



A VIEW OF THE LOS ANGELES TAKEN FROM AN AIRPLANE ABOVE

Lambert Photo. & Engraving Dept.

The Promise of the New Age

*From a recent Address of Katherine Tingley's
in Sweden*

THE message I would like to give you, that I am never tired of giving, is, that *Life is Joy* if we live it as we might and ought to. It was never intended to be what we have made of it. The world was never meant to be a place where we, the children of Life, the great human family, should live with the

suffering and heart-aches that are the lot of so many. Life is joy if rightly conceived and rightly lived. Who are we, in the deeper sense, and what is our destiny? We all who live here on earth are of divine origin. The human soul in the dawn of time went forth from the bosom of the Divine; it was a ray from the eternal Fountain of Light. Such is our real Self. But we do not live in accordance with our true nature; we do not exert our power and our duty to control the often highly antagonistic forces that enter into

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

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And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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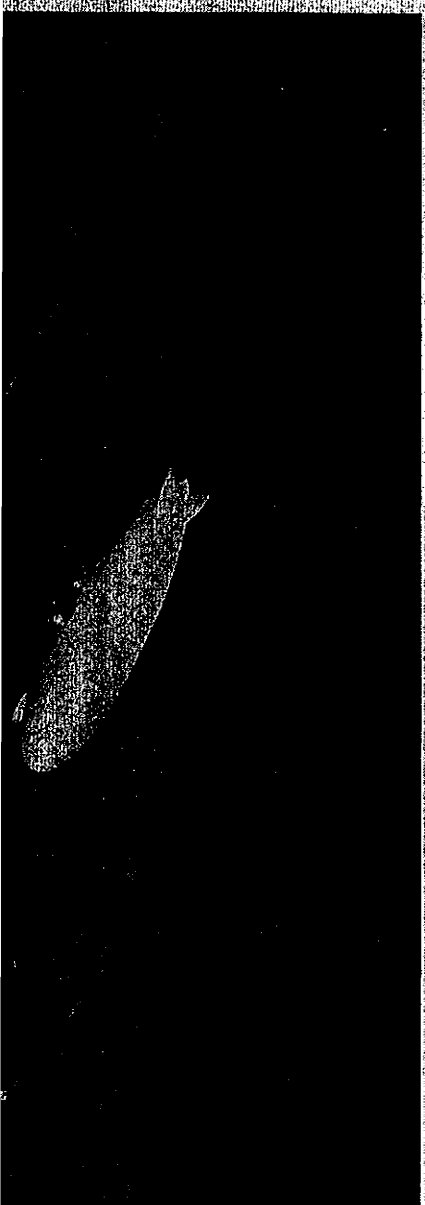
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our complex make-up — feelings, wishes, desires, passions. It is these that are ever leading us away from our goal, from our path to the Light. Hence this constant conflict between good and evil, this inner battle where now the angel and now the demon conquers. The controlling of the lower, evil, nature is the path which leads to inner peace and harmony, to that natural joy which belongs to Life. If it is asked why our inner conditions and the outer conditions of society are what they are, the answer is that man himself has made them such. The Divine Law which governs the world is just; man reaps only what he himself has sown, and he has to disentangle what he himself has entangled. Salvation, in this sense, consists in the fulfilment of duty, the paying of the debt, and obedience to that divine Law of harmony. But such a teaching cannot be embraced by one who has become used to fold his hands and lament his own weakness and sinfulness. And forgiveness will not compensate those we have sinned against for the suffering we caused them.

So we must become active warriors in the service of the good and of the true, fighting against all forms of mere passivity and dead formulas. Man both can and must clean his own mental house before he can enjoy his longed-for and rightful happiness. Do but have courage, beginning gladly to do the daily duties both inward and outward, even though they seem hard, and then the path will slowly be made clear to you. The light brightens, the sun shines more warmly, life becomes more and more what it is meant to be — joy. Of course this cannot be accomplished all at once. But do faithfully your duties, with a constant thought of the welfare of others, and then you will lighten the burden of the world as well as your own. Destiny, and even the hardest duty, ought not to be regarded as punishment, but rather as a means of finding the way to your better self.

The ethical bearing of this philosophy of right living cannot be overestimated. Human Worth, before this an imaginary quantity in the eyes of most people, now becomes positively active and manifest, and what is more, it becomes a solid foundation upon which to build in the progress towards that perfection we are all striving for. An undeniable fact is that constant longing of all humanity for something better than they can even think of. According to the old way of looking at the question, this perfection is sometimes regarded as a special grace conferred upon us. But our existence is not confined to one short life on earth. It was ancient religious teaching that the human spirit has endless growth before it to be achieved by self-directed effort, ascending little by little to the Infinite Light from whence it came.

Having faith in one's self and keeping the thought of the welfare of others, the men of the new age can really advance and gradually change the age itself. The children of Adam are not created to

other to pieces like wolves, but to live and grow in peace and harmony. Harmony ought to sound as the keynote wherever human beings gather, and Brotherhood is the name of this ideal intercourse of created beings, Universal Brotherhood. This practical side of the philosophy of Brotherhood is the means of realizing the saying that Life is Joy. Only when all men shall have become brothers will life be ideal.

This is not sentimentality nor fantastical speculation, but the simple truth about man's nature, origin, and destiny. And it is in harmony with all the great philosophies and religions of human history. They form together the foundation of a new world-conception, a new sweet and noble life. Forget past weaknesses and live in confidence and peace!

That Casting Vote!

WE'VE all of us noticed, of course, in our casual rubbings up against our fellows, that one and the same man may be capable of doing at one time a pretty low-down thing and at another a really fine and inspiring thing — perhaps some bit of self-sacrifice or marked generosity.

It is worth while to look further into that very common showing of human duality. So common that you and I, all of us, in various degrees give showings of the same duality of nature. But as the variations from high to low occur in ourselves, so that we live with them from day to day, we pass them up without any speculations as to what they imply.

On one of the sports days of the year there's a tug-of-war going on. Suppose you could only see the knot in the middle of the rope and the chalk-line on the ground below it. You would see the knot lazily moving a few inches to one or the other side of the line, apparently quite easily, just happening to. If the knot had a thread fastened to it, tied to the bough of a tree overhead, you might think that little passing breezes were swaying it.

But as you know what's up and can see the entire rope with its line of straining men each side, you know that the lazy-looking movements of the center knot to and fro are due to the balance of enormous nearly equal opposing forces.

Just that way with each of us. We oscillate a little, to and fro or up and down, between conduct that's pretty decent or even rather fine, and conduct that — isn't! Conduct, maybe, that we're pretty careful to keep hidden. The oscillation usually feels quite easy; in general, no great strain about it.

Sometimes, however, it isn't easy by any means. Say there's a call all of a sudden for a bit of self-sacrifice for some other fellow — to give up some pleasure, or your night's rest to look after him when



he's sick, for instance. *Now* you know something about the strength of the unseen forces at the two ends of the rope! No one else would notice anything much — just see you saunter into the sick fellow's room, or saunter out to the base-ball ground, the knot lazily slipping to one side or the other of the chalk-line.

Or maybe there's some utterly wrong thing you propose to do, and you start upon it. In order to go ahead you've got to fight your conscience to a standstill, or do the thing anyhow with your conscience like a lump of lead in your heart.

Go on. It'll be easier next time. Easier still the next. And if you keep that up the time will ultimately come when conscience can't get any hearing whatever with you. A man can gradually pull off more and more from the good in him till he's actually cut the link, and what there is of him at last may be a thing without conscience, capable of any depth of callous crime and with a scheming intelligence incredibly sharpened and developed to compass the evil he wants to do, and so far as he finds necessary, to hide the trace of what he has done. The lower, selfish nature in us, fully developed and freed — and it is always straining to be allowed this development and freedom — is a demon, in the end wrecking the body and soul of the man it has absorbed.

And the other nature, the divine? Well, there aren't any heights to which it cannot raise the man who gives it full play, little by little, casting his vote always on that side, the side of the god in us — which also, like the other, is always striving for its full play in our lives.

But it is we ourselves, as we know ourselves, who have the casting vote to be given again and again, and which is, in some lives, given so persistently on one or the other side that the man's nature has been changed once and for all to good or evil. The god or the demon is in full possession.

The casting vote — that makes rather a good picture, like the tug-of-war. The two great parties in the senate are sometimes equally divided on the bill and the speaker gives the casting vote as he chooses. It looks then as if he alone had passed or rejected the bill. In a sense he did; but all the same it was but a casting vote between the great contending parties on either side of it; almost a nothing, and yet everything. We should have a mighty respect for that one little vote if it were often called upon in great issues!

We don't make much of our lives, do we? The bill, in different forms but in essential the same bill, comes up again and again and sometimes we give the casting vote on one side and sometimes the other. And so when the session is over and we have to vacate our places nothing has been decided. We have to look back, then (for that is an unescapable item in the program of retirement), and see that we lost our great chance in losing so many of the *small* oppor-

tunities of right choice, let our vote go now this way and now that, so that the pluses and minuses cancelled out to nothing.

The small opportunities from day to day and from hour to hour! The great reward comes from taking them one after another, each to itself, not bothering about the next or the last. The key is in the word *Now*. *Now* is always inside of us, in our keeping to do as we will with. As it held the past so it holds the future. One of them *was* *Now* and the other *will be*. It alone needs our attention. STUDENT



The Other Side

“WELL, he knows all about it now, anyhow.” We had been talking about death, the conversation arising from my morning's mail news of the death of our old friend Tom. Tom was a perpetual speculator about this and we had spent much time over pipes after supper in the long evenings trying to arrive at some ideas thereon. But it had seemed to me lately that I was beginning to get a little light.

“Why should he know about it now?” I said. “You wouldn't think that a man who arrived in Paris late last evening, dead tired, knew all about Europe or even France or even Paris itself within ten minutes of getting out of the train, would you? Life after death must be a much bigger affair than life here on earth and we don't know very much about that even after fifty years experience. We take our minds with us at death, I should say, or the higher and less earth-bound part of them, along with any set ideas we have made about the after-death state; and at first, anyhow, we should only see as much as we had made arrangements to see. If a man had a fixed idea when he died that death reduces us to nothing, annihilates us, then he'd be in the curious state of believing that he had become nothing — a belief that I should judge would be a pretty crippling handicap to him.”

“That's a strange fix!”

“Well, the conviction might have worked itself in pretty deep and be mighty hard to wake up from. Or a man might have the mid-nineteenth century idea of Heaven held by some — harps and crowns — and see only that at first.”

“How would he see it if it wasn't so?”

“He might. You see a lot of things in dreams with perfect certainty and clearness. But they aren't so. If a man in his sleep is very peaceful and happy in the state of consciousness his sleep happened to have brought him into, he'd construct peaceful and happy pictures to correspond, pictures according to his tastes and memories and experiences. The pictures would be symbols of his state of mind. That's what I

reckon occurs after death for a while. It must be a state of great joy and freedom and peace, and the man who gets there would draw unconsciously upon his best earth-memories to correspond with his state of mind, just as in our dreams here. The *state* would be a real thing, happiness and more than happiness; the *pictures* would be symbolic of the state and made up of happy earth-memories."

"What about the people he's left behind, people he's loved all the years, friends, wife, children?"

"He'd go on loving them, I guess, and picturing them as about him and happy too. Why not? Love's a link that death can't break. It makes its own inner communion between those who love, a communion of *heart*, never ceasing, never broken in life or after death, though not a communion that can go into words or even thoughts as we count thoughts. This deep link would be just as real and steady after death as before. And it would evoke memory-pictures of the years of past experiences and the pictures would be to the man as if he really had about him those he loved."

"Don't sound so bad. But you make it a *dream*. What about an awakening? Wouldn't that come some time?"

"It surely would when the man was sufficiently rested from the long strain of earth-life with its anxieties and pains and troubles. *Then*, no doubt, the man's eyes would open upon the realities of the greater life and understand the meaning of his own just finished earth-life — and more; seeing also the long line, stretching way back before he came on earth and on away forward in front. And don't it strike you that it's then that a man would come to some new inexpressible touch with that splendid and compassionate Power that in his life he was so much less able to conceive? For the limitations of brain and body must always be very restrictive about us when we try to understand and feel that divine Presence. We have to live in brain and body — just *matter*, however sensitive and refined and highly evolved in its form of life, but only designed for purposes of earthly experience and work. A man would not become nothing when brain and body were stripped off him, as I take it. He'd be *more*, freed from limitations. If he's going to be in a greater and richer degree of life he must be freed from the limited apparatus that belongs only to this earth kind of life. His axe and jack-plane wouldn't be any further use to a man who'd been promoted from rough carpenter work to fine wood-carving."

"But what's earth-life for if it's just a hindrance to a man spiritually, a veiling in of his highest nature?"

"Remember Mark Tapley? When things were at their toughest he would say that there was some credit in being jolly under *those* circumstances. Earth-life, as I take it, is just to enable us to get hold of our spiritual strength, find it, get it out into use, become

aware we've got it, add to it by use against difficulties, learn the right harmony with each other when everything seems to push us into disharmony. Evils and difficulties are just the stop that good sharpens itself on.

"People use the word *soul* without making to themselves any clear idea of what they are talking of. According to my notion, soul is so much of us as passes through to the other side of death. It's unfolded itself to itself or not, according to the use it's made of earth-life, according to whether it used its power or let itself *be* used by the power of matter. The very worst fellow is a soul, but is least aware of it, has let himself be most thoroughly run from below. He's got all his job still to do, somewhere, somehow, and he may wish then that he had done it a bit better here.

"But, Lord, we've got a good way from poor old Tom. I say 'poor old Tom,' but I guess he's in the Right Hands now." A NEW WAY-FARER

Immortal Both Ways

"OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," said the poet Wordsworth. He believed in immortality backwards as well as forwards, life stretching back before birth as well as onward from death. But most of us, though believing in immortality, think only of the front half of it, the half that goes onward from the point of death. For a baby, we think, is such an obviously immature and new-begun little creature! *Must* have begun just then. But that's illogical; for a very aged person is usually equally obviously a worn-out and finished-up creature, and yet we believe that he lives on into a new life.

There's no difficulty about the immortality-both-ways (backwards and forwards) proposition if we'll stop thinking of the brain and body as identical with the tenant and user of them. If a flower-vase grew up slowly after it was made, from the size of a pea to that of a thimble and then to a thing a foot high, it would hold more and more water, from a few drops to a half pint or more. And if it kept slowly changing also its shape as it grew, the shape of the water it was filled with would have to change correspondingly. The vase began to be, accommodating at first only a few drops of the water from the pitcher from which it was filled. Of course you would never think that the *water* began to be at the same time with the vase, or that it had ceased to be if it evaporated away and was no longer visible and the vase stood empty, or if the vase was broken to bits and could no longer hold anything.

The simile is not a very good one, though. To make it better you would have to assume that the water, whilst having to adapt itself all along to the shape

and size of the jar, also gained something, some new quality, because of being housed there, some sort of useful experiences.

No doubt we come into the body at birth for several purposes. To function properly in this life on earth we must have a brain-instrument made of the stuff of earth though raised to its highest degree of living responsiveness and delicacy. It is this that the mind has to adapt itself to, change with, take the 'shape' of, be limited by and yet work with. Whatever modes of thought and realization and work it had before, these it must be cut off from for the time in order to do *this* present work and thinking, necessarily quite different. Little by little as the infant brain grows and changes, more and more of the mind is 'poured in' to correspond with its instrument, enough of it to fill its container. It must now think in a language (so to say), different from its native language, poorer, clumsier. Yet there may be faint intuitions, half-formed memories, felt as hopes, telling it as they told Wordsworth that it formerly had life greater, richer and other than that it is now leading and usually absorbed so fully in.

A great pianist who started in to learn the violin, could give you no idea of his real powers on his own instrument, and would make you think he was a very beginner in music. His capacities as a pianist would go for nothing and the music in his soul for very little in the face of his new difficulties and problems. For a long time he would make nothing but discords, false notes and mistakes. "A beginner in music, evidently," we should say.

So though the child may seem to be but a beginner in life, Wordsworth may have been right after all and not merely poetizing, and the great philosophies of antiquity may have been right in claiming that man's life did by no means begin with his coming upon earth, nor will end with his leaving this earth-life; that he comes on earth to get the special experiences which the difficulties of earth-life alone can give him; but that in his highest moments of silent aspiration he can begin little by little to recover here the sense of the essential divinity and dignity that were and will again be his. More can be done here and now to find and live again our true life than most of us dream of. STUDENT

Drawing the Line

THERE'S so much of a man's self fighting on the enemy's side that the necessary victories look as if they must be very painful.

Yet after a while the situation changes altogether. The fight becomes helpful and produces a sense of confident power not to be had in any other way.

I wonder when the words self-mastery and self-

control first came to be used? They are very paralyzing and misleading. A man can't master himself any more than he can lift himself in a basket. If he's going to do any mastering it must be a mastering of something that's *not* himself. I don't believe the ancient thinkers — some of whom seem to have gone much further into psychology than we moderns have attained to — ever used the words self-mastery. They believed that man had it in him to achieve much greater mastery of *nature* than we think possible; but to do that, they said, required that he should first get mastery over *his* nature — the bit of nature represented in his own body and instincts and cravings. He must divide himself in thought into controller and what he is going to control; must keep thinking on that line till he thoroughly gets the idea and realizes it. He will gradually come then to see that *he* does not want the things and doings that are wanted by his body and instincts and cravings. They are wanted, but not by him. His mind is so intimately mixed up with the wanting part, with his *nature*, that he thinks the wanting is part of *himself*. That is why so much of him is on the side of the enemy. It thought it belonged there, took all those cravings upon itself and mistook them as itself. This part, the part on the side of the enemy, has to be called out from that gang, made to realize that it doesn't belong there and will be much happier and have much more self-respect when it comes out of there and gets where it does belong.

'Self-mastery' therefore requires effort. After a while it gives that peculiar sense of power and triumph.

'The enemy': it seems strange that a man should have to regard a part of his nature in that light. But the body and its selfish cravings and the part of the mind that they run — where they do run us — *do* act like an enemy unless they are mastered, don't they? What else is the cause of most of our diseases and our errors of conduct, our selfishness and sensuality and the penalties that these bring upon us? They like running wild, but, very curiously, after a while they like still more being well controlled. They cease to be 'the enemy'; and the whole man becomes at one with himself — the controller, now with the light of his divine manhood upon him; his mind, now with new power because it is no longer mixed up with low affairs and instincts; his body, now in new health because it is no longer allowed to do as it likes and gratify its every impulse and feel hates and grouches and antagonisms to other men. These feelings arise in the body, though you may not think so, affect and infect the mind, and finally disappear in universal good-will in the man who achieves self-mastery or is getting along that way.

It is not pleasant to feel hate and dislike, and you don't have to. The pleasure of getting even with some one you hate or showing your dislike of some

other man, is a very poor sort of thing, anyhow, very brief, and always leads to pain and penalty of some sort. And you don't have to put up with it and pay the cost of it. Good-will without measure is the very basic stuff and life of spirit; you yourself *are that stuff*, have that life, which is inexhaustible, are that light. You, the controller, *are that*. Mind is also that same stuff, created by you out of your own essence for the purpose of thinking with, but needing your safeguarding guidance lest it get off the right track and pass over to the 'enemy.'

Let us then take up the dignity of controller in our own natures, our own household, becoming real men and women in the truest sense, constantly looking out to control everything that ought to be controlled, the sum-total of the personality. "That's just my personality getting in its fling": see the idea? Drawing the line between you and your active personality, your instrument. Man can only know himself as a soul by beginning to act like one. And some need only a very little acting like one to find the great light — are closer than they know. Life is Joy; you will find it. Try, try!

STUDENT

Which of Them?

NARROWED in, opened out; — these are the two types of character between which we must choose. Narrowed in — to our little selves; opened out — to generous sympathy with the troubles, difficulties and joys of all other selves. Every hour's thinking, every hour's conduct, takes us in one or the other direction. Let us honestly find out which is our *usual* one.

The 'I,' as we commonly use the pronoun, as we commonly think of ourselves, is born gradually out of the sensations and weaknesses of infancy, concretes slowly as we grow, and at last becomes the fixed center of selfish thought and feeling and action. It is a temporary structure, the cause of all our sins, failings and pains, and subject at last to death. And it is not the true 'I,' which is the source of all that is best in our impulses and thoughts and deeds, which never dies and is rooted in the heart. To find this is to find peace and rightness in every hour. If we would trust its greatness and throw away in disregard the 'I' of common feeling we should enter upon a path that leads forever and forever to greater heights of life.

Unselfishness is merely throwing away the small 'I' for the greater one. One or the other 'I' there must always be. But which? Either of them must develop at the expense of the other. We cannot have it both ways.

Some so culture the smaller one that they become

scarcely human in their selfishness, repulsive at last as reptiles; and some the larger one till in their power and their universal sympathy they seem like gods.

Every day we are moving toward one or the other; every day is a day of conscious or of unwitting choice. Let us make the choice consciously, and in spite of any number of failings and spoiled days keep face-on to the Light, the Light of which the real 'I' is a ray, focussed in the heart. Let us be able to say at death, as we look back along the years: "I chose aright." It is never too late to make the choice and begin trying.

STUDENT

The Stairway of the Days

(From a private letter)

OUR trouble is that we think things happen to us from day to day by *chance*. They don't. The day is an exact fit for our needs that day — this or that lesson, this or that spell of relief, this or that situation to be met and learned from. We should expect and take the day in that spirit. It is different from any other day in what it contains, because *we* are different from what we were any other day.

"I felt pretty raw yesterday," we say, "and of course every blessed thing seemed to conspire with every other to ruffle me up the wrong way." — Just so; don't you see that the day fitted the man? That it ran along as a special set of opportunities to practise calmness, evenness? If you did not take it that way and use it, it must try again a little later. The day fits the man with all the necessary opportunities for his immediate use. Just you try to meet the day in that spirit and you'll gain more wisdom in a month than the ordinary unobservant way of living would produce in a lifetime. The days are alive, my boy, and looking you over to see just what they can do for you.

Get into the way of instantly dismissing from the mind any little annoyance or slight that may occur, passing forward into the next minute with this thing behind you and done with. We should be forward-going beings, not letting the past tie strings to us. Practise this little (or big) power of at once letting go of what has happened, and of thinking of yourself as a permanent mover forward through time — towards a great goal. You will be surprised at the effects of this double practice in a very short time. It produces a lightness and freedom of mind you have never had yet.

And by living above the disagreeable traits of other men, not letting the mind dwell on them, you attain at the same time the power of living above your own disagreeable traits — of which even you have perhaps one or two! — and presently outgrowing them.

The Best Mind-Culture

THE best cure for worry, depression, melancholy brooding, is to go deliberately forth and try to lift with one's sympathy the gloom of somebody else. And let both those who can and those who can't do good works make a practise of benevolent *thought*.

Let all think kindly of others; never criticize them, never condemn, never judge; on the contrary, let all condone, excuse, justify, seek to comprehend, seek to put themselves in the place of others. This mental attitude has to be perseveringly cultivated. It cannot be adopted by mere good resolution.

We must ask ourselves about a thousand times a day, "Who am I to sit in judgment?" We must learn to perceive the absurdity, the impudence, and the preposterousness of sitting in judgment. To err is human, to forgive ought to be. Here is the finest form of benevolence, and it will produce the finest form of satisfaction — a satisfaction from year to year and only reaches its maximum when life ends.

— ARNOLD BENNETT (in the *Strand Magazine*)

Sunlight of the Heart

IT'S the sunlight of the heart that makes sweet the chosen way;

It's the sunlight of the heart, not the sunlight of the day;

It's the sunlight of the heart

Keeps us toiling, cold or heat,

With the blossoms in our dreams

And the robins singing sweet.

It's the sunlight of the heart that keeps the world from turning gray;

It's the sunshine of the heart that keeps the spirits fresh with play.

It's the sunshine of the heart,

Stored with beauty of the years,

Keeps the shadows from the soul,

Heals the heartaches and the tears.

It's the sunlight of the heart makes us young along the line

With the touch of morning song in a world love makes divine.

It's the sunlight of the heart,

Makes us laugh when troubles loom,

And leads us with its laughter

On the way life walks to bloom.— *Selected*

"If the rose can fight the desert — and can win — Why not I? To fight, and still to look upon the stars. Keep the heart clean, sing a ballad to the dawn, As the rose fights 'gainst the desert, Let me strike the harp of joy and battle on!"— *Selected*

"TREASON, as between men, is considered worse than theft; for even thieves despise it. He who betrays his country is considered fit for death. But I tell you: he who betrays his own soul has no longer any link with honesty, and there is nothing sure concerning him, except that he will go from bad to worse. And evil grows little by little; he who is faithless in small things will ultimately lose all honor. Therefore, strive eternally to keep faith, not telling secrets nor inquiring uninvited into those of others; for the Great Offense is grounded on an infinite variety of little ones — exactly as Great Merit is the total of innumerable acts of self-control."— *Talbot Mundy*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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The New Way Quotebook

"THERE is quite enough in the four Gospels to show what was the secret and most fervent hope of Jesus, the hope in which he began to teach and in which he died. In his immense and unselfish love for humanity he considers it unjust to deprive the many of the results of the knowledge acquired by the few. This result he accordingly preaches — the unity of a spiritual God whose temple is within each of us and in whom we live as He lives in us — in spirit."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE longings of no human heart are to be lightly set aside; each one of them is a sub-tone in the great harmony of life; each one is the cry of some brother who has often forgotten his language, but still feels his wants. In his heart burns, however feebly, the spark from the Divine ever seeking the way back to the center from which it came."— *William Q. Judge*

"FIND once again within your own hearts the eternal sunrise!"— *Katherine Tingley*

"WE reach the immortal path only by continual acts of kindness, and we perfect our souls by compassion and charity."— *Buddhistic*

"WHEN I am dead, what I have felt so long
My soul shall know in clearer, purer light:
That where I loathed and hated, I was wrong:
That where I loved and pitied, I was right."

— *Arthur Guiterman*

"IN this day of the coliseum, the gymnasium and the 'daily dozen,' I know it may sound impractical and visionary to suggest that the spirit requires as much care as the body. But is not our spiritual health as important to our well-being as our physical health? Is not the life more than the food and the body more than the raiment? Is not the kernel within the seed and the sap within the oak — in other words that which is within, vitalizing, propelling the life-processes — more important than that which is without and can be seen and touched?" *Glenn Clark*

"WHEN thou canst throw thyself for a moment into that where no creature dwelleth, then thou hearest what God speaketh."— *Boehme*

"If you will call your troubles 'experiences,' and remember that every experience develops some latent force within you, you will grow vigorous and happy, however adverse your circumstances may seem to be."

"THE most important thing is Silence. In the Silence Wisdom speaks, and they whose hearts are open understand her."

"NINETY-NINE per cent. of conversation means no more than the buzzing of a fly."— *Robert Lynd*

"FOR to be alone with silence
Is to be alone with God."

"BY resolving each morning to fulfill the duties of the day as our part of the common work of our group and of the human family, we shall earn peace of mind, ceasing at last to be affected by our personal troubles and feeling more and more fully our unity with all."— *F. P.*

"DON'T you go an' git sorry for yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid of yerself."

— *Mrs. Wiggs*

"THE power to predict the future is not so valuable or so truly prophetic as the power to see what the future ought to be and to help create it."

— *Bishop McDowell*

"LUCK is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something."— *Cobden*

"MAN has that within him out of which the universe was builded and by whose command order prevails. . . . God is the spirit that is in man, raised above all limitations."— *Victor Southworth*

"IN the higher life will is trained to take the place of desire as the guide of conduct, and its power comes from the breath of the conquered desires."

"HE who would reform the world must first reform himself; and that, if he do it honestly, will keep him so employed that he will have no time to criticize his neighbor. Nevertheless, his neighbor will be benefited — even as a man without a candle, who at last discerns another's light."

"HEAVEN is, where one Will is the will of all, and this Will is Harmony."

"EVERYTHING we say or do is preparing the road for those who are coming after. We are either making it easier or more difficult. What kind of a road-maker am I? Will some brother bless the day that ever I came this way?"— *John Henry Jewett*

"THE battlefield must be the mind. You may so order it as to be able to say with truth: 'There is no thought I have ever thought that I cannot think again, no childlike fancy that I cannot again evoke; no high emotion, generous wish, and burning enthusiasm that I cannot now feel as strongly as I ever felt it. For mentally it is possible to remain young all one's life.'"— *W. B. Maxwell*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Our life is but one day of our Life."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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ON THE COAST AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

A lone survivor of the ages, awaiting its fate and giving us its geological lesson. The rains and the rivers wash the land away out to sea. The waves ceaselessly gnaw at the coasts and disgorge upon the ocean-bottom what they have swallowed. So age after age the land and the sea change places. And at its appointed time land rises again from the depths, cleansed and renewed, to be once more the home of human races. Man is far older than he yet suspects.

The Open Door for All Men

(From a forthcoming book by Katherine Tingley)

HOW many believe it to be possible to establish the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth? The majority even of the spiritually-minded carry their thoughts into far spaces when they think of it; yet it is here within the heart; it is in man; it is on earth, and we can come into it because we are part of the Universal Scheme. The grandeur of creation, and all that vast quietude above us,—the mysterious sublimity we look out upon,—proclaim to us that which *no man sees, none regards: that this earth is the paradise of God, the place of souls or angels, the gate of heaven.*

Godlike qualities lie sleeping within us: the spiritual things that mark us immortal; for here within the heart is the Kingdom of Heaven, and the only recompense a man needs is to become aware of his own divinity. It is there, a creative power within us, by whose virtue he who has patience to endure and work shall behold the fruit of his efforts: the human family glorified and brought to the goal his heart tells him may be reached. An order of life shall yet be established by Those who have gone through the schools of experience, until they lifted themselves out of the strain and sorrow; and their building will be of a new kind—a type of civilization higher than anything we have read of or imagined.

There is no limit to the possible expansion of human life and the growth of the Soul—here on this earth which is the Paradise of God and the place for Souls to love and serve and grow in, working on and on towards the perfection of mankind. Nature is entirely beneficent; the universal laws that have us in their keeping are forever dependable; the God in us is always striving to bring us to that higher life which is lived solely to benefit mankind; the *Souls* of men are calling always to the *minds* of men to listen, obey, and be free.

The Soul is not a thing to be set aside, and as it were locked up for a while and brought out upon occasions. It is that nobler part of our nature that rises to every situation and meets it with patience and courage,—the power that often sweeps into a man's life unaware and carries him out beyond all brain-mind thought into the great broad road of service. It must be given breadth and scope and the large environment it demands. The knowledge of it comes not in any world-startling or magical way, and is not to be purchased save by the surrender of a man's passionate and lustful nature to the God within. It is a knowledge that steals upon us in the quiet of the night-time and in all our peaceful moments, when we serve our fellows and ask for no reward but the glory that shines through the silence on him who has done his utmost, and the peace of mind that is for those who are striving. Through our smallest actions it

may enter: when we are at our best and in love with what is truest and noblest; when we are in despair yet cling to our high ideals and dreams. Something comes home to us and we say, *This will of mine is free, that but now wavered and was surrounded and oppressed, I can look with perfect trust into tomorrow and into eternity.*

I find treasures of experience in suffering. Any real attainment must come through discipline; and no matter how it may be outwardly, we can meet it as that which will call forth the stronger side of us, until it becomes at last the pride and joy of our lives and we love it as we love the sunshine and the aroma of flowers.

Fear is the basis of all discouragement. Only cultivate fearlessness in meeting the trials from without and the weaknesses within, and you cease to be alone; you attain discernment of a grand companionship ever present with you, and become aware of the God "that is within you and yet without you,"—the Everywhere-existing whose voice you may hear, listening for it, in your own spirit, and no less in the murmur of the brooks and in the birds' chorusing; for the Mystery in the heart of Nature is also the Mystery in the heart of Man; and the same wonderful powers are in both.

At any moment in every life the hour of revelation may be at hand. It requires no epoch or special season, nor the beginning or end of any outer cycle. In regions within ourselves where intellect is not, but imagination has full scope for its greatness, we touch the Infinite off and on at all times, and stand on the brink of vast possibilities and truths. We can draw upon resources greater than we dream of.

Imagination is not the peculiar property of men of genius and exceptional talent, but a power innate in everyone, and that which might help each to find his Soul. It is the hand maiden of the God in man, and our guide into that Kingdom of Heaven within, which is the realm of thought where the Soul speaks to the heart and mind . . . in the silent places of our lives, in the moments when we verge upon greatness, when an overwhelming consciousness comes in upon us of the universality of the Divine Life, and of the divine possibilities latent in man; when the silences of great Nature cry to us tidings of the God in ourselves, and we feel the nearness, the companionship, of That which it would be presumption to define, but in Whose universal presence we must tinge our thoughts and feelings with a certain solemnity, a mystery and grandeur . . . before the Mirror of this Infinite Beauty—in the Temple of this Majesty—standing in an attitude of larger reverence . . . in silence. . . .

In silence we must stand . . . to gather out of that solemn beauty the joy humanity needs. . . . Much more can be expressed through silence, always, than through speech. The inner life which is music—the overtones and undertones of the universal harmony—

is only accessible in the silence. Music lifts for awhile the veil between ourselves and the Unseen, the Unspoken, the Unknowable; but there is a music that cannot be heard, — that the heart can feel and the soul realize and the mind reach to — so potent that it is without outward sound.

Only in the silent and secret recesses of our being can we hear it; only there can truth be fully known. When the outer senses are stilled, and self-control takes possession of the mind, listening inwardly, one may hear the deeper notes of the divine melody.

It works on inner and quiet lines; touches our consciousness here and there, quickening it to greater sensitivity.

Our outer ears are deaf to it because we have willed them away from hearing; our minds cannot perceive, because with our indifference we have rebuked the Higher Law, and allowed the confused thoughts of the lower man, mean or doubting, to keep us in the shadows; and yet I know that wherever we might be, in the darkest corner of the earth or the most beautiful, were our sense not dulled with the noise of the world we should hear the Grand Symphony. In the desert, in the deep caverns of the earth, under the heaviest weight of sorrow, "he that hath ears to hear" is never alone; and were he lost in the great waste places, or in a rudderless boat on the open sea, or were he on the brink of created things and far from the world of men: he would carry within him still the Kingdom of Heaven, and might find in his heart all the revelations for which humanity is longing.

It is the Spiritual Message that the world is crying for: a baptism of the spirit of the Divinity of Man, whereby we should be made to realize that the heavens are opening to our needs; that the light is breaking and new stars are shining; that the things we do not see are greater than the things we see — what the heart yearns for, more than we know; that Nature is supremely just, and in all this grand universal Scheme of Being not a thought, not an aspiration, not the smallest effort is lost or wasted.

On Getting the Enemy into Full View and Putting the Right Label on Him

(From a personal letter)

I WANT to tell you how I got over that drink habit, acquired — well, you know when and how: got over it so thoroughly that if I chose I could now, I think, safely take a nip and face the crave it might re-arouse. *Might*, I say; I don't *know* and don't intend to; no use playing with explosives.

Of course I created the crave, or let it get self-created in me, little by little and quite unthinkingly.

A crave, like any other habit, is a real entity in one's body — as I came to know, ultimately, and is

entirely concerned with its one trick. The drink crave, to be definite, is a sort of conscious being and more than a mere focus of sensation. The palm of the hand, for example, is *that*. But the crave is a focus of *desire* for some sensation. It may live in the palate or stomach or all through the body. I guess the drink crave lives in all the places. Also it gets into the mind and uses the lower part of that to picture out and think up ways for its own gratification. You can tell that, because when the crave is on you you can't think of anything *but* the way and time to gratify it. It has memory, memory of the past occasions of gratification. And in itself it is absolutely conscienceless, no notion of the rights of others, no feeling whatever for others. I speak of *it*, remember, in its own nature, considered apart from the character of the man who may be (if he allows) finally overcome and ruined by it. For if you keep yielding, you surely risk becoming yourself as consciencelessly selfish as it, bent only on gratification of it. The great thing is not to let your mind get used by it, not allow thoughts that you don't want, thoughts that concern a noxious desire. If thoughts about some particular thing are not allowed, the desire for that thing has no chance to run you and begins to wilt.

But remember that the man who is at last its victim created it or let it get created or create itself under his very nose. Because it is *within* himself and a part as it were of his own mental flesh and blood, it seems to him to *be* himself, himself in that particular state of mind. If he resists it successfully and for enough times it dies. Of course he gains by its death, for he takes back that much of his own life which he had let pass into it and become *its* life and its force of desire. He can resist it by direct fight with it, the fight seeming to him a fight with himself; or can resist it almost by the mere act of recognising it fully as just what it is — *not* himself but his creation and finally vampire.

Well, in this fight with the drink crave, therefore, I suddenly understood that I was being run. In one way of saying the thing, I would go to the place where I could get a drink; but to put the fact better I now perceived that it was a conscious forceful something in my body that *took me there*. I was a spectator, a victim. But I did not see this fully at once. It was by way of short flashes of insight while the process was going on. The remorseful question of the morning after a night of it, "how could I ever have come to *do that?*" became "how could I have once more let myself be led or *forced* into that?"

So, for a while, though seeing how the situation really was, I still yielded. But finally I refused to be run — just that. I went through a period of great irritability and sense of loss, irritability all through my body, which reflected itself in my mind. But I did not care, for I knew now that it was not *my* irritability but that of the conscious and (in its way)

intelligent force that now found itself deprived. The enemy was well out in the open, and he did not like it for he knew that that was the same as being presently conquered. Disregarding is conquering, in this case.

Great effort? Not quite correctly said. *Effort* has to be made mostly before a man has the enemy in the open, when he is still in the stage of sharing the crave and thinking it his, but will not yield because he has sworn to himself that he won't, or resolved not to because of the evils he knows will follow or some such reasons as those. He feels that he is denying *himself*. But after he has understood the situation he is merely denying a noxious something *not* himself, and is only bothered for a time by its persistent demands. Yet if he is not wary it will for a time suddenly get at him and hurry him off when he is negative or relaxes from some job he was intent on. That, however, is a very transitory phase. Soon he is master. I found the key is as I said, to see the crave as not yourself, to understand that it is something bobbing up in you and trying to run you.

And now the question comes up, what about a lot of our other desires? Which is a big question. Anyhow it is worth considering now and then when we are desiring something very badly and especially when we are ready to do something wrong or shady to compass it. Is this desire *me*, or am I being run by something *in* me? And if so, will I be run by it? Or will I keep content with what is, with where I am, and try to develop my best human possibilities in the faith that what I have and where I am are exactly the condition best for this development, arranged for me by a Divine Law that knows all about me and will, if I let it work unbothered, arrange for me the very best conditions for that development — though it may take me a mighty long time to see that they *are* best? How about this, old man? Room for a little thinking, aye? And for a little *trusting*, when you do come to believe in that Divine Law — which you will if you carefully watch your own life and what has happened to you and is now happening. Trust is a great force and greatly helps this Law to do its good work for you. Try trusting for a few days only (if that's all you can manage) and then compare the peace of those days with the other days when you just lived as most men do, full of little and big desires for a thousand things and conditions that you think would be as good for you as they seem (in anticipation) pleasant.

Good luck,

YOUR OLD CAMP COMRADE



The Broadcaster of Ecclestone Crag

THE keeper of a lighthouse is pretty much of a hermit, and thus it happened that I had been staying at Swanwick Bay for several weeks before

I met Gilbert Luce. I found him on the quay one day waiting for the launch to take him back to Ecclestone Crag after his monthly leave of absence on shore. We ran together like two drops of water and very soon were chatting like old friends.

"'Lonely up there,' did you say?" he replied to my question. "Can't say that I am. I've often been a heap more lonely in bad company ashore. A fellow never feels so much alone as when he's in a crowd all talking and acting out of step with his line of thought. No, no. Don't you lose no sleep worrying about my being lonely up there. My little shelf or two of books is always first-class company. They talk to me just as long as I want 'em to and shut up when I say so, and that's more than your good friends on shore will do for you, I'll bet a nickel! The winds may howl and the waves may beat, but with his Emerson or his Tom Carlyle or a book of poems, a fellow can be as snug and comfortable as if he was a-shore in front of his own fire.

"And there's another thing, too, about this 'loneliness.' When I was a youngster I read *Robinson Crusoe* and I used to think that he was a pretty good fellow to be, 'cause he could act just like he had a mind to; but now I know that's all dead wrong. *He owed it to other people* as well as to his own self-respect to have decent thoughts and to eat like a man and not like a monkey, although there wasn't nobody around barring the dog and the goats and the poll-parrot. A man may be all alone so far as his *body* goes, but I tell you that wherever he may be he's somehow hitched up with other fellows in his *mind* — wireless-like, if you understand — and he can't cut loose from the rest of the gang.

"I made a man real mad the last time I was in, by telling him that his mind wasn't his own to do as he liked with. But I say it's God's truth and a fellow has no right to think a bad thought 'cause it kind of muddies up *other fellows'* minds seeing we're all so much mixed up with one another. If you don't look after your mind — keep it clean and decent and all that — it'll make more trouble for you than a classroom of bad boys when the teacher's out. And bad thoughts are as infectious as fever-germs when they get around loose.

"I don't mind telling you that I did feel a bit down in the mouth when first I started in up there at the Crag and I'd give way to the fit of the blues and wait till the clouds rolled by. After a bit I got the notion that so long as I keep sunny inside, I'm giving out a kind of light that helps other fellows out yonder wherever they may be; but if I'm all balled up in a fog of black thoughts, I can't broadcast anything better than blackness. So then it's up to me to keep the light burning inside, and that way I reckon I'm doing double duty — my lantern throwing light on the dark water for vessels beating up channel in dirty weather, and my mind throwing out light of

another kind altogether that no Gov'ment Inspector nor nobody else can check up on. I do believe that according as a fellow keeps his mind clean and cheerful and wishful to help where he can, there's others somewhere that'll somehow feel the better for it. — There's many would think, to hear me talk this way, that I had bats in the belfry, but you're kind of different and make a fellow loosen up somehow.

"Smoke? Well, I don't mind if I do. I always smoke 'Elephants' myself too." After a few thoughtful puffs at his cigarette he went on: "'Can I explain it?' Not on your life I can't. I don't know how the thing works, but by Jiminy Crickets! when I try to hold my mind clear and bright and steady I just *know* I'm doing something that counts. I've got no patent on it. Anybody can do it and the great thing is to *want* to do your bit to help the crowd and then you do get something across and everybody is the better for it whether they know it or not. Well, there's no place like home, even if it's a lighthouse, and here comes Bill to take me back. Fifteenth of next month and I'll be over again. S'long!" THE STROLLER

The Finer Points about Washing

(A grandmother's sermon from the prison doctor)

WELL, boys, once in a while it seems like a good thing we should meet together and have a little talk on things medical. If I tell you I'd like to say something about *washing* I suppose a good lot of you may feel like getting up and going out. But sit it out and maybe we can dig up something out of the subject that'll show you there's more in it than lies on the top — just as there is in the skin.

From one point of view the least important washing we do is the washing we are most particular about, if any — hands and face. Although the man who does not wash his hands and face is the same man as doesn't wash any other part of himself. What I want to talk about now is the right of the whole skin to get a regular daily wash. If there are days when you don't feel like doing it, those are good days for a useful bit of self-discipline.

In some of the old Roman state ceremonies and processions they used to gild a little boy all over, sticking the gold leaf to his skin with varnish. He had to stay that way all day while the show lasted, dancing attendance on the emperor. Looked very pretty, no doubt; but at the end of the day he died, poisoned; the skin could not go on with its proper functions. For one thing, the skin is one of the three great organs of excretion of waste matter. It discharges a couple of pounds or more of sweat a day, containing matters gaseous and solid that must be got rid of. If the kidneys are out of order the skin can make a very fair showing as a substitute. And

when the intestines are sluggish or contain what oughtn't to be there, you don't have to come so very near to a man to find out that his skin has some substitution work thrown on it in that case too! Whilst in its efforts to get the blood clean it may itself get into trouble and you'll see an eruption of some sort.

One or two of you told me the other day that they couldn't always eat the meat served at dinner. It 'smelt rank,' they said, rank and sour. In other words, being dead matter, it had begun to decay and was giving off the gases of decay. Well, we're all of us dying all the time all over the skin. Underneath its surface the skin is exceedingly alive and doing very important duties for us. It is being continually renewed there, and the particles or 'cells' that are worn out and dying come to the surface and are cast off, dead and saturated with equally dead (and poisonous) sweat. Being dead they putrify and in so doing give off gases. The skin is very closely shot through and through with small blood vessels, as you can tell by shaving yourself while you are thinking of something else, and the blood cannot help constantly absorbing poisonous products from an unwashed skin.

Cleaning the skin is one of the most important ways of cleaning the blood. How many people, who will drink any quantity of 'blood-purifier' bought at a drug store, remember that with soap and water outside they may do themselves a hundred times more good than with the dope and water inside? Dead skin, lying on the surface of the living skin, is beginning to decay and is charged with the gases of decay. Our bodies are not exposed to the winds as are those of animals. We wear a few layers of clothes, and between these and next the skin are layers of more or less stagnant air. As the blood is always bathing the skin from within, it is therefore absorbing some of the skin-gases. And the breath of a dirty-skinned man will often furnish very good evidence that the lungs have to throw out of the blood what should never have reached them.

But there is more than this in the daily wash. Washing, or rather the rubbing that accompanies and follows it, is *massage*. Underlying muscles and nerves have their stagnant blood squeezed out and sent into the circulation to be aired and washed and filtered. And all the great and most of the small muscles of the whole body are also *exercised* in the processes of the rubbing. Every organ *beneath* the muscles — liver, intestines, stomach, thyroid and so on — is likewise squeezed and cleaned and energized. The blood everywhere is shoved along, the veins emptied. The joints are unlimbered, the spine made flexible. No man who washes and rubs all over every day would be likely to get a stiff spine in later life. A man of fifty who can't turn his head round without turning his spine with it has *let* himself get that way. The spine, considered by itself, is a sort of many-jointed snake and if it is to stay healthy and keep all the hundreds

of muscles in its charge healthy and alert it must be kept as squirmy and flexible as a snake. And the exertion of the rubbing and squirming deepens the breathing and permanently promotes the health and work of the breathing muscles. Be your own osteopath and chiropractor!

Not only is a washing man far freer from the chances of 'catching things' from the air than a dirty man because of all this, but for another reason. The skin is a great organ — the greatest in the body — for the fabrication of anti-toxins. You know that when hostile germs get into the blood and begin to multiply and produce poisons, the body begins at once to provide *anti-poisons*, chemical matters that neutralize the germ-poisons and keep the germs from damaging us. Well, as I said, the deeper, living layers of the skin are greatly concerned in this work, are one of the most important anti-toxin producers. So the man whose skin is daily washed and rubbed and kept healthy has in consequence a far more competent anti-toxicator to fight his microscopic enemies for him than the dirty man.

And lastly, electricity. You know some people are, as they say, so electric, that in very dry weather they can get sparks from their hair with a comb. As a matter of fact the whole body, every muscle and organ and nerve, is an electric apparatus. Muscles generate electricity when they contract and when they are rubbed, and rubbing the skin wakes up electricity in it too. And electricity and life are in a sense two words for one thing.

So from every point of view we see the desirability of washing. But by washing I don't mean necessarily getting into a bath, nor even using the soap. Some perfectly clean men never get into a bath, find they don't react well enough. They wring a towel out of a hand basin of water and with an end of that in each hand can wash their back as well as if their arms were four feet long. A tablespoonful of kerosene stirred into the water makes it as slippery and cleansing as though there were soap in it. Go all over the body twice, wringing the towel out between; only takes a minute! Then give another two minutes to rubbing the whole body deep and hard with your bare hands! — Which last, by the way, is a fine thing to do anyhow at bedtime: very good for insomnia. A real bad sleeper should keep at it for five or ten minutes, head to foot, till his hands and arms are tired.

So here's my medical sermon. Any questions?



That "Indefinable Something"

"SOMETHING about him that makes people take notice when he comes into a room. Not much of a man to look at, either."

There *was* something about the man they were

talking about, and I got to wondering what it might be. He wasn't a man that one 'took to,' much, not in any sense a 'good fellow.' People liked him, in a way, but nobody ever seemed to get very close to him and he didn't have any special chums. Yet he did carry around a something that made him respected.

Men get respected, after a fashion, for their money. But if you look into it you'll find that you've quite a different feeling for a man who's *made* his money to what you have for a man who's come into it or got it from his father. In the second case you're respecting — if you can call it respecting — the money, or the power that it confers; but in the first you're really respecting the quality of power *in the man* that enabled him to keep after his aim — such as it was. What is that power, the power of concentrated pursuit of something, the refusal to be sidetracked, the refusal to let small things nibble at the main thing?

Will, of course. That's what you're respecting, whether you realize it or not. That is the something that is felt in the man's presence.

At the other pole is the weak-willed man, the man who is always 'falling for' some one or all of his passing appetites and inclinations, the favorite temptations just as they present themselves. He is tethered by his weaknesses, can't keep a steady course through them (or above them), can't make good on his resolutions. He may be the general good fellow, liked by everybody. But not respected, not looked up to. The sentence we began with would never be spoken of *him*.

And there, as I see it, is the whole secret of the respect of others, as distinct from their liking, and from their admiration for particular capabilities that the weak-willed man may happen to possess. *We respect self-dominance*, for that means will. The man who carries that 'indefinable something' into every company he enters is the resolutely self-ruled man, the man who, in pursuit of some aim, or in his desire to keep the feeling of self-respect, refuses to let himself be pulled off, — or, if it be a high ideal, to be pulled *down*, — by the common weaknesses of human nature. Weaknesses, we call them, but in reality they are powers, for they run their owner.

The higher and nobler the aim, the stronger the will necessary to reach it, and the greater, consequently, the instinctive respect this man will command from others. The man who is successfully using his will in self-dominance — is the man we respect: no other man. *He* carries the 'indefinable something.' He alone has title to that true self-respect which brings with it the respect of others — to which, however, you will find that he is indifferent. Indifference to it is part of the price of having it, an essential item. OBSERVER

Lines by Emily Brontë

(The following are the last lines my sister Emily ever wrote.

—Charlotte Brontë)

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere;

I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

The Truly Great

THERE are hearts that never falter
In the battle for the right;
There are ranks that never alter,
Watching through the darkest night,
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife
Only gives a noble daring,
Only makes a grander life.

There are those whose loving mission
Is to bind the bleeding heart,
And to teach us calm submission
'Neath the pain of sorrow's smart;
They are angels to us bearing
Love's rich ministry of peace,
When the night of death is nearing
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who beat down slander,
Envy, hatred, and all wrong,
Who would rather die than pander
To the passions of the strong;
And no earthly power can crush them,
They are conquerors of fate;
Neither fear nor favor hush them—
These alone are truly great.

—From *Great Thoughts*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League—no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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

"SPIRITUAL and divine powers lie dormant in every human being; and the wider the sweep of his spiritual vision, the mightier will be the God within him. But few men can feel that God."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE longings of no human heart are to be lightly set aside; each one of them is a sub-tone in the great harmony of life; each one is the cry of some brother who has often forgotten his language, but still feels his wants. In his heart burns, however feebly, the spark from the Divine ever seeking the way back to the center from which it came."— *William Q. Judge*

"He who suffers most has most to give."

"THIS, then, is yours: to build exultingly
High, and yet more high,
That so man's mind, not conquered by his clay,
May sit above his fate,
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,
And trade with his Eternity."

— *Lascelles Abercrombie*

"WITHDRAW into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful yet, act as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful: he cuts away here, he smooths there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until a lovely face has grown upon his work. So do you also: cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is overcast, labor to make all one glow of beauty, and never cease chiselling your statue until there shall shine out on you from it the God-like splendor."— *Plotinus*

"EVERY human effort, however individual or isolated it may have been, is the germ of a progress destined to become universal. No step in its advance was or is or will be useless. It clears a way for all the world to follow."— *Gérard Harry*

"MEN are lived over again, the world is now as it was in Ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and is, as it were, his revived self."

— *Sir Thomas Browne* (17th century)

"BY exercising one's intelligence, I believe it possible to become truly ageless. Just so long as your mind is fixed upon the future, just so long as you possess some unrealized ambition, or cherish some unaccomplished aspiration, some goal upon which you are concentrating every power that you possess, you are resisting age, no matter what your years may total in the counting. Age begins to defeat you only when your mind retreats into the past instead of advancing into the future."— *Mary Garden*

"WORRY is evidence of an ill-controlled brain; it is merely a stupid waste of time in unpleasantness. If men and women practised mental calisthenics as they do physical calisthenics, they would purge their brains of this foolishness."— *Arnold Bennett*

"NEVER tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, 'Why should I tell it?'"

"ANGER and impatience at unpleasant conditions are much more hurtful to us than the conditions themselves. By self-restraint we compel the conditions to become a means for the culture of our will."

— *Marcus Aurelius*

"KEEP the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. Do every day something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it."— *Professor William James*

"GRAY in their monotony stretched the years in front of me. And as, with sinking heart I contemplated them, behold an angel stood with me. And he said: 'I know thy thoughts. I look through thine eyes and behold with thee the grayness of the coming years. Wouldst thou but know *my* thoughts and look through *mine* eyes thou wouldst see lasting joy and life and light and change.' And I said: 'Who art thou and how shall I think thy thoughts and see what thou seest?' And he answered: 'I am *thyself*, behind thy mind, ever present with thee. Find me and thou findest all.'"— *Eastern*

"PRAYER for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which seizes the gift it seeks."— *Meredith*

"So be my passing;

My taste accomplished and the long day done,

My wages taken, and in my heart some late lark singing,

Let me be gathered to the quiet west;

The sundown splendid and serene,

Death."— *Henley*

"HOWEVER painful it may be, however hard the first renouncement, duty should be accomplished joyfully. The idea of duty is not complete, not understood, as long as the least idea of drudgery is mixed with it."— *Dr. Dubois*

"NOWHERE in the social life of today is the need for reform more manifest than in the drama. In too many directions it has been made to serve the sensationalism and sensualism of the day and to stimulate the vicious thought that it might be so powerful to suppress. . . . We are in sight of the day which will once more restore the drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age."— *Katherine Tingley*

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For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"He who suffers most has most to give."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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

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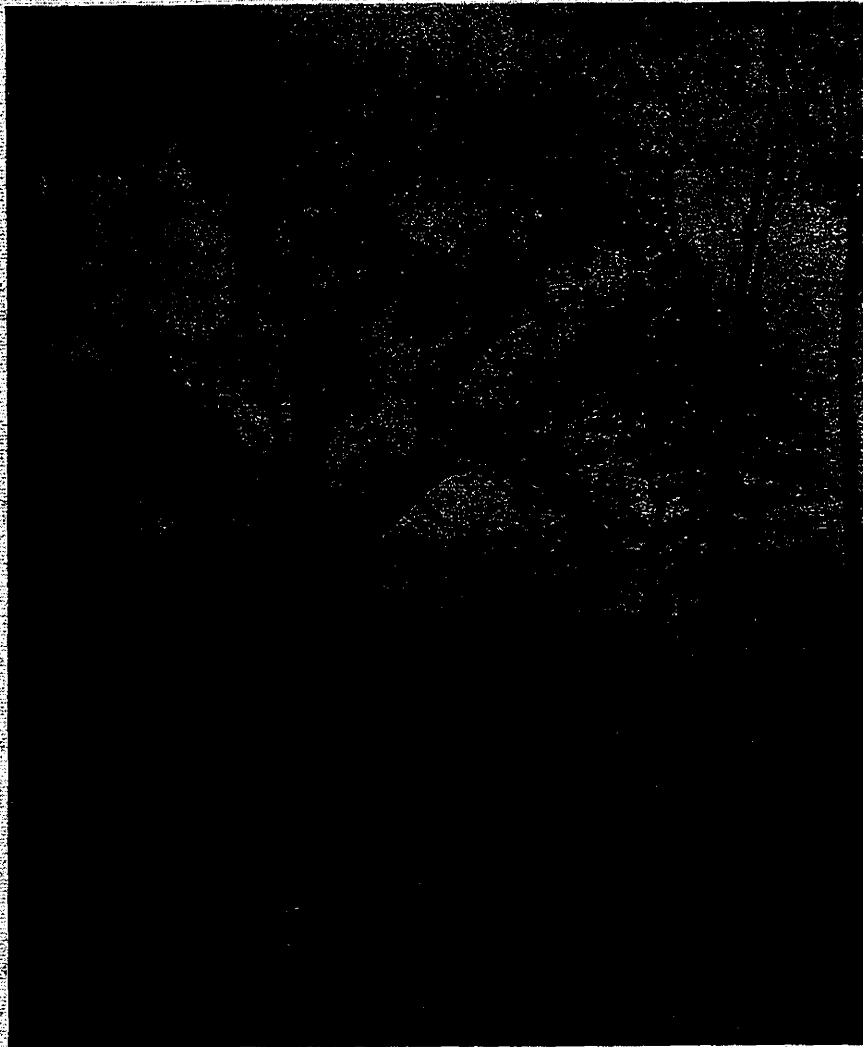
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THE "WASHINGTON WILLOW," OVER 200 YEARS OLD
ON THE BANKS OF THE HISTORICAL MERRIMAC RIVER, KATHERINE TINGLEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME
While waiting for the Ferry, Washington and Lafayette held a conference under this tree.

How to Begin Each Day

(From one of the writings of Katherine Tingley)

NO day is commonplace if only we have eyes to see its splendor. With every nightfall a door is closed for the soul. Other days will come to us, but never just the day that is ending: never that environment, those moments, those opportunities. They are gone; and long cycles of effort must be traversed before what they offered can return.

This very day we can make or mar our lives and render them a blessing or a blasphemy. No duty can come to our hands in it, but will bring to us the possibility of doing kingly service.

Hence the importance of our first thoughts upon waking. If one rises in the morning in a mood through which the Soul can express itself, one is at peace during the whole day. Remember how great is the creative power of the imagination; build up with it, upon waking, a picture of hope and joy; lay aside all that belongs to the lower self, and going up into the temple of the heart, dedicate the day to self-purification,— and you invite an invasion of the Gods.

But rise with the brain-mind dominant, and a day of perplexing difficulties awaits you.

Some are burdened and aged by the consciousness of their failings: to me, to give way thus is the sin against the Holy Ghost. Remember that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time; and that of the two Companions in our lives, either the angel or the demon in us must win; they cannot both be in possession. There is great danger for the one who in working toward his Higher Nature permits himself to dwell too long upon his failings. Indeed to think of them at all is a mistake, and a sign that the courage is weakening. Life is a struggle and it should be: struggle is part of the divine scheme. What use would there be in living if we were born perfect? It is the growth of the soul, the unfolding, the effort to attain perfection, that is the incentive. Begin to fashion your tomorrows by shutting out your yesterday's weaknesses; go forth into the day and its duties with mind open to the light and trusting to the God within, the Divinity at the heart of things; saying of the Higher Self, *I will arise and go to my Father*; and to the lower, *Get thee behind me, Satan!*

There must be shadows, but we have the power to dispel them. When discouragement comes, and doubt and lack of faith, that is the time to bring imagination into play, to invoke the power of silence, to dig into the depths of one's own nature and discover there the beauty and grandeur of life. Had we no difficulties we should make no effort. Had we no temptations there would be no need for self-control. Had we no trials there would be nothing to call forth our patience and trust. Trust in what? In those universal Divine Laws that hold our life in their keeping. They are

there and all existence is governed by them; and therefore those who base their living on law and order are on the path of progress, whether they know it or not; and those who live without discipline are retreating.

Stop worrying! That one habit has destroyed many homes and many nations, and well-nigh shut out the light of the world. Stop worrying! If a cyclone threatens, do not be troubled. Let it come! See to it that you have done what you can to protect your fellows; but for yourself, refuse to loose hold of your trust.

Preserve it especially at night. We cannot reap the real benefit of sleep if we enter upon it negatively, in ignorance, carrying to bed with us our fretfulness and dislikes, despairs or hatreds. To retire in the right spirit is to set aside the worries that have followed us during the day; to shut all doors that have invited us into realms of unreality, to pass into sleep resting in the True, in a mood of utter trust in the wonderful Law and Mystery of Universal Life,— and holding within a clearly defined aspiration for a better and sweeter tomorrow, and that we may wake fortified in the strength of the Soul's majesty.

Learn thus to conserve energy and the days and moments become ever more and more laden for you with beauty and meaning, until presently the great flower of enlightenment will bloom. At first all may be mystery and a conundrum; but hold the aspirations at heart and the great ideals ever before you, and the knowledge latent in you will open to your search, and you will take your position, and find in due time the peace that brings with it perfect understanding. Remember that these minds of ours that do so much thinking and cross-thinking and twisted thinking, and lamentable thinking sometimes, are but instruments for the Soul, the Master of all Music, to play upon.

Safety lies in keeping to middle lines. Do not look for phenomenal occurrences, nor expect any startling manifestation through or for yourself. The Divine Laws do not work that way, but in silence in the inmost part of our being. One must not take a yardstick to measure one's spiritual advancement. And remember that if you drop a single note in a melody, the whole piece is spoiled; and so it is in our lives: the perfect harmony cannot exist if a false note is struck anywhere.

A new life must come to humanity, else it will surely go down in darkness. We must be impatient in the knowledge that we have within ourselves divine potentialities, and that to serve is to do what our souls long to do; so that all mankind may have glimpses of the blue of the future, and out beyond the shadows and horrors of the present behold the morning-star of a brighter day arisen.

For we plow the way for the human race. We cannot move along this path by ourselves, nor advance alone towards the Great Peace. We may

not rest in the joy of being blessed, but by our devotion must bless the world.

Going Ahead Anyhow

I WAS reading Epictetus, that wise old Roman philosopher who seemed to have incarnated on earth just to show that it was possible to be (as he was) a maltreated slave and yet keep (as he did) an even soul. He was saying that all grievances and annoyances were to be classified into those which you can do something about — in which case do it and stop fretting; and those you can't — in which case fretting is likewise waste of energy and should equally be stopped. Either way, he said, don't fret and chafe. Do something if there is anything to be done, or drop the thing from your mind if there isn't. A thief stole his bronze lamp once, about the only bit of furniture he had. All he remarked was (probably with a grin) that he would now buy a clay one so that when the thief called again he would find nothing worth taking.

But his classification of troubles was defective, though sounding plausible at first. For how if you don't at first know whether anything can be done about the trouble or not? Maybe there is some way to get around it? Even in that case why fret and chafe? A good chess player will try to think up some way to deal with an awkward move of his opponent's. But he just thinks calmly, he doesn't fret or chafe. If he is a good sport he merely does his best and lets it go at that, keeping serene anyhow. So there are awkwardnesses and grievances in life that we can rectify, and those we certainly can't, and those we are not at first sure about. Anyhow we can try to be good sports and aim to keep smiling. What a strength grows up in us just out of that effort to keep smiling!

But there is another classification of grievances and annoyances: into small and big. Which is often a classification of the man himself into small or big. A man who gets into a fume because his wife hasn't made the breakfast coffee just right — has classified himself!

It seemed to me there, as I read, that Epictetus should have said: When any grievance or annoyance turns up, look at it and ask, Is this a little or a big one? If a little one, label it on the instant *little*, and drop it. Look the other way! Think of something else! For after all we are not here on earth to have everything pleasant. Life has a bigger purpose for us than that. We are travelers across life — to a goal. Not any goal you can see. The goal is greatness of moral stature, with all else that that brings with it and develops along with it. We are a long way from it when we see a little grievance or annoyance as a big one. To view it and treat it as *little* is to throw it behind us and

go forward. In about a week's practice the power (of treating little things as little) begins to develop in us. We can drop them out of attention and thought, throw them behind, and go forward. After a while a man begins to be *glad* of little things because they give him the chance of using them to go forward with. The more they want to irritate him the more power of calmness he gets out of them. What he gets intent upon and interested in is the going forward. He comes to love the sense of being bigger than things, of being too strong for things to ruffle him. So he begins to regard life with a more friendly eye, as a purveyor to him of opportunities for growth. That is what life is and is for. We are here to grow. Life is a field in which men may grow to be gods.

Epictetus was wrong. There *are* no grievances, troubles or annoyances which we cannot do anything about. Beginning with the small ones we advance to larger and larger ones, seeing more and more of them as small which once seemed large, and seeing all as opportunity. There is no way but this of coming to understand life. Till we begin this, life seems not to have any meaning, seems to be just blind days and years. But it has meaning all along each day. Just the meaning of being food and opportunity for growth.

You can *believe* in immortality with your mind. But you can't *realize*, till you treat life rightly, that you will always, somewhere, be in and of life. Then you can see it as what it is for — limitless growth. We live even now in the very midst of a life not limited by time, life as full of light as the noon sky and as big. But we live it by inches, little troubles, little pleasures, and can't see anything else, none of the bigness and joy of it. The key is to classify our troubles as little and big till fewer and fewer of them look big, and at last none. Or — till *all* of them look big because they are big opportunity. Men sometimes take dope to get out of their troubles; they are sometimes glad to throw themselves on their beds to escape them by sleep. The troubles come back, of course, when the dope and the sleep have gone by. But *this* is a 'dope' that works for good and all. STUDENT

Imagination

DIGGING in July is hot work, but if it is in your own yard you may take a breathing spell once in a while with no one to "nigger you back to your job," as Jack Vobster says. And then somehow from one thing to another we got to talking about imagination as we took a smoke under the shade of the pepper-tree.

"Now what I say is that a feller's imagination is a real, live power," Jack began, "and you can make it work for you the same as steam or lectricity." Seems

to me that we mix up 'imagination' and 'fancy,' though. Say you're walking out one night and a puff of smoke from a bonfire drifts across the path. 'Great Scott!' says you, 'I thought it was a ghost but it was only my imagination.' Now that's no more than *fancy*, just the poor shadder of the imagination. I read some place that imagination is the power to create images in the mind. To *create*, mind you — and that's a job for the *will*. And you mustn't say: 'Yes, but only in the mind.' Why, even the ghost he'd fancied up out of a puff of smoke or an old tree-trunk might stop a fellow's heart and lay him over even for good. Imagination is a power, all right, I tell you.

"There's that feller who invented the sewing-machine f'rinstance. People were using needles all round him when one day he ups and says, says he: 'Why not do it with a machine?' So he goes to work — *work* I say — and he thinks out a sewing-machine in his mind. The easy part came later on and that was just to make a model of what was in his mind, with bits of wood and metal, until he had a sewing-machine that you could see with your eyes and use with your hand. That's what I call using the power of the imagination. In a general way we don't use our imagination at all; we just allow it to act and start day-dreaming on its own account, making movie-pictures all the time, and a mighty poor show it is — one we're not wanting to let the public in on anyway.

"There's no use talking, we've got to take the imagination in hand and set it to work so that it turns out something good for us and for everybody else too. Why not imagine yourself with some of your bad habits pried loose? Imagine yourself happy without sucking on a pipe-stem all the time. (No offense intended, Jim; I'm a victim myself). Or jumping right out of a warm bed at the first whizz-off of the alarm-clock. Or speaking a friendly good-morning to a chap you've got a grudge against. *Imagine* yourself the boss of a bad habit often enough and strong enough, and before you know it you'll be the boss of it. If you want to do worth-while things, *see* yourself doing them. That's imagination, I take it."

"You've hit the nail on the head," I said. "'Tisn't enough to let thoughts trickle through your brain. You must get 'em vivid with your mind and hold 'em till your will gets into 'em, and then you'll be creating things that'll grow in you just as sure as a seed you've put in the ground. We've got no mind-energy banked up on call, because we let it dribble away in nothings, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. A fellow walking to his work wonders whether Bessie will remember the onions for supper. Then thinks he'll get some baccy the same as Liefchild smokes. Next thing, he gets peeved because the chap walking ahead doesn't have the back of his neck shaved the same as his. Wishes to goodness he could get a raise so he could rent a better house. — And so it goes, one thought chasing another like a mess of puppies at play. And when all's

done and over there's nothing to show for it. No, Jack, we'll never be good for much until we can stop this no-account chatter in our think-box and get the trick of the real, inside silence so as to have a little thought power saved up for use on the things that amount to something."

Jack took up his shovel and remarked that he had created in his mind the dandiest picture of how the yard would look when it was fixed and tidied, and as his pipe was finished he guessed he'd get to work and realize it. So he stepped over to his trench and started in again. P. L.

Prayer and Long Life

AN old publisher, head of a well-known New York house, was asked recently to what he attributed his ninety years and the perfect preservation of his mental faculties to so advanced a period. He enumerated the usual methods for maintaining health which he had been careful about for many years, and then added that last, but not least in importance, he had practised and would recommend *prayer*, never going to sleep without some moments of communion with the Highest.

What is prayer? If, by that, we were to understand the asking for some concrete benefit, we should miss the point. For in that we should be letting the brain in upon these last moments; and the very essence of the business is that the brain should *not* come in. The brain cannot pray. That is to say, we cannot pray in any true, deep sense, with the brain, any more than we could think with our muscles.

Every man's consciousness is a stairway, running up from the level of the grossest animal part of him, through the brain-thinking levels, to the highest spiritual, though few of us ever mount beyond the middle steps. In the effort to go up beyond these middle steps, all that we ordinarily call thinking must be silenced and surmounted. Then the mind enters a new state in which the spiritual Light can work.

So *our* part, in true prayer, is this effort at interior silence, this listening inward, this aspiration for the touch of something higher than our ordinary being, the all-giving, ever ready Source of life.

That a sound mind requires a sound body, is an old proverb. But of late we are learning more and more clearly that a sound body, if its soundness is to be such as to carry us on to very old age, if the brain is to serve us to the very end, requires a sound and serene mind — two adjectives closely related here. And we have to go further and understand that this soundness and serenity can come only from the practice of contact with that divine Source of our life and of all life which all nations and peoples in all

ages have believed in and faithed in and named with their special names.

We are threefold in our nature,— physical, mental, spiritual; and we may not neglect any of the three levels if we would live out our lives here in their possible fullness. Why do we not see that each of the three must have its due exercise and opportunity, its filling up with life, that each has its necessary contribution for the attainment of "fullness of days"?

The old publisher was right. The body must have its exercise and discipline; we all know that. And the mind also, that the sound mind and body shall reinforce each other. But the work will be incomplete and the results will fail us some time unless we daily try to reach and let in that Highest Life which is symbolized in the prayer as "our daily bread." Mind and body need their daily help from something that is higher than either of them, the something from whence comes our power of sympathy, love, and self-sacrifice.

STUDENT

Never Getting Dead

"SO the ogre, just to frighten the brave knight, took off his skin and sat down in his bones with a clank."

— Mama was reading a fairy-story to the children and had just reached that dramatic moment of the narration. Alice, of a philosophical turn of mind, here came in sight of a problem. And it had to be solved at once.

"Mummy, suppose he took off his bones too, what would be left?" — Mama looked across at me to bespeak my attention to something interesting that would be coming. So I transferred my attention imperceptibly from the evening paper to the impending conversation.

Tommy, aged six, *not* of a philosophical turn of mind: "Why, nothing, you silly girl. He would be just dead."

Alice: "But *who* would be dead?"

Tommy: "*He* would be dead, wouldn't he? No skin and no bones."

Alice: "But I can't understand. There must be *him* still, else he couldn't be even dead, could he? *Nothing* can't be dead." — Mama kept on, like Brer Rabbit, saying nothing.

Tommy: "Well, anyhow, if he didn't have any skin nor any bones you couldn't see him. And he couldn't have any thinks, for your thinks is inside your head and he wouldn't have any head to have thinks inside of it with."

Alice: "Not any thinks and not any skin nor any bones; isn't that funny? But mummy, what's *he* then? There couldn't be a he that wasn't *anything*, even to be dead with! I guess he'd be God."

Tommy: "Oh Lal, don't be wicked!"

Alice: "I'm *not* wicked. Mummy said we comed out of God when we was born. Wouldn't we go back into God when we was got dead again? Mummy said God was just great thinks, yes and love. Oh such great thinks! *everywhere*, all over the sky and in the sun and the stars. And when God thinks, the things just *is*, right away. God's thinks *makes* things. And bits of God's thinks is music and the flowers and the trees and the great big sea, and the lambs and kittens and Tige (the puppy), yes, and the babies. And the thinks has love in them 'cause God loves them and puts love inside them so's they can love other things. Yes, and now I know! When anybody's dead he goes right back into God and he knows God's thinks again — or some of them — just like he did before he comed out of God. And he must feel love and have love — for all what's living, the lambs and flowers and babies and things."

Tommy: "But how could he see them? He wouldn't have any eyes if he was dead."

Alice: "*God* can see them and God is all everywhere and don't have to have eyes. I don't suppose God sees like we do, does he, mummy? — (Pause). Dead — dead — (meditatively). But nobody ever does get dead, really and truly. He must be *more* live when he's dead, oh so much more! 'Cause he's part of God again. Why, it's splendid! No dead-getting, not anything anywhere! More live-getting. Oh Tommy, let's get dead and have great feels and great knows — just like God! (This was rather awed.) Oh I must run away and think of that. Come on Tige! (to the puppy, who was only too ready.) We won't none of us never be dead. Oh how splendid!"

Tommy: "But, Lal, we must stay and hear about the ogre and what he did to the knight."

Alice: "Oh yes, I'd forgotten all about the ogre and his horrid old bones. Please go on, mummy."

As far as I remember, the knight presently 'deaded' the ogre and left his bones to decorate the hillside.

PATER

Self-Discipline

"Any real attainment must come through discipline."

— KATHERINE TINGLEY

OF course this means *self*-discipline. Outside discipline, the discipline of written rules, may be very good to show us what we must do to practise self-discipline; but we cannot rely on that to call out *will* and develop character. It does not compel the growth and use of our self-creative powers, nor evoke our imaginations in idealizing a great goal to be

attained. But *self-discipline* — this is the key to all; self-restraint, self-guidance, self-directed evolution — this is the basis of true education, the foundation of all character building. Can we think of any real attainments of ours that have been won through any other means than this?

In our practice of self-discipline the first essential is sincerity in self-analysis. We must not fool ourselves. Excuses are easier for us to find than water in the sea and we must kill out the habit of using them to palliate to ourselves our own weaknesses. The self-excuse habit weakens the will, undermines character, stops all growth. We must think of each weakness of our own just as we should think of it if we saw it in another.

What are the real attainments to be reached through self-discipline? Surely the things which, as we grow older, we realize to be the things alone worth striving for, the things which, in later years, we shall wish we had acquired — the will, the self-respect, the courage, the power of perseverance, the dignity; and, more than all, self-knowledge, the knowledge of our own duality — the part of us that is always after self-gratification, and the true self where lies the power of will and self-dominance and eternal growth to heights we cannot now imagine.

It may seem at first a hard path, from one point of view, this of self-discipline, though there is always a joy in it. But is it not the hard battles in life that are the worthier to fight? We must persevere, keeping up the effort and aspiration even when we seem to be accomplishing nothing, remembering that progress may be even greater then, when there is none of it to be felt, than in the times when we seem to be attaining most swiftly. We must learn to have greater faith in the power of the spiritual will, of the soul, to put through to a finish the plan of discipline we have laid for ourselves. We must retain our optimism and find the joy of life, the satisfaction of conquest, the helpfulness and compassion in the Divine Laws that have us in their keeping, stern as may sometimes seem their operation. When we find these things we have the inspiration to go forward, to persevere and persevere and hope.

McA.

Cycles

A GREAT many people know what the word 'cycle' means, and a great many do not. The word that I am dealing with has nothing to do with a machine to be ridden. I am dealing with a word which means a return, a ring.

The great law of periodical return applies to every individual man in his daily life and thought. Every idea that you have, every thought, affects your brain and mind by its impression. That begins a cycle.

The idea or thought may seem to leave your mind; apparently it goes out. But under the law of cycles it returns again in some form either better or worse and wakes up once more the old impression. Even the very feelings that you have of sorrow or gladness will return in time, more or less according to your disposition, but inevitably in their cycle. This is a law it would do good for everyone to remember, especially those who have variations of joy or sorrow, of exaltation and depression.

If, when depressed, you would recollect the law and act upon it by intentionally creating an opposite cycle of exaltation, this, on returning again with the companion cycle of lower feeling, would in no long time destroy the depressing cycle and raise you to higher places of happiness and peace.

The law applies also in matters of study where we use the intellectual organs only. When a person begins the study of a difficult subject there is trouble in keeping the mind upon it; the mind wanders and is disturbed by other and older ideas and impressions. But by persistency a new cycle is established, which, being kept rolling, at last obtains the mastery.

WILLIAM O. JUDGE

The Open Way

HUMAN duality? Are there not two of each of us? One stands in the Silence, full of thought that is beyond any present conception we can make, luminous, creative; but the other lives ceaselessly chattering to itself and to others, planning, worrying, recalling, anticipating, snarling, criticizing, full by turns of content and discontent — the personal self, the I of common life. And there is no rest and no peace and no knowledge for us till we practise the finding of the Silence and in those moments begin to rejoin the Other, the divine one, the quiet, inspiring god behind our daily lives.

"Seek and ye shall find," in some moment of the Silence. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." This seeking and knocking can be done only in the Silence. But Silence, the open way, is a road we never try, have neglected so long that it seems to us to be no way or a way upon which we cannot plant our feet for one instant, a way barred by the chatterer of the brain and by the comfort and pleasure-seeker of the body. Yet there will be no rest for us, no permanent happiness, till we find that one secret road that bridges death.

We are companioned from one end to the other of life and know little of the Companion. It is some of the light and inspiration of this Presence that makes of the man in his highest moments a poet, a musician, a genius in some direction. For the 'man of genius' is but the man touched by the *Genius* in him. But in

an hour he lets go, not knowing what it was that touched him, and lapses again into his common self as other men. But there is no man not utterly bad in every fiber who does not at some unnoticed, disregarded moment of the day, between its beginning at dawn and its end in sleep, get *some* touch that he might seize and hold and begin to work with and look for and cultivate. But not with the brain, not with *that* restless instrument of common life. *There*, are only thoughts; what we need is the Light behind thought. Why will we not grasp our immortality? STUDENT

Rents in the Veil

THERE are times with us all, perhaps but a few moments in length, when a sense of gladness comes in upon the mind, not connected at first with any thought or definite picture. Nothing is going to happen outwardly, there is nothing of that sort to explain them. They do not portend anything of good chance in outer events. To look for this is to ensure subsequent disappointment and depression.

These are often messages from the soul, gleams of promise and encouragement, all that our dull inner perception can sense. For much more comes with these gleams than we can now make clear to ourselves. Let them in! Encourage and hold them, not looking for their warrant in any outer stroke of coming good-fortune — except the good-fortune of thus realizing the nearness and help of the soul. Hold and use them for taking a step in opening up a fuller communion with the soul. For that is what these waves are for. The soul saw its opportunity in some momentary stillness of the brain-mind which made the injection possible, a gap in the almost unbroken flow of useless thought which we permit all day and every moment of the day. It never loses such opportunities to help; on its side readiness is perpetual. Note therefore, and try to hold these sudden gleams, warrant that in the heart, there is a steady light for us through life and after death. If such a stir could come into the hearts of a whole people, what a change would come over the life of that people! — *A Student's notebook*

Happiness

(From Budget of the Battleship *Kentucky*)

IT'S just a sort o' feeling that depends upon the man,
And the owner never gets it by a fixed and settled plan;
It's nothing that's to come along at any settled time,
And nothing in the atmosphere of any settled clime;
It's not cut out for customers and laid upon the shelf —
But it's just a sort o' feeling that depends upon yourself.
It never comes from growlin' at your luck and feelin' blue,
And thinkin' every man is stealin' some from you;
You needn't think it comes along where money's runnin' rife —

Or feel that you would find it in another sphere of life —
You ought to find it where you are; there's plenty everywhere,
An' any man that *is* a man 'll get an honest share.
The minister 'll find it in the sayin' of a grace,
And the barber get his portion in the shavin' of a face;
The sailor on the ocean and the farmer in his corn,
The millionaire a-watchin' at some hole in plenty's horn;
It's every human's duty in whatsoever sphere
To make his life a happiness to other mortals here;
So why not be content with life and say your lot 'll do?
And then you feel the duty done — an easy duty too;
For happiness from discontent is just a little span,
An' it's just a sort o' feelin' that depends upon the man.
— *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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 us wait patiently for the day of our real, our best birth."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE mode of action of the *spiritual* will, once aroused, is that, asleep or awake, near or far, your true desires *arising from the impulse of the Higher Self* will be accomplished. For this phase of the will flieeth like light, cuts obstacles like a sharp sword."
— *W. Q. Judge*

"WHATEVER is great in any man is due to the presence in him of that much of the *One Great* in the universe. And this is the soul. For all souls are rays of that *One*. We can reach and know that One only by first knowing our own souls."

"AS the snake shuffles off an old skin to put on a new one, so doth the soul shuffle off a body; but the soul dies not with the death of the body."— *Indian*

"OUR difficulties in life, which may seem many, may really be classified under very few heads, each of those few showing itself in several forms. In tackling any one of these forms we are tackling also all the rest that come under the same head. The difficulty, for instance, of getting up promptly out of a warm bed in the morning is the same as that of getting up from the table directly you have had enough, and that of passing on at once from one finished duty to the next without a wasted interval. The difficulty of harsh thought about the failings of others is the same as that of blindness to our own faults— often identical with those we are criticizing. Lack of the power to say *No* is of course the same as love of the good opinion of others, and this parents hypocrisy.

"You never know, in conquering one fault, how many others you may be bringing down with the same effort."

"THAT man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will . . . ; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine . . . ; whose mind is stored with the great and fundamental truths of nature . . . ; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."— *Huxley*

"KEEP ever the windy way,
For ashes choke the spirit's fire,
And these must blow away."— *August Leisner*

"WHAT is man but a god who is afraid?"

"EVERY morning, just at sunrise, I had a moment of perfect inner silence, and in its peace and spiritual power and beyond-personality I resolved to hold that silence throughout the hour to come of merely mechanical duties. But in no long time I suddenly realized that as usual I had lost it in the customary futile brain-chatter of the day."

"INSTEAD of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas: bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that, in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong."— *Carlyle*

"TRUE self-education: the acquirement of the power to make yourself do the thing you have to do at the moment when it ought to be done and in the way it ought to be done, in total disregard of whether you like it or not."

"WHEN you have a number of disagreeable duties to perform, always take the most disagreeable first."
— *Josiah Quincy*

"LET us remember that in every action something of the stuff of mind and body is being spent. What is spent is replaced, and the quality of what is replaced is conditioned by the spirit in which the action was done. By this beneficent provision of nature we can find in all work, in all action, a means of rebuilding ourselves in whatever shape we choose. The new stones can be of what material, of what quality we will. After a good deal of this fine rebuilding we may suddenly find that we have changed our whole nature."— *Novena*

"THE spirit in all men, being but a ray of the Universal Light, it can, by careful tending, by the removal of all obstructions, the cleansing of the vessel, the trimming of the wick, as it were, be increased, made to burn with a steadier, a brighter flame."
— *Arthur Symons*

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

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"He who sits alone with Silence,
He may find the Heart of God."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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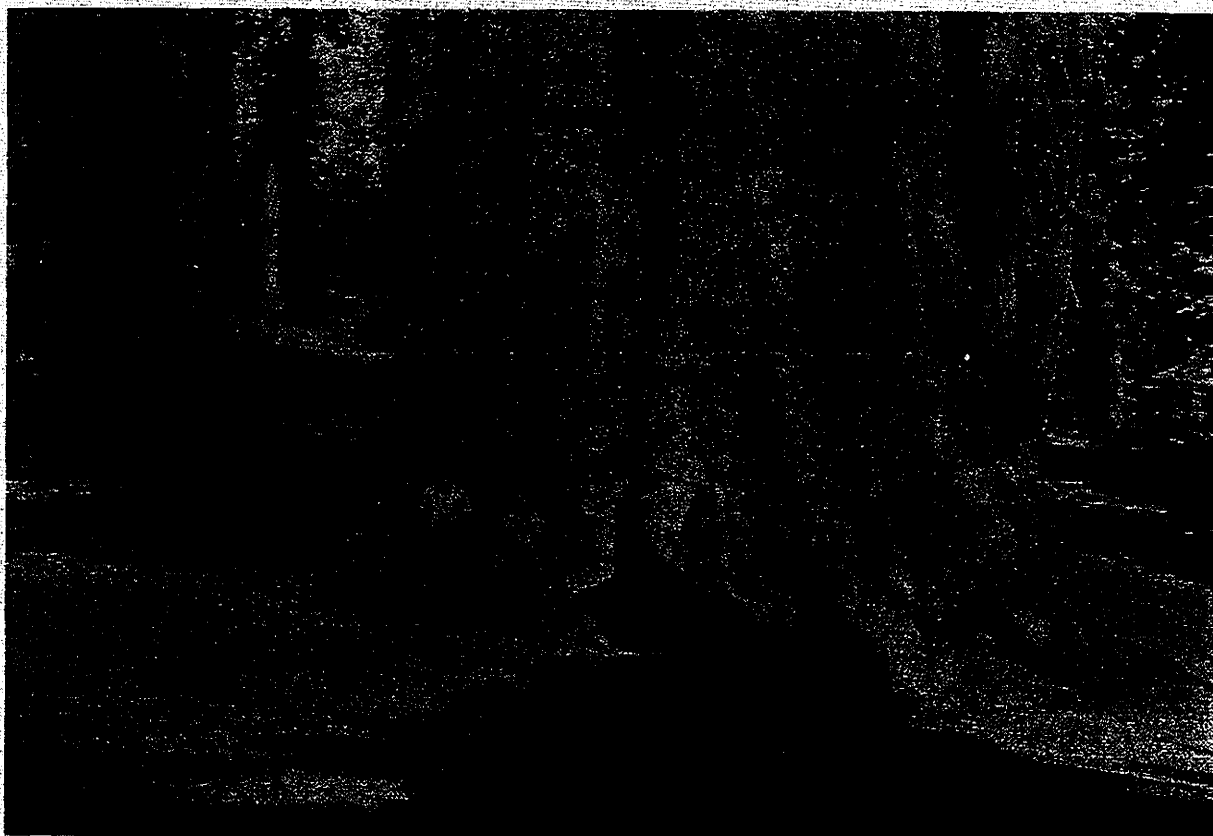
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THE 'GENERAL SHERMAN' TREE (THE LARGEST LIVING TREE IN THE WORLD)
SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

The Needs of Today

(From a lecture delivered in Sweden by Katherine Tingley)

SURELY thoughtful people are not yet satisfied with their comprehension of life, nor with their comprehension of death. Just as long as one's heart is yearning and aspiring, he may be sure there is

something more for him. But when one can aspire and learn and gain the knowledge of the science of right living, then he will begin to rise and go forward on a new basis. For we must have something substantial to depend on if we are to meet life and meet death with any degree of peace and satisfaction. We must have something more for our children, some-

thing more for posterity. We must seek that which our hearts are calling for.

Who can attempt to limit human life? At your best moments, at your silent moments, when either by despair or joy you have been moved to a state of contemplation, of analysis, of questioning, of yearning, think a moment, have you not sometimes almost felt the touch of a Divine Power in your longings and in your aspirations? Think what it would be if man could be ever conscious of the fact that he is part of the great, central, spiritual life, a ray of the Supreme! Think of this great Source of life that holds the stars in their places, that orders nature and its wonderful mysteries, that gives to mother and father the sacred privilege of parenthood — think of these and then tell me who can limit the Universal, Supreme Deity?

The door is opened. If you choose to enter you will enter. If you do not, you will later choose to do so. I am not counting on gaining converts; I am counting on that inner something which should be present with all right-minded people; for did not Jesus say, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them'?

Surely no one is so stupid as to think for a moment that he meant his personal self would be there. What he did mean was the higher quality of spiritual life which is ever awaiting recognition in us — a ray of the Supreme, which holds man in his place, and the stars in their places, and which will bring the spirit of justice to earth, ultimately. It is the Christos Spirit in man; it is that wonderful, indescribable something that comes to all of us at times; perhaps it can be best understood as the highest conception that we can reach in our present state of evolution of the idea of love. How many are there in the world today who can describe love? Look at the different aspects in which it is presented. Sometimes it is degraded and dragged down in life in a way that makes it but a counterfeit of love. But where real love begins, when it is true and unselfish, we may know that it belongs to all eternity.

When we can realize that the soul of man is a part of the great, divine law, and that love belongs to the soul, is an attribute of the soul, can we not then feel within our hearts something more than we have ever felt before? Can we not then enfold in our hearts, in the very essence of our spiritual natures, those we love, who have passed on? Not in the sense of spirits returning, spirit communication — nothing of this sort. I am speaking of the divine essence of things, of that indescribable something that love gives us. We cannot define it, we cannot describe it, but we know we have it to a degree. No man living, no matter how he has failed, has ever completely lost touch with that quality of tenderness and gentleness and nobility which is the eternal part of him, though it may seem lost; and if he does not find it today, he may find it tomorrow. So this hope, this superb optimism is

just what the nations and all mankind need today.

We must be up and doing; we must clear the way, we must dare to think more deeply and to work more unselfishly. Let us depend on the intellectual life just so long as it keeps us free. But remember that the intellectual life of man, great and necessary as it is, is but the instrument of the higher nature, the soul. The sooner we can find that there is this Eternal Center within us the sooner shall we have true self-knowledge.

With these ideas in mind is it not easy to see what we can say to the poor criminal who is to be hanged, or the street-woman who is condemned, or the drunkard or the thief? *There is another chance for them.* The Supreme Power is greater than man. Man's laws punish because civilization has not advanced to anything higher than that.

I have worked among the criminals and unfortunates ever since I was sixteen years of age. They have lost faith in themselves; they have lost faith in humanity, they have lost faith in their God; and when they lose these, they lose everything. Their Godlike qualities and that little divine ray that is in them cease to be active, though they may be there. Then the whole lower nature is bent on revenge on all those dreadful feelings that arise from the selfishness of human nature.

Man being a part of God's great family, it is only the body that dies, with its passions, weaknesses and its idiosyncrasies; but all that was noblest and best in the life is still there, and as the released soul goes out into its new birth for another school of experience where it may evolve and grow, it loses nothing; it is not lost.

I have had one experience which was a wonderful revelation to me. I have been under water and was supposed to be drowned. I went under three times before I was pulled up. Even if I had never known anything spiritually, my soul would have gone out joyfully to the wonderful state beyond; for during that experience, when I was brought back to my normal state, I had lost all love of this life, so beautiful was the revelation of death. Imagine the state of the soul that has fashioned itself at its best in one life, when it goes out — the revelations must be unlimited. As we have lived so shall we receive. Man's body is in a sense as sacred as his soul; for it is the house in which the soul lives. Consequently the life must be clean and pure. Then when the soul passes out, the body goes to its own, mixes with the elements, continues on its mission in different physical expressions.

Ye men and women who have your daily duties, your disappointments, your heartaches, and your trials, remember there is nothing so grand in life as a superb motive, continuously sustained with your love and spiritual devotion. It is the breath of the soul. If one will cling to pure ideals, one finds a constant



companionship in this philosophy of life. It is not purchasable and it cannot be taken away. It applies to every department of life.

We must use common sense, and keep ever in our minds the ideals of a beautiful manhood and womanhood for our children. Try to live close to your highest ideals and your spiritual will; and after a while you will become so psychologized with these ideals that you will find a key to the problems of life — you will discover a new way to educate your children. Through the science of right living, you will afford higher education for your children. For the sake of coming generations, for the sake of what is noblest and best in your natures, find and follow this path, the Science of Right Living!

Number 16

NUMBER 16. That was the new name of John — never mind the rest of it. He hadn't been 'inside' a week yet. And now on a long Sunday evening, with nothing to do and everything dead still, he was looking back through the long and eventful years of his growth from a frank, impulsive, curly-headed boy — mother's pet — into mature age. But underneath the growth was a certain bad habit learned from an older boy even before Johnnie's curls were lost, which had thrived and gradually sapped his moral strength. It made a weak place in his nature which finally broke in and gave opening to most anything that sought to feed on him and grow strong at his expense. And in the years the things of prey had so flocked in, and had become such familiars, that he had come to think of and consider them as being a part of himself, and let them run his house.

So finally there was trouble and he was caught and given his new name, Number 16, and locked up in a prison where he would be safe away from harming anybody further.

So there he was, with plenty of time for thinking; and, as it appeared to him, at the end of his rope — jerked short and flung. Naturally, he took a look about, and then back along the way which led into his cage out to what had been his free running ground in the world — though there, lately, as a fearful, hunted thing. The incidents of his life, strung along it, flashed out fast and vivid — like pictures from a magic-lantern.

Number 16 gazed at these with entranced fascination; for he had never before seen them all arrayed as a moving picture, nor with such a vividness. He scratched his head, dazed and almost puzzled as to whether or not they really belonged to him, — until the last one flashed out clear and bright. There it shone in a fair, soft light, — the little curly-headed boy sitting on mother's lap, she trotting him and

singing, he watching in smiling wonder the beautiful something which made her face radiant and her voice angelic.

This last picture would not fade away. It stayed on into the night and his lonely cell; and when he dreamed it was there, and wakened him, and would not let him sleep, but made him sit up and think. Yes, and somehow, it made him talk.

"Well kid," said Number 16, "it is some time since we were together. I had almost forgotten you; of course you don't know me, I have so grown away from you. No, that isn't it, — you never knew me. I'm a new one on you. Number 16's my name. Number 16 is not good company for little boys. You go to sleep and — and dream about the song of mother's. Poor little old mother! Died of a broken heart, I guess. But always defending Johnnie, her 'little curly-head.' Maybe we shall hear her singing it again; and see her smile? Aye, kid? It would be worth a lot."

Number 16 brushed more than sweat from his face as he straightened up man-fashion, as though nerved for an encounter. The oddest part of it was the absence of any lurking fear, the feeling which had lately become so habitual. Then he laughed low to himself, as one pleased with an idea. A new idea so strange to him, and so full of the right thing, that it struck him as funny, and he began to develop it by talking to himself again.

"Now, Number 16, why not you and I have a funeral and bury that fellow that was outside? Yes, and we start out spick and span as a new fellow, — as this Number 16! It's a go! Number 16. John got blind with the dust so that he saw an ass as a lion, and was stuck on himself. And, by George! he fed on thistles and thorns, and bumped along hitting the low places, and thought that was all there was of life worth while. Finally they ran against a stone fence, killing the ass and knocking John into his senses. But John was so coupled up with that ass, the only thing we can do is to let his name go for the present and be content as Number 16; man grown, but taking hold again where the curly-head began to let go.

"Yes sir! Number 16, that's just what we will do! — for the whole thing is run by the way one thinks. And stone walls can't hold a man down unless he thinks how hard and thick they are. And we'll think up a new man, born right now and proposing to go ahead on a new line. Sort of a Christmas Day feel, somehow. By George, Number 16, we'll make good! No more ass for you and me, and no more crook. Where was the fun of it, I'd like to know?

"Funny, too! When those gates banged to behind me, not a week back, it seemed like the end of things. And 'twas the beginning! *This* beginning. So here's for the straight road from this out, Number 16, and you and me to work it. It's all right, old mother! You'll get a feel of how things are." STUDENT

Just a Minute

"A MOST likable chap, Carney, when he's in the right mood. But you never can tell how you're going to find him. Eat your head off at the simplest remark, sometimes."

"Well, he's been in the tropics. Come home with a damaged liver, no doubt. Coffee, rum, and brown sugar."

"Sort of transmutation of elements. Coffee, etc., go into a man's mouth, turn into a mood inside of him, and come out of his mouth again as a snarl. But there's lots of fellows that they *don't* take that twist in. A man don't have to look at the world through his liver."

"He can't help his mind being colored by his bodily condition, more or less, can he?"

"Sounds rather like the question of the hen and the egg. Which came first? The egg couldn't have come first because of there not having been any hen to lay it. And the hen couldn't either because she has to grow up out of an egg. All the same, I favor the egg."

"Meaning?"

"Mind and body; mood and liver; egg and hen. Which starts the other? Mind and body interact. That the body affects the mind, everybody knows, and Carney exemplifies. But nearly everybody knows that the opposite is equally true. Modern medical science is finding it out more and more, and, being a bit materialistic and mechanistic, don't much like the idea. But even cancer is now known often to spring up out of the soil of prolonged anxiety or mental perturbation of some sort. It's not any too much to say that *every* mental state, down from genial good-will and joy and creative inspiration to chronic moroseness and snarling, registers itself in the bodily organs for their good or harm and to the consequent benefit or hurt of the body as a whole.

"Say you are turning over a pile of old stuff you wrote years ago and put away and forgot. Each, as you take it up and read it, arouses again the state of feeling that you were in when you wrote it, however long ago. The feeling and thoughts are as it were registered in the manuscript and come up at you as you read it.

"Bodily states are like any other habit. They tend to recur cyclically. If you are accustomed every Saturday to take a holiday in the country or go and see a ball-game, the body itself would remind you of the day of the week when it came round, even if you hadn't noticed what day it was and didn't know why you felt good the moment you woke that morning. That particular bodily cycle would come round in the weekly rhythm you had started and produce the sense of pleasant anticipation in the mind.

"So with the other states we spoke of, conditions of the body created by states of mind and registered

in the body for future reaction on the mind. They tend to recur, either by the law of regular cyclic recurrence that applies to everything, or re-excited by some physical cause — diet, weather, etc. When they do recur they will re-excite in the mind the state of feeling and kind of thoughts that were their primary cause, just as looking at your old manuscript re-excites the feelings and thoughts you had when you wrote it. Had we never had that state of feeling, never permitted or encouraged it, no bodily conditions could bring it back. There are serene and saintly invalids who haven't a sound organ in their bodies.

"Certainly it is not in our power, right away and fully, to command our moods and states of feeling and at once substitute good ones for bad ones, at once substitute hope, good-will and other life-giving states for their opposites — the ones injurious to the body and that are really steps to disease. Time and repetition and effort and patience are necessary to wipe out the evil we have done to the organs and replace it with good, with health and harmony. But we can *begin* at once and go on very quickly towards success."

"You mean think health into the body?"

"No, I just don't. Keep the mind sunny, and the body will respond of itself. Trying to think health into the body mixes up the situation beyond repair. You can't help like that. Do your part and the body will do its without your interference.

"*One minute counts.* One minute of hope, of good-will and cordiality, of patience, planted right there in the midst of an opposite state however black and strong and apparently unyielding and unmanageable, will do its work, register itself, plant itself like a seed. And it will be there all right, grown a bit, too, when that black mood returns. It not only returns but it brings with it the suggestion to the man to put a little *more* of his will into it, to give it a little more life, to make a *two*-minute rift in the cloud. In time it will completely boss the situation, fill up the flower-bed, as it were, and altogether replace its opponent.

"It is this way, no other so far as I can see, that character is changed and rebuilt to order. The only obstacle is discouragement at what looks like failure. The man honestly tries, all right, but seems to himself to accomplish nothing. The black mood is there just the same and he gives up, not reckoning that the effect of even one minute's fight put up against it is also there and will also come back. The cloud comes up again but with the rift right across its ugly face and the sun nodding at him through. Little by little, that's the idea, never getting bothered because there don't seem to be any result from the effort. How could a man make any effort and *not* have a result, that's what I'd like to know! Fact: if we have patience, and courage, and will remember and use the cyclic law, there's no transformation we can't make in ourselves. Even Carney!

"There's just these laws to keep hold of: the law

of the interaction of mind and body; the law of cyclic return; and the law that will is life. A willed 'one-minute' of light, of rift, has a hundred times the life of an unwilled and unwelcome whole day of gloom and blackness. Just as long as one's heart is yearning and aspiring, he may be sure there is something more for him. And he can stiffen up that yearn with his will."

"Maybe even Carney'll get a yearn on him some day," I said.

REPORTER

How to Keep Young

THE DOCTOR'S WEEKLY SERMON

WELL, boys, I thought that this week we'd have something a little nearer to a sermon than usual; though a real, complete medical prescription, you know, must always be a bit of a sermon.

I've been looking over the library shelves lately to see what you've got there on health matters and how to attain long life and so on. Quite a lot of books,—books about diet, books about exercise, books recommending 'thinking health,' 'thinking youth,' playing tricks with your breathing, swallowing gland-stuff, and all the rest of it. Doesn't it strike you that the present-day multiplication of books about health and long life is a sign that we're *failing*, and feel it?

You may ask how we can be failing, seeing that the figures show that the average length of life is increasing. But this increase is quite compatible with decrease in general vitality and power to live long. If a man had a lot of sheep pastured near the edge of a cliff and one or two of them fell over every day and were killed, the average death-rate of his flock would be quite high and they would seem a pretty seedy lot. And if he put up a fence so that no more fell over, the death-rate would lower at once and give the impression to a man that did not know what had been done that the sheep's average vitality had bettered. A lot of babies used to die because of defective medical and parental knowledge of their food requirements and general proper management, and the population in general had a high mortality from such preventable diseases as typhoid and so on from which we are now protected by the increased medical knowledge of the causation of such diseases. In other words a lot of human 'sheep' don't now fall over these 'precipices' and consequently the death-rate is falling and the average life length increasing.

But the fact that vitality is at the same time *decreasing* is shown by the creeping backwards into earlier and earlier years of disease that used to come later on in life — some heart and lung diseases, kidney disease, diabetes, and hardening of arteries, and cancer. Resistance is failing; the decreased resistance usual in old age is showing itself earlier in life. The

middle-aged man is having less and less power to reach old age than he did have a generation or two ago. And this fact of failing vitality corresponds to a general casting about for something to be done about it.

Do you know that most people die because they haven't had the will to keep on living? The *wish*, mind you, is not the same as the will. But how can we will to keep on living? All the time active in us we have the tendency to die, to dissolve the will into the body's tendency to die, to let go. The will, when it is at work at all, *always* makes for life. When it is not at work it is dissolving into the body's tendency to be dying.

Look at a pendulum. It is swinging steadily to the right, to the left, as our bodies swing between waking and sleeping, between expenditure and recuperation. But you know that unless the pendulum is constantly kept up by the mainspring of the clock the oscillations from right to left and left to right slowly die down and at last have ceased.

Look at those annuals out there in the flower-bed. The plants, like our bodies, oscillate between sleeping and waking, and the oscillations are sustained — if you like — by the will of the plant or the will in nature, the mainspring, till the plant has flowered and seeded. Then the plant dies down; it has done what it had to; finally its matter goes back to earth, the tendency to death being no longer resisted by living will.

Will is life. How shall we use it to resist senility, to keep health and vigor as long as the heredity of our bodies permits? For nowadays we do not achieve anything like that.

We cannot do so directly. We cannot get any result from saying to ourselves, "I will resist death and old age." That does not rouse the will. We must *do* it, *do* the resisting of the pendulum's tendency to die down. We must *use* the will — just that.

But the will can only be aroused and used *against* resistance. No resistance, no will. A man who hears his alarm-clock go off on a cold morning and instantly answers its summons against the resistance of his body, is using his will, is gaining life, is mainspringing his pendulum. Likewise the man who rises from the table immediately he has eaten enough, against the resistance of his food-loving stomach. Likewise the man who faithfully follows a duty through that he might leave half finished or badly done — does it just because he wills to do it so. Likewise the man who will say *no*, or make a manly protest, against the resistance of the will to be liked or popular.

And the man who resists the tendency to brood self-pityingly or revengefully over wrongs, or to weep over his past and insists on looking forwards; and he who closes his mind once and for all against the tendency to feel that he is getting to be a back number or past his best, or that the future has nothing much more

for him, or that he cannot conquer some weakness. And the man who will deny himself something in the interest of some other fellow who needs that bit of his time or money or help of some sort. And likewise even the sloucher who insists with himself, against the resistance of his body, that he will stand upright, get that hump off his back, and walk like a man. From hour to hour, all day long, there are occasions for thus using the will against resistance. It doesn't need any specific directing against the coming of old age. Once aroused and kept going in ways such as I have suggested, it will work that way of itself. The body will get more alert-fibered and stay so. Disease will be better resisted. The brain-failure common to old age will be antagonized and memory tend to keep its seat. And when at last, in the way of nature, death does come, it will be after a life that has been full and strong and worthy. We die by inertia. Fight the inertia and we move death on to the far point in our years where alone it belongs, the point at which we have a right to the rest which it is death's divine function, when it comes at the right time, to give us. The steady use of will alters death from our threatening opponent into our friend and ally. And we can see that the real cause of the general failure of vitality is the general failure to use the will against resistance, the resistance of our lower natures. And from this minute on, is the time to start doing differently.

This prescription may be a bit of a sermon, boys, as I warned you, but it's the genuine goods.

The Nobility of One's Calling

NEITHER papers nor magazines can be bought in the Painted Desert, and the landscape under the noonday glare has little to attract the eye. So having nothing else to read I scanned the sheet of newspaper that wrapped our modest lunch. Jock Hines coming in after patching the puncture, I started to read him the objects of a certain society referred to in an item of lecture news: "TO HELP MEN AND WOMEN TO REALIZE THE NOBILITY OF THEIR CALLING AND THEIR TRUE POSITION IN LIFE." Here Jock fired up and delivered himself as follows:

"Nobility? Eh! Where's the nobility in slinging hash and serving pie at a cheap restaurant? Fellow comes pushing in and bawls out: 'Slab of moo and not too rosy,' wolfs down his bit of beef and slouches back to his pick and shovel. Helping men to feed like animals—where does 'Nobility' come in I'd like to know? Now a bank president, or a ship's captain, or even a policeman holding up a stream of autos with a wave of his hand—there might be a bit of nobility there if you like; but a two-by-four waiter at a cheap eating-joint! Nothing doing in the way of nobility—no sirree!"

Here Jock paused to load up with a very competent mouthful of sandwich and that gave me my chance. "You've no call to get out of conceit with your job," I said. "There's a saying of Shakespeare's which I've never forgotten:

*Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part; there all the honor lies.*

It isn't being a bank president that's necessarily to a man's credit—he may have been born to it as you may say; the credit's according as to how he does his work. A man who runs a peanut stand and buys good nuts, roasts them just right and hands you an honest bagful with a cheerful word—though he may be as cold as a cod-fish with standing in the rain—doesn't it take a bit of real nobility to do that? 'Tisn't fine clothes and white hands that show the character underneath. An oyster has the homeliest complexion you ever clapped your eyes on, but there may be a pearl tucked away in his insides worth a pork-packer's ransom.

"Let's see a minute. That cap-heading said 'Nobility of their calling.' That's the idea. Life itself gives them a call and says: 'This is your work, go to it.' 'Tisn't chance that shuts us in to some particular job; it's the law that works at the back of things in general and knows exactly what's good for us at that particular time. And it's just the right doing of that job that'll tighten up some loose peg in our make-up. We're there to learn a lesson and the sooner we settle down to learn it, the sooner we'll find the way open up to something else. A man may think he's very small potatoes, but he's a necessary part of the grand machine all the same. If he doubts it let him slack up in his duties and watch the trouble. His real growth in the great scheme of things comes only from honestly doing his particular job of the moment and no other way, as I see it. And that's why there ain't *any* no-account duties—so long as they *are* duties—nor *any* callings that ain't noble—so long as they *are* callings.

"You were speaking just now of the pick and shovel men you serve as if they were no more than the dirt beneath your feet; but a man may dig like a gopher all day and yet get plenty of chances to let out the hero-stuff in him—if there is any. Last week I was walking behind a fellow who was plastered thick with red clay, when all of a sudden a horse came tearing down the street—and a child in the middle of the roadway. Pick and shovel clattered on the sidewalk and that horse was stopped almost before I knew what was up.

"Whatever your job, do it the best you know how and you'll be in good standing. Every link in a chain is just as good as the next whether it's out of sight or full in view, and all we have to do is to carry on the best we know how in our corner and the President himself can do no more. The divine scheme needs

everybody to help work out the program to the grand finale."

But Jock was applying himself so steadily to the work in hand that I could plainly see that unless I put off my further remarks to some other occasion, I ran a serious risk of getting very little lunch. I really believe I made an impression, however, because I heard no more complaints about his calling, and the next time I went where he worked I was surprised to see the dignity with which he moved about and the care he took to do everything just right. STUDENT

In a Friendly Sort o' Way

James Whitcomb Riley

WHEN a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let
the sunshine through,

It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region o' the heart.
You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what
to say,

When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.
— *Selected*

Tell Him This

TROUBLE has a trick of coming
Butt end first,
Viewed approaching, then you've seen it
At its worst.
Once surmounted, straight it wanes
Ever small,
And it tapers till there's nothing
Left at all.
So, whenever a difficulty
May impend,
Just remember you are facing
The butt end,
And, looking back upon it,
Like as not,
You will marvel at beholding
Just a dot.— *Selected*

When Things Go Wrong

Madison Cawein

WHEN things go wrong, as they often will,
With the work you have in hand,
Just whistle a song of cheer until
You can see the work you've planned;
And do your best, however men sneer,
And all will right in the end, my dear.— *Selected*

As You Go Along

IF you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or fancied wrong;
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out
And show a heart that is brave and stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
You'll force the ever reluctant cheers
That the world denies when the coward cries,
But gives to the man that bravely tries,
And you'll win success with a little song —
If you'll sing the song as you go along.— *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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

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

"FROM the days of the primitive man . . . down to our modern age, there has not been a philosopher worthy of that name, who did not carry in the silent sanctuary of his heart the grand and mysterious truth [of the human indwelling Deity]. If initiated, he learnt it as a sacred science; if otherwise, then, like Socrates repeating to himself, as well as to his fellow-men, the noble injunction, 'O man, know thyself,' he succeeded in recognising the God within himself . . . the emanation of the ONE Supreme God."

— H. P. Blavatsky

"SEE that the heart is right. The quantity and quality of *mind* that are yours may be little or poor, but even if great and good, the heart and soul are greater, and mind has its limits beyond which it passes not." — W. Q. Judge

"KEEP thy Heart with Diligence, for out of it are the Issues of Life." — Solomon

"THERE are things which we must try to attain, yet it is not really the attainment that matters, but the seeking. And consequently, in some sense, the real victory is with him that fought best, not with the man who happened to win. For beyond all the accidents of war there is the presence of an eternal Friend. It is our relation to Him that matters."

— Professor Gilbert Murray

"*In vino, veritas*: an old Latin proverb, literally *in wine, truth*; meaning that when a man is 'full' his real nature comes out — the latent brute! But now and then there is a crack in the brutalest and you see the latent *god* looking out, and *coming* out, and doing something godlike and self-sacrificing. So if the latent 'brute' be the 'real' nature there is nevertheless a realler one. And that is the not always so deep-hidden man in each of us whom Socrates advised us to search for and know and get at one with."

— Novena

"UNDER the sands and bogs over which the feet of men stumble and in which they mire, is the firm paved way of destiny along which the poor wanderers move under a compassionate guidance of which they mostly now know nothing or desert even when they do know, but which will finally take them to the heights of perfection."

"FEELING is thought in transition, and leaps from one man to the next. The invention of Wireless came at a moment when it gave a clue to all creation. It showed that all men were enclosed in a single current and must be in some kind of communication with one another." — John Jay Chapman

"AMONG the innumerable conflicting religions which have been propagated since the days when men were first enabled to interchange their ideas, not a nation, not a people, not the most abject tribe, but after their own fashion has believed in an Unseen God, the First Cause of unerring and immutable laws, and in the immortality of our spirit. No creed, no false philosophy, no religious exaggerations, could ever destroy that feeling. It must, therefore, be based upon an absolute truth." — H. P. Blavatsky

"MAN has that within him out of which the cosmos was builded and by whose command order prevails. Man is fundamentally one with and, indeed, *is* the spirit of the universe. The universe cannot produce anything contrary to its own nature. By whatever principle the cosmos is established, by that same principle do we learn to feel and to love."

— V. E. Southworth

"THE consciousness of God is normally concealed from us by the plenitude of our interests, by all the sights and sounds that so vividly besiege us, and which . . . convince us that we are self-sustaining fountains of life. The average man gets no inkling that all his power is being supplied to him, till through some overdraft . . . he finds himself flat on his back in an illness. . . . But when he is utterly prostrate and thinks he must die, a stillness descends on him, a stillness which is a part of nature. . . . And now he begins to feel the trickling in of life from its source. It is by some such experience that the consciousness of God has so frequently come to men in all ages."

— John Jay Chapman

"MAN must learn to recognise the divine everywhere, and especially in his own heart. For this divinity that seeks its expression in his life is his own higher nature." — Katherine Tingley

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you and whoever shall know himself shall find it; for if ye truly know yourselves, ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the City of God, and ye are the City."

— A 'Saying' of Christ

"ALL lanes, no matter how obscure and however beset with disappointment and disillusion and heart-ache, will, if we be but faithful, turn at last into the broad highway — a highway margined with blossoms and vibrant with the music of birds."

— Medical Pickwick

"If you will call your troubles experiences, and remember that every experience develops some latent force within you, you will grow vigorous and happy, however adverse your circumstances may seem to be."



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"My desolation does begin to make
A better life."— *Anthony and Cleopatra*

19.636.266
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

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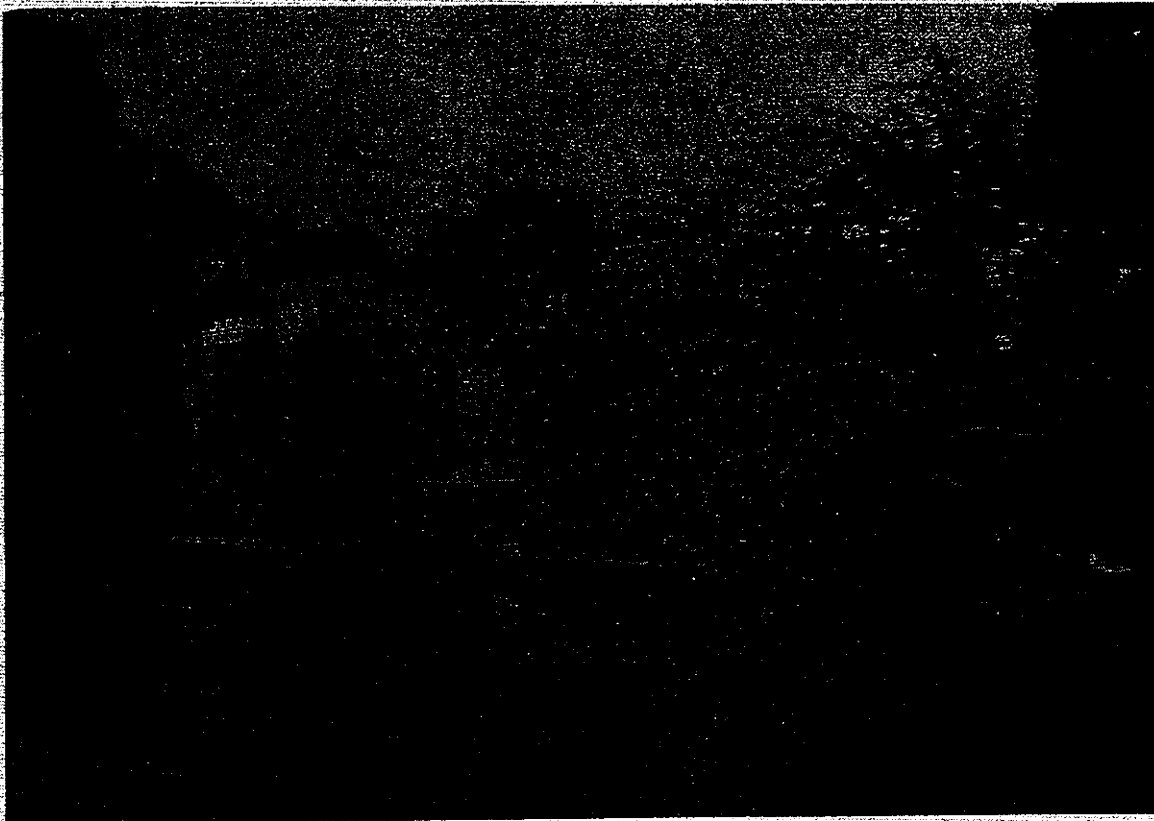
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Lomaloma Photo & Engraving Dept.

"FARRINGFORD HOUSE" TENNYSON'S HOME AT FRESHWATER
ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND

(Courtesy of Knight's Library, Ventnor, I. W.)

Wandering about these grounds the poet composed about ten lines a day, some of it to last as long as the English language. Ever read *The Idylls of the King*? The legends of Merlin the seer and of Arthur the Initiate King date back to prehistoric Druid times and probably much further.

For the Man in Prison

From a recent public address delivered at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, by Katherine Tingley

I AM somewhat familiar with prison-work. As a girl,—a mere child, I think between seven and eight years of age,—I was riding horseback with my father one day in my old home-town. We passed a grave-yard. My father said he never meant to take me this way. I was made unhappy by the sight and memory of it. I shrank in horror from the picture of a graveyard.

In turning away from it, my eyes rested on the other side of the road, where there was a big stone building. I had never seen it before. It was a jail! I saw the pale face of a young man against the barred window. It was quite a shock to me. I can remember now how terribly I felt. I did not know there were such things as iron bars, prisons, and jails. I had been brought up in a happy home on the shores of the historic Merrimac River, close to the touch of beautiful nature, and that jail-scene mirrored itself so deeply into my nature that my whole life was changed from that time.

I believe that my Higher Self, or whatever there is in me that is best, had then and there pledged itself for constant work for those behind the bars—not only for those in prison, but those outside who, in their doubts and their spiritual limitations, have shut themselves into mental prisons. From that moment I began to realize what human suffering was. And from that time my ordinary girlhood was thrilled with an indescribable hope for better things for humanity, because I was born with innate trust in the divinity of man.

So years afterwards, when I was living in another city, with my home and everything to satisfy my worldly tastes, all at once a vision of that jail came back to me, and I began reading the criminal records in the daily newspapers. I never had read them before—I thought it was bad taste to do so. But I found that I had a determination to do something for the unfortunates in prison. I secured permission from the proper authorities to go to Blackwell's Island, New York, where the penitentiary and hospitals were; and from that time I have been ever seeking to ingrain into the minds of even the most discouraged and most unfortunate, the teachings which hold the key to man's true freedom from his weaknesses and his doubts. Our workers have been active for over a quarter of a century at San Quentin alone, and they can tell wonderful stories of how man finds his way out of the shadows of doubt in himself through the development and unfoldment of his spiritual will—and this is so even with these men behind the bars, the most discouraged doubters in the world!

I am not ready to accept the word *criminal*; but

I would say, *the unfortunate, the misled, or the blinded*. Human beings are not to be condemned. We do not condemn men for what they do in ignorance, and how dare we say that those who have broken the laws are *not ignorant*? I hold that no man commits a crime but he is, in respect to that act, insane. He is not responsible; he does not understand the laws of his own being; he is continuously at the mercy of his own weaknesses.

'We are our brothers' keepers,' and cannot escape our responsibility; every thought that tends to distrust, despair, or lack of self-control, makes for the downfall of many besides the thinker of it; and he who stands, if only for a short time, face to face with his own soul, must realize that the sin and shame of the world are his sin and shame.

The idea that we can reform men by punishing them is incompatible with the knowledge that humanity can advance and evolve, and that we can aid its evolution. Punishment never succeeded in bettering any child's or any man's character, and never will; it is a brutal kind of compulsion, that mind and heart and soul rebel against. If evil is done, *condemn the action, but save the doer! Judge not that ye be not judged!*

True liberty is freedom of the mind, and depends on the possession of knowledge: the knowledge that inheres in the divine Higher Self. Greater than wealth, greater than all that can be gained from books and sermons is this real divine touch that humanity starves for: this knowledge of human life that gives the key to all its problems. And yet it is not beyond the attainment of the lowest and most deprived, for in them too, that Spark of Godhood abides.

Man by virtue of his divine heritage is so royal of nature that even when he is at the depth of vice, and so far fallen as to seem hardly human, *that* by which he may redeem himself is still sleeping within him. Not one human soul is lost. The Divine Law is infinitely merciful. We suffer now and here in *our own self-made hells*; and the heaven that awaits us is the knowledge that we are essentially divine and that there is a broad path to lead us into the light and sunshine of spiritual life.

To the one who is discouraged—to the one who has been hunted from town to town and branded as thief or murderer—I would reach out my hands in the spirit of justice: him too would I serve; him too forgive. That which we condemn in him is but a part, and the lesser part, of himself: it is the lower side of his nature, and the Higher has never had its full opportunity. To the most hopeless creature in the world I would say: Shut the door on fear, on your past, on all your difficulties and despair; unbar the gateways of your soul, that the Silent Angel may emerge into your life—that the Warrior-Self of you, the Eternal, may enter,—

"That the King of Glory may come in!"



This is the message of Compassion to the fallen. Compassion never reminds a man that he is a sinner, no matter how low he may have sunk; it tells him of the duality of his nature, and that though he has lost his way now he may find it again; and how passions and inclinations, selfishness and avarice, can be changed, and the lower self made the servant of the Higher. It sends forth the unfortunate newly equipped, weighed down no longer by a sense of sin, — reminded no more of his failures and mistakes, — heartened instead to close the door upon the past and find within himself that light of knowledge that will be an aid and companion to him through all his efforts. It speaks infinite encouragement, eternal hope, to the fallen woman who has gone through every experience of the lower life and is heart-broken. She feels that the world is against her and she hates all humanity, as it condemns her.

You must meet the results of your own past actions, it says, in your own way, but if you fill your mind and heart with memories of those deplorable failures your Real Self cannot grow, and your Real Self is divine, and will not always be defeated. Put the past behind you then, and hope and hope; there are always other chances awaiting you, and other lives after this one in which to reach success.

Texas Makes a Move

The Texas Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, representing the aroused Texan conscience in this matter, has recently issued a full report of its examination of prison conditions in that state, concluding with a list of admirable suggestions for reform. We reprint a part of it with the hope that some other states may consider the making of a move in the same direction.

TEXAS has around four thousand people in her prisons every year. She has an investment of about six millions in her prison system. In addition the available records show that in the last ten years she has spent annually more than \$309,198 on this system. And yet nobody is satisfied with it. Every few years there is an outburst of indignation or concern; the Legislature appoints a Committee to investigate; the Committee reports; the papers publish stories about the very bad conditions in which our prison system finds itself; the Legislature adjourns and everything is quiet and asleep.

A number of citizens in the State, having thought over the whole matter, have seen it in this light: The reason why we send people to the penitentiary is because we want to protect ourselves against their evil doings. There are two ways in which this can be done: first, we can keep them locked up for the rest of their lives and then we will feel secure; second,

if we do not keep them locked up for the rest of their lives, what must be done so that when they come out of the prison they will be better citizens than when they went in? Otherwise, what is the purpose of sending them to prison at all?

The upshot of the whole matter, then, is, that if our moral code, our criminal law, our prison system, are to have any sense in them at all, we must recognise that the purpose of the whole scheme is to make the prisoner into a good member of society in order to protect society.

With that in mind this group of citizens organized itself into a body called the Texas Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor. They asked themselves this question:

What kind of human beings are at present locked up in our State prisons? Are they sick or well; of normal mentality or not; are they old or young; where do they come from; are they schooled or illiterate; what occupations and pursuits have they followed before imprisonment; and finally, how many are imprisoned for their first offense and how many are repeaters who no sooner get out of prison than they get into trouble again and have to be sent back?

To sum up: of our prison population, more than half are young people under thirty years of age; nearly half are not educated or only partly educated; more than two-thirds have something seriously the matter with them physically; and the same number have something wrong with them mentally.

With all these facts in mind we can now ask a further question. What is being done with this mass of human beings to make them fit to live with other human beings when they leave the prison?

Although only 656 out of 3360 males were farmers, the present system makes very little provision for any kind of work for the prisoners but farming. Although 46 per cent. of all the prisoners and 28 per cent. of the white persons were unskilled, nothing is done in the prison to teach them any occupation so that they may not fall into the category of idle hands for whom the devil always finds work to do.

Although 57 per cent. of the prisoners have been arrested more than once and 20 per cent. four times and more, we still keep on sending them back to society untrained and ready again to go through the farce of trial and commitment.

Although such a staggering number are physically ill and defective, very little is done to correct their defects and to take care of their health; hence they leave the prison physically worse off than they were when they entered it.

What shall we do about it all? The answer is simple to state, though it may take a number of years to put into practice.

Texas needs new methods of dealing with her prisoners; new methods of training them; in fact, a prison system new from start to finish.

Our present farms do not lend themselves to this new system. We need one Central Penal Colony, located within reasonable distance from a town or city; if possible near a medical center.

This penal colony should include farm lands which the agricultural authorities deem sufficient and suitable to produce all the foodstuff required by the state to feed her 15,000 inmates of her state institution, including prisoners, which can be produced economically within our state. Our practice of spending more than \$1,000,000.00 a year on foodstuffs for our institutional inmates must be given up, both because of its costliness and because the production of these foodstuffs will afford the training for these prisoners who intend to continue as farmers when released.

The first building which should be built in this colony should be a general medical and psychiatric clinic, to which every prisoner should be sent immediately after conviction, and where he should receive a thorough physical and mental examination, and a record should be made of his educational training, work, experience, and family history, and all that can be learned of his previous life. This clinic would have to combine the features of a hospital and a lock-up. Sick prisoners should be held there until they are well enough to work or it is known that they are mentally diseased or need a long period of treatment in a special hospital or tubercular camp.

This examination should make known the type of institution to which the prisoners should be sent and the kind of work at which they are most likely to do well.

The next institution to be erected should be a reformatory for the younger and more promising white men; where they can receive real work and school training.

Other institutions should provide for the young negro men, the older men, white and colored, the feeble-minded, the tubercular, and any other class which the examining experts hold necessary.

A separate reformatory shall be established for women prisoners, which institution shall be under the Board of Directors of the State Prison but shall have its own hospital, where women shall receive their examination on entrance, and cottages for the classification of women as proved necessary by their entrance examination. The superintendent of this institution, the physician in charge of the hospital and all the officers directly dealing with the women prisoners shall be women.

A mental hospital is necessary for the cure of offenders who are mentally ill, but the medical men who directed the survey believe it is better this hospital should be a special building at one of the hospitals for the insane, not a unit on the penal colony.

Every man and woman in the penal colony who is mentally or physically well enough to work should have work for eight hours of every working day

they are in prison. They should labor on public works, such as road building, or in the production of foodstuffs for themselves and the other wards of the state; or in the manufacture of articles needed for the state institutions or departments or those of other states. None of the products of the prisoners' labor should be sold on the open market in unfair competition with the products of free labor.

The prisoners should be paid for their work from which they should pay back to the state their keep, because wages are plain justice and the only means whereby they can support themselves and their families while in prison, and also because wages are a fair charge on an industry, and, lastly, because wages are an incentive to good conduct and the best means of overcoming the need for cruel punishment.

Every prisoner who has not an ordinary grade school education should attend school as part of his prison training; the industries and farms should be used for vocational training, and wholesome recreation, including music, should form a part of the daily program. Also the churches should be called upon to do their part in building up the character of the prisoners.

The men and women who head the institutions and who direct the work, the schools, and recreation, also the physicians and mental experts who examine the prisoners, will need to be the very best of their kind; and the duty of the state is to see to it that only well-trained persons of high character are chosen, and that every opportunity to do good work is given them, and that they are adequately paid for this work.

Who Is He?

"A TIRELESS talker. Never heard such a flow of talk in your life. Morning till night."

"Witty?"

"Makes a bit of a joke once in a while. But in general too preoccupied with himself."

"But what does he talk about?"

"Everything but what I want to hear. Things that have happened to him, conversations he has had, what he said, what he might have said, what the other fellow said, what he wants to do or get or be or eat, how he's feeling today — lord, I do get so tired of it. Got to listen, too, bores into my attention. Then he'll read, mostly novels, moving his lips and whispering the words. I can't escape even that. And then he talks about the hero and heroine and the events of the story in and out all the next day. I don't know what to do. You see, we're room-mates and work-mates and I can't escape."

"Why don't you get so as not to hear him and keep up your own line of thinking?"

"I've tried that *and it works*. But I can't keep it up. He interrupts all the time."

"But it works, you say?"

"In a way, for a moment, yes. I say to him, 'Look here, man, if you'd stop this everlasting chatter and keep your attention on what you're doing you'd do it a heap better and maybe get to be a mighty skilled chap in every job you touch. And the effort would improve your thinking beyond any reckoning — new lines of thought altogether.' And he seems to rather like the idea and tries it a minute and I hold him down to it, and then begin to get a bit of a chance to live my own life. Not much, though. The holding him down is close work, I tell you, and every five seconds he looks up and starts his chatter again."

"Keep at him, keep at him! But what sort of thoughts do you have when you get a chance to have any at all?"

"Nothing he'd call thoughts. Flashes of realization, more. What they'd sum up to if I could keep them going I hardly dare to think. They're moments when I'm *myself*, those silent moments. At least, from his point of view, they're silent. He doesn't know what I'm getting, though he could, to a degree, if he'd pay attention."

"Who is he, anyhow?"

"Well, I grew him up from a baby. I never rightly took him in hand and disciplined him. I meant him for a heap of duties — in general, to attend to all my outer affairs, bring me reports, carry out my orders in every way. From the first he reckoned himself the whole show, took over more and more of the situation on his own account as fast as he could get to it, had his own mighty strong likes and dislikes, and talked — one way and another — from the very first."

"But why did you let him get that way?"

"Well, he interested me, had my attention all the time, filled it up with himself and his own urgent concerns. And I tell you, till quite lately I never woke up to the situation — now when it seems too late to alter it. I guess it must go on now."

"Why, you fool, you told me a moment ago that you *could* get the thing right, if only for five seconds, and begin to come back to yourself and get some understanding of your *own* life. Five seconds is five seconds. Tomorrow they'll be six if you put up a decent fight for your rights. Another day they'd be ten. Sometime that fellow'll get the notion that you're going to do the bossing, after all, and he'll begin to take notice and stop his tongue and sort of look to you to inquire what next, and have some interest in you instead of himself all the time, as well as some interest in the new efficiencies he'll get from studying and attending to his work. And so you'll come in sight of victory. Just you take heart and begin putting the job through. *He'll* get old some-time and die, and then *you'll* see what a mighty

good thing you did for yourself in trying, even if you never seem to score a full win-out. Maybe you can later on grow another of his sort and do the training business better. You've got all the time there is."

STUDENT

"Out of the Heart are the Issues of Life"

I GOT up feeling pretty raw. Seemed to me my mind was a hedgehog with a stinging spine pointed outward to every man I thought of or met; an eye, somehow, at the end of the spine seeing nothing of them but their faults and weaknesses.

Something suddenly altered and softened my feelings, as well as making me utterly ashamed of myself. The spines melted away. My mind stopped distilling any more of that sour venom. Why should I let it do that? It didn't make me happy; it didn't do me anything but harm; it made me ashamed to meet and look in the face of any of the men I had been snarling at. Something kindly had opened out in my heart: why not keep it? No reason whatever! What fun did I get out of my snarlings and harsh thoughts?

So the mood vanished and I started in on the day in peace and good-will all round. Why not be happy? What fun is there in thinking of other fellows unpleasantly? Spoils your digestion; muddies up the mind; hurts your health.

I thought of some splendid sentences of Paul's: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love [compassion, good-will], I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor; . . . but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; . . . taketh not account of [the] evil [in other men]; . . . endureth all things."

"He who loves much, lives much." You don't love with your brain; it is from the heart that love shines. And the brain can drop a few thoughts; better for us if it did sometimes! But if the heart drops a few beats we are done for right then, for the heart is the center not only of love but of life. "Keep your heart up!" we say; keep your courage up; 'courage,' from the Latin *cor*, heart; keep your *life* up, for courage is life. The older peoples always made the heart the seat equally of life and love. A 'cordial' is something that wakes up waning *life* in the heart. And cordiality, good-will, love, is the other aspect of the life-center. This may not be orthodox physiology, but it's sound philosophy and fact, all right.

All the powers that we have are radiations of life into one or other of the power-centers — muscles,

brain, mind, soul. They are energized from the heart-center, that light there that shines throughout the years and finally withdraws only at death. Every power we aspire after must be backed and sustained with that. It is in the heart that we are in touch with the all-present Deity, the fountain equally of life and of love, that twain that are one. We can only get nearer to that Deity by becoming ourselves the source of love and good-will going out everywhere. To those to whom we give this we give also life, and more life from the one Source enters us to replace, and much more than replace, what we have given.

So we can see the point of Paul's magnificent and most philosophical injunction. Let every power we aspire after be backed and sustained by love of our fellows. "Keep the Light burning in your hearts. If you will do this you can do all else." Without that we lose all at death. With it we pass across death into new life. With that center in the heart kept alight, life is joy. Without it life is trouble, grief at the passing years, despair at the approach of death. Let us stop harsh thoughts of others, radiate constant good-will, and so begin to live a richer life than we have ever imagined.

STUDENT

Co-operation

"CHEERILY boys, together, now!"

Then came a mighty pull and a sound of grinding and grating and crunching gravel, mingled with sundry grunts and gasps from human throats. Then again the call and the sense of concentrated effort followed by the sounds of a heavy body moving slowly but irresistibly over rough ground.

I could not see the men from my window, but when the call came again I found myself holding my breath and straining as if I were putting all my strength into the job, which I could not see and whose nature I could only guess at.

I could feel the force of those men as if I were one of them. There was magic in it; the magic of co-operation, which multiplies men's power out of all reason. Reason only adds, magic multiplies. A dozen men pulling at a log without a leader and without a song or a "Yo heave ho!" have just as much power as twelve men; but a dozen men breathing together, feeling together the rhythm of the song, and pulling together with the joy of unity have a power that is incalculably more than that of twelve men. How much more depends upon the spirit of the song and its power to stir the hearts of the workers! That is magic. That is the marvel of co-operation.

When Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them," he spoke as the mystic Christos, or Universal Spirit that is the Soul of Humanity. And when he

gave his followers one command that they should love one another, he was telling them the condition under which alone they could evoke the mighty power that lies at man's call, the magic power of co-operation.

But real co-operation amongst men is impossible unless all are imbued with some purpose or some ideal that is dearer to them than their personal desires or their personal animosities. As the world is today men cannot co-operate continuously because they have not learned to control their personal desires, their likes and dislikes, their prejudices and antipathies. A great ideal or a common danger will galvanize them into united action for a short while, but their self-interests are too strong to allow this temporary unity to endure. They are still swayed by those selfish instincts that separate us from each other and blind us to our real brotherhood.

Self-development means releasing in ourselves the spiritual power of the heart by the constant effort to realize our divine nature, and to see the same divine presence in others; by daily and hourly determination to act as if we were souls rather than personalities. It means seeing the duties of life as opportunities rather than labors laid upon us by fate. It means looking upon others as souls disguised by their personalities, souls that may be helped in their evolution by our example and good-will, or hindered by our unbrotherhood. All this and more it means, and all this is necessary before co-operation can be made permanent and effective.

It is for this reason that a few men who 'pull together' can do so much more than a greater number working independently. Brotherhood is a fact in nature, and that is why there is such magic in co-operation. And it is only in the cultivation of the spirit of brotherhood and co-operation that we can achieve real growth and permanent peace of mind and heart. For this is the Christos spirit. R. M.

A Friendly Word

THE one thing essential for a man to remember, wherever he may be, is the divinity and immortality of his own inner nature and that he can find joy in life in being true to himself. If we cannot at once live up to this ideal, we can gradually gain the power to do so by practice. It is the only thing that will restore self-respect and enable us at last to win through our difficulties and learn the lesson they teach. This life is full of diverse experiences for us, and every experience is an opportunity—just the opportunity that was then needed. The reason why we do not realize our Soul nature more is because we have not tried enough or tried in the right way. Perhaps the outer life has engrossed us too much, or we seem to have had no chance. Very well; circum-

stances arise which withdraw us from the active life for a while and give us some enforced leisure; and that is our opportunity.

A man who has transgressed the laws of conduct and finds himself undergoing discipline has no need whatever to lose heart on that account; for these happenings are lessons and opportunities, given that we may profit by them. The lower nature has transgressed, and the mind has been led astray; but the Soul remains pure, always watchful and helpful. Remembering this, we can at once step aside from our weaknesses and despair, and begin a new life from that moment with a sacred resolve.

The immortal Soul is present in the body, and it is the teacher of man, ever striving to lift him up out of his weaknesses. The greater part of our *mind*, that which is limited to the brain, is mortal; it is concerned altogether with the outward affairs of this life; it is not fitted for immortality. But there is the immortal Light in every man, that never was born and never will die. Why should we wait till we are dead before beginning to recognise it?

We sometimes think in despair that there is nothing left to live for. There is a whole world of happiness to live for! The joy of awakening to a new resolve to master our weaknesses and begin a new life of strength and duty, is a joy that can only be known to those who try it. Such a resolve will give something to live for, will lighten up life, and will spread the joy around to other tired hearts. What you are now and what you are *going* to be from henceforth is what really matter — not what you *have been*. Forget your yesterdays! Look forward to the tomorrows and see them full of hope and light and promise! STUDENT

"KEEP ON GOING ON"

FUMIN' never wins a fight, and frettin' never pays.
There is no use in broodin' in these pessimistic ways,
Smile just kinder cheerfully, when hope is nearly gone,
And bristle up and grit your teeth, and keep on going on.

— Selected

The Day and the Work

Edwin Markham in the *Nautilus*

TO each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only his hands can avail;
And so, if he falters, a chord in the music will fail.
He may laugh to the sky, he may lie for an hour in the sun;
But he dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;
And only his hands the cunning to put it in place.

Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So the errand is waiting; it has waited through ages for you.
And now you appear; and the hushed ones are turning their
gaze

To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days.

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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The New Way Quotebook

"TRY, ever keep trying. A hundred failures are not irremediable if followed by as many undaunted struggles upward. Is it not so that mountains are climbed?"—*H. P. Blavatsky*

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

"AND this is really the key-note — the recognition of the soul in men, whether they be black or white, despairing or hopeful. It is in all men even though our civilization, our desires, our reason may seem to choke it, even though science in its blindness may not see it, . . . yet it stands majestic, the core and heart of each man's life — the dictator of his being, the director of his destiny. Let us cast aside creeds and dogmas, and unite as brothers, each to improve the condition of the other, and all working for the common good of humanity. . . . The old order of things passes away and we are brought face to face with the great and grand possibilities of the new."

—*Katherine Tingley*

"THE road to becoming a 'master of life' is not so long and difficult as you may think, for it does not necessarily mean becoming a scientific experimenter or investigator. The most immediate, and in fact the best, thing it can mean is for each one of us to become master of his own life."—*Henry R. Linnille*

"I HAVE said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High."—*Psalms, lxxxii, 6*

"ONE chief aim of any true system of education must be to impart to the individuals the courage to play the game against any and all odds, the nerve to walk into the ambushes of existence, the hardness to face the most despicable truth about himself and not let it daunt him permanently; it must armor him with an ultimate carelessness. . . . No education is worth anything that does not teach us to drink the most bitter brews with gusto, even with mirth."

—*Don Marquis*

"LET every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; — then let every one of those short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others — some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves."—*Ruskin*

"I AM a man who looks now towards the end of life. I live in days of hardship and privation, when it seems more natural to feel ill than well; the newspapers that come into my house tell mostly of blood and disaster, or drownings and slaughterings, or of cruelties and base intrigues. Yet never have I been so sure that there is a divinity in man and that a great order of human life, a reign of justice and world-wide happiness, lies close at hand."—*H. G. Wells*

"THE penalty for an ill deed or a harsh word is just as sure as the recoil of a gun you have fired. But it may come quite a while after, *this* sort of a recoil, when you may have long forgotten that you fired at all. But it's got its meaning, just the same, and effectively does its due work on us. Looking at it that way is the way to meet it. And in time we understand the lesson."

"WHENEVER I see a fellow with a bad failing, of whatever sort, I say to myself: 'What *couldn't* that fellow do and be if he'd only get atop of it!' And the more I see his failing the more I think of what he'd be without it."

"If your saw was broken there wouldn't be any *saw* work for you. If your fiddle was broken beyond repair there couldn't be any *fiddle* work — till you got another. If your body was killed there couldn't be any *body* work for you. Obvious, all that. If the saw was the only tool you knew how to use, and your saw was broken, you'd have the opportunity to learn another tool, though you might at first feel kind of dazed at the loss. Don't it strike you that if your body was killed you might get into the way of using something better after a while? If the killing of your saw gave you the chance at last to learn to use some finer tool, the death of your *body* might give you a chance to live an altogether higher kind of life than the body allows of. You might be dazed for a while, but you'd soon wake up to the opportunity."—*Uncle Barton*

"BEFORE infirmities creep o'er thy flesh, before decay impairs thy strength . . . before the Ender . . . breaks up thy fragile frame and ends thy life — lay up the only treasure, do good deeds; practise sobriety and self-control; amass that wealth which thieves cannot abstract, nor tyrants seize, which follows thee at death, which never wastes away nor is corrupted."

—*From ancient India*

"THE spirit is the master, the imagination is the tool, and the body the plastic material."—*Paracelsus*

"WHO knows but what this prison term you're doing is the jolt needed to make you rather than break you?"—*Leavenworth New Era*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Oft near the sunset are great battles won."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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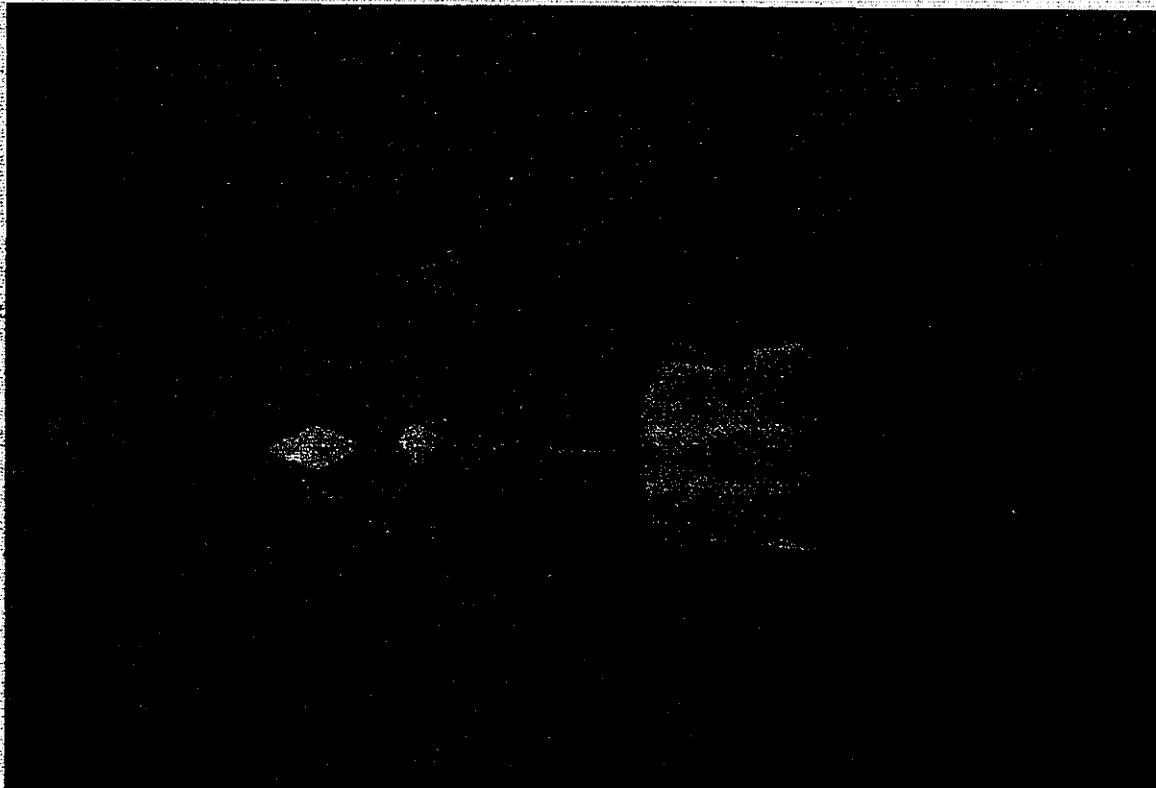
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Man's Inner Divinity

(From Katherine Tingley's recently published book,
"The Wine of Life")

HOW can man find his heritage without opening to his thought vistas in the Universal and bringing within his mind's vision knowledge of his immortality and divinity? Let him seek aid of his imagination here; for imagination is the

bridge between the intellectual and the spiritual.

As the miner digs within the ground and works with the conviction that gold is hidden beneath, pushing on with energetic perseverance in spite of all discouragements:

Or as an artist takes up his brush, and at first begins to work with his hands, not mentally conscious of what he is going to do; but because of an inward urge, and the love of the true and the beautiful

working within him, and the hope to grow, and the will to serve humanity, he feels his way into his work, and opens doors into the inner chambers of his being, and those creative powers which belong to the divine side of our human nature begin to live in him:

So must we seek for the God within ourselves: the Man within the man, the Immortal within the mortal.

I do not believe there is a human being who has never felt the urge of that Inner Divinity. It may have touched him only for a moment or a day, but sometime surely he has known that glowing warmth in his mind which made all things peace and hope there, and made life joy for him, and truth real.

Great poets, musicians, thinkers, who achieve mightier things than their brain-minds alone could conceive of, are proofs of an old experience of the soul, and suggestions of what divine possibilities lie latent in us. I never hear a great singer but I think: If intelligence and aspiration, training and the musical temperament, have accomplished all this, how much richer and diviner will be the tones when full knowledge is attained of the God within!

With rare exceptions I have never gone into a picture-gallery and taken delight in the grand conceptions of the artists, but I also mourned inwardly, because even with the greatest the inspiration comes but here and there; they catch glimpses of truth but do not fathom the depths of it; their vision is momentary, a flash from the Soul intermittently, in and out, and disappearing; the kingly balance is lacking which makes possible an even advance, majestic, with never retrogression nor veilings of the light nor shadows of the truth eternal. It is all unfinished business, and but a partial manifestation of the God in man, many and many lives would not be enough to bring us to the heights of consciousness ordained.

We are in our highest parts immortal; our path extends into eternity; we are continually growing, eternally advancing, and in the course of time by the laws of our being must attain perfection. Look out over this limitless ocean of possibilities, into the infinity of unending life; behold a constant moving forward—a superb everlasting effort towards ever grander ideals—a gradual elimination of every doctrine and idea that impedes the growth of the Soul.

The human mind has not allowed itself a large enough view of life. The education we have had for so many ages has trained us to look at things superficially. We live in a little corner of ourselves and shut our eyes to the Universal.

How many and many a great thinker, weighed down by the incessant struggle for existence until his high ideals were forgotten, has lost his way through the loneliness of life; how many a great composer has died in the infancy of his efforts overburdened with the difficulties of the material plane and spiritually starved; how many a great artist has been shut away from the noblest possibilities of his genius:

and all for lack of knowledge of the brightness, the power, the lofty destiny of the human soul!

We should live, I think, twice as long as we do could we but rid ourselves of the fear of death, and perceive that it is a new birth, and know that it is life, and realize that it is joy, beyond the present moment and beyond the end of our days looking forward to vast possibilities and an endless succession of opportunities. Life is eternal; the soul exists after death as the sun after his setting. To understand the glory of the Infinite Beauty of Life we must thrill with the knowledge of our own essential divinity, we must find it within ourselves, in the depths of our hearts, of our consciences; and it must illumine our minds.

Standing on Each Other's Shoulders

TO those who think life has no purpose or meaning, most of what follows can signify nothing. But these are not many. If the rest of us try to define to ourselves what we deeply feel about life, the purpose of it will clear up in our minds as *growth*, evolution or widening and deepening of character through the accumulation of experience. Every real experience we go through, painful or pleasant, does its part in molding character. The rest of the molding is done by our own actions, our conduct, including our intentional reaction to circumstances.

The parent who wants to get his child on to the right lines of conduct must do something more than speak maxims to him. Children learn from the visible example of those about them, but much more from the silent influence of the real characters, good or bad, weak or strong, of parents and teachers. You mold your children much more by what you inwardly are than by what you outwardly do or say. In that sense, too, each of us elders, through his whole life, is something of a child in relation to the rest. We infect each other without words and apart from deeds, for good or ill, by what we actually are. The deeds are only the outward expression of inner character, and character has its own magnetic influence apart from outward expression in words or conduct.

We share experiences with each other and learn from each other's lives, but not nearly as much as we might. We live each so shut in to himself that most of our time is wasted in hard lessons of experience we need not personally have but could take from each other. We are so shut off from each other that by the end of life we have gained but one per cent. of the possibilities offered by life. Where, as in perfect friendship, rare as that is, there is complete sympathy and understanding, each is enriched by every experience of the other, painful or pleasant. Who has not witnessed that in the few perfect marriages that are



real comradeship? But that sort of sharing is one of the possibilities that must sometime become actuality all over the field of human life. Each of us can begin on his own account now, to his infinite profit, begin so to cultivate sympathetic feeling in every direction as to open up an understanding of the inner natures of all about him.

There is no man not worth knowing in his inner nature. But there is no way to get the help of that for our own inner growth except by disregard of what is only outward in the other man — much of which may be disagreeable enough — and by the attempt to see and understand the hidden *divine* human inward of him, his better nature, hidden even from himself pretty often.

A piece of counsel has been given to us by every spiritual teacher the world has ever known: Forgive injury; bear no ill-will or contempt; dwell not in thought upon the failings and faults of others; — culminating in: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

All these are directed to breaking down the outer barriers between the inner natures of man and man and enabling each to get profit and help from that inner, higher nature of the other, to build his character a hundredfold faster and get a hundredfold more growth from life than when living — as most of us do — almost wholly separate in feeling from the others, almost wholly without understanding of them.

No two men are alike. Their only real likeness is in their animal part, their lower instincts and appetites and the thoughts concerned with that. The deeper you feel or see into them, or the more their inner natures come out, the more different they are, the more unique is each. Think of the great composers, poets, writers, men whose deepest inner natures, so unique, so helpful to us, came out to our profit in their works. We needed them all; the world has got and retains something essential as a message from each.

Every man has a message for all the rest, buried in him, something peculiar to himself, needed by all the rest. But mostly he cannot express it, does not know of it. And it is only by the practice of universal sympathy and good-will that we can begin to get the feel of it and the help of it. Yet we need it, in the long run must have it. And to get it we must give.

The brotherhood of all men is a fact in nature; it remains for us to profit by the fact and accomplish in joy and happiness a hundredfold the progress humanity now only makes in tears and pain and trouble — that is, in unbrotherhood.

Brotherhood, among other things, means toleration. Tolerate your neighbor; dim your eyes to his faults; don't be irritated by them. Haven't you any? That's the beginning of the practice of breaking down barriers.

The fact of brotherhood is known in the heart. Keep a warmth there, a glow, a light! Is there not

at any rate *someone* towards whom you can do that? Well, study the feel of that, hold it, apart from any *particular* someones. Live that way, in that state. Have it ready at all times for any and all men. Not easy at first, but easier and easier, pleasanter and pleasanter, more and more profitable as time goes on. This light and glow is the very light of God, the inner essence of life, the key of health and growth, the flame of our consciousness that cannot be put out by death.

STUDENT

The Breathing in the Dark

WHILE waiting for the train in the shack by the 'Round House', the talk had been running on the way things have of coming round again in their turn. The seasons follow one another and then repeat; the tulips flower out, die down, and grow again next spring. The tide comes in and then goes out, as though its movements were part of the very constitution of Nature. "Yes," said Jack Maple, "and man is a little world in himself, I reckon, and has his tides like the world he lives in. Doesn't he draw in his breath and let it out again every moment from the cradle to the grave? This back-and-forth-and-then-repeat-stuff is one of the laws of life I do believe."

Fred Bryant, who had hitherto been silent, gave himself a kind of shake, leaned forward and began as follows: "Reminds me of when I was a kid. My folks were moving from down Florida way up to Pittsburgh and I was coming a day or two later with my aunt. I never shall forget how different everything looked when the train pulled into Pittsburgh in the pouring rain that night. They'd all gone to bed and so when we'd eaten what they'd left out, my aunt tucked me into my cot and went to her room. Of course I couldn't sleep a wink and very soon I was looking out over the tall chimneys and the smelters by the river. Every time they put a fresh charge in at the top, the sparks came pouring in showers, and red flames shot up into the dark sky and made me think I was looking into the mouth of the bad place down below, where little boys are sent who help themselves to dough-nuts from the pantry-shelf.

"A horse not far away was pounding like sixty at the sides of his stall, and everything seemed strange and queer. I felt so scared and lonesome that I was bound to get some kind of contact with my folks or bust in the attempt, so I shuffled into my clothes and went out on the landing. I went groping along in the dark upstairs and downstairs and finally made up my mind to go back to bed and have a good cry, when I heard something that made me stop and listen. Putting my ear to a keyhole I heard what I shall never forget so long as I live — the regular come and go of my Daddy's breathing inside; but that was

enough for me. The house might be strange, the horse might thunder all he wanted to, but I knew that my Dad was on deck and that made everything all right, and it was Maple's talk about our breathing out and in that put it into my mind.

"There's mystery enough and to spare and queer things happen that are mighty hard to figure out, but I never lose heart so long as I can feel that back of it all there's something calm and steady, breathing in the dark, that looks after us all. It's pretty hard to put a name to it, but so long as that big breathing goes on I kind of feel there's law and order ruling everywhere and there's a heap of comfort in that. Life isn't just a gamble that goes by chance — the Breather behind the breath sees to it that everyone gets his dues in the end, and you may argue this way and you may argue that way, but you feel dead sure that somehow things will come right side up at last."

"That's a sure thing," spoke up the brakeman; "there's heaps of things we can't explain and it's hard sledding to make 'em jibe in together, but that there *breathing* gives a feller confidence. The world around us has its ebb and flow just as our breathing has, and I often think of that friendly something standing behind it all. It gives a feller a kind of homey feeling that he can tie to. As Fred was saying, it's hard to put a name to it. One winter when I was logging in Manitoba I had a redskin working along of me and we used to settle down now and then to a pow-wow on these things round the fire after supper. He said that his people had no name for the Big Breather, but just called it the Great Mystery and I guess that's about as good a name as any. A man can know a lot of things that his *mind* ain't big enough to understand and don't have any words for."

It looked as though the brakeman had spoken the last word, for everybody was too busy with his own thoughts to have very much to say. And so besides the occasional fall of a cinder into the grate and the rumble of a train of cars in the distance, silence reigned supreme until the 'seven-ten' drew into the station with a roar, and everybody climbed aboard. STUDENT

Challenging Old Habits

IN those far-away days when we rode or drove horses, we used to say that a horse that had once been down had knees that you could never trust again. If he went down once he would go down twice, and twice is already a habit.

But suppose you saw your horse *almost* go down and then by a sudden effort save himself. There is some grit in this fellow, you would say, and very likely trust him more than one whose knee had never flickered at all. If he could save himself once he

would do it again and become finally so sure as never to need to do it.

Translate that into terms of ourselves. We shall say that a man who resists a temptation may come to have stronger moral 'knees' than another who never had it to resist.

Two resistances make a habit. "What!" you say. "I've been yielding to that all my life, and you tell me that two — just two — successful resistances will make a habit the other way!"

They will, just because they *are* such novelties, so startling, so unexpected. The more unusual and revolutionary they are, the more they shock the mind and body out of the groove of old habit.

It is in the mind or thought that everything is done first; then follows the outward act to correspond with the prefigured imagination of it. The mind is a creature of habit, spontaneous as its working may seem: — habits of thought, habits of action, habits it was *allowed* to acquire, habits it was *compelled* (by its owner) to acquire. Once they *are* habits, it equally likes both sorts. Some ancient ascetics acquired the habit of torturing themselves, thinking that was pleasing to God. The habit once acquired, they liked it. This of course was a *compelled* habit, though a mistaken one. Some of us don't have very many habits of the compelled sort, are not much accustomed to compel ourselves by effort of will to do any sort of irksome thing. Most of our habits have been allowed, not compelled, to develop. They have developed themselves. It is by some of these *allowed* habits that our lives may be wrecked, at best ineffectivized, half sterilized.

We all want to keep alive. But a man who wants not only to keep alive but to keep *life* should get into a way of breaking up his drifted-into habits. Don't do things as you do just because you always have. Old age is made of habits. It wants everything just that way, no changes. From one point of view this is old age. The old man is upset and irritated if that chair isn't put just where it always has been put or if he can't take his walk at the exact minute that he always takes it.

Bad habits would be quite easy to break if we didn't get frightened at what we are doing — or rather, if the mind didn't get frightened.

With intent to break some favorite habit you deny it gratification today. That is really all there is to be done — *now*. But the mind looks forward and says to itself, "What! do I never get any tobacco again? (If cutting out tobacco was what you intended to do)." "All the long years coming and no tobacco!" The vista looks awful. There is a grand hullabaloo and revolt, and maybe you lose ignominiously.

Confine your resolution to *this day or this morning*. Don't think (don't let the mind think) beyond it. Tomorrow you will be surprised to find how much the mind has been shaken out of its groove of habit.

And it has begun to be afraid of you, of what you are going to do with your new-found will. Isn't he, it says, going to let me have a smoke today either?

Some habits it is best to get over gently, diplomatically, perhaps merely to shake things loose a bit. Others, morally reprehensible ones, should of course have rougher treatment, riot or no riot.

Remember always that the mind is a creature of habit and that it isn't *you*. If you are dragged about all day long through a set of habits of every sort, it is because you have never learned that *you* are not this habit-running mind. Begin now to feel yourself master and act as such. Use your will in this business. Select the habits you see to be useful and begin breaking up the others. Don't do anything just because you always have or because it is the usual thing to do. By small reversals of habit gradually get the strength to make an onslaught on the regular bad ones. Keep live as well as alive. And remember that two or three successful onslaughts on a strong bad habit are themselves already a potent habit, already the equal of the other, and more than equal. Keep your string of habits nervously wondering where you are going to strike in next.

It is by use of will that man realizes that his mind is not himself but his instrument, and that he is a *soul*. Will, well used, is the soul's athletic exercise by which it grows. Finally we can thus realize our divinity and our persistence through and beyond death. "To him that overcometh . . ." you know the rest.

STUDENT

Roots and Flower

THE poet Gray looked round the churchyard where for generations the villagers had been buried. And he thought that among these humble dead of forgotten names there must have been some who, had their chances in life been better, might have revealed themselves as poets, statesmen, orators. . . .

He evidently thought that the Power behind the universe was a bad manager, letting souls with great capacities in them come to birth here in surroundings that allowed them no outlet for their best.

What do *you* think? Do you think that fate has blighted and extinguished capacities in you which if she had given you fair opportunity might have made you far greater than your present seeming?

If you think that, you have no more faith in Life as a wisely directive power that knows its business than Gray had.

Our life, from one end of it to the other is an unbroken series of opportunities for the exercise and development, or acquirement, of power and capacity.

That's no unproved dogma. The proof is right under the nose of every one of us. Does not every

situation in which we find ourselves present some special difficulty? Well, what is a difficulty but the call to fetch out of ourselves or develop in ourselves the power to meet it?

Fetching up out of ourselves or developing in ourselves *power* — of some sort — that is what life is for. Circumstances handicap us, we say. But what is a handicap but a difficulty? And what is a difficulty but a call for effort — that is, a call for power-work? That we fail, perhaps, to solve the difficulty may be nothing. The question is, did we use it as a chance to put up a fight against it, to use or develop power?

We may think, perhaps resentfully, of those fine latent powers which restricting circumstances have never permitted us to develop and use. Maybe. But all in order. There are some other powers, less showy, less interesting to work at, which are more immediately and fundamentally necessary to our rounding out. The others later, when we have put in a good foundation. In the old fable, the seed wanted to sprout up at once and be a fine little flowering plant. "Not yet," said Mother Nature. "You'd only wilt to death the first hot day. Attend you now to the humbler work of root-making, all under the dark ground. After *that* is well done it will be safe for you to show up under the hot sun as you wish."

Gray thought that there might be "mute, inglorious Miltons" buried in that village churchyard who had never had the chance to show forth the great poems latent in them, poor fellows who had had to spend their whole lives in the furrows behind the plow or at the bench. If this was so, it was because there were endurances and stabilities and ripenesses of character to be acquired, the humble roots without which the plant of poetic genius could never have come to anything. The possession of genius is sometimes the worst of misfortunes to an unbalanced nature.

The fact is that genius is a gift conferred on a man by his soul for the uplift or refining or benefit of *others*, and it is a calamity to him, even sometimes his wreck, if he can seize it before he has learned to walk and live at any rate to a degree in harmony with and love of others — as also to live in strong self-rulership and self-discipline. *There* are the 'roots' that must be developed before the plant can endure the day and safely produce its flower.

All of which would be easy to see if we had the intuition (called faith, but not blind) that death is a part of life and leads on to more life, that the field of life and its duration are infinite, and that divine and splendid faculties and powers for whose exercise there is now no scope are predestined to find their full field later, when we are ready. There is another chance, other chances innumerable. When we have learned to know that, we shall fret no more but so live as to discharge every presenting duty and attack every presenting difficulty, sure that in so doing we are doing the best for ourselves and for all others.

The weight of life and the sense of its monotony will fall away from us in a new trust and every day will be welcomed for its opportunities. STUDENT

The Reason of the Smile

“WHAT’S the great idea, Mike? Ain’t you got five years to serve? Ain’t you got a game leg? Ain’t you old and gray? I don’t see what call you’ve got to grin, and yet you go about as cheerful as an old clam. How is it?”

It was an off-time on a warm Sunday in spring, so they sat down on a step on the sunny side of the yard, and Mike, realizing that it was a hold-up and that he was expected to deliver his thoughts, began as follows:

“Well, there’s a good deal in a fellow’s point of view, you know, and I reckon that’s what does it for the most part. If you think that the world owes you a living and you mean to take it anyway, of course the world bristles up and bites back at you; but if you are one of the other kind and study all the time as to how you can help things along a bit for the other fellow, why everyone feels it and acts to you accordingly.

“And another thing. I’ve a notion that the universe is a pretty well conducted home for us humans and that there’s more chances provided for us to make good when we seem to have rather missed it or mixed things up in this little life on old mother earth. A man’s life is a mighty short affair, as he gets to see when he’s on the downward side of it, and we don’t get anywhere near a full chance to learn how to run it for the best and bring out the best that’s in us. Why shouldn’t a wise and kindly Providence give us another chance to make the grand climb to the Light? I often wonder whether some of the big-natured old guys you sometimes meet haven’t come along here just to get a finishing touch or maybe to help some of the backward ones. Why not?”

“And here’s another idea that helps out a lot to make a man feel cheerful and do his day’s bit of climbing for that day: there’s nothing cramps a fellow’s mind and makes him feel blue, like thinking of himself all the time. It kind of ties him up and keeps him feeling small. I often take a look at the stars when I’ve a chance, and say, do you know that they’re just suns like ours only many of them much bigger; but so far away they look like sparks? Around these suns roll worlds like ours, with plants and animals and maybe fellow-men, like us or p’raps a little better, learning their lesson there like we do ours here, and all of us to meet sometime on the stairway of the grand climb.

“And when a fellow’s mind is all filled up with thoughts like that he doesn’t much care if his leg is

stiff or not; and if his mate calls him a fool it doesn’t worry him any. The small things like that don’t seem to count for so much as they did. The Power that holds those shining worlds and keeps them on their tracks is the same that makes the water drops that sparkle on the moss in the damp corner by the pump, and I reckon It knows all about me and will see that I get the fair thing done me in the long run and that’s all I care about. I don’t want no special favors or anything like that. Just a square and honest deal is all I want, and opportunities offered to make up for them as I’ve thrown away. If a man’ll trust in the Grand Power he don’t have no call to be anything but cheerful.” REPORTER

The Momentary Rift

EVERY morning, just as the sun begins to thrill the earth and our bodies with its first rays, there may come, for those who will watch for it, a moment of perfect inner silence and peace. For the moment the brain is stilled, and for the moment, because of that, the watcher may realize himself as a soul, as more than that brain-mind whose incessant working hides from us our real nature. It may be so new but so real an experience that he may wish to prolong it and develop his understanding of it. The customary first duties of the day will be at hand, but surely, merely mechanical as perhaps they are, it should be possible to carry the inner silence through them for some while, not letting it be broken in upon and lost by the chatter of the brain?

But how many of us can do that? How long will it be before we suddenly realize that the opportunity of the silence, and its peace, have again been lost and that we have let ourselves as usual be drawn into the whirl?

Yet if, getting and recognising that interiorly silent moment, we could keep it if only for a little while day after day, what understanding of our true deeper life we might reach! For it is only the restless brain and brain-mind that prevent that. We are drawn along hour by hour in the wake of this picture-maker and have no reserve of silent consciousness left for the deeper realizations of life. The brain-mind seems to us to be ourselves; is so accepted on its own demand; and so we do not see or suspect that we are being dragged. We live at the wrong end of the rope and are content to have it so.

The first step to freedom would be to recognise that we are not free, are the slaves of our own thoughts. The culture of inner silence in respect of such thought would be the next, for that is the way up and out beyond the limits of the little personality around which all our thoughts cluster and buzz all the waking hours. STUDENT

Another Point of View

HAS it ever struck you that on this old Earth of ours there is always, at the same moment, a sunrise and a sunset, a high noon and a midnight? If you think of the Sun as stationary (which he is with regard to the Earth), and the Earth continually whirling around in the Sun's radiance, and then think of yourself standing as an observer on one particular spot, you will realize that a sunset doesn't just happen and then fade away: it's a kind of permanent beauty spot, a dimple on Mother Nature's smiling face, and we pass through it day after day.

The same applies to sunrise: that's another dimple that stays put on the other side of the Earth. We come to it, enjoy it (maybe), and pass on to high noon, and although sunset has faded for us, it is still existing for the folks that follow after on the whirling rim of this great wheel. (Sorry I had to say 'maybe, but we don't always take notice, do we?')

Isn't it wonderful, though, how quiet things get just about sunset: as the color fades from the sky, and the outlines of objects grow dim, an ocean of silence grows and spreads over everything like the benediction of a mother sighing a lullaby to her children. Here is a poem by K. V. Morris which expresses it finely:

*"Holy night, silent night,
Through the dark shines the Light,
Through the radiant quiet divine
Viewless ministrant presences shine,
Weaving beautiful peace."*

*"Holy night, silent night,
From the heart of Delight,
Through the querulous cries of men
Breathe the beauty of silence again,
Breathe thy spirit of peace."*

Isn't that delicious? Isn't it the crooning of old Mother Nature to her children? I tell you: this Earth of ours isn't just sea and land; it is a living and conscious Beauty; and it's for our enjoyment. D.

Courage

Hannah More

TRUE courage is not moved by breath of words,
While the rash bravery of boiling blood
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A few rash tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change; but inborn courage,
The generous child of Fortitude and Faith,
Holds its firm Empire in the constant soul,
And like the steadfast pole-star, never once
From the same fixed and faithful point declines.

— Selected

The Hidden Statue

E. Gore-Booth

THE buried statue through the marble gleams,
Praying for freedom, an unwilling guest,
Yet flooding with the light of her strange dreams
The hard stone folded round her uncarved breast.

Founded in granite, wrapped in serpentine,
Light of all life and heart of every storm,
Doth the uncarven image, the Divine,
Deep in the heart of each man wait for form. — Selected

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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

"THE human heart has not yet fully uttered itself, and we have never yet attained nor even understood the extent of its powers."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

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

—*W. Q. Judge*

"DON'T look for results in your efforts at character-building. They will be there, be sure of that. You can't make *any* use of your will without a result. But the result may be altogether hidden and latent for the time, or of some other sort than just what you had looked out for. Then you will think you are accomplishing nothing and may even be tempted to throw up the game. Just keep on keeping on, and be happy and thoughtful of others. Things are coming along all right."

"You are entering upon a period of existence which calls for all your manly qualities. In the first place it is well for you to remember that the officers and guards of the prison are not responsible for your incarceration. They are here to act as your guardian during the time of your sentence. They will extend to you every possible aid for your physical and mental betterment within the limitations of their respective offices, and it is up to you solely just how you may profit by the unhappy condition in which you are now placed. As much of your acquired bitterness as possible should be left at the gate. Burn your bridges and prepare for a new life. Try and you'll be surprised how much friendly aid will come your way unbidden. The world loves a successful fighter; it hates a failure and a quitter. Remember that every man worth while has it within him to rise above disappointments, trouble and initial failure. Be a man!"

—*Arizona Beacon*

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

—*Old Proverb*

"THERE are two paths one can follow. One can live a gloriously helpful life and find peace even when there are no end of obstacles ahead, or one can travel the other path which follows the tendency of the animal nature, plays hide-and-go-seek with its best and highest interests; loses respect for itself, also loses the respect of others, and has no peace, because it drifts hither and thither in darkness."

—*Katherine Tingley*

"NEVER air your misfortunes before witnesses, young Typhon," said the pine. "That is ignoble and will sap your self-respect. Disappointments must come; they are a part of life and nothing that exists but suffers them. Patience and endurance is the motto for pine and boy. Face all tribulation bravely, and remember that the size of suffering is determined by the quality of the sufferer. Make trouble seem small by comparison with yourself, and never despair when facing ill, for that may be the only road towards faring well."—*EDEN PHILPOTTS, in The Treasures of Typhon*

"THERE is a continuous interaction between mind and body, and any attempt at self-interpretation will fail that does not take this fundamental law constantly into account. Stress has been laid upon the physical self—since that is what a human being is before he is anything else—but that, on top of this physical, there is engrafted a consciousness, and, whereas either may suffer alone for a time, eventually both must become involved. Further, that the consciousness has attached to it a spiritual factor, the soul side, and that unless this, too, is reckoned with, no human being is living a complete life, enjoying a perfect equipoise, or coming into the fullness of the possibilities of his existence."—*George Gehring, M. D., L. L. D.*

"NOT surely, of deliberate effort of thought does a man grow wise. The truths of life are discovered by us at moments unforeseen. Some gracious influence descends upon the soul, touching it to an emotion which, we know not how, the mind transmutes into thought. This can only happen in a calm of the senses, a surrender of the whole being to passionless contemplation."—*George Gissing*

"How easy it is to put from us and wipe away every alien, every disturbing thought, and straightway find ourselves in the midst of a great calm! When force of circumstances has jarred and jangled thee, make haste to return to thyself; suffer not the bells to ring out of tune longer than that force constrains. The surest path to perfect harmony is to recur to it again and again. Practise stedfastly the acquirement of that which thou despairest of thine ability to acquire."—*Marcus Aurelius*



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Lofty designs must close in like effects."—*Browning*

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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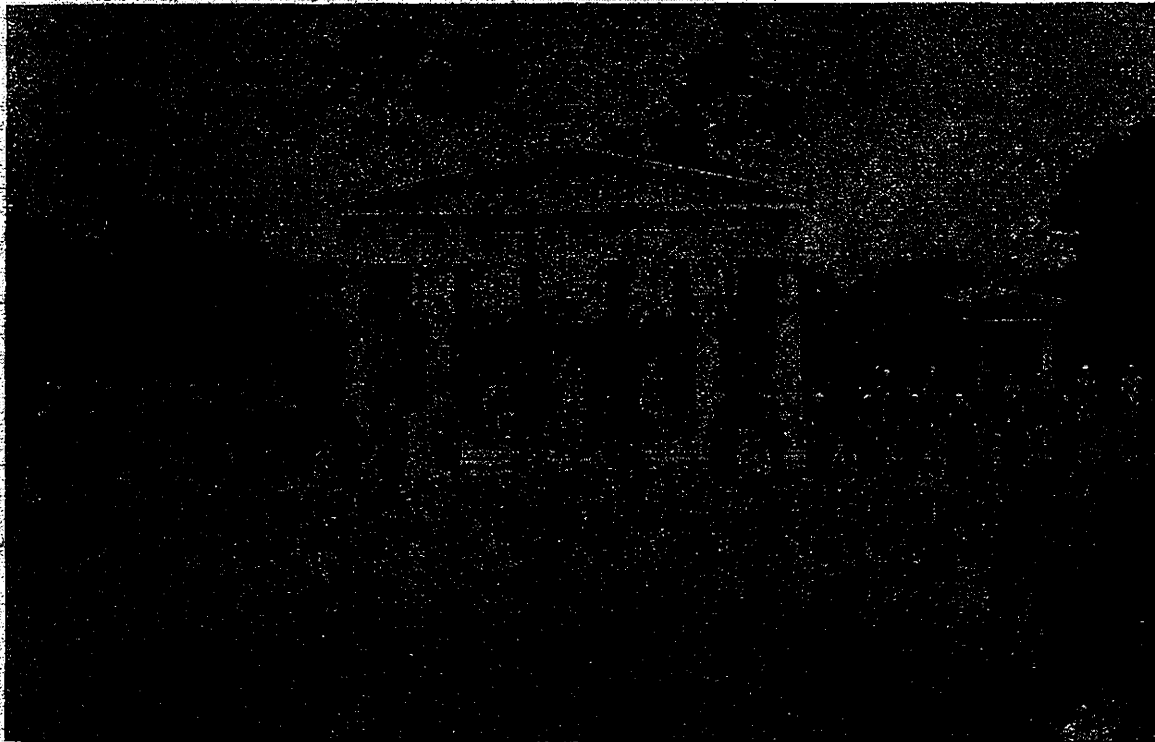
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FINAL TABLEAU FROM *THE EUMENIDES* IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

This Theater was built by Katherine Tingley in 1901 — the first in America.

The World's Need

(From Katherine Tingley's recently published book
"The Wine of Life")

HOW many today are satisfied with their lives, or sure that they possess the truth, or know whence they came when they were born, or, after death, whither they are going? — Yet there is a

promise in our hearts and in the Divine Law that all that mankind has been, it shall be again; and that all that we have foregone we shall recover. Out beyond hearing and seeing and thinking are infinite Laws that control our lives; divine Laws hold us in their keeping; and immediately behind the veil of visible things, and but a little way from the consciousness of our mortal selves, are Higher Forces at work for our good.

Fear is the basis of all discouragement. Only cultivate fearlessness in meeting the trials from without and the weaknesses within, and you cease to be alone; you attain discernment of a grand companionship ever present with you, and become aware of the God "that is within you and yet without you,"—the Everywhere-existing whose voice you may hear, listening for it, in your own spirit, and no less in the murmur of the brooks and in the birds' chorusings: for the Mystery in the heart of Nature is also the Mystery in the heart of Man, and the same wonderful powers are in both. It is as we reach out in thought to the best and noblest that her answer comes back to us, and out of the great dark surroundings of life dawns the enlightenment of the Inner Man, when the Soul of Man shall speak, and we who were under the shadow of our affairs and difficulties become aware that this is indeed the Gods' universe which Divine Laws do govern, and that Nature is all friendly and humanity need not be otherwise,—for there is no need for all this human quarreling and fighting and doubting: could we but trust ourselves we should trust our neighbors; could we trust our neighbors we should trust the Divine Law; then we should know that life is beautiful and true.

Long ago there was a time when men lived in purity of thought and act, knew little of selfishness, and moved through their experiences not bound down or interfered with as the human mind is today. Better than we do they understood how to conduct their lives: there was not the rush and whirl of things; they lived more inwardly, in communion with what is best and noblest,—the splendor of spiritual life was manifest, and through all human consciousness shone deepest reverence for Nature and truth. Better than we do, too, they knew how to work with Nature, and found in her something the people of modern times have never discovered.

Godlike qualities lie sleeping within us, the spiritual things that mark us immortal: for here within the heart is the Kingdom of Heaven, and the only recompense a man needs is to become aware of his own divinity. It is there, a creative power within us, by whose virtue he who has patience to endure and work shall behold the fruit of his efforts: the human family glorified and brought to the goal his heart tells him may be reached. How many believe it possible to establish the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth? The majority even of the so-called spiritually-minded carry their thoughts into far spaces when they think of it; yet it is here within the heart; it is in man; it is on earth, and we can come into it because we are a part of the Universal Scheme. There is no limit to the possible expansion of human life and the growth of the Soul—here on this earth which is the Paradise of God and the place for Souls to love and serve and grow in, working on and on toward the perfection of mankind. We can make this the Kingdom of Heaven.

Imagination is not the peculiar property of men of genius and exceptional talent, but a power innate in everyone and which might help each to find his Soul. It is the handmaiden of the God in man, and our guide into that Kingdom of Heaven within where the Soul speaks to the heart and mind . . . in the silent places of our lives, in the moments when we verge upon greatness, when an overwhelming consciousness comes in upon us of the universality of the Divine Life and of the divine possibilities latent in man; when the silences of great Nature cry to us tidings of the God in ourselves, and we feel the nearness, the companionship, of That which it would be presumption to define, but in Whose universal presence we must tinge our thoughts and feelings with a certain solemnity, a mystery and grandeur . . . before the Mirror of this Infinite Beauty—in the Temple of this Majesty—standing in an attitude of larger reverence—in silence.

It is not supposed that men will be gods in a moment or in a generation, but there is one thing all can do—and that is, to begin to walk the path of spiritual endeavor, to climb the mountain that leads to the accomplishment of those "greater things" that Jesus spoke of,— "greater things than these shall ye do,"—to begin to go to the Father, to begin to know what that divine Spark within means. Something new will come into the life—a tenderness, a compassion; everything in nature will become more beautiful and of greater value, because the aspirant will find himself akin to it in the truest sense. We are all a part of the great and wonderful family of God.

So this one priceless bit of knowledge which Christ gives us, is that the divinity is in every man. If it touches our hearts, it will thrill our blood, it will create new atoms even in our physical bodies. Let each man say to himself to start with: "I believe that man can bless or curse himself. I believe in self-directed evolution. I am going to try it, anyhow." Following this path, every obstacle, no matter how serious and perplexing, every injustice that we apparently labor under, will be explained. As we go along we shall learn that "As we sow, so must we also reap."

The Hidden Spark in You and Me

THE remains of a little mining "town" in Nevada,—a collection of old broken shacks, deserted these many years. Had its bit of a graveyard, too, with the ruins of an old fence about it still, a half-rotten old head-board lying here and there on some of the mounds. Each bore a name, roughly cut or painted, mostly too weather-beaten to read. Altogether a depressing spectacle; parched sage-brush and rabbits.

But we had a little time, and I wandered into that graveyard and tried to decipher a few of the names



on the boards and anything that might be said there of the long forgotten occupant of the grave.

A bit of a text seemed to be the favorite addition to the figures indicating the age. But one of them, I noted, had no text, only three words cut just below the name:

*Joe Farleigh, 67
A real man*

About as fine an epitaph as you could get into those three little words! I wouldn't be wanting anything better for myself.

And then I began to feel ashamed. Was I, I wondered, a man on whose unlying headstone those words would ever have a right to stand? It was a good deal of a label to live up to.

Curious, I thought, that if you said those words, descriptively of some one, to an audience of a thousand men, the very same essential idea or ideal would arise in the minds of every one of them! *We don't differ, essentially, in our idea of what "a real man" is.* It's a question of character and we all have the same idea of the kind of character to which those words would apply. A real man might be some little deformed chap with one leg shorter than the other, or he might be 6-foot-2 with muscles and bones to correspond. He might have no particular amount of brains or special talent of any kind, or be a walking musical box of all the gifts and talents. He might be religiously inclined or never give you a pointer as to how he stood in that matter. He might be good company, or one of those silent fellows you can't easily make any touch with. And 'saint' might not be at all the word you'd first think of in connexion with him. He might be a prominent and respected townsman or even in jail!

How about will? Well, you might see a number of weaknesses of a sort in him and yet not consider any of them as taking him out of the 'real man' class. He might be a bit free at the meal-table or lie smiling a long time in bed at his alarm clock's endeavors to get him up, and yet not forfeit his right to the label of honor. And if he had any amount of a will that was everlastingly bent on furthering his own interests you would not think for a moment of classing him in your little list of 'real men.' And of course the 'real man' couldn't be a coward in one fiber of his nature.

The 'real man' of that head-board in the old cemetery begins to come into view.

We can be sure that he didn't know fear and never did or said a mean thing, whether to cover his tracks or otherwise.

He was a protector and defender and helper wherever protection or defence or help were needed.

He lived according to an ideal of how a man should act, which he wouldn't go back on. It just naturally felt good to him to be that way and he wouldn't have his own self-contempt.

He never pitied himself. If he had suffering he just shut his teeth and stood up to it.

He was naturally modest because he never pictured himself as having fine qualities.

If, as I said, a crowd anywhere hears the words 'a real man,' every one of them gets an instant feel or picture which, if he analyses it, would work out essentially as above, though he might put in another touch or two.

And further: Every one of them, somewhere inside him, feels that he would like to be that sort of man. Every one of them, somewhere, has an ideal, that ideal, even if he never strives for it, next to never does a thing that corresponds to it. Even if he jeers at it, his very jeering shows it's getting at him.

Which is the same as to say that in every one of us is a spark of divinity, however shut in and hidden, and it's a spark that those three words will enable him to feel.

Sometime that spark will burn up bright in us all and make us all, all through, 'real men.' Why not start getting there, right now? STUDENT

It's Up to You, After All

"OH, I'd like to stay here forever and forever!" It was my little boy speaking. We were at the seaside, away from the dusty city, and he was playing in the sand with a tin pail and spade.

"But," I said, "there are little boys that live here all the time and they don't get much fun out of it. What they like is to come away to the city, and they think that if they could stay there forever and forever they'd be happy forever and forever."

"Horrid old city! Will we have to go back very soon, dad?"

Evidently he was not getting my point and I didn't blame him. There are older people than he who can't get that point. When the novelty of a pleasure has worn out and a pleasant situation or possession has cooled off into accustomedness, we are once more facing our usual selves in the usual states of mind, whatever they may be. We are the same man as before, after all. "Time softens all things," pleasant or unpleasant, takes away the exhilaration or depression they had caused, and there we are again, back at the old stand.

Exhilaration and depression are just mental states, of course. They may come on us without anything having happened externally to exhilarate or depress us. They are states of how you feel, how you happen to be seeing things and thinking that day. Is it not because of the quality of their thoughts that some men are never happy in any surroundings and circumstances, and some serene and happy in any? There are some states of mind in which a man

constantly catches great ideas and even (if such states of serenity are habitually encouraged and held) at last comes to see the whole divine meaning and promise of life and his own immortality. And there are low states in which a man cannot see a gleam of any of that and he thinks life is nothing unless he can be cramming pleasures of any sort into himself all the time. That is a kind of hell, whilst the other is heaven. Or rather, heaven is the other, a state of steady light. Either can be got; one by letting the mind do and think and lust as it likes; the other by controlling it and training it. We can make it a friend that takes us upward or an enemy that drags us down to ruin. It depends upon what we allow to be there, the kind of thoughts we encourage or permit to grow till that kind is all we have. Mind is the ladder which we must always be going up or down, towards the Light or the pit. Because of it the god or the demon are both possibilities for us. We can grow to any spiritual stature, or decay with the matter of the body we live in.

But 'ladder' is a poor symbol, for the mind is a living thing, ceaselessly active. It is a servant that we have usually never properly trained to come to heel and stay there, and so it is almost never doing its duty, never at all doing its *full* duty. Till we begin this training of it, which is also a training of ourselves, we can never know that the mind is not our real self, nor ever know what self is, what soul is. That is why the word soul is so unmeaning to us, merely something whose chief duty is to be 'saved.'

What soul is we cannot know till we learn what it *does*. Soul is what *wills*, and what *loves* in the highest sense. It is by these two activities that we find ourselves at last as souls. Its will is manifested as self-mastery, self-evolution, mind-training. It has its work in the field of thoughts, for as a man thinks, so he acts. Its business is as much the mastery of mind as of conduct, the effort to guide our thoughts so that from one end of the day to the other they serve and help and illuminate us, give us peace and light and wisdom. And its love is love of all that lives, love of the real best in others the moment we see it crop out in some fine deed, love of the beauty in living nature.

To live, as a soul, is to will and to love in the highest sense. We have to say 'in the highest sense,' for the word 'love' is as often misused as used. 'In the highest sense' implies the will to help, to comfort, to serve, to share, to give.

"Blessed are the peace-makers,"— those who make that peace with themselves and in themselves which radiates like a halo. After making some of that, and only then, can we appreciate what soul is, as now we appreciate what mind is.

To train the will, train the mind; to grow a strong will, keep it exercised in training the mind, in having the right thoughts, the right content, the right aspirations.

All circumstances are as you choose to see them, as you make the mind regard them. A little training, and the mind becomes ready and able to see *any* circumstances as good, so that none can disturb and ruffle. For they all come upon us as opportunity for growth. This whole life here is but training and opportunity for a fuller and splendid life that is already in our hearts and needs but reflection in our minds and thoughts to become fully known to us this side of death. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Let us, on waking each day, take up at once the more and more richly fruitful task of guarding and guiding the mind. Little by little, step by step, we can win. Men alter themselves according to their thoughts about things. To some, a tree is so many cubic feet of lumber. To some it is first a living thing, opening out and growing up to the sun, radiant with nature-consciousness. To some, another man is just what is visible, a personality whose actions they find useful or unpleasant. To others he is a hidden soul, which in the worst can sometimes break through in a fine deed or expression.

So we can make our minds help or hinder, can hold them as the finest of instruments and helps, or let them keep us in darkness, discomfort or unrest. Even bodily health or disease largely and sometimes entirely depends on which of the two paths we choose to take.

STUDENT

Gabby Gasbags

"DID you get a slant at the new roustabout at the Fitting Shop?" said Joe Tibbetts as he started with his dinner-pail for the willows where we always sat for the noon hour.

"Well," answered Silas, "I've given him the once-over, but I haven't exactly got acquainted with him just yet."

"Take my advice and go slow on that proposition," continued Joe with a sly wink. "He's a talker from the word 'go' and he'll waste your time and get you in bad with the foreman before you know it. I went to borrow his hand-truck just now and before I could pry myself loose he'd discussed our chances of flying to the North Pole, told me how he was brought up by his aunt, opened his mind on Prohibition, and given me the reasons why the porter-house steak was so high that he had to make his dinner off cheese.

"Now I reckon it's all right to have an active mind, and a fellow ought to take some stock in what's going on, but there's a limit to everything and he's way out of bounds on this everlasting chin-wagging business. You may talk about 'the gift of the gab,' but I tell you Gasbags couldn't have been born that way. It's a case of self-directed evolution sure 'nough and don't you forget it. You'll never pump

your cistern full while the water is running out through a hole in the bottom, and I say that a man who chatters from morning till night is letting his life-force run to waste and is bound to suffer for it sooner or later. There ain't one per cent. of all this talk that's really needed, and if a man cuts down on chin-music he'll find that power is being stored away that he can draw upon in case of need. Folks sometimes think that if a guy keeps his head shut it's because there's nothing inside worth letting out, but ain't it just as likely it's for the reason that he thinks so deep that his thoughts don't run along in words at all? In fact as I look at it a feller's best thoughts are that way.

"A man for instance wakes up in the morning feeling that the world is a good place to live in, and that he has his future in his own hands to make or mar just exactly as he takes the fancy. And more than that he may have a kind of a feel that so long as he lives a clean and decent life day by day and serves his neighbor the best he knows how, he has the backing of all the helpful and constructive forces in the universe. Those are fine and dandy thoughts to start the day with, and yet how in blazes is he going to swap them with the next man who's got his mind all filled with picking a winner for a horse-race, or deciding what he's going to have for dinner, and perfectly satisfied with that sort of furniture? No sir, it simply can't be done I tell you. You've often just got to share your best thoughts with the other fellow some other way than putting them across on the air."

Joe was silent for a minute and then he went on:

"I reckon there's a sort of a steady spring of wisdom and strength in a man's inside as you may say, and as he puts up a fight against his lower nature and holds back the chatter of his mouth and his mind and waits for what's coming to him, fresh thoughts and higher kinds of force come bubbling up that'll gradually give him new life and a new notion of everything. And there'll be a new light come into his mind and he'll understand that he himself is a way-up different thing from the body he's living in and the brain he's talking through. But this here everlasting click-clack, chit-chat and tittle-tattle will never get a feller any forrarder. It don't do any good to old Gasbags to let him talk himself dry every time he gets alongside of anybody."

"There's a lot of sense in what you say," remarked Silas as he stripped the peel off his banana, "although talk is all right in its proper place. Some of the best things in my stock of information I got from men who knew what they were talking about. It'd be a great thing if we could get the habit of seeing to it that what we were going to say was of some use or help to the other man, or worth putting on the air anyhow. But talk that's just leakage and overflow — shucks! It's just creaking of a wind-mill that ain't driving anything." P. I.

The Five Suits

"ASTONISHING difference to a man's feeling, the way he's dressed. Ever notice it, Jim?"

"You mean if he's got his best clothes on or just his working duds? Sure thing. The French have it in a proverb: 'It's the clothes that make the man.' A man will do things in one suit he wouldn't in another. And hold off from doing things."

"Come to think of it, he's got several dresses. There's the weather, for instance. We talk of a gloomy day or a cheerful day, meaning the effect on our feelings of one or the other weather. Clouds and drizzle make up a kind of a dress for us, one big suit for the lot of us, and we all feel the same inside of it."

"Yes, and externals generally, room and furniture, for instance. Miss Nixon — school-teacher up on the hill, you know — told me it had made all the difference to the children when they took away the dark curtains over the schoolroom windows and hung bright yellow ones instead, and gave the walls a cream coat. And a man will feel the better for it if he's got a vase of flowers on the table he's working at."

"There's another kind of 'weather' too, in a way, body weather. 'Got out the wrong side of the bed this morning,' we tell a child when he's fractious and peevish. Of course it's only his liver out of order — pie and ice-cream last night, maybe. Or his nerves frazzled out sitting up too late at the party. And of course we elders are just the same. The mood for the day made or colored by the way the different bodily organs are attending to their job."

"Four suits of clothes already, Bill! How many more?"

"Four?"

"Well, you began with the tailor and the French proverb — clothes ordinarily so called. Inside of that the quite close-fitting suit that's apt to get out of bed the wrong side — the body. And the one outside of both — about ten or fifteen feet outside of them, the room that's improved by nice yellow curtains and a cream wall and a vase of flowers. We're as sensitive to all that as the children. And still further out is the weather, drizzly clouds, fine sunshine and all that. That's four suits, every one of them doing its share to make us feel this way or that. We seem to be a pretty negative lot! Don't the man himself, inside of all those, have any positive will of his own in the matter: I mean as to how he'll choose to feel, disregarding of weather, or cream walls and yellow curtains, or his tailor suit, or his liver and digestion and nerves? Can't he play his own tune?"

"Come to think of it, Jim, there's another suit yet. 'I can't help thinking about it,' you said to me yesterday concerning something that was gnawing at your mind. You didn't want to think of it, but your mind just would. Most fellows' minds are more or less that way, not under control or very little, won't

stay on anything they aren't interested in and *will* stay on what the man pretty often would like to drop for good and all — memories and what not. Mind, body, tailor clothes, immediate surroundings, and weather, five of 'em. And in the midst, the man, the prey and victim of the lot — though he don't usually notice he's a victim."

"But, goodness' sake, who's *he*?"

"Not so easy to answer, my boy. The old Greek philosopher made a special point of that. 'Man, know thyself!' he said. Sounds like nothing at first. Seems more of a job, though, when you try to dig at it through what we've been saying. What's man? Let's put it, *Who am I?* Seems to bring it nearer home. I always think of that text, 'The Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' that shines in every man. A man could never come to know himself, truly, unless he faced inward, in through all those five suits of clothes to where the Light is. Then he'd know them as *not* himself. And when he found the Light burning in the center it would turn out that *that* was himself. Man, the Light, shut in by all those five veils. And as the Light was never *not* shining and never will *stop* shining, it follows that man is immortal in that way of looking at it. He's fooled by the influences of the five suits, while they're round him; but finds his real nature again when death strips them off and lets him free. But why should he wait for death?"

"What's the prescription for finding it — if there is a prescription?"

"Well, I guess the chief part of it, for a beginning, is to put up a fight against the influence of those suits, not let himself be run by the weather or his mind or anything else. Just hold himself as the Light and take his mind and moods in hand and gradually learn to boss them. Get up above the blues, and fear, and dislikes — either of other men or any circumstances, and prejudices, and being angered or irritated, and low-down thoughts of any kind. If he held all that at arm's length as well as he could all the time, he's sure begun after a while to get some notion of what he is — by fits and starts at first, a moment at a time. And then he'd have something positive to go on, a feel to correspond with the mental picture of the Light inside him. — That's about as far as I get, a bit of a clew to another sort of life than the happy-go-lucky, come-as-it-happens sort of a mood-life we now live, negative, get-nowhere, blind-eyed, up-and-down, compass-less and goal-less, pleasure-seeking (and never really finding), restless, unhappy, full of regrets and anxieties and longings —"

"Say, hold on, Bill! I'm out of breath already."

"Well, all that instead of peace and the feeling of progress and value and self-respect. — I guess I'm done. Let's go and have a bite."

REPORTER

The Fire-Tenders

IF you don't do it you can't be caught doing it, and in the long run there's no other way not to be caught.

"I'll do it just this once. My need is very great, will probably never be so great again."

Perhaps not; but doing it "just this once" will weaken the lines of resistance, and the need won't have to be so great another time to tempt you to make a repetition. And then the lines of resistance will be weaker yet and a still feebler temptation will suffice. The life-wrecks date back to doing something "just this once."

Don't be fooled! Don't do the thing at all under any stress of need! Think how it will be afterwards, when the need has gone by (as it will), and you will be able to say "Thank God, I didn't do it!" Keep your right to self-respect! Keep your ability to look an upright man or a noble woman in the eye without the feeling that a bit of your nature is trying to keep out of sight! Of course it can't really stay out of sight. There'll be a something in your eye. And the finer the type of man or woman who's looking at you the more surely they'll see or sense what you're trying to keep back. To those who have sight enough any man's character lies right open.

Try to have a character that isn't ashamed to lie right open. That very attempt, if honest, creates something about you that will inspire respect. It will give you the entrée to the friendship of those others who are also trying or have come out on top. There is a natural bond between all such men and women. Behind the cognisance of their minds their souls are already in friendship.

For there are really two friendships: that of chums or pals, which time or change of circumstance may bring to nothing; and that of souls, which time only deepens and will always be there ready to make itself felt. The men and women between whom this exists, men and women on the noble path of right endeavor, even though in this life they have never outwardly met, make up the band of Fire-Tenders, who keep the Light burning in the darkness of human life and prevent humanity from utterly destroying itself in its folly.

STUDENT

"I Will Arise and Go to My Father"

I WILL come up out of my moods, come up out of the aimless stream of my thoughts, and get rest and Light.

That was the way the text translated itself for me. — Is life in its very nature dark and threatening? There are, for all of us, times when it seems so. They pass, and mostly, even when they are present,

we partly know that they will pass. But we should also know that they will return.

But to count on their passing is not the best way to treat them. For to depend on pleasant times and get absorbed too much in the pleasure they hold is to be again a victim when the clouds again darken and threaten. "I will arise and go to my Father" is a determination we can only make fruitful in the dark times if we have remembered in the sunny, when things went well and pleasantly with us.

Human nature is certainly a trinity. For there is the bodily receptacle which fills up from day to day with the mood of that day. And there is the human dweller therein which finds itself affected by these conditions, troubled or pleased in them, seeing life and the world through these moods, the man himself who finally, in some state of darkness or despair, comes to say "I will arise and go to my Father." But this we can only think of doing and aspire to do because we are of like nature with that "Father in secret," the Soul. We are the "son," sent into the vineyard of the body to gather the fruits of experience in life, learning and growing by them. We could have no sense of the helping Presence in our darker hours if we were nothing but the superior animal that science teaches of.

It may have much truth in it, though a hard saying, that we are apportioned hours of pleasure so as to be kept sensitive to pain, its opposite, suffering under the oscillation between them so as finally to be driven to rise above them both into true life and joy. The "son," our thinking personal self, brings home the "harvest" to the "Father," the harvest that is himself, himself ripened, strengthened, ready — since by reason of his growth he no longer himself needs help — to help others to find what he has found, to do as he has done.

STUDENT

"I BELIEVE — I daily find it proved — that we can get nothing in this world worth keeping, not so much as a principle or a conviction, except out of purifying flame or through strengthening peril. We err; we fall; we are humbled — then we walk more carefully. We greedily eat and drink poison out of the gilded cup of vice; we are sickened, degraded; everything good in us rebels against us; there is a period of civil war: if the soul has strength, it conquers and rules thereafter." — *Charlotte Brontë*

"I know I am deathless.

I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass.

And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or ten million years,

I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait." — *Wall Whitman*

Good Timber

GOOD timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees.
The farther sky, the greater length;
The more the storm, the more the strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man good timber grows.
Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife —
This is the common law of Life. — *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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

"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*

"RESIST not evil." He who said this knew well his duty, and desired to convey to us knowledge. That he did not intend us to sit silent and inactive while that which is called evil worked its will upon others, when by the lifting of a finger perhaps it might be thwarted and annulled—is certain. He who taught that men should 'resist not evil' desired them only to *forget themselves*. Men think that all things which are disagreeable to themselves are evil. By 'resistance' he meant complaint, anger and objection to or against the inevitable, disagreeable, or sorrowful things of life that come to us. 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*

"ONE lesson which I have learned in my roaming life, my friends, is, not to call anything a misfortune till you have seen the end of it."

—*Brigadier Gerard' (Conan Doyle)*

"WE all know that some states of mind are very bad for the body, clog its manifold inner workings and not only make wrinkles and lines in the face but the equivalent of them in every internal organ—nerves, brain and the rest.

"Consequently we all know that the opposites of such states—serenity, hope, joy, content, good will and the like—are good for the body, powerfully conducive to health and multitude of days."—*M. D.*

"LIFE and immortality, not death and mechanism, are the keywords of the real universe, and so far as you and I are true sons of the universe, so far as we reproduce its nature in ourselves, life and immortality are the keywords to our reality also. All is alive, and it is one life, plainly an immortal life, that animates the whole."—*Dr. L. P. Jacks*

"THE source of our individual consciousness, and of the guiding intelligence in the vast scheme of cosmic evolution, is one and the same."

—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"HUMANITY will not believe, since it does not hear and see; and will not listen for the great Song of Life, and is shut out from all the sacredness of Nature, and dwells exiled and oblivious in this radiant universe its spiritual home, and knows nothing of the inward beauty, the symphonies that are yet unheard, knows nothing of the divinity that thrills through ourselves and all things."—*Katherine Tingley*

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

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

"EACH is not for its own sake;

I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the sky, are for Religion's sake.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough. None has ever yet adored or worship'd half enough. None has begun to think how divine he is himself, and how certain the future is."

—*Wall Whitman*

"THE time is already at hand when those who feel this immortal life surging through them may find an opportunity to step out of the environment that binds their souls in selfishness, and lead the true life that will help to uplift and strengthen all men."

—*Katherine Tingley*

"OUT of this prison into the world go a hundred men a week, carrying with them something of me, something they have got from me by our months or years of association, something I have spoken or thought or done or *been*. Am I then nothing in life because I am within these walls?"—*One of them*

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and whoever shall know himself shall find it, for if ye truly know yourselves ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the City of God, and ye are the City."

—*A Saying of Christ*

"WE complain of so much of our work as being routine, monotonous. It would not be so if we knew how to be silent within, if we had trained the mind to stop insisting on being supplied with new mental sensation—just as the body would like to be supplied all the time with new *physical* sensation: candy, chewing-gum, tobacco and so on. The real silence is more than merely not speaking, it is a silence of *mind*-chatter. It is only in this real, positive silence that we can become aware of the presence of the soul, and raise belief in it into certainty."

"I AM not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

—*Abraham Lincoln*

"ALL the World is a Camera, 'Look, pleasant, please!'"



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Whatever thought we carry, that destination we reach."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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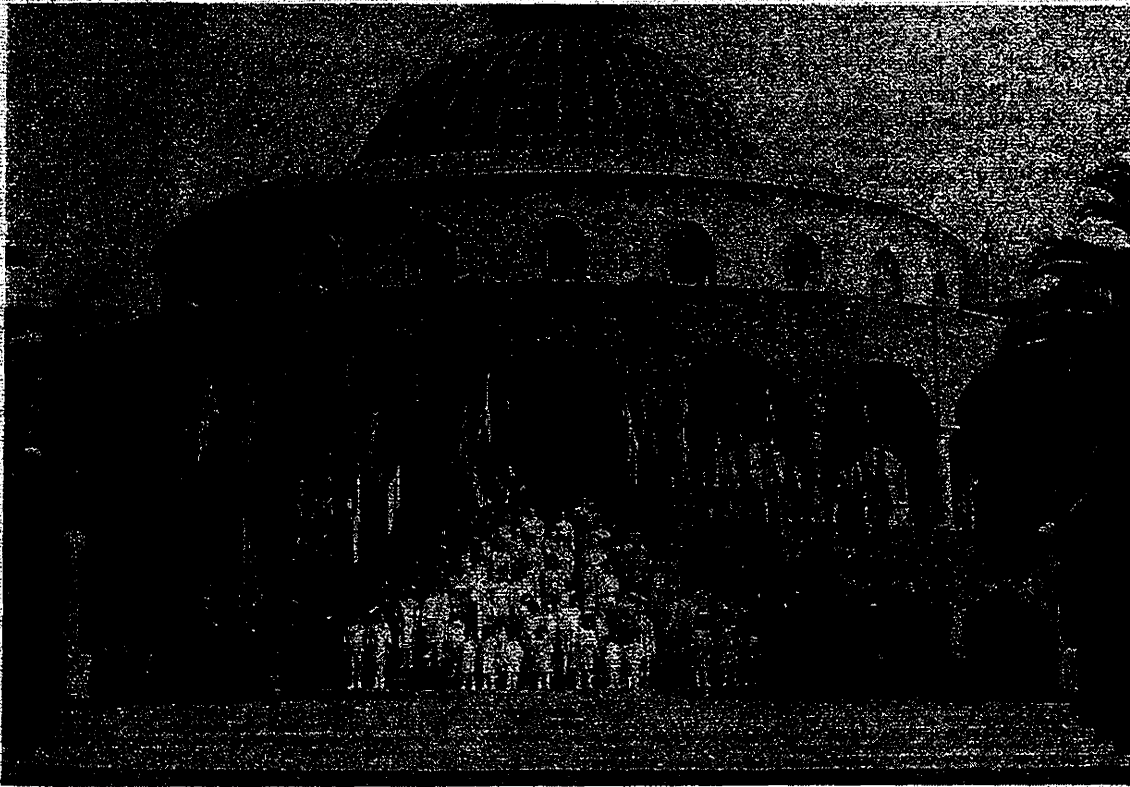
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PEACE PAGEANT OF THE NATIONS, AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
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"The Mirror of Infinite Beauty"

(From Katherine Tingley's recently published book
"The Wine of Life")

"THE world is a Mirror of Infinite Beauty, yet
no man sees it. . . . It is the Paradise of
God! . . . the Place of Angels and the Gate of Heaven."

— Thomas Traherne

I REMEMBER years ago reading these words of a
very wise Seer. I thought that in interpreting them
from a new standpoint we might come closer to the
author's meaning; for in the confusion of the world
today on all lines, perhaps out of a hundred we might
find only five or ten who have the broader vision of
life that would enable them to see that the Infinite
Life is mirrored in the earth-life.

Man's experience on earth, which is but a station, a stopping-place in the progress of the soul, gives him the opportunity to find not only his own spiritual nature and the infinite powers within himself, but also to know the meaning of life and to see its beauty, even in the material resources of nature.

To understand the glory of the Infinite Beauty of Life, we must thrill with the knowledge of our own essential divinity; we must find it within ourselves, in the depths of our hearts, of our consciences; and it must illumine our minds.

The Mirror of Infinite Beauty can be seen in the wonderful mysteries of the simplest flowers, in the trees, in the immensity of the ocean, in the stars and in the heavens. Then look into the eyes of humanity, and in spite of all we see there overshadowing the spiritual man, let a man challenge himself to find his own soul, and that Infinite Beauty will shine out through his eyes. It will warm his heart; it will thrill him; and he will realize that the conquest of self has been made.

How can any earnest thinker deny the Divinity of Man? In everyone's experience there is enough to convince him that out beyond all we see and hear is a living pulsating power urging men on to higher purposes, nobler service,—driving us in quest of a knowledge that would justify life and make its meaning clear. This is the Ray of the Infinite in us. It proceeds from the Supreme Central Source of all; it broods over humanity and enfolds it. It is the Teacher, the Knower, the Helper, the Consolation.

Illumination cannot come until a man knows this; which does not mean, until he accepts its existence as a dogma or holds it as an opinion, but until he is aware of it *as a divine presence within him*. We must pass from opinion to reason, and from reason to this illumination, until we attain to seeing life as it is. The Real Man is a spiritual being; and the thinking man must be guided by that which when manifested makes one whole. The lowest human being on earth today has still within him a ray of the Eternal Love, of God that is All-beauty.

I can give these teachings to a child who is making trouble, who is marking time with sad heredity—either of his parents or of more distant progenitors. I have seen children of ten years of age—not one but many—rise in their mental conception of the new possibilities of their own souls, under the influence of these teachings. They have not suffered in this life as much as older people have. But certainly I think at times that old half-memories come back to these young souls.

Man gets what he works for, and if he doesn't work for it he doesn't get it. But when one wants truth so much that he is actually hungry for it, he gets it. No language can describe it—the most beautiful things in life can never be described in words. I cannot conceive that love ever could be

described. The holiest part of our religious nature can never be uttered in words, but it is the Region of Light and Peace. The sublimity of these teachings can make new blood in the veins, bring those who are sickly to a position of self-evolution, even on the line of physical health. There is a splendor in soul-life; and when the soul reigns, commands, and overcomes, victory is won for the whole world. Then will man no longer disquiet the Region of Light and Peace. He will have reached a point where he can challenge himself and say to his own passions, selfishness, and weaknesses, "Get thee behind me, Satan!", for they are the Satans of his own creation. He will find that the conditions in his own nature that are not controlled and not conquered at one time will have to be met and conquered at some time later on.

We cannot move the sun, nor the moon, nor the planets, nor the stars, but it is great to know that *we can change ourselves*; that we are the makers of our own destiny; that we can compel the mind, which is but an instrument, to be under the control of the higher nature, the soul. The urge of the soul to perfection never dies. We must have progress, evolution. This is the very fiber and core of our teachings—eternal progress. It is for us to nurse our higher natures, to nurse the potential qualities within us; to nurse the pictures and the dreams of a future life, of a better life in this life, and to hold tenderly and affectionately in our hearts the love of the Higher Law, which makes of this world a Mirror of Infinite Beauty for all.

The Living Plate

YES, the mind is a photographic plate, if you like, taking momentary pictures of all that goes on in the outer world. But that comparison would apply just as well to the eye. We must go much further. For the mind is a plate that can also get sounds and scents and touches and even impressions of the life, the livingness, in things—trees, for instance. You would hardly call all those *pictures*. Moreover the mind gets messages of what goes on in the body, which have nothing to do with the outer world. You know—that is to say your mind knows—when you have dyspepsia or neuralgia or a headache or rheumatism, for instance. Those also could hardly be called pictures. A photographic plate that could 'take' all that lot of impressions would be a rather complicated affair!

However, call it a plate and look at it in yourself. You would see, flitting across it, moment by moment, all the different sorts of impressions we have named. But you would also see a lot of impressions *not* now coming from the outer world or the body, the reproduction of impressions that did come in the past; in



other words memories, some of them almost or quite as vivid as the impressions of the present moment.

The complication increases. For we should see (and do see) not only all the above, incessantly flitting across the plate, but also pictures (we call them ideas) of what to *do* about some of the impressions. If a man gets an impression of hunger, for instance, from his stomach, and another from the clock-face where the hands stand at noon, and a sound-impression of the noon-bell, and a scent-impression of something cooking, his mind produces the idea of what to do about it: namely to lay his tools down and go around the corner to the restaurant. And there is always a series of momentary ideas flitting through the mind of possible doings which we do not carry out for one reason or another, maybe cannot carry out or don't want to or wouldn't think wise to or never even seriously consider at all.

This is not the half of what might be said, but it serves to show what an extraordinarily complicated 'photographic plate' the mind is and what an immense day's job it takes up every morning as soon as it wakes.

Thinking of all this that the *mind* does, we are likely to say: But where do *I* come in? What do *I* do? *I'm* not a photographic plate.

I can stop some of all that thinking and impression-getting. The mind sometimes of itself gets so absorbed in *one* thing or line of ideas that it becomes unconscious of everything else and might even let the dinner hour pass unnoticed. By practice some men can at will hold their minds down on to one thing without a waver. If they see any other thought than what they want affecting the mind they blot it out instantly. But in general we let the mind do pretty much as it likes, though we are of course *aware* of most of its thoughts (which we call *our* thoughts) and aware that we could usually change or stop them. "I won't think of that" could therefore be written more fully and accurately: "I won't let my mind think of that," or, still more carefully: "I will that my mind shall not think of that."

If with the will we can reduce the mind to thinking of one thing only, or along one line only — as some can — it would only be an extension, by practice, of the same power, to reduce it to thinking of nothing, along no line; to hold it for a while (if only a minute) quite still, no impressions or thoughts at all, perfect mind-silence. For that few moments, with the mind unmodified by the outer world and trained in disregarding at will all sensations from the body (as a soldier in battle may not at the time feel a wound), we should have some chance to realize what we ourselves are as distinct from the mind. That alone is real self-knowledge. And if in any degree we get it (especially when, the last thing at night, the mind is inclined of itself to quiet down), we begin to feel that we are something more than we had ever before supposed.

We sometimes get the same feeling (and for the same reason — mind-silence) for a few moments of the stillness after the ceasing of great music; or just at and after the setting of the sun when all nature takes a deep breath; or at the solemn moment of the death of someone we love; or, sometimes, when we hear the words: "And now may the peace of God which passeth all understanding abide with you forever." Passeth all *mind*-understanding. For all these occasions of inner peace might, if we used them, open for a moment the door to self-knowledge. The interfering and restless mind is for a moment stilled; we could begin to realize the truth that in his innermost self-nature man is divine: man when he can find himself and come to himself behind his mind. It is the common run of our thoughts and thought-impressions, sweeping us along with them from moment to moment, that hide from us our divinity, just as they rush us into actions and words that are out of tune with our divinity.

In self-study of this sort we must distinguish between *thoughts* and *realization*. Wise use of the mind and guidance of its thoughts will *help* us to realization. But true self-realization comes only when for a few moments thoughts are stilled in aspiration. And that is true prayer — the yearning that our divinity shall become known to us. This is the 'asking' of which it was said: 'They that ask shall have.' The mind wakes and sleeps; is born and dies; is sick or well, happy or unhappy, quick or slow and feeble. But behind it is our real self, destined sometime in all of us to pass from self-ignorance to full awakening to its divinity and immortality.

Mind-control, right action, right feeling towards our fellows, and the practice of the moments of silence — these are the steps we can take now, and succeed without waiting for death to open our eyes. STUDENT

As Concerneth Two Dreams

BEHOLD, on a certain winter's night there were two men who dreamed them dreams. And the one of them lay in his comfortable bed in a well-warmed house, and the other in a well-barred cell.

And he who was comfortable dreamed that he had ascended unto Heaven's gate. And there were many there of different aspects who attended to the requests of applicants: for indeed it was a busy place, and yet without a considerate one, in that each might apply to that Guardian who most appealed to his fancy or eased his timidity.

And he of the warm bed approached one of majestic aspect who resembled a certain Teacher whom he thought he admired; and in thus wise was the manner of their conversation:

"Great Lord, I desire entrance here of thee. Behold

I have striven long and mightily and raised myself out of the mire of human life."

"Knowest thou the words, 'I am the way'; and that he who would enter Heaven must enter through the heart of me?"

"Yea, Lord, those words I know."

"Behold then my heart opened before thee, that thou mayest enter."

Then was the comfortable one no more at ease: for he heard the grievous sobbing of little children, starved and maimed and misused, and felt the sorrow of overburdened mothers. The dreariness of sin-sodden men, hopeless and without light, was borne in upon him; and then as he beheld the hot shame and agony of wronged women, he could bear no more, and he awoke with a great cry.

Then did he hear voices below in the hallway of his house, and felt of a certainty there was trouble there. Yea, even as he peered from the landing above, a great fear came upon him; for he beheld the face of one whom he thought time itself had forgotten. And now she was even talking to his wife.

Behold now, that other who dreamed was restless upon his bed and troubled; not for himself, but for his friend on the other side of the cell, in that he muttered in his sleep and coughed distressingly, and was like to be exceeding sick. And as he pondered means of helping him, he slept and also arose in his dream to Heaven's gate, bearing his friend in his arms. And he approached one who most appealed to him, in that somewhat he resembled the chief warden, who was withal a kindly man and the originator of many just regulations. And this was the manner of their conversation:

"Good sir, I desire of you that you give entrance to my friend, for of a surety I know that he hath done no great harm in his time, and his need is certainly great."

"Assuredly that could well be managed. Do thou give him into the arms of this messenger."

And his friend was borne away into great peace and rest.

"Whither wouldst thou thyself?" said the Guardian.

"As to that I know not. But I am encouraged in that my friend was so well received, and now know I of a few others whom I might bring along."

"It were well to rest a while before returning. Do thou enter and be comforted for a space."

And behold, within there waited his mother whom he had lost in his youth; and she enwrapped him in her arms with a great cry, even as he heard the golden clang of the closing gate behind him.

Whereat he awoke with a great happiness; and it was even a warder who had swung open the cell-door, saying, "Come thou and thy friend to the head warden, and that quickly." And they were paroled, both of them, that very morning. — JOHANNE

Forward, Boys!

A FRESH JOB EVERY FIVE MINUTES!

"THE dear dead days beyond recall," sang the white-dressed girl at the piano. And we all felt sentimental and began recalling our own vanished pasts. Except Harry. There wasn't any sentimentality in him to appeal to.

"None of that in mine," he said to me on the way home after the ice-cream, sandwiches and coffee. "It may be well enough for these girls, if they want to waste their time that way. I don't know. But a man, anyway, ought to be keeping his eyes forward even if he's eighty. What's life for? You go through some experience and do your duty by it, or don't, as the case may be. You enjoy it or it makes you squirm and wince, whichever. Anyway you've done with it and it's done with you, registered itself in you, come to be part of you. It's your asset, good or bad. The job for you now is to look yourself in the face, reckon yourself up square and honest, and go forwards! There's a fresh job every five minutes, and if you've spent five minutes mulling over what's gone — why, you've lost one of those five-minute jobs that you might have done some good to yourself with, to say nothing of somebody else. Moreover the looking back and whining about it makes you mushy and drivels away some of your will and makes you less fit to tackle the next job coming right along now. Don't it strike you that way?"

"What do you mean by a job?" I said. "A man doesn't usually get a fresh job every five minutes."

"He sure does, my boy. And if he neglects it he's that much to the bad. Of course I mean a job with himself. External jobs only count according as you use them (or don't) to do the real job on yourself. You may be sawing at a board or telling at a bank counter or weighing out a pound of tea. The point is, are you just *doing* it this five minutes, letting it come through somehow (or anyhow), letting it get itself done — or doing it up brown, slick, with all you're worth in it. The real job of every five minutes is the way you do what you do. Looked at that way, a man's got a fresh job every five minutes. He's a different man every five minutes according as he let himself slop along the last five or kept himself screwed up."

"Pretty tiring," I remarked, "to keep that game up sixteen hours a day."

"Not a bit, my boy. Continuous tonic after the first week or two. If a man lets go when he ought to be or might be keeping tight hold, something's leaking out of him. When he keeps hold he's creating energy for tomorrow, and tomorrow he'll know it."

"But what about recreation? Surely a man needs that."

"Just the same idea. When you're recreating, recreate. Put all you're worth into the fun as if you'd

never had a difficulty on your hands or a cloud on your mind. Join in right and good with the rest of the boys. If it's resting you're after (and need), the arm-chair and feet on the table business, *rest*. Soak it up. Don't let your mind worry around all over creation and spoil the business. Rest is the job, just then, if it is the right job, and may be worked up into a good asset the same as anything else that rightly comes along.

"That way a man lives forward-facing, respecting himself and entitled to it, using the successive five-minutes, one after another as the gods send them along to him for his use. Don't old Emerson say something like that, about the gods coming along every minute, each with a gift for you in his wallet? But it's strictly up to you to take it.

"Forward-facing, that's the idea. Go right ahead, building yourself right along, another brick every five minutes. And as you go along, without any chin-music over it or boasting what you're going to do with yourself or have done — why, just because you're having fun with yourself in this pace-setting, you'll find some other fellows catching on to the same idea. Catching on because it's catching, I reckon.

"Yes, having fun. And it's a sure prescription against the blues. And against getting bowled over by the thought of your weaknesses and failings. For you know you're putting in steel reinforcements all through. But you've got to look out all along not to get stuck on yourself. Maybe that's a worse weakener to a man's manliness than mulling over the dear dead days. Admiring yourself and posing for others to look at is worse than fungus to a tree.

"Well, so long, old chap. See you at the game tomorrow?"

THE OTHER MAN

What Silence is Good For

"JOE, you talk too much about this silence business, lately, silence of mind. The brain's made to think, isn't it? Well, what's the idea of stopping it from its job?"

"The muscles are made to move, aren't they? But do you want muscles that are everlastingly moving and jerking on their own account, without your will or wish? It's waste of force. It isn't the sort of real exercise that would do them good. What does them good is *willed* exercise. If *any* sort of movement was good for health the healthiest man would be the palsied man, whose muscles are oscillating and twitching all day long. Now the brain is doing just that, in its way, with all of us, but the movements happen to be the reflections of thoughts. Such thoughts do no more good, running along in that unguided, un-willed way, keeping the brain on the jump, than the muscle-twitchings of the palsied man."

"Surely it's good to have thoughts."

"Now, just you look back at the line of thoughts that ran through your brain during the ten minutes you've just spent in sweeping out your room. Weren't they all valueless, and some of them as teasing or noxious as a cloud of mosquitoes? Guided and willed thought — as distinct from merely *permitted* thought that comes along of itself — is real exercise. Though of course even some lines of thought that run along of themselves may happen to be in some useful direction. But these are always concerned with our desires, something we want, whatever desires are then active. And since a fair share of our desires are for what's no good to us, and some for what's actively harmful, it follows that the thoughts concerned with them are of the same kidney.

"Thoughts expend energy. What's the good of spending it along the line of waste, no return? That is mostly the sort that runs along of itself through the average man's brain, your brain and mine. That's perhaps why we sometimes have not energy enough left to fight disease — most of it produced, too, by letting our desires run us. Desires generate thoughts to correspond with them, and, turn about, the thoughts generate desires.

"Guided (will-guided) hard brain work is good for us and causes the replacement of as much energy as it expends, often more. I often feel the better after a hard spell of study or thought about some real thing. In the same way as guided muscular work finally causes energy to flow back again into the muscle that has expended it and into the nerves that have supervised the expenditure, promoting growth in both places.

"As to the 'silence' question that we began with. The only way I know of to completely get the power of brain guidance and concentration is to get the power of producing moments of stillness in the brain and holding attention on that part of ourselves which is in the Light and to which most of us pay no attention at all — can't, because our attention is all taken up with the customary chatter going on in the brain. A man's life begins to alter, little by little, as he tries in the moments of silence to get the feel of that higher Presence in himself. Little by little he finds that desires don't run him so hard. The old things they suggest to him don't appeal so much to him, and at last not at all. He begins to get control of himself and of his imagination. His body alters for the better and understands better what's good for it to have and do, and he understands what to permit it and what not to permit it to do. It is only the ceaseless brain thoughts that confuse us into feeling our bodies to be ourselves.

"Thank God there's a higher part of ourselves, the soul, that lives in the Light and always did and always will, that never has that confusion; and it is only in the moments of silence that we get in touch with this.

"— But I never meant to be running in any kind of a sermon on you, old man. You just happened to strike a vein that's been in my mind lately and it seems to me to promise to lead to the greatest thing in human life. Use the brain for all it's worth in real thought and study: that's right exercise. But turn that current off now and then for a few moments, especially late evening times and tune up to the highest you can go and you'll begin to get something.

"Why shouldn't we try to find out who and what we really are when the buzz of the wheels quiets down? They began the moment we were born into the bodily workshop, but we don't have to let 'em go on till death takes us up out of it again. I'd like to be able to say to Death when he comes along in due course: 'Thanks very much, old chap, but I've already managed to get hold of a little Light on my own account. Not all *you'll* give me, of course; still, a *little* bit of the all-right, anyhow.'" ONE OF THEM

Oh Those Papers!

LARRY LARCOMBE, his modest lunch being disposed of, had turned to his newspaper for a little relaxation after a forenoon spent in laying bricks; but just a glance over the headlines and he fed it to the fire beneath the melting-pot.

"These papers make me tired!" he broke out. "Nothing but hold-ups, murders and burglaries, crimes mixed and assorted to suit all tastes. I tell you it sometimes makes the wheels go buzzing in my poor head. What's civilization coming to?"

"You've no call to get worried that way," said Fleming in his slow and reassuring voice, "and you won't mend matters by going to pieces yourself. A man's more or less responsible for *his own* goings on, but I'll be hanged if I see why he should let his nerves get frazzled by the goings on of any other fellow. The Bible says: 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers.' And that's plain common sense. You can't be held responsible for the actions of the other fellow; it's your own you've got to look after."

"Hold hard there!" said Dick Nattriss. "I don't know about that. We're all mixed up with one another more than we fancy. Did it ever strike you that if you get killing mad with a fellow and go round that way for a while, you may have got some pretty heavy responsibilities coming due even if you didn't raise a finger yourself?"

"How's that?"

"A man can't have such a feeling as that all to himself. It gets out on the air and spreads around same as any other infection. Don't you reckon it might stir up some *other* fellow's mind just when the temptation to strike or kill was hot on him and give him just the extra touch that would spring his trigger?

Of course *you're* safe enough. It never could be proved against *you* in a court of law; but time and time again the man who murders and then swings for it, has let himself just be the instrument by which the will to murder is pulled down out of the air to where the police can tackle it.

"Don't you get fooled, Larry, into thinking that you're a white-winged angel that's somehow got astray in a world of scallywags and toughs where he don't belong. You're a pretty decent sort of a chap we all know, but if we could see behind the scenes to where men's thoughts get in their work, we'd find you'd quite a bit to do with getting people into jail. Leastways I know I feel that way about myself. If a fellow really takes himself in hand and tries to have no thoughts or feelings that he wouldn't be ashamed to see in print next day, he'll be doing quite a bit to better the general atmosphere and sponge out of it the murder pictures that are always getting into the minds of weak or unbalanced natures and prompting them to cut loose with a knife or a gun."

"That's the straight goods," cut in Dick. "I know I used to think that I was a decent kind of a man all right,— as good as most of 'em anyway and a darned sight better than some I could mention— but I tell you straight that a very little looking honestly into myself made me wonder how I happen to be walking free in citizen's clothes while others no worse are wearing zebra suitings behind the bars. Never mind the crime stuff in the paper— let it go by and just you glue your eyes on Larry Larcombe; he's the chap you've got to keep going straight. To put the world to rights let every mother's son get to work on himself— thoughts and everything that's hidden out of sight— and if we stick to it things will go galloping to a new tune altogether."

And then the bell went and we got up and shook ourselves and started for work. P. L.

Immortal Both Ways

LET us not have an incomplete view of life, a faith that we shall live after death unmated with the thought that we were also somewhere in the limitless field of life before our birth.

Look at the infant, we say; obviously a beginner in life.

But if the infant bears every mark of the beginner, and so, we argue, must *be* one: then the decrepit senile on the grave's edge, bearing every mark of the ender, must likewise *be* an ender. The argument must be as good for one case as the other.

I heard an accomplished pianist once, beginning to learn the violin. He made just the same squawks and squeaks as any other beginner. He *was* a beginner— with the violin; but not a beginner in music. The

music was in him, but he could not express it on that instrument. So the soul may not be a beginner in life just because we see it as a beginner in that particular organism of life that we call an infant.

The incompleteness of our faith is because we really think of earth-life as the only kind of life there is, instead of being but one among the infinite varieties of life that the universe contains. We dip into earth-life from a life that is greater, and to that greater return at death, *each with his record of deeds*. It might be well to remember that record whilst we are making it from day to day. For it will have to be read — first by ourselves at the moment of death, then by Divine Justice.

When we have found ourselves as souls we shall know all that to be fact. A NEW-WAYFARER

"It Can't Be Done"

SOMEBODY said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin,
On his face; if he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done — and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that —
At least, no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done — and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it,
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it. — *Selected*

Makers of Flowers

Henry Lee, in *The Outlook*

WHEN tiny Filomena,
Maker of tinsel flowers,
First saw the blooming
Fields of spring glisten
In sunlit showers,
She stood aghast,
Not having dreamed

Such loveliness
Could be —
Silent she stood,
Eyes wonder-wide,
Hands clasped
In ecstasy —
Then, thinking
Of the ones who toil
Through the dim unending hours,
"The children — where are they,"
She said, "the ones that
Make the flowers?"

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THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

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The New Way Quotebook

"AS mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one, infinite, uncreate and eternal,— nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or one man without affecting all other nations and all other men."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"WHEREVER you are you are a center of force, and it is your own fault if you are useless anywhere."

— *W. Q. Judge*

"WE reach the immortal path only by continuous acts of kindness, and we perfect our souls by compassion and charity."— *Indian*

"UNTIL and unless you treat man and all living creatures with the same consideration that you wish to treat yourself and be treated yourself, you have not attained religious consciousness."— *Mukerji*

"THIS is the sum of all true righteousness: treat others as thou wouldst thyself be treated. Do nothing to thy neighbor which hereafter thou wouldst not have thy neighbor do to thee. . . . A man obtains a proper rule of action by looking on his neighbor as himself."— *Mahābhārata*

"WITH whatever measure ye met, it shall be measured to you again.' Let us remember that it was a knower of the innermost workings of the universe that said that."

"WE should look into the eyes of adversity with the same friendly confidence as into the eyes of a friend, sure that both mean us well."

"WHEN we find, as we can if we look carefully into our lives, that somewhere, at some time, we get full compensation for all the apparently unmerited suffering we have to endure, we shall also find that we must accept 'compensation' of the other sort for all the enjoyment and privilege we have taken wrongly or with injustice to others."

"I HAVE a deep conviction that this journey of mine in affliction has done more to educate my spirit than any amount of travel abroad would have done. I feel sure that nothing but such severe suffering could ever have shelled me so out of my small self. . . . After I had come to experience some of the gifts of enlightenment that adversity brought, I began to accept it, and to look for some little further revelation out of such experience. For which reason I was not so anxious to run away from it, but became more willing to stand up and take what was coming. Acceptance is a great thing. Not resignation — that seems to me supine and wicked. But acceptance is healthy."— *JANE STEGER, in Atlantic Monthly*

"NEVER wait for a mood of depression, an attack of the blues, of hopelessness, to disappear of itself. It *will* of course go in time. The mind *will* at last make an antitoxin and clear itself. But in that case you'll have to face the very same situation again in due course; for in some natures these things, unless we take them in hand, always come along every so often. Why submit? The reason why we lie down under such unhappy cyclic visitations and let them walk all over us and paralyse our wills is because it is in the very nature of blues and depressions to make us think ourselves helpless under them.

"We feel better, for that minute, if on a cloudy, gloomy day, the sun for one minute breaks through.

"Imitate that in the mind. Make a bit of a crack through the heavy cloud and catch the shining face of the sun up there. For one minute create hope, confidence, light. That minute will just as surely come round in the next fit of depression as the fit itself. And so on. No need to be a permanent victim."

"SMITH and I had a pleasant time discussing the faults and failings of Jones, and parted with a strong feeling of unity and superiority. Later, Jones and I had a pleasant time over the ridiculous failings and incompetencies of Smith, and parted with a strong feeling of unity and superiority. Later, from my window, I saw Jones and Smith pacing together for nearly an hour, and Robinson, who happened to go by them, told me they seemed to be talking about me and laughing over something. I guess I know what *their* friendship amounts to! Just a common ground in backbiting other fellows. — There's a touch of malice about Robinson I don't much like. And I never believed he was the same behind your back as he is to your face."

"WE are constantly seeing *facts* through an atmosphere made by a *mood*. A busy acquaintance passes you in the street with a hasty nod. There's the fact. According to your mood you see it as an intentional slight, or dismiss it as an unintentional accident. A twinge of pain in your back is just a touch of lumbago or the first sign of fatal disease of the kidneys. To the groucher everything he looks at is drab and commonplace. To the artist the same things, even the tints of an old brick wall, have each their peculiar charm and beauty.

"What's there is there. You can't change it. But your moods you can train, and you'd better do it if you want to enjoy your life and enrich it."

"YOU have just once chance to live this day, and just one set of circumstances under which to live it.

"You must live it now with the means at hand.

"On what you do with this day, on the spirit with which you meet this day, your future rests."



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"What thou wilt thou canst."

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

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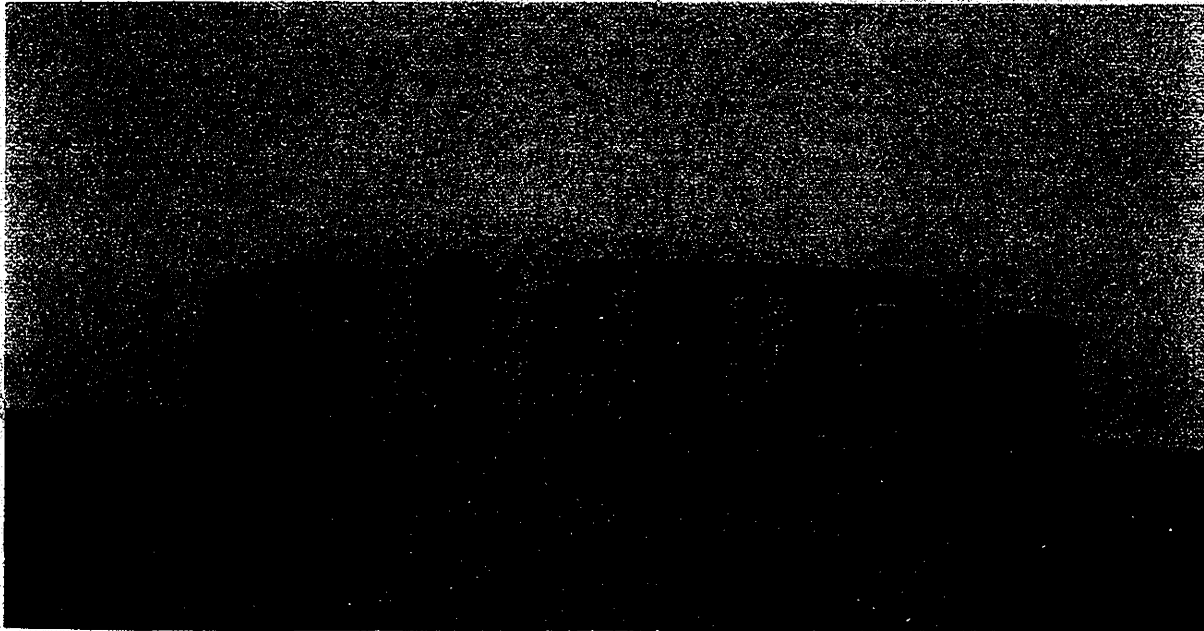
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STONEHENGE: AN ANCIENT DRUIDIC TEMPLE AND INITIATION-PLACE ON SALISBURY PLAIN
WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND, OF UNKNOWN ANTIQUITY

It consists of a great central stone altar 15 feet long, surrounded successively by two ovals and then two circles of great stones. The outer circle originally consisted of 30 upright stones 16 feet high and 18 in circumference with similar blocks across their tops, as shown in the picture. The inner circle had 40 stones. How these old worshippers got these stones in place and where they got them are unknown.

The Sacredness of the Moment and the Day

*(From Katherine Tingley's recently published book
"The Wine of Life")*

NO day is commonplace if only we have eyes to see its splendor. This very day we can make or mar our lives, and render them a blessing or a blasphemy. We can fill all the hours of it with such powerful affirmation of our hopes that they will be-

come the world's hopes and the illumination of all life. No duty will come to our hands in it but will bring us the possibility of doing kingly service.

Hence the importance of our first thoughts upon waking.

If one rises in the morning in a mood through which the Soul can express itself, one is at peace during the whole day. Remember how great is the creative power of the imagination; build up with it, upon

waking, a picture of hope and joy; lay aside all that belongs to the lower self, and going up into the temple of the heart, dedicate the day to self-purification, — and you invite an invasion of the Gods.

You ask, Why, if I am divine by nature, have I so many efforts to make, and so often unsuccessfully? The answer is, that it is a part of the Scheme of Life. We are born into this world that we may grasp our opportunities to assert the nobler side of our consciousness. It is the law that man shall ever be changing, ever growing: the Soul's designs and the processes of its evolution move him, interiorly and otherwise, from condition to condition; the whole purpose of life is change, growth.

Some are burdened and aged by the consciousness of their failings: to me, to give way thus is the sin against the Holy Ghost. There is great danger for the one who, in working towards his Higher Nature, permits himself to dwell too long upon his failings. Indeed, to think of them at all is a mistake, and a sign that the courage is weakening. Do not obscure from your vision the glory of your tomorrows by brooding on the gloom of your yesterdays! The brightest of us undervalues his powers. One half our battles are defeats because we have so cultivated fear that we dread to undertake them: the human mind, conscious of its unworthiness, enters the path half afraid and with hesitation, and is eternally looking towards the goal instead of taking each day as it comes with affectionate determination. There is a great lesson to be learned from such experiences: dealt with in time they often lead to splendid victories.

Life is a struggle and it should be: struggle is part of the divine scheme. What use would there be in living if we were born perfect?

So, if you are looking for rest and relief and peace, or for the love of your comrades, *find what you desire by giving it forth out of the treasure-chambers of yourself.* By the power of imagination create within yourself the Divine Warrior. Begin to fashion your tomorrows by shutting out your yesterdays' weaknesses; go forth into the day and its duties with mind open to the light and trusting in the God within, the Divinity at the heart of things; saying of that Higher Self, *I will arise and go to my Father;* and to the lower, *Get thee behind me, Satan!*

There must be shadows, but we have the power to dispel them. When discouragement comes, and doubt and lack of faith, that is the time to bring imagination into play, to invoke the power of silence, to dig into the inner depths of one's own nature and discover there the beauty and grandeur of life, the glory of the Law. Had we no difficulties we should make no effort. Had we no temptations there would be no need for self-control. Had we no trials there would be nothing to call forth our patience and trust. — Trust in what? — In those universal Divine Laws that hold our life in their keeping. They are there, and all existence

is governed by them; and therefore those who base their living on law and order are on the path of progress whether they know or not; and those who live without discipline are retrogressing. System, self-discipline, orderly habits: these are the things that set the soul free and allow the mind to gather such breadth from its experiences that it comes to see itself a factor in the infinite harmony of law-governed manifested being. We have to learn to conserve our energies if we are to do our whole duty by the world.

How much we waste in a day for lack of this knowledge! How we talk ourselves to death on trifles, and die of chattering long before our time! What scrapings, tearings, worryings, and confusion the poor brain-mind suffers where there has been so self-training in disciplined methods of thought!

Stop worrying! That one habit has destroyed many homes and many nations, and well-nigh shut out the light of the world. Stop worrying! If a cyclone threatens, do not be troubled. Let it come! See to it that you have done what you can to protect your fellows; but for yourself, refuse to lose hold of your trust. Learn thus to conserve energy, and the days and moments become ever more and more laden for you with beauty and meaning, until presently the flower of enlightenment will bloom. At first all may be mystery and conundrum; but hold the aspirations at heart and the great ideals ever before you, and the knowledge latent in you will open to your search, and you will take your position, and find in due time the peace that brings with it perfect understanding. Remember that these minds of ours that do so much thinking and cross-thinking and twisted thinking and lamentable thinking sometimes, are but instruments for the Soul, the Master-of-all Music, to play upon.

*

Try, Try, Try Again

MOUNTED on my wheel and coasting down an English country-lane in early June — why under such circumstances should menacing pictures of a man's bygone follies and misdeeds come up in his memory to chill his heart and paralyse his will? On looking back to that morning I count it as a piece of sheer good luck that my tire punctured on a nail and forced me to sit in the shadow of one of the cowsheds of Lower Barr's Court Farm to mend the hole.

The first words of a man's deep and kindly sounding voice, coming from the shed, instantly decided me to throw over scruples about listening in where you are not invited. The words seemed directed as much to me as to the young fellow inside.

"Jake, lad, you've no right to let a mistake that's past walk all over you like that. It blocks out the work of your better nature that's all the time trying to get you to stand up and be the fine fellow that



you've got it in you to be. There's nobody but you and me and the Master that knows a thing about that money. You've owned up to it like a man and it's going to be stopped out of your wages according as you wished. The Master has acted better than anyone could expect — told you not to give it another thought and to put all the strength you have into making good in a fresh start. He says he'll trust you more now than ever he did before 'cause he reckons you've worked that dirty streak right out of you, and that you're the cleaner for what you've gone through. Forget what's done and over and turn your face to the light! You never saw a daisy looking at the dirt it sprang from. They look up to the sun that draws their growth, don't they? Well, you do the same!

"What does a failure amount to anyhow? Failure is what always happens at first when we try something beyond our powers. 'Pears to me that what we're all trying to learn is how to do the right thing by our neighbors and ourselves in everything that we take up, but I never saw the man yet who didn't fall short of his best every day of his life. Once you get that into your head you can look back at the end of the day and reckon up your failures with a cheerful mind even if it's like counting the flakes in a snow-storm. You can't lose the game in the long run if you keep your resolution honest and steady. But you're a heap better off than the fellow who doesn't know he's failed because he never took the notion he'd like to succeed. Trying always leads to failure — *for a time*, and just as surely it leads to success in the end.

"I failed myself just now when that pert gal gave me the rough of her tongue for being late with the milk. It made me hot to be talked to like that with a lot of the younger men standing around, and I reckon my temper got loose and bolted. May have done her good; I dunno; anyway the situation got ahead of me. But a fight ain't lost for one reverse, no, nor a hundred if you keep right on. I reckon to go to my grave failing here and there — less and less though; but there's one thing I never shall fail to do and that is to try again.

"Turn your back on the past and get so busy in the new start you've made that you've no time to look behind. There's nothing on God's earth can stop the man who forges straight ahead with a grin on his face and confidence in his heart."

At this point a gay young party of colts came cantering into the yard and the voice of the old herdsman was drowned by the clatter of their hoofs. But as I legged it up over my wheel I found that a load had been lifted from my heart too. Why should we let the past shadow the present and the future? Divine Law must be not only wiser but more compassionate than the best of us. Surely it'll let a man's past get visited on him only to the degree that he's the same man as he was in the past. If he's

honestly at work with himself to better his life, why he can just put his trust in the way that that Law is going to work things out for him and go ahead with the sunshine in his heart.

And that's why I reckon that rusty nail sticking up in the road was the best bit of luck I ever ran against, even if I did do a bit of eavesdropping. I wonder if there is any such thing as mere chance? P. L.

Wanted, Mark Tapley!

A HUMID, heavy day, the air hot on the skin and as motionless as if the earth was dead, the sun a-blaze, the flags hanging on the flagstuffs: that's what it was in New York that day. The men went sullenly to their duties, dragging one foot after the other, here and there snarling at each other. I wondered what Mark Tapley could have found good to say of such a day. But he would have found something, that's certain. Maybe on this line:

"Finest sort of a day for a man to get a first introduction to himself and take hold. No credit to feel brisk and smart when the air's all a-snap with the touch of autumn. One foot drags after the other, does it, hangin' on to the end of the leg like it was dead or lead? Arms won't lift; neck and spine gone mushy. Head wooden enough to saw up into peg-tops. Got to use your will every minute to get a move on you and push around.

"Very good, my boy; that's just the situation you needed. Got to use your will. Use it against what? The lazy body, ain't it? Well then, there's you — using your will — to make your body move. And the sluggish the body is, and the more you've got to press against it with your will to keep it on the move, the clearer you've got the situation. The body ain't you, you see now, and you ain't the body. You've got to operate it. You couldn't get on to that, or not so well, on any other kind of a day. That's worth something, to get to thinking who *you* are. You may be a bigger chap, in yourself, — or get on to the way to be a bigger one, — than you ever thought before.

"And then your mind. 'Irritable,' you say, ain't no word for it. Very good. You just put your will to it, same as you did to your body, and force it to keep serene and then some — like as if you felt that everything you had in hand was moving along just right, and the boys all friendly and you had a kind of a warmth toward every one of them around your heart and was a-smiling out of your eye. Just get the feel of that smile. — So there's you, and your will, and your mind — same as in the other case it was you and your will and your legs and arms.

"Yes, sure. A man's liver and digestion don't go right on with their job this sort of a day, kind of hang fire. And a man can't put his will straight on to

that department. But round the corner, like, he can. For if he does those other things as I've spoken of, and keeps it up two or three hours or the best part of a morning, the digesting department'll wake up and take notice what's doing and feel ashamed not to be in the procession, and then *get* into it. And by midday things'll be all right.

"Yes, sir. Give me a muggy, heavy day for real business with myself. And then when the brisk day *does* come you can get things moving 200 per cent.! How's a man going to practise up on his will unless he's got something to practise it on? A day like this is just dandy for that particular job. Making yourself do what you don't want to and just when you most especially don't want — that's the trick for will-growing and asking yourself who you are and starting to grow a little mite. A man don't have to stop growing when his body stops, nor get creaky when his joints get creaky; no, nor go underground when his body has to.

"There's three kinds of lines gets grooved into a chap's face: lines of age — nothing necessarily honorable about them; lines of suffering — and he may or may not have taken the good that was coming to him in *that*; and lines of will — that's the sort I like to see, mixed in a-plenty with any of the others there may be."

STUDENT

Stabilized Happiness

WHO is strong enough to dare to be happy and keep happy and put it through to a permanency?

Strong enough? Dare?

Yes, those are the proper words. Life gives us spells of happiness, happiness for short periods, very short. If it did not we should die. But to seize happiness for ourselves and hold it is a feat possible only to a very strong man. However, it is not out of the question for anyone to become that sort of man.

Obviously, to be permanent, happiness must not depend on any external event or situation. For such are quite transitory. It must be created without external aid of that sort, and then held. Succeed in this, and it will rebuild you throughout.

This happiness flows out from the heart, being always there anyhow. Can you find your heart?

This happiness involves immense and permanent good-will towards everybody, friend and enemy. Can you hold that?

It involves a defiance of life, for when a man starts to achieve such a feat as this he stirs up a succession of events small and large that seem as if they were consciously and intelligently bent on spoiling the game, ruffling his patience, rousing him to

irritation, anger, disappointment, even despair. Can you face that?

Here is the test of strength. Merely to be *resigned* to such visitations, passive resignation — is not the way to the victory we are talking of. Victory lies in holding the heart and mind happy right through them, even using them as a means to it. For they are opportunity to grow strength. Nor is this business selfish. For the steps to victory, one by one, consist of an increasing and finally boundless good-will to others. In that attitude one's own self gradually ceases to bother one's attention. If you will consider, having one's self in one's own attention is the cause of *all* unhappiness and *is* selfishness. Don't be afraid. You can't lose your own self by neglecting it in this lordly way. On the contrary it begins to grow, to open up all its latent powers and faculties, finally becoming refashioned all through, re-tuned, re-wired, re-cased, glowing new as in the long forgotten East of time.

Man's self is always trying to be happy, practically lives that way. But it tries by trying to get pleasures. And succeeds — for period of an hour to a week or two; then has to begin again. To stabilize happiness and get the sort that produces unlimited ripening and growth we must take the other path and keep trying to stay on it by force of will, not caring about defeats, renewing effort day after day, little by little, even if only for one minute or one morning at a time, gradually getting power as it were to defy life and making good at last on the defiance. This defiance of the old ordinary cheap up-and-down life is creating a new kind of life, a kind that death cannot get at. It is already in the heart; the point is to get at it; and though it is already there, the effort must be of the creative kind.

STUDENT

A Useful Adventure

NEAR the ranch on which I was employed in my younger days, was a rugged and practically unexplored range of hills, and it was my delight when opportunity offered, to go off alone and spend a few days climbing and wandering about the cliffs and valleys. It was towards the time when duty called me away to other scenes, when I discovered while following the course of a creek, that where it flowed beside a seemingly unbroken cliff, in reality it received an inflow from a submerged passage just a few inches below the surface of the water.

With a long pole I probed and tested, conceiving that there might be a cavern beyond into which a good swimmer might enter; and it was easily apparent that only about three feet inward the roof of the passage rose abruptly. With a daring that seems to me now to have been foolhardiness, I took off my clothing and plunged under the passage, rising, to

my surprise, through a thick green scum or slime to find myself in a well-shaded pool.

It was by no means apparent from the other side that the cliffs here narrowed so abruptly, giving place to the entrance of a deep cleft from a valley parallel to the one I had been exploring. Many times

passageway of deep sleep which leads from night to morning, we emerge through chaotic or unpleasant dreams, leaving us with a scum of unpleasant moods, from which we have quite some difficulty in cleansing our minds.

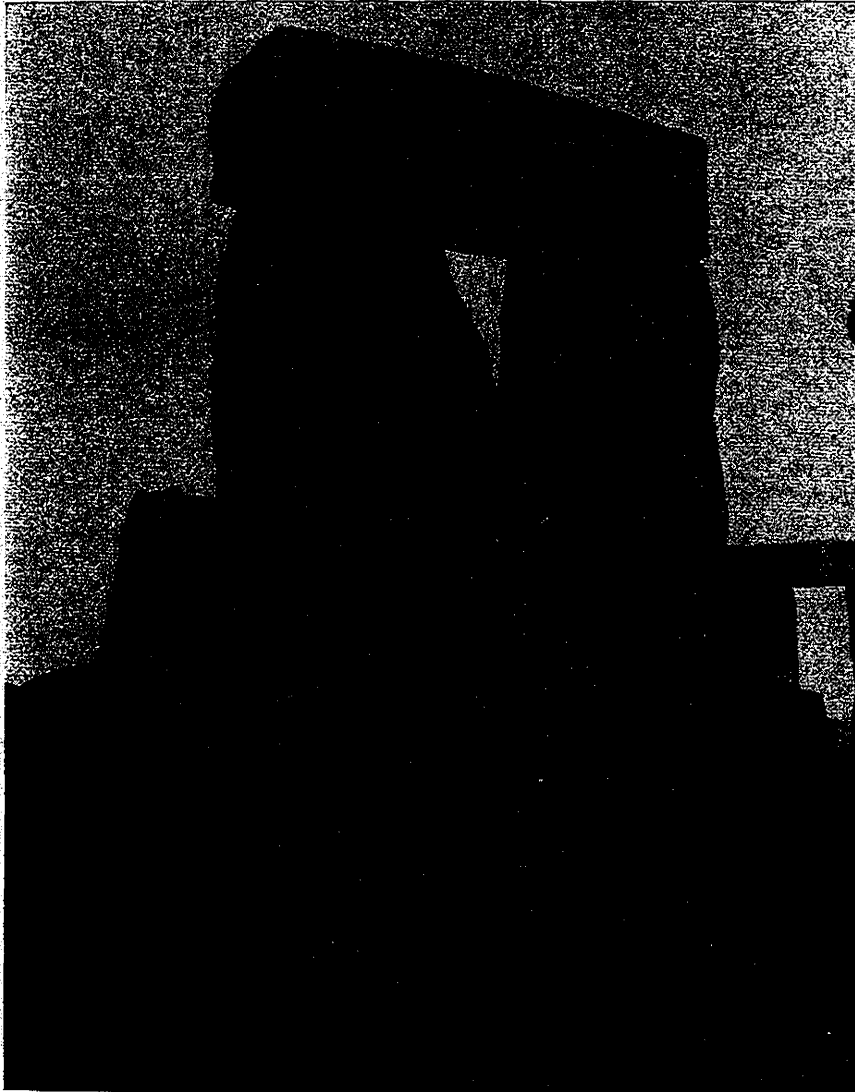
Many may not have noticed the fact, but yet it is only just as we are waking that we are conscious of dreaming; and though the time occupied by the dream may seem to cover a vast period, yet observation has shown that the actual period is only a matter of moments.

The simile of rising through the scum of the pool is a good one, and is plain to one who wishes to avoid the contamination of unpleasant dreams which at times accompanies waking. And we should certainly take every care to awake with clean thoughts, as the success and happiness of our day depends upon the kind of start we make when waking.

Leaving aside for other discussion the problem of how comes this scum on the waking side of sleep, let us consider how we may avoid being troubled by it. A little practice will show us that it is our thoughts when retiring that decide what shall be our mental state on waking; and the correct attitude before sleeping should be one of determined aspiration towards whatever in us is the highest and most sacred,—an invocation of the soul.

It is not necessary or desirable that we should throw our minds forward and say "I shall have such and such thoughts on waking." We shall find our waking moments well taken care of if our last thoughts before sleeping are sincere and high; especially if we keep in mind that any improvement we may accomplish will increase the sum of human happiness, for which there is indeed so great a need. No man can advance or retrograde alone.

Practice along this line will overcome many hindering weaknesses in our nature, and in accordance



Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.

STONEHENGE: A TRILITHON, ONE OF THE INNER HORSESHOE

since have I dwelt on the great delight with which I visited my discovery again and again, though I never quite relished the scum-like weed which covered the pool, and which I had to break through each time I emerged from my dive through the passage.

I have thought of it many times in my later years in connexion with certain philosophical ruminations about waking and sleeping. It is surely the experience of many of us that often, after passing through the

with our sincerity, further knowledge will spring up within our consciousness to help us. D.

Home Magic

PEOPLE who can awaken themselves in the morning at the exact moment they determined upon the night before — and most of us will find that we can if we try — usually neglect the lesson concealed in their little feat.

The feat is done by imagination, a power we hardly ever use. Confusing it with fancy, which is mostly day-dreaming and possessed by animals, we do not suspect what it can do. Fancy is an aimless recombining of memories, mostly running along of itself; imagination requires the will, contains will, and is actively creative. With it we can create ourselves all new. The artist creates pictures with it, the musician melodies and harmonies; with it we can create motor pictures — of ourselves *doing* something — as in the case in hand; or *being* pictures, as when one imagines oneself as a soul. In the case in hand it is a motor picture we create, the picture of ourselves as waking at a certain moment and getting up.

As soon as a motor or doing picture is created, it begins to be energized by will. When the power is perfected by practice, the man finds he can now control his deeds and have them as he wants them and not as habit and impulse and appetite want them. He fixedly imagines himself doing the thing he knows he ought to do, and when the time comes he finds he has the power to do it. The victim of alcohol, for instance, who will give time enough to the creation of a *doing* picture (say the putting down of the glass untasted), or of a *being* picture (of himself as superior to the drink crave) will at last win his fight. It is a fight between the imagination and the appetite, and the imagination, if repeated often enough, has its victory certain.

Often enough; for it takes time. Every customary yielding to one of our lower impulses is a handing over to an enemy in our lower nature of some of that potent creative power necessary to make pictures. That is why man often stands nearly powerless in the midst of enemies within his 'household' to which he has yielded his creative will. He has, however, always enough power left to begin regaining his power, to cripple and finally paralyse his enemy.

Most people find that the waking process is facilitated by uttering aloud the hour at which the waking shall occur and picturing the clock-face. A curious fact in our nature here comes into view — that there is something within us which listens to what our lips say and inclines to be guided accordingly. To feel a dislike for a man and then to utter it is to register this dislike more strongly and embitter our whole

mentality by that much; by that much spoiling our own possibilities of inner peace and happiness. To feel an involuntary dislike, but to utter something commendatory or appreciative of a good point in the man's character, is to sweeten and clean, instead of soiling one's mental field. The effort of will to do this is a *soul* effort.

Many, who would like to imagine themselves as souls, to create themselves as souls, do not know what picture to attach to the word 'soul,' what picture to build up.

Soul is the willer. To the extent that we will and imagine, we have taken our stand as souls. To imagine ourselves into the power of over-riding and dominating our lower impulses — at first in concrete instances and then in general — is to take our stand as souls. To dissipate the shadows of dislike, prejudice and harsh criticism, and substitute the feeling of general goodwill, is a use of will and imagination which creates us as souls.

A man cannot yearn himself into the soul life. He must create himself into it. His will and imagination, and then his conduct, must follow on upon his aspiration.

STUDENT

Not Letting Go

BETWEEN fifty and sixty, sometimes nearer one, sometimes the other, we have to go through — or may fail to go through — a tight place. Life narrows its stream at that place; beyond, if we can get through, it broadens out again.

Men who will not go through into that beyond begin to be old men, to fail in every way. Because the will must be used to pass it, this epoch differs from the others. No will — except that of nature, of which he knows nothing — is required of the child to pass into the boy, the boy into the young man, the youth into full maturity. All these changes effect themselves. At the end of maturity, nature as it were seems to desert us. "Now," she says, "the game is in your own hands." As a rule we do not play it, and the recession of nature life means the decay of old age, decay of every faculty of body and mind.

But nature looks back as she goes and loiters a little, offering something. There is an opportunity. But as a rule we do not take or see it. We can even see it and yet be too lazy or hypnotized to take it, hypnotized by the thought that we are 'getting old now,' 'getting past that,' — *that* meaning a certain kind of effort. We have often said 'poor old chap' of old worn-outs we have met. We are now beginning (unconsciously) to feel it of ourselves. And that is the poison we take, renouncing initiative, calling out the will no more, moving along with the mere rhythm of habit, and so becoming 'poor old chap' and be-

ginning to die — in sight of a promised land, the land of a renewed life.

Yes, the old material pleasures *are* dying down; we no longer have the gusto for them. But that is all right. Let them die. Aid them to do it. Turn them right out of attention so as to wilt their already drying-up roots. Look constantly forwards, not back — just as the child looks forwards to 'when I'm grown up.' The child is right. Faculties for the activities of adult physical and intellectual life are waiting unfoldment and use. And likewise in the fully mature man faculties for a still higher kind of life are possible evolutions. The best of a man should be at work between sixty and — ? An old writing says fourscore years and ten; another, still older, speaks of thirty more than that as the normal of that long past day.

Eat less, all the time less. Let the old pleasures go with the years they belong to. But keep the will alive. Look out for the tendency to slippers and the shuffle. Don't live in memories; let the past go. Don't let in the thought of growing old. Be expectant of new realizations of inner life, new understanding of life. Cease killing yourself by letting harsh thoughts and discolored pictures of others come between you and your sunlight. Keep in touch with the best in human life. Try to sense the beauty and meaning in external nature and the conscious purpose expressed by every leaf and flower. Hold your best enthusiasms. Cynicism is death, a letting down of the pulse of life. Create day by day content and peace and joy and expectancy of heart, and kindness, and the love of children and all young things.

So living, gradually passing the dead point, the new life will come up in us, the life of which that on the other side of death — when at last death comes — is again an evolution.

STUDENT

Let's Win!

10291

WHEN the days are steeped in gloom,
Cares and trials pressing in,
Luck don't seem a-goin' to boom —
Then let's up and win!

We don't need to stand in clover,
We can take our luck and grin;
Tisn't dollars puts it over —
We're a-goin' to win!

It's the way we meet our troubles —
See them out through thick and thin —
Makes 'em pop like airy bubbles:
When we fight we win!

The Gentleman

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340 — 1400)

'TIS villainy that makes a villain,
And by his deeds a churl is seen;
But understand that I intend
To deem no man in any age,
Gentle for his lineage;
Though he be not highly born,
He is gentle if he doth
What longeth to a gentleman.— *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

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The New Way Quotebook

"It is only by studying the various great religions and philosophies of humanity, by comparing them dispassionately and with an unbiassed mind, that men can hope to arrive at the truth. It is especially by finding out and noting their various points of agreement that we may achieve this result. For no sooner do we arrive, either by study or by being taught by someone who knows, at their inner meaning, that we find, almost in every case, that it expresses some great truth in nature."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being. . . . But the universal religion CAN ONLY BE ONE if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of that word. We . . . so accept it; and therefore say, we are all brothers — by the laws of nature, of birth, of death, and also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THREE GREAT IDEAS

"THE *first idea* is, that there is a great Cause — in the sense of an enterprise — called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of Brotherhood are one and the same thing.

"The *second idea* is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the God-head. . . . This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus when he said that we must be perfect even as is the Father in Heaven.

"The *third idea* is, the illustration, the proof, the high result of the other. It is, that the great Helpers of Humanity — those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow — are living veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant."— *W. Q. Judge*

"Do unto another what you would have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone; it is the foundation of all the rest."— *Confucius* (500 B. C.)

"THE only successful substitute for brains, is silence."— *The Eau Claire Leader*

"If a man has eyes to see the true universal Beauty, he becomes the friend of God and immortal."— *Plato*

"To the strong, difficulties are joy, and when they are conquered their strength passes into the conqueror."— *L. Adams Beck*

"EVEN as the magnet draws the iron filings from the heap of dust and arranges them about its poles, so does each latent capacity in us draw at last from the changing complex of our lives that which it needs for its instruments and opportunity."

"THE side-craggs of steep mountains may be considered in three ways: first, as impossibles; second, as difficulties; third, as steps. And they become what they are considered."

"A MAN acquires for himself the strength of the temptations which he successfully resists. Even if an honest attempt fails at first, he gets something out of it. The biggest debt comes down at last under the fire of small payments."

"WHATSOEVER a man thinks towards, there is his will. And fixed will creates destiny. In the long run we can give or deny anything to ourselves. This is at once the promise and the menace of life, its benedictions and retributions."

"YOU can't get rid of your yesterdays by looking back remorsefully at them. The only efficient way is to outgrow them."

"THERE have been times when I believed a man may be the slaughterer of his own eternity."

— *L. Adams Beck*

"BLESSED art thou therefore if thou canst stand still from self-thinking and self-willing and canst stop the wheel of thine imagination, inasmuch as hereby thou mayest be made capable of all manner of divine sensations and communications, since it is naught but thine own hearing and willing that hinder."

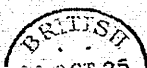
— *An old English mystic*

"SILENCE — that heart-beat of God!"— *Mukerji*

"If each man has within him a special ray of the One Universal Soul, so that this Soul is expressed only through the whole of humanity, it follows that we can fully understand this Soul only by constant effort to enter into sympathetic touch with what is best in those other men with whom what we call chance brings us into contact."

"OVER in the immemorial desert yonder there goes the Arab. The desert is a desert to him. It is merely sand and nothing more. But one day there comes a man who pauses at the same place in the uncharted desert. And he says, 'Dig there.' And presently they lay bare a temple filled with memorials of a great past, a temple of which the frescoes are as fresh as when they were painted. He knew it was there."

"There is a buried magnificence in every man. There is a hidden splendor, a secret temple, and God alone knows that it is there."— *W. J. Dawson*



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Every effort carves the next.

1163000
Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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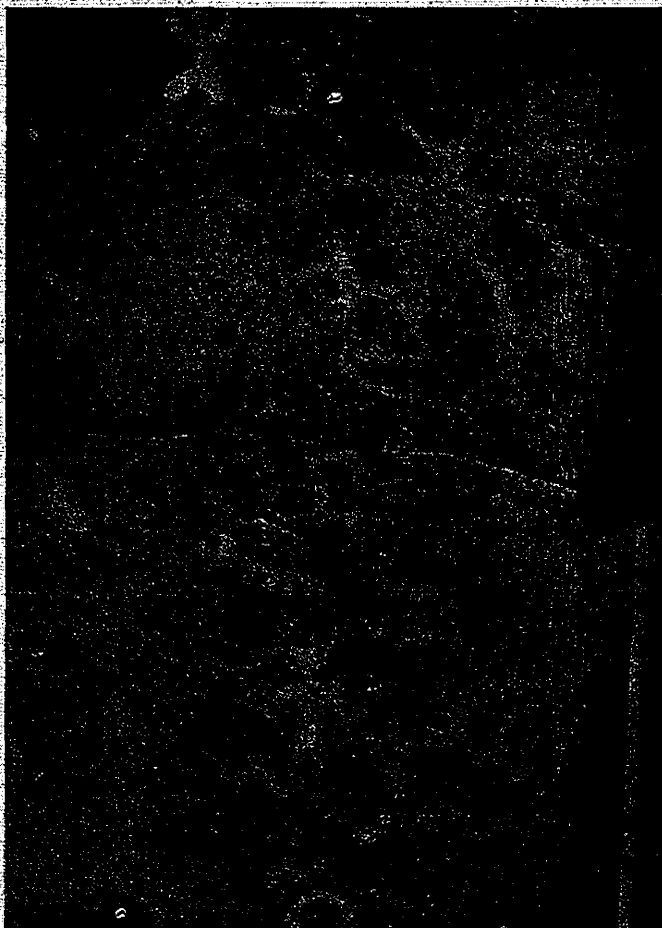
No. 10

Ancient Pictographs in the Hava Supai Canyon

THE Hava Supai Canyon is a long, narrow valley which joins the great Colorado river about 150 miles west of the famous Bright Angel Trail; its sides are composed of red sandstone of the very ancient Carboniferous formation. At one place the canyon widens out into a secluded valley where 186 Supai Indians—the last decaying remnants of a once powerful and numerous tribe—live under the administration of an Indian Agency. At this spot a mysterious underground river emerges from the rocks at a place where the Carboniferous sandstone rests on the underlying Silurian limestone.

Professor Hubbard says:

"The volume of this stream never varies, winter or summer. It continues for three miles through the valley which it irrigates



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ANCIENT PICTOGRAPH SHOWING MAN AND SOME PREHISTORIC BEAST. FROM HAVA SUPAI CANYON ARIZONA

The cliffs along the Hava Supai Canyon for many miles were used by unknown ancient peoples as their picture-gallery.

(Courtesy of Professor S. Hubbard, Oakland Museum)

and then, after forming three beautiful falls, merges with the Colorado. I mention this stream because it is of great age and was the most potent factor in drawing to this point the successive waves of prehistoric population which rolled over this part of the prehistoric desert, leaving behind them drawings, paintings, and rock-walled forts along its ever-rising banks. The valley is approximately 3195 feet above sea-level. The surrounding plains, chiefly of solid stone and very barren, are from 6200 to 6700 feet elevation."

The pictographs are made in an unusual way: instead of being painted on the rocks they are incised by a sharp tool through a very hard black coating on the vertical red sandstone cliffs, called locally 'desert varnish,' and formed by the action of a trace of iron in the strata. They stand out in vivid red upon the black background. R.

"Our Tomorrow"

(From an extemporaneous public address delivered by

KATHERINE TINGLEY

at the International Theosophical Headquarters,

Point Loma, California, May 17, 1925)

TODAY, in looking over some old papers, I came upon something that I cut out of a London newspaper more than thirty years ago. It purported to be George Washington's dream, or vision. It was considered of enough importance to be printed at one time in many different newspapers throughout the world. In it, Washington comes very close to the present era, when brother shall be against brother and country against country.

We are divided in so many ways. In the first place, we are divided by the different doctrines of religion and the different sects within each religion. If these different sects, if the different doctrines taught by the various churches, did not contradict one another, we should have the universal religion, instead of the present diversity. With this broad platform we should not lose sight of the Supreme — the Infinite, All-knowing, All-loving Deity, — nor of the great Initiate, Jesus, who exemplified the spirit of brotherly love.

Unless something new and noble happens, our Tomorrow has not the aspect of promise, of harmony. We have not very much to give to our children. If one looks at the real, inner, spiritual life of humanity today, one sees that we have not much to pass on to them. To be sure, we have the records of great geniuses, great statesmen, no end of advancement on the material plane, and we have everywhere the results of our prosperity as a country, and its worldly advancement. But the whole tendency of today is separateness; the whole tendency of our Tomorrow should be unity. How can it be brought about? Where shall we begin? Whom can we trust?

Brotherhood points to the way. The spirit of Brotherhood looms up to me as a Divine Presence, a great brooding power, a high and winged thing, of such force that though we cannot touch it nor know it in its depths, we can feel in it the great throbbing Heart of Compassion, and of unity. It reminds us that we are our brothers' keepers. These are the things we must think of if we are to find ourselves tomorrow in a new situation, nationally and internationally, and above all things spiritually.

We all know the disappointments of earth-life as it is lived today; we know the wonderful aspirations of our childhood and youth, when the world was beautiful and glorious. We reach manhood and womanhood and we go through our experiences and our heart-aches; we find human nature at times so weak; we often find perfidy where we should find friendship; we find disharmony, disorganization, cruelty, and brutality, where we should find their opposites.

By the time we are fifty or sixty years of age we imagine the stamp of death is on us and we are counting our years — that is, according to the modern conception of the life of man.

But if we kept the spirit of Brotherhood in our hearts, in our daily lives, in our homes, in our laws, in our nations, and in the international life of the world, we should be such optimists that when we are fifty or sixty years old, we should have such a grip on life that new joy would shine forth from our eyes, our voices would tell of the splendor of existence, and the example of our lives would be so superb, so glorious, so clean, so uplifting, so unselfish, and so over-brooding in compassion and gentleness, that life would be truly joyful.

We should feel in our hearts love for our fellow-men; we should feel deep compassion and tenderness for the poor fellows behind the bars, for the hopeless street-woman and the drunkard, for the worst of them all. If we were true Christians we would hold them in our hearts and feel that there was no use in talking about our heaven somewhere in space for us, until the whole world could go with us, until the whole of God's great family, every living thing, had found its place, and brotherly justice had been done to all.

So our Tomorrow can have a brighter aspect if we choose to make it; but the question is, how shall we begin? No one, or two, or three, can change the world. Everything worth while begins in a small way; but to the men and women of this age who have their doubts of the future, who are waiting for the light to break, let me tell them that Brotherhood is the panacea for suffering humanity. It is unpurchasable; it is right at hand; it requires no benediction from the Gods, nor from men; it offers no worldly honors; but it does bring to human life something that no man can afford to lose — a peace of mind, an assurance, a conviction of one's own essential divinity, of being a part of the great universal Light. It enables every man to feel that he has the power to serve his fellows, that he can dignify the smallest duty, honor it, beautify it, and live in it, and thus become a part of all that is good and ennobling. Man can overcome the most forbidding obstacles in his nature, if he will; and as he rises in the consciousness of his own divinity, of his having a right to be considered one of God's family, blessings follow immediately.

Then comes a broader vision to the man who loves knowledge, who seeks wisdom, and begs for guidance along the path that leads to evergrowing perfectibility. This is what men are hungering for, even those poor fellows that go to prison; and we hang them with our 'Christian' laws! Alas! That is the way in which we are building for Tomorrow! There is such a lack of that brotherly spirit that should be in every thought and action of our lives.

Let every man say to himself, 'I will be unafraid.



I will arise and go to my Father — first in imagination, and then in my life. I will build my life on a new foundation. I will stand as one of the living examples of the nobler age. If my home is full of unrest, if there is trouble and sorrow there, I will go there and I will be the Light. If my city is in need of me, I will place myself where I can do the greatest service, indifferent to political considerations, or to honors, or to adulation. In my business-affairs, everything shall be so honestly and so justly and so considerately done, that I shall prove that I am my brother's keeper, even in my smallest duties. I shall gain money in order to meet the necessities of my life, but I shall not make it the God of my life.

My ambition shall be only that I may rise as a spiritual being, as a conqueror of self, as a living example; for wherever I may be, busy in my office or alone on the desert, as surely as the Gods live I shall affect the thought-atmosphere of the world! If I am among men, I shall affect them more directly. I shall place my personal self humbly before my Higher Nature (which is the Divine part) as the willing servant — not of the Lord in the ordinary sense, but of the Divine Laws. I shall work in harmony with them; I shall search my soul, and challenge myself for more knowledge, for more light. I shall gain the strength that I need, in order that I may conquer my weaknesses, that I may bring to the front the virtues of my nature. And each time I do it I shall find myself gathering that strength which belongs to the spiritual neophyte, the spiritual student.

Let each one here try to take out of this little talk something that will put new life into his nature, that will give him a new hope, a new vision, a new trust, and a greater spiritual and moral energy. If this is done, man will be using what in the truest sense is the energy and life of the Universe, which pours through us spiritually when we are at our best, when we aspire, when we hope, when we work, and try to make our lives examples of pure, clean living. Let man's life be so clean that the very air will be sweet with a fragrance that no one has ever known before.

So can you not imagine that in our Tomorrow men will rise in the strength and dignity of their own essential divinity and go forth and preach a new doctrine to the world — a new doctrine of pure, true brotherhood, for brotherhood is a fact in nature — the doctrine of universal religion that, freed from creeds and dogmas, shall manifest the spirit of divine brotherhood that Jesus taught: "Love ye one another."

Tree Philosophy

"POOR little leaf, dropping down dead like that!"
 "No, no," I said, "it's more alive than before."
 "Why, how's that, daddy?"
 "It's gone back into the great tree, Flossie; that's

only the outside dead shell you're looking at. The tree is a living thing, as if there was a light in its heart hidden there deep inside its great rough trunk. Every spring the light throws out thousands and thousands of sparks from itself right to the end of the littlest twigs. Then the twigs wake up and begin to throw out the little bits of folded up green leaves with the living spark in each leaf. Then the little leaves grow and unfold themselves and spread out so as to catch all the sunshine they can. So all the summer they are very happy, growing and waving about in the sun and brushed by the rain and drinking dew and taking in air-food. All the air-food they don't need for their own growing they send down the twig into the great trunk for the mother tree herself."

"But you said they don't die, daddy, and there's another fallen this minute, all dried up and browned."

"Well, the tree never intended them to stay on all through the winter. And so, when the autumn begins to come on, the tree draws back the living sap — which is like your blood — from the leaf and stores it with all the rest of the sap from all the leaves into the great trunk and root; and the life-spark that shines in the sap of each little leaf comes back again not dead at all into the *great* light that is the soul of the tree, — maybe to come out again next spring after its rest and get clothed with fresh leaf-stuff. Did you ever notice that no two leaves, even when there are millions, are just exactly alike?"

"Why no! Are they all different? There's *millions and millions* on this old tree of ours!"

"Well, you know that a lot of sheep seem all alike to you, don't they? But the shepherd, who's accustomed to them, sees lots of differences, and he knows that each of them has its own little distinct ways of behaving, too, and a different voice that *you* couldn't tell was different. And it's like that with the leaves. If you take lots of care with them you soon begin to see the differences. Each has its own little special life out there on the end of its twig. And no doubt it thinks itself quite separate from all the other leaves."

"But isn't it?"

"In a way it is and in a way it isn't. It's part of the great life of the tree, all the time, the life that's superintending everything that goes on in the tree, arranging for new branches and new roots and the flowering and food-storing and a thousand other things. The little spark of life out there in the leaf at the end of the twig is really concerned too in all that, but is so occupied with its own little doings that it does not take any notice of the feeling it has all the time of the big doings of the whole great trunk and root — at least not till its spark and sap-blood are drawn back in the autumn and mix up with the whole life again. But it must come back there somehow a little different from what it was when it went out in the spring. In its little way it must have learnt things all those months out there on the twig in the sun

and rain and dust and insects. So when the little souls of the leaves have all got back home by winter and mixed up into a great whole with the rest and with the great light, there must be quite a little more wiseness and *think* in the mother tree than before. In its quiet way the tree must now know more, be kind of richer in knowings, don't you think?"

"But if the little leaf-lives are all dissolved up in the great tree-life, why, they aren't themselves any more, are they? Who wants to be somebody else?"

"But, Flossie, you said the other day you always knew what mamma was thinking of, even when she was in the next room. And you knew when she had a headache, even if she didn't say anything about it or show anything. Isn't that like being yourself and somebody else at the same time? And you said that if Johnny was naughty any day it made you feel naughty too. Don't you think if there was a great earthquake somewhere not far off and hundreds of people were killed, or their mothers or little brothers killed, don't you think you might feel very dismal that day and yet not quite know why?"

"Oh yes, I'm *sure* I should!"

"So it may be we're all of us each himself and yet at the same time mixed up with lots of other people, even with all the people there are, so that we might even feel it when a whole nation was very sad about something, or very happy?"

"Why, daddy, that's splendid! It makes us like the big tree and the little leaves. — I wonder if we all made ourselves feel very nice at peoples with earthquakes, or sadnesses for something, we could make them feel a wee bit better about it? — I guess I'm getting a lot of new thinks out of that old tree. You're a very nice old tree! I believe I'll come and talk to you sometimes, maybe Sunday mornings. Could you talk back, old tree? Not *words*, you know; I wouldn't be expecting that; just *feels*; I'll understand."

— But it was lunch time and mamma was calling.

— DADDY

A Lens for the Will

"**NO WILL?** My dear boy, you've got all the will there is. You're all the time in an ocean of it. The only trouble with you — and all of us — is that you don't focus it."

"Well, have it that way if you want to. But how can it be focussed?"

"Just a question of imagination. We neither guard nor use our imaginations as we should. What is a temptation but the sudden arising of an imagined picture — we call it a thought — of the doing of something, and we follow right along and do it, 'fall for it' as we say. In that way we are all more or less weak-

lings, more or less run by our imaginations instead of keeping them well trained and bridled. By the rescue of imagination and right use of it there are no heights a man cannot reach.

"Imagination gets its material from memory. You do something once, and the doing registers itself as a picture in memory. The same situation recurs, and the picture at once comes forward as the idea to do that thing again, the imagination of doing it, really the temptation to do it.

"A memory thus becomes an imagination. But also the other way about. That boy *thought* of taking cash from his employer's till a good many times before he *did* it. The 'thought' was just a momentary imagining of the taking. Each time, the picture got stronger. At last it was stronger than his resistance, his fear, his caution, his sense of honor. He had never created a 'feel,' a picture of himself, as a boy of honor, as above such a dirty bit of work, never created this and taken the opportunity to make it stronger each time he saw the cash-drawer open or thought of the theft. In that way he might have made the very temptation itself a means of growing up into a man of honor, incapable either of that or any other low deed.

"But apart from such cases as that, men may and often do make their whole lives worthless by silly use of imagination and letting it run itself. They entirely fill up with the idea of money-earning, for instance, whether just for the sake of it or to retire 'in comfort' at sixty. The picture fills up their minds till there's little or no space left for anything else. That's their drive. The dollar picture completely runs them, has completely got their will. And so when they come to die they've got to look back and see that in regard to all the greater issues of life they're dead blanks. Some men let the (in its place, quite proper) idea of health over-run them in the same way, fill up their imagination with exercises and tonics and diets and formulas to be mumbled at every odd moment till they haven't mental room to think what the health is to be used for when they do get it — if they do.

"Imagination should be trained to keep things in their proper proportion. Run your imagination, don't let it run you! Imagination is the only handle by which we can take hold of will, the burning-glass that concentrates will into a focus and makes it active. Take your case. You say you can't get up in the morning directly you awake, can't make yourself take the 'daily dozen' for the good of your health, can't get up from the table when you've had enough or resist the appeal of things you know you shouldn't eat. To say 'Be a man and just do it' is no help to you; and besides, in the larger issues, you're just as much of a man as anyone. 'Put your will into it' is no better. But don't let yourself hear yourself say you've *got* no will. Besides not being true and an insult to yourself, the effect of that sentence, spoken or even thought, is a morally para-

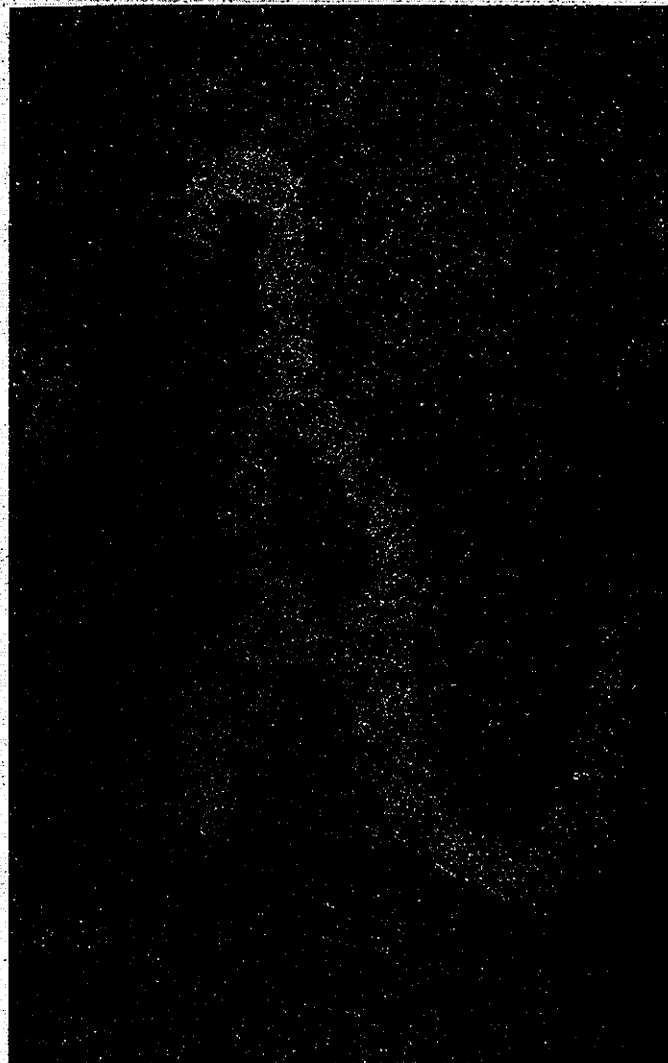
lysing auto-suggestion. You're creating and enforcing by means of the words an imagined picture of yourself as half a man. And that ultimately comes to mean acting and feeling in all other matters as half a man.

"As I said, you've got all the will there is. All

two to it! And if you miss the trick and find yourself only out after the usual ten minutes, make the picture again right there and then again at night. You can't lose after a day or two.

"And with that bit of self-respect won, go on to all other matters, one by one. Look back at failures in self-control and self-discipline and imagine what you should have done to make success. Look forward to points at which failures are usual and reconstruct your feel of yourself in respect of them. It's these little meditations, never let go, never slackened from discouragement, that finally build the real man. It's never too late to take hold of anything, from bad temper upward. The power to create pictures leading to fine and right deeds, in short the power of imagination, is what marks a man as essentially and radically more than any animal. Imagining in this way is *soul-work*."

STUDENT



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

PREHISTORIC PICTOGRAPH, SAID TO REPRESENT A
DINOSAUR, PERHAPS THE *DIPLODOCUS*, ANCIENT
MONSTER REPTILES EXTINCT FOR AGES

Found in Hava Supai Canyon, Arizona

(Courtesy of Professor S. Hubbard, Oakland Museum)

you've got to do to get it at work is to create the right pictures for it to work through. There's no picture in your way in regard to that getting out of bed matter, only the body's laziness. Now make a picture just as you turn in at night, the picture or thought of yourself as awaking and swinging up out of bed at once. Make it clear! Give a minute or

low and thick over the water, and sheer from the edge of the cliffs to as far as you could see was just like the rolling tops of the clouds frozen into stillness, and with the morning sun lighting the tops into gleaming snow and throwing the hollows into soft gradations of shadow. The slap and crack and roar of the waves, which usually comes distantly mellowed up the hill-

A Morning Meditation

YOU maybe have noticed that the doctor-editor of this paper has been publishing a lot lately about mind-silence. Well, I was passing his place early one morning recently (his house is about half-a-mile from the coast and about three hundred feet above sea-level), and there was a sight over the water that I wanted him to see.

When I called him he said, "Hullo, you don't want medicine this time of day, do you?"

I said, "You can keep your rainbow pills." (He makes them up in various colors, and I tell him that's the only difference there is between them.) "I want you to see this sight over the sea."

He answered, "Well, I was just about to shave."

I said, "Let 'em grow for a day, Doc."

And he answered back, "I'd lose my reputation."

So I said, "Well, that ain't much. Come on out. I've got an idea."

He said, "Just think of that—at last! What's it doing to you?"

But he came out; and there was a fine sight over the sea to the west. The mist had gathered low and thick over the water, and sheer from the edge of the cliffs to as far as you could see was just like the rolling tops of the clouds frozen into stillness, and with the morning sun lighting the tops into gleaming snow and throwing the hollows into soft gradations of shadow. The slap and crack and roar of the waves, which usually comes distantly mellowed up the hill-

side, was entirely suppressed by the blanket of mist. All Nature was steeped in silence.

While we gazed, the clouds moved, lifted, and receded rapidly from the shore, piling up into a thick bank beyond. And then just as quickly the whole mass changed and drifted over the land, pouring in a steady stream across the shore, sweeping up the canyons and across the Point Loma hills. The sound of the sea was gone again, all the distance was hidden, and things near at hand became dim and mysterious through the silently flowing veil of the mist.

We stood and watched for some time, and all thought seemed swamped and suppressed by the intense quietness. At last the Doctor said, as we turned to walk back to his house, "It's like a great, living Presence; a sentient, conscious silence."

"You've exactly hit on my idea," I said. "Just in the same way as this mysterious mist has come like a Presence from the higher and purer layers of the atmosphere, hushing outer Nature into silence, so it seems to me that in ourselves mind-silence comes not so much by the stilling of the rattle of our brains by an act of will as by the invocation of something higher — a spiritual Presence that for the time dominates all lesser things. That, based on the conviction that ninety-nine per cent of the brain-churning and speculation we indulge in is unnecessary and gets nowhere, will give us that inner silence and peace that came with the mist."

Surely, I thought as I went back down the road, there is endless light and help for the man who will sincerely search for it within his own heart. And the beauty of it is that it is not something only to be won by the cultured and educated; because it makes no difference how far a man may have fallen in his own self-respect; when he turns again with longing for purity and health of mind, the higher, Divine side of him is ever waiting and willing to help; the greater the need the more the help.

So we got something, after all, even if the doctor did have to go unshaved to his breakfast. — D.

The Way of All Flesh — and the "Other Way"

BEHOLD there was a Boy in one of the Eastern States that fell from the top of the landing upon the top of his Head and was grievously hurt, so that for many days they mourned, knowing not whether the Life would stay in him or not. And when at last he was Better, Behold, from a Boy of urbane and obliging and Law-abiding Nature, he was become a Boy that seemed to have none other Purpose in life than to work Evil wheresoever there was a chance of it.

And at last they had in the great Chirurgeons, each in a white Apron and with many Knives and

Corkscrews in his Kit. And they prevailed upon the Boy to lie upon a Table and gave him strange-smelling Vapors to breathe of till he seemed well-nigh dead. And whilst he was Thus they manipulated his dented-in Skull with their Knives and Chisel and Gimlets and made it smooth again even as is yours and mine.

And when the Boy had come out of the malefic Influence of the strange Vapors and at last was Healed, Behold, he was once again a good and urbane and obliging and Law-abiding Boy. So they said, How foolish is the Talk that Man has within him a high Soul! There is naught but Body. When the Body is well-formed and seemly, seemly and good too are the Man's doings. But when the Body and Brain are disordered and misformed, misformed and evil are the Deeds. And if we perforce act thus in accordance with the Bodily conformation and the orderly or disorderly fibering of the Brain, wherefore all this vain talk of Freedom of Will and Moral Responsibility? And they all Laughed and went their ways, slapping their Stomachs, for it was Dinner-time.

But one stood apart and Communed with himself a little. Are there not People, he said, of the most excellent Bodily Conformation, whose Deeds and Thoughts and Dispositions are all utterly evil and unseemly, Scourges to the Community. Men both behind and in front of the Bars of Prisons? And are not some of the very Saints of the Earth enclosed in Bodies whose every fiber jangles out of tune, stricken Men and frail Women that are Benedictions to their Tribe? Go to! The Soul can greatly and nobly prevail, making the Bodily Obstacles but the Steps for its own greater Triumph, the Occasions for the summoning of its Resources from its Divine Deeps. How should one sharpen a Razor save against the resisting Toughness and Leatheriness of the Strop? How nurture the Will save by Butting it against the Sloth and Perversity of Flesh? Let the young Children thus be taught, yea in the very Cradles as they absorb Nutriment from the Patent Feeding Bottles, and Civilization shall yet come up out of its so dire Eclipse and the Gods of War no longer darken the fair green Fields of Brotherly Peace. A WATCHER

Happiness

(From *The Cambrian*)

IT is worth while to try any recipe for happiness. Here is one that at least is to be commended for its simplicity and for the fact that it is within the reach of all.

It is to rid yourself of the notion of your rights.

Think a bit and you will see that the greater part of all the indignities, chagrins and humiliations you have had to endure arises from certain ideas you entertain about what is due you.

If you can knead your mind about till you come to the conclusion that nothing at all is due you, happiness is pretty sure to come in and take permanent lodgings in your heart.

Most of us have a contempt for manipulating our minds to suit the inevitable, and an admiration for those who can coerce events to suit their desires.

But, for instance, suppose, when you wake in the morning, before you get out of bed to do your gymnastics, you do a little mental exercise. Ask yourself: "Why should anyone love me? Why should I be sought, admired or praised? What right have I to wealth or health? Others suffer; why should I be happy? I have no claims on the universe, so if anything good comes my way today I shall consider myself in luck."

Before you get up clean out of your mind every feeling of your rights and see what kind of a day you will have.

Don't try it for more than one day, at first, for it will tax your forces.

Old habits of thought will bring constant suggestions that you are being abused, imposed upon, oppressed.

Be patient. Put those ideas away. Just try one day to act on the theory that you have no rights at all.

To get the taste of life we must approach it as a beggar at the king's court. If we are despised, what more natural? If we are feasted, what a marvel!

Rather, let us say that none can get the rich, sweet flavor of life unless he has the spirit in him of a little child.

Verily, verily, he that cannot be changed and become as a little child shall never know at all how good a thing it is to live.

Haven't You Felt That Way?

Maurice Smiley in *Collier's Weekly*

HAVEN'T you often worn goggles of blue,
And, seeing life's sham and its shame,
Felt it was all a big scramble, and you
Might as well get into the game?
That nothing much mattered but a big bunch of cash,
And the man who was good was a jay,
And the whole blooming country was going to smash?
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

Haven't you felt it was hardly worth while
To try to live up to your best?
And haven't you smiled a cynical smile —
And something way down in your breast
Whispered life had a prize that was higher than gold
And sweeter than fame or display?
And the faith that had slipped took a brand new hold?
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

And didn't a peace come near that was far
And urge you to strive toward it still?
And didn't you turn your face to a star,
And didn't you say: "I will!"?
And weren't you stronger, and didn't you find
The world was better? And didn't it pay
To be brave and patient and cheery and kind?
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?— *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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

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

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

— H. P. Blavatsky

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

"If one were asked to express, in a word, the characteristic emotion of this period, I do not think the reply could be in doubt. The word would be 'Fear.' As man has sunk into matter, his fears have increased, until now he lives surrounded by fear, is ever obsessed by fear. It poisons all our triumphs, is a wormwood that tinctures all our pleasures. Stimulants and narcotics are used because of the desire to escape, even for a moment, from fear. He whom alcohol or opium has enslaved lives in the hope of obtaining for himself those *moments* when consciousness is carried above that which ties it down. . . .

"After all, there is nothing so very dreadful that can happen to us in this life. There is a limitation to pain — any pain. Evelyn remarks with amazement that the galley-slaves he saw were quite cheerful. Let it all come — sickness, poverty, blindness, torture, hanging or burning at the stake, if it must be so. If we have done the best we can, we ought to be able to stand it without grovelling."

— LAYTON CRIPPEN in *Clay and Fire*

"If you are in the right place, at the right time, and working in the right way, you have nothing in the universe to fear. And if you are following duty with that discrimination and resourcefulness that belong to you as a soul, you *are* in the right place and working in the best possible way, however humble the duty may seem to be."— KATHERINE TINGLEY in *Theosophy: the Path of the Mystic*

"How large and hateful a thing looks that you know you ought to do but are putting off the doing of! But how small and easy when you do get at it and how much better you feel when it's done! Attend to the job the moment it's there to be attended to. Procrastination is lying down negative to life. *Get positive!*"

"MEN suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guarantee of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the repayment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer."— Emerson

"HEALTH by exercise? Certainly; by all means go ahead with it. But for full results, that will stay full, you must work the full program. Did you ever get the glow that comes of an honest slog-in at the study of something that requires all your mind? Or of self-conquest against some temptation? Or of a hard duty well done? Or of a self-sacrificing bit of work for some other fellow needing your help? Or of seeking and getting the sense of the presence and inspiration of your own soul? Perhaps you never thought before of some of these as having anything to do with health, plain matter-of-fact physical health? But they have. Working through the mind they double the worth of all that you do through the body. Try the full program and let me know."

"Now as to this 'meditation' whereof I spoke. Quite other is it than thinking. It is detaching the faculty of vision from the eyes so that they see not; of hearing from the ears so that they hear not. It is ceasing to feel thyself as having any name or any visible form or face, or as being of any age in years, with that it is dissolving thought in self-realization, which is one with realization of the One Great Self. For at this point thou findest that there is only *One Self* anywhere and everywhere, not many, not thou and I and he. Then thou mayst hear the primal song of Life and Being and Joy and Becoming."

— An old Oxford mystic

"THE Soul may be, and is in the mass of men, drugged and silenced by the seductions of sense and the deceptions of the world. But if, in some moment of detachment and elation, when its captors and jailors relax their guard, it can escape their clutches, it will seek at once the region of its birth and its true home."— Seneca

"THERE is a great deal of talk about 'evolution' nowadays, a word which means to 'roll out,' as education means to 'lead out'; but no one has anything to say about 'involution,' by which the indwelling Ego, the real man, the 'I,' took up its abode in the animal body which has evolved from lower forms of life."

— The Master Mason



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Make every soul that touches thine each day
Give thanks thou livest."

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

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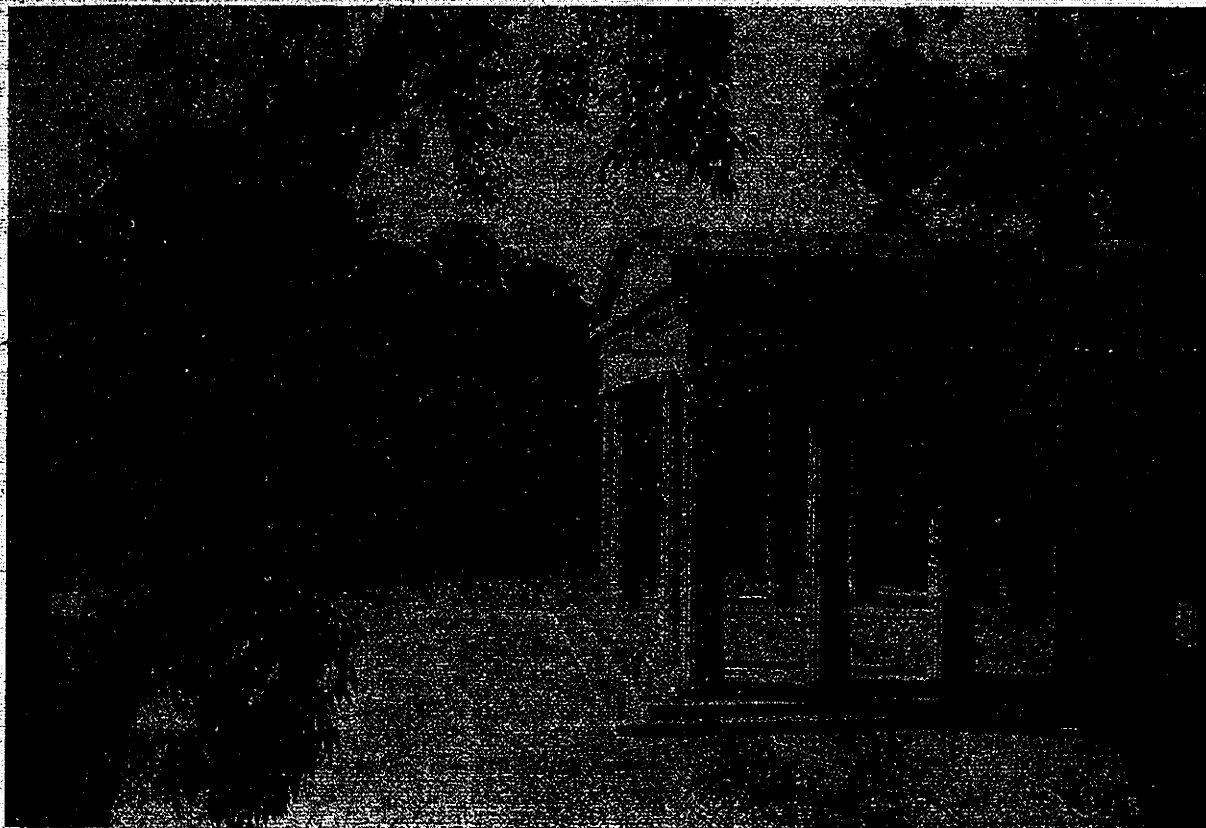
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A SIDE VIEW OF THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, WHERE *THE NEW WAY* IS PUBLISHED

Built by Katherine Tingley in 1901, the first of its kind in America. A portion of the semi-circular tiers of seats is visible at the left.

The Teachings of Jesus

JESUS' whole life marks the deepest and grandest expression of compassion. He was always ready to reach out his hand to the unfortunate. When his disciples marveled at the wonderful things that he did, he promised them that "Greater things than

these shall ye do," thus assuring humanity that all men could do as much as he had done along the path of self-directed evolution, and that if they believed in their essential divinity and lived their lives purely and unselfishly, they would reach towards perfection in ever greater measure.

This is an entirely rational statement and cannot

be successfully contradicted. Jesus' mission was to attract the minds of his followers to the perfect life on earth, to the actual life that his disciples should live. He did not preach the theological heaven and hell. His whole time was spent in making today the day of royal service to humanity, the day of knowledge, the day of discoveries, and the day of self-control and of real happiness; teaching man that within himself lies this Kingdom of Heaven, this essential divinity, which should be aspired to, and which, if made active in his daily life, would enable him to overcome all obstacles, to resist all temptations, and to find that it is a joy to live.

He taught the very essence of the spiritual life. Man's essential divinity, the spiritual quality within, was so much stressed by him that it showed that he taught that it should be the real power in his life, rather than the desire for pleasure, gain, or possessions. The gratification of the latter is really only half-living.

Instead of teaching, as many now teach in the name of religion, about the Kingdom of Heaven tomorrow, the Kingdom afar, the Kingdom of some day, he taught that the Kingdom of Heaven was within man on earth, within the heart, and that just as far as man daily lives up to his knowledge of his essential divinity, just so far does he live close to righteousness.

True religion declares first of all that man is essentially divine, that he is born with the spark of divinity within him, though personally he is still imperfect, and that through this essential divinity he can bring himself up to the dignity of the highest manhood. This is the teaching of Jesus. I can take this message into the prisons, to the man who is going to be hanged, to the man who has been sentenced to many years of confinement, to the man who is having his first experience in the dark cell of prison-life, and who, in the silence and agony of his imprisonment, is questioning: "Where is God?" And at the same time he is cultivating in his heart a hatred of humanity, and his whole nature is turned against the laws of his country, because of what he is enduring. The poor fellow knows nothing of the essential divinity of his nature, nor that even in his lowest state he is still one of "God's great family." I can say to this man who is to be hanged, as I have said to others: "You have another chance! A man may make his mistakes; but to be bowed down in despair, so that he loses sight of Divine love, and believes that if God exists at all, he is a revengeful and punishing God, is wrong! Believe me, Divine laws are all-powerful, all-compassionate, all-loving, and all-merciful. They do not place man here on earth, without any will or choice of his own, and then punish him by holding ever before him the consciousness that he was born in sin. If Jesus were here today, he would repudiate that doctrine."

It is the forms that gather around religion that

obscure its real life, and make it so hard for humanity to understand and apply. But the essence of true religion is eternal and all-saving. It is optimistic. It gives the mother and father a living consciousness of their responsibility. It teaches them that their children have been intrusted to them as the guardians, not only of their bodies, but of their souls, and that the little ones must be prepared for real life by receiving the knowledge of their essential divinity.

And so the parents should bring home to the minds of their children these optimistic ideas of the Christos-love. They should be taught that they are something more than mortal bodies. They should be taught the wonders of nature and the glorious possibilities of the higher human soul — and that true living brings peace. They should be taught the beauty and hope in Death or Rebirth; and love of their fellow-men, which should breathe the spirit of divine brotherhood in every act of their daily life. And more than that, we should teach them of the Supreme Source of Light and Life, Infinite and therefore not finite nor personal, nor revengeful. This does not punish man — *man punishes himself!*

Do you not know that the loving mother is always ready to cling more closely and lovingly to the child who makes the most mistakes? Could the Supreme be less compassionate toward humanity?

Find a new view of life! Believe in the Infinite Laws and work with them on lines of least resistance, and thus find happiness! In this way one can strengthen his church in the essential teachings of religion. He can bring new life to his nation, and light the way towards a better manhood and womanhood, finding new strength to build the homes in greater harmony and peace.

With the consciousness of his essential divinity, man realizes that he is something more than he seems. He has new purposes in life, a larger vision, greater hope, and more confidence in his spiritual nature.

Remember Jesus' words: "This is my commandment. That ye love one another, as I have loved you." And again: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is the very essence of the Gospel of Jesus.

It teaches further that man is born with the same potentialities that Jesus had, for he promised as much when he said: "Greater things than these shall ye do," and "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Are we not all children of the great Father?

Nothing is lost in the great economy of Nature. Remember, those who are discouraged and despairing and who have lost faith in themselves and in their God, that life is eternal for the higher soul of man. Through the soul's experiences in earth-life, man gains



the necessary lessons for the soul's 'salvation'—ever greater perfecting. Knowing that 'as he sows, so must he also reap,' man finds the key to true living. He lives courageously and nobly and honorably in the light of truth.

Surely these optimistic teachings are in harmony with the teachings of Jesus. They give man hope and the courage to push forward, remaining ever faithful to the dictates of conscience. Thus may we hope to carry out the injunction of Jesus: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

— From a recent extemporaneous address of Katherine Tingley's delivered in Sweden.

Get Next to It!

"AND in that day the lion shall lie down with the lamb": — a prophecy concerning the millennium. The words bobbed into my mind somehow as I looked into the friendly, confident, honest eyes of my dog. No doubt the lion and the lamb will then look into each other's eyes in the same friendly way. Why can't men always, all men, look at each other so? If they would do that the whole of the world's black cloud of trouble and pain would immediately begin gathering itself and disappearing over the hill. There's the prescription for prompt general happiness; couldn't fail; easy to do. To some extent we do do it already on Christmas Day, Christmas morning anyhow. That's why it's the happiest day of the year. Strange that we don't take the hint!

Why does a man keep a dog? Just because he likes that perfectly friendly way a dog has about him, the cordial something he throws out. He isn't wanting to 'do' you in any way, and you certainly don't want to 'do' him unless it's for his good.

Brotherhood is a fact in human nature. It is also a law—in this sense: If you obey the laws of health—that is, the laws of your body—you get healthy and then happy, natural happiness all through the body. Acting according to the 'laws of health' means acting according to the proper nature of your body. Then you're healthy and happy. The fact that you *are* healthy and happy shows that you do act according to bodily law. It shows you what bodily law is, what are the inner facts in bodily nature. Go against that nature for a while, and you get unhealthy and unhappy.

So far for the body only. But in exactly the same way Brotherhood is a fact in nature and a law of nature. Act according to Brotherhood, let Brotherhood be in your eyes and heart and conduct all the time, and you get happy and mentally healthy—yes, and pretty soon healthier in body. For instance, you can resist a cold better. That's a fact! And the happiness and health show that you are obeying

a law of nature, adapting your conduct to a *fact* of nature. That's why we can say that Brotherhood is a fact in nature just as the need for sleep is a fact in nature or the need for food. Neglect these facts and you suffer. Neglect Brotherhood, and we suffer. Humanity now suffers so much and always has suffered, because it neglects and always has neglected that fact.

You don't know how to feel Brotherhood? Well, just look in a friendly, encouraging way at the next man you meet and say something on that line. Note how you then feel, how your eyes feel. There you are. Keep that going and you have the trick. Keep that going, and you presently burn up a lot of mental waste and toxins and dry rot lying around in the mind. Little by little. You'll find the thing pleasant from the first moment. Feel better all over, even a little more resistant to the colds hanging around this damp day.

"Give yourself a chance": that's what you would say to a man that was always doing something bad for his health. What you mean is that if he would stop doing that thing the natural state of health would soon begin to show up.

A little higher up the scale of the human make-up, 'giving yourself a chance' means getting the Brotherhood current running. 'Yourself' will thereupon begin to take the opportunity to get into the natural state of mental healthiness.

If you give a friendly touch to another man you get one back, even if he's one of those fellows always on the snarl. Behind his snarl, even unknown to himself, even against his will, there'll be a bit of the other thing. And you've sown a seed in him that will surely ripen, sometime. Must. For the seed is according to that 'fact in nature,' Brotherhood, and can't be killed or in the long run hindered from sprouting.

"The lion shall lie down with the lamb": — call that saying symbolic. Translating it out of symbol, it means that sometime all men will be having this Brotherhood current running all the time, nothing spoiling it, all giving it out to each other, each with that special 'color' or 'flavor' of it that is his, his only, that he only can contribute to the general store, needed by all the rest; and getting from each and all the rest *their* special color and flavor of it. Can't you see what an enormous richness of mind and spirit everyone will be amassing? What general happiness there will be? Must come sometime, because Brotherhood is a fact in nature, and facts will out at last. The 'Law' of Brotherhood is a law that says: 'Get next to the fact of Brotherhood,' just as a law of health means 'Get next to the facts of your body.' You can't get happiness of body without obedience to that latter injunction; you can't get happiness and vigor and far-sightedness and wisdom of mind and spirit without obedience to the former one.

They asked Jesus Christ once to sum up the "law

and the prophets" in one short snappy sentence that would cover the whole business, and he said that they should each "love the Lord *thy* God" with all they were worth and their "neighbor as thyself." The "Lord *thy* God," in this connexion, must surely be that highest, inner, immortal part of us that is always urging us from within to get close to the Brotherhood line of feeling and conduct, an inner Presence, the Soul. The collective '*Thy* Gods' of all men are to the *One* God as the rays of the sun to the sun itself. The two parts of the injunction run together. You can't go far with either of them without finding that you are also going with the other.

If you can't bring about the general millennium right away, you can always start in with a private and personal one. It works all right even for one.

STUDENT

Opportunity!

THAT word 'opportunity'! Which of us uses it as he might, to alter the look of all the difficulties and troubles in his path?

The side crags of steep mountains may be regarded in three ways, said an old thinker: first, as impossibles; second, as difficulties; third, as steps. And, he added, they become what they are regarded as.

Whatever is right now in front of us and around us, whatever condition now is, is opportunity. Life is actually so arranged for each mortal that every particular hour and condition contains an invitation to some power latent in him to come forth into action, to function and thereby grow — perhaps not much just then, say one point; still, growth along any line whatever is an affair of these one points, added one by one on to the last. If the troublesome or painful condition is viewed in one way it may, as the old fellow said, look like an impossible barrier; viewed in another way that same condition becomes an available opportunity for growth. In one view there is little but barriers, difficulties and discouragements, in life; in another there is nothing but stairway and opportunity.

Pain is difficult to bear. Think of it as an opportunity for development of the heroic pain-bearing power. Make the best effort to think of it in that way and so squeeze out of it what there is in it for you.

If you have a vice under which you fail and fall, *fight!* Don't fight tomorrow, or this afternoon, but **NOW!** There is always a difference which widens to eternity between a used NOW and an unused one. If you are going to fail this afternoon, you will nevertheless be stronger for the effort you make Now. The great men of every sort are great simply because in the long and forgotten stretches of the past they used their NOWs while the small men lost them.

Strange gleams of memory sometimes shine for a moment in the eyes of a child.

In other words, stand front-on, to all the moments, and do something in each. Fill your whole thought with the sense of opportunity till you can meet life gladly and confidently whatever its difficulties and troubles. And in each moment try to feel in your own heart that great Heart of the world which answers the weaknesses of us all with invitations and opportunities to overcome them, to win on step by step nearer to that ideal manhood which will be the attainment somewhere, sometime, of us all.

Let us be sure that life is nothing but opportunity. It is a mountain-side with a vast glory upon the top. Every moment can be made a step; out of every barrier and every difficulty can be drawn a strength. And the great benediction streams down into the lowest valleys upon him who *tries*, touching him from the first moment of the first effort, without any reservation on account of his past. It not only blesses him who tries, *but pre-eminently him who hearkens someone else to try.*

STUDENT

Shutting Off Steam

I OFTEN used to step into the Winding House at Gillard's End Colliery merely to watch Ted Haynes control the mighty engine that hauled the 'cage' up the main shaft. An indicator moving on a graduated scale marked the exact position of the cage, and as it neared the surface a bell gave warning to shut off steam and apply the brakes. I always admired the easy confidence and never-failing promptitude with which Ted slowed down the revolutions of the big drum and thus prevented the tragedy of over-winding.

One evening his relief turned up just as I was leaving and as we tramped home I expressed my wonder that man should possess such control over the works of his hands and yet be so helpless in the matter of thought-control. "I wouldn't admit it to everybody," I said, "but I don't mind telling you that in spite of all that I can do, I often find my thoughts tearing along like a team of runaway horses just wherever they take a fancy to go."

"Same here," replied Ted. "I know well enough that I stand back of my mind and that I ought to be able to turn it any way that I want to. It oughter be just as easy to cut off a stream of thought as to shut off that steam-valve and stop the cage. Steam we've harnessed, and wind and water too; but most of us can no more stop the wear and fear of worry than we can stop an earthquake. I'm dead sure that it can be done, though, 'cause since I've been trying at it I know I've a lot more power that way than ever I had before. You *can* get silence in the

workshop and I reckon it's only in the snatches of that sort that a man can get on to what he really is."

"Hold hard a minute," I said. "If thoughts are all stilled down in my mind, what is there left to keep a man awake? I should be pretty much like a spectator in an empty theater staring at a deserted stage. A fellow might just as well be dead."

"Well," said Ted, "in a way that's so and in a way it ain't. One end of a see-saw comes up just to the amount the other goes down, don't it? Well, it's the end of us that goes up when we shove the other down that we want to get to know about, the real chap. And I tell you he's a surprisin' big and splendid fellow once you get the feel of him. But talking of death — I'll say this much, that this here power of mind-bossing is a mighty good preparation for leaving one's body when the time comes, because the man who's got it has learnt that he ain't just his own brain-clatter and he can step out serene and glad into a bigger life he's already trained himself to get the touch of. He has entered the silence so often, that when death stills the chatter of the brain, he knows exactly how it feels to live above that kind of stuff. You know when we lost our little Joe last fall, I was all broken up about it and no mistake. And yet even when I felt the sorest, I was conscious of a part of me that stood behind, calm and untroubled, sympathizing more with the trouble of the little mother and the rest than pained about Joe. And I guess that sympathy with others and forgettin' yourself is one way to *find* yourself, the big chap."

At the turn of the road, my companion stopped to shake a pebble out of his shoe. "There you are again," he said as we walked on, "I can shake a pebble out of my shoe and be done with it, but I've sometimes gone for a whole forenoon with a pesky little *memory* pebble of how some one had stroked my fur the wrong way, till I was half crazy. And all for no good, mind you, 'cause the trouble was over and done with and only the memory left. I reckon we shall never get anywhere till we take right hold of this thing and get to work on it in dead earnest. We can do what we like with a machine that the mind has invented, and it stands to reason that we ought to be able to manage the mind itself."

At Siston Hill, Ted turned off to his cottage, and as I went my way I said to myself that I would be master in my own house if it took me a thousand years.

MACHINIST

Gods that have Forgotten

"I GUESS he sees himself as he is, at last."

"Serve him right, the dirty cur!"

You hear a snatch of talk in the street sometimes, as you pass a couple of fellows, that makes you want to get some more of the story. In this case somebody had evidently suddenly got a sight of his own per-

sonality as it really was and not as it had hitherto thought itself.

And that is really the way to put the matter if we look at it carefully a moment. One's sense of one's personality, one's personality in fact, grows up slowly in the mind, is created by the mind, is our mental feel of ourselves. Personality consists of the customary states of mind we have, the mind's color and ways of feeling and thinking and behaving and of responding to the body. In fact we only know the body at all in so far as it, so to speak, gets into the mind and becomes part of the personality. Inasmuch as we can control the mind and, by steady practice alter it and its ways of looking at things and behaving and thinking, so we can control and finally entirely alter our personalities. Men often refashion themselves all through for the better.

Waking in the morning is rather like being born. First the *body* awakes amid the sheets and feels comfortable and refuses to get up. Then the *mind* awakes, slowly and reminiscently, and the days' stream of thoughts sets in. Lastly (just get this, will you?) the *soul* returns to the body from *its* place, being mostly able to write down nothing in the brain, so that we, mentally, remember nothing of the soul-life we had in the hours of deep sleep, and are drowned and self-lost (as souls) in the turmoil and rush of the day's thoughts and sensations. Only by the strong attempt to find the soul can we begin to answer our question, *Who are we?*

And so birth. The infant animal *body* awakes into sensation and appetite. Then as the weeks and months go by the *mind* comes more and more into action. Lastly the *soul*, "trailing clouds of glory" it may be, but the mind recognises naught of them; nor, presently, does the soul recognise itself, drowned as it is in the body and mind. A few only of us will, in the years, take the trouble to search for and find ourselves. So at death we return whence we came, nothing, or almost nothing, the wiser for life (or what we call life). What we call life is of the same stuff as dream. The true waking to reality is the coming to itself of the soul. The real life, and the true feel of oneself as a soul, is gained during life only by the steady control of mind and thoughts and body and personality. It is done by the faithful doing of duty against the resistance of pride or resentment or the mood of the moment or laziness or desire for pleasure. It is done by the cultivation of that sense of unity with our fellows which comes of realizing that all are in the same case as we, all *gods that have forgotten*.

STUDENT

The "Criminal Type"

"EVERY now and then science discovers that it knows something that isn't so," said the Engineer to his guest, the Merchant.

"What's the nature of the latest find — if it's not too high up for unscientific me?"

"Oh, it's only this: that after studying up a set of earmarks to define the so-called 'criminal type,' science now admits that there is no criminal type."

"Well, well! So the criminal is no more condemned by the conformation of his body to a life of crime than you and I to a life of virtue. In other words it's up to him just as it is to you and me?"

"The simple fact is that science has been leaving out the chief part of us, concentrating attention on the body and forgetting the tenant. The real man is that which *uses* the body and can react as he will to his surroundings. And there we come upon the deepest fact of human nature — its duality."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I refer to the higher and lower elements at conflict within us. How many of us can claim to have completely dominated the lower? And on the other hand is anyone so utterly bad as to have no gleam of divinity somewhere in him? As for the men we call criminals — why, the rarest qualities of genuine brotherly feeling show up just as often among those behind bars as among any others. I noticed lately that an eastern prison band had broadcasted a first-class concert program of fine music. These shut-ins had sent a fine harmonious note out into the jazzy whirl of modern life. They were giving their touch of the higher human nature to a society which will hardly credit them with any good to appeal to."

"But what about discipline?"

"Begin to evoke the power of self-discipline even in the cradle. The child can learn the duality of its nature earlier than you'd imagine and take a pleasure in taking a stand for the higher. Every child should have a wise love directing it and calling forth its best. How many, even in the best homes, are trained for ideal citizens? Our educational system does not build character, and a clever, trained mind can go further in planning and executing wrong than an ignorant one. If we understood ourselves we'd solve the prison problem."

"One of the thinking wardens has just come out with the figures of an up-to-date investigation, showing that the inmates of prisons are neither more sane nor more insane, more stupid nor more brilliant, than outside citizens, — in short, that they are a cross-section of the population. So that settles pigeon-holing; the prisoner and you and I and everybody has got to study out the root fact of human nature — duality. We all have the makings of gods and demons within us. We need to understand that we all have a divine side with which we can win out. A *living* belief in this fact will 'begin as an experiment and end as an experience.' The old Greek philosophers only repeated a very ancient teaching when they summed up wisdom in three words: 'Man, know thyself!'"

MINER

A Common-sense Sermon

REMEMBER that the more you consult the animal part of you, the body, as to what it would like, rather than your own judgment as to what it actually needs for its well-being, the more consultations it will demand. Finally it will claim to occupy your whole attention — save for the short periods when all its demands happen to have been filled. But if you will keep your judgment on deck and your will active in restraint, you will quickly learn to distinguish well between the body's proper instincts and its improper cravings. For it really does know what it needs, like any other animal. You couldn't get your dog to eat when he isn't hungry.

The dog hasn't got any imagination; that's the secret. We have, because we are souls in an animal body. And we intensify animal desires by dwelling in imagination upon their gratification. So they come to have enormously increased power over us and may lead us to wreck and ruin ourselves.

A human being is an imager, a thinker, a willer, that has brought these powers at birth with him into an animal, into the highest bit of evolution in the animal world; and he can imagine, will, and think according to his animalism or according to his humanity. He can strike the right balance between animalism, mentality, and spirituality, "rendering unto Caesar what is Caesar's" and no more. He can be full self-ruler, or go down utterly into animal life, or muddle along making the poor compromise that sterilizes the whole life of most of us and so find ourselves at death no further on in real evolution than at our birth. The grandest possibilities are in us if we would stand on our spiritual dignity. But so also the vilest possibilities if we let the animal run us. Merely to recognise our duality and keep seeing it steadily all day long is half the battle — a battle worth winning! It only needs to hold the picture. STUDENT

Safed Takes a Trip and Moralizes on the Muddied Rivers

THIS have I observed as I and Keturah went around this wobbly old Planet, that the great Rivers that flow to the Ocean have a hard time getting there because of the Silt which they carry. It is not the Rocks that impede them, but their own Detritus. For we saw the Nile and the Rhine and the Ganges and the Irrawaddy and certain other mighty Streams, even as we had seen the Mississippi, and every one of them had a great Bar at its mouth, and a low, flat plain of soil through which it crept wearily and sluggishly into the Sea.

And I said unto Keturah, All the four rivers in the Garden of Eden rose in the Highlands in the heart

of Continents, and every one of them gathered Silt as it traveled, and likewise the sewage of Cities, and flowed thick and with great and lazy Labor to the Ocean.

And she said, It seemeth a pity, for they flow out as pure rippling Springs, and they end their course as Muddy and Unattractive Sewers.

And I said, Keturah, it is often so with Human Life.

And she said, It is a sad thing for Age, not that it groweth old, but that it loseth the Vision and Idealism of Youth.

And I said, It is not the obstacles that lie in the channel of a man's life that impede him from reaching the Ocean of his hopes, but the Silt of his own growingly Materialistick Mind.

And Keturah said, My lord, we must never grow Old. And if so be that our hairs grow white, still must our hearts keep young. Nor will we seek to cumber our lives as they flow toward the Sea with too many cares of things that clog the tides of the spirit.

And I said, Oh, Keturah, it mattereth not that streams should carry burdens. All of these mighty streams, the Ganges and the Irrawaddy and the Yangtze-Kiang and the rip-roaring old Mississippi bear great Ships and are not impeded, but they clog themselves below the water-level, in the depths which men see not, but the hidden silt impedeth the flow, and sendeth each of the great rivers out at their latter end in a Dozen Muddy Creeks that crawl and grope, instead of going forth Majestickally and finishing their courses with triumphant shouts. Even so do men whose lives sprang forth from hillside sources, pure in purpose and joyous in spirit, load down their Ideals with Silt and Sewage, and suffer slow debasement till they go wearily and obstructed to Oblivion.

It is not earthly gain that doth corrupt anyone, but the love of it, and it corrupteth not only those who get it but those who strive and fail. But we will seek to keep a clear and free channel for our lives, that our Ideals sustain us to the end.

— SAFED THE SAGE (in the *Christian Commonwealth*)

I CAN

J. F. B. in *Good Words*

I HELD communion with myself one night,
When prison walls and bars had shut from sight
The world of liberty, of skies above,
The world that held the freedom all men love.
And in the silence of the prison keep,
Where men were tossing in their nightmare sleep,
I asked myself: "Why did I ever fail?
What was the cause that led me on to jail?"
And midnight struck, I heard the prison clock,

And still I sat, wide-eyed, in my stock,
And let the bygone years pass in review,
Till, when the dawn dispelled the dark, I knew,
The answer was the little words: "I Can't."
And, as the light of day stole on a slant
Into my cell, I made the solemn vow
That henceforth I would nevermore allow
Myself to think "I Can't," when, as a Man,
I know — if I just try and try — "I CAN." — *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1911 "for the benefit of prisoners and others whether behind the bars or not." The publishers, The International Brotherhood League, following out Mme. Tingley's plan since the establishment of this little paper, have distributed and continue to distribute, every month, several thousand copies free, without money and without price, among prisoners in all the Federal Prisons, most of the State Penitentiaries, and many of the county Jails in the U. S. A., sending also a large number abroad.

The whole expense of publishing and mailing is borne by the International Brotherhood League — no subscriptions being accepted from men in prison.

In addition to this free distribution there has gradually grown up an increasing list of subscribers. It is a maxim of our New Way philosophy that true pleasure increases more than twofold by sharing it with another. If therefore THE NEW WAY gives you pleasure and, we hope, profit also, we ask you to share that pleasure and that profit with others by getting them to become fellow-travelers with you along the New Way.

Send us the names of your friends that we in turn may send them sample copies. By helping to increase our subscription list you will help to make possible a wider distribution of THE NEW WAY among those who are less fortunate than we and who find themselves deprived of their liberty and behind prison bars.

If you are not already a fellow-traveler on the New Way we invite you to join us. Let us send you a sample copy. If already you have begun your journey on the New Way we are confident that you will wish to get still others to join you. It will add to your happiness and to theirs.

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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 no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The Earth passes through its definite phases and man with it, and as a day can be colored, so can a year. Those who form their wishes then will have added power to fulfil them consistently."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"FEEBLE souls content themselves with wishes; great ones have wills."—*W. Q. Judge*

"EVERYONE starting out in life should remember that the troubles and annoyances he will meet with will be greater than those of anyone else he knows. But if that be so he should remember also that he will have more strength to meet them than anyone else he knows."

"HAPPINESS and pleasure are not two words to describe the same idea. Experience shows that we may perform an unpleasant duty and yet get pleasure and even joy out of it. The sun may be shining outside and we engaged in a monotonous task in a cheerless room—which is surely unpleasant enough. But if we exert our will, confining our attention to what we have to do and determined to do it well, then with just a little perseverance happiness is unfailingly ours, though perhaps at first somewhat beneath the surface. In the beginning we may only succeed in dulling the sharp edge of discomfort. But because of the steadiness and quietness of mind that comes of fixing our attention on our duty, some healing and healthgiving process is able to take place in our minds and little by little we find ourselves more sunshiny and happy. As Emerson says: 'A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but that which he has done ill shall give him no rest.'"

"I HAVE learned that happiness is not to be had for the seeking, but comes quietly to him, who pauses at his difficult task, and looks upward."—*David Grayson*

"THE lighthouse is still a beautiful symbol. It stands for the supreme function of man on earth, and of each one of us within the radius of his own small circle. To transform the spirit of love into light that shall illumine the night of life for those who pass darkly through it—that is the function of the lighthouse, and the humblest human glow-worm who is merely true to himself is instinctively doing just that."—*Havelock Ellis*

"WE must accept the moral law which governs our existence whether we like it or not. And we must courageously confront the manifest fact of all human experience that there is no forgiveness for a broken law. We are meant to be careful, and nature is intended to hurt us when we affront her."—*L. P. Jacks*

"Do you feel degraded by the work you are called to do? You are really degraded by the way you perform it. The moment you put your best into work it is no longer drudgery; when you are worthy, a nobler occupation will surely come, for nature has great need of superior workmen, and has a place waiting for you when you improve the quality of your aim."—*H. R. Albee*

"A MAN cannot directly choose his circumstances, but he can choose his thoughts, and so indirectly, yet surely, shape his circumstances."—*James Lane Allen*

"LIFE may be what it likes, but it does not seem logic. Again and again it outrages our sense of justice. But that, perhaps, is because we do not see far enough. I can recall how in three crises of my life there have been meted out to me what I thought to be injustices, but years after, looking back, I can see that had I known I should have chosen those very things which at the time I thought heart-breaking."

—*J. A. R. Cairns* (a London magistrate)

"TISN'T life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it. . . . Courage is the only thing we are here to show . . . the hour will pass!"

—*Hugh Walpole* (in 'Fortitude')

"I MUST die, but must I die groaning too?"

"I must be fettered, must I be lamenting, too?"

"I must be exiled; and what hinders me then, but that I may go smiling, and serene and cheerful?"

—*Epictetus*

"SOME persons can get up to care
And lay it by at night,
And when they strip their bodies bare
Can make their spirits light."

—*Gamaliel Bradford*

"WHEN is man strong until he feel alone?"

—*Robert Browning*

"MEN sigh for the 'wings of a dove,' that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. 'The Kingdom of God is within you.'"

—*Henry Drummond*

"IN these days, we have lost belief, and yet in all the pitiful and tortured ways of man, in his baseness and his pains, in his terrible perplexities, his fierce appetites and sadden joys, there is still one desire always in his heart. He would know the spirit that lives within him; he would know that which we call God."—*Layton Crippen*

"ILL fortune is like muddy water, give it time enough, and don't stir it,—and it will clear."

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not.

"Trust Life, and have courage— that's all."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NONPOLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

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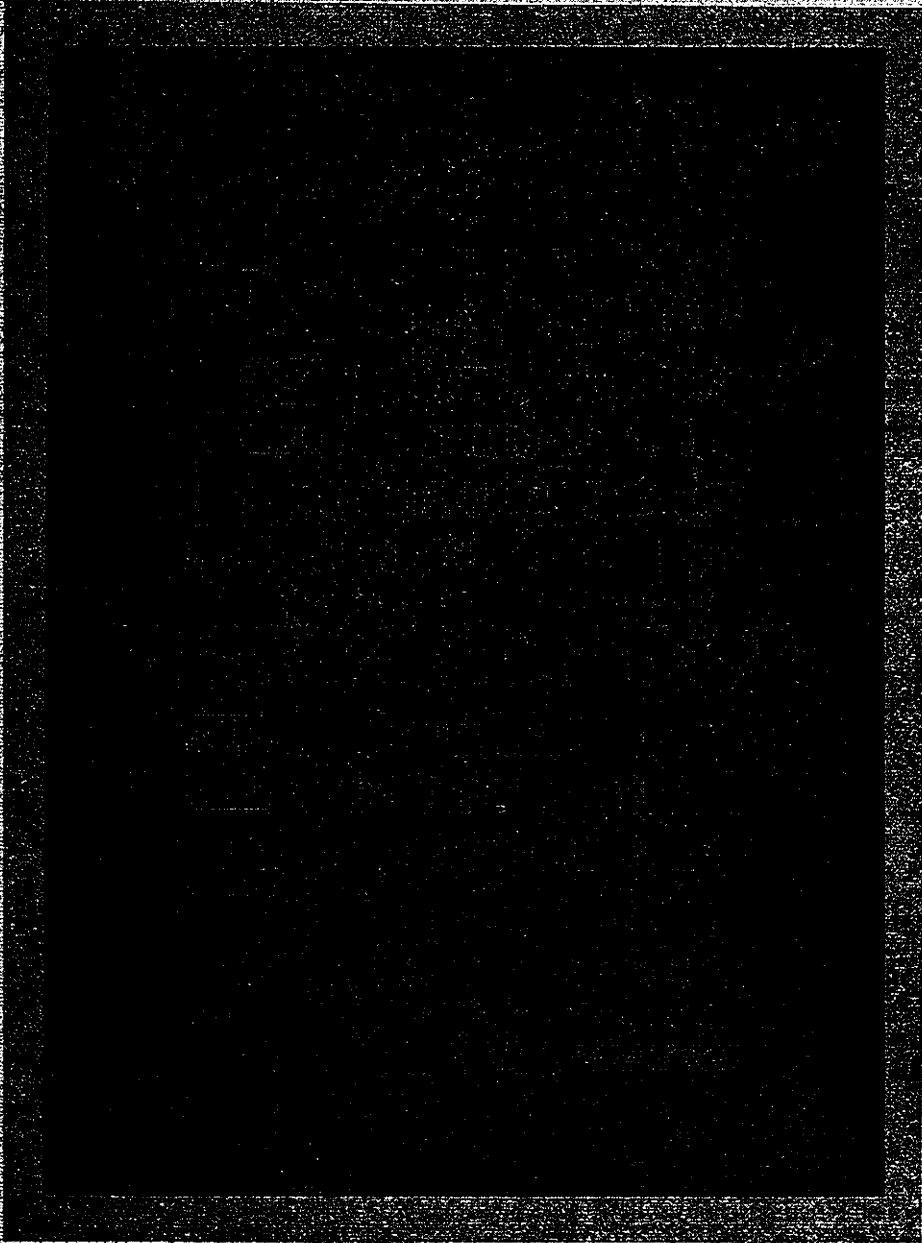
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Hints for Daily Life

(Extracts from an extemporaneous public address recently delivered in Sweden by KATHERINE TINGLEY)

IF, to begin with, we can accept the idea that this earth-plane is only one School of Experience; that for the soul a great future of possibilities lies ahead; that each victory in building up our own characters helps us in our soul's advancement and gives us greater power to serve our fellow-men understandingly — we have taken the first great step. Let us remember that knowledge of the laws governing our own being — the lower, weaker, mortal nature on the one hand, and on the other the higher, soulful, immortal nature — makes it possible for us more easily to resist temptation and to overcome the many disturbing obstacles that we must meet along life's journey. Endeavoring to live close to our ideals of a clean, true, and useful life, we shall feel no loneliness, no separation from our fellow-travelers along the path. We shall feel the warmth and glow of our own essential divinity. We shall learn to have confidence in ourselves. We shall be able to meet disappointments with courage. We shall find lessons in our sufferings and come to understand to a degree why we are here, whither we go, and the power of the soul — the immortality of man.

We should learn to look upon the physical body of man as the vehicle or the house in which the soul lives for a time, and be daily conscious of the fact that this physical mortal body must be kept pure, and clean, and holy. Pursuing this line of thought, it is not long before we discover that man is the master of his own destiny, and that if he is to live according to the Great Plan of the Infinite, he must build his character so truly that he finds it easy to serve his fellow-men continuously, to do greater service to his country and more faithfully to follow the Divine Plan.

Man must rise above the merely brain-mind efforts to struggle with life's difficulties: for where one depends upon the mental part of his nature alone, he only half lives. Of course the mind must be cultivated; scholarship is necessary. But the mind must be so trained that it is open to the higher influences of the immortal man, the soul. It must be ready to permit the light from the soul to enter in and be reflected through the mind. It is the spirit of man, his immortal self, the part of him that never dies, that he must invoke daily as energetically and as faithfully as he cultivates the mortal brain-mind, which dies when the body dies.

To advance along the path of spiritual evolution, a man must not only have a high standard of living, but he must ever aim to adapt the principles of that standard to superb daily efforts towards purity of life. He cannot live half-heartedly; he cannot play hide-and-go-seek with his principles; he cannot de-

ceive himself without losing the knowledge of the real life. A man may deceive himself; he may even deceive his fellows; but he cannot deceive his divine nature.

The basic fact is that man must find himself; find who he is, whence he came, why he is here, what part the soul has to play in his make-up, and in what part of his life the mortal mind acts. He must not forget that the great doctrine of the heart must be ever invoked and kept warm and true; that it must play upon his nature with rhythm and harmony of right action, just as the master-musician plays upon the instrument.

Let man give as much attention to the unfolding of his soul-qualities as he does to his physical life and to his material interests: then we may look forward confidently to a higher expression of manhood and womanhood upon earth, and the children of the race will find the victories of their parents and their elders reflected in their own lives.

Here is a hint which I have found very useful with my work. As far as I know it has never been written or spoken in modern times before. It is this: impulse often takes a man off the path of right action, while intuition holds him firm and carries him through his difficulties. Here is the key that will save one from taking the wrong course through selfish impulse.

When a proposition first presents itself for consideration, it is the mortal brain-mind which considers it. This merely opens the door of the mind to the subject. According to my teaching, decision and action at that first impression would generally be entirely out of place. Slow, measured consideration is required. The old saying, "Think three times before you speak," has its application in this connexion. This is the esoteric side of the question.

First, open the door of the mind to receive the question or the subject for consideration. This first state of mind is generally followed by another — that of confusion and questioning and doubt as to which course is best. Slowly consider this too. The third degree of thinking will bring forth a reflexion from the intuition or the higher mind — the soul — that is more dependable. The exoteric saying is thus interpreted in a new way to the advantage of man. The fact is that the lower mind will step in and act, if allowed to do so, before the soul, the real master and teacher, has made its voice heard. The ancients taught this ages ago, and it is one of the great secrets of right action.

Now a hint about the education of the children. Kill out of your vocabulary the word 'punishment'! That belongs to the darkness of the past. Remember that while the soul of the little one is seeking to express itself, to find its way, the physical body with its physical mind has its moods, its tempers, its longings, its yearnings, its selfishness; and even in these, the child is sometimes a very daring and interesting little animal. Yet the soul is there awaiting recognition.



It is for the mother to realize the soul-life of the child in her daily intercourse with it: no punishment, no example of scolding or tempers. A mother who loses her temper with her child is not only doing a terrible injustice to the child, but commits a crime against herself. The same applies to a father. For "as ye sow, so must ye also reap."

By all means correct the child; remind it of its mistakes; but do it kindly; never in a temper, but always with firmness. And the constant idea must be, not punishment for what has been done, but a reminder of what must not be done in future. There is a vast difference in the psychology of the two attitudes of mind.

Thus day by day the soul will receive its recognition; and the gentleness and patience of the parents will also be recognised; and a new life will come to that child — a new understanding of the meaning of its position — a stronger and purer affection between the parents and the child. I know whereof I speak; for I have had over thirty years of experience in training children.

I wonder how many people there are in this great human race of ours, who realize that in the truest and highest sense, they are a part of the universal life? And how is the universal life directed, if not by the infinite laws of the Divine? According to my knowledge, when a man dies, the breath of the universal life goes out of his body; but the soul, the immortal part of him, moves on to fulfil its destiny.

With this conception alone, considering our limited human knowledge of the great Central Source of Life, how easy it is for us to recognise the perfection of the Divine, so superb that all the divine laws that govern life are necessarily perfect.

All we have to do is to challenge ourselves and bring ourselves up to the standard of the immortal conception of true living; and thus work daily in consonance with these infinite laws.

The final hint is for man to have knowledge of his selfhood: "Man, know thyself!" Understand thy rights and privileges. Know the universal law and the universal breath. Live in the universal life, in a greater trust in the Supreme, and all good will follow.

Putting the Blame Where it Belongs

THE PRISON DOCTOR AGAIN

I THOUGHT that at our little monthly medical talk we'd have a text this time, just like the sermons do. *Vis Medicatrix Naturae*, 'the healing power of nature,' that'll do for it. It means that Nature, if she gets a chance, will heal. Things going wrong in the body will right themselves if they can. And the body thoroughly appreciates when anything is wrong in its workings. It would cure itself of

anything, if given the chance, and if there were only that one thing at the time to attend to. But in the background of some very manifest disease there may be another, perhaps not so obvious, and even that one too may have a background. As well as the common cold, for instance, there may be a background of tuberculosis, and behind the tuberculosis something else.

So though Nature is at work curatively upon them all, the task may be too difficult, too complicated for complete victory. She has too much on her hands at one time. She cannot prepare so many different anti-toxins or put all of so many shaky functions or organs on their feet. But she always knows what is wrong and tries to right it. There is a natural vital happiness which the body is trying to get back, the natural animal happiness which you see in perfection in young animals, and in birds all the time. Maybe trees and flowers have it.

Our bodies are animals, and all that is true of them. They are the highest animals that Nature has produced, and because of Nature's countless ages of experiment and experience they should be the healthiest and soundest of her children.

But they are the unhealthiest and unsoundest! Because, in them, associated with them, is a tenant, a human soul!

In the ages of her evolutionary work, Nature, experimenting all the time, producing and eliminating, produced animals that follow the exact sort of conduct necessary for their health and well-being, for the obvious reason that age after age those that didn't follow exactly this sort of conduct would be out-classed and survived by those that did. Our bodies are the flower and culmination of all this process of production, experiment and elimination. But . . . !

It is clearly *our* fault, not Nature's. For as guides of the conduct of our own bodies, to us has been delegated Nature's previous guidance of the lower animals.

We have very vivid memories, a great power of recalling the past, much greater than that of any animal. A sensation, say that of eating, occurs to your dog only when he sees food or is hungry. If he does not need it he may take no notice even when he does see it. And when it is sufficiently eaten he goes away and forgets it at once. The natural, conscious instinct corresponds precisely to the need, and only lasts while the need lasts. Consequently there isn't dyspepsia and there is health — just because of a limited memory and no imagination.

But *we* have put so much *mind*-consciousness and imagining and recalling and anticipating into the matter of food-taking that the natural impulse has been greatly magnified and run along wrong directions. We have created it into a power much greater than it should be; let it get quite out of ratio with real needs. So this impulse, instead of leading the

body into health and sustaining it in health, leads it into all the diseases that come of excessive eating and wrong-food-eating. These diseases may be a soil or background for many others that otherwise wouldn't have been able to get any hold at all.

Let that do as an example and think out one or more others for yourselves! I guess we all can!

So it is largely or chiefly because we have this *god-power* and range of imagination and recall and forward-looking — that we are diseased. I say largely or chiefly, because there are of course some other roots of disease. Some, for instance, due to sheer ignorance of, or neglect of, or inability to bring about some of the external conditions of health.

There is a give-and-take, an interplay, between our animal consciousness (or, better, the consciousness belonging to our individual animal) and our human, mental consciousness. We know when the body is hungry, for instance. *Its* hunger-feeling rises up to and becomes known to our minds, to us. But in return, our mind-states affect the body for good or ill. A fit of bad temper will injure digestion and may stop it. Chronic ill-temper necessarily brings about poor health — through poor digesting and poor functioning of many other kinds. Fear, too, — a markedly depressant poison. Jealousy, malice, hate, gloom, — all that lot, similar depressants to vital function. All the 'daily dozens' in the world will be efficiently offset and nullified by any of that lot.

Contrariwise, the healthy mental states are very good for the body, help it to health, help it in its work of dismissing disease: hope, cheerfulness, kindness, forgiveness, good-will all round, humor, — all these are first-class, permanently acting tonics. Most of them happen also to be among the virtues. The vices are poisons or self-injuries: we all know that. We don't so easily see the opposite, — that these virtues and some others are tonics and anti-toxins. They are the healthy states, the health-bringing lines of conduct or feeling and thinking.

Roughly speaking, all an animal's bodily acts conduce to his health as an animal, a living body. We should see to it that our *mental* acts and states are never such as to interfere with that natural tendency to be healthy which our animal bodies still possess. Particularly look after the meal-times. Then especially should we be careful to have the mind friendly and cheerful. In any surroundings, with practice, *this can be done!* Very few of us have sounded the extent and magnitude of what we *can* come to do against difficulty.

If we would attend to those of the laws of health which we *can* carry through, each individually, we should have very, very much less trouble with the results of those infractions of the laws of health, which the conditions of social life at present necessitate for so many of our people. In fact if we were all right minded these conditions themselves would very

soon no longer be there. We should not permit them.

Vis Medicatrix Naturae. If we do our part, Nature is ready to do hers, is, in fact, always doing it even now. Else we'd never get rid of the smallest cold or heal a cut finger.

Health by Exercise

"I FELT as if I were treading on air. At last I'd solved it!"

—It was a scientist speaking. His exultation was due to the fact that he had made a discovery he had aimed at for years. He was toned up to the last fiber and could have gone into a plague house without catching anything.

One does not happen to recall any of the 'Health-Culture' journals mentioning *enthusiasm* as a path to health. They do seem to have some idea that a sound mind requires a sound body, but where do you read that a sound body requires, as part of the prescription for its soundness, a sound mind? Or a definition of soundness as applied to the mind?

My friend the scientist was in a phase of mental exultation, joy; but even he would hardly have admitted that joy ought to be a natural permanent mental state. Anyway it is a tonic and instantly tones up all the muscles. It can be cultivated as a practise and its cultivation is a much deeper-acting health producer than any other that we can do, highly valuable as reinforcement of the muscular exercises that constitute almost the whole of the ordinary prescriptions for health. Joy is a liberator of energy into the whole body and every organ of it.

Physicians are always calling attention to the common confusion between large muscles and perfect health. Health is the ability of all the organs — of which the voluntary muscles constitute one only — to respond instantly and fully to all demands upon them, ability to liberate energy into themselves. The little Japanese wrestler, perhaps with no very marked muscular development visible, can liberate his muscular energy quickly and wins against a man whose total stored muscular energy may be much greater but who cannot liberate some of it at all and none of it with speed enough. The smaller muscle of the other is the healthier.

The key that unlocks the energy and also supplies part of it, is the nervous system, behind which are the will and the mind and imagination.

The voluntary muscles have several functions. *First*, to move the limbs, which is the only one most of us know much about, and in a sense is the least important. *Second*, to keep the blood moving. Most of the blood-vessels run in the muscular masses. If these muscles are alive, tense, almost quivering with readiness for work, the blood will be swiftly squeezed all over

the body. *Thirdly*, they are the fireplaces. If they are lax and flabby, not enough heat is made. And *fourthly*, they are electric batteries, helping to keep the involuntary muscles and the cells of all the organs alert and alive.

Evidently the health of all the other organs largely depends upon the latter three functions of the muscles. And these three, the important ones for health, depend upon a tension, an alertness, through every waking moment, and, that being allowed for, have nothing to do with the *size* of the muscles. It is not size of muscle that we should be after, but the completeness and speed with which every joint in the body can be made to do all its motions. There are, for instance, over a score of joints in the spinal column, capable of moving laterally, frontward and backward, and corkscrew-wise — rotation, and very numerous little (in many stiff-spined people, almost unworked) muscles to do this with.

But even when all the muscular and joint exercises are daily done it does not follow that the condition of tense readiness will be kept up between the times of exercise. Yet it is only in the degree in which this is done that the exercises become of permanent value.

And here is the final secret of health. That which maintains muscular alertness in the intervals, which keeps them tense and in full discharge of their three most important functions, is an alert and constantly inquiring and aspiring mind, constantly cheerful also, free of all unkindness and of all the darker moods, ready and eager to learn and to help.

The idea that perfect health is to be got independently of mental health and health of heart and imagination and will, independent of brotherhood in feeling and deed, is a mischievous delusion, one of many fostered by some of the 'physical culture' journals and teachers. You can get a more real health by working from above downward on the body, from the mind and soul downward, than from and on the plane of the body alone. But why not both, letting them play into each other's hands, from below up and from above down? If you ask what is the imagination as distinct from mere fancy, is not this the answer: mind working under the inspiration of joy? And joy will become permanent when we have realized ourselves as souls, soul, the true *I* behind the mind, the immortal self in each of us. **PHYSIOLOGIST**

Sleeping, Waking, and Dreaming

IN a factory, when the machinery ceases at the end of a day, there is a sudden feeling of relief with the cessation of the noise. Unconsciously we were being exhausted by the rattling and banging; yet perhaps not so much exhausted as keyed up

against it, resisting a pressure. It may be that for some such reason our bodies fall asleep at night, — swoon away under the too great pressure of the myriad sensations pouring in through all the channels of the senses. The old Hindu philosophers said it was excess of life that caused sleep.

It is noticeable that in waking, the various senses do not revive at the same time. Now and again we may have the quaint experience of hearing the last long snore at the moment of waking and before the eyes have opened, showing that hearing returned before sight.

Provided we do not wake in a dream, our state of mind at first is very indefinite; then may follow the sense of being warm and comfortable; and then as the gates of memory open up, in troop the flood of operatives in our particular factory, the hammer and bang of life begins, and we are 'ourselves' again.

Actually we are not any more ourselves than before memory awoke, because, while circumstances are continually modifying thought and feeling and impulse, the feeling of being ourselves never varies throughout the whole of our lives, not even in deep sleep, though the activities of consciousness are of course then so different to what they are in waking hours that the brain cannot register or remember any of them.

And really it is often the workmen who run the factory — and the boss too. When it comes to meal-time, the 'eats' operators begin to talk: "Come along, boss, it's time you had a meal." Perhaps he says: "Well, I'm going to miss out a meal today. Been eating far too much lately." "What's the big idea?" they yell. "How are we to get through our work?" Then they whisper confidentially in his ear: "Beef-steak-pie today: miss out one tomorrow when there's only beans." And they drag him off feebly protesting. (Notice though that he *is* the boss, by intrinsic right.)

And there are other operatives in the factory who sweep him off his feet with feelings of hate and resentment and anger. They may serve a purpose merely as watchmen against invasion, but they are bullet-headed things, and easily sink into sullen hatred if the boss does not know the trick of knocking their heads together and livening them up to the fact that they do not run the show. (He *is* the boss.)

And also (pardon the unpleasantness), there are things that creep out of the sewers of the factory, hideous with a deadly fascination, which pursue him and obsess him with a ceaseless craving until he yields in an agony of hopelessness, knowing well that the aftermath will be disgust and dull despair. (Still, he *is* the boss, by birth and right.)

Well, well, let's fall asleep again and get some rest. Have you noticed that most of us dream at times we are flying through the air, moving merely by the strong exertion of our will? It's a dream that comes so often and to so many that you would think it must relate to some fact in nature. It does not seem to

belong to anything physical, because we could will until we were black in the face and we wouldn't rise any from the ground.

But this is probably the explanation: We are really divine souls, with a spiritual will; and when the body and brain are sleeping, and the operators in the factory snoring (and the sewers closed), we see with perfect clearness we are the boss, and are able to rise above our failings, for the simple reason that we have command of the will by divine right. Nothing can be done until we say yes.

But by the nature of things there is no way to get the idea across to our waking brain except as a picture of ourselves rising superior to our usual limitations by the exertion of our will. Thus the delightful sense of flying corresponds to the freedom we feel when we win out against the temptations that try to run us.

There is everything to be learned by self-analysis along well-balanced lines: it's the study of lives. — J.

Practical Working Capital

THE Banker, the Engineer and young Mickey drifted together on the sunny side of the 'yard.' No, it wasn't a garden party. Nor were they 'three of a kind' in type, but rather a fourth of a dozen assorted. Their one common point was their admitted guilt — one of crooked speculating, the next of looting an express-car, and boy Mickey of meeting a betting debt at his employer's expense.

The Engineer, half through his sentence, knew from experience how the two newcomers felt, at grips with acute despair. The monotony, the confinement, the food, the air, the *feel* of the place — oh, yes, he remembered his own first impression that these things would go on to the tether end of forever.

"We can draw books from the library today," he remarked casually.

"Oh, what's de use?" said Mickey. "I couldn't never sit down to a book." And he certainly didn't look like a book-worm.

Banker Evans grimly faced the Engineer: "Perhaps you can answer the previous question. You seem to have figured out some answer to what we are up against. I used to lose myself in books, but the only reality now seems this walled-in blankness," — with a weary gesture toward the big buildings.

"Yes, I know how it feels at first. I didn't find it easy to figure out. After a while it dawned on me that the only way a shut-in can get even with himself is to find a new way in his attitude to life. I began to realize that it is not *what* I had to meet but the *way* I met it that counted. I remembered how once outside everything was coming my way, no worries at home or on my job, and yet I used to get such a spell of the blues every little while that I began

drinking to brace me up. But hard drinking is a poor substitute for straight thinking.

"Well, I had time enough to think things out here, and I saw that if I could feel so blue and blank with all to the good outside, why, despair was just a state of half living, putting less than your whole nature into life, leaving the best outside and inactive. Life is what you put into it, not what you get out of it. Living on what you can get must only lead to unrest and dissatisfaction. It's a constricted, negative blindness to the full possibilities of living and of human power to play the game finely under any outside conditions. Don't you know how the noblest and fullest moments of your life were the most natural? Didn't you feel then more like yourself and in close touch with your inner power to do and be still greater things? Then when you dropped back to your ordinary level, didn't you have a sort of vague minus sense, as if something was missing? It all goes to show that the *whole* self is the real self, the *whole* thing is the real thing. The dreary, blank glimpses we get at life at times are as false and misleading as half-truths are."

"One of the biggest, nerviest things I ever did was that real estate deal that landed me here," said the Banker. "The deal was full of thrills but I didn't feel quite happy through it, either, though it seemed to call out every faculty I'd got."

"Your case fits in to what we're saying," replied the other. "Your brain and nerves had the thrill of effort and success, certainly. But your better nature was not in the deal, in fact was trying to pull you out of a scheme you could not honestly finance. Your finer senses of selfhood were too active to be quite dulled or dazzled by your brain-mind. Otherwise you'd have been quite satisfied with the whole thing, then and after."

"Take for instance some of our cleverest, nerviest, confirmed criminals. They have the daring and ability to succeed in business or professional lines. But for various reasons — heredity, early training, anti-social, selfish traits, ambition, etc., — they have developed cleverness without rounding out their human nature with a like gain in the *higher* traits of character. In other words, their brain and skill is out of all proportion to their stunted or paralysed moral nerve. They don't let their higher nature come into the game, are therefore never really satisfied and are always liable to spells of gloom and depression."

"Yet most of them will suffer rather than betray their pals."

"That is good so far as it goes; but it doesn't make their way of living any less unsound, incomplete and diseased. The splendid human stuff in them only gets into action here and there. The fact is they are not 'all there' if they lack the highest human traits. They are not only anti-social, but they are more or less at outs with themselves. Even the most successful

criminals are not so self-satisfied as to want their children to follow in their footsteps. *Something* in them knows that the wrongs they do to society somehow react on them and theirs. They have the same two sides to their make-up as every other human creature."

"How can they begin to change things for themselves?"

"Well, for a nucleus they have got the 'honor among thieves,' that loyalty to pals that is the germ of Brotherhood. That principle applied to fellow-men generally is all this weary old world needs to make things right. You and I have the chance right here to show a thousand men that even guilt does not leave a man without a divine power to do himself justice. It is not preaching but practice that convinces. No one can argue against what is visibly at work in a man's character."

"Take it from me that if you'll make a beginning and put it through, you'll come to be *glad* of the chance that brought you here. Yes, and you too, Mickey. We here are *forced* into an opportunity to take hold of ourselves in a new way and live *more* than we ever did before. Of course we can seize the opportunity or let it go by and so get hardened into our worst selves with half-lived lives, and despair at the end."

TELLER

The Silence

(From the English *Manchester Guardian Weekly*,
Friday, November 13, 1925)

IT has been suggested that the custom in England of a universal silence for two minutes on Armistice Day, at the hour and moment when the war ended, should be dropped as a thing that was good in its time but has now served its hour. No suggestion could well have received less support. Evidently most of us have found in these two annual minutes of companionship in silence something that either meets one of our needs or gives us an experience which we had not missed until it came, but which we now know to have an unsuspected value for ourselves. It looks as if the strong feeling stirred by the war had led a large part of our world to rediscover a secret which many moderns had seemed to be losing, though it was common knowledge a few generations ago—the positive value which silence may have when it is not the mere omission of sound but a purposeful and intense possession of one's soul in stillness.

Twenty years ago any such idealization of silence would probably have seemed fantastic to far more persons than it does now. For millions have now found by a yearly experience that a doorway of admission for a little while, into a good and uncommon state of themselves may be opened by standing still

in a street along with their neighbors and conversing intently together in "the language of Old Night."

The golden modern discovery, in this field, is the practice of silence in company. . . . Now we can all see—at any rate on Armistice Day—that the early Friends (Quakers) had got hold of a big thing in the fact that the fruitful peace of mind and heart which intent silence may bring is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers and sympathy. The silence of mere solitude is incomplete, and its completion, strange to say, can best be attained in the midst of crowds; no such profound and moving consciousness of the full possibilities of silence can be gained in a solitary study in a country house as stirred the multitude assembled in central Manchester yesterday.

"Wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary yet not desolate; singular yet not without some to keep thee in countenance?"—some such craving of the average mind as this found satisfaction in the multitudinous silences which were simultaneously kept yesterday in all our cities. Of course one man or woman would derive more of satisfaction and another less.

The common disease of knowing too much to see any value in anything, no doubt made the whole gathering futile for some of its units. But people who are neither too shallow nor too complicated found in the organized silence a means to cleanse and strengthen some vital, if uncharted portion of themselves. It bathed in the silence and went away fed.

"THE power of silence! It is in the silence that we shall find the key, if we choose to search for it, that will open books of revelation in our natures. We shall find there a strength that has never been ours before and that never could be until we found this path. We shall find there the peace that passeth understanding. It steals into the life, into the heart and mind; like the grandest symphonies in music. It carries you above and out of and beyond your difficulties and your trials, and prepares you for the real life."—From KATHERINE TINGLEY'S *Theosophy: the Path of the Mystic*

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"MAN must know *himself* before he can hope to know the ultimate origin even of beings and powers less developed in their inner nature than himself."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"It is not so much the duties in themselves that count, as the spirit in which the least of them is done."

— *W. Q. Judge*

"JUST as a candle cannot burn without a flame, man could not live except for spiritual life. The spirit burns in all men, but not all men are aware of it." — *Indian*

"KEEP your eyes toward the Sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you."

"FAITH is the knowledge of what man is and for what purpose he lives with the world." — *Tolstoy*

"IN each man dwell two creatures, one blind and of flesh, the other seeing and spiritual. The seeing, the spiritual part of man we call conscience. What then is conscience? It is the voice of that one spiritual being that dwells in all of us." — *Tolstoy*

"WITHDRAW into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful yet, act as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful, he cuts away here, he smooths there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until a lovely face has grown upon his work. So do you also: cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is overcast, labor to make all one glow of beauty, and never cease chiseling your statue until there shall shine out on you from it the God-like splendor." — *Plotinus*

"THE mind is the most important instrument at the command of man. Its nature being restless, it is difficult to control. Thoughts continually stream in and out of the mind unsolicited; some attracted by the senses, evoked by external objects that impinge upon it; others result from a habitual desire for sensation; and again others from the strong thought-currents of human beings which create the psychological atmosphere in which we live. Our acts will always be the counterparts of whatsoever kind and quality of thoughts we willingly yield to and actually entertain. The senses which have, as it were, a life of their own, are the feeders of thought, and they often become clamorous for things which are directly adverse to the interests of the personal self. The mind is frequently too weak to resist their appeal and so in time is apt to become powerless against them."

— *E. A. Neresheimer*

"If you grow weak and it goes hard with you, remember that you have a soul and can live in it."

— *Emerson*

"IN the very depths of yourself dig a grave. Let it be like some forgotten spot to which no path leads: and there, in eternal silence, bury the wrongs you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a weight had fallen from it, and a divine peace will come to abide with you." — *CHARLES WAGNER: The Better Way*

"LET us take advantage of the fact that the mind must always be thinking. If, consequently, we turn it away from small things — such for instance as our own personality — it must think of bigger matters, finally of bigger matters *only*. Thus alone can we find our bigger, grander self."

"NO soul *wilfully* misses truth — no, nor justice either, nor wisdom, nor charity, nor any other excellence. It is essential to remember this continually; it will make you gentler with every one."

— *Marcus Aurelius*

"God has delivered yourself to your care, and says: 'I had no one fitter to trust than you. Preserve this person for Me, such as he is by nature: modest, beautiful, faithful, noble and tranquil.'" — *Epictetus*

"HAVE we the perilous honor of being always in view, of marching in the front ranks?"

"Let us take so much the greater care of the sanctuary of silent good within us." — *Wagner*

"THOUGH wrong may win, its victory is brief. The tides of good at first no passage find; Each surge breaks shattered on the sullen reef — Yet still the infinite ocean comes behind!"

— *Priscilla Leonard*

EDISON was asked how he managed to do his immense day's work and yet keep in good health. He said: "I keep my health by dieting. People eat too much. Eating has become a habit with most every one; it is like taking morphine — the more you take the more you want. People gorge themselves with food. They use up their time, ruin their digestions, and poison themselves. Diet is the secret of health. I eat almost nothing, less than a pound of food a day, three meals but just enough to nourish the body. I don't really care whether I eat or not; it is not my pleasure. One soon gets out of the habit of caring much about his meals. If the doctors would prescribe diet instead of drugs, the ailments of the normal man would disappear. Half the people are food-drunk all the time. Diet is the secret of my health. I have always lived abstemiously."