt good to me after a while, because the fellows were so grateful and seemed to be rather taken aback to find me acting so nice. Well, as time went on, it seemed to me that I *wasn't* acting and making believe, but that somehow the part of me that was polite and obliging was my real self. It was just as if some splendid stranger, a real big fellow, had stepped on deck and taken the vessel in hand as I may say, and I had only to look on.

"Shorty, my boy, you can get some real fun out of this throw-down if you've the grit to go through with it. From putting your togs on in the morning to taking them off at night you can be playing private theatricals of your own. And you can take it from me that after a while it wont be make-believe at all but the straight stuff that is your real self.

"By George! There goes the bell. Well, so long, Shorty. Give it a try and let me know how the thing works, this line of private theatricals." P. L.

## A Plea for Clemency

THE adjoined letter was recently printed in a widely circulated daily paper of one of the states. It is a protest against the infliction of the death penalty on a boy of seventeen then awaiting his execution in the state penitentiary. The sentence has since been commuted. The letter proceeds:

That it was a brutal crime is not denied, nor is this a plea that the lad shall go unpunished. But it is a plea against inflicting on him the extreme penalty of hanging. It is a plea for the exercise of clemency, of pity and mercy, because of his extreme youth. It is said that if he hangs he will be the youngest to suffer that penalty in this State. Should we not pause before we consent to this?

Whatever may be the general opinion regarding capital punishment, it is beyond question that to the majority this extreme penalty appears unnecessarily harsh if inflicted upon the young, who have not reached the age of discretion nor of legal manhood.

The question arises if it is possible that a normal boy fifteen years old would commit "cold-blooded, mercenary and wilful murder," as his crime was described to be in the sentence of the court. Is it not clear that he could not have been normal, and that there must have been some serious defect in his character, whether from heredity, lack of proper training or other cause? Whatever the cause of the defect, which defect most assuredly must have existed, can we hold that the boy was wholly to blame or that he should suffer the supreme penalty? Would it not be more just to err a little on the side of mercy, if erring it can be called?

More and more people today are coming to realize that society as a whole has a wide measure of responsibility not only to, but for, the criminal, and that to a greater or less degree all men and women share with him the responsibility for the crime. Yet what does hanging a man imply? Is it not virtually an attempt to deny our responsibility by making him the only one to suffer the penalty, as a scapegoat for our failure to provide those conditions which would make crime impossible? Do we not owe him something besides punishment? Do we not owe him an opportunity of reformation and to repair so far as may be possible the defects in his nature — by proper restraint certainly, but surely by the opportunity of continued life? Do we not at least owe him a chance in a reform school or other, similar institution?

The judge before whom the case was tried charged the jury that they must perform their duty "uninfluenced by pity." The abstract law, we know, shows neither pity nor favor, but man is not an abstraction, and he to whom pity and mercy are unknown has ceased to be man.

To what pass has our civilization come, when, if a boy of sixteen commits murder, however brutal, the only recourse is to hang him? Shall we admit such



a failure as this? Would it not be to our lasting disgrace to accept this as the only solution of the problem?

Dare we send this unfortunate lad into the unknown with the words "And may God have mercy on your soul," if we ourselves do not show mercy? For, "with whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Is there any one of us who can stand guiltless before that supreme court?

This appeal, therefore, is made to all men and women who do recognise that mercy is one of the noblest attributes of man.

"It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice."

A petition has been drafted making an appeal to the governor to exercise clemency in the case of this unfortunate boy, and to give him at least a chance of continued life. All those who read this letter are urgently requested to sign this petition.

—JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, International Brotherhood League, Point Loma, California, August 15, 1920

### A Bit of Autobiography

"**R**EACHING the soul! Living the Higher Life! Treading the New Way! Such a creature as you, a fellow with your past, to suppose you could ever get to the Light!"

So I said to myself, and sank back in fear and utter discouragement.

But yet there was a little inner voice, a little touch of encouragement, from somewhere, protesting. It took words for itself in my mind and seemed to say to me:

"Don't you see where that leads if you listen to it? Don't you see what it will mean? Why man, it works out as a complete surrender, from now on, to your lower nature, to the very part of you that has misguided you into all your past sins and follies and sensualities, and made you what you now regret having been! And not only that; but the thought that you can't make good, that you are now too stained and unworthy for your efforts to have any fruit, was pushed into your mind by that lower part itself, which fears that you are about to overmaster it and no longer permit it to run you as it likes. Don't be fooled. Don't let the moment's hopelessness or sense of unworthiness come in on you. Move ever forward into the Light, not backward into the old darkness again."

So I took heart and all was well with me. I came to see that no one, whatever his past, ever loses his right and his power to pick himself up out of the mud and find his manhood. The soul is always ready to meet and welcome the least effort in the right direction.

STUDENT

### Before the Dawn

ALICE MARY BUCKTON

**T**HOU, for whom words have exhausted their sweetness —  
Thou, the All-End of all human desire —  
Thou, in whose Presence the ages are hourless,  
Gather me nigher!

Hushed in the chambers where Reason lies sleeping,  
Ere the Day claim us, to which we are told,—  
Wrapped in the veil of Thy slumbering Beauty,  
Fold me, oh fold!

Fill me afresh with the wonder of waking —  
Draw me again with Thy splendor and might —  
Open my lids but a moment, and grant me  
Sight of Thy sight!

Out of the furthest high Throne of Thy Dwelling,  
A motionless Flame on the Bosom of Thought,  
Deign to uncover Thyself, O Eternal  
Seeker and Sought!

Pure in the Body that offers Thee homage,  
Blest in the Thought that embraces Thee far,  
Next to Thy secret and innermost Breathing  
Thy worshipers are!

Forth to the Day that I know not awaiting,  
Out to the highway Thy glory hath trod,  
Glad as a child, and as passionless, fearless,  
Lead me, O God! — *Selected*

### Thinking

**I**F you think you are beaten, you are,  
If you think you dare not, you don't;  
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,  
It's almost a cinch you won't.  
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,  
For out of 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 one who thinks he can. — *Selected*

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Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to:  
THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

## The New Way Quotebook

"If we believed the sinking of the sun denoted the end of the last and only day of life, then night would naturally be a terror. But when night comes even the most timorous will lie down to sleep with a hope of tomorrow's awakening that is so sure as to resemble a conviction more than a hope. And I think that when death actually comes, the dying realize the fact that they are immortal, and the fear of death is gone.

"But there is no need to wait for death to free us from our foolish fear of the great release. The hope of life is natural to man, because life is eternal, and the soul knows its immortality, even though the mind may be clouded by ignorance and deformed by false training and false learning. The fear of death is not natural, nor is the hope of life a fancy. Rather it is the mental echo of a truth known to the soul."

— R. Machell

"SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain.  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been, things remain.  
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

— A. H. Clough

"One way each  
Soul hath by which the infinite in reach  
Lieth before him; seek and ye shall find;  
Thou hast thy way to go, thou hast thy day  
To live; thou hast thy need of thee to make  
In the heart of others; yea, slake  
The world's great thirst for yet another man!"

— R. W. Dixon

"MANY in all sincerity are longing to lend their aid to some great work for humanity. Almost ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, they are dazzled by the very brightness of the new light they have seen ahead. Let such as these take heart and remember that, bright though that light may be, and glorious beyond all telling in its possibilities for the future enlightenment of the race, it is nevertheless made up of little rays: countless little points of flame kindled by little acts of service, little deeds of self-sacrifice, small, unseen victories won daily and hourly to the end that the weight of woe may be by so much lifted from mankind. It is these things, and not the writing of many books nor the preaching of high ethics without their practice, nor any form of apparent altruism divorced from a living of the life, that make the true worker and carry him into ever larger fields of service and opportunity. Surely they lie within the 'here' and 'now' of every sincere man and woman."

— K. E. Reineman

## A WAY THROUGH

IN a Chinese story Prince Hui's cook was cutting up a bullock. He was working swiftly, easily, and without noise. "Well done!" said the Prince; "yours is skill indeed." "Sire," replied the cook, "I work with my mind rather than with my eye. I follow such openings as there may be, according to the natural constitution of the animal. I do not attempt to cut straight through joints, still less through large bones. For at the joints there are always interstices, however tortuous, and the knife being very flexible and almost without thickness, it remains only to insert that which is without thickness into the natural crevice and let it follow the unevennesses of itself. When I come to a hard part where the blade meets with difficulty, I am all caution. I use no force but gently apply my blade until the part yields like crumbling earth." "Bravo!" said the Prince. "From the words of this cook I have learned how to meet all the difficulties of life. In the worst of them there is a way through for patience and perseverance."

"ALL mankind is seeking God. There is not a nation nor a city in the globe where men are not being urged at this moment by the spirit of God in them towards the discovery of God. This is not an age of despair but an age of hope. . . . It is the same God we all seek; he becomes more and more plainly the same God."— H. G. Wells

A MAN's thoughts, in their general quality, are like a stage army. They come out into his view, pass across the front of his mind, and then get behind out of view again. If he does not like their quality he must clean them and better them as much as he can while he sees them, a little more each time they come around from behind. There is no limit to the power and nobility and sustaining usefulness to him that he can gradually confer on them. For any good work that he does upon them goes on of itself after they have got out of his sight.

"His good deeds and his wickedness,  
Whate'er a man does while here;  
'Tis this that he can call his own,  
This with him take as he goes hence.  
This is what follows after him,  
And like a shadow ne'er departs.  
"Let all, then, noble deeds perform,  
A treasure-store for future weal;  
For merit gained this life within,  
Will yield a blessing in the next."

— A Buddhist Scripture

"GIVING one's self to others is the Path of Daring, along which Truth is revealed, and one finds the Supreme as being the SELF of himself."— F. P.

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

NOVEMBER 1920

No. 11



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

## MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Headquarters was transferred from New York to California twenty years ago by Mme. Katherine Tingley, who is the Official Head of the Organization throughout the world.

### The Right Conception of Deity --- Its Application and Results

*(From a public address by Katherine Tingley)*

**M**Y effort tonight will be to lift the veil a little, if possible, and I shall try to carry you in thought to a broader conception of Deity — the Absolute, the Supreme, nay, more, the Omnipresent Divine Essence in everything visible and in-

visible. He who is inspired by this broad conception of the Supreme, of Deity, would soon find himself outgrowing the old limitations of his beliefs. He would begin to realize that there are invisible laws close at hand, touching all life, such that if man only understood them he could rise in his strength and become, without struggle, without strenuous effort, without fear or suffering, freed from the bondage of all these limitations. Truly, we are the progeny of the ignorance

of the past, and we have much to learn ere we can lift the burdens from our fellow-men.

Let us take this idea of Deity, the Supreme, Omnipresent, Divine Essence, in everything, visible and invisible. This conception inspires one to move out from the present limited environments of thought and to look at life from a new basis. It would be the first step to a better understanding of life and its mysteries. Let us conceive of Deity as the Absolute, Infinite, All-Powerful, Divine Essence permeating the life of everything that breathes, expressing itself even in the flowers, in the song of the birds, in the wind and the waves, in all that Nature presents to us. How mysterious and wonderful is Nature! What a book of revelations it is for humanity to study! Yet how easy it is to learn from Nature, if one wills. The classified sciences teach much; but the invisible forces lying behind the outer expressions of Nature are identical with the invisible forces which work through ourselves, and from these we learn the inner truths.

Why do not students of the Bible take a new viewpoint in their study? Why do they not endeavor to gain that understanding which Jesus Christ spoke of, and which was promised to all who would seek the inner light — not through the letter of the word, but through the Spirit — in the symbology of the book? Study the life of the great Syrian from a new standpoint; study the motives of that noble Teacher of men, who showed in thought and act that he had attained some of the heights of perfectibility. Think of the promise that the Syrian Initiate gave to the people of his own age and indeed of all ages to come, when he said: "Greater things than these things shall *ye do*." He here points out to you clearly that the salvation of man lies within himself. Let us try to lift in our own lives the veil cloaking the mysteries of being and to move on with earnest endeavor; let us learn to know and to feel that divine quality in our natures which declares to us that there are no limitations to our growth nor to the heights that man can attain to, if he but *will*. And in this process of evolution, of inner awakening, let us go through life unafraid. Let a man make his motives unselfish, pure, and strong; let him invoke the Higher Self, the Christos Spirit within; and then he, though a unit, can work magic for the advancement of man on the path of perfectibility, and inspire others to do likewise.

Now, the question is, does the aspirant draw the necessary distinction between the merely personal will of the brain-mind, and the impersonal, spiritual will? How many are there today who have studied the duality of man's nature, and who realize that the spiritual will, that which urges man to live the noble and righteous life, belongs to the immortal part — to the Higher Self; and that this Higher Self is ever seeking to impress the lower mind with the knowledge necessary to understand the wonderful mysteries of life? The spiritual will is in essence, the divine urge;

it is that superb power that we catch glimpses of occasionally from those whom the world calls great geniuses — from our heroes and heroines, our writers and composers, our artists, inventors, and statesmen — yes, occasionally we catch glimpses of the divine in man, and we pause, we are startled, we are inspired, we are lifted out beyond all our limitations for the moment; and we declare that something new has happened for the world's good.

But let us remember that the divine light is in *every* man; it is the Christos Spirit, a direct radiation of Deity, a part of that great spiritual essence that breathes through all Nature, through all life. Yes, where there is life, there is divine power, no matter how you may view it. Can you not, in contemplating the possibilities of spiritual advancement, feel the divine urge? Can you not reason and feel that these divine, these immutable laws which hold us in their keeping, are all-merciful, all-powerful, and are a part of the great, the universal life?

Think of what wonderful inspiration man can find in his desire for a higher development, and in the knowledge that he is dual in nature; that the lower, animal part, with the brain-mind, on the one hand, and the Ego, the Real Man, the Christos Spirit on the other, are constantly battling for mastery. If we make the proper analysis of this presentation of the duality of man, we shall easily realize that the Christos Spirit, the immortal part, is ever urging one to a higher life; and that within us which brings the unrest and the conflict and the despair, is from the lower nature, which seeks to gain the ascendancy for the support of desire, selfishness, and lust.

Man must understand the meaning of the conflict within himself, the mysteries of his own life, before he can take a sane view of his true position in life; for if he begins to work out his own salvation, in the truest sense, unselfishly, he must include in thought and in will, all his fellow-men, and he must work with them, suffer with them, walk with them — aye, even to the depths and to the heights. No man can know the needs of his brother, or can know how to apply the remedies for his weaknesses, until he has found out his own weaknesses and his own needs — ignoring his wants. He cannot reach a point of discernment as to true values, whereby he can hold his lower self in abeyance, until he has the knowledge of the strength of his higher nature — his spiritual will.

O ye men and women, study the divinity within you; analyse yourselves; recall, as far as memory will permit, the beginnings of your own weaknesses, doubts, and fears. Stand face to face with them; blame no one, remembering that whatever has come to you in this life that is regrettable, deplorable, and apparently unprofitable, is the result, as I have said before, of the seed of your own sowing, somewhere, at some time. Once that you can see the justice of the divine law working in you, then you will have the

courage to go on and on forever.

If humanity at this time had attained to a higher understanding and to a more perfect living, we should not have the chaos and confusion, the suffering and the warfare, that are the burdens we carry today. Man would not be pitted against man, brother against brother. Unnameable, horrible, brutal crimes would not be permitted. If the true teachings of Christianity had been rightly interpreted in centuries past, we should today have a higher expression of manhood and womanhood, a more inspiring picture of society, and of national and international life — a true civilization. We should also have a universal system of education, based on the philosophy and the science of living. It is because humanity still sleeps, still waits, Micawber-like, for something to "turn up," because it still is building on faith instead of on knowledge, that we are confronted with these heart-rending problems, which so often we cannot even control.

Strange as it may seem to you, humanity has inflicted these conditions upon itself; today it is reaping what it has sown in the past. This is the law, "As ye sow, so must ye also reap." Humanity, on account of its wavering will and selfish acts in time past, is now reaping, individually and collectively, a nightmare of difficulties that grow more perplexing as the days go on.

In conclusion let me say that the urge of my heart is to have humanity reach its heritage, to have it find its true place in the great scheme of eternal life, where man may know himself, and in knowing himself, will understand the Higher Law and be given the power to overcome, and thus advance on life's journey with courage and wisdom.

Let me assure you that in this you have the key to all the problems of human life. Take it home to yourselves, apply it to your own needs, your own trials, your own sufferings, your discouragement, and your doubts. Let it become a beacon-light to yourselves, and let it shine forth and illuminate all mankind.

### Reading the Future

"HELLO, Bill! Fooling with a planchette?"

"Yes; I thought I'd try and see the chances of that little investment I'm thinking of making."

"Well, I dunno. But I reckon a fellow might about as well take to drink or morphine as take to the planchette."

"Why? What's the matter with it?"

"Haven't you seen in the papers lately about people going crazy over it, losing every last cent they'd got because they trusted what the fool thing spelt out?"

"Crazy anyhow, those people. Never make me

crazy, I wouldn't trust it enough to let it do that."

"Now look here, Bill, be logical. If you're going to go by it, why mayn't it make you lose your cash same as it did those other people? And if you're *not* going to trust what it says, why fool with it?"

"Well, just for fun, maybe. What's the harm?"

"What do you think works the machine when it starts to move? What's pushing your arm?"

"Some say it's spirits."

"Spirits! Why should you think that 'spirits,' even if they knew, should want to be telling you how your investment is going to turn out? You ever done *them* a favor? And do you want 'spirits' to learn the trick of getting inside your nerves and brain and moving your arm *for* you? Suppose you do manage to let them inside you, are you sure you could get them *out* again? Are you so dead sure they mightn't come in sometime when you *hadn't* invited them? I want my body to myself, thank you, not a muscle fiber of it run by anybody but *me*."

"Well, some say it's your inside self that runs the machine when your hand's on it."

"What 'inside self'? The soul? The *divine* thing in you? *That* show you, just because you wish it, how to get more cash! *That* let itself be prostituted into becoming your private jackal and cash-getter! Jim, don't be a fool. The soul don't concern itself with *that* sort of thing."

"Well, maybe there's parts of the mind that's out of my sight, not this part that I'm doing my thinking with. Maybe there's knowledge roosting around in those parts that I can't get at, but that comes through and writes itself down through the planchette. How's that?"

"Maybe; I dunno. But if there is, don't you know right enough that there's also a mighty lot of *foolishness* and half-baked ideas likewise roosting around in the behind parts of the mind?"

"I guess so."

"And how do you know that some of *that* might not just as likely as not come through and write itself down? How could you tell whether 'twas that or the other thing? And if it was just an even vote between these two which of them should get the floor, wouldn't that vote be cast or guided by your *desire to get cash*?"

"You reckon the planchette is a worthless proposition, then, from start to finish."

"It's a first-rate guide to unbalance, craziness and negativity. It begins from the first to make a man the tool of whatever chance ideas are knocking about in the dim places of his mind. And it makes these dim or crazy places increase at the expense of the clear place that's *him*: which is a process the exact contrary to what ought to be, to his real evolution. But there's more to be said than that. Nature's given us memory — of what's *past*, because that's useful; we need it to steer by. Don't you think she'd have

given us foresight — of what's *coming*, if *that* would have been useful? Suppose you *could* see the outcome of everything you did, with or without a planchette. You would know how to act so as to get gratification of every desire that entered your mind, outreach everybody, escape all unpleasant consequences of everything you elected to do, capture the entire wealth of the country. Life for the rest of us would be impossible if there were a few men — unless they were *perfect* men: *are you?* — who could foresee the future as you want to, using the foresight with the ordinary selfish desire to better yourself first. Just think that out and then consider whether a man isn't bucking against the deepest law of our present life in trying to read the future? And that's why, putting himself out of tune with nature, a man who puts in any of his time with these tricks that promise to show him the future, begins to get *disease of the mind*, negativity, craziness, unbalance, insanity: just as a man who bucks against laws of *bodily* life at once begins to generate *bodily* disease. You can't fool divine law, nor fool *with* it. We're here on earth, among other reasons, to develop judgment and intuition. What chance would there be for the growth of them if we had a private wire into the future telling us exactly and crisply the effect of every act we proposed doing? No, my boy. Use your best *judgment* as to your investment. Put the planchette in the stove and that'll be a still higher use of judgment, *good* judgment. And may be our judgment and intuition will develop into a power that *can* read the future when we can be trusted to use it for the general uplift instead of our private and personal and selfish profit."

REPORTER

### Letters to a Son

**M**Y SON JOHN: Since my last letter to you you have passed from the boyhood time of your life, the playtime of freedom from responsibility for yourself, and have stepped into manhood, where you must assume many responsibilities besides voting and growing a mustache, and become your own guide in dealing with these; become self-directing. Now you will meet with life at its full tide, and you will have to breast it with your own strength and courage, daring out into it with such help only as you can win from it.

A poor father, indeed, if I do not leave you to rely on yourself, so that you may bring out of yourself and develop your powers and abilities, and come to know and trust yourself as you move ahead in a world which you will find more inimical than friendly to your progress. In this field it will be my privilege to help you — if you are sensible and wise enough to avail yourself of intangible aid from those who have

experienced much of the same that you will encounter — everything, in principle. To find you doing this will go far in repaying me for the responsibility of being a party to bringing you into the world, and for helping to conduct you this far on your journey in life. For young folks are not too prone nowadays to give kindly regard to such proffered assistance from those who have won some wisdom in bitter experience.

Now, as you have not given me much evidence of growing an enlarged head, I venture the experiment of telling you that you will meet and have to deal with two phases of life — considered broadly — namely, selfishness and unselfishness.

As you are favored in having a warm heart, it will incline you to see unselfishness where it is not, and blind you to the prevalent selfishness, expecting to find the like of yourself in the cold-hearted, and so, selfish. Holding yourself on guard over your heart's impulses while alert to what it feels, your mind will sense its warmth and glow, and open to your soul-light. Then you will have heart-knowledge and soul-wisdom, to be exercised by a strong and clarified mind. So will you be saved from many disappointments and heart-aches of disillusionments. Estimate people more as they are and less as you would have them; use your ideals to measure yourself by, and do not expect to see everyone else conforming to them. Ascertain, also, what is their standard of thought. It is sometimes higher than it seems, and from their viewpoint you will often agree with them, where hostility would arise if you look only from your ground.

Today, humans are almost exclusively engaged in the business of Selfishness. Few, indeed, are busy with Mutuality. You will find human life everywhere so characterized. For man has muddled everything within his reach — himself and his life the most, naturally. How much he has done this, you can readily detect by contrasting the natural with the unnatural. For after all, are not co-operation and unity the *natural* in life? But the selfish have first and always *self* in their minds, never absent from their purposes and doings. Naturally they seek to cover this, and resort to all means of deception and ways of concealed and crooked speech. This you will detect because it does not ring like truth, open and direct.

Remember this: that it is not possible for a selfish person to exercise any of the virtues honestly and fully. Under these as masks, in principle and fact, they will warp and twist them to selfish uses. A selfish person cannot be true to another or to any interest. Untrue to themselves, such people must be false to everything.

Holding these facts in mind, trust a selfish person only so far as any aims of yours may chance to run with that one's interests — and then with reservations of caution. For selfishness is a moral blindness which confuses everything. So the selfish are unsafe to



themselves and their own ends, as well as to others.

Be honest with such people, letting them understand that you know their basis of thought and action, and that this knowledge underlies your dealings with them. This will be your safety, while also it exposes them to themselves, and so helps these unfortunate victims of themselves to become less selfish. Then you will find a return in having helped a fellow-being in need of help against himself, afflicted with the root of all evil.

Now my son, should this bit of advice prove ac-

himself to keep the Law of Brotherhood that day — against whatsoever trials and difficulties may come — the Law of Brotherhood that our own Better Self commands us to keep in all its finer and more spiritual meanings. We fail again and again, or we succeed again and again — though at best we succeed only in degree, for the Law of Brotherhood, once we loyally and honestly give it our support, shows us ever finer and truer meanings, and we ourselves gain fineness of perception and ever higher ideals.

I wonder if the Law of Brotherhood isn't the basic law of them all? Certainly all the virtues — or what we call such — are auxiliary to it merely. It is what Paul was thinking of when he said that without Charity we are no more than "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," and that all power and all intellect weigh as nothing in the scales beside simple brotherly love. He who can mount the throne of Gorsedd Arberth in common daily life, and guard it from sunrise to sunset, saying nothing of his purpose, letting not the left hand know what the right hand doeth, heeding nothing that has power to distract — such as he need not wait for death to enter another life: he enters another life here and now. He is truly of the Immortals, though to those who have never seen this throne or, seeing it, have not dared its obligations,

he may seem almost the same. But to those who have gone just a step ahead of the mass of men, who have had a vision of the Brotherly Life and can find no peace anywhere away from it — these know him and they take him into their company. For he is truly reborn.

Let us try to see more in life than a game of 'hit-and-miss' or a chaotic assemblage of unrelated things. Looking at the unrest of the world, as it is expressed in crime and insanity, in all sorts of wild schemes to make people rich quickly or well quickly or moral quickly, and in a general sense of pessimism and discontent, it does indeed seem more like a crazy-quilt than any ordered plan. But underneath, it is carrying us all on to a divine goal; there is beneficent Law, compensating every injustice of man to man, and that beneficence becomes ever more fully known by those who try to keep the Light of Brotherhood shining in their hearts.

Those who are shut away from the outside chaos and clamor by sickness, duty, even by guarded walls



FIREPLACE AT THE WHITTIER HOMESTEAD, AMESBURY

Wouldn't you like a pipe alongside of it on a winter evening?

ceptable, then I shall be glad to follow it with counsel on other qualities in the natures of your fellows, and in your own, which may serve you better than much gold.

YOUR HOPEFUL FATHER

### The Throne of Gorsedd Arberth

I WAS reading a chapter the other day in a book of Welsh legends, a chapter that told about the 'three trials' of the hero, Pwyll Pen Annwn. In one of these trials, by direction of the divine Queen Rhianon — symbolizing his own higher nature — he was to go off to a certain wild place where there was a rock-seat called "the Throne of Gorsedd Arberth," and there remain with fixed mind and purpose one whole day, not moving from the Throne nor breaking silence whatever happened around him. Almost he came through the test, but at the very last, sorely tempted, he left his post and broke the silence.

Everyone mounts the throne of Gorsedd Arberth with each morning's awakening who resolves within

and barred windows, may be the fortunate ones, after all. Mounting the throne of high resolve with each new day, they find less to distract them, less to lure them away from their silent purpose, less to make them lose faith in human nature or the Law of Brotherhood than those who have what is so incorrectly called 'freedom.' For real freedom is an inner state, never an outer condition. G. K.

### Look Out for the Other Side

**A** MOST aggravating man sometimes, in some of our moods, is the man that always finds something extenuating to say! You can't remark that it's a dull day without his suggesting that that sort of gray sky has a restful effect about it that makes a pleasant change from glaring sunlight.

I was standing with an artist once, looking down a dirty London back-street. I commented on the general squalor of the scene and he said: "Yes, but don't you think that woman's old faded red shawl there against the brick wall makes a harmonious touch of color?" You remember the scene in Hugo's *Les Misérables* where the kindly old bishop is watching a hideous and venomous spider legging its way across the garden path. "Well," he says, "the poor thing can't help itself. That's the way God made it."

This habit of seeing something extenuating in all disagreeables, once acquired, saves one from endless troubles, resentments, and mistakes of conduct that may even wreck the life. There's always *something* to be said on the other side of the worst situation. Which are you going to look at most and finally — the thing on the other side, or the thing as it is on this side? Which habit will you acquire? Either of them will grow once you start it; one of them finally blackening every trouble till you can see nothing else; the other lightening every trouble till there are no more of them! The line between the two habits is the line between content and discontent, between getting much out of life and getting nothing, between power and feebleness, growth and constriction.

A friend of the writer's suddenly heard from the doctors that he had a disease that must presently kill him. "Well," he said to me afterwards, "I've always liked adventures and always come through them top side up. Death's the biggest and finest of them all and I guess I'll make good there too." "But aren't you afraid?" I asked. "Part of me is, maybe, but it won't be after it's got accustomed to facing the situation and come round to my way of feeling about it. It always does come round there presently."

Try it. Get the habit. Always look for the other side of the worst case, something you can get out of it that it gives you a special chance for, perhaps power of endurance if nothing else. Remember that every

trouble and difficulty, met as well as he can, will do something for a man, call something out of him, which, when the trouble is over, he will be glad was done, glad was called out of him. That's the other aspect of that trouble or difficulty. Seeing something to extenuate the conduct of other men, their heredity, ignorance, absence of the power of self-control, upbringing, provocation, general mental darkness — this habit, well practised till it is a habit, kills animosity, desire for revenge, angry contempt — all of them sometimes parents of crime and even murder. Build your picture of other men out of the times when you have seen them at their best. Neglect what you see between.

As it is a fact in life that in the heart of every trouble is hid a compensation for those who will look for it, so with every restriction and disability there is an opening out of new opportunity somewhere. We have only to look awhile and we shall see what that opening or chance of development is, that is being pointed at. There is nothing casual or accidental in the way life meets us and deals with us. It is full of meaning, keeps adapting itself, showing us things.

So let us get this most fruitful of all habits, the habit of instantly looking for the other side and telling ourselves of it. Make it automatic and instinctive. Once got and fixed — and that does not take so long, with a little daily practice — and we have won peace and content, are unfolding our natures and capacities in every direction, removing the great hindrances to growth, and escaping one by one the pitfalls that bring so many to ruin. See the other side. Become the man that does that instead of remaining the ordinary man who sees only the obvious side. Anybody can do that. Let's stop being anybodies. STUDENT

### Man, Know Thyself!

**T**HE old saying, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," represents an easy and popular line of practice. But this philosophy of ready condemnation of human nature as inherently bad is not going to give us much encouragement in our efforts to better ourselves or society. And on the other hand the "All is God, all is good, all is love" sentiment is as paralysing to effort as the belief that we are worms in the dust and incapable of saving our own souls for ourselves. You see, since "A man's enemies shall be they of his own household" and each one of us keeps such intimate company with his failings and weaknesses, they come to seem rather native to the soil, not merely *ours* but actually *us*. Therefore, if we are at all sincere and someone comes to us with this suggestion as to our essentially worm-like constitution, we are very apt to reply, "I guess that's so," accepting the situation and regarding any struggle at

self-betterment or the uplift of society as useless. And the "All is God" sentiment will then either mean nothing to us or if accepted will make efforts at self-betterment seem obviously unnecessary. Either way there is paralysis. Nothing *can* be done with the situation in the first case, nothing *need* be in the second.

As a matter of fact, there is not only a great deal of evil in life and in the world today, but there is a still larger deal of ignorance, and the ignorance of people today about their own natures was removed, the evil in life would at once begin to vanish.

And this ignorance *can* be removed, and the key to the situation is the teaching of Duality — the stupendous truth of Duality; for stupendous it really is when one sees the order it can bring out of chaos and the pessimism and despair it can dispel. It is the key to life's paradoxes and the one source of our sympathy and understanding for the very worst characters we see in life. For since this dual nature exists in every man, however dark the lower side there must be some gleam of the higher there also, and the man once convinced of this, is given something to work with; he receives the conviction of his own capacity to win out.

On every hand today we see men and women, boys and girls, swept along by the intensity of their desires, their personal wishes, their passions. These they take to be *themselves* — absolutely their real human selves. True, there is God, and there is the Devil, and they are serving either the one or the other; but these are regarded as outside factors, working *on* them, not parts of their own natures.

What is needed above all things is to draw the line clearly between right and wrong in the nature of the individual, showing that two distinct entities exist in each human being. That the right side of a man's nature is represented by the Higher Self — a definite Being within him; the wrong side by the Lower Self. That the first of these is eternal and unconquerable, the second, mortal, perishable — not the real man, but his instrument and servant.

Let a man get these ideas firmly ingrained in his mind and it will be no long time before he will discover the meaning of WILL — that dynamic power in every human being which, neutral in its own nature, is at every moment of the life enlisted in the service of either the Higher or the Lower Self. He will discover the great Elixir, the Philosopher's Stone of his own life — Spiritual Will, which is the Higher Self in action. He will cease to have life made *for him* by the forces that are within him and will consciously take up his position in the great battle. Then will he win a great and glorious victory which will transform his life and bring him abiding peace and joy. This is what Katherine Tingley meant when she said: "Teach a man he is a Soul, and give him a chance!" M.

## Deidad

By Amado Nervo: a Mexican poet

(Translation below by Alice Stone Blackwell)

COMO duerme la chispa en el guijarro  
y la estatua en el barro,  
en ti duerme la divinidad.  
Tan sólo de un dolor constante y fuerte  
al choque, brota de la piedra inerte  
el relámpago de la deidad.

No te quejes por tanto el destino,  
pues lo que en tu interior hay de divino  
sólo surge merced a él.  
Soporte, si es posible, sonriendo,  
la vida que el Artista va esculpiendo,  
el duro choque del cincel.

¿Qué importan para ti las horas malas  
si cada hora en tus nacientes alas  
pone una pluma bella más?  
Ya verás al condor en plena altura,  
ya verás concluida la escultura,  
¡ya verás, alma, ya verás!

## Deity

AS in the pebble sleeps the fiery spark,  
The statue in the clay, inert and dark,  
So slumbers the divine, O soul! in thee;  
But underneath the stroke of pain alone,  
Smiting and smiting, from the lifeless stone  
Leaps forth the lightning flash of deity.

Do not complain, then, of thy destiny,  
Since what there is of the divine in thee  
Only through it can rise into the light.  
Bear, if thou hast the courage, with a smile  
The life that the great Artist all the while  
Is carving with his chisel-strokes of might.

What matter hours that teem with grievous things,  
If every hour unto thy budding wings  
Adds one more feather beautiful and free?  
Thou yet shalt see the condor high in air,  
Thou yet shalt see the finished sculpture fair;  
Thou yet shalt see, O spirit, thou yet shalt see!

— Selected



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## The New Way Quotebook

"WHILE you have had your spiritual aspirations, while some of you have felt conscious to a degree of your immortal life, yet not positively sure, your minds have questioned and questioned; you have doubted and doubted; and now your faith is really only half-faith. If you call it whole faith, you will probably find in the course of time that you have psychologized yourself into believing that you are happy, when you are not. But faith cannot make you whole; it is *knowledge* that you must have; the knowledge that tells you who you are, from whence you came, and whither you shall go; that knowledge that gives you the power to make the distinction between the low, mortal, animal part of your nature, and the immortal, the divine part; that knowledge which will show you how to cultivate the spiritual will, not merely the brain-mind will; and then that spiritual will, consciously strengthening your life, will clear your mind of its misconceptions, doubts, and prejudices, and give you trust in yourselves and in the justice of human life."— *Katherine Tingley*

"DESTINY has guided us till now and has made us what we are; but we who now realize the omnipotence of the divinely guided *will*, have become potentially our own makers. Let us take this in our own hands and shape our own career, for the sooner we rise to the heights of our Being the sooner we shall be able to stretch down helping hands to the suffering Humanity of Today."— *W. Q. Judge*

"IF a man would do as many things to gratify his spiritual and immortal self as he does to gratify his workaday self he would soon feel himself to be that instead of this."— *The New Century*

ANTINOUS prayed: "Zeus, take away this bitter cup." But then he paused a moment and changed his prayer: "Zeus, strengthen my manhood so that I care not whether the draught be bitter or sweet."

"Which wilt thou?" said Zeus.

"The last, for that is the prayer of a man."

"WHEN a man co-operates with the laws of physical health, he in time becomes health itself — his co-operation passing to actual possession of that law in his own person. In like manner, co-operation with the moral law, as voiced by conscience, must inevitably lead to the possession of moral and spiritual strength as exemplified in the lives of the great helpers of humanity."— *W. A. Dunn*

"I HOLD that unless man finds his own divine nature and the power of his soul-life, even though he may have the greatest accomplishments, he must in the end lose his way, as many in the past have done, and many are doing even now."— *Katherine Tingley*

"FOR every word shall sometime have its echo and every deed see its own face. The word shall say, 'Is that my echo?' and the deed shall say, 'Is that my face?'"— *Greek Proverb*

"KINSFOLK and friends salute a man who has been long away and returns from afar. In like manner do his good deeds receive him when he goes from this world to the other, verily as kinsmen receive a friend."— *Eastern*

"IF we do our best with the present, and then leave it free to go past, there is always something better waiting for us ahead."— *F. M. Pierce*

"OVERCOMING is the keenest joy in life. Shall we, then, dread, or welcome, the opportunity to overcome? The man who has fallen so many times before his worst foe that he has given up counting his failures, yet who desperately, blindly fights on, groping for the light through the tears of his bitter discouragement . . . it is no wonder that he dreads . . . the next onslaught of the enemy. He knows that the enemy knows the well-worn track through . . . shattered resolutions into the citadel of his life. But why may he not gain strength, after all, by recognising that that very attack is his opportunity . . . to taste the keen joy of overcoming? Without the renewal of the fight, there would be no chance to regain the lost character, the lost will. *The enemy can be made the stepping-stone to all that one longs for*; and without the enemy, now, there would be no such restoration. Half the force of the attack will be gone when the enemy finds that he is welcomed!"— *Great Thoughts*

"HE that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."— *St. Paul*

"THE habit of viewing things cheerfully, and thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit."— *Samuel Smiles*

"ILL fortune is like muddy water; give it time enough and don't stir it, and it will clear."

— *Filipino Proverb*

Would'st fashion for thyself a seemly life?  
Then fret not over what is past and gone,  
And, spite of all thou may'st have left behind,  
Yet act as if thy life were just begun. — *Goethe*

"BE not uneasy, discouraged, or out of humor because practice may have fallen short of precept. If you happen to have been beaten, return to the charge — and so again."— *Marcus Aurelius*

CERTAINLY, strike the iron while it is hot. But don't wait; strike it *until* it is hot.

GIFT  
JAN 15 1921

Special Edition  
for Soldiers and Sailors

"From every chain thy self hath forged for thee  
Thy Self can set thee free."

Please Handle with Care  
And Pass on to Another

# THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley  
Point Loma, California

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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VOL. IX

DECEMBER 1920

No. 12



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

'SUNSET CLIFFS,' POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA .

"As ye sow . . ."

WE see a great deal of apparent injustice in life, some people seemingly having all the pleasures and being in the midst of all the good things. But the gilded palace which we look upon with envy is but another jail if the inmates of it belong in jail. True, we say a very desirable jail. How do we know? If gradually I become the slave of pleasure, if gradually I depend entirely upon others for my satisfaction in life, if I need the riches of Solomon to hang on to life, is that so very desirable? If I am warped in

judgment in every life relation between man and man simply because I choose to live in a gilded jail, am I therefore free? And suppose the world does not recognise the fact that I have broken the law, *nature* never errs or makes any mistakes, and before long I reap in sorrow what I have sown in selfish desire.

Take the individual who always shirks his duty, and yet has high enough ability to hold a commanding position in the world. Gradually that ability is lessened step by step, he becomes weaker gradually, he descends to the limitations that make him taste the bitter fruit of suffering through neglected duty.



Take the matter of abuse of health; we can temporize in many ways for a long period and break natural law before the penalty descends upon us, but come it will in weakened constitution, and often with no power of resistance. The healing energy of nature which is in every human body is gradually lost and we are a prey to any disease that may come our way.

On the other hand a life of honest endeavor and an effort to be true and live according to the laws of health makes us step by step grow stronger, more self-reliant, more helpful, and as a result more capable of resisting the diseases we are exposed to.

One may say, what about those terrible relations into which I was born? How could any just God put any human being into such a position? Let us remember forever and always, that an extraneous God does not put us there, that whatever God puts us anywhere *we are a part of*; we are the agent and a living part of that God "in whom we live and move and have our being." For we are not creatures of the moment or of a life, but we are, so to speak, a part of God, a part of the Creative Intelligence which always was and always will be. No matter where we are, whether awake or asleep, whether we are in life physical or life spiritual, whether we are conscious or unconscious of the real life, we always will live and have lived; we never die in the soul sense.

We know that the acorn contains and is the seed of the great oak. One ignorant of this, looking at the acorn, would say this is no oak; but this would not alter the fact that an oak would in time be produced from that acorn. All the different Bibles tell us in some form or another that we came from a high source; and no matter how, we do know that our life physical itself shows that a boundless wisdom was back of our lives. Every function of our body shows boundless intelligence having been used in making every organ capable of doing its uttermost for life as a whole. Those who have studied nature with greatest profit revere the majesty of life, the beauty and harmony of nature, and thus they become child-like in their trust and in their life.

So this bodily jail of ours may be made a temple of the living God, and it is because we choose to let it be a jail that life seems so tedious, so hard, and so isolated. We do not see the glory of life while we live in our self-made jail. Our lives should be an inspiration to ourselves and an inspiration to those with whom we come in contact. Our work should not be a toll paid reluctantly, but rather a gift bestowed with gladness for all the good we receive. For nature has many, many benefactions for us every day if we were but to really think and meet it half way. It is because we so blindly follow the treadmill of life that we are continually finding the emptiness of life.

There was a feast prepared by a man for his many tenants, and he furnished everything but the wine (they hadn't passed over to the dry state then).

After the feast they were to have the wine. Each one was to bring a bottle of it and pour it into a barrel from which they were to draw it afterwards. But every one who came thought it would not matter if *his* bottle was simply water, so each one brought that, thinking that every other one would bring wine. So the result was that there was no wine in the barrel at all. In life we do very much like that every day. We bring water and sometimes things which are a great deal worse than water, thinking the other fellow will bring the essential thing, the thing most needed. And then when we find we have to drink what we brought we grumble at heaven and earth, and think how badly we are abused. Could we but learn the nobility of giving of ourselves and our best, of our truest, of our noblest, soon life would take on a glory of which we now cannot dream, and all the black clouds and sorrow would fall away. Think.

THOMAS SEELE

### Letters to a Son

(Number 2)

MY SON JOHN: Once an average boy myself, I have observed you sympathetically, as you have grown through boyhood, youth, and into manhood, and am acquainted with you outside and inside. But now, when you are stepping through the door into conscious and self-responsible manhood, I thought it best that you come to me and let me look straight into your open eyes and see if there was anything in your mind, heart or soul which I had missed. My search helped you to examine, realize and expose yourself before a friendly and safe observer. To be left to do this before others — selfish, most likely — would have made it hard for you, if not a danger. Best done with one you trust and know to be safe.

When you did this with me it helped you to face some things in yourself which deflected your eyes from mine, and exposed the secreted things to me. You have known these, of course, and so have made them sometimes evident to others in your efforts to hide them. I have seen them, but it was for you to give them to me. Often you have let these slip out inadvertently in speech, and shown them by some instinctive action. You have been the only one deceived, my son. It is well that you unloaded yourself of these secreted weaknesses to me. Now you will be freed of these drags, these sappers of your character. 'Live skeletons,' we older, experienced folks call them. Now, we will bury them and have done with them. Weaknesses — but if you had held them in your life, — they would have grown to a strength which would have crippled and, probably, ruined your life.

You gave me everything it was hard for you to



expose to me, did you? Yes? That's fine! Now you feel your clean manhood welling up in you as a splendid strength! and you can look at yourself and into the eyes of others with unflinching vision. One feels mean to have to feel ashamed of one's self before others — guilty — and acknowledge it after the cause is detected in concealment.

Keep that splendor of manhood till your last breath. Never permit yourself to taint it. Go through life a credit to manhood, a helper of your fellows, and you will step through the gate of Death a *man*, unafraid and eager to explore that field of life. Keep clean all the time, and you will dare ahead safely, meeting the vicissitudes of life as a man should. Keep your conscience satisfied, and your mind possessed by you only. Otherwise it will be a playground for thoughts and forces which are not yours, and have no business there without first having your permission. These are most likely to be vagrants and impish, bent on mischief and harm to you.

Never forget that Character-building is the principal business of life, and this, incidentally, will sustain your material being strong, wholesome and clean. For this, it is imperative that you keep your mind and heart in the same condition. For if your thoughts are unclean and your heart gives way to passions, not only will your material being suffer, but your character will be weakened and degraded, if not lost. Make Character-building a watchword in your life, and put under foot whatever in the least interferes with that. This will bring you fruition of whatever is due you and worth while; for a good character is composed of all the virtues.

Keep in mind the two phases of human life — dominant selfishness and rare selflessness — and cultivate the natural tendency of your big, warm heart. This will save you many disappointments and heart-aches, while economizing your time and energy.

Good Speed!

—YOUR FATHER



### "Smilin' Through"

SOME years ago somebody wrote a book called, *Smilin' Through*. The writer seemed to think that no matter how big your trouble, as long as you kept smiling, things would come out all right some way or other. So, whenever things began to look serious, the hero would smile; when he was in a really bad fix, he would laugh right out; and when the whole thing would threaten to come down on him and there seemed no way of getting out, he would roar with laughter. The book was written cleverly enough to show how, by taking everything as a huge joke, the hero actually did save the day over and over again.

When I read the book, I liked it. Somehow I

felt that hidden under all this tomfoolery there was something really worth while. What was it?

When I look back into the past, I see that many times I've been in serious trouble. Now and then, just when I was feeling perfectly happy, suddenly a terrific blow came, totally unexpected, like a thunderbolt from the blue sky. It dazed me; it upset me completely. I felt as if the very foundation of my life had been taken away. I had nothing left; no man could stand such a thing; it was too much; I was done for; it was the end of everything.

And yet, somehow, I managed to get through. Not only that, but today I am a good deal happier than I was ten years ago and I know that ten years from now I shall be a good deal happier than I am today. I thought it was too much to stand, but I stood it. I thought it was the end of everything, but it was always the beginning of something new. I fooled myself, not once or twice only, but many times. How did it happen? Why did I get thrown out by something that after all was merely a passing show?

I have come to the conclusion that I must dig the answer to my question out of myself. As a matter of fact, I believe I've found an answer. As far as I am concerned, my explanation works all right.

We rightly think of ourselves as consisting of three elements; body, mind, and soul. Without soul we would be but reasoning animals; without minds but harmless idiots. Of these three the soul is immortal, while body and brain-mind die after having done their work for us. So far so good.

Personally I like to simplify matters somewhat by taking body and brain-mind together and calling it *the outer man*. Then of course the soul is *the inner man*. The outer man is the mere shell or instrument of the inner man, so to speak. It's like a man wearing an overcoat.

I can see now, that my troubles, however serious, did not upset the inner man at all. How would they? They did not even reach him *as troubles*. Does a man worry himself to death because of a hole in his overcoat? But to the overcoat it might seem at first to be the end of all things.

I see now why I did get through even the worst of my troubles. Obviously, I had some sense left; the overcoat had got torn; too bad. But when I got it mended or it gradually mended itself somehow (as it always did), everything was O. K. again.

Now for the 'smilin' through.' I do not think we know so very much about the *Inner Man*. We don't take the trouble to make his acquaintance. Of one thing I'm absolutely sure though.

Whenever I read a real beautiful book or hear about somebody doing something really brave, I know of course that it's the Inner Man who has been busy in both cases. The outer man could not do it; overcoats don't write beautiful books nor do

they rush into burning houses to save people's lives. Therefore, by reading a great book or hearing about a heroic act, I get into touch with the Inner Man of others. Whenever this happens, I have not only a sense of immense admiration but one of great joy as well. And so I've come to the conclusion that one of the most important aspects of the Inner Man is that of joy.

When therefore so many people tell me to take my troubles cheerfully, it merely means that by intuition they know that I have a center of joy within me which is bound to win in the end. When they find it so hard to take their own medicine, it proves that they do not know enough about themselves. They mistake the overcoat for the man, and the whole thing gets mixed up.

There is no reason why we should not meet serious trouble seriously as well as trying at the same time to 'smile through' it. I think therefore, that the usual 'keep smiling,' won't do as the whole prescription. But what certainly will do, is the habit of looking for advice to the Inner Man. Trust him; he knows. And he's full of joy, however great the trouble. Not therefore: "Keep smiling," but: "Don't forget that you *are* smiling." Excellent advice this! Now for taking it myself! P. B.

### Giving the Soul a Chance

**D**ID you ever consider how much we look at that we don't see? Probably not. Most of us are entirely unaware that we have not really seen one half of one per cent. of what we have looked at. It is said that at Scotland Yard — the great London detective office — there is a special training for the newcomers to teach them to see and mentally register what they look at. An old tea-party game is based on the same thing. A table is covered with all sorts of miscellaneous objects and each player is allowed to pass his gaze over it for a moment or two and then write down what he has seen. He thinks his eyes have got the whole picture. Perhaps they have, but *he* hasn't; and he finds that out when he comes to his pencil and paper! Is it that the mind is not as quick as the eye? By no means; it is much quicker. But it does not stay *with* the eye, not even for that moment or two. It flickered away and then brought its attention back to the table several times, registering only what it took in from the eye at each of these rapid flashes of return. Consequently it really *got* but a very few of the forty or fifty objects on the table and perhaps only a single detail of each of them. The mind is a flickerer, a to-and-fro darter; and how fast its flickers may be, how many per second, we do not know. An old Hindû term suggests that the philosophers of that time — and they have

never been surpassed in their line — thought it was over a hundred! In trying to concentrate our minds on something we immediately become aware of their *main* wanderings, but the ceaseless finer flickers we do not notice at all.

There are people who make a practice of what they call 'one-minute relaxations,' muscular relaxations,— as a preventive of or remedy for fatigue. They practise absolute relaxation of every muscle for a minute at intervals through the day, and at last really accomplish it. And muscles that are tired can do a lot of recovery in one single minute if they really are completely relaxed. But to get that completeness all over the body, a good deal more practice is necessary than one would think.

How about the mind? Could we relax *it* into motionlessness, silence, for one minute? A harder task than you might imagine! It is not to think loosely of anything and everything, to drift; but, not to think *at all*, to be mentally quite silent, to make the mind a still lake in which the sun's image is not broken into a thousand sparklets. The sunlight can get down into the very depths of a still lake, instead of being reflected and scattered back from the rippled and crinkled surface:

The simile is worth something, for the soul *is* the 'sun' of the mind. But its light never gets in, or only rare, stray shafts; so rare that most of us do not know for certain that there is *any* soul, any source of steady light, at all.

And so the one-minutes of real thought-silence now and then through the day, practised till we could actually get them, would not only rest and strengthen mind and memory, but would at last make us aware of that real Self, the Sun-Self, beyond and above this flickering mind, ever pouring its illumination upon us, ever ready to show us our divinity and immortality and give us light and help in every difficulty.

STUDENT

### Right Now!

**D**ON'T put it off! If it's got to be done, do it now.

That's a common enough bit of advice, but those who give it don't usually look into it and study out how good a thing they are saying. Maybe that's why they can't say it in such a way as to get it home.

Of course if you do put the thing off it not only gets harder and harder to rouse yourself to it, and more disagreeable when you come to it, but you've got the weight and disagreeableness of it in your mind all the time of the delay and have multiplied them many fold. You can see this if you will reflect how much lighter, and freer you would now be feeling if you had got up and done it the moment

it presented itself. Moreover you have started the *habit* of treating disagreeables in that way and thus of multiplying the trouble of every future one of them. A dead man has dropped all his earthly duties. A thoroughly live man does them all as fast as he sees them. A man who puts them off as long as he can is half-way between dead and alive and drifting toward the dead end.

That's because exercise against the tendency to inertia is life, and inertia is death. Will and in-

tendency not to do more than can be helped or than is for some reason pleasant. Now is the time when will must more and more take charge. It is by the constant use of will against inertia, stagnation, that we come to feel what we really are. For willing is a man's very self in action, the part of him that does not die enforcing itself against the parts that do, that in a certain sense *want* to die since they want to be lazy and gratify inertia or *death*. We get here the connexion between doing duty well and



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#### RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME

This immense theater, of which the like was erected in many other Italian cities, seated 78,000 people, and the length of the inclosed arena was nearly 600 feet. The character of the shows enjoyed by the Roman populace made it necessary that the arena should be thickly covered with *red* sand!

ertia, they fight each other all along, and in proportion as will wins is the man alive. If there hadn't been will at work all through nature from the first, there would never have been evolution. Evolution is life coming to fuller life under the pressure of will within it. If we individually want more life it is by the steady use of will that we must get it. We must keep steadily triumphing over the tendency to inertia. Activities that prompt themselves and keep on of themselves are not worth much here. It is *we* that must do the prompting and sustaining, always fighting inertia. *Nature* takes charge of us in the early years. After that she begins to deliver us over to ourselves. The child does not have to will to jump around and run and play. He likes to do it. Nature is back of him. But as soon as nature begins to withdraw, inertia begins to set in. There is the

amassing more of the highest sort of life, the conscious life of self. Doing duty grudgingly and at the last possible moment gives us little or no life. The deferring of it or half-doing of it is indeed a concession to death. Exercise and growth of will, gathering up more life into oneself and getting consequently more consciousness of what man's self really is in its power and divinity — for this the doing of duty must be alert, *now*, thorough, cheerful. All parts of our nature share in the profit, self, mind and body. All are toned and vivified. So we can understand how much of value lies hidden in the copybook maxim: "If it's got to be done, do it now." And the opportunity for real exercise lies in the time during which duty *can* be put off, and in that last touch to it that *need* not be done. Look after these two — *now*, and those last perfecting touches. STUDENT

## Do It Now

## A TALE OF SOME SNAPDRAGON SEED

LAST Saturday I went home by Tim Kelly's place, allowing to beg some shirley-poppy seeds for my new garden. Tim was out there digging in his bit of ground and the very moment the words were out of my mouth he dropped his shovel and made tracks for the house to get a twist of paper, and by the time I had drawn about two and a half breaths the little packet of seed was in my hand. This extraordinary promptness sort of encouraged me and I said, careless like, "How about some snapdragons, Tim?" But Tim only looked at me, disgusted, seemingly, and then he says:

"Nothing doing, my boy; it's this way:

"Dick Mitchell was before your time, I reckon. Well, he was one of these good-hearted, easy-going chaps ready to promise a fellow most anything he had a mind to ask. I happened along one day and asked him if he wouldn't like to give me a pinch of seed from the gorgeous yellow and pink snapdragons banked up like a fire against his house. 'Sure,' says he, 'and welcome. I'll bring 'em round.' So far, so good, and as I went home I was planning where I'd put 'em in.

"Met him in a day or two. 'Haven't forgotten your seed,' says he. 'Oh that's all right,' says I; 'any time will do.' I passed him in the street a little after that. He looked uncomfortable and I felt awkward and we just jerked a nod at each other as we went by in a hurry. A few days later I got a back view of him dodging round a corner as he saw me coming. 'Forgot the seeds again,' thinks I to myself.

"I bumped right up against him soon after and he slopped over with a lot of apologies, leaving me standing there like a fool, not knowing what to say. It made me feel as if I was responsible for the mess we were in. Next day I saw him coming my way and this time 'twas me that did the bolt round the corner. I couldn't stand any more of the apology dope.

"Some of our fellows were getting up a picnic, and they asked me to invite Mitchell, seeing as how I lived so close; but I kind of shied off it from day to day and it never occurred to me that I was doing the very same put-off stunt that had made the awkwardness. Somehow I never got round at all and he never got to the picnic. But, you understand, I didn't put off asking him with any notion of serving him out for putting off my seeds.

"A week or two passed by and I decided he'd clean forgotten those blamed seeds and I spent a whole forenoon wondering if he'd feel hurt if I reminded him. Finally I made up my mind he would; then I thought that maybe he wouldn't; but after I'd slept over it I changed back again. Perhaps he didn't want to spare any seeds, after all.

"One day he went by my house and saw me sitting

in the porch after supper. 'Haven't forgotten your seeds, Tim,' he says. 'Oh, any time before spring,' says I. 'There ain't no manner of hurry.'

"After a bit it got so that we never met. One of us would see the other a-coming and side-step the encounter. But a long while later I glimpsed him coming up the path and when I opened the door he handed me the stuff at last. He looked sheepish and I looked sheepish, but I said, 'It's real good of you, Mitchell.' He looked at me out of the tail of his eye kind of suspicious-like, to see if I was mocking him, and then he says, 'That's all right, Tim; you're welcome,' and went along down the path. I didn't feel like calling him back for a chat. I thought he might have got on to the picnic business, for one thing. And we've never been quite the same since — sort of an awkwardness.

"I went in and sat by the fire again. Thinks I, 'Well, thank goodness, *that's* over,' and somehow I just took and shoved that packet of seeds into the flame and that was the last of it. And I've felt shy of snapdragons ever since."

"It makes a good story, Tim," I said. "'Do it now' is a great motto. I always —" "Begging your pardon," broke in Tim, "and without any reflexions upon anybody, *where's them gladiolus bulbs* you promised me a couple of weeks back?" P.L.

•

## Never Say Die Till You're Dead

"NEVER say die till you're dead," is an old saying with a great deal of wisdom in it, though the form be somewhat uncouth. And it might, by the way, be interesting to enquire as to why old proverbs and quaint forms of speech are more telling than the same sentiments expressed in correct grammatical language.

Most people will think a man cannot say die or anything else when he is dead. But it may be that the saying was an unconscious expression of the very ancient idea that a man has not died when he is said to be dead, but has merely changed his form, and that the idea of death is altogether a mistaken one; the mistake becoming clear to a man when the door of death opens to admit him to a new life.

Men were not always taught to fear death, nor to look on it as the end of life. People are beginning to suspect that life goes on unbroken through the change that is called death, and to be prepared for the kind of surprise that came to the man who fell over a precipice in the dark, but managed to catch hold of the hanging branch of a tree. He held on to it hour after hour, getting more and more exhausted. He felt the end approaching and prepared himself for death as best he knew. Finally he fell — on to a grassy bank two feet below! Possibly he would there-

after have found much wisdom in that old saying:  
"Never say die till you're dead."

When we go to sleep we are not aware of the change that has happened to us. May it not be the same with death? We may pass through the change as easily as we fall asleep. And though a sleeping person may seem unconscious to one who looks at him, there is no reason to doubt that the sleeper, to himself, is quite aware of his own existence, no matter what sort of experiences his sleep may bring him. He is always, to himself, the same self.

The crude, popular idea of death is quite modern. That is to say the idea that death is the end of life. Formerly it was understood to be but a change, not an end, and people are coming back to the old idea. So a new meaning will be discovered in the old saying; and those who have some wisdom will perhaps wait before looking on death as the end of all, till they have passed the dreaded gateway and found that life has no such ending. And though they do not send back their new knowledge in any spoken words, yet we may imagine the situation and look forward to the experience with perfect confidence. R. M.

### What? That Again!

LIFE deals with us as a wise teacher with the pupil in an art or branch of study. The pupil is made to face some difficulty, hard and disagreeable. After a sufficient while it is withdrawn for something easier. Perhaps even a thorough holiday is granted, a temporary release from the whole thing. But the holiday must end, the task be resumed, and that same painful difficulty, left over from before, again be met. And so met again and again till it is solved and done with. The wise pupil will expect no other, not supposing that because the lines for a while are straight and easy or a task put aside for a pleasant change, therefore he will have to face the unsolved difficulty no more.

Life gives us alternations of ease and trouble. Let us remember in the times of ease that every failure in the past implies that that same lesson must be re-set in the coming future. Shirked duties come under the same law. But these are *debts* and have interest added. STUDENT

CLIMB, ever keep climbing. You haven't many more years to live. Nobody has. Take each day some little step in self-conquest, however little. As we get older the birthdays and Christmases and Thanksgiving Days follow each other quicker and quicker. But however quick, between any two of them there may be 364 of these little steps.

### The Prisoner

R. A. V. M.

AS one held captive in a gloomy cell,  
Whose deep and narrow casement turns the light  
Of day to ashen dusk: and makes the night  
Ebon and menacing. A far-off bell  
He hears, or thrushes in a distant dell,  
Whose music racks his starved heart with pain,  
For that dear world without athirst in vain,  
And doomed, yet living, in a tomb to dwell.  
So I am prisoned in this house of clay,  
Entangled in a web of misty dreams,  
Whose shadows darkly on my vision lie,  
Obscuring all the radiance of the day.  
Yet sometimes through the murk flash golden gleams,  
Betokening that gods are passing by.

### Hills

I NEVER loved your plains —  
Your gentle valleys,  
Your drowsy country lanes  
And pleached alleys.  
I want my hills! — the trail  
That scorns the hollow —  
Up, up the ragged shale  
Where few will follow.  
Up, over wooded crest  
And mossy boulder,  
With strong thigh, heaving chest,  
And swinging shoulder.  
So let me hold my way,  
By nothing halted,  
Until, at close of day,  
I stand, exalted.  
High on my hills of dream —  
Dear hills that know me!  
And then, how fair will seem  
The lands below me!  
How pure, at vesper-time,  
The far bells chiming!  
God, give me hills to climb,  
And strength for climbing!

—From *Scribner's*

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## Quotes from Many Sources

### FACTS ABOUT THOUGHT

#### From *Great Thoughts*

"YOU are being made what you are through the thoughts which have been impressed on your memory. Your children's lives will be decided by the thoughts which are being impressed on their memories."

"THE ideas and images in men's minds," says Locke, "are the invisible powers which govern them continually."

"YOU cannot think an evil thought without impressing that thought upon your memory."

"You cannot lead another to think an evil thought without impressing it on his memory."

"THE brain," says Dr. Mortimer Granville, "receives the impressions of passing thoughts and of ideas presented to it. . . . The record is indelible."

"You cannot impress an evil or an unkind thought on your memory without injuring yourself for ever."

"You cannot impress an evil or an unkind thought on the memory of another without injuring him for ever."

"Says De Quincey, 'Traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible. . . . The inscription remains for ever.'"

"IDEAS when in the mind will work."— *Locke*

"EVERY impression or thought which has once been before the consciousness, remains ever after impressed in the mind; it may never again come up before consciousness, but it will undoubtedly remain in that vast ultra-conscious region of the mind, unconsciously molding and fashioning our subsequent thoughts and actions."— *David Kay*

"How have you been using these facts?

What are the results?

How will you use them in future?"

'Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference is droll; The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole.

"ULTIMATELY we are drawn to whatever ideal is held supreme in our minds, no matter how we fluctuate in daily ascent and descent. Difficulties will be overcome and all barriers broken through, sooner or later. The only safety against the downward pull is a high goal, neared little by little through daily thought and effort."— *F. P.*

"EVERYTHING yields before the strong and earnest will. It grows by exercise. It excites confidence in others, while it takes to itself the lead. Difficulties, before which mere cleverness fails, and which leave the irresolute prostrate and helpless, vanish before it. They not only do not impede its progress, but it often makes of them stepping-stones to a higher and more enduring triumph."— *Dr. Tulloch*

"MAN is not born to solve the problem of the universe but to find out what he has to do and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension".

— *Goethe*

"A CROWD of troubles passed him by,

As he with courage waited;

Said he, 'Where do you troubles fly

When you are thus belated?'

'We go,' said they, 'to those who mope,

Who look on life dejected;

Who weakly say "good-by" to hope,

We go where we're expected.'"

— *Francis J. Allison*

THE man who makes the most of every opportunity he gets will never have any time left to be envying other people's opportunities. Improving his own will keep him busy and happy. The man who never sees an opportunity going round by itself, but only notices those that other men have taken in hand and improved, is the prince of complainers.

"MY friends, have you heard of the town of Nogood,

On the banks of the River Slow,

Where blows the Waitawhile flower fair,

Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,

And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,

In the province of Leterslide,

That Tiredfeeling is native there,

It's the home of the reckless Idontcare.

Where the Giveitups abide."

— *From the New Haven Register*

To break a right resolution is to break a will; and a broken will has not the strength that it had when it was whole. To keep a resolution, even though it be in a comparatively unimportant matter, is to strengthen a will, no matter how strong that will was before. Therefore we have before us the choice of adding strength or weakness unto ourselves every time we face the keeping or the breaking of any of the many resolutions with which our lives are likely to be filled. And always the temptation comes to us to feel that the mere keeping of the resolution in this particular case is unimportant, provided we accomplish the general result we are after. That is where the Master Will-Breaker lies to us. If he can persuade us that it is just as well to be seated at the breakfast-table at twenty minutes to eight when we had ordered breakfast at half-past seven, even though we leave the table at the proper time, he has succeeded in getting us to cripple ourselves, a little, for that day—not by loss of food or loss of time, but by loss of will-nourishment. And he is well content with little failures, for he knows that they are less suspected, and that it only takes enough of them to insure complete failure.