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Whether Believe or Not

"What is man but a god who has forgotten?"

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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THE AMPHITHEATER OF PYRAMID AT SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACÁN, MEXICO

(View of Pyramid on another page)

There was doubtless some connexion between the civilizations of ancient Mexico and ancient Egypt, accounting for resemblances in their titanic pyramids and temples.

Our Tomorrow

*From a recent extemporaneous address by
KATHERINE TINGLEY at The Hague, Holland*

THE possibilities of human life are superb and far-reaching. Man is ever growing, if his motive is right and he is seeking knowledge. He is ever acquiring, ever attaining, spiritually, and goes on

through self-directed evolution in different schools of experience until he reaches a state of ever-widening perfection. This to me is a wonderful vista, this picture of the glorious possibilities of man. If it were not for my absolute belief in this I should have no hope for myself or humanity.

For the whole world is now awry. When we visit the large cities of Europe and America we find sorrow

and heartache in families, poverty and starvation among thousands, and chaos and confusion in civil and governmental affairs. We know that crime is increasing daily — unnamable crimes, such as we never heard of before; that mothers and fathers everywhere are in despair about the future of their children. The history of the Great War, the history of past wars, the story of criminology in every country, of the vice and degradation and the breaking-up of homes, of your penitentiaries and places of imprisonment where you try, when too late, to correct those who have done wrong — all this tells an appalling story of the need of some new remedy, something that has spiritual and eternal vitality in it, to bring men to the consciousness of their own divine heritage and to the knowledge of true Brotherhood.

Man has the power to build his life on a foundation of spiritual knowledge. It is for him to have the knowledge that he is essentially divine, to have the consciousness of it; and in all his actions, from the smallest to the greatest, to depend upon the higher side of his nature; to realize, if he thinks at all, that there is no Satan outside of himself; that the only Satan is within; that it is the undeveloped side of his nature.

We cannot develop, we cannot gain self-control, we cannot purify humanity, we cannot give our children the promise of a great and happy future, until we have a solid basis to work from; and that basis must be the truth which assures us of our own essential divinity and of our possibilities, and of our power to control our own lives. In doing this, we grow as the flowers do, and as all nature does; and we achieve and conquer.

And so, with the hope of a glorious Tomorrow, with the picture before me of its possibilities, knowing man's spiritual power, I am an optimist because of all that I understand of Deity; not from the word of man passed down to us, but from my study of silent nature, of human nature, and of the rare and wonderful qualities that we find developed in man under certain conditions.

Suppose we find a man in prison, whose life has been hopeless, who has been a failure, who has lost every desirable association, who has been cursing his God and cursing humanity, and we say to him: "There are higher laws than man's laws; Divine laws are infinite; they are immutable; and though you are in this hopeless condition; though you are about to be hanged; though your body may soon be under the ground, your soul has its freedom. Much of this life that you now realize to have been such a failure, you have imposed upon yourself — not perhaps altogether through intentional criminality, but through the lack of knowledge of the spiritual laws governing your life."

Thus this unfortunate being glimpses the possibility that he may have a soul. Having found the Truth,

this is the way we talk to the discouraged. We try to show divine compassion. And in doing this, we point out that no man-made laws can touch the *soul*; that the soul is protected by the *divine* laws. And further we affirm that the taking of a man's life as a punishment for his crimes, is legalized murder.

Tell me, why cannot man know his possibilities? Why can he not hear and feel the nearness of his own divine nature? Why? Because the mind has been so burdened through the ages with fallacies as to the spiritual possibilities of man that there has been no way left open for the soul to enlighten the mind.

Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time. Consequently we see humanity drifting into oceans of despair. Where thousands are unhappy and despairing and discouraged, possibly we might find a few who have somehow evolved to the point of being conscious of the soul-life, with such faith in the mercy and power and infinite love and compassion of the divine laws, that they cannot lose their way. Oh! if there were only many more like these I speak of!

The time of greater spiritual knowledge is coming for all. But if we are to be so psychologized by our limited brain-mind conception of life, if we are to give our whole time to our material interests, no matter how much wealth we may accumulate we shall be able to take nothing with us. For that which is worth accumulating in the deepest sense is in the soul-life, and this we do take with us. Yet of course each man must be the bread-winner and do his duty; the common duties of every-day life must have their adequate attention.

But with the awakening of the heart of man to a love of his fellows, think what a Tomorrow we might have! If only the spirit of true Brotherhood existed among the nations! Here we have had this terrible war, and we have been for several years vainly trying to unite the nations and to find peace. Truly our present civilization is a travesty of the true life of man!

An old Hebrew writer said that without vision a people perisheth. He knew some of the ancient teachings, for if we have not a vision of a brighter Tomorrow, something that we can attach ourselves to, something permanent, something to work for, we are drifting along the path of retrogression, away from the path of service not only to those we love, but to all humanity.

Deity is love; and when we can find the spiritual interpretation of Divine love, then we know something will awaken in man that will correspond to that love; because we are rays of the Eternal, all of a divine family.

So it is only necessary for each one to discover within himself his weaknesses and to challenge and overcome them through the knowledge of the power of his Higher Self. For though he cannot see the soul, as it is not a substance to be brought before the eye, it can be apprehended in the inner life. The inner



life is the reality, the outer life will be a pitiful and painful travesty until we have fashioned the character of men so that each will stand in the light of his own higher self and realize his power of unselfish service. Then will come a wonderful unity of Brotherhood, because Brotherhood is a fact in nature. And to have Peace and Happiness and Soul-Growth, we must be our Brothers' Keepers.

If we can teach it to our children! If we can form their characters under its influence! If we can build a great spirit of optimism among old and young — a new trust, so that they can go unafraid through life! If we can only make all humanity realize the meaning of brotherly love!

Then we may be sure that in Our Tomorrow we shall have higher expressions of justice. Justice now rarely breathes out its full and rich nature and generous help — it cannot do it, because it has to work through the limited minds of men, and, as I said before, the minds of men are so burdened and so blinded with the rubbish that has been accumulated down through the ages in their evolution, that they are unable to do their best, though they may work with the highest motives.

And so we see everywhere injustice — injustice in the family life, in civic life, and in national and international life, and at present, unless some sweeping, marvelous spiritual power comes in upon the people and warms the nations' hearts to a higher picture of man's possibilities and power, I prophesy war in Europe.

Now comes the challenge: "Man, Know Thyself!" Live in the knowledge of thine essential divinity! Know the eternal love of the Divine! Eliminate from the mind anything that creates a doubt as to the ever-loving and compassionate side of Being! Bury your weaknesses and bury the old teaching that God punishes and is revengeful! Bury the idea that you were born in sin! Find yourself in the light, and your Tomorrow will be bright and beautiful! Your hopes will be realized for all people; a new life will come to the nations, and then the great vision! And then the consciousness of having been faithful to your duty day by day in the spirit of brotherly love — that eternal love, which works in consonance with the Divine laws, and which really will make the whole Universe a Kingdom of Heaven.

Timothy Strout, Optimist

DAVE SLOWCOMBE, sitting on a sack of chopped hay to splice a break in the hauling tackle, was puzzled — obviously puzzled. And when Timothy Strout the shepherd sat down alongside he opened up his mind as follows:

"I wanted to know what kind of a thing *optimism*

might be, so I got hold of one of these dictionaries last night and looked it up and my brain has been working like a churn ever since. It says: 'Optimism, the doctrine that everything in the present state of existence is for the best!' Get on to that, will you! Murders, the rheumatiz, hog cholera and smut in the wheat — all for the best!"

The old shepherd smiled. "Well, there's ugly things in life sure 'nough and 'tis no use trying to keep your spirits up by saying they ain't there; but as I look at it the optimist is the feller who faces all that and yet believes that things are fixed up so that in the long run they turn out for the best, spite of everything. A one-eyed man with his eye half open can see that things are not at the best possible, but optimism says there's something aworking to make 'em better, that they're getting better, and that every mother's son of us can help things along by putting his shoulder to the wheel and heaving for all he's worth.

"Say a farmer thought that every grain he sowed would sprout, all his eggs hatch, every ewe give him twins, and the hired man work like killing snakes from dawn to dark with never a straight-back nor a stand-at-ease — wouldn't you call him a fool? But for all that there's a steady driving power for good aworking in the world and if we only help it there's no knowing where we'll bring up. But 'most everybody is working contrary half the time, but spite of all, the train of cars we're on is eating up the track and the wheels are humming and we'll all bring up at the spill-place some time although we do swing heavily and nearly leave the rails sometimes — and that's what we can trust to.

"There's something underneath and roundabout that holds us like a mother and only asks our leave to bless and help and heal us all. You dig a lot of foul stuff into your garden ground and up will come the sweetest flowers. You fight a battle and char all the green things to cinders and blast it full of holes: and the next spring the poppies wave their heads above it all and the shell-holes make the prettiest little pools for the dragon-flies to flit around and the pollywogs to breed in.

"Injustices and cruelties? Yes, I know, plenty of 'em committed all the time. But don't you reckon it's just because a fellow's had to suffer a lot o' that that he's able to feel for the other fellow in the same fix? And ain't sympathy the very finest flower that human nature can ripen to? Who's your big man if it ain't the man with big sympathy in him allers ready? And as to the man that *did* the injustices and cruelties, why, he's got *his* medicine comin' along to him maybe here, maybe somewheres else beyond, just the right dose and bitter enough to soften up *him*. Suffering, pains, difficulties — all of 'em ripen-us, and ripen us the quicker the manlier-like we take 'em.

"Take a look inside of you and ask what is it that makes a feller try again after he's fallen down. What

is it makes a man put a bridle in his own mouth and give a soft answer for a cuss-word, and sidestep a lot of rough-house stuff before it's got started? What is it makes you divvy up the last bit of grub with your mate though you have to go half empty yourself? Ain't that a power workin' out for the best? You spoke of hog cholera and smut in the oats; but how do you know even they're not aworking for the best? What is 'best' anyway? I don't call it best when a farmer has everything so darned comfortable and easy that he just wallows in pleasure like one of his own pigs.

"There's many an old fellow lookin' back along his life as'll tell you he's *glad* of all the troubles that came on him and wouldn't have missed a one of them for the good they did him. I ain't sayin' that the Power that oversees things *seems* troubles on us; I don't know. But I do know that it'll help us to get the good out of 'em. Life ain't exactly for what we can get out of it but for what we can get out of *ourselves* in meetin' it — courage, grit, sympathy for the next chap, power of forbearance, and all that.

"I say it's 'best' for a man to feel hard times once in a while to make him grit his teeth and put up a fight and show the stuff he's made of. I reckon that 'best' is what helps character, courage and self-control, and if he fights a roaring sea of troubles and loses — even then he's better off than a feller living smooth and easy with everything coming his way and going to seed and getting mouldy for want of something to sting him alive. When you get on to that, say, you're an optimist all right, a dyed-in-the-wool, blown-in-the-bottle optimist and nothing will scare you or worry you 'cause you know that somehow and some time everything will come out right side up. And when a feller feels like that about things in general, why, he takes right hold of himself and does his darnedest to help the great tide along.

P. L.

The Service of Conscience

CONSCIENCE — how would you define it? "It's what jumps on you and gets you all of a cold sweat when you've done what you shouldn't."

That's a schoolboy definition and won't do at all. For it's really a partial definition of *fear*. With a good deal more correctness the boy might have written: "It's what gives you a good feeling and lets you enjoy your dinner when you've done *right*."

For the *approvals* of conscience are (fortunately) even better known to us than its disapprovals. Most of us are on the whole more good than evil. Conscience has been libeled. It is more often kindly and encouraging than stern and admonitory.

Conscience is something in us that passes silent judgment on what we have done, an approving or disapproving judgment; and also on our omissions

to do something approving where we have abstained when we ought, and disapproving when we have omitted what we should have done. It is also an urge to get ahead with some duty or act of kindness or to abstain from some contemplated sin. It looks to the immediate future as well as to the past.

There is more than one reason why we should cultivate conscience, or rather, cultivate our sensitiveness and responsiveness to conscience, which, of course, is done by heeding it when it warns or urges and trying so to act as to keep all the time the sense of its approval and companionship.

The word companionship is quite in place here. For conscience is by no means a mere feeling. It is the *other self* of us, the higher self, the soul. What it wants is to help us to the entire conquest of all the evil in our nature and thus to open up all the great powers latent in us. It is doing the best it can for us all the time and it is up to us to avail ourselves of that steady help and encouragement.

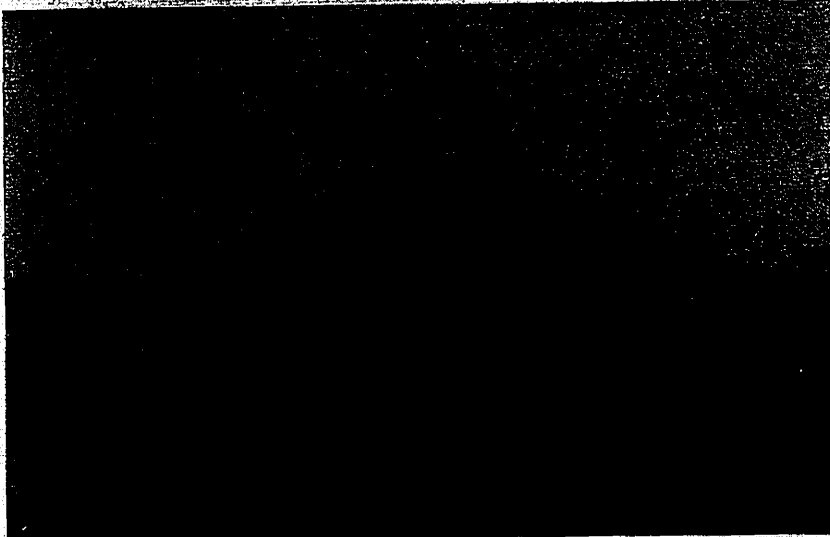
Conscience has of course nothing directly to do with our business affairs except in so far as the question of right or wrong may come up in connexion with some contemplated business move. But all the same the man who is accustomed to run all his conduct so as to keep in tune with his conscience and is consequently on the path of spiritual evolution, his man's judgment even on his ordinary business affairs is improving and getting further-sighted all the time. It's a fact that you'll never have quite reliable good judgment in common mundane affairs if you're at odds with your conscience. Anytime judgment may slip a cog. Conscience is a great mental clarifier if you'll make it your friend and companion and not be afraid that it's going to make you drop your proper pleasures and recreations. Selfishness is a great confuser of judgment and darkener of the mind.

The interest that conscience takes in us becomes very marked indeed when we have love enough for our fellow humans to make us forget ourselves; that is, to the degree in which we are actively and beneficently unselfish. For this other self present even in the worst of us, loves humanity. Intuition is just that illuminated judgment and mentality that develops little by little in those who are trying to practise unselfishness and to keep close to conscience in everyday doings. It acts at last with incredible certainty and speed, whilst in the entirely selfish man and the man whose conscience can never get at him it does not act at all. He must steer entirely by his brain, and that, unilluminated by conscience, is always liable to make a bad break in judgment. Does not every real criminal know that?

Intuition is one of the finer manifestations of conscience. It has its chance just in proportion as a man stops thinking about himself, having his own interests always as the center of his thoughts, and still more when he can put the good of his fellow humans or all

humanity in the center. Even the inventor or scientist, if he is to have his sudden flash of intuition on his problem, must for the time have forgotten himself in the pure search for what he wants. The scientist must want the truth for its own sake, not for the fame or cash he will get. For our conscience is not interested in our fame, nor (unless we want to use it for others' welfare) in our acquisition of cash. But of course it will never disapprove of a man's honest efforts to earn his own living. Earning his living is one of his duties.

It is intuition, in a wider sense, that comes up in the musician or poet as their inspiration. Of course it does not follow that whoever develops his conscience and therefore his intuition will become a great scien-



ANCIENT PYRAMID AT SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACAN, MEXICO

tist or musician or poet. These do not happen to be the faculties nearest at hand in most of us. But all of us do have faculties that are nearest at hand, creative faculties of some special sort that do belong to us, even if we don't yet recognise them fully or even suspect their latent presence in us. But anyone who faithfully follows this *service of conscience* has many pleasant surprises in store for him -- to say nothing of the fact that he outgrows fear, whether of death, misfortune or whatever else. For it shows us that life is only the stairway to ever more and more life.

Conscience is a real presence in us. To get acquainted with and in conscious touch with this presence is the most worth-while job in life.

"Who art thou, Oh shining youth?" asks the man in the old story, who has just passed through death. And the luminous figure answers, "I am thy good deeds and thoughts, and verily thyself." And then the two became one soul. STUDENT

The Captain takes the Mate under his Wing

"I WOULDN'T have minded, Cap'n," grumbled the mate, as they sat after a meal in the cabin -- "I wouldn't say anything if you'd torn out a front leaf and not a back one. But I'd just got to an interesting part, and now I've got to guess what happened. It's all spoilt."

The Captain chuckled, and the table vibrated in response to his gurgles, for the reason that it was a long way through the captain from his front to his back, and he was jammed against the table owing to the limitations in the size of the cabin. Even while he breathed in ordinary measure the old table creaked with a rhythmic wheeze.

But the mate, as lean as the captain was fat, and as miserable as the captain was jolly, seemed oblivious by usage to these oddities. His complaint grew out of the peculiarity that his mental food consisted of heavy books on political economy, which he thought he understood but didn't, and driveling penny novelettes with conventional heroes and heroines, etc.

The captain tolerated the former, but whenever he found one of the pennysnickers lying about he invariably tore out a leaf as a matter of principle. "Them novels," he said, "will do you more harm than the other books. I never knew those economics books to alter your conduct an atom, because you just keep on doing

what you always did. Maybe there's some good in them, they're out of my line. But the shockers is disgusting, they make a wrong picture of life. Like sugar in your coffee -- mulls up your liver and ain't real food."

"You don't find me trying to grow long hair about the sunrise, anyway," said the mate, referring to the captain's liking for going apart quietly and watching the sunrise and sunset. The mate had picked up some lines the captain had been writing, and the captain had gotten red and grabbed them out of his hand as the mate chanted --

"Morning's rose-clouds bloom from darkness
When the Queen of Beauty rises:
Shall the heart of man be lightless;
Shall no radiance rise in him?"

"You can't get anything substantial out of a sunrise," continued the mate scornfully. "Now a book on political economy gives something to bite on."

The captain never worried about the mate's version of political economy, declaring that he didn't mix his politics and his economy; but it did worry him to see the mate always slop a lot of sugar into his coffee and then eat what was left in the bottom of the cup with a spoon. So in answer to the mate's scorn about the sunrise, the captain stared meaningfully at a placard he had nailed on the cabin wall that morning. It ran: "Dietetical economy is a virtue. Use only one spoonful of sugar and stir like blazes. Never mind the noise."

"What I say," said the captain, "is that whatever tends to give a man a hold of himself and improve his conduct is a good thing; and whatever doesn't do that is only trimmings, sugar in your coffee -- what your heroines calls accomplishments. Now this political economy would be all right if it taught a man his duty to his neighbors, and to worry less about his neighbors' duty to him. But what he needs most of all is to get some new ground to stand on outside, or inside, of his usual self. If he don't get that, down he goes before every impulse that happens to strike him. A man's job is to boss all that."

"And I tell you, Mate," continued the captain earnestly, "if a man ponders on such questions as 'Who am I?' 'Where did I come from, and where am I going?' 'What am I here for?' 'What is the origin of all the beauty in nature?' there's a consciousness will come forward from some background in him and give him that new sense of self and new knowledge that he needs."

There was silence for a while, and then the mate said, "Let's get the draughts out."

They played on quietly for a time, and at last the mate said suddenly: "A man can't change himself; he's like he was made, and that's the end of it."

"You're wrong, Mate," said the captain excitedly, and he would have stood up if a vest button had not caught on the edge of the table. "Didn't I say you don't get any real picture of life from them shockers? Why, every time a man restrains his temper he's changing himself for the better. And as for being the way he was made: I'll bet he made himself what he is sometime and somewhere in creation, just like he's making himself better or worse now. Why, it's great sport making yourself over little by little into something decenter: it's a thing you could follow up for lives."

The game continued a while longer, and then the mate's eyes strayed to the placard on the wall. "Maybe we could make it two spoonfuls, Cap'n." -- J.C.

Get Your Base First

"PUTTING your religion into practice": well, when I hear that I always think of the Quaker, John Bellows. His idea was, to get religion as a sure base of action, and then shove out for all you were

worth on to the sea of life. He was brought up as a Quaker. Quakers think that in every man is a direct message of God, a message to him, a light specially for him to live by.

Bellows' idea was to get sure of that light, to find it in himself for himself, to get his touch with God and not be content just to be taught about it and believe in it because of teaching. He read a good deal on that line, especially the New Testament as a guide to the great finding. He did a lot of thinking and a lot of searching into the deepest and highest centers of his own nature. At last, he says, the light shone "as steadily and brightly as the sunrise in a cloudless sky, and I was made as sure of what the world calls Quakerism as I was of my own existence." And the essence of "what the world calls Quakerism" is that this light is a real and constant presence in us all.

God would manifest, he thought, in two ways to him. First, as this inner divine light, second, as the indicator to him of the sorts of work he should do, the lines of work he should take up. They would be his duties and the light would give him energy and fidelity.

Well then, he wrote perhaps the best French dictionary in the language; he became an authority on the subject of Roman remains in Great Britain; he went to Russia and took a perilous part in a struggle for liberty there; and he engaged in arduous public matters in his own country. In fact he lived his life to the uttermost, always according to his religious standard.

The inner message, and the piece of what he believed to be his duty at the moment rising up in front of him, were to his thinking the two expressions of God's will and he acted promptly and fully. He lived as much life in a year as most men in ten, holding to his spiritual base all the time. He tried to get "nearer to God" as much through politics and archaeology (in the curious matter of Roman remains) as through that inner spiritual communion which is prayer.

Speaking to a soldier on the way to the field of war he said: "If you should die, get this thought fixed firm in your mind beforehand, and you will find it will hold you up even in death -- that God is as near to you as your own breath and that his Spirit keeps in touch with your spirit, so close in touch that he does not even need a cry from the lips to reach him."

Bellows had a right to say that because he was talking from his own living experience. And for that reason he could "get it across." Not backed by living experience it will be nothing but empty words.

We are not saying that politics and archaeology and all the other things that this man did would be necessarily the right things for anybody else. There are various 'right things' for each of us. The point is that you can be 'pious' and yet front out to the most varied kind of life, refusing to do anything that you cannot feel you can do 'as an offering to God,' with

the concurrence of that inner light which is our spiritual self. Let us remember that love of our fellow-men and desire to help them are the primary warrants of the presence in us of that inner light which Bellows lived by.

STUDENT

Self-Knowledge

DESIRING to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self,
But I was hungry and my mind gave me pictures of
eating and drinking and the laughter and wit of
comrades.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self,
But I was in a great city and my mind gave me pictures of
the sea, of forests and of silent lakes.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self,
But I began to hear streams of ethereal music. Great har-
monies stirred and went to and fro in my inner
hearing.

Desiring to know my Self, I sat down to find my Self,
But the desire to know smote profound thought. Thought
followed thought along the ways of philosophy.
And One said

He who would approach the Temple door, the Temple of
his Self, will find lurking bye-paths up to the very
last step. And the nearer he approaches that last
the more will these bye-paths seem to be the path
itself. It is only when thought and desire come to
perfect silence that the way to Self is seen.
I stood in my heart there where love of comrades shines
forth. And then I saw the open door and the Self
beyond. And in the strength of that love, the deep
love of comrades, I attained, no otherwise.

An old Oxford Mystic

The Hill Difficulty

Frank Wakcott Hunt

ALL in good time the hill was reached, and then
I climbed as once I feared I could not do.
And so I prayed, as prays a traveler who
Desires beyond his ken
I strove my best, as I had never done,
Searched my heart deeply for its childhood trust.

Dared my soul's worth, raised horror from the dust,
And in good time, I won.
I clumbed the best, I knew. Lest I should err,
I roused my hope to spurn fear's leisure hour.

And stirred my soul's strength to its utmost power
Against the odds that were.

O hill of many streams, my thankful heart

Throbs, as along thy higher slopes I go,

Glad that from mine own path of joy and woe

Thou wert not set apart!

For thus from life's debatable low ground
I overcame old sloth and faithlessness,
Proved my soul's worth amid Time's nobler stress,
And to my strength I found. — *Selected*

God, in my head and my understanding,
God, in my mind, in mine eyes and in mine ears,
God, in my mouth and in my speaking,
God, in my heart and in my thinking.

— *Old Saxon Hymn*

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

"No man has a right to say that he can do nothing for others, on any pretext whatever. 'By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor.' A cup of cold water given in time to a thirsty wayfarer is a nobler duty and more worth, than a dozen of dinners given away, out of season, to men who can afford to pay for them."

— H. P. Blavatsky

"We ought to set up a high ideal at which to aim, for a low one gives a lower result at the expense of the same effort. We should not put before us an aim less than the highest merely because it seems that our success will not be as great as we think it ought to be. It is not so much the clearly perceived outward result that counts, as the motive, effort and aim. The motives with which we live our lives go to make up our greater being, our larger life, our true self."

— W. Q. Judge

"Those who are hungry for the truth shall have it, those who are asking for more light shall receive it, and those who are serving well now that they may serve better tomorrow, will find the royal road to happiness; and that is, through sincerity, patience, love of Humanity, and a devotion to principle that will be so profound and true that it cannot be impeached. This is the quality that we must fashion into our lives and bring out for others to follow."

— Katherine Tingley

"HOWEVER great the final achievement is to be, the only way to it is through the small step now. Attend to that, day by day, and the outcome will take care of itself."— *The Plowman*

"We [humans] are being made into something quite unpredictable, I imagine: and through the purging and the smelting we are sustained by an instinctive knowledge that we are being made into something better. For this we know, quite incommunicably, and yet as surely as we know that we will to have it so."— *J. B. Cabell*

"To what part of your total make-up will you attach the feeling of I? As what will you feel yourself to be? Body? Impulse? Brain? Appetite? Or the Soul of Light that dwells in the inner Heaven of you?"— *Platonist*

"THE fundamental trouble with the world today is the defective thinking by which mankind, forgetting its dignity, has become content to think and act as though men were nothing but somewhat more evolved than intelligent animals."— JOHN MOORE (*New Outlook*)

"EVERY man is an idealist imprisoned in a materialist. Or it might be more accurate to say that he is an idealist imprisoned by a materialist. It must be confessed that during the more comfortable periods of life most of us do not greatly resent our imprisonment. It is probable, however, that in every man, even though he may be unconscious of it, there always survives an idealist longing to escape."— *Robert Lynd*

"I THINK the very best thing to do in the cultivation of the power of thought is to take some subject, and keep it in the mind. Let it lie there. But once a day (as time affords) take it up and bring all the faculties of the mind to bear upon it if only for a little while, and for long stretches in leisure hours. You will soon find the scope of your mental capacity enlarging, the walls of your mind will move like elastic to the touch of strength; you will make the ancient discovery of the man who wrote, 'While I mused the fire burned.'— JOHN MOORE (*New Outlook*)

"WE ought to respect and understand one another's character and personality and regard them as different values which we can add together and rejoice over. If we lost these values we should be poorer in ourselves and before the world."— *Verner von Heidenstam*

"INTO each of us who are born into this world God puts something of Himself, and by reason of this divine part, all things are possible."

"Yet the world is full of failures."

"Alas! yes, but only because men do not realize the power within them. For man is a selfish creature, and self is always grossly blind. But let a man look within himself, let him but become convinced of this Divine power, and the sure and certain knowledge of ultimate success will be his."

— JEFFERY FARNOL in *The Amateur Gentleman*

"EVERY man is a window into Heaven, however thickly the dirt incrusts may render that window opaque. Every man is a channel, however clogged, between the God-world and this. Of such essence are we made, only we catch no vision of it, or very rarely: the essence here is mingled with the dust of earth, and these muddy personalities result."

— K. V. Morris

"THE mind, while higher and more subtle than the body, is yet only an instrument used by the soul in gaining experience; just in the same way as an astronomer uses his telescope for acquiring information respecting the heavens."— *W. Q. Judge*

"The mystic is he who feels within him the presence of a Power greater and diviner than himself, and strives to be more faithfully its active instrument among men."



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"I would be to the Eternal Goodness
what his own hand is to a man."

PP 636 001
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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Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.

A VIEW OF THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Reflexion from the white concrete floor and tiers of seats and buildings make it almost possible on moonlit nights to give dramatic presentations without artificial lighting. The play of tinted lights thrown from above and behind the audience produces effects of great beauty.

The Promise of Death

(FROM KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RECENTLY
PUBLISHED BOOK *The Wine of Life*)

WE are growing towards knowledge that in the great economy of Nature a soul born here comes as a guest out of far realms in eternity: a guest of whose past we know nothing but that it has lived through the ages: and abides here for awhile, and goes.

Whither? — When we brood on that which is immortal in ourselves the answer comes back to us out of the Living Silence, and we know that life is eternal, and death but a stepping forth into larger fields of life. How pitiful a thing it is that we should mourn for the dead, of whose immortality our very memory of them is a token, and a sign that we shall meet them again.

There is indeed that in us which is mortal and has no place in the eternity of things. It belongs to this present life only and must be thrown aside at last. But deep in our hearts we know that we ourselves are deathless. For though a man is hanged, or dying in the depth of degradation, that Compassionate Law that is a part of our natures takes command at the passing; and whatever the mistakes may have been, or the ignorance or the sorrow, there is an hour or a moment of glorious victory in what to our eyes seems the tragedy of death. It comes to the dying man when he feels that he is being released, and, stepping forth into the unknown, knows that he goes not unprotected, not without companionship, for it is the Knower, it is the great Warrior, it is the Eternal Self that is there with him; and the Soul arises in the power of its divinity and knows no fear or pain.

As Nature works in her unseen processes, so does the Soul, set free. Having gone forth, it seeks its own, in a condition in which, freed from the body, it may gain strength and knowledge; recalling in the silence its old victories until, having learned the lessons they teach, it may put forth towards fresh experience. We sorrow at a death, and the tears come to us, only because we do not see the grander vistas of life.

When a soul separates itself from the body, it does not immediately pass on. Its old surroundings hold it for a while; it is aware of our pangs of bereavement; our mourning hinders its escape. It would be forging upward, advancing and expanding; we do it wrong to be hampering its flight; we should let it go free as the birds in the air, free as the Law intended it should be. We should part with our loved ones without grief; with confidence, as though they were but going on a journey, watchful lest we drop our minds into a belief that there is death, when it is only a rebirth that has occurred. Let our mental pictures be the reverse of sorrowful,— bright with

hope, with music, beautiful with love and flowers,— and I can almost see the departing soul sending back a benediction as it passes into the World of Light.

There is a wonderful unity after the change. The dead are with us in a very real sense: they know our thoughts and feelings, and respond. In the essence of our spiritual natures, in the silent places of our hearts where the deepest and tenderest memories abide, a real communion takes place: not by words; not by table-rappings; not by visions.

Life is eternal; the soul exists after death as the sun after his setting; we ought not to feel that we have suffered loss. Though ears hear not and eyes see not, and no outward proof remains to comfort our hearts, there is that within us which should tell us that in the inner life we are bound eternally to those we truly love. Anything that was true in their lives — anything uplifting that held them to us — still lives. We have with us now and always whatever was noblest and best in them. All that belongs to us is ours forever. The bonds that link us to sister or brother, mother or father, husband or wife, child or sweetheart, were not made for nothing: to think so would be to insult the Divine Law. Somewhere, somehow, someday, we shall be grouped again with the absent ones we love.

To the soul in its passing, when the lips are already mute and the mind seems unconscious, a sure and certain knowledge comes. It understands how unreal the life just past has been; that all its activities here were unfinished business; memory for a while is vivid and strong; spiritual light is shed upon the path ahead; revelations come of what might have been and what is yet to attain; and the soul cries out for a larger opportunity, that in the light of the experience of the past it may begin again,— correct old mistakes, make fresh efforts, build anew, and build with understanding. And with the aspiration comes the answer. In the Divine Economy endless opportunities are accorded.

All have had intuitions of the brightness beyond death, but we fail for the most part to hold on to them, slipping back into the old grooves of thought.

Yet we might feel our immortality always, performing our daily duties in supremest trust, with fear and unrest laid aside and peace laid hold of in their stead; each one, a light unto himself through this knowledge, influencing the world, momentarily banishing fear from human minds.

Let us move out then into the light of thought and trust life confidently! Let us rest in the knowledge that the Law is mercy, and it shall show us in our waking and our sleeping moments that the old idea of death is a farce, and that what seemed a monster waiting to destroy us is a benediction under the laws of God, and the working out of



How to Think of Ourselves

IT makes a great difference in our lives how we think of ourselves, what we think of ourselves as. In time the thought sets as hard as a concrete post, and if it is a wrong one can entirely block our progress.

A beginningless and endless golden thread of life — that's the first thing we should think of ourselves as, the most important picture to make and hold on to. It makes the little ups and downs of the days and weeks seem much less important, and that frees the mind for higher work. If we would keep on thinking of ourselves in the right way for a year there would be no more troubles or difficulties in our lives, and nothing in ourselves we could not conquer.

What a man feels himself as, that for the time he is. We feel ourselves as bodies, and act accordingly. Because of that we have to feel ourselves as sick when the *body* is sick, and as dying when the body is dying. And a consequence of that is that we have to think of ourselves and others as having begun when the body was born. We began a few years ago and must finish a few years hence. So with no notion of our continuity we go through life the sport of moods and accidents.

And we identify ourselves with our minds, not considering that inasmuch as we can to a degree control them, guide the current of thought, stop it, turn it upon whatever we wish, we cannot be identical with mind, but, as having power over it, must be a something beyond it.

What, then? What sort of something? A soul? But what is a soul? And finding that the brain-mind cannot give an answer to this we let the question slide and so never get to real life at all.

The soul is that golden thread of immortal life we spoke of, without beginning or end, — the real self. Since it stands higher than the common brain-mind it follows that when we rise above the common moods and thoughts and tendencies, we are beginning to find ourselves as souls, as our real selves, grasping our real nature. In proportion as we use will in self-control, in self-discipline, we begin to know, to realize our true divine nature. As Katherine Tingley has written:

"Man's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating SOUL-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his being, his body, mind, and emotions, he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul and dissolved away its limitations."

So we do not understand soul while we think of it as something different from ourselves, nor yet while we think of it as the same as our common selves of moods and thoughts and sensations and impulses and desires. We have begun to find the soul when we are at our best and highest, begun to be at one with it as we were before birth. At other times it is almost something separate, a conscious overwatching presence of which we are hardly aware save as the voice of conscience. In all but man's very highest moments his consciousness is dual — the soul consciousness and the common consciousness. There is a presence of Light in and about each of us, not mixed up in the whirl of mind and desire and sensation, with the roots of its life in the great spiritual world. The great reward of right life, right effort, right thought, is the regainment of unity with that.

It is soul that marks off man from the animals. What animal can watch its mind thinking, as we can ours, and turn thought where it will? What animal can know and watch its own mood as we can ours, and, if the mood be a wrong or unfruitful one, change it to one fuller of light? What animal can control its imagination and at its will combine memory with memory to make new pictures? Certainly we do not much exercise our powers of controlling our moods, letting them run us pretty much as they happen. The man that comes surly to breakfast usually lets himself stay surly. Nor much exercise our powers of controlling our thoughts. The flighty unconcentrated mind is usually allowed to become more so as the years go by, and finally degenerates into senility and second childhood. But whoever wants to find his soul, to recognise himself as soul, must get to work on these lines.

Suppose one sits quiet, determined to have one minute's inner rest and silence. Perhaps for one second that inner state of silence is reached. Then some little thought appears in the mind, scampers across it, and in another moment there is half a dozen. It seems as if the mind refused to consent to let us search for the soul or try to feel ourselves as souls.

It is at night that we can make the best search for the soul. The body with all its throng of sensation begins to make less demand upon us as the last hour before sleep comes. All things without are asleep and the mind comes more easily to stillness. As a man ordinarily thinks then over the duties he will do tomorrow and finds tomorrow that their doing is consequently easy and almost self-effecting; as a man may think over a problem and find tomorrow that it is solved: so those who want really to live, to find their place of immortality, to realize themselves as light, will try to quiet and harmonize the mind into unity with their aspirations, into sense of the soul's presence. And in that state as far as they can reach it, passing into sleep, they will have opened their path

for the next day and made it in advance easier and fuller of peace.

The *day* is for action, for the maintenance of that conflict in our natures by which we strengthen the will in self-discipline and learn the higher just because of the opposition of the lower. Towards night, before sleep, is the time for preparation, seed-sowing, and for review of the closing day that we may see where we failed and in thought correct the failures. It is the soul's opportunity.

So living, we get nearer day by day to our great victory, and nearer day by day to the hearts of those about us and to the heart and mind of all humanity. There may be much pain and much difficulty ahead, but we shall have learned to use both instead of being delayed by them. Outer things will be less and less important, for what will now be important to us will be our attitude towards them.

So living there will sometime come a moment when we get the great light of self-recognition and our lives will be suddenly transformed. We find ourselves as souls.

H.

Taking a New Hold

THE humdrum monotony of daily life was beginning to get on my nerves. Not that there was anything wrong with my job, but one day was so like another that I was simply longing for some sort of change. When you get into a tight place you're pretty likely to run up against the very man who can help you out, and so it was nothing at all surprising that as I walked up from the ferry passing the time of day with the fellow alongside of me, the monotony matter came up and I found he had an idea or two worth hearing.

"I know just how it feels," he said after I had told him how I was taking things. "But it seems to me that when we are feeling that nothing will ever change, it's just a sign that there's something we *can* change. We've got to look at life from a new angle or dig up some buried part of ourselves and let it out for an airing. I've noticed, for one thing, that if we keep our eyes peeled for a chance to do something for somebody, things will begin to happen right away. I tell you people are much better sports than we give them credit for, and are more than ready to meet a fellow half way. Many a hard nut will turn out to be a regular fellow, and looks at life from the same common-sense standpoint as we do. Lots of 'em are just on the point of making the first move, but something holds them back.

"Take yourself, for instance. Here have I been passing you every day for quite a while, but your face looked about as stony as that statue of old Senator Kattenthorpe on Fifth Street, and I often wondered whether you ever got limbered up in private

life and carried on lively with your folks at home. Now we've got together I know you do.

"Let me tell you something. I always call over the entries in the journal with an old chap named Boffin, the head clerk, the first of the week, and what with his being deaf and his crusty temper we don't always hit it off very well. But last Monday I thought I'd try a little game with myself, so I picked a bunch of pink and white geraniums and I got the wife to put up some radishes and spring onions, and when Boffin turned up I handed them over to him with some little decent remark, taking care to feel inside the same way as I spoke. You wouldn't believe how that little thing cleared the air. The old boy was simply tickled to death. He said the flowers put him in mind of those his mother used to raise, and the salad stuff was the very thing to clear his blood. When we started work I took special pains to call out loud and clear, and so what was usually a bad day passed off like a picnic. I helped him on with his coat and as we left the office he slipped me a good cigar, though where he got it I can't say, he not being a smoker and somewhat set against the habit, I fancy.

"I reckon it pays to take a chance like that once in a while. People often get stuffy and short-tempered and we think it's just their natural cussedness breaking out. But more often than not it's because the poor chaps are feeling lonesome for want of someone to pass the time of day with.

"The trouble is," he went on, "that we're just lazy, and rather than make a mental move in a new direction we go jogging along like a mill horse round and round the same old line of thoughts and habits. There's a lot of things you can't change, sure, and that come along at you day after day. I'm not denying that. But there's always a lot you *can* change if your will's set that way. You may have the same job, but you don't have to be the same man doing it. Fix up some kind of ideal of the chap you want to be, serene, good-feeling towards everybody, can't be ruffled and put out. Grow a will along those lines. You'll soon be a power for good you can't imagine. And the mind will get on to lines of thinking you never thought you could even begin on. Seems to me a monotonous job is just exactly what gives a man a chance to grow and get somewhere. Maybe that's why it comes to him."

"Well," I said, "life is setting a problem for every one of us, just the one that's right for each, no doubt. And we've all got a job to solve it and get the good out of it. It's got a special word for each of us. Every difficulty is an opportunity, after all. In a way we're all in the same boat. If a man knows his own heart I guess he can get a pretty good notion of how the other fellow will be feeling. And if he'll get the power of sympathy it's wonderful how he'll be able to say just the word here and the word there to help his neighbor along. Right now you've given

me just the lift I wanted, though maybe I had the same general idea of things before as you."

"Glad of it," he replied. "Trust life, that's what I say. There's a Power behind it that knows. And let's forget titles and labels and uniforms sometimes and treat people as just common, everyday 'folks,' and take my word they'll play up to your pitching most every time."

"Look me up some evening, won't you? I'd like you to meet the missus and see my leghorns. We've got to keep this friendship in repair." P. L.

Capital Punishment

(From a recent article by TALBOT MUNDY
in *The Theosophical Path*)

I RECALL an execution I was forced to witness as the official representative of a colonial government. The man had been convicted of a triple murder, after fair trial, and the law, being such as it was, had to be carried out.

Knowing I would have to witness the man's death, and having done what could be done, in vain, toward obtaining a reprieve, I spent as much time in the man's cell as the regulations would permit, in part, in the beginning, out of curiosity to know what thoughts were passing in his mind. I have never, since, heard of a case that more completely covered the situation of the 'average' criminal condemned to death, although the details were superficially different from most.

He was a half-breed. That is to say, from earliest infancy he had suffered social ostracism and, despite intelligence above the ordinary as well as a full share of energy and ambition, practically all the well-paid and dignified callings were closed against him. And although, for the sake of his poorly paid job, he had behaved himself apparently respectfully toward his betters, he had suffered all his life long from resentment, that increased as he dwelt on it and discussed its irritating causes in the only intimate company that society permitted to him.

He proposed to himself to marry the daughter of a man, whose strain of white blood was reputedly not quite so much diluted as his own. The girl, apparently, was willing but the father heaped insults on him and, to add to the indignity, spread slanderous reports, which were believed by two of the man's friends, who turned on him. So he found himself without friends and the butt of ridicule; and when he sought for legal remedy he was informed that no criminal law had been broken and that his only recourse would be a civil suit for damages, for which he had not nearly enough money, even if he could have produced the necessary witnesses.

So he began to brood over his wrongs and to

drink, although he was not drunk on the day when he at last let passion have its way, and went and murdered the three men who had maligned him. On the day before his execution, this is what he said:

"You're white and I'm not. You've never felt what I've been through, but I've heard you admit that you don't know what you would do if you had the half of my inducement. All right. Now I'll tell you this; and it's straight, from as deep inside me as a man can dig when he's to die tomorrow morning: I had to kill those three men. There was something crept into me, and took hold of me, that was stronger than reason, and stronger than fear, and stronger than me. But I would have been stronger than 'it,' if somebody had come along and been my friend *before* it took hold of me. But nobody did come, and they were all my enemies. If anyone had asked me a week ago 'would I do it again?' I would have answered 'yes'; and I tell you, I meant to die tomorrow morning cursing the mother who brought me into the world. But you've talked me into feeling different. You've made me feel friendly — honest friendly — for the first time since I can remember. You've made me feel —" (He hesitated and sat still for a long time, searching for words with which to express himself.) "— If I could have another chance, I'd lick that thing that — that came over me like a sickness and — but you can't understand. It was something that wasn't me, and I stood it off at first. But it felt good, and I didn't feel so lonely and down-hearted when I let myself go. So I did. And it got me. And I went and killed."

"Somehow or other you have made me feel that I can wipe out what I've done. I'll die tomorrow feeling pretty good, because that balances the score. The public that's going to hang me has done me more cruelty than ever I did to those three, and I suppose the public'll have to pay, the same as I'm paying for my outbreak. Come to think of it, I'm sorry for the public. They'll have to pay dear, and they won't know what they're paying for! Well: do you know what I believe?"

He stood up, squared himself, and seemed to throw off the last dregs of the depression that had overwhelmed him.

"I've only thought of it this minute, but I'm going to stick to it and die thinking of it! I believe I've been in the world before, and I've been suffering this time for past offenses. And I believe I'm coming back."

"Supposing that's true," said I, "what will you do when you come back?"

He was rather slow with his answer and by the peculiar smile on his face I judged that he was thinking of revenge. However, he surprised me:

"Next time," he said, "I won't be fooled by things. I'll take my medicine. I'll know more. Say: it seems like a pity doesn't it, that I can't

stay on and get some practise this time!"

I agreed with him, and I still agree with him. I saw him die, and he was unresentful — occupied, I thought, with the new glimpse of the meaning of life, that had dawned on him in his last hours. There was a dignity about him that impressed all those who saw him at the end.

And it appears to me, that there would be more dignity about ourselves, if we should isolate our murderers and spend the necessary money, time and energy required to educate them to that point of view, instead of cheapening ourselves by wreaking a disgraceful vengeance. Actually, criminals present us with an opportunity to learn how to rehabilitate them. But do we try? I think not. We vacillate between a nauseating sentimentalism that permits the criminal to take advantage of us, and a brutal sentimentalism that induces us to act as criminally as the criminal we hang.

As to Death. Returned Voyager Gives Good Report

(From an article in the *Sunday Express*
by Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS)

I HAVE been as near death as it is safe to be, and a little nearer. If I had actually died I should not know more about the sensation of dying than I know now. You will all be interested in my experience, for you will all die in much the same way as I nearly died. I find it impossible to describe the amazing lucidity of my consciousness during those days and nights — [he had bronchitis, congestion of the lungs and appendicitis with a surgical operation]. I remember feeling sorry that I could not recall the tremendous clearness of my visions. I can only suggest the thing by saying that it was like thought without words in the mind. Words seemed to be outgrown. . . .

Now that I am normal I know that there is nothing in the functional process of dying to strike terror into the human heart. It is as natural to die as to be born. The only difference is that you are not aware of your birth, whereas you are splendidly and superbly aware of your dying, intensely and vividly interested in its sweep and swing, and joyously eager to go forward into the wonderful land beyond earth and air, sea and sky, moon and stars. You are departing on a journey which needs no eyes nor ears, no arms nor legs. These are merely the crude tools you used in that strange old life, and now they are obsolete.

This sense of separation from the physical machine confirmed my faith in the survival of my identity after death. I knew that my life was not going out, but that it was going on in a fresh field of consciousness. My sensation was that of a retreat from the

solid bars of the body into a hidden region with no dimensions or limitations. I seemed to be dissolving and melting into a new form of conscious existence.

I say nothing of the mystical and imaginative comforts and spiritual consolations that quieted and encouraged me in the deeps of pain. These mysteries are beyond phrases. But I was not lonely or alone. And all my faith in immortality grew stronger as I was borne along on the tide of suffering. I do not think reason or ratiocination plays any part in the sacrament of dying. Something higher than logic calms and supports the soul.

I have asked many doctors whether the dead fear death. They all declare that the dying are not afraid.

This confirms my own experience. It is *living* that hurts and wounds and terrifies. Life, I am sure, is far more terrible than death. . . . Death is a sweet and serene peace. Its song is a lullaby, not a dirge.

It may be said that my dying did not go far enough to justify my conclusions. But I can honestly say that it went as far as it could go without making finality. I saw a fragment of the curve of death, and I am convinced that it would have been prolonged if I had not ceased to follow the great flight.

This is the good news I bring to those who are afraid of death. There is naught to fear.

Our Several Selves

I AWOKE 'not feeling myself' today. From which I learned a good deal of a lesson in human nature. Now, 'myself,' if I may say so, is rather a decent sort of fellow, reasonably kindly and genial. But I wasn't feeling at all that way.

Liver out of order, that was all. Superfluous supper late last night. Yes, but how did the liver have the power to change me from myself, the proper me, into another sort of self not like me at all? I could also get a still other sort of self, even more unlike me, by drinking a glass or two of whisky.

Most of us feel a different man when we wake in the morning from what we do after breakfast an hour or two later; different again in the afternoon; and different again in the evening. Also different on Monday from what we do on Sunday and on Saturday and Tuesday.

The difference in self-feeling is quite marked in all these cases, though we may not take much note of it because of custom, and because, though the state of feeling changes all the time in this way, yet the sense of being *I* runs like an unbroken thread through them all. What changes is the color of feeling that dominates us and makes us speak and behave accordingly — runs us, in short. It is the same *I* that was in the state of expansive geniality last evening

with the boys and is in the state of surly mopishness this morning. When I say that 'I don't feel at all myself this morning' I am making a judgment among these states of feeling as to which is the one most natural to me. In the same way a man might make a judgment among his suits of clothes as to which fitted him best, though he might happen to have mislaid that particular suit as I had mislaid my mental suit of geniality and friendliness.

If I do a mean thing I do not feel 'myself' while doing it. I despise myself. Meaning that I despise the sort of self that I seem to have become for the time. That I have not *really* become it is shown by my standing sufficiently apart from it to be able to despise it even while it is running me. Deep inside, I am not at one with that self of me which is doing the meanness, and I know it. If I had a glass of whisky or some dope on board I should *not* know that, *not* know that I was being run along a line foreign to my real nature. I am thus far fortunate in being able to recognise that meanness, surliness, Monday-morningishness, are not in tune with my real nature even when I am being run so as to behave and speak according to those moods, those mental suits of clothes. Now and then, however, I am so far over the line, so far from my proper base, that *at the time* I cannot recognise that and am absorbed in the mean or surly self-feeling, going right along with it without a qualm. The real nature, my real self, is there, though, and afterwards sees how it was run, and is correspondingly disgusted, perhaps making resolutions not to be pulled down again in that way.

Suppose that I *didn't* awake to the fact that I had got away from my real nature, or had never in my life got on to the feel of my real nature, knew nothing about it. Isn't that the case with fellows that seem to be nothing *but* meanness or ugliness of some sort? Fellows that are *always* as you and I are when we are at our worst. You and I know that we have a better, and they don't. What's the matter with that view?

You may say that they haven't *got* any better nature hidden in there behind. But someone might say the same of you and me if they happened to see us going along at our worst. We know that we have better times when we are ourselves. And more than this, we know that now and then in the past when profoundly moved and raised, we have had certain very short spells when we could feel that deep, deep within us was something so utterly fine that it seemed like some higher presence and we thought that everything lower than that had fallen away from us forever.

It is a question of degree. The (apparently) permanently low-down fellows simply don't know that there is a better part of them, just as you or I might never have known, save for those few rare elevated moments in the past, that there is a *best* — as well as a *better* — part of us. Yet at death many of them

do get sight of the fact that all their lives they have been run by something low, do become their real selves and get a clear view of what they might have been. Maybe there'll be another chance for them to correct the situation. We're all 'veiled gods,' somebody has said, and it's a question of thinness or thickness of the veils. We put dope sometimes into the body, but maybe the body is itself dope of the subtlest for the soul — anyway just as far as we haven't recognised our real natures, found ourselves as souls veiled for the time.

STUDENT

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

"NO man can rise superior to his individual failings without lifting, be it ever so little, the whole human family of which he is an integral part."

— H. P. Blavatsky

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

"HE who aspires to do a noble thing, and in his heart is reaching out towards it constantly, will get what he demands from the Immortal Source."

— Katherine Tingley

"I WOULD be to the Eternal Goodness what his own hand is to a man."

"THE nature that would escape suffering must cease feeding on itself."— H. W. Massingham

"It is useful now and then to say frankly to yourself, 'I am unhappy,' for then cheerfulness begins at once to break in."— H. W. Massingham

"THE whole of life is to make people aware. Then they must act, for their own satisfaction. And that action brings development. . . . A working belief in continuity, not only of life after death, but also of work after death — and progress and development.

"I said a *working* belief, — most people believe in immortality — as a platitude. But it is not used. It's laid away for the future; it isn't a principle of living now — like keeping warm. It isn't an *influence*.

"Look here, suppose you *knew*, actually *knew* — that whatever you did here, built up your powers there — the way exercise builds up your muscles — not just the big things, but even every little act or decision and considered thought even. That's what I mean by a *working* belief. And suppose what you didn't do here — what you avoided or postponed or were too lazy for, or sidestepped — suppose that had to be done sometime or other.

"And then suppose this, — suppose it clearly — that the things you don't do now, when they ought to be done, bear compound interest until they are done, wouldn't that add a new significance to every moment of your life here? That's what I mean by a working faith."— S. E. WHITE (in *Glory Hole*)

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

— Pete Blomac
BRIEF
15 MAR 26

"MEN have not heard, men have not seen
Since the beginning of the world
What earth and heaven mean;
But now their curtains shall be furled
And they shall see what is, ere long,
Not through a glass, but face to face,
And Right shall disestablish Wrong;
The Great Adjustment is taking place."

— Thomas Hardy

"THERE would seem to be what can only be described as a ritual attending the change that is death. The struggle, the lovely green fields, the photographic panorama of all the life of the dying man — so many who have been snatched from death testify to these things that we are almost in a position to suppose a law that makes the passage from the visible to the unknown, instead of something terrible, a beautiful and solemn ceremony. Whatever may await us afterward . . . the passage . . . is glorious as the birth of the butterfly from its gray chrysalis."

— LAYTON CRIPPEN (in *Clay and Fire*)

"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. It is possible to live as the flowers do, welcoming death when it comes as a change one has expected but has never learned to fear."

— KATHERINE TINGLEY (from *The Wine of Life*)

"A BRAVE and wise man ought not to flee, but to march forth from life."— Seneca

"ANY duty, thought of seven times as an opportunity, turns into one."— Japanese Proverb

"Of course one's body gets older with the years. But the soul retains eternal youth. And so we feel ourselves getting older or not according to which of these two we are closest in touch with."

"THE energy of a man's evil impulses can never disappear. Either they go on living as they are; or with advancing years they change into some equally evil form; or, if he conquers them, he takes into himself the energy they had and therewith vitalizes his higher nature."

"FOR some reason last autumn it came to me as an amazing fact that *something* pleasant happens every day, something to make one really happy. Never a day goes by without some little gift, be it ever so simple of real pleasure."

— JANE STEGER, in *Atlantic Monthly*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Build on resolve and not upon regret!

17.600.000
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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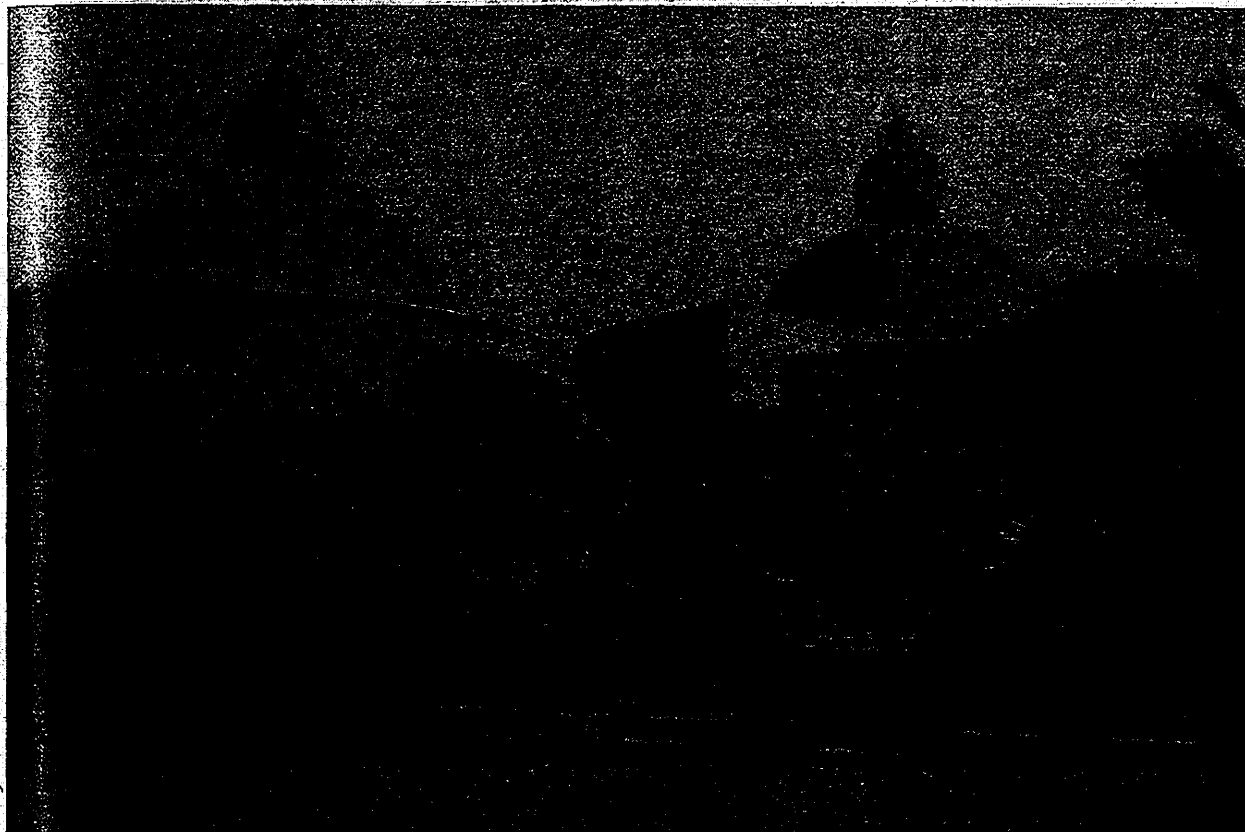
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THE TEMPLE OF PEACE (AT THE LEFT) AND THE RAJA-YOGA ACADEMY (AT THE RIGHT)
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Divine in Man

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

THE knowledge of his own divinity is the key to the wisdom which man must have in order to direct his life, to dare to live and think and to keep his conscience so strong and pure that he will become impreg-

nable in the face of temptation. Yet it is not temptation but ignorance that we must fight. If we know the truth, know our power, know our heritage and the potency of our inner natures, there are no temptations. Fill your lives with dreams and pictures of the possibility of self-conquest — not repressing the tendencies of the lower nature, but overcoming them.

In spite of the menacing dangers, in spite of the

tragedies that we read of in the newspapers, the crimes — more than we have ever had before, some of them unnamable — the fire of spiritual aspirations is yet burning in the hearts of men. They must find it themselves. And they will find it if they really work for it. From my experience in helping prisoners and unfortunate women I have found that there is only one message that I can take to them and to all who suffer and are despairing, those who have lost faith in God and man — that in spite of their errors, in spite of their mistakes, and (according to the Fundamentalists' idea) 'born in sin,' they too are the children of God, in so far as they will turn about and make the divine laws a part of their lives.

Think of the man who is about to be hanged, who hates the world, hates humanity, has no belief in God nor in anything — just a brain-mind and perhaps a beast in the flesh, and then give him this message! I have seen them walk out of the death-chamber already redeemed — redeemed through their own heartaches, their despair, their disappointments, and finally redeemed through their trust in the Supreme, Infinite, Omnipresent Power that holds us all in its keeping.

There is a potency in human life for good and for evil; and the potency for good belongs to the divine ego, to the divine soul, the eternal man. The other belongs to the physical, to the vehicle, with its passions, its weaknesses, its greeds and its vices. These things die when the body dies, and the divine soul arises and in the language of the Christian Bible "goes to its Father" — in the truest sense to the environment, the atmosphere and the touch of the Divine Love.

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 this divine power in your longings and in your aspirations? Think what it would be if the human mind could be ever conscious of the fact that man is part of the great central spiritual life, a ray of the Supreme!

The mind is like a great organ upon which either the master-musician plays — the soul; or else it is played upon by the lower, animal, man with all the weaknesses that belong to the body. These are the two qualities in us. Let the mortal man recognise the soul within — his own divinity. Those who are not sure of their immortality, who have no vision of the greatness of life, its grandeur and its potency, do not really live. They just exist from day to day.

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 it mean-

ing 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*. The lowest human being on earth today has still within him a ray of the Eternal Love, of God that is All-beauty.

Those who are most discouraged, whose lives have been sad, who have not been able to see the justice of life, it is they who must embrace these teachings so that they may do justice to their own souls; and by doing justice to themselves they will bring themselves up to a point of understanding and of knowledge instead of mere faith, of power instead of weakness, of discernment instead of obscurity. They will rise above their troubles and trials and live in that higher state of consciousness which means the supremacy of the soul. There is no need to carry burdens through life.

So I say to every thinking man and woman that I meet: away with this idea that man was born in sin; away with the idea that the sin is so strong that unless one struggles and suffers and sacrifices all the time one will never get anywhere! Kill it with the force of better thoughts! Teach the children the glory of spiritual life, the joy of it! Make a vision! If one cannot see it himself, at least let him paint for the children a mental picture of the Infinite Law, the infinite life, and show them that man is here for the purposes of the soul — to follow the path of self-directed evolution to perfection.

"Keep on Keeping on"

A LAY SERMON

KING SAUL, we have understood, was subject to fits of black gloom during which he would feel, apparently, like committing murder for no provocation or for trifles that at any other time he would not have noticed. We are not told when these fits began to come upon him, nor whether he made any fight against them. He seems to have sat down under, let them sweep all over him; just suffered till they had spent their force, and the sky, for the time, was once more clear.

When they first began, he probably did struggle, but got hopeless, thinking that his efforts produced no result.

As a boy he doubtless had teachers in the art of war — war with external enemies, that is. Evidently no one took him in hand in the matter of war with internal enemies. Yet there must have



been a few wise old prophets about, who could have told him the main essentials of internal warfare, how it should be conducted, the way to insure final success, and what were the opposing forces.

For if the young man had ever put up any fight whatever against his black fits he must have known that he — his better self — stood on one side and they — his worse self, not properly himself at all — on the other: that his nature, in fact, like every man's, was dual, one element tending one way and one the other, one to light and one to evil and darkness.

So if he made a fight at all against his dark-loving part and got beaten so that the blackness and evil continued in occupation for as many hours or days as it chose, he seems to have called in no one with wisdom enough to say to him, "My boy, *keep on keeping on!*"

Maybe he *had* 'kept on' to some extent, *had* struggled against some early few of his visitations; but, finding no result, had ceased his efforts and resigned himself to being beaten, taking the evil thing as a necessary phase of his very self.

There was something he never knew, evidently: namely, that if he had put up ever so little of a fight every time against his enemy the enemy would at least have been prevented from getting any stronger, whilst he himself, his will, *would* have been getting stronger. Though for a long time there might have been no result to see — a defeat just as usual.

Three or four men are trying to shove a railroad-truck up a siding. No result; not a stir. They call in another man — and another. Still nothing to show for all their effort. Then another comes up, adds his bit — and the car begins to give.

Saul — if the case was as we suggest — never understood that every renewed struggle against his enemy was like this calling in of another man to help with the car, creating another bit of will to reinforce the will he was already using, making it stronger and more subtly active throughout his nature. Time and again no result. But at last the final necessary addition. Three cheers! The car actually dislodged and on the move!

Keep on keeping on! The enemy doesn't get any stronger and *you do* — if you keep on keeping on. It's only the man who says, "Oh what's the use?" and gives up, that gets beaten and stays beaten. This man looks for results. That's a mistake. *Don't* look for results. They're coming, all right. But to look for them is only to get discouraged. Go along calmly without any eye for results, beaten perhaps right along till the very hour comes. Particularly keep calm and confident when, after the enemy seems to be getting on the run — whatever it is you want to overcome — he suddenly comes back in full vigor and gives you one of the old humiliating beatings again. That's only because you happened to be irritated about something for the time, or had some

other trouble on your hands at the moment, or were off color in some way. There are always these temporary ups and downs. But in the long run they don't count. You keep on keeping on and you will finally win all victories.

If we all have an enemy in our natures to be conquered, we have also a Friend and Companion in our natures who gets closer and closer with every effort we make. We reach his full acquaintance at last by this faithful and courageous 'keeping on keeping on.'

THE OCCASIONAL PREACHER

Chronic Suicide

"WHAT I say is," said old Chris as we sat in the shade of the wood-pile, "don't keep a dog and then do your own growling. In fact don't do it even if you ain't got any dog."

"When I went to the doctor last spring twelve-months he said just them words, and I knew what he meant. 'You've turned your case over to me,' he said, 'and just you let it stay there. And don't poison yourself.'

"Poison myself!" says I.

"Yes sir; poison yourself."

"What'll I poison myself with?" says I.

"Your own imagination and your talk," says he.

"Day before, I was standin' by the horse-pond bottom o' the lane talkin' to old Sam Riley about the way I felt and how my liver had kinder struck work and my joints got a bit stiff. And old Riley he'd cut in and say how *he* felt with his rheumatics and such. And when we was all in the thick of it, a-growlin' and a-whinin' about our complaints, the doctor he swings past, knowin', I guess, what the topics was. 'Brightenin' up the scenery?' he says, and tipped us a wink as he went along.

"Well, when I seed him the next day as I was tellin' you, he got to talkin' about the imagination and how not to get any older and keepin' the will goin', and a whole lot o' stuff like that. You know how he is when he gets a-goin'.

"'A man's got a divine gift of imagination,' he says, 'like what no animal's got. It's a *power*, and the only power we've got over the body and our life in the body. What did you two old fools want to be turnin' that power loose against yourselves for yesterday?' — Meanin' the talk I was havin' with old Riley and the way we was swappin' symptoms with each other and showin' each other how rich-carpeted our tongues was.

"I was only just tellin' him a bit the way I felt," I says.

"Yes," he says, all het-up like, "and the more you chinned about it the worse you felt — not only right there but all the balance of that day. What

was you a-doing? *Killin' yourselves!* The words you said took a hold of your imagination, and your imagination struck in and got to your liver and made it feel worse'n ever next day and *be* worse'n ever. And it took hold of a trifle of stiffness in your hip and made *that* feel worse and presently *be* worse, dragged it up to your attention more'n it was before, and you went away with that.

"Supposin', contrariwise, you'd said to that other old fool, kind of airy-like: Yes, I got a touch o' liver, maybe; I don't notice them little things. Gone tomorrow, likely, and the hip'll be as limber as ever after a bit of a walk. And liver and joints is low-down stuff to talk about, anyhow; let's change the bill of fare.

"Supposin' you'd said *that*, instead of how bad you was feelin'. You'd have gone away with the body feelin' it was pretty near O. K. instead of on the old-age downhill track for good. But you used your imagination — roused up by them words — to poison yourself. Keep your imagination off your body and keep it on its proper work and the body will get the same good from it as it does from the sunshine on a spring day.

"Why old Riley is a perfect nuisance. I've seen people turn right on their tracks when they saw him coming along down the street. They knowed that whatever they started to talk about, inside of two minutes they'd get a program of his symptoms from A to Z and how he couldn't tell what was the matter and how he wished somebody'd explain it. Imagination and thoughts and talk all inside himself and tied up to his liver and his carpet-tongue and his this and that. Cut your imagination loose, I say, and give it some larger stuff to work at. Make it use its power in creating pictures that's worth something.

"Ain't you, ain't we all, an immortal soul, a somethin' divine housed in this body, with a destiny to grow splendor and splendor through the ages, more and more light and wisdom and joy for ever, all of us, one grand brotherhood that are goin' to be like gods one day? Ain't *that* a better play for your imagination than settin' it mullin' about how bad your liver is and how your back's stiff? Give your body all the right care it needs, diet and the rest, like I've been layin' out for you, and keep your imagination bright and healthy and limber, and you're doin' your part. The rest you leave to me. And if so be, in the Divine Law, you *can't* get better — by reason of havin' a lesson to be learned from just *not* gettin' better — why, it's all right, and in keepin' your body out o' your thoughts and not lettin' it lie all over you and choke up your mind and imagination, in just that and keepin' cheerful and not unloadin' your troubles on others, you'll be growin' a finer man every day and gettin' over the fear of dyin'.

"What's dyin' to be afraid of when a man

knows his body's just a conscious thing for him to use a hundred years or so, a home that he'll naturally and properly outgrow in due course? Death is just outgrowin' the body. Get your thoughts and imagination all mixed up with the body, like old Riley, and you've got to feel that you *die* with the body. But get your imagination right and bright and happy and full of kindness to everybody all around, and *not* with your bodily self as a center, and you'll know in a while that you don't die with the body. A dull, *tejus* man — dull because he's always talkin' about himself, — is half a dead man and on the way to the other half.

"Everybody wants to live a good long time. How's it goin' to be done? What's old age, decay? Nothin' but lettin' go on the will. An engine runs along quite a ways after the steam's turned off. That's old age. *Don't turn your steam off.* Will's the steam. Keep it alive, live steam. Keep the will at work *not* lettin' your mind run on your ailments, even when they're really there, resistin' any thoughts of agein' and gettin' wore out; resistin' any tendency to talk of your ailments or troubles; resistin' any tendency to laze around and loll back and shirk duties; when there's a lot of duties, takin' the hardest first; keepin' cheerful; keepin' kindly to every livin' soul; keepin' alert; standin' upright and not slouchin' — just you hold on to *that*, Chris, when you're walkin' around. Keep doin' what you don't want to but ought to.

"And when you've come to me and unloaded the tale of your ailments *leave them with me.* I'll look after them. Don't carry them away and peddle 'em on to everybody you meet. Don't keep a dog and growl yourself. And lastly, trust that Higher Power in the Universe and in all of us individually that's got all of us in its compassionating keeping.

"That's my sermon, Chris. And there's six patients waitin' out there! *Git now, and lively!*"

"Well, sir," said old Chris as he got up from his log, "that talk did me more good than ten barrels of medicine. And I gave the meat of it to old Riley, though I don't reckon it done *him* much good."

STUDENT

A Lesson in Toleration

AWAY back, in one of the eastern towns of the States, four of us from Cedar's Soap Works used to patronize an eating-house that we reckoned a cut above the average. There was Schaffer, the fat and jolly foreman, Ned, Joe, and myself. We sat at the same table every day, and were content to pay a little extra for the luxury of a cloth on the table and a general tidiness all round. In fact the patrons of the Quaker proprietress, Patience Ains-

worthy, looked upon themselves as somewhat exclusive.

So we regarded ourselves as having a grievance when one day a new customer bowed in and tackled his victuals with more enthusiasm than discretion. He did most everything that we prided ourselves on not doing, from spilling his food on the cloth to eating with his knife—sword-swallowing, Joe called it; and Ned commented that he probably objected to forks because they leaked.

It would be painful to enumerate all the newcomer's peculiarities; I don't think I ever saw a greater compendium in one man. We were so disgusted that on our way out we made an offer to Mrs. Ainsworthy to make up to her what she might lose if she kept the disturbing element out.

The good lady quite appreciated our point of view, but was quite firm in her refusal. "Nay, nay," she said. "That I cannot do. Certainly I will place him at a table without a cloth; but in a world where we are all so imperfect it were unkind to judge so harshly."

And this is where Skelly, of the near-by second-hand book store, made his hit. Skelly had been a smart man in a literary way, but drinking had brought him down, leaving him with not much more than the one asset of a large sympathy for anyone with an obsessing weakness.

"Yes," he chimed in earnestly, "don't let us condemn a man because of his crude habits. He may have a weight of heredity to contend with that makes his slightest improvement an immense victory for him as compared with some equivalent showing in those more fortunate. You know, we're not like plaster saints set up in niches, and with fixed characters: we're live things learning lessons. And the man that carries a hog of an animal around with him may have the task of a strong man before him in overcoming it, while others of us may have the easy lessons of beginners, in the way of eating."

"Well," said Ned, "that fellow looked to me as though he had never begun on his task, and had got past knowing how."

"You can't tell, you can't tell," said Skelly. "Every man has his better moments —" He stopped short there; the conversation was a little personal for him.

But Mrs. Ainsworthy carried it on: "Truly, truly; and shall not our good example awaken the best in him. Let us be patient and see what shall happen."

So we were patient, very patient. But we had to admit that the object of our dislike did improve after some months. "Skelly," we said, "we're inclined to think you win, and we figure from the time it took him to drop one bad habit, that he'll be an aristocrat in two hundred years."

"That may be," said Skelly, laughing; "yet even an aristocrat can be greedy in a refined kind of way —

though that seems contradictory. But let us give our man every chance we can. We've all got to do our own improving: there's no power in creation that will or can do it for us."

"Well," said Joe, "the only hope for that chap is to boil him down somehow, and start him off in the kindergarten again: he's got too much of a handicap."

"There's a lot in what you say," said Skelly. "I believe we all get a chance in the kindergarten again. But don't let us elbow a man out of our company because he has loaded himself down with weaknesses. We simply must tolerate each other, and at least hope for the best to come out little by little. *Au revoir.*" — SAM

What's Behind It?

"I NEVER get the consideration I'm entitled to. If there's any old second-rate stuff on hand it's always me that it's shoveled off on."

Or again: "Why should that job always come *my* way? Whenever there's something of that sort to be done it's dead sure to be dropped on me. Seems to fall that way of itself, somehow, as if it had a grudge. Jones, there, seems rather to like the job — and almost never gets it. Smith says he'd as lief do that as anything else, 'all in the day's work' he remarks cheerfully — and *he* never gets it. Just because I hate it, apparently, it seems to follow me around. What's the matter with things, anyhow?"

Anything that just happens to you once in a while in the way of a disagreeable — well, there may not be much significance about that. But when some particular disagreeable *keeps* happening to you, seems to be coming after you all the time as if it particularly meant *you* — just examine that. For it's surely pointing out something to you, something in yourself that you need to find out and correct. You may take all kinds of means to sidestep it and may seem for a while to succeed. But if it means you it's only waiting round the corner. After a while you find it goes you one better, arrives as usual at the old stand.

When you have got quite sure of that, don't waste any more time trying to dodge it. And don't get irritated and brain-hot any more. Let it come; look at it and find out what it's pointing at, what is the failing or weakness or surplusage in your nature. Perhaps you have some feeling that you, at any rate, have a right to be spared some sort of treatment that you think is plenty good enough for others, some half-conscious idea that you ought to have extra respect or consideration. The mind can always make plausible reasons for that idea. Or there is a streak of laziness, maybe, or finicky-ness. *Something*, there surely is. When that's well corrected, the trouble won't dog you any more. But till then it will.

If we want to get the best out of life — 'best' according to *our* notions, — life wants to get the best out of *us*, the *real* best. In fine, it wants to make us stronger and nobler characters. But it hasn't got any voice. It can't tell us in words that we're greedy or selfish or lazy or cruel or hate to be pushed off what we want to do or think we're entitled to the best of everything. No good if it did. We're 'from Missouri' and have got to be *shown*. Life's message to us lies in the happenings — as we think them — that it takes care to keep bringing upon us till we do see what's the matter with us. It irritates or exasperates or stings and stings till at last we may wake up to what's wrong in us, get our wills trained to keep serene whatever the irritations, or learn from pain or humiliation to have sympathy for the like troubles of others.

Whatever life brings upon us, there's never the blind cruelty of mere *punishment* in it. The 'punishments' adjusted to us by life look always and only towards our betterment in something. There's Compassion all through it. And when a man is in his worst troubles he can, if he will, feel this divine Compassion of nature descending upon him in extra measure and helping him to the strength to bear whatever there is.

STUDENT

Dying by Auto-suggestion

A WRITER in a well-known French journal has claimed that we die by auto-suggestion, and that we can live by the same means. We are hypnotized by the general view of the limits of life, see death occurring everywhere within those limits, and think that we too at the same age must go. As the usual time for death begins to come in sight on the horizon we make preparations, begin to feel that we should be retiring from ordinary active life, commence nothing new 'at my age,' set all the scenery for decay and death, in fact, and rub the idea well into the submissive body — which is a conscious thing, capable of understanding in its way ideas held long enough in the mind. It comes to accept this idea of death and begins actually to die down long before its life-store is exhausted.

The remedy, thinks the writer quite correctly, is not to permit any such idea as that of decay, of wearing out, of 'at my time of life,' to live in the mind for a moment. Think instead that at a certain time, when the muscles and arteries begin to be not quite what they were, we shall round a corner and enter a kind of life which, if not as physically vigorous as formerly (though even physical vigor may be maintained long after the accepted period of decline), will yet be fuller in *mental* power and clearness, more capable of all the higher appreciations.

That is more or less right, but not the whole of

the case. It only tells us what *not* to do. The rest of the prescription is to learn to stand positively in the stream of life. We shall find profit by the stream only by generous transmission of the current. We must be ourselves sources of life for others. In other words the self-centered man, though he may avoid dying from racial habit and auto-suggestion, has no access to a new draught when his own glass is empty. The only access to the source is by giving freely what we have. That makes a demand which will surely be honored.

Geniality, brotherliness, sympathy, as they mean the going out of life in support and help of others, as they are our irrigation of the human field about us, so they are the only demand on the Sun of Life which will get a reply, the only way for our own replenishment of life. "To him that hath shall be given" is the wrong way about; "to him that *giveth* shall be given." He *to whom* a kindly act is done, feels better, is more alive. He has had a gift. But he who *does* it also feels better, more alive, for in the very doing he also received. That which was given and received was actual life, not only spiritual but physical.

Constant practice in thought and feeling and deed brings the power to stand constantly in the full spiritual Sunlight, the real essence of every kind of life. Life will not sit down and stay with anybody. It will only enter where there is an exit, and its benediction is only to be had from it while it is on the way through.

That is the positive half of the prescription, for spirituality and hygiene are not separate departments.

So in fact the avoidance of death at what we think its 'natural' time demands an all-through process: the observation of the common laws of health — respect for the rights of our bodies; the mental attitude we have referred to, *not* admitting the thought of decay or of its getting time to close up; ceasing to poison or depress the bodily functions by such toxic emotions as fear, envy, hate, ill-temper — in fine, the acquisition of kindly serenity; and the getting into the stream of life, receiving it by giving it out in thought and feeling and deed — which means Brotherhood.

STUDENT

Several Birds with one Stone

I THOUGHT I would study Spanish as an aid in the extension of my business. Then it occurred to me that besides this object I could so study the language as to make the work a daily exercise in concentration.

Certainly I would have to have a Spanish teacher. Looking around in the selection of one, I bethought me of Enrique Juarez, a young fellow who had just

come over from his native Madrid in the hope of earning enough to send back a trifle of monthly help to his old parents. I knew he was having pretty lonely evenings in his little top-floor hall bedroom, not knowing a soul in all New York. I could help him out with what I would pay him, have him round now and then to supper with the wife and me, and do as much for his broken English as he for my not yet existent Spanish.

Also, having acquired some Spanish, I could get into much closer and friendlier touch with my Spanish and Mexican workmen and learn their needs better.

And then I wondered whether everything we do in life might not be so done as to include several other useful achievements in one act and with hardly any greater effort. And whether in nearly every case one or two of these collaterals might not be selected and directed so as to help some *other* man or promote good feeling and brotherhood somewhere.

I had two of each sort: the acquisition of a business language, and the betterment of mental concentration for myself; and my help to young Juarez, and the facilitation of more friendly relations with my men.

A friend of mine, markedly overweight, told me yesterday that he was going to get a punching-bag and screw some elastic things to his bedroom wall in order to do fifteen minutes exercises before breakfast. Now, his little piece of garden was an eyesore — to his wife and everyone passing the gate. It never occurred to him that the same exertion *there*, weeding and flower-tending, would not only do him much more good than his bedroom contortions but also make his garden a delight to look at and give pleasure to his wife — *three* profitable returns for one effort. He reminded me in a way of the man whose wife had to wait every morning before she could sweep the hall till he had finished doing muscle exercises with the broom-handle.

In fine there must always be ways of doing anything so as to get more into it and more out of it, of achieving several results with one effort, of accomplishing an end (recreating oneself included) whilst simultaneously accomplishing several other and perhaps much higher ends at the same time. Even if we are doing something that seems exclusively for ourselves we can always mix in a bigger motive. And that's the only way to become bigger men. STUDENT

Get Anything Out of This?

THERE were once three linnets. There were also three peaches. Each bird desired a peach. Birds think peaches pretty good eating. Linnet number one instantly started on his peach without another thought. He wanted it; that was enough for him.

Linnet number two, feeling that theft was low, promptly turned the desire out of his mind and flew

away for food that he could eat without trouble of conscience.

But linnet number three was a bird of high culture. He knew stealing was low and he did not want to sacrifice his delicate sense of self-respect. But he did consumedly want that peach! So it was necessary to show himself by advancing stages of argument that to take it would even be a kind of duty in his special case. Just one peach would not matter. The regulations were more for the common run of birds than such as he. Moreover his health was not good and he needed special support and he, with his degree of culture, was a valuable life. Distinctions of good and evil were outgrown nowadays, anyhow. Besides, suppressed desires fester, and it was much better to give them a natural outlet and have done with it; 'inhibitions' are morbid and only come from suppressed 'complexes' in the subconscious.

So he took the fruit, feeling more cultured and superior than ever. — T.

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 Quotebook

"THE flame of genius is lit by one's own Spirit. It is the very nature of the Spiritual Entity itself, the nature of our Ego. This it is that through its personality asserts itself more strongly in the man of genius than in the average man."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE truth is that in repose and stillness lies power. Who is strong enough to stand still and then calmly choose a course of action?"—*W. Q. Judge*

"MY aim is to evoke from within you your own Divinity, that something which will give you the power to overcome all difficulties. Once you have evoked this unconquerable Power, which is in very truth yourself, you will find that half the difficulties in your life will have disappeared, and that the other half can be met with a courage so royal, so superb, that you can actually transform them into helps and victories."—*Katherine Tingley*

"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 brain-mind, which is but an instrument, to be under the control of the higher nature, the Soul."—*Katherine Tingley*

"MAN has a visible and invisible workshop. The visible one is his body; the invisible one his imagination. The imagination is a sun in the soul of man, acting in its own sphere as the sun of the earth acts in his. Spirit is the master, imagination the tool, and the body the plastic material. Imagination is the power by which the will forms living entities out of thoughts."

"MUST it not be that we come from a loftier seat? Otherwise how should we judge these our surroundings to be so slow and narrow, and have no fear of going forth? The soul remembers whence she has come and whither she is going."—*Seneca*

"FOR like a child sent with a fluttering light
To feel his way along a gusty night
Man walks the world. Again and yet again
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain.
But shall not He who sent him from the door
Relight the lamp once more — and yet once more?"
—*H. W. Massingham*

"MAN, made of thought, is eternally thinking. His chains are through thought; his release is due to nothing else. His mind is immediately tinted or altered by whatever object it is directed to. By this means the soul is enmeshed in the same thought or series of thoughts as is the mind."—*W. Q. Judge*

"THAT which the mind ponders upon, into the likeness of that it is changed. This is the old secret of joy and of sorrow, of bondage and of freedom, of the soul's darkness and light."—*Hindu*

"OUR God is never so far off
As even to be near.
He is *within*, our spirit is
The home he holds most dear.
So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself God's sanctuary."

—*F. W. Faber*

"WHEN you get into a tight place and everything goes against you; till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just when the tide will turn."—*Harriet B. Stowe*

"How often have we found our mind telling us that we shall never grow better, can never overcome a certain tendency or habit, always be the same. The thing we are trying to overcome is, the mind assures us, a radical instinct of our nature, and cannot be suppressed."

"This is but an example of the lower man calling the reasoning faculty to his aid in the endeavor to retain his mastery over us. He takes advantage of our impatience for growth."

"But we can easily realize that as the tendency or habit took time to form, time must also be necessary to get the better of it. We must have patience in the building of the right tendency whilst the wrong one gradually decays, sure that every effort in the right direction, though it may seem to produce no result, is so much to the good. Till the water begins to boil it shows no sign of the heat that has been put into it. Aspiration and effort are like the heat put into water. For a long time nothing whatever seems to be happening as a result of it. But almost suddenly the boiling begins. Suppose the fire had given up the job half way along! Or even one minute before the bubbling began!"

"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."—*Katherine Tingley*

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For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Life sends us troubles not to trouble us
But to call forth our strength."

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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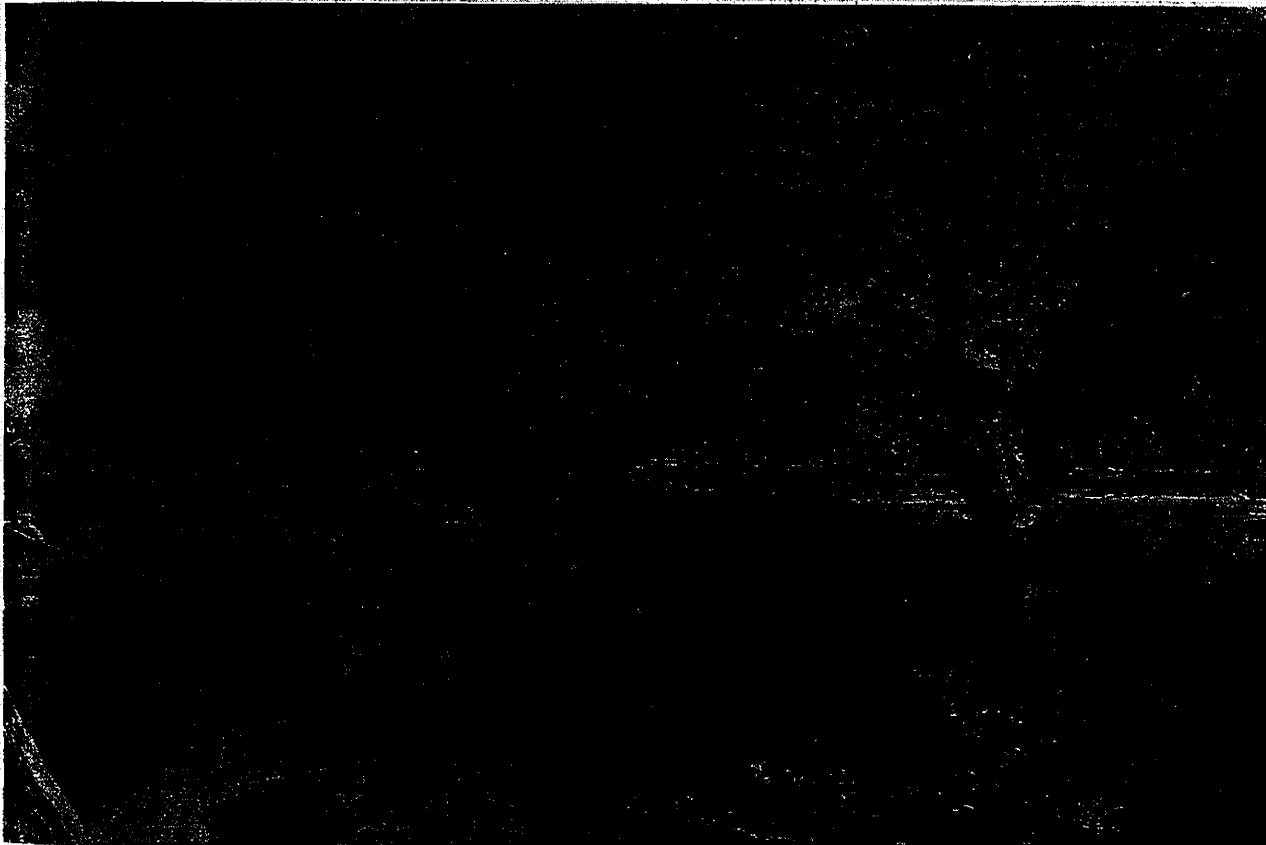
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FLATFORD MILL FROM THE PAINTING BY CONSTABLE

(Something for those boys to look back on in later years.)

The Christos

From a public address delivered some years ago by
KATHERINE TINGLEY

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

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

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

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

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

And so, searching self-analysis is the key to the situation. Let man courageously face himself, be his own confessor, confess his weaknesses to his Higher Self, his immortal Self. He who is willing to do this and has sufficient faith in himself — he has the power to overcome. He will find, in the self-analysis, in the confession, in the bending of the knee of the mortal to the immortal, "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The Christos Spirit is always with us, did we but know it, did we but evoke it. It is ever-present, the "still, small voice" that is continuously calling man to awaken, to "arise and go to his Father." But we, the children of the Inner Light, the branches of the spiritual vine, must arouse ourselves by the spiritual will and hold it within our hearts. It is because we are 'separated' from our Inner Father, so to speak, because we are 'separated' by our passions and desires from the Christos Spirit within (our Higher Selves), that ever-living Presence, that we wander and stumble and falter, and sometimes fall.

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

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

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

**"Satan Finds some Mischief Still
For Idle Minds to do."**

"Nothing can be clearer, as a matter of human record, than the enormous capacity of man to recover his moral balance after the commission of sin." — THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

JIM said his mind wouldn't run to highbrow matters and consequently he didn't intend to go to the next debating club lecture on "Is there a Soul in Man?" He reckoned he'd put it off to his next incarnation.

"High things are interesting enough," I said; "in fact, more interesting than anything else if they are intelligently talked about."

"Maybe, but I never heard 'em intelligently talked about."

"Well, why don't you intelligently *think* about them on your own account?"

"That's just what I told you I can't do."

"You see, Jim, the mind must be thinking about something, every moment of the time. You've only got to keep it *off* some things and it'll simply *have* to find something else. Keep it off all small no-account things and it will find itself obliged to think of large much-account things. Shut all the doors that lead to nowhere worth going to and it will



finally make for the door that leads to the worth-whilest place there is. And what you call 'high-brow' matters are the most utterly practical and common-sense matters there are to be found in a Sabbath day's thinking."

"Hot air, I call 'em."

"Look here, what's an advertisement for?"

"To tell people there's something on sale, of course. What are you getting at?"

"But people don't all buy everything they see advertised, even if it's something they have a use for and can afford. But when they see the advertisement they do all of them just think for a moment of buying that thing. And then they see the advertisement again and some of them give the thought of buying the thing another turn, and this thought, if thus permitted, adds itself on to the first one and the two roost together in the back of the mind. And when some of these people see it again they not only think for a third time of having that thing but probably also think decidedly that it would be rather nice to have that thing; in other words, they begin to desire it. At last, if they let their minds run along this line often enough — prompted by the advertisement — and long enough at a time, the desire will run them into actually buying the thing. The thought awakens the desire and desire runs along to the deed."

"Then you mean they have no will?"

"Will all the time if they choose to use it. Nothing compels them to let their minds stay on (and nourish, if you like) the thought of having the thing. A large proportion of the people just turn their minds on to something else. When they find they need something they intentionally consider it, perhaps intentionally consult advertisements, and finally decide and get what they want. But this is by no means being run by advertisements. Their decision is run entirely by themselves, not pushed in on them from outside."

"We speak sometimes of 'sudden and unpremeditated crime.' We are sorry for the man who commits it, and he possibly gets a lenient sentence. But he would never have been swept into that deed if he had not many times in the past just *thought* of some such a deed — not really fully thought of doing it, exactly, just a mere spell of wrong imagining, apparently a mere nothing but nevertheless permitted to stay a while. Then when a situation arose in which such a deed could slip in, he fell for it and was wrecked. For the thoughts had gradually added themselves one on to another and become a living power, ready to spring into action."

"You see, a man's whole outer life, the whole string of things he does, is arranged by his mind, his thoughts, his imaginings, what he allows himself to dwell on mentally."

"Suppose he notices that fact, and then decides that he will not be run where he does not intend to go,

where he has not himself rationally decided to go and do. When a thought-desire comes up he decides whether it is worthy of him, consistent with his dignity and honor and self-respect as a man, and treats it accordingly. Gradually, working with himself in this way, he comes to some notion of what *he himself* is, as distinct from the mind (which is always running out along desires and casual self-suggestions and passing fancies), in fact, as distinct from what he previously thought he was. Now he has begun on the most splendid business of human life, self-finding, self-discovery, discovery that this *real* self is a power and can entirely dominate and guide that self that was always being run by desires. He is beginning to be freed from himself, as you may say, to be free. And that freed self of him is the divine self, the soul, when it once comes to itself and knows itself. It knows a lot of fine things then that it never could know while it was being run — though of course it thought all the time that it was itself doing the running.

"Of course it does not come to this awakening all at once. But if it will hold to the realization of itself as dual — one the desiring part and the other the deciding part, as a wise parent decides whether what the child wants will be good for it — it is on the way to this light of self-knowing. This knowledge of itself gets clearer and clearer. And it is very much worth having. For this new self, watching the other (the mind-and-brain self) have fears and worries and longings and getting sick sometimes and at last failing with age — this new self comes in a while to know for sure that *it* does not fade with age and is not to be extinguished by death. These only affect the brain and body. It sees above and beyond the other, the lower, and above and beyond the body. In other words it sees itself as divine and immortal."

"Now all this is what you call 'highbrow' stuff. But isn't it practical and common-sense and *interesting*? Think it over a bit and see how a man, working on these lines with his mind, can change himself all over into what he knows he ought to be. Osborne was right, but he does not say anything about the immense interest and pleasure there is in this kind of work, the work of turning the mind into an obedient servant instead of allowing its pictures and thoughts to awake our desires and so run us."

STUDENT

Try Another Mirror

"DADDY, I dreamt you gave me a mirror."
"That was very nice of me."

"I'm afraid it wasn't, Daddy. It was a horrid old wicked mirror."

"A wicked mirror! Why, what did it do to show its evil nature? Didn't make my little girl look

ugly, did it? I don't believe even the wickedest mirror could do that."

"Why yes. It made me *all badger*—no I mean mole"—pointing to a minute spot of that nature (so the doctor told me) on her neck.

"What did the badger do?"

"The doctor said *mole*, Daddy. And he said he would take it away. But when I looked at it in the dream-mirror it grew and grew till I hadn't any face left where it wasn't, the horrid black thing. And I frowned the mirror down and went and picked some little pinky roses on mamma's rose-bush, what she waters and pulls worms off of, and I took them in the nursery into a glass of water on the table. But it was *dream*, you know, Daddy. And then I put the mirror to it and I said, 'Now, you nasty old mirror, you shall look at roses all the time till dinner-time and not any more see badgers—I mean moles on my neck. So there!'

"But, Daddy, there was a little, little green worm, what I hadn't seen, in the littlest rose, and in the mirror the little worm got all black and swelled hisself up bigger like my badger and hid up the rose and swelled hisself more and hid up another and then there wasn't any roses any more but only worm. But I knowed the roses was there and I said, 'It's all right, little pinky roses, I know you're there. Don't cry!'

"And then you came in and we frowned away the nasty old mirror out of the window and it broke all up. And then you gave me another, all silver round about, and little stunes on its face, coming quick, quick, and then gone, and then some more and some more. And I looked in and the badger was gone on my neck and I was all white and pinky like the roses. And I put the new nice mirror to look at the roses and there wasn't any more worm and the roses was *growing*, Daddy, and little lovely colors changing on them. Wasn't that a funny dream, Daddy?"

"I think your white fairy sent the dream, Norah." (Norah says she has a white fairy companion that sends her good 'thinkings' when she is good, and makes her happy, but somehow takes leave of absence when she's naughty, and cannot be found anywhere—even for a whole day on end.)

"Why, yes, I think maybe she did. But Daddy, why did she make it in the dream that you gave me the nasty mirror?"

"That's quite a question, dear. But let me see about it. You know little girls and little boys, when they get born, bring a little seed inside them. And as they grow, the little seed grows too, like the little light of the night-lamp when you slowly turn it up."

"I know, it's the little think-seed!"

"Yes, the mind. And it's got just a little bit of mamma's mind and daddy's mind in it, too, mixed up with the little girl's own mind, what she brought with her, her very own."

"But, Daddy, a seed comes out of a flower, and where did she have the flower that made the seed she got borned with?"

"Well, we'll attend to that question further on. I wanted to see if we could understand first about this ugly mirror in the dream. You have days, don't you, when things look all horrid to you and mamma and daddy and nurse don't seem a bit nice?"

"Why yes, but you don't do you?"

"Well, sometimes even grown-ups have to frown away a mirror that makes things look wrong, and sees nothing but moles on people, and makes the grown-ups think—if they let it—that some people are almost nothing but moles. There are people that see other people like that all the time, never see the niceness in them but only their wrongness—as if you could only see the black parts of a rug and none of the nice colors. You can tell that from the faces of these people and even the way they walk, and you hear it in their unkind talk."

"You know we get all colored in our minds by the way we think of other people, according as we let ourselves see their niceness or their faults. If you try to see the fine things in people, how they are kind, perhaps, and don't think of themselves all the time, or try to help other people, or are never afraid of anything, or can always find something nice to say to you or do for you, or never get cross—why, those same fine things begin to grow up in your own mind-seed and get to be part of it and part of the flower the mind-seed comes to be when you're grown up. If you see anything in anybody that isn't just as it ought to be, just be sorry for them and then try not to think of it or have hard thoughts and feelings about them. You can help them like that."

"If I keep thinking of something horrid in them, would I get the same thing?"

"Maybe not always just that same thing, but something that would spoil your mind-flower. But it all comes to this. We've all got a mind-seed in us that comes to be a flower as we grow up. And the flower can grow bigger and finer all the time, and just as well in very, very old people as in you and me. And we must try to help and tend our flower and see that no bad thoughts stray in it and hurt it and stop its growing, no hard thoughts about anybody, only letting stay in it the best thoughts we can about everybody, and if there doesn't seem to be anything good that can be thought of them—but there isn't really anybody so bad as that if we could only know them well enough—then just be sorry and kindly for them, and remember that sometime—even if they have to be dead before that happens—they will learn how they should be and change themselves."

"And if we can grow that kind of a mind-flower we shall find we can understand more and more deep things all the time and be happier all the time, and see all the time better how to help people, and get so

stronger all the time that even the unhappiest things that happen to us can't make us dismal or cross or anything, and so that all people that need to be heartened up in some trouble will get heartened up just by being near us.

—“But I think it's time for us to go and comb our hair and put on a clean pinafore for dinner.”

STUDENT

Busy Holding It Back

THE boys were picking on Ralph Potter the other day — no, he wasn't present; it ain't good manners to talk that way to a man's face and not always safe neither. They said he was stand-offish, never mixed in with the boys, looked as grim as a tombstone, had about as much conversation as a granite boulder, and all that sort of stuff.

Billy Westbrook had been getting up steam for some time and finally he broke out: “Don't seem the straight thing to me to nibble at a fellow behind his back. And anyway you've got this thing all wrong, boys. You don't understand the man. You're just judging by the outside. Me and him was at school together and I know him like I know the inside of my pocket.

“He's got more of a heart hidden behind that phiz than most of us. He was born with a hair-trigger temper and Spitfire was his middle name, but he took himself in hand as a young fellow and went to work to tame that temper of his or bust in the attempt. It was a man's job all right, I tell you, and it's natural enough if the fight might have left a bit of a hardness in his face and his ways. But that's only surface, I tell you. A man what handles a volcano temper is doing a real job and don't you forget it, though he don't seem to be doing much on the outside. The sort of power he's using don't make a big show like a stone-crusher, but it's there all right as smooth and silent as what turns the earth round and brings Harrisville up into the daylight every morning just about sunrise.

“Ralph Potter looks a quiet kind of a cuss that don't seem to have much interest in what don't concern him, but there's an influence or something that goes out from him that counts for a good deal, I reckon. Did you ever notice the way things quiet down when he comes along and get peaceful-like? Voices seem to get friendlier and arguments that are on the way to a fight end up with an easy-going laugh. I never heard him ball fellers out or do any preaching at them, and yet it looks like he persuades them to toe the line and straighten out their lives a bit as if he was a conscience going about on two legs.

“Tother day I saw two fellows who'd been wasting half an hour of the firm's time at eighty-cents an

hour quarreling on politics. Ralph happened along with his curt-sounding ‘Morning, boys,’ and them two fellers just turned round to their benches inside of a minute, and they knowing he ain't a bit the sort that's everlastingly on the look-out to report something.

“You can't judge a man's work with himself on what you see with your eyes; that's the least part of it, sometimes. A man who's put the bit in his own mouth and has got his grip on the reins all the time is doing a lot more than build up his own character. He's helping other fellows to build theirs, and without any preaching either. Fact is that when a fellow holds steady when the storm inside is blowing a gale he's connected up with the highest power in nature.

“You've no call to feel sorry for a man who's got a bad temper. Depends upon whether he's bossing it or it him. It's so much extra force for him to work with, once he gets it under. Bad temper is power, I tell you, and it's up to the man who's got it to let it fly out any old time and make trouble and enemies for himself, or use it to build up his will and his character and make him a general influence for good all around. — I almost wish I had one myself instead of bein' . . .”

Billy grinned and drew in his horns, steam used up. And as there appeared to be nothing more to say and the hoot of the Owl train made itself heard around the bend the gang stretched itself and prepared to resume work. L.

Light in Darkness

I WAS feeling particularly blue — or green, if you like — that day. No reason in my outer circumstances to account for it though. Business and home all going serene and nothing to worry about. Something I had eaten at supper, I told myself. I'm gouty, anyway, and a small indiscretion fills up my blood with uric acid or something and next day I pay for it in aches and my wife in my bad temper. I get these moods sometimes without anything I can find out for a cause. My heredity is bad, of course, and my father was just the same.

So I sat down in the park and let the mood walk all over me. Or it did so without asking to be let. I did not know any way to stop it.

One or two things were obvious. For one, that the mood was from the body, from the blood probably. It was a state of the body which colored my feelings, made me morose and gloomy. Also that I did not like the feeling and wished I could have a different one.

When a man gets me on the telephone it shows that I can get him. If the wire is open one way it must be equally open the other. If my body can

get at my mind and make it gloomy, the way between must be open and a mood of mine must be equally capable of affecting the body — for its good or harm. Which it certainly is. A piece of good news may determine a man's recovery from an illness, or a piece of bad news kill him. And so on. The mind-state altering the body-state.

But the body usually has the whole say. We don't use the chance of a return current and simply submit, as I did that day. We don't practise at creating the mood we want and holding it till the body accepts. But practise day after day, week after week, all the time, in maintaining inward serenity, would do just as good work in time as practise at anything else. Perfection would come.

For me that day there wasn't any particular piece of good news in sight, no more than there was bad news. And it would be a poor thing anyway to be dependent on good news (or on things going smoothly) for a good mood. It seemed to me that a man ought to be stronger than to be played on, one way or the other, by external happenings. Can't he be strong enough to play on himself? And play what tune he will?

And then suddenly the view opened. Some kind of stir, there was, in my heart, and my brain was lit up by the light of it. I got a realization I had never had before.

The body is a part of nature, living by the same life-light as all the rest of nature, the flowers, the green turf, the trees, the running and climbing creatures, living according to its responsiveness to the sun, the air and the earth.

But I, *in* the body, with power to play upon it, to that extent a master of nature, what was I a part of?

Here in this body a few years, a soul learning from life and experience how to live, how to hold itself and be strong and win courage in every circumstance; and then when death comes (to the body) to go forwards — still myself — into another field, under another sun and sky, always forwards and upwards, gaining new knowledge and life and joy and experience, always on to new tasks and duties and responsibilities for the help and welfare and evolution of life below.

I cannot say how I came to know this, to see it and be certain of it, but so it was. So was I filled with the hope and splendor of it. All the human family moving forward together. What did the little ups and downs of present life amount to in that prospect?

I rose up refreshed, my dark mood gone, every cell and fiber of the body changed with *my* change. The return current worked all right!

And I have never altogether lost what I gained. It takes time to register something quite new in one's mind, to change the habit of mind, to gain the habit of trust and hope and confidence and

serenity, to keep the light whatever the outward shadows and changes, to look forwards always to the heights, to the ever unfolding promise of endless life, to all that humanity has in store for it. But, little by little it can be done and the will gradually called out into permanent action.

I have since met some who have gone much further than I in this: life-jailed prisoners, sick women, broken men by the curb selling laces and pencils, who had all found as I had the light of this *New Way*. There are more of these than one thinks, people who have been forced by suffering to look for and find their center of light. In our time it seems as if men and women must suffer and suffer before they will consent to find the peace and joy that is their right and the right of us all. That, I suppose, is the meaning and reason of suffering.

STUDENT

Sand and Canvas

(From *U. S. Navy Magazine*)

WHILE standing on a dock the other day, I noticed a group of Navy men nearby. Some were neat and clean, others unkempt and 'crummy'. Why? Is the pride or morale of the latter so low that they do not care? Is it that they have forgotten the training they received at the Training Station and in their infancy from their parents? Why is it we have men like this in every liberty party? Why do these men by their appearance cast reflexion on the service in general? There surely must be some reason. Their pay is certainly adequate to permit the purchase of toilet articles, shoe-polish, whisk-brooms, and washing soap! With these, all that is required is the pride and initiative to keep clean.

If you will recall, your first lecture at the Training Station consisted entirely of a talk on personal cleanliness, and we've all been through training, so we can't blame it on lack of proper instruction. Is it that our regulations do not provide punishment by restriction for such an 'offense'? They do — so that isn't the reason. I say 'offense' because it is just as much every Navy man's duty as a representative of the United States Navy to make himself as neat and well-groomed a representative as it is for him to return from liberty on time or perform the duties of his individual rating! It is this that our instructors at the Training Stations try to impress upon the recruit while he is under training. — CLEANLINESS AND NEATNESS.

Have you ever noticed a group of apprentice seamen ashore on liberty from a training station? Do you remember the spotless whites or blues, the polished shoes, the WHITE hat? Don't you wish that all men in the service were as particular regarding their personal appearance? Even though they did look a bit

awkward in their regulation clothing, didn't something way down deep inside tell you that their training had been a success in one phase anyway — *they had learned the secret of keeping clean?*

If we, their shipmates, resolved that we would not have our name, 'Man O'Warsman,' besmirched by such public appearances of men from our ships or stations, that we wouldn't permit men to go ashore or return from liberty with such a slovenly and unman-o-warsman appearance, would it help? Would an old time sand and canvas bath, which our predecessors in the service saw fit to inflict, clear up the situation? Would an inaptitude discharge to such men, regardless of service, do it? Would a court-martial suffice?

Surely we have too much pride to stand by and see our uniform, name, and service disgraced by those who find the service quite beneficial as far as home, travel, education, salary and their bread and butter, are concerned and yet are too shiftless, ungrateful, and disrespectful to the uniform and the government it represents, to keep themselves clean?

Look around you in your compartments and on deck. Aren't the same men the ones who are an undesirable element in other ways? Aren't they the same ones who are continually borrowing money from their shipmates? Is it that they might be taught thrift and in so gaining some knowledge, become better representatives of our service? It would certainly serve them in that they would be able to purchase neat uniforms and thus put that money to good use that is otherwise foolishly spent and wasted!

I have heard many defend these cases by saying that they do not know any better, that they are really ignorant. We know that our service is fast becoming an institution where the most highly educated and proficient type of man possible is desired. Our Navy Department has repeatedly shown its interest in each and every man in the service. They have increased our pay, changed our uniform, so we are content, and a condition such as described is absolutely unnecessary and should be eliminated. *Personal neatness and cleanliness invariably reflects mental cleanliness.*

Myself

I HAVE to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as the days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go

Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a man I really am;
I don't want to dress myself up in sham.

I never can hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself and so
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

— *Selected. Author unknown.*

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 but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, of Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being."

— 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

"THIS doctrine of the innate divinity of man is to me (and I think to all liberal-minded people) one of the greatest keys to the solution of life's problems."

— Katherine Tingley

"TEACH me, O revered one, the highest worship!"
"And the teacher remained quite silent."

"When now the disciple for the second and the third time made the same petition, the teacher said: 'I am indeed teaching it to you, but you do not understand; *this highest worship is silent.*'"

— An ancient Indian scripture.

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

— Jesus Christ

"FURTHER, to do evil and escape detection and punishment is *not* a clever but a disastrous thing; for every escape encourages the beast within us, and so makes the soul more vicious, while right punishment tames the brute, and sets the man free. The man of understanding will avoid unrighteousness, not for fear of punishment, but simply because it is ruinous to his soul; and he will follow every good practice, not that men may think well of him, but simply because only so can his soul find the harmony which is happiness." — E. J. URWICK, *The Message of Plato*

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

THE DIRTY DOZEN

"I heard —"

"They say —"

"Everybody says —"

"Have you heard —?"

"Did you hear —?"

"Isn't it awful —?"

"People say —"

"Did you ever —?"

"Somebody said —"

"Would you think —?"

"Don't say I told you —"

"Oh, I think it is perfectly terrible!"

— The Lookout

APHORISMS OF NAPOLEON'S

"To judge men correctly we must take them where events have thrown them; we must penetrate deeply into their actions, whether good or bad, and assure ourselves if it were not impossible for them to do otherwise than they did."

"MAN'S true character ever displays itself in great events."

"To have a right estimate of a man's character we must see him in adversity."

"THERE is glory and true greatness in raising oneself by the heart."

"WHEN there is nothing in the heart, the head must be bad; he is a man unfit to command or to act for himself."

"THE best cure for the body is to quiet the mind."

"EVERY hour of lost time creates a chance of evil for the future."

"It is noble and courageous to rise above misfortune."

"THE conscience is the inviolable asylum of the liberty of man."

"WE should always go before our enemies with confidence, otherwise our apparent uneasiness inspires them with greater boldness."

"EVERY individual says with the God of the Egyptian Mysteries: 'I am who I am,' and stands before us a new, inscrutable, unfathomable thing."

— Houston Chamberlain

"LET a man make himself what he preaches to others, the well-subdued may subdue others, one's self, indeed, is hard to tame." — Dhammapada



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Keep keeping on. The noblest house
From single bricks arose."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

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AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE-PAGEANT

Youthful representatives of twenty-six nations, pupils in Katherine Tingley's Raja-Yoga College and Academy, on the steps of the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

The Divinity Within Us All

(From KATHERINE TINGLEY'S recently published book, *The Wine of Life*)

IT is the knowledge of the Higher Self, of the Divinity within, that I am ever seeking to bring out, — to awaken people to the realization of their spiritual opportunities. If they are still ignorant, they have nevertheless had plenty of opportunity of knowing that man is dual in his nature. The Soul of man is the eternal, growing, burning fire of Divinity; the other part belongs to the desires and the passions and the animal side. We must find *that* something

within us, *that* higher nature, which every man and woman possesses — the Christos-Spirit that is awaiting our recognition.

And 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 buried 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 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 artistic 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 he 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!

How can any earnest thinker deny the Divinity of Man? In every one'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*. No man living, no matter how he has failed, has ever completely lost touch with that certain 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.

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 unawares and carries him out beyond all brain-mind thought into the great broad road of service. 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.

At any moment in every life the hour of revelation may be at hand. 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. 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 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.

Self-Exercise

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF ATHLETICS

"OH if I could only stop my mind!" The poor fellow was pacing his cell, to and fro, to and fro, eight feet of it. He was on the way to go mad with the memories that were pulsing and throbbing in his brain — of his boyhood, of all that had led up to his crime, of his wrecked hopes and plans. And there were many gray-black years ahead of him, in every hour of which, as it seemed to him, he must face his ruin and live in it.

I said what I could, which, for the moment, was not very much. But afterwards I began to think away from his particular case, yet with his words as a text.

His mind, as he implied, had got out of his control. He could not stop it or change the direction of his thoughts, though they were agony to him. In his situation we should most of us be the same. Our minds would run away with us.

But what about our school training, which is mind training? This man behind the bars was a university graduate, his mind trained to the last point of efficiency. What good was the training to him when it came to *this* pinch? The trained and efficient instrument had broken loose and was running amuck; the servant was on top and could not be controlled.

Man, mind, body: they charge the modern universities with overdoing the bodily athletics and slighting the intellectual work. We might more fruitfully charge the whole modern educational system with packing the mind whilst neglecting the man it belongs to. We exercise the body — if we are wise; we exercise the mind — more or less, and if not it exercises itself — one way or another — from



morning to night, but *ourselves* — where are we in that matter? In fact we cannot easily think of any way in which we *could* exercise ourselves as distinct from exercise of body or of mind.

But if my mind were thinking of something that interested it and I turned it off from that topic and made it think of some other — any other: it is clear that I am exercising *myself*; I am *will-ing*. The *mind* was working before and after this interference of mine. What is new is this interference with what it was doing, the making it do something else. I am doing something similar when my body wishing to lie in bed, I make it get up. I am doing just the same when my mind feeling unkindly about someone, I make it feel kindly.

Now of all that sort of exercise of *ourselves* we do a little, but not much; not at all as a regular practice up to the point of perfection, swift, easy, perfect action. We have never been taught about it in that way as we have been taught to exercise our minds and bodies. And consequently we are weak in the unexercised part — *ourselves*! We should be equally weak in body or mind if we never exercised either of those departments. We have never had ourselves, in this way, under our own attention and do not know ourselves. And we are all the time victims of our own minds, like that poor fellow behind the bars; though it is only in extreme cases like his that we come to know that we *are* unexercised and that our minds therefore do mostly as they like.

This *practising of ourselves* is the most valuable thing we can do. In old age or sickness the mind and body may get feeble, but if we have attained self-knowledge through the practise of self-exercise we find that *we* remain unchanged, not getting old or feeble — no more than the pianist gets old and feeble because his piano does. He might even get to be a better executant because of his putting forth extra skill and delicacy in trying to make his old and ageing instrument respond still to his touch.

And with this calling forth of ourselves, this practising of ourselves, would come knowledge, quite certain, that we do not die with the body or with the brain-mind, but pass on through death into the fields of life beyond.

The time for practice? All day long! Think what you *will* to be thinking of, not let the mind think of what *it* wishes. Keep it on your duties! Mind your own business! Keep the mind kindly in feeling!

Don't let the mind run away. Don't let it wool-gather. If you want to think of a pleasure, think of it, if it is a proper one, but don't let the mind get off on such thoughts when it isn't the time for them. Don't let it drift around among memories that may just as well be let fade or die out — especially memories of quarrels or of wrongs you have suffered. Don't have remorse about the past. Replace it steadily with resolves about the future. Avoid all memories

that are useless and waste time and mental and emotional energy. You have a better job to do — this self-discipline, self-training in will, in self-knowing. And all the time, the more you make the mind come to heel the better and more efficient an instrument it will become.

And at night, the last moments before turning in, say to the brain: "Now you shut up for the time altogether. I don't want *any* of your thoughts just now. In the silence I will feel after and find my full self, my divinity, and that greater Divine Self which broods over and sustains all things," the source of and one with our human self.

We are greater than we know, and diviner. But we can come to know, in this our life, and do not have to wait for death to show us. And that is what our little lives on earth are for — that through pain and experience and effort we may reawaken to our real natures.

STUDENT

The Gentle Art of Conversation

"CONVERSATION'S quite an art," said old man Padfield, after Loosely had departed, "and Loosely ain't got more'n the half of it and the least account half at that. The other part consists in not sayin' anything. And it's first-class opportunity for a whole lot of acquirements."

We listened in, for old Padfield was always laying it down that it was bad form to start picking at a man the moment he'd left the company. "How'd you like to feel," he'd say, "that directly you'd shut the door behind you the boys'd begin chirpin' up on your little weaknesses and tellin' each other what they'd heard about you or seen you do? No sir; we ought to be able to feel that when we quit the circle we ain't goin' to get an absent treatment in vivisection."

All the same he was taking Loosely for a text this time. "Loosely's a mighty good fellow in most ways," he said, "and there's mighty little he wouldn't do for you if you was hard up for his help, but he does everlastingly want to run it all over you with his last idea. *His* idea is always the one and only truth, and if you're up to move the triflingest amendment to it, why you simply can't get the Speaker's attention or you're ruled out of order without a hearing.

"Now we've all got some o' that in us, and the more we've got of it the wronger-headed we're likely to be. How are we likely to get a good judgment if we never give it a chance to work? The only way as I see it to get a good sane judgment on your own opinions is to practise it in careful and friendly attention to the *other* fellow's ideas. There's just as likely to be something in 'em as in yours, and there's dead *sure* to be something in 'em at least worth con-

sidering. Let your own wait, I say, till you've done that. There's plenty time for your own. Give your own a chance to ripen. Take it that they *need* a ripening and always will, and be ready to find it going on as you get wiser with your years. Don't case 'em up in a shell while they're trying to grow. And there's no better way to case 'em in a shell than to lay 'em out hard and fast all over the other fellow and get the more dogmatic and het up about them if he tries to put up another view than yours or move a trifle of an amendment. You can about reckon you're wrong just in proportion you feel like doing that. Why not reckon *he's* got a bit of truth too or at least an error well worth seeing into?

"The better half of conversation, I say, is the art of listenin' and tryin' to get the other fellow's view. Attentive silence is mostly the best talk. Balance up your view and his. If he's wrong he ain't goin' to get on to his wrongness from any head-on collision with *your* view. And a quiet word or two later on, showing that you appreciated what he's said, may do a heap.

"The power to hold yourself in, I tell you, is a big power, the biggest there is in us, and open to us all to get, a big bit of will-culture. And likewise the power to get a sympathetic feel of the other fellow's mind. Both of 'em got by what I call the better half of conversation — interest in the other fellow as a man and a mind. You may think him a poor sort of a fellow and a poor sort of a mind. Maybe. But he'll get more from knockin' up against your silence than against your talk and argument. That's the way to get over something to him that'll one day work in him and wake him up to himself and give him a chance to begin opening out the best of himself like we all have to in the long long run this and 'tother side of death.

"There's two fellows in every one of us — the hidden fellow we've got to get at some time, and the outward fellow that talks and brain-rattles and is sure he's right all the time and wants to have it all his own way. One of 'em lives and watches, inside, in the silence, and tries to get us to give him a chance to make us big and real and see everything the way it is, and understand life in its deepness and grand meanings and promise for us. And the other lives and chatters, outside, and is what we outgrow by controllin' and standing back from, and refusing it permission to fill the whole stage and everlastingly shove itself into the center.

"I tell you, boys, the art of conversation is a big one, and the better half is mostly reached by keepin' quiet.

"Well, I guess I ain't done much harm to Loosely even if I did use him for a text behind his back. We've all got something that all the rest of us can learn by. The worst of us is only an extreme case of some little streak in the best of us. And we're

all of us in the great human boat bound for — put your own name to it, *up stream* to the great God-source, anyway."

It was quite a sermon, and I don't think Loosely himself would have minded being the text of it.

STUDENT

Run Up Your Flag

"**N**AIL your colors to the mast, my son." Mother used to say that to us, sometimes; meaning, Declare your principles courageously, and stand by them.

My small brother, Jim, chipped in one day after she had said that: "Mother, what part of the mast? A fellow might nail it to the top and it would look pretty fine. But he might nail it half way up like they do when somebody's dead and nothing doing but a funeral. Or close up against the bottom where it would be roughing about in the mud."

He was chaffing, of course, never could take anything seriously. And you mustn't ever press a symbol too far anyway. But that idea of a flagstaff with its long run up and down for the flag did stick in my mind.

It's the same flag whatever part of the staff it's flying from, even if the staff was so tall that the flag was way up above the clouds and you couldn't see it at all.

A flagstaff's got two ends, one stuck down in the soul and mud and the other up pointing to the sky with mostly always a gold ball up there to finish it off and take the sun's reflexion. If the flag stands for a man's self, well, he can be all the time down in the mud and soil, or he can take himself up, higher and higher, till he's right up under the gold ball with the blue sky all about him and the sun right on him and the clouds below — if the staff's that high. But it's the same flag wherever it is, and the man's the same self whatever level he goes up to or down to.

Some men have nailed their colors to the bottom, down in the 'mud' of the body — nothing but appetites, lusts and selfishness, hardly anything you can rightly call thinking at all going on, brutes. Nothing of the flag's fine and splendid colors to be seen at all. Flag seems just part of the mud it's in, soiled through and through. Gold top of the staff's shining, though, all right, but no flag waving out in the sunlight under it. That gold top will stand for the soul, the soul that's always trying to get a man to come *up* and get the light on him and be the real 'Old Glory,' 'Old Glory?' Well, yes. For *this* sort of a 'Flag' — what *we* are — arrives at birth from somewhere, to the top of the staff, down the staff, down to the bottom of it into the body. Where it came from before that, is not in the picture.

And so we *come to*, at birth, and find ourselves at the bottom with the job of reaching the top again—or not, according as we choose. Death *ought to be* where the flag runs again to the top (if it hadn't got there during life) and flies off from there again out and up to whence it came from. But it *may* be the final rotting of the bright flag in the mud and soil. It's up to us to choose. We're doing the choosing all along our lives and when the last comes we must accept the result of our choice.

"A man's doing something towards the right choice whenever he makes any sort of efforts in the right direction, even if he don't seem to himself to come out as anything but a failure. *Frying* is the great thing, effort. He's always got help coming to him while he does that. There's a little gold thread running down to the flag from the gold crowning the top of the staff, and it's always pulling, pulling, pulling. We all feel that. And it never snaps while a man is trying, however feebly and long between-whiles. A man's final choice for the mud, whole and complete, is the only thing that will break the thread so that there's no top of the flagstaff for him."

"Nail your colors to the mast" is a symbol containing the idea of courage. But the symbol and idea may change and the "nailing" idea disappear from it. *Run up your Flag*, upward, little by little, day by day, upward always. Look up! Find the gold thread and feel its pull! It is most felt and we give it most power and ascend the Flagstaff of our life towards the shining Light most quickly when we create in our hearts and all day hold to an eternal kindness and brotherhood of feeling, speech and act. That leads to every other spiritual victory.

STUDENT

About Not Being Self-Centered

LOOKING back from the heights of eighty years, what we experienced in the valleys of our youth is viewed so impersonally as almost to seem the happenings of another life. So, then, I think it will not be difficult to tell of what occurred in my early years, and possibly some benefit may be had in reflecting upon it.

I was a young man of average type: not one who sowed his wild oats with a too liberal hand. When I decided to settle down I was fortunate in finding a good wife, and we started in immediately paying for a cottage on the instalment plan; my father-in-law's wedding present was the payment of the necessary deposit as a start.

But it was much more of an uphill game than I had bargained for. Living grew much dearer, and I was continually harried by the possibility of losing what we had paid on our house should my job fail

me, or should sickness or any misfortune happen to us.

I determined to practise the most stringent economy, and to make it a rule of my life to look after 'No. 1' first. I always refused to participate in subscriptions that went around the shop for anyone in need, and I withdrew from all civic activities that entailed any expense.

I could almost think that the fear of something happening brought it to pass. My wife broke her leg badly in slipping on the porch of our house, and it was twelve months before she could work again about our home.

We managed to keep up our house payments, but the doctor's bills were unpaid, my clothes were wearing out, and my shoes had collapsed from walking to save carfare.

Well, I do not find it as easy as I thought to set down what followed—there are some things one would wish to bury and keep buried. Opportunity offered and I stole. It was a sudden temptation, an impulse. The moment I had done it my heart sank, and I said to myself: "O you fool!"

But the next thought was: "Don't be squeamish. You've slaved for this firm for ten years, and what have they ever given you but your wages?" So I kept the money.

After a few days there was an inquiry, and suspicion fell upon an old man in the same department. Though I did nothing to arrange it, yet circumstantial evidence was so strongly against him that he was discharged, but was not prosecuted, because of his age.

Oh I felt sick, and more sick; and had no peace day or night. At last, after a week of agony, with my face hidden on my wife's knee I told her what I had done. I am sure that there could be no hell worse than the awful depths into which I slipped in the silence that followed. I seemed to be banished to the outer rim of the universe and to be utterly alone.

Through the silence came my wife's forgiving voice; and in the revulsion of feeling that followed I almost fainted. There was not a word of reproach or dwelling on the almost certain disaster that must follow: we hardly dared formulate the thought of a term in prison, and yet that seemed an almost certain result.

Immediately we went to the home of the old man who had been discharged and told him what we intended to do. Next morning we interviewed the manager of the firm, and I returned the money. He said he would not prosecute if I would compensate the old man handsomely for the trouble I had caused him. I was discharged and the old man reinstated, and we managed to recompense him by selling all we had. After that we went into the country and worked on a farm.

That, then, is the story in its main outlines. I can plainly see now where my habitual concentration on my own interests had gradually blunted me to

everything else, and it was only this last act that had suddenly made me appreciate what I had become. I had almost lost the power of considering anything but my own pocket and when the chance of easy money came my way I was swept off my feet with hardly a struggle.

To get that jolt was the best thing that could have happened to me. Out in the quiet country I had opportunity to think things out, and see where I had first begun to step off the right track.

A couple of years later we had another chance to start as we did before, and we made good and bought our house in time. And the old man I had wronged was an always welcomed guest. D.

Health and Will

THE question of diet was being discussed in the prison yard. Jarrell had read of some desperate cases that had been cured by diet and exercise.

Morse said: "That is sensible and it is getting back to nature. I believe it is the right way. But what good does it do us, with no choice of food and what we do get, poor? And small chance to get much exercise or over-good air. We haven't a thing to work with."

"I'm not so sure of that," Myers said. "I've read all those articles carefully. They are authentic and they are interesting enough to make the medical men think. Some of the cases are amazing recoveries from what seemed hopeless conditions. But I notice they are all alike in one thing. And that is in using their *will* as they never had before, because something in them knew that this was their last chance.

"You see they had all been letting the body run them, in one way or another. Sometimes it was alcohol, or perhaps the fermentation was from too much sugar or candy; or it might be too much meat or starchy foods or too little green stuff and fruit, or wrong combinations of foods or just plain gluttony or irregular eating, and so on. Or sometimes it was vicious living that made for disease. At any rate, the cases all tell how they all outlined a campaign of making themselves do what they ought to do, and then *stick to it*.

"So when they tell how even their outlook on life changed, they forget to note that they changed that in the beginning of their schedule. If they had not, they wouldn't have got anywhere. The scientists tell us that the earth is a magnet, and as a man's body is made out of the earth it's likely that he is a magnetic body also. So of course he is generating magnetic forces all the time, and the *kind* of force and the way of its work must depend upon the direction of his will. If it is negative and weak, naturally his body-atoms will be the same. If his will is strong

and directed toward gratification of the body, why then, his sensations and appetites will make strong demands. When his will is turned to the best use to make of his body, then he must generate the finer forces. And these, in turn, must make the body quality magnetically fine and strong. So there you are; every organ and function is keyed to health and action, when the *will* is turned that way.

"Because we have so little chance to get better air and exercise and food here, we have nothing to work on much except *will*. And I'm not sure but in the Great Plan of things, our being here is a challenge to get busy on the creative power of *will*. Most of us have brain enough and body enough to get somewhere in life if we had the determination to use them in the right way. Isn't that so?"

"If we were honest with ourselves, we would have to admit what you say."

"Well, then, if we do our part, even without any change around us, the rest is on the 'knees of the gods.' We'll get what we *earn*. You know the ripples spread when you just throw a little stone in the pond." GYMNAST

The Three Wills

THERE are three wills in man whereby he may surmount the weaknesses of his bodily nature. Yet are they in truth but one only, having origin in three diverse motives or platforms.

When his years have somewhat advanced upon him and he perceives the beginnings of old age near at hand, then comes fear of the infirmities of age and the disabilities and pains of disease. Indeed it may be that he finds disease already a little upon him. Then from the fear is born a certain power and action of will, and therewith he throws off some indulgence or evil habit which he knows is the cause of his disability or disease. Thus here is the will stirred into action by the stimulus of *fear*.

Or again it may be that he somewhat transfers his desire of life in the body into desire of life immortal in some heaven, and, looking to his God as the giver of this life, will now fain please his God by the sacrifice of his evil flesh or habit of whatever evil nature, that in return for such sacrifice he shall be granted the boon. He becometh virtuous to please his God, and that to get life immortal.

But this is no different in very quality from that other willing that was born of fear of disease, only that the end he would attain is now larger. For verily it too hath fear beneath it as its inspirer—fear, and lust of life; though yet of a surety there may be some little real *love* of God underneath it and blended with it. Hard it is to separate these two and to be sure which he acts according to.

Lastly may will be stirred into action in self-

conquest by that pure love of God which seeks not self, the pure love which will offer up the flesh as a sacrifice of love only, seeking naught in return. (Yet indeed the return is rich.)

Shall I now say that there is a fourth platform whereon will may stand — the love of *man*? For here a man conquers weaknesses and flesh-lusts that he may the better *serve*, the more fully free his powers of mind and of body for service, the better show in his example the nobler way of life to those who need some exemplar.

But in truth this is no fourth. For he who in his heart loveth men and would lay down his — nay, not life, for that perchance were somewhat easy — but his lusts and craves and weaknesses, this man loveth God howsoever (or even if *nosoever*) he nameth God to himself; and he who loveth God in his very heart, thinking of his God and not of himself, feeling after his God as his present Companion and doing all things as service of God and not of himself — this fellow hath also true love of man. The twain lovings are one.

The first ways of these four, see thou, have self and the life of self and gain for self, as their platform for will. But the last have *love* for their platform and origin, love of man and of the inner God, and in this love the craving selfish self is burned away, and the noble self of service, of love, of immortal manhood, is revealed and made free according to its primeval nature when in that far-off time 'the Sons of God' (present with and in man and themselves the real man) shouted for joy. For, oh man, thou, if thou knowest thyself, art one of those Sons of God indeed and no creature of flesh as thou now thinkest and as it seemeth to thee. Arise therefore in service of man and of thy heart-God. Seize joy and freedom.

(From an old tract)

A Mystery

J. G. Whittier

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through the meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountain that I sang!

No clue of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew.
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine.

Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream?
Or glimpse through aeons old?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

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.

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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

"WOE to those who live without suffering! Stagnation and death is the future of all that vegetates without change. And how can there be any change for the better without proportionate suffering during the preceding stage?"—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"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. The 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*

"MAN'S only way to win his great hope and to know the Truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating soul-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature—his body, mind, and emotions—he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul, and dissolved away its limitations."
—*Katherine Tingley*

"THERE'S two of every one of us, you know: the Great Fellow that's never saying anything, but (now and then) charges in and cleans up a lot of things—and is really you if you can get to know it; and the small fellow of daily life with his tricks and appetites and everlasting brain-chatter that you (thus far) think is you. And that latter is willing enough to figure himself as getting a mighty big will that nothing can stay, but don't relish a single one of the long line of small bits of self-denial and self-control that make up the only way to that sort of will."
—*The Yard Philosopher*

"THE power men possess to annoy me, I give them."

"THE lower nature is the most specious of all debaters. When driven to the wall, it will even surrender and side with its contestant, that by thus disarming suspicion, it may conquer you in the peace of a self-righteous nap."—*R.*

"RESIST the devil; and he returns with seven apparent angels to help him."—*H. W. Massingham*

"MAN is a strange compound—
Made up, as he is, of the angel and the beast;
Inclined to the latter he becomes worse than the beast;
Inclined to the former he becomes better than the angel."

SILENCE

"THERE can certainly today be no more necessary lesson, and there is no more valuable one for men and women to learn, than that of silence. This is particularly true of Americans, for in the United States there is such an outpouring of energy, so much nervous force is in our possession, that we do not know how to apply it and so work it off in talk very much after the manner in which an engine works off steam. Only, in the case of the latter, something is accomplished afterwards, while in the human being excessive talking denotes nothing but an extravagant waste of energy, and is followed by physical exhaustion."

"YOU will never be without light enough to take one step. Don't stop moving ahead till the light gives out."

"ONE shining street-lamp is worth more in the world than a ton of fireworks."

"AND when I asked

What fateful action, done in the front of the field,
Had brought such courage and exalted joy
And sweeping victory to the Sons of the Gods;
They told me that 'twas you, who had left undone
Some evil thing you were impelled to do."—*M.*

"BE careful in estimating other men. This fellow may have an unattractive, irritable, unsympathetic exterior manner and be no egotist. And that other, delightful as a companion, urbane, kindly in manner, may be an absolute and callous egotist within. Ever read Lytton's *Strange Story*?"

"HE who wrongs another will regret it, though men may applaud him, but he who is wronged is safe from regret, though the world may blame him."
—*Buddhistic*

"THERE is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much."—*Ruskin*

"TAKE your needle, my child, and work at your pattern—it will come out a rose by and by. Life is like that: one stitch at a time, taken patiently, and the pattern will come all right in the end."



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"The power that men possess to annoy me I give them."

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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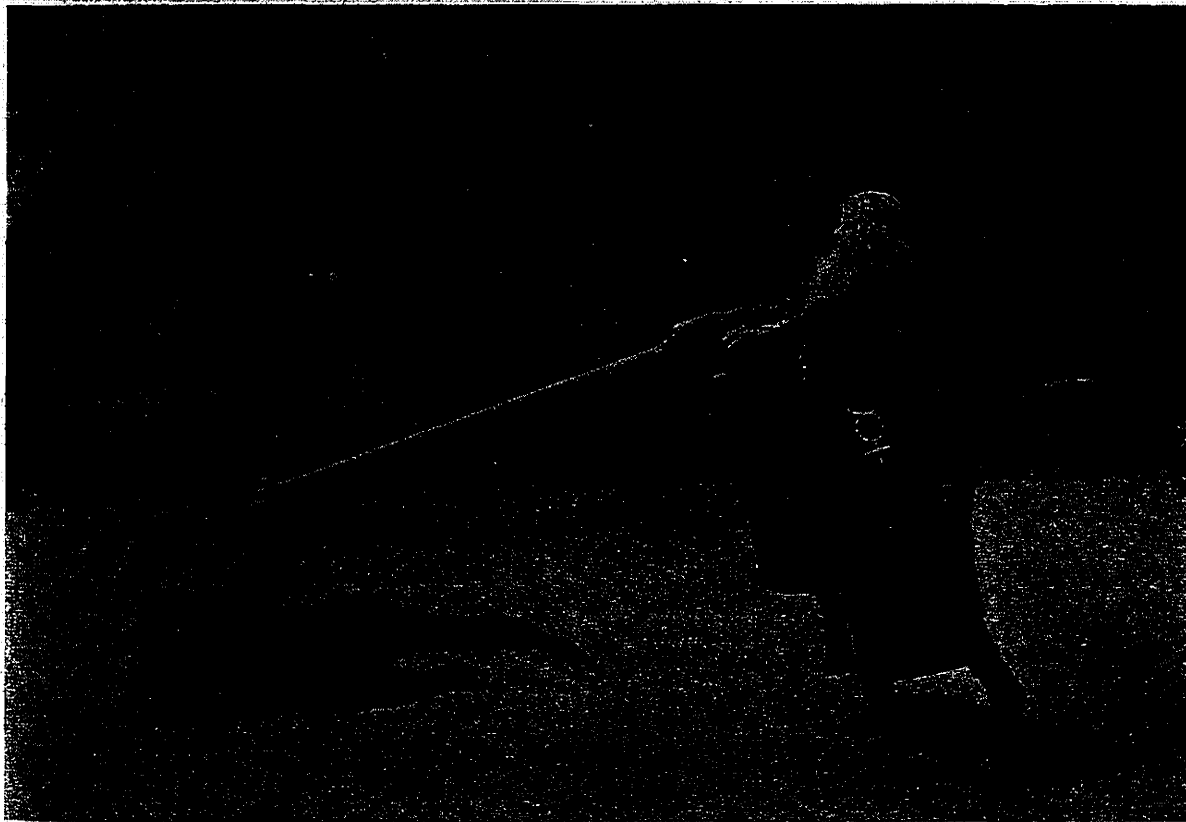
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PROSPERO AND CALIBAN

From Katherine Tingley's recent production of Shakespeare's *Tempest* in the Open-air Greek Theater
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

Self-Knowledge

From an Address delivered by Katherine Tingley

IT is the duty of every man to obtain self-knowledge. He cannot get it out of books alone; it is within himself that he must find it. And every man can

find it, just as surely as he can find the sunlight in the morning. But if he has no confidence in himself, if he does not believe that in the deepest, inmost part of him he is divine and immortal, life is a farce and there is nothing to it. Yet no matter how heavy the shadows, no matter if he must suffer poverty

and hunger, still the treasures are within the reach of every man. In the divine law there is another chance for everyone. This is the supreme message. It fills man with hope and trust. It brings him to a consciousness of his immortal self and shows him the vastness and greatness of the possibilities of human life.

All humanity needs an awakening now. We must have a larger view of the great scheme of life and evolution. We must become acquainted with our real inner selves — the part of us that thinks and loves and seeks to become, the real being who lives and thinks within, and who knows something of the grandeur and beauty of life.

Because we are still half asleep, because we are so held down by the ignorance of the age and by the despotism of intellectualism, we have not yet found ourselves out in the great blue of life; we have not the courage to go to the top of the mountain. If the human race had any confidence in the reality of life, in the great inner, sacred truths, we should all be working in harmony. There would be no differences among individuals or nations. There would be no wars, because man, being essentially divine, has within his own inner nature all the godlike qualities that can be evoked and can be lived — and indeed are being lived by a certain class of people, though of course very imperfectly as yet.

The reason we have the conditions we see around us in the world today is that the human mind has not yet realized that man himself is godlike in his possibilities. Never mind about his weaknesses and mistakes. The Higher Law will adjust them. Let each man realize that he can achieve, he can grow, conquer, and become, and that he need never fall back if he will live in his spiritual nature.

Each one can find within himself the great secret of life and know that the spiritual soul of man is immortal; there is no death; love is eternal, and the Divine is all-embracing and infinite, and therefore impersonal. What is most needed is knowledge of the self. Know yourselves, trust yourselves, be growing all the time, ever advancing, climbing ever upwards! Then when death takes your loved ones, you will have smiles instead of shadows; you will have joy in your eyes instead of tears; because your souls will have told you that, man being immortal, the Divine love unlimited, and the Higher Law divinely just, all is well for humanity.

Did not Jesus tell us that the Kingdom of Heaven was within? That means that it is within right now. You may not see a single aspect of it; you may be so discouraged that you cannot see the beauty of the sunlight; you may have lost hope, but behind the shadows is an ever living power — the eternal love of God.

When you get to the point of accepting the idea of the essential divinity of man, your heart will be

whispering a new message of hope to you. You will smile where you frowned before; you will trust where you distrusted; you will love where possibly you disliked or hated. Everything will be transformed in your nature, because the divine spark within has been kindled.

Have your own thoughts and aspirations; make your own visions; and know your inner God! This is the real secret. It is within the power of every man, woman, and child to know at least something of the meaning of life. What you do not understand today, you may learn tomorrow. Move along in trust! Value your lives for something more than merely a temporary bread-and-butter question, or enjoying yourselves, or just the education of the mentality. There must be education of the *soul*. For the lack of this the world is suffering and nations are ready to get at each other's throats. That is why we have wars and conflicts.

I have seen the misery of the world. I have met the heart-broken and the hopeless in all walks of life; and if I believed that humankind was placed on the face of this earth by a God who gave us no more privileges than even the most fortunate of us have in just one life, I would lose my faith. But my faith is in the all-loving, ever-faithful, all-compassionate, eternal, infinite, Divine Nature; and as far as we live nearer and nearer to the good, and the true, and the beautiful, so do we mirror that Divine in our own lives.

Reach out towards the mercy of the Higher Law. Meet half-way the glorious possibilities that your own souls will tell you are awaiting you. I can tell you little in comparison with what your own souls will tell you. Do not listen to me if you do not believe in me; but if you do, keep on striving until you find yourselves; find the glory of the Divine within your own natures; illuminate your lives with the consciousness of your own innate divinity; make life beautiful, make it useful, make it holy, make it all-conquering and all-loving! — *From an extemporaneous Address delivered in the Memorial Temple of Peace, Point Loma, California*

Each Man's Thread

"IF I was to scamp my work there'd be a hang-up in the place somewhere."

"Would it get traced to you?"

"Might or might not. But if I'd do that once, why wouldn't I do the same some other time for some similar reason — and then again, more and more often? And at last get caught for sure. But that's no kind of a self-respecting reason for not scamping your job."

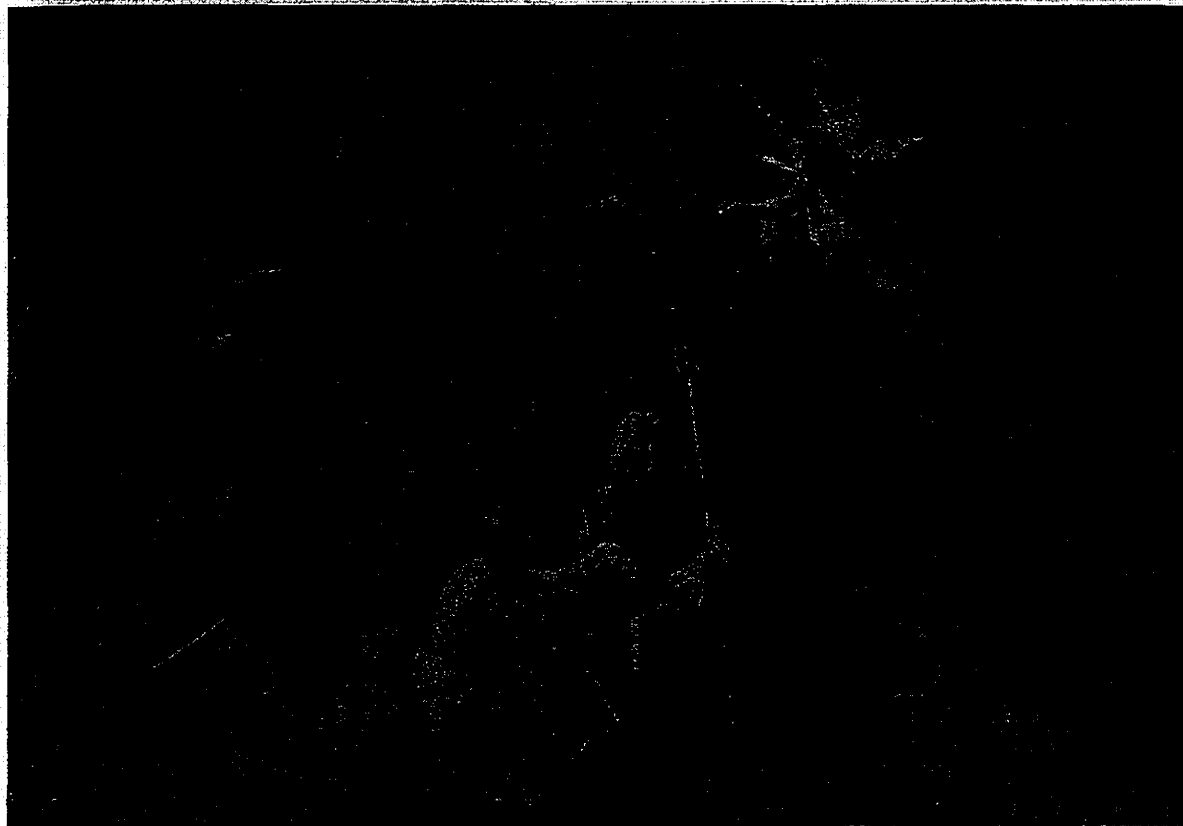
"Just this once? No, sir! There ain't any



'just this once'; that's the way fellows fool themselves and that's why in the long run they come to a bad smash, wreck their lives, maybe. Don't you stand any 'just this once's'.

"Every fellow's got a part of him that wants him to do every duty right out to the limit, and another part that don't really care anything about duty, don't really know the meaning of the word, no more'n a tom-cat knows it, only wants pleasure

coming around just where I left it, and no chance for me to give it the go-by again. And I'd have to compensate and rectify somehow all along the line at every point where my flaw showed up, and maybe in ways or at times mighty inconvenient and unpleasant to me. But the more inconvenient the less likely I'd be to commit that little mistake any more. So that in the end it would work out for me as a cure. And strict justice too.



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SCENE FROM KATHERINE TINGLEY'S PRODUCTION OF *THE TEMPEST*

Prospero and his daughter Miranda in the center. On the left Ferdinand the lover, whom Miranda, having never before seen any other man than her father, thinks to be a spirit. On the right Ariel, supposed to be invisible.

We all get pulled by both them two things in us and it's up to us to take a stand and not get fooled by the plausible-sounding reasons the lower thing puts up to us to let it have its way and shirk duties.

"Look here. Supposin' I shirk a bit of work I ought to do. There'll be more or less of a hang-up in the place, as I told you, something somewhere out of gear. Some other fellow will have to do what I neglected and throw over a bit of his work so as to manage it, or work overtime. Or there'll be a delay in the final output or a flaw in the final product.

"Now all this may or may not be traced back to me. But you'll admit it ought to be. If real justice was working out in the matter I should find the flaw

"Now take a bigger outlook than these here factory walls. Supposin' all this world of ours, the world of men and things we live in, happens to be a grand factory for turning out some product, a factory with a foreman, mind you, that ain't troubled with any weakness of observation-powers! And the proposed product of this here grand factory is—*perfected men and women!* And the product depends on our doin' our full duty by each other and by ourselves. The product ain't been turned out in any large numbers so far, that I see, nor likely to be in our time! But generation after generation it gets along, a bit nearer and a bit nearer. Why only a bit? Why is there such an all-fired hang-up in the progress?

"Supposin' I'm the kind of a chap that goes slack on his ordinary day-to-day duties, scamps 'em now and then if they stand in the way of his ease or pleasure. Some young fellow in the works sees me — his respected senior — doin' this and says to himself: 'Well, if Tom'll do that, why won't I?' And so he slips up, and not only is that young fellow's bit of work left at a loose end, but his character is loosened up too. Who knows what's goin' to get him later on for that? And what's his example goin' to do in its turn? And so the thing spreads. Doin' my duty by that bit of work is likewise doin' my duty by that bit of humanity — *put in my charge*, for all I know, by that observin' overseer I spoke of that don't generally call attention to what he's tryin' to do. Won't I have to rectify a failure in that matter too, sometime, somehow? 'How?' — you say. That's in bigger hands than mine.

"But now this comes somehow into my head: There's John Aldersley, got three boys and a girl, nice steady fellows, two of them boys. But t'other took to small pilferings and landed up finally behind bars. One day John says to me, says he: 'Tom, there's a streak of that same in me that's brought Jack where he is. I wouldn't like everything I've done in times past to get shouted off the house tops. The streak don't show. Nobody knows it. I'm a respected citizen. Maybe it's partly to keep that respect (but partly, I hope, for a better reason now) that I don't let that loose screw in me have a show. But I know it's there all right, not altogether tight-ened yet; and who knows what a stiff bit of temptation might yet do for me? I'll stand by that boy of mine because he's just that hidden bit of me come out into action. And pray God, the help I'll give him and the pity I'll show him when he gets out will do something to kill out of me the remains of the same thing that's wrecked him. And we'll be cured together.

"See the bearings of that? We're not so separate as we think. The boy was *sent* to him, I take it, for the help of both. Call it help, call it punishment; makes no difference. But as a fact it's *help*, every pain and trouble we get.

"Doin' your duties day by day, and doin' your duty by yourself, and doin' it by others — that's all one thing in the sense that it springs from one root in character. Weaken on a duty for the sake of a pleasure, or do a shady thing, and you've worked a wrong thread into the whole human pattern — weaving by all of us together, and you'll sure have to pick that thread out sometime, somehow. And it's because we ain't done our duties by each other yet, and ain't yet picked out the wrong threads we've worked into the grand pattern; that this humanity is no further forward than it is. Nobody can do wrong alone — no, nor think wrong nor be wrong, even if he don't *do* nothing. We infect each

other, for good or bad, and it don't need words nor deeds always to spread the infection."

STUDENT

*
 "Whatsoever Thy Hand Findeth to Do,
 Do It with Thy Might"

"DO the thing you are doing" — that was one of the old copybook aphorisms in my school days. It didn't mean much, or indeed anything, to me in those days. Later on I have thought it perhaps the most valuable injunction ever snapped into six words.

There was a fellow came into my office half an hour ago to ask me to do a little thing for him. It took me fifteen minutes to find out what it was. "What I want to ask," he said, "is this, though I know you're a busy man. But I've noticed it's usually the busy man you can rely on to add one more thing to his list. We'd never have got the school-house finished if we hadn't got Riley to take it up and shove it. And he just lost his daughter, too; as sweet a girl as ever there was. But she always looked consumptive to me. The Doc says they've got something new for consumption lately, sort of a gold cure I think he said, but

"What do you want me to do for you?" I interrupted, in as chilling a tone as I could. I knew a good hour was going up the chimney if I let him take his own way till he wobbled around to what was in his mind. After I'd reined him up on his haunches ten or twelve times he finally got it out. But when he'd gone it seemed to me as if my brains were swimming about in oil. Every sentence he began on suggested a new sidetrack to his mind and each of them led off another way yet.

"Say the thing you're saying," would have been the right copybook line for him. Maybe "Think the thing you're thinking" would have been better. And for the rest of us, "Think the thing you're doing" would be about right. "Think *only* of that?" Sure! "But suppose it's some little no-account thing or some bit of routine that don't require your whole mind on it?" Put it there just the same, I say, and keep it there — if you can, if you've got will enough. There might come a time, later on, when you wouldn't need to do that; but it hasn't come yet for you and me.

We are talking about efficiency. It is clear that efficiency can only be got by putting your whole mind on the thing you propose to be efficient in; and you can't do that, to the full, as respects *anything*, without constant practise on *everything*. One-pointed application at will is an affair of long practise. Remember the man who was asked if he could play the violin? He said he did not know, he had never

tried. If you have never tried, long and habitually, to get the power of efficient concentration, you have not got it. We do not have to set aside particular times for this practise; the time is the whole line of duties of the whole day.

The mind is at least as difficult an instrument to master perfectly as the violin, but it is an instrument that is always instantly at hand and available for practice. Left to itself, as it mostly is, it is much more likely to play hideous and painful discords than melodies. It is not so much the *mind* that requires practice, as *we* that require practice in mastering it.

We are accustomed to give to each duty only so much of our minds as the duty seems to require (and often far less) and to let it wander off momentarily into a thousand other thoughts at its will, some of them so momentary that we don't notice them, but just as wasteful of energy. There isn't any problem that the mind couldn't solve, any height it couldn't rise to, anything it couldn't learn, any degree of peace and light it couldn't reach, any insight it couldn't get, if it were perfectly one-pointed and fixed.

And this unique and absolutely invaluable power of concentration can only be got by — trying to concentrate. As we are doing something all the time, why not concentrate all the time on that something? Many of our duties are, we find, uninteresting. Maybe — to the mind. But not to you, the owner of the mind, if you are using that duty, whatever it is, as a means of slowly acquiring concentration.

It is moreover a fact, mostly unsuspected, that *every* duty becomes interesting if we have our whole attention upon it. The sense of boredom arises only because we are thinking of something else. Interestingness is an inherent quality of all duties. For all duties, however 'humble' are parts of the running of the whole universe, and have the interestingness and importance of the whole universe in them. Try to work out in your own mind and imagination the possible consequences of neglect of a small duty. For one thing, the loosening effect on your own character, and all the effects on others and on yourself of that; the effect on children or those associated with you of seeing your laxity, your example. The ripple runs out forever.

It is only through acquirement of the power of concentration that we can gain self-knowledge. We do not know who or what we are in our inner natures. Self-knowledge comes from putting ourselves into action, from development of the feeling of being in action. The *mind* and desires are in action every waking moment. *We* come into action in the *control* of mind and desire. And from this habit of control, of holding the mind upon every smallest duty, comes at last self-awakening to our divinity.

Concentration is conservation of vitality, gain in

health, increase of life. Proper mental exercise, like physical exercise, is healthful. But a man whose muscles were as ceaselessly working and jerking as our minds are would quickly reduce himself to vital bankruptcy. Our minds expend a hundred times the brain energy in useless thought and picturings and rememberings that they do in directed and efficient thinking. Some men, like the man in my office half an hour ago, live always close to brain bankruptcy and even insanity.

Thought that is worth having, that gets somewhere, that is useful to us — that should be our aim. And the first step is to get it concentrated into and fully concerned with each thing and everything that we do. Then follows that power of real inner silence in which we can become conscious of our own souls.

STUDENT

How to Will

WILLING, like charity, begins at home. The only way to develop will is to practise on yourself. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household," and will begins its work and growth in overcoming these.

Willing, in this connexion, consists in developing in the mind a picture of the habit to be overcome and of an overcoming of it, of the enemy in the household and of his subjugation, a victory over him. After this picture is made there must follow the holding on to it at the time for carrying it out, and enforcing it against the customary temptation. In the same way an artist makes a picture in his mind of the painting he will presently put on the canvas. In the same way an orator makes a mental picture — an *idea* picture, in this case — of the speech he will deliver, touching in each point that he will wish to make, point after point in sequence.

But whilst he works at the preparation of his speech, thoughts will keep crowding in that have nothing to do with his subject, some of them very disturbing. All these he must push aside and keep on and keep on till in spite of a thousand mental interruptions he has pieced his speech together. In other words he picks out of his shifting mental complex those elements that are relevant to the matter in hand. When he comes to deliver his speech on the platform more or less of the same process of rejection and selection may have to be done again. His will must be there. He must think only of what he is talking about.

So with surmounting some weakness or temptation. The picture of a victory over it must be made and held, all contrary or irrelevant thoughts being rejected and the required picture steadily built up in imagination. It is this picture of victory which

must be held at the time of the actual occasion of usual failure. There may at first be that usual failure. Never mind that. Every day and after every failure a time must be taken to build up the success-picture again in the same way. In other words triumph over the temptation must be imagined in advance, very clearly imagined. Final success is sure, however far away.

Our text is that will must begin its work and its development *within*, on the mind, a practising to make pictures of self-conquest on that unsteady canvas. But it becomes less unsteady, week by week, month by month — if effort is kept up. It is through will that we gain freedom, freedom from all our weaknesses. That is the real freedom. For, from that point of view we are all chained prisoners, dragged along by our minds that will always be making their own pictures instead of those we ought to have and must repeatedly will to have. Freedom in this noblest sense is freedom from every desire that can master us, that can disturb our peace, that can make us less than men and sometimes worse than beasts. Till we get this freedom, at any rate till we are working in dead earnest to get it, we cannot realize that we are souls, cannot know our own divinity and immortality.

We are as we do. If we act as animals we are to that extent animals. If we act as souls, as gods, as immortals, will-users, we become and are that. We have regained our rightful dignity and status, and all the intuitional knowledge and realizations of the gods begin gradually to enter and illuminate us once more as in the days of the 'Garden of Eden.' For those 'days,' when men 'walked with God,' are in the far backward history of all of us, present yet in the far *inward* as memories we have lost. And this self-freedom through will is the way to bring back those memories.

STUDENT

The Long View of It

"THE broad, general rule is that a man is about as big as the things that make him mad," says someone. Let's get a perspective. When we are 'mad' about something, let us stand off and take a look at this something and ask ourselves what we should think of some other man who was made 'mad,' irritated, by that thing or something of the same size.

"Yes," perhaps we shall then say, "it doesn't seem much of a thing but in my special case it really is important." But let us just remember, before we say that, that our imagined other man, invited to see *his* grievance as really very small, would be found saying exactly the same thing — "in my special case," etc.. We all recognise the formula.

Don't let us stand any of that nonsense. Let's

get above it, shove the thing out of our minds, *live* above it. It would do us much more real good to stand the annoyance serenely than to have it removed or not happen. We shall get some growth out of standing it calmly, but none out of having it taken away or not happen.

We should always try to look at events from that point of view: — what can we get out of them that will be of lasting (perhaps even eternal) profit to us? Life is short at best. To 'get the best out of it' ought to mean, for us, to get the most growth out of it. What will most things amount to in a hundred years? Maybe nothing, *in themselves*, but maybe very much indeed, *in us*, if we have got the good out of them, the growth of character and will that we are here on earth to accomplish. Take long views, views that get as far as the other side of death and much further. We are immortal fellows, let's think and behave like that and get a right perspective on things. S.

On Being Honest with Oneself

"I'll tell you what it is," said Peter Eison as he cut the string after tying up my package of oatmeal, "there's fellers who study up on Julius Caesar and the Pharaohs of Egypt, and others who are always prying into the gongs on of the family next door; but the person a man ought to know most about is the one he knows the least, and that is his very own self. I don't know how it is but we shy off and won't take the matter up serious-like, and yet how can a man control the queer critter unless he's wise to all the tricks and habits of the animal he's got to keep in order?"

"I remember the time we was making the road through Burro Gulch. Of course we all bunked together, and one day I found a feller had been shaving and left his soapy razor and the towel and a piece of paper with the lather dried on for some other feller to clear up for him. We'd just settled among ourselves to keep the place a little less like a pig-stye and I tell you it made me hot under the collar. I let loose some language to match my feelings which was pretty strong, and while I was talking it struck me all of a sudden that the shaving-iron looked kind of familiar and I took a nearer squint at it. It was mine all right. Wouldn't that jar you? It wasn't long before I had thought up half a dozen reasons why I wasn't to blame. It's a mighty queer thing, but it seems as though we just couldn't give a fair and honest verdict in a case we're so much mixed up with as our own faults. There's a good lawyer for the defense that jumps to his feet every time we get into hot water about something. What I want to know is why he doesn't get busy to scare up a good excuse when we start in to pick on the other feller. But no, nothing doing.

"What a world this would be if people would watch their own step as closely as they watch the other feller to see if he isn't straying off to one side! It's a man's job all right to keep straight in a world like this with temptations all round you as common as sand in the desert. You might think that nobody had the time to keep tab on his neighbor he'd be so busy looking after himself; but he takes the time or makes the time and he gets so much comfort in finding somebody in the wrong that he forgets to look where he puts his foot, and before he knows what's up he slips up and takes a tumble in the mud. Fact is that when a man is looking at a fault in another he'd better watch out for himself 'cause it's more than likely he'll do that very thing himself — gets the suggestion from seeing the thing done.

"I do believe that the mind takes on the color of what we let it think about. You go to work and study the lives of great men and see how they kept pegging away and toiled and suffered and finally caught up with what they were after: first thing you know you'll find that you're trying to do the same way. But the feller who's always poking his nose into the backyards of human nature, spying on other people's weaknesses and all that — why it's nothing strange to my thinking if he gets to be the very thing he's studying all the time.

"Take a grip on yourself and study up on your own little weaknesses the same as if they were another feller's and then get right down to brass tacks. I tell you you'll be so all-fired busy in straightening yourself out that you won't have the time to play Sherlock Holmes on your neighbor. But don't you worry over thinking he's going to go wrong 'cause you've taken your eyes off of him. If you really have made a fresh start yourself he's simply bound to sit up and take notice and right there is where you've got in your work."

Peter was full of his subject and had plenty more on tap. But there were a couple of boys in the store by this time, wanting some alfalfa for their rabbits and with their eyes bulging over the wisdom they had been listening to. And I'll bet they'll never forget it.

L

The Climbers

Mary Frances Wright

O YE, so far beyond me on the Height,
I cannot hear your voices as ye stand
Facing the Vast, invisible to me.
But I can see your gestures of delight,
And something guess of that wide glorious sea,
The glimmering isles of that Enchanted Land,
The winds which from that ocean freshly blow,
And so your Vision lifts me toward the Height,
Although ye have forgot me far below.

But you, my brother, you, my near of kin,
Who some few steps above me on the steep
Look smiling back to cheer me ever on,
Who lend a hand as I the chasm leap,
And stay your haste that I the crag may win,
Thinking it scorn for Strength to climb alone;
You, with your morning song when sings the lark,
You, with your surer footing where I fall,
You, with unflagging purpose at high noon,
And quiet-hearted trust when comes the dark —
To you I owe it that I climb at all. — 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

"No man can rise superior to his individual failings without lifting, be it ever so little, the whole body of humanity of which he is an integral part. In the same way no one can sin, nor suffer the effects of sin, alone. In reality there is no such thing as 'Separateness'; the nearest approach to that selfish state which the laws of life permit, is in the intent or motive."

— 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. . . . 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

"ALL these things that puzzle and annoy us now — all the weaknesses in our own natures which we try to suppress, but do not control — they bob up at unexpected moments. Self-conquest is what we must have. Self-conquest can never come until man is conscious of his power to conquer the weaknesses of his own nature, until he has found that precious boon — the divine part of himself."

— Katherine Tingley

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW OF DEATH

"THE episode called death is supposed, by many imaginative ones, to be a crescendo of horrors — even admitting the consolations of religion and of faith in the powers of things beneficent but unseeable or unaccountable. As a matter of fact, those who know something about the matter through coming into intimate contact with death phenomena, know that it consists merely of a gradual benumbing of consciousness and a gentle passing out into another state of being.

"There is ample warranty for the belief that what is called death is merely the culminating point at which one's waking inferences first lay hold upon realities. Through depleting illness this may have been already approximated pretty closely. The veil may have been worn quite thin, but is now to be finally thrust aside.

"It is highly probable that there are no 'departings,' but merely changes in states of consciousness. What mortals call death takes them where it finds them in a state of confusion and perhaps transfers them to a place where they really live.

"The 'man of dust' sees only what he perceives

through his senses — through his so-called mind. He needs a clarification of his mind through his spirit — the one link with the boundless beneficent forces. . . .

"The act of dying is, then, a state of transition.

"We cannot follow or define the metamorphosis, but the more we reflect upon the situation the more we feel that there must be something further. We know — or think we know — something of the natural history and phenomena of this 'living' state of existence. But the more we ponder on it all the more assured do we become that death is often a way of escape from intolerable conditions, and may be something far more wonderful than that."

— Dr. J. MADISON TAYLOR, in *Clinical Medicine*

"THAT which men call death is but a change of location for the Ego, a mere transformation, a forsaking for a time of the mortal frame, a short period of rest before one reassumes another human frame in the world of mortals. The Lord of this body is nameless; dwelling in numerous tenements of clay, it appears to come and go; but neither death nor time can claim it, for it is deathless, unchangeable, and pure, beyond Time itself, and not to be measured."

— W. Q. Judge

"ACCORDING to my knowledge, when a soul is leaving its earthly Temple, whatever the circumstances may be, it knows its own path. So in moving out of the body, long before the pulse has ceased to beat or the breath is stilled, it finds itself born into a New Life, an unspeakable joy. Something new has been fashioned for that soul in that sacred moment and then it comprehends the meaning of its mistakes and wills itself to higher things in the next life. *For Death is Birth; it is Birth.*" — Katherine Tingley

"I WILL construct a text:

"What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself. All day long, and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding, and his thoughts, not those other things, are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible, thin crust of his world, with its scattered snow summits and its vacant wastes of water — and they are so trifling a part of his bulk! a mere skin enveloping it. The mass of him is hidden — it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life, and they are not written, and cannot be written. Every day would make a whole book of eighty thousand words — three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man — the biography of the man himself cannot be written."

— MARK TWAIN, in his *Autobiography*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Don't simply bear it, bear up under it!"

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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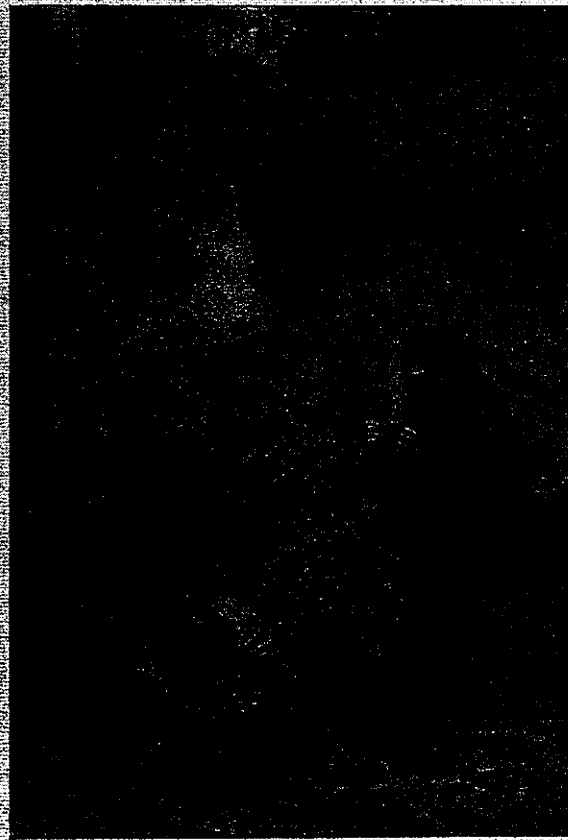
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FERDINAND AND MIRANDA



TRINCULO, CALIBAN, AND ARIEL (INVISIBLE)

From Katherine Tingley's recent production of *The Tempest* in the open-air Greek Theater
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

"Work Out Your Own Salvation"

THE philosophy of life accepted by the majority has constantly led men away from their noblest possibilities. We eat and sleep and suffer and die

in our brain-minds and the lower and unreal portion of ourselves, and keep the chambers of the Soul with doots locked against our own entrance. Most men and women do not really think at all. They imagine they do, but they do not; and this is one of the great

troubles of the day. They borrow their opinions from outside sources, and ignore the divinity sleeping within themselves.

Though we read and studied millions of books and had the greatest of teachers to instruct us, we should find no truth until we believed in our own inner selves, and that, being human, we are more than human — greater than the world imagines; because there is that within us which is capable of absolute knowledge, and may not stop, without self-degradation, at faith.

We know that these two beings exist in every man: The lower nature that loves to follow its own inclinations; and the Immortal imprisoned in the flesh, who is only to be made manifest by nobility of character. In the one part the treasures of indulgence and conceit are held to and boarded; from the one is that snarling, grumbling selfishness that steals into the life like a snake; from the other come all our golden moments filled with sacred meaning; the joy of service, of giving the best one has and can, which is all there is of value in life — the precious treasure that money cannot buy nor time lay waste; Imagination, the artist within, which, coming forth like an angel of light from the chambers of the Soul, fashions the life to perfect beauty.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within us; it is not far away. Deity pervades the whole universe; it is impersonal and unknowable, no matter how near we may draw to the light of it. It is the Absolute, the Goal which we climb towards forever, forever learning and growing in the will and power to serve; forever acquiring new and grander ideals of that towards which we climb.

How man's spiritual nature has been neglected! How starved, how overlooked and forgotten! The God in man has been entombed for ages, and the exterior life has been the force all predomating; and every evil in life is the result of ignorance and false teaching; of seeking the light outside ourselves, and ignoring that inner source from which all spiritual light shines. And now we sit like dumb things waiting for time to change or for revelations to fall out of the blue; and all the while it is ourselves that hold the keys to all our situations; and in an hour or a moment, if one desires to, one can find the door within that opens into regions of which we have never dreamed; — where happiness is, because there all our problems are solved. Here surely a self-confidence is offered and attainable, which passeth all understanding!

Each of us can, and eventually must, become a law unto himself: each having that Divine Power latent in him and being linked vitally with the great Cause, Source, and Center of life, — linked consciously, if he eliminates fear and all other pessimistic thought and feeling.

For there is within us always a grand inspiration.

a breath and force from the Innermost. It may be called the Love of the Supreme; for it is a royal compassion which is the heart and essence of all existence. To gain the knowledge that would save him, a man need not open any book. We need not look outside ourselves for the grandeur and the aid our hearts are craving. The secret and key to all situations is in the heart. All truth is within. It has been on those inner planes for ages and still lies sleeping in the Spirit of Man. No one can tell it in words; no one can convey it in speech or writing; none can reveal to you the Secret of Life. Keys and hints may be given; enthusiasms may be awakened; hearts may be aroused and minds stimulated to thought; but the Reality is a thing each must find for himself.

Man, we know, is religious by nature. Every human being, even the lowest, has tendencies toward religion, because all are sprung from a divine source; and whatever the mind or even the life of a man may be, the God is still sleeping within. One has but to evoke one's own Higher Nature, perceiving and recognizing the resources of the God within one's own being; and the response will come as surely as the rising of tomorrow's sun. Was it not said that the Kingdom of Heaven should be found within ourselves? Was it not in the heart, in the chambers of the heart — there and there only — that the Kingdom of Heaven, we were told, might be discovered?

— From KATHERINE LINGLEY'S recently published book *The Gods Await*

Chris on 'Conversion'

THIS here 'Conversion,' 'tis a strange thing, said old man Chris, meditatively sniffing at a rose that hung from his little arborescent porch close alongside of his chair.

It was after supper, and the peace and silence lying over his little garden and the landscape beyond were eminently favorable to philosophic conversation. I always greatly enjoyed these occasional week-ends with Chris in his cottage, after the heated, dusty city. It was usually a monologue, but I did not want to talk myself, and Chris' meditations on life were always interesting and original. He went on:

I'm not sayin' that every conversion stays what it set out to be. There's backsliders. And I wouldn't quarrel with him if anyone was to say that a conversion that rounded up as a backslide warn't no real conversion at all. What I'm meanin' is those conversions as *stays* converted, characters all changed and ripened of a sudden, that *stays* that way, even if they don't advance upon it. Maybe transformation'd be a better word. Though why they don't keep a-movin' and proceed natural through gate after gate



wide open in front of 'em is more'n I can say. What makes 'em content with one gate when the further ones right along is waitin' for 'em to pass up through? *Up's* the right word, for they lead up higher and

of him, unchanged seemin'ly year after year. Maybe his own inside fight ain't altogether known even to him; 'cept praps as a kind of a unrest and unsatisfiedness. And that very unsatisfiedness is like to

make him even rougher and tougher in his ways. He don't know what's goin' on, like a baby yellin' with a pain the little cuss can't rightly locate, not knowin' nothin' of the lay-out of his own anatomy.

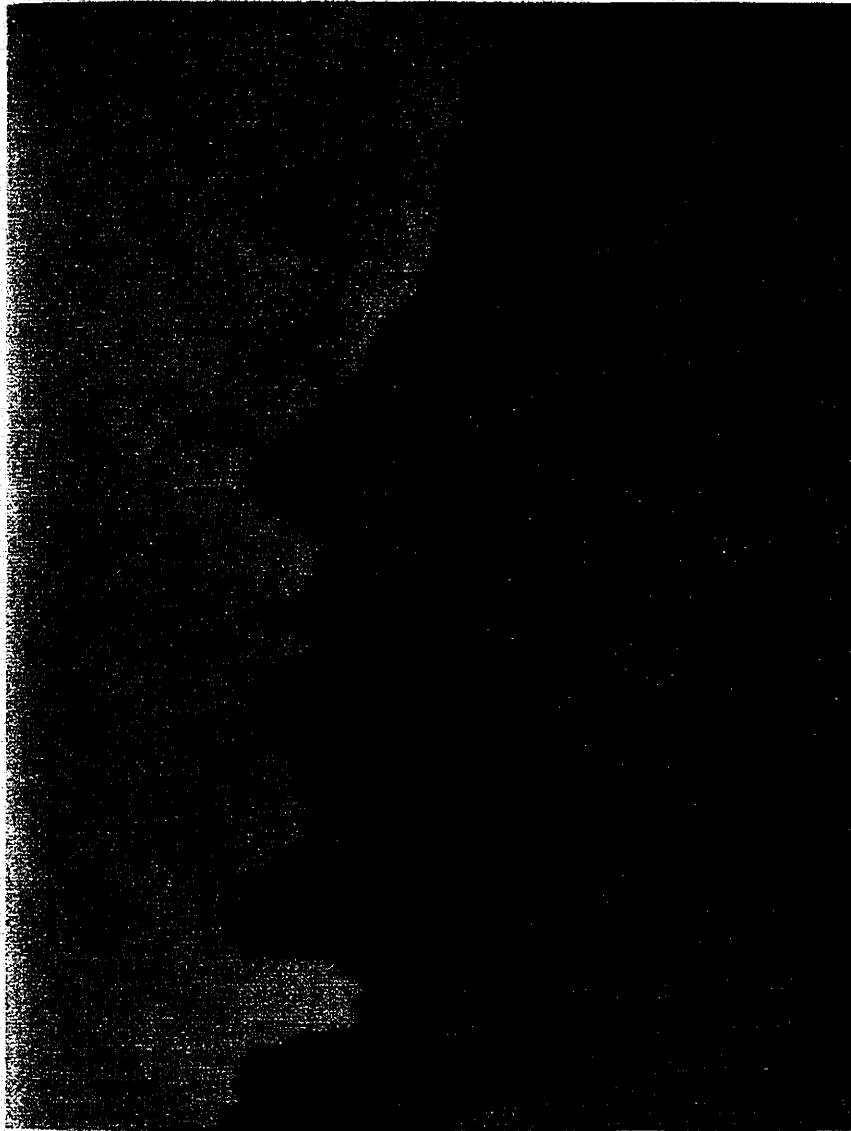
Man's got a soul, or he is a soul, whichever you mind to say. Both is true.

'Tain't the hen that makes the egg. A fool critter like that naturally don't know how, don't hardly know enough to come in when it's wet. Nature *in* that hen makes the egg. And a human mother don't make the baby she's so proud of. It's Nature there likewise. If we knew as much as Nature I reckon there ain't anything we couldn't do. Guess the 'magic' the old legends talks about was done by grand fellers that *had* got in tune with Nature and knew more'n our science chaps can get at, the path *they* go. A baby, Nature-made, out of live real bricks and mortar obligin'ly furnished by that baby's mother.

Supposin' there was nothin' more to it. Nature can make mighty fine animals, insects and sich, and make 'em better and better, every one of 'em with intelligence enough to run their own lives right. But if that 'ere baby we're talkin' about is goin' to be *human* it's got to have somethin' in it that Nature don't at present seem to have the material to supply. The *soul's* got to take a hand and help out.

"So many men on earth, so many gods in heaven" is the old sayin'. And that other, about the souls (or Angels) of the chillen always beholdin' the face of the Father in Heaven.

Where's a man different from an animal? Ain't it in his imagination and his self-judgment power?



Lomalout Photo & Engraving Dept.

A VERY CURIOUS AND INTERESTING WATER-WORN CLIFF
ON THE SHORE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Notice the striking similarity of this 'face' to that of the Easter Island statues, types of the long-vanished Lemurian race

higher, more and more Light on 'em, and the *Great Light* blazin' at the toppest top.

No feller gets converted, not the worst and blackest of 'em, 'less he's put up a fight with himself agin himself, inside his blackness, right along. We outsiders don't see nothin' but the dirt and blackness

What animal can take a judgment of himself that his ways ain't satisfactory and his line of thoughts worthless or rotten, and then decide to get a move on for the better? And ain't that decision a sign that somewhere in him he's imagined himself with a *new* character and decenter ways and a better and humaner line of thoughts? Ain't his imagination got a sort of a picture or feel of what he ought to be, and a feelin' that he'd *like* to be that? Don't his judgment of hisself tell him he's way off his own standard? Ain't his will makin' a blind stir to alter up accordin'? Man's *man* and more'n animal just because o' them 'ere activities.

I tell you the soul-Angel sows a seed of Light in every new-born of a woman, crowain' what Nature did from *her* end, puttin' in a nucleus like you might say, a divine nucleus. And the soul-Angel watches us (and watches *over* us) from that out, to see what we can make of the seed of Light from its own body of light that it's put into us.

It's O. K. to say a man *is* a soul, 'cause in a way, in part of him, he *is* that growin' seed of Light and uses more or less its (and his) powers of will and judgment and imagination and grand feelin' and aspiration. And it's O. K. likewise to say he *has* a soul, for most of us lives more or less like animals and don't make no use of the ideal-makin' power and the will to boss the animal, and the imagination to get some notion what we ought to be and might be. We stay hag-ridden with our appetites and selfishness instead of graspin' the conquerin' joy we might have for the takin'. Lord, what fools we are!

But there's a few that do grasp this birthright of ours. Dissatisfied with their lives, heavin' inside with discontent at themselves, disgusted with their own ways,— yet mostly with nothin' outwardly to show what's goin' on inwardly, and sometimes hardly knowin' it themselves, suddenly, tipped off by one thing or another, sometimes not knowin' what it is of a sudden that tips 'em off, they make a grand change all through and step into peace. That's conversion. And them what's *really* done it and passed the gate, stays converted.

The inside anatomy, or physiology as you may say, of this here process, is that into that Light-seed inside 'em, through their strivin's and sufferin's and discontents with theirselves, there suddenly broke an extra dose of the Light of the soul-Angel that's been all along watchin' its chance to do that thing for 'em. The time was ripe. And every one of us, if he'll put his back to the job, and try, and strive, and imagine, and love, and get face to face with himself in naked self-confession and humbleness— can fix it so that for him too the ripe-time kin suddenly come. And then all things'll look different and new Light's come for us. Great prospect, ain't it, son?

That 'ere is a gate passed. An awakenin' to real life. And a joy like Nature in springtime. And

peace. And everlasting love and charity. And knowledge— though bein' of a new sort, a man can't just say what it is, even to himself.

A gate passed, sure. A gate. But what's the good o' bein' content with that? There's another, a many, ahead. More and more Light. One of your converted's ain't a perfect character with perfect wisdom to him, is he? Ain't got *all* the grand Light streamin' down from the mountain-top on human life? Why not keep a climbin' and get some more and some more? Maybe the great characters in human life, what history shows of, great helpers and teachers all through the ages, in all the nations— maybe some o' those fellers *did* get to the top, aye, and then come down to tell about it and how to get what they had. Great notion that, son.

But it's gettin' a bit chilly sittin' here. Let's take a stroll down yon through the village to the bridge. And there's a chapel bell siverin' out down the valley. Way off bells and moonlight kinder go well together.

REPORTER

The New Life Within the Old

MANY years ago, in one of the British colonies, the Government House grounds had, as one of the out buildings, a very large and palatial stable, situated not far from the entrance gate. The residence was a quarter-mile further on. The stable was built in the old English medieval castle style, with thick stone walls and small windows. It would have been more fitting to see armored knights come riding from the great arched gateway, rather than to see the governor's flunkies with the high-stepping horses and the handsome carriage.

The vicissitudes and economies of political parties brought about the decision to detach this unnecessarily large stable from Government House grounds, and transform it into— a Conservatorium of Music!!!

It was done, with great success. The situation was excellent; not far enough from the heart of the city to be inconvenient, and not near enough to be noisy, while on three sides of it were extensive park lands.

It was very interesting to watch the transformation taking place. In the center was a large courtyard, and from this there gradually arose a great central hall, growing to three times the height of the old walls, dominating them, absorbing them into itself as part of the general scheme. The windows were enlarged and new doors made in the gloomy stonework, and the result eventually was an excellent piece of architecture.

The approaches were laid out in driveways and gardens, and the old associations were completely blotted out. If anyone who had not seen the original structure was told it had originally been a stable, he

would have had to take it on faith, it would be inconceivable.

Of course there had to be a master musician to complete the enterprise, with a staff of professors and instructors. The right man was found, and the whole thing was a great success, and prospers to this day.

It is just a perfect illustration of what a man may do with his own nature in redeeming himself. Starting right in the midst of his failures he lays the first stone of the new life that is eventually to dominate the old, crowd it out, absorb it, bring it into line with better methods.

It can be done. It is done day by day by those who steadfastly keep at it, week by week, year by year, in spite of failures keeping on, the new life gains ground, gains strength, until at length we find ourselves free, free from things that would have destroyed our very being!

What is it that makes this possible in the midst of so much difficulty? It is because that once having taken up the attitude of building a new life, the new life grows; the old one will many times overcome us and bear us down, but it is merely repeating itself, nothing new is added to it. The new one has behind it all the tremendous constructive and sustaining force of the universe, and as we gain more and more knowledge of how to invoke its aid, it will entirely subdue the other; then where there seemed only a stable-like unpleasantness in our nature, will arise cleanliness and music and beauty. — D.

Brayed in the Mortar

MY homeopathic doctor friend was grinding up something in a mortar along with a white powder, and I said: "Look here, you've been at that game nearly an hour. Surely that grain or two of stuff is mixed up enough with the powder."

"No," he said, "it isn't, and there's quite a bit of philosophy in this job that gives me something to think of while I do it."

"There's lots of things, charcoal, for instance, which is what I've got here, that haven't anything much to show for themselves in the way of medicinal value if you give them to patients as they are. But when you bray them in a mortar long enough and hard enough, using some other powder to bray them with, they develop a number of fine properties that were hidden before. The particles may not like the braying and pounding and grinding, and get quite hot about it, but till they've had enough of it they are really no good."

"And it seems to be about the same in human life. Some men never show the fine qualities in them till they've been pounded and brayed. After that,

when they've been through suffering enough, and seem to themselves to have been powdered down to almost nothing with agony and misfortune in the great mortar of life — then you see what's of value in them. All the latent good in them is waked up; they've got new powers of will and endurance, new qualities of helpfulness and compassion and courage, finer perceptions of good and beauty and harmony. They've become medicines that can help and heal others.

"This life of ours is just a mortar and pestle. Some don't need so much braying to get the good in them to show up. They've had some good braying before, somewhere, I reckon, even if they don't remember the mortar in which they had it. I guess we all get the braying we need to get the best out of us, and maybe the man that's had to suffer the worst and painfulest braying is the man that's going to come out biggest for it. Big qualities need most braying to bring them out to the full.

"And so, whenever life seems to be treating me hard, I think, Good for you, old boy; you must have fine stuff in you to make it worth while to treat you that way. And when I see some fellow that life seems to be very gentle with, I think: There's some soul that's a tenderfoot in life and so far couldn't stand any harder treatment. The Hand that holds the pestle and grinds us in the mortar of our lives knows its business, when to be hard and when tender. And either way it's all to get the good in us into view, and only that is what it's after. It wants to make great 'Medicine Men' out of us, workers for the rest here and now, and workers for grander jobs on beyond."

And the doctor went on pounding. STUDENT

"Ripeness Is All"

DON'T try to side-step it. If it isn't that it'll be something else. Which is merely repeating the old saying: "There's always a fly in the ointment." And that definition of life: "Life is just one thing after another."

If those sayings contain the truth — and you know they do — we are convicted of wasting a lot of time and thought which might otherwise be put to the very highest profit. Very few of us just accept the fly in the ointment, the temporary disagreeable, trying to get something worth while out of the situation. For out of every situation, and more especially the disagreeable ones, there is something valuable to be got, something of even eternal value. Instead of looking for that we put our whole available attention into repining at the trouble or trying to think up some way of side-stepping it or removing ourselves to a new situation that we hope will not contain it.

Very likely it won't—just in that form—but it will surely have some other. And then we repeat the process—right along through life.

Do you want to be the soft-fibered sort of man that would result from a life that had never had any troubles in it, nothing to call out endurance and strength and courage and patience? If you want help and the right word of encouragement, whom do you go to for it? Isn't it just to that man who has himself been through most troubles? For you know that it is that man who will understand and sympathize. His own troubles have ripened him.

Life does allow a few 'sissies,' of course, soft fruits that seem to have been sheltered from everything difficult since the day of their birth. Nature seems to have known, in her motherly way, that they could not stand any rougher treatment. But when she wants to grow a *man* or a true woman, ripe, wise, kindly, strong, a helper of others, she takes another line.

Why shouldn't we go along that line for ourselves? That does not mean looking for trouble or unnecessarily running into it. No need for that. The proper dose for toughening and ripening us will come of itself at the best time. All we need is to do the best we can through the trouble we have till it is over, putting out courage, endurance, patience. "*Ripeness is all*," said Shakespeare, meaning that nothing matters as long as we get ripeness, using every trouble to get more ripeness.

A trouble is always a friend in the guise of an enemy. But it is a very thin disguise, easily seen through and always to be seen through after it has passed by.

After a storm, even a very little one, a calm. After a trouble, often *in* the trouble, comes some sort of compensation to the full, just appropriate to the trouble. We can look out for that in perfect confidence. But let us be just to Nature, which, in this sense, is Divine Law, the Great Compassion that is over all our lives. See and admit the compensation. Sign a receipt for it and write *Thank you* under your signature.

We should give more attention to meeting the trouble rightly than to looking for it to end, and more yet than in scheming out some way to make it end. It will end of itself when it has done the best it can for us. *Ripeness is all*. Our 'ripeness' is all it is after. Patience is much more than a virtue; it is a developing *power* in us. There are lines in the faces of those who have been through much trouble; but the lines differ much according as the trouble was met one way or another.

Let us take long views. This life isn't all. It is in fact but a little preparatory chapter in the exhaustless volume of the soul's great history. For we *are* souls and life is a school for us, to be met with full interest and attention, but also with an eye to the

greater issues and extensions. It is up to us to get fully the qualities that life in its lessons can ripen in us. We shall have to look back at this life sometime. Why give cause now for wishing then that we had done better, had not cringed before a trouble, or failed in a hard duty, or put a pleasure where a duty should have been, or shut out an appeal from another that needed help?

And so, though there will, while we are human, be a part of us that is troubled by troubles, we can always find that other, higher, part that meets them with peace, knowing what they mean, the Companion, the Center of Light within and above every one of us.

STUDENT

Standing Above

"NO", he said, "I'm not asking you to give up smoking. I'm on a purely philosophical hunt. There's a lesson in human nature for us waiting here. The point is that you should disentangle yourself from the thing in you that wants to enjoy the smoke."

"But it is myself that wants to. I want to."

"Well, suppose you had advanced heart-disease, say *angina pectoris*, and you found that every smoke you took brought on an agonizing attack. The situation would be somewhat like that of your dog, who finds that every time he chases a skunk, a day or two of acute nausea follows. The discomfort of the nausea soon outvotes the joy of chasing that particular animal. 'None in mine any more,' he says to himself, and thenceforth he will pass a skunk in the narrowest alley without a sign of recognition. In the same way your supposed agonies of *angina pectoris* would soon outvote the pleasure of the smoke and you would do it no more. The impulse to a pleasure balances itself against the memory of a pain and gradually gets outweighed.

"Suppose it were a question of overeating, and that every time you did overeat you got acute dyspepsia. That pain likewise would balance itself against the gratification, and, if it followed regularly and infallibly, would finally win out against the tendency to excess. Many gouty and dyspeptic fellows become quite ascetics at the table, however regretfully, on that principle. Certainly it is not a very high principle, but it works. Moreover it may easily lead to a much higher one, and that's what we can get round to now.

"A man might say to himself, when he had eaten enough but still felt the desire to keep on, 'No, I won't let myself be run by that thing, feeling it beneath his dignity as a man, and so rise from the table in conscious superiority to the animal in him. That, some men do habitually; very likely you do. This separation of yourself in thought from the animal,

this standing above it and so controlling it in its impulse, is obviously quite different from that other sort of abstinence that comes along the other line, where it merely results from an outvolving of the impulse to a pleasure by the memory and anticipation of a pain. In the first case you yourself have stood out above the impulse and bossed it. You have stood on your dignity and willed accordingly.

"There was a famous old Greek aphorism, 'Man, know thyself!' We think we do know ourselves, what sort of tastes and ways we have, what capacities and so forth. But that was not what the Greek aphorism meant. At least it went much deeper. What it really meant, only that man understands who tries to hold himself at his true dignity against the pull of one of the lower impulses, the man who separates himself out and stands above. The whole 'moral law' is in this. Morality is not a code of conduct imposed upon us from without. It consists in standing above all those impulses that pull at us from below, standing in our own nature instead of in *their* nature.

"It is not our own proper nature to be sensual or harsh-judging or revengeful or anger-run or irritable or fear-stricken by anything, or selfish. All these represent forces that run us, and we only begin to gain knowledge of what we really are by trying to feel ourselves above them. Directly we begin that attempt their hold on us begins to weaken and by continuing the attempt they are at last conquered.

"A man only knows himself in reality when he feels himself as a conscious divine power in the body, a power that cannot be conquered, cannot be weakened, and does not die when death sweeps away what is within death's reach. In his real nature, like this, man is one of the 'Sons of God' who has now remembered himself, has 'come to' at last. Then he begins to live in reality, then he has peace and health throughout his being.

STUDENT

Hope

I IN a vast wood, whose arches dead and cold,
I won no pale glimmer from the stars o'erhead,
I made a grave, and heaped it high with mould,
And wrote upon a grey stone at its head,
The words, "Here Hope lies dead."

Then, as I turned away, lo! one stood there,
Radiant, his bright wings tipped with morning flame,
Who shook the dank earth from his robes and hair,
And smiled triumphant as he told his name,
And, "I am Hope," he said. — *Selected*

The Way You Approach It

Grace E. Hall

I T isn't the work that wearies you,
As much as it is your mind,
The way you approach the thing that you do,
Expecting a dreary grind.

If you would view it with eyes of cheer,

As a pleasant task begun,

Like a mist in the morn it would disappear —

And you'd smile when it was done.

— *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

"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*

"IN every country and every age there were and will be people, pure of heart, who, conquering their earthly thoughts and the passions of the flesh, raise their spiritual faculties to such a pitch that the mysteries of being and the laws governing Nature are revealed to them."—*W. Q. Judge*

"ONE of the great secrets in the Science of Life is self-directed evolution. Man directs his own life if he only knew it. If he will recognise his own soul and feel the power of it, he will know what self-evolution means. Man can bless his life or curse it."

—*Katherine Tingley*

"THE old idea of the murderous Fates that sit and spin [our destinies] is picturesque, as any allegory should be. But behind the scene, forces which we ourselves have created, play on us and on our lives. The Fates that sit and spin are our own fingers. The spell they cast is a destiny self-made."

—*Edgar Sallus*

"DEPEND upon it, nothing is haphazard, things are not left to chance. Everything is amenable to law and order. Everything points to a rational Plan, of which we know neither the beginning nor the end, but toward which we can help. In face of all that, shall we allow ourselves to squabble about trivialities! Or shall we realize that we are the heir of all the ages, that the destiny of mankind is being partly entrusted to us, and that humanity has a potential future beyond our wildest dreams?"

—*Sir Oliver Lodge*

"THE GREAT ADJUSTMENT IS TAKING PLACE"

"MEN have not heard, men have not seen
Since the beginning of the world,
What earth and heaven mean,
But now their curtains shall be furled,
And they shall see what is, ere long,
Not through a glass, but face to face,
And Right shall disestablish wrong,
The Great Adjustment is taking place."

—*Thomas Hardy*

"THE thing that always surprises me most is the absolute justice of the system of things. The gravitation of suffering to sin is as certain as the gravitation of the earth to the sun."

—*T. H. Huxley (famous anatomist, an agnostic)*

"WHEN real troubles come, look straight into the light and the shadows will all lie behind you."

—*Sir Alfred Fripp (the great surgeon)*

"A GREAT Teacher once said, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' The body is the soil in which the mind sows seed, of one kind or another. If, as has been pretty conclusively shown by many careful investigators, the sowing of the wrong kind of thought-seed may result in profound disturbances of physical health, is it not logical to believe that the sowing of the right kind of seed will result in the restoration and continuance of normal conditions?"

—*Dr. JAMES HEGVESSY, in Clinical Medicine*

"ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought evil follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage."

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him as a shadow that never leaves him."—*Dhammapada (Buddhist)*

"WHAT you want is not rest—but insulation. You make yourself a blotting paper for worry. I don't mean about business so much, though that's part of it, or anything in particular. I mean just worry, a general attitude towards everything. You think you are keyed up, you're wrong. You are keyed down. Trouble is, you're keeping house in the cellar. Move up, move up into the observatory."

—*S. E. WHITE, in Glory Hole*

"THERE are many people who appear to be continually harassed by misfortune. These people have a peculiar knack of never forgetting the bad things. They manage to forget the good things quickly enough, but the memory of all the unpleasant things remains indelibly."

"Here is a story which had always puzzled me as a boy. We had a drawer in the dark depths of which knives and forks were hidden from sight. When I was told to take out a fork, of course my hand brought up a knife. When I was told to get a knife, invariably a fork, with its handle similar to that of a knife, came to my hand. This spitefulness of the object caused me to make a record of the successes and the failures in my searches. Greatly to my surprise, the successes and the failures balanced each other. I then realized that I had not observed those occasions when I had been successful, but had overlooked them because there was nothing to bring them into notice."

—*Dr. Stekel (famous neurologist)*



For Presence and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or In

Religion

Some are just waking up

Old Chris

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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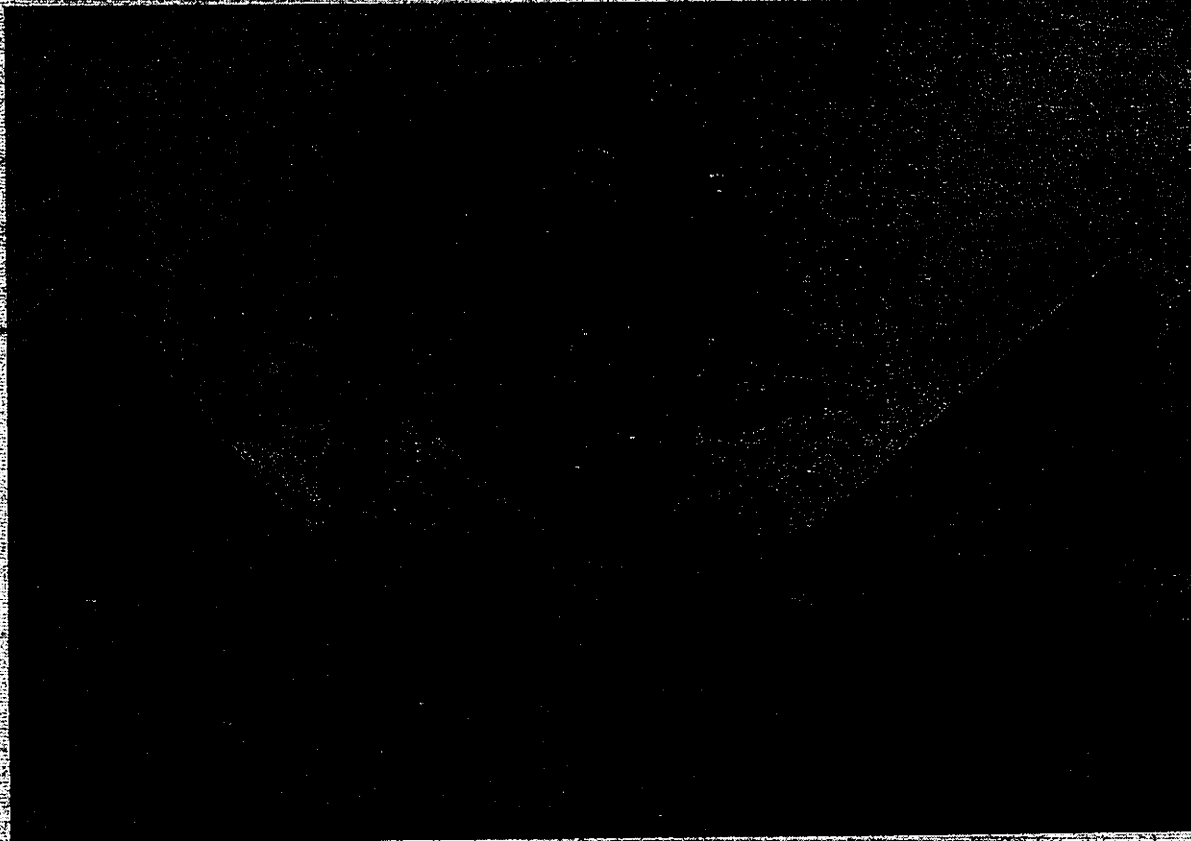
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THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX TO THE LEFT THE GREAT PYRAMID WITH A LITTLE OF ITS ORIGINAL CASING STILL REMAINING AT THE TOP

This gigantic figure, with a man's head and the body of a lion is 172 feet long and 66 feet in height. Between the fore-paws was a temple to the rising sun. We must remember that through the ages it has been lashed by countless sand storms and obliterated over by successive human storms of visitors from the old empires around the Mediterranean. What secrets its old designers caused to be carved and built into it we may never fully know. Into the Great Pyramid they built much else besides their mathematics and geometry.

War versus Patriotism

(From KATHERINE TINGLEY'S recently published book *The Gods Await*)

IT was when I was a little child that I first came in contact with the horror of war. It was in 1861. In Massachusetts my father had recently organized a company and brought it to Virginia, where his regiment, the New York Mozart, was stationed on the road to Fairfax; and soon afterwards my mother and the rest of us followed, and lived for awhile in an old mansion in Fairfax County so as to be near him.

Along the road we traveled on the way there, thousands of forest-trees had been felled by the axemen; trenches had been thrown up in every direction, and in the distance forts could be seen everywhere. Everywhere, too, there were thousands of soldiers: some drilling, some lounging around their tents: but all with the stern, set and strained expression on their faces that made me think, even then, of the many tragedies of the battles they had fought and were still to fight.

After the second battle of Bull Run, I saw the ambulances returning with the dead and dying, followed by files of soldiers, ragged and half-starving, sick and war-worn, pushed along by the men who had them in charge to the old Capitol Prison.

They were all martyrs to the insanity of the age: the insanity of unbrotherliness which had brought about that, as it brings about every, war. Picture after picture came before my mind's eye, of the end and aim of it all; and question upon question filled my thoughts. I had little heart to think of the alleged glory of war: the trappings and the pageantry, the "splendor of the captains and the shouting"; what filled my vision was man's inhumanity to man, and the dire need of a new gospel or revelation from the great Center of Light, to call a halt to warfare then, and bring about that by which it might be abolished forever.

Many years have passed since then; but humanity has not yet learned wisdom. War, and preparation for war, and thought towards war: these are a confession of weakness. To maintain peace is a proof and manifestation of strength. We distrust our neighbors because we distrust ourselves. I do not mean in this or that nation alone, but all over the world. We might all of us talk less about being proud of our countries, and work more for their spiritual advancement and regeneration. We need to understand as never before that our responsibilities are not for ourselves alone, not for our own countries alone; but for the whole human family. Territory and trade may be much; national honor may be much; but the general salvation of human society here in this world — that is ALL.

The most vital need of every people on earth is permanent peace; and to get permanent peace we

must create and sustain an international or *World-Patriotism*, — which will come as the result of recognition that what affects one nation, affects all; that as far as one ascends the peaks of knowledge and well-being, so far all others will follow; as deep as one may fall away from its ideals and into national selfishness, to that depth, or lower, in the nature of things, the others will be dragged down too: that each nation must partake of the good and bad karma of all.

To stand merely and narrowly for one's own country is a suicidal substitute for patriotism; it is, eventually, a poisoning of the supposed object of its devotion; because it implies working against the general life and spiritual health of the world, on which the life and spiritual health of each nation depend. We cannot separate ourselves from humanity.

I am thinking, also, of the effect of war on the generations that follow; and how something is lost out of the lives of all those born in war-time; so that monstrosities come into being, and strange examples of human kind: a new race breathing the atmosphere of hatred, and embittered from birth and before birth: not a few of them here and there, but a whole generation of the unbalanced.

In times of peace, we are told, we should prepare for war. In times of peace, were we decently fearless and had the least spiritual insight, we should prepare only for a higher peace; and peace in every succeeding age should mean something nobler and grander. For the great power of the Divine Universe is in every human heart, even the most wretched and unfortunate; and it does not take a lifetime, it does not take a year, for a man to discover the God within himself. If he has the courage to face the issues he may find it in a moment of time.

The Light of the Soul shining in on the mind and coloring the life of a man: that is the Glory of God; that is the glorification of Man; that is the establishment of everlasting peace; for each one of us is a universe in little, and each one has all the secrets of time within himself.

For life is, in reality, Joy: To feel the nearness of the Infinite; to find the Great Knowledge in one's own heart; to rest in the house of unselfishness, looking for the Grand Ultimate in all things: looking for the beautiful and ancient Law. Life is this, in reality: The march of the Soul going home to the Supreme Spirit, to the Light of light, to the Life of life, to the Knowledge of knowledge.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within, and no one is so far from the light and the truth that he cannot turn tomorrow and find it; and then shall he work for the glory of God, and shall know the secret of so working; for God is in man, and through Man's heart may be made manifest; and the glory of God is the glory of humanity; of manhood; of womanhood and motherhood; of a home-life strong, pure,



and beautiful, of a civic life lifted above all petty jealousies and differences, of an international world patriotism based on the fundamental Brotherhood of Man.

The Soul of a Nation — the living essence of its being — is the aggregation of its thoughts, feelings, actions, and ideals, backed by the divine quality of the God within; and to the degree that the people of any country nourish their National Soul with thought of that spiritual and godlike kind, to that degree their country is protected, impregnable, beyond the reach of violation.

Mr. Wemmick's Three Selves

I HAD been reading Dickens' *Great Expectations* the last thing before turning out the light in bed. You know what happens in a case like that. You lie back comfortably on the pillow, close your eyes, send up an invocation to the Goddess of Sleep, let go of your surroundings — and then your mind turns loose to go on with the story any way it likes, mostly playing fantastic variations on the characters.

You must have read *Great Expectations* and will remember Mr. Wemmick, how all day he was just a dried-up city clerk, apparently with nothing in his mind but ledgers, accounts, invoices and all the rest of it, not a word to be got out of him except on those things. Every evening he walked home to his little cottage in the suburbs, where he lived with his old father, to whom he was a most affectionate and dutiful son. And on the way home his nature appeared gradually to be transformed from the dry old clerk personality which he had at one end of the line to the affectionate son and hospitable friend personality which he reserved for the other. Not a human touch about him at one end, nothing but delightfulness and geniality at the other.

In my dream I was walking home with Mr.

how that life could be lived without one trouble or shadow for us, that the soul of the universe was a vast joy and love and compassion and was in the heart of every one of us, that death was a mere coming out again into our true selves, the absolute liberation again all through our being of the same joy and love and compassion as was the very nature of real life, that life was soul and soul was life and growth and unfolding, and that men had but to open their eyes to see all this as I then saw it.

We live all husked in, that I saw. The best, the real of us, only shows through betimes, gleams out through cracks in the husk, *there* all the time, hidden, this splendid, immortally young self in every one of us mortals — as we call ourselves! We're all sleepers, dreaming troubled, anxious dreams, fretting about nothings, delusions, transiences, emptinesses, pleasures and gains that leave us unpleasured and unfulfilled — with the real life of light and joy waiting in us, waiting for us, just there in the middle heart of us, life and light we won't let out into our brains and minds, life we won't live, splendid brotherhood for each other we won't let ourselves feel. . . .

And there was a crash! The book had slipped off the bed. I lay awake for a while, trying to recall and fix the rapidly fading impression. Then I slept again, and in the morning very little could I find concretely in my brain. However.

There was Mr. Wemmick, the taciturn, inhuman city clerk, there was Mr. Wemmick revealed as the kindly affectionate son and host, and

Draw a line from your worst self to your better, and then on (if you can) from this better to your ideal best. Your better is there, hidden in the worse. And in the better is hidden but ever present, the best, the immortal, the Soul.

Don't ever say you 'don't like a man' again. You mean you don't like his husk. It may change in a year. He may throw it off anytime and will surely throw it off sometime. Help him out with it by treating him and thinking of him as if he was

and beautiful; of a civic life lifted above all petty jealousies and differences; of an international world-patriotism based on the fundamental Brotherhood of Man.

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In my dream I was walking home with Mr. Wemmick and the usual transformation gradually occurred as we went along. Nothing surprises you in a dream and it therefore seemed to me quite natural that instead of turning in at his cottage-gate we continued to walk on chatting. It also seemed quite natural that as I looked at him from time to time I found him getting unbent and taller, broader, finally a very splendid looking fellow. His eyes shone, the lines on his face had all vanished; he had become a young man and the most royal and radiant young man I had ever seen. His old threadbare garments, too, had become transformed into some flowing silver-white stuff as luminous as moonlight.

His talk had changed to correspond. It was the most illuminating play of ideas I had ever heard. It touched on all the problems and difficulties of life and made them clear and simple. I understood some-

how that life could be lived without one trouble or shadow for us, that the soul of the universe was a vast joy and love and compassion and was in the heart of every one of us, that death was a mere coming out again into our true selves, the absolute liberation again all through our being of the same joy and love and compassion as was the very nature of real life, that life was soul and soul was life and growth and unfolding, and that men had but to open their eyes to see all this as I then saw it.

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STUDENT

"My Personality"

HE said his personality 'always kicked at that' — meaning that he always resented a certain disagreeable something that had a way of happening now and then.

I thought it a very strange or strained expression, and said so.

But he would not admit it. Said he had put the

case exactly as he felt it. Of late years, he said, he had got conscious of something inside him that never worried about anything; was always serene. "People talk about 'the drama of life,'" he went on; "sometimes the tragedy, or perhaps comedy, or even farce, of life. They've got the real situation in the very words they use. If a man's playing a part in a stage piece he usually remembers all the time that his real life in his real character has nothing to do with his fictitious life of an hour on the boards. The troubles or the final good luck that comes to him in the play doesn't really get in on him and give him either real pain or real happiness. As an actor, he's created a fictitious personality to go for a couple of hours and fall off him as soon as the curtain drops. If he were to forget himself in the part and take *that* for the real, he'd be in about the same fix as we are in what we call life.

"We're all created personalities, playing the drama of life, pained or pleased by what happens in the drama, and seeming to ourselves to die at the end of it. But the 'death' is only a wakening back again to the real life that went on all the time, not beginning nor ending. As soon as a man actually realizes that, he's likely to speak as I did when I said my personality always kicked at that little annoyance that comes at me every so often.

"Pretty soon after birth we begin creating a personality and make it more and more real to ourselves year after year while the drama's on. All the rest are doing the same, and we've made a pretty lively show of it! We learn a lot by it, or *can* learn,—all sorts of fine qualities; and when the show is ended and we pass back again to real life we take those qualities with us into that real selfhood, add them on to our permanent possessions in that line. They couldn't have been acquired, I think, in any other way, not just those.

"When the time comes that we call death we look back and see what fools we were in our petty quarrels and noxious hates and resentments and lamentations and worryings and struggles to get what was never really worth having, and to avoid what seemed at the time real troubles; and are pretty glad to note the places where we made a bit of self-conquest or did a bit of unselfishness and cultivated that feeling of brotherhood that burns by nature in every one of us for every other in the real life. Unbrotherhood isn't natural, not even in the play self. We've got no business with it.

"A man's real self is and it isn't in the play. Not all of it, you might say, is in the illusion. Part stays outside, serene and luminous as ever, and looks on at the antics of the part that *is* in the play, and, I guess, pities it, and tries to help it, tries to get some real light and insight and inspiration into its little brain and heart. To the extent it succeeds, you get a fine character or a great poet or artist or a real lover

of his fellow-mortals or a helper of some sort. This lot are more or less awake, betimes or all the time; in the case of an artist, usually only when the full of his inspiration is on him and only as regards that. The rest of him mostly stays asleep. He don't know what's happening, never having been taught to know.

"But every man can train himself to look for his real self, get aware of it, and come awake some day. But to do that he must look on his personality as what it really is and not pay its whims and wishes and wantings and wailings so much respect and attention. And he must try to see the real self in others too, behind *their* personalities, showing through in their streaks of unselfishness and fine impulses and attempts at self-conquest and their moments of brotherhood and pity. It's always there showing at *some* time. You've got to take others into your company in that way if you want to get awake yourself. Some day that'll be the general rule and we'll *all* be awake in real life again, plus all the fine qualities and strengths and powers of expression as creators that we acquired through the dramas we took part in.

"Anyway, as soon as a man can say 'my personality,' and mean and realize what he's saying he's a long way towards awakening. And maybe some quiet fellows here and there in our midst, not given to calling attention to themselves but helpful and brotherly always, have gone farther along than even they themselves realize. And a very few *all* the way. But you don't meet up with *them* every day on the street!"

STUDENT

Dragon-Fly and Husk

WE 'don't like' this fellow, we say, because of some unpleasant characteristic he shows.

But how if he got rid of that? Well, then he would be likable enough.

So it comes to this, that we don't like the *characteristic*. Which it is unnecessary to say. But to say that we don't like the *man* means that we are making the single objectionable quality or habit stand for the whole of him. Is there nothing to him but that? Would you think it fair if your whole nature were looked at through the window of one of your faults?

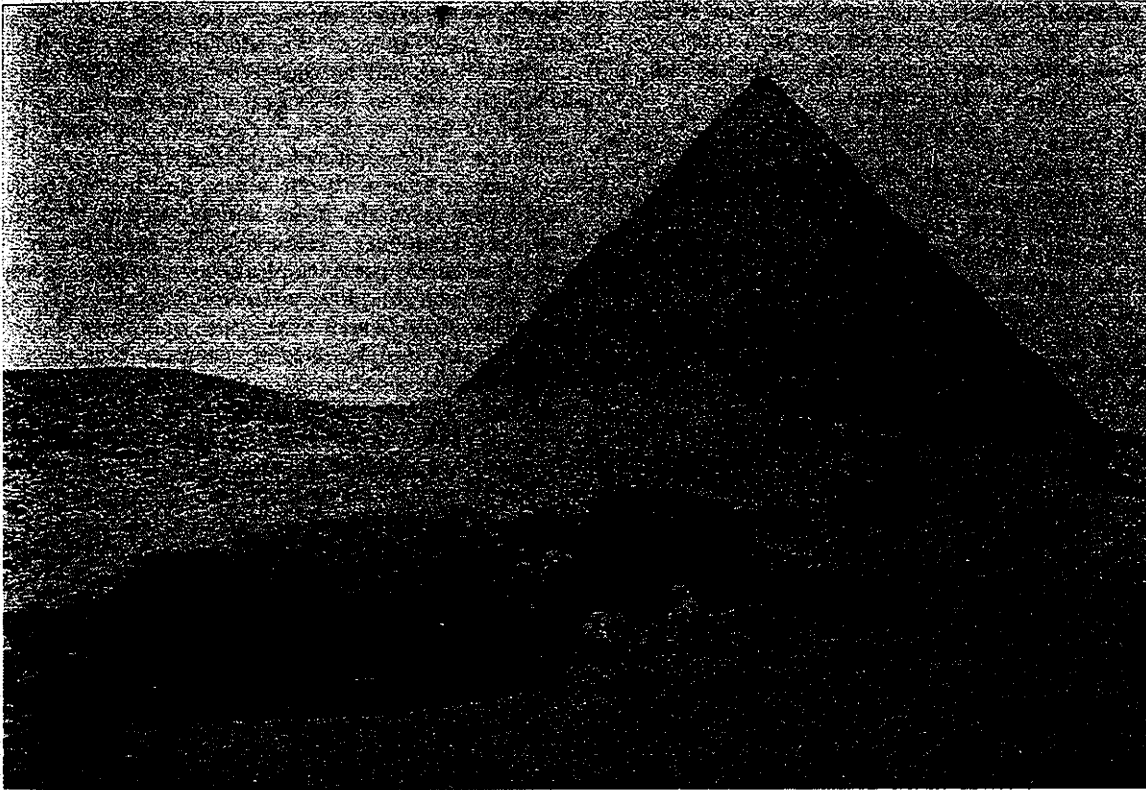
Consider that one a moment, quite honestly, as if you saw it in someone else, say a streak of deceit or cruelty or cowardice or what not. Come to look at it fairly you don't like it yourself, do you, even though you are often quite content to act under its influence, don't like it any more than you would in another man? Yet you don't feel that that is all there is of you, that there is nothing good at all in you. You don't take up the attitude that you dislike yourself. Why, then, do that for the other man? And you know that if you got rid of it you would be

even more yourself than you are now. (Pretty often, too, we are dwelling in mind upon some fault of the other man's in order to avoid having to admit some fine quality in him which we know ourselves to be lacking in.)

What profit at all is there in thinking of another man's faults? We only throw our mind into ugly states, very detrimental to us, hurtful even to our

for a little practice at it. What better acquirement could you make than the power to keep your inner serenity in the face of outward unpleasantnesses?

Remember that we only become our real selves — and the real self in every one of us is a very royal and splendid thing — in proportion as we shed our failings, our vices, our weaknesses. They are a limitation, a husk, just as the stiff, ugly chrysalis is the husk of



Lemmond Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE OPENINGS OF SOME TOMBS ON THE PYRAMID PLATEAU

This pyramid covers 13 acres and consists of 2,300,000 accurately fitting blocks of polished stone, each containing 40 cubic feet. Its height, 480 feet, was adjusted so as to be equal to the radius of a circle whose circumference would be equal to the four sides of the base! The pyramids, "standing away back in the earliest twilight of the historic morning, mark, not the beginning, but the perfection, of Egyptian art. They speak of long periods of growth in art and science lying beyond the era they represent. It is this vast and mysterious background that astonishes us even more than these giant forms cast up against it."

health. Your sour or sarcastic critic of others never has and never can have a sound digestion! We all know what mischief a chronic discontent at circumstances we can't change will do for us. Well, the faults of the other man constitute for us one of the circumstances we can't change. Why don't we let them alone and hold on to the good we have sometimes seen in him? If we have never seen and can't see any, let us not have him in our thinking at all. We don't need to, except on such occasions as actually necessitate contact with him. The power to dismiss thoughts at will from one's mind is an extremely valuable one, and here is an opportunity

the flashing wide-winged dragon-fly within that will sometime shed it. Till then he doubtless regards it as himself and a quite satisfactory affair.

We ought not to take hold of ourselves (as Epictetus put it) by the handle of our failings and weaknesses but by that of the fine qualities lying waiting in the chrysalis. It is *those* we should look for, in ourselves and in others; it is those that we should try to bring into action, for such attempts are the stirrings that will finally crack the husk. They belong forever to the sometime-to-be-liberated self.

Some fellows won't shed their ugly shell or even crack it this side of death. But the dragon-fly is

there, waiting even in the worst of us. As for you and me, why shouldn't we begin liberating it right now?

STUDENT

The Illusion of Death

THE following letter, written to one in great trouble by a member of the International Brotherhood League, was sent in to THE NEW WAY Editor in the hope that its publication might help some other in like bereavement.

MY DEAR —: TIME must have done some of its healing for you by now, has it not? Just after I heard of your dear wife's departure (I do not like that word much better than 'death'), in fact the next morning, when I was feeling hurt and sore at your loss and mine, I got a sudden sense of the fact that at that very moment there must have been over the earth a million people, wives, husbands, sisters, brothers, the betrothed, heart-struck and grieving as you were then and as I was. And I knew that Nature and Divine Law never could have intended that human life should be so vast a field of pain as it is. We have made it so for ourselves, and I think it was not so in very ancient times.

We have been practically trained for ages to feel the outer, bodily and brain, life as the only real life, and so, generation by generation, have got at last altogether out of touch of and knowledge of an inner, higher, closer life that yet runs all the time within the outer. And so, whatever little consolation *faith* may give us, death — which is only of the outer, not touching the inner at all — seems to us the end of all; so that, when one we love has withdrawn from the outer, we have too often nothing to help us and the blank seems absolute and final.

It is one of the aims of Katherine Tingley, the one closest to her heart, I think, to awaken in men and women once again the actual consciousness of the inner life in its fullness, the life that we do even now in some degree reach and enter, when, for instance, we are deeply moved by very high music, or sometimes (if we will) by the grandeur and pregnant *silence* of sunrise and sunset. If we knew more of that inner life in us, the passing out of sight of someone we love would actually not be pain, or but little and brief pain; for we should possess sure and realized knowledge that death (as we call it) had not severed any tie, and that in the inner life the tie and the unworded communion were unbroken.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you" said the Teacher, Jesus Christ, who knew what he was talking about, for he lived there all the time, and like other great Teachers, wanted us to do so also. And then somehow, the Kingdom of Heaven got put

out of direct knowledge, put out of sight, as it were, away off somewhere, made into a *place* instead of a constantly present deeper life hidden within this troubled outer life we live in brain and body.

And so, generation after generation, the inner life, the *real* Kingdom of Heaven, came to seem more and more unreal, more and more lost sight of, forgotten and unsought and therefore mostly unfound. And that is why death is so devastating a blow to us. Death really makes the one who has gone (as we call it) *closer* to us. We should realize this every moment if we had not been (by implication) trained to feel the only real life as that of brain and body.

Do we love, in the higher sense of the word, with our brains? For want of a better way to say it, we say that we love with our *hearts*, and in the 'heart,' where love is, is the peace and joy of the inner life and the Kingdom of Heaven. The inner life, in its most immediate presence and recognisability, is love, love particular, and love widened out to all our fellows and humanity. And we recognise and enter it again through music. And again when in the *silencing* of our thoughts we reach out and up and in to the Highest we can conceive of.

I could not be writing you now, should have no impulse to do so, if between us there were not already a communion in our inner lives. That would still be there if one of us died tonight. Death cannot touch the inner life, except to leave it stronger and deeper, in fact to free it.

Your affectionate fellow-traveler,

The Elixir of Life

YOUTH is not a time of life — it is a state of mind. . . . It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty, more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching child-like appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your

doubt, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station, so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.—*Anonymous*, quoted in *Hewitt's Magazine*

The Other Fellow

JONES to Robinson as they enter the warehouse after dinner: "Ho, ho, ho! Did you hear about old Brown in the restaurant? They usually reserve the same seat for him every day, and he's sat there at dinner-time for years past. But there was a new hand on today who didn't know, and he gave it to someone else. The old man wouldn't eat his dinner because he couldn't have that seat, and he went without. Did you ever— Hello! who's put his hat in my place? Everybody knows I always put my hat here. *Swish!* So much for *that*.— As I was saying, did you ever hear of such an old fogey. Go without a dinner because you can't have the same seat! Ha, ha, ha!"

Robinson to Smith, as they enter the tram: "That was pretty good about Jones, wasn't it? Even while he was putting one over on Brown, he stopped in the middle of the story and boosted a hat out of his particular location. Pardon me, do you mind if I take the corner seat? I always have it, you know.— Yes, he didn't see that he was doing exactly the same thing himself. Ha, ha! Somebody ought to give him a jolt about it."

Smith to his wife, as he starts on his breakfast mush the next morning: "It's the richest thing I've come across for a long time. First there was Jones telling Robinson about Brown refusing his dinner because he couldn't have his usual seat, and in the middle of the story kicking somebody's hat out of his sacred spot. And then Robinson starts in to tell me about Jones and Brown, and can't go on till I change places with him: you know he gets quite peeved if he doesn't get a corner seat in the train.— Excuse me, dear, but could you get me that spoon with the broad handle, you know I always must have that at breakfast.— Yes, and there wasn't one of them could see his own peculiarity, it was all the other fellow."

Mrs. Smith to — (The reader may add more himself.)

P. S.— I could have written this story much better, only somebody took my pencil with the blue spots on it, and really must have that one, somehow.—J.

"If we are to help humanity in a new way, we must begin to think in a new way."

—*Katherine Tingley*

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

"Try! Ever keep trying! A hundred failures are not irremediable if followed by as many undaunted struggles upward."—*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*

"NO man living, no matter how he has failed, has ever completely lost touch with that certain 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."—*Katherine Tingley*

"ROUND some of the little islands in the Pacific there is a circle of coral reef just projecting above the water. Outside, the ocean may be rough enough, and it is always rough at the reef where the waves break. But inside the reef, between it and the island, is water smooth as a mirror, reflecting the still palms, the green slopes and the unclouded sky. Peace and stillness within: waves, foam and turmoil without. If the island were conscious it might be so preoccupied with the noise and unrest about the reef as to know nothing of its own secluded calm, the calm of its real self.

"So with us humans. We are so preoccupied with the restlessness and noise of our minds that we know nothing of our own true selves, in there where there is always peace and the mirroring of divine light and the verdure of ever productive divine life."

—*Brian Reader*

"IN looking back over our lives we often see that what seemed at the time the worst hours and most hopeless in their wretchedness were in reality the best of all. They developed power in us that had heretofore slept, developed energies of which we had never dreamed."—*James Freeman Clarke*

"NO man was ever happy whose conversation was much about his fellows. For either he shall be envying them, or remarking their faults, or sneering. And this is to make himself an enemy of his own peace. Shun such men and be not one of them."

"God is around thee, within thee. This I tell thee, Lucilius: there resides in us a Spirit, observer equally of the good and the bad in our nature. As we deal with it, so it will deal with us."—*Seneca*

"Nor till men live as brothers, conscious of their essential Divinity, of their higher natures, can they feel the nearness of that inspiration which should move every human heart. Because of this lack of insight I presume to say that the human mind has not been able fully to interpret the real truths of Christianity."—*Katherine Tingley*

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and whosoever 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.*"

—*One of the 'sayings' of Jesus, discovered at Oxyrhyncus in Egypt*

"AS you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you — in a book or the words of a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought."—*George Macdonald*

"IN the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed, and may God have mercy on your soul."—*Anonymous; quoted in Hewitt's Magazine*

"A THOUSAND cults, and a thousand creeds:
Is one a rose, and the rest but weeds?
Or is each one suited to meet some needs?
Is your own so great, that the rest seem small?
Then keep it, and live it — that's all."

—*Edmund Vance Cook*

"LET us understand that if external nature in all its beauty is a Divine production, that in us which can see this beauty is itself a ray of the same Divine, and the power to see beauty is a mark of our Divinity, a power we can neglect or be forever increasing."

—*A Cambridge Platonist*

"WHATEVER you do, do just that one thing, with a single mind. It is obvious that there is no limit to the opportunities for this exercise. The student must make attention to details a cardinal rule of conduct. By such practise he will attain the power of concentration. And concentration is the cornerstone in the temple of wisdom."—*Dr. Marvin Dana*

"ARE you faultless? No, but you can strive towards faultlessness. Not your act but your motive is weighed in the scales of Divine Justice."

—*Katherine Tingley*



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

A better state after death?
Get it now!

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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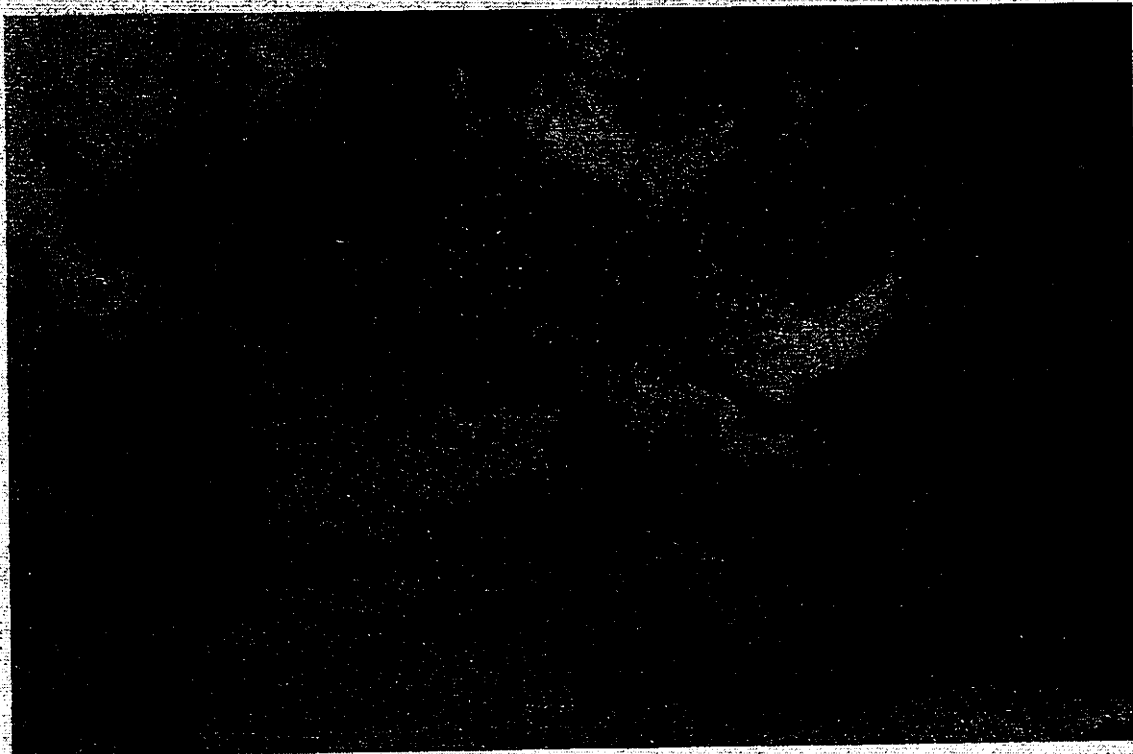
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VENICE: THE GRAND CANAL

Venice stands on 117 small islands, among which wind through the city 150 canals, spanned here and there by 380 bridges. All the city traffic goes along the canals, which serve as streets. Some of the buildings stand on wooden piles driven down through the water into the clay, some ten to fifteen feet below; the rest on successive platforms of wood laid flat on the clay. After hundreds of years the wood still remains sound.

Mind and Soul

From Katherine Tingley's recently published book *The Gods Await*

THAT man is still on his feet and can stand at all is proof enough of the essential Divinity of Man. Uncertain, changing, wandering, despairing, faltering; going down and constantly re-aring; his mind conceiving nothing of the depth, beauty and grandeur of the knowledge his Inner Self actually possesses,— somehow he still endures. In the hell he has created for himself he still persists and is not extinguished: — what greater proof of the inner god-head could be imagined? Were he less than divine in essence and potentiality, he would bow down his head and cease to be.

What have we to say to those who brand man from his infancy a moral weakling, and have hypnotized him into the notion that he can find no salvation within himself, not win to any grace or inward health by his own efforts? Such ideas have called him away from exploring the spiritual regions within himself, and driven him to seek all light and help in external forces which he cannot control: and the result is the irreligious morals and wide unbelief of the age.

The Soul knows: it has brought into this life memories of other and ancient lives and of old defeats and victories; it abides forever in the light, choring with the stars and the silences of God.

It soars into the Infinite without separation from the body: because there is no limitation to the essential Divinity of Man; and we might attain vision of eternal existence by penetrating beyond the mind to the Real Self within; by finding there the conscious power that will carry us away from the sense-life and over the high walls of the mind. But we ignore the existence of this God within us and have altogether forgotten that the mentality, no matter how highly trained, was never intended to be anything but its instrument. Until he knows this, no man can be all that he might be. The mind, the mental being, is not the self; it is a tool the self has acquired for its use, and its means of progression.

Human beings cannot think deeply and fully until they have moved into the light of that divine human nature. All that was ever said that was true and wonderful and revealing was touched into life by it: even the materialist may become so inspired, even when writing on his materialistic doctrines, as actually to reach spiritual heights and contact the Infinite in spite of himself; for the Higher Self is mightier than the mind altogether, and may move the latter in its own despite. It is divine by nature and origin: through infinite experience it has risen to the heights. It dwells upon the mountain-tops of being: beholding, cognising, loving.

It is only our minds which are so confused that

they do not feel it: they do not hear its song that permeates the silences; they do not see that which is before them to be seen, and so we sit in the shadows and add ourselves to the aggregations of despair; we drop into inertia, finding nothing for ourselves nor seeking anything for others; we build ourselves worlds of suffering, each in his own selfish way. It is reliance on the brain-mind and merely mental part that holds us away from our greatness.

We have fettered and bound our consciousness; we have shut ourselves in and built our dwelling among the shadows, whereas we might have used the large vision of Gods and be generous expressions of Universal Life. There is of course great value in acquiring knowledge and sharpening the mind; but there is that which is infinitely more important: and it is, To discover within the mysterious recesses of the soul the operations that illuminate the heart and vivify the mind with spiritual light. Character is higher than mind; but highest of all is the spiritual life. Right thought and action can lift us for the time being, always, on to the plane of the Soul; and when we are there we are raising the whole human race towards the level of its rights, possibilities, and spiritual heritage.

We have but to grasp that central idea that none can ever find the Soul's way, or conform to the great universal Scheme of Life, by mere exercise of brain-power. Always the key to the Higher Self is compassion. The Divinity remains in man even when man most ignores it, though it has been shut out from life and but glimpses caught of it here and there, and though the limitations that have been imposed by the brain-mind wholly obscure its light. For though a man wander from the path and err in the economy of Nature he cannot be lost; none is so far from the splendor of truth that he cannot turn tomorrow and find it within himself. He can rise above all the obstacles in life and look down and overcome them; because we are this Something More than we seem,— the highest expression of life that we know of.

The grandest music that ever was heard cannot express the glory and power of the Divine in ourselves and in the universe, yet one can find suggestions of it through one's own sufferings, aspirations, ideals, sacrifices, and courage to push on. And when we have gone through the round of our experiences, in our disappointment and unrest and loneliness, we shall come back to the Great Reality and make obeisance to the Divinity Within.

The Two Sorts of Knowing

AS I had used that word he asked me what was the *proof* of the soul, sneeringly, as was his wont on such matters.

I said I did not need any proof. Did I need



a proof of my own existence submitted to me?

Oh, he said, then you mean that the 'soul' is the same as yourself?

And I said, if the soul wasn't me but something else, why should I be interested in it?

He asked why I used the word 'soul' at all in that case? If it is just yourself, why use a special word for it?

And anyway, he went on, you can't prove yourself. You can't prove that you're anything but a bundle of impulses and appetites and sensations, and a stream of thoughts about them. You say 'I,' but you can't prove that there is any such thing as an 'I' distinct from those impulses and thoughts and so on, somewhere in behind them or in the midst of them.

I said some of the most certain knowledge we have is not of the sort that can be proved. Knowing with the *mind* is not the only kind of knowing we have, and it is the least certain. 'Proving' things is only a process for preventing the mind (your own or someone else's) from disbelieving them. We have two quite distinct kinds of knowledge — realized knowledge and provable knowledge.

As you can't put your realization of anything into anyone else you can't certify it to him. We realize things, we know a great many things for absolute surety that are beyond the mind's grasp. The mind is not a realizer, only a thinker. It only gets the outer characteristics of things, not the inner things themselves. Thinking may *awake* realization, but that is as near as it can get. As a very low example, you can't prove you're hungry, but you absolutely know it. The outer evidence (which is not proof) of it to another person would merely be that you acted as if you were. But you might be acting that way just to gratify your palate when you felt no honest hunger at all. But you would never dream of doubting your own hunger merely because you could not prove it, or because some foolish person challenged you to do so and sneered when you said you couldn't.

You know as an absolutely realized fact that you have free will, power of choice between right and wrong, between one deed and another. But you couldn't prove it or even make it clear what you were talking about to some one who had none of it — if there ever were or could be such a freak. And to your definition-loving mind you might not even be able to make it clear what will is. But all the same you realize things, deeper than your mind, what it is; and you need not be at all disturbed if you couldn't say, for saying is only wording the workings of your mind.

Could you say what your love for your mother is, or prove absolutely to anyone else that you had it? Would you doubt it on that account? Proving is a *mind* affair, and this knowledge of your love for your mother (absolutely certain) is deeper in than the mind

can reach to. The mind can only *think* things; the power to *realize* belongs to a higher part of the nature. The mind is an instrument in our possession and has the usual limitations of instruments; it can only do what it was evolved to do, what it was made for. Don't expect too much of it, and don't respect its deliverances too much, its denials, when it presumes to deny what it is not fitted to understand at all. You know with absolute realization the states of high feeling you get out of fine music. But you can't prove them, and you know, so far as they are from being mental, that if the mind starts its thinking about something while you are enjoying music it is merely interrupting your attention. These states, like love of your mother, are beyond it.

The man said he still did not understand why I should use the word 'soul' at all, seeing that I merely meant myself.

That is not so, I said. There is a difference in us according as we live just all mixed up with our mind and our sensations and doings and what's happening to us and what we happen to be feeling and thinking of and experiencing or working at as we go along through the day — a difference between this kind of mixed up self and the higher self we find ourselves to be when we silence our brains and minds and get some realization of what we really are behind and beyond all that. We get back to *our own* state then, instead of being mixed up with all those other twelve-hours-in-the-day states.

If a man will do that, say for the last few moments before turning in for the night, making a real silence all through himself, stopping the customary mind-chatter and thoughts about what's happened in the day and may happen tomorrow, and keep this up right along night after night, he will at last begin to get to the absolute realization that he is divine and immortal, out of reach of death altogether; and that in letting himself be run by appetites and fears and worries and antagonisms towards others, and selfishness, he is deserting his true self-feeling, the feeling that brings him realization of his divinity and immortality and shows him that underneath, all along, there is love in him for every other human. And there is no real, abiding joy in life for any of us till we get that realization.

'Divine,' the man said; now you introduce a new word. What do you mean?

Divine, I said, is just a word we apply to what a man finds himself as when he feels his immortality and the full love of all the other humans that is in him and in all of us, and his power to live above and to dominate all low and selfish impulses, and also feels his relationship to the Great Power and Love and Wisdom that sustains all things.

Now, he said, you've introduced something else — the 'Great Power.' I never saw such a man! How much more is coming in? What's next on the bill?

One realization follows another, I said, to the man who tries it and tries to live accordingly.

Well, he said, you believe your own doctrine anyhow. *My mind* does not seem the sort that could take it.

Maybe not, I said, *your mind* — as yet; but *you* could, if you'd try it out. STUDENT

The Forty-Foot Arm

THE upraised arm of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York harbor is forty feet long. Of course it looks all right, for the rest of the statue is in proportion, big enough to balance an arm that long. If it were not, if the figure were too small, the statue would look grotesque.

We don't always see the grotesqueness in other kinds of human disproportion. The acquirement of immense wealth, for instance, does not imply that it is an immense *man* who has acquired it. It may merely bespeak a man with an 'arm' forty feet long for getting hold of money, but of no corresponding size in general manhood. He's got one faculty all out of proportion to the rest of him.

Musical geniuses have been that way. A splendid forty-foot 'arm' for composing or rendering music, but no corresponding stature of character, even utter moral contemptibles in a case or two one can read of in the histories of music.

And of course no one expects that the great muscles of an athlete or prizefighter, or the brain of a great chess-player, must necessarily go with anything else that is great in them, moral or intellectual.

When you are getting into a state of admiration for anybody, stop and make it clear to yourself just what you are admiring. Is there in proportion between the 'arm' you admire and the rest of the figure, the character as a man? Separate in your thought the man and his special ability.

But how shall we think of the man in himself as apart from his abilities? What is a *man*? What is stature of character?

At the center of all the qualities that make a man show up as *small* is just one trait: the habit of thinking of himself first. 'He's always thinking of himself,' his own advantage, comfort, popularity, safety, ease, pleasure, salvation: would not that be a full and sufficient description of the *small* man, the 'small-souled' man? Many a man, classified as a 'public-spirited citizen,' would, if you could see his real motive, come strictly under our definition. But he might have a forty-foot arm as respects oratory, the 'go-getter' faculty, or financial skill.

That definition of a small man, reversed, would afford us the definition of a big one. Bigness works out as generosity, kindness, sympathy, desire to

help, desire for the general health and progress and happiness.

Also as courage, for if courage is not necessarily always connected with thinking of the good of others, it is necessarily connected with disregard of consequences to yourself. It implies *that* much of bigness anyhow.

And honor, for that means disregard of consequences to self in love of clean deeds. Also sense of duty, for duty is what is *due* — to others, and is really the same as honor.

So in looking at and admiring a long 'arm,' let us always remember not to confuse it with the stature of the statue bearing the arm. The divinity of man is in the *statue* and comes out in the motives that inspire him to use and develop whatever capacities he has. He is small in proportion as he is running his show for himself alone, has No. 1 first. He is big in proportion as his octave of deeds and aims does not start from and remain in the key of *self*. STUDENT

Success Out of Failure

IT is useless trying to drown sorrow in drink. For, like the nine-lived cat, it always comes back, — perhaps bringing along a fresh litter of troubles. But Tom Sterling had not found that out when his wife died. Her sudden going left him stunned and yet strangely aroused. There had always been things he had meant to do for her — sometime. Not that she had ever complained. But, as she was slipping beyond the veil, — that mystic curtain between the two worlds, — they came closer together in spirit than even in those wonderful days of young love's dawning.

Somehow, as that invisible curtain of life and death lifts for the soul's birth on earth, and again rises for its rebirth into its native home-land of peace, some divine rays of real light fall upon those nearest to it. Often, as she becomes conscious of the incoming soul, the mother is initiated with a rare light of unselfish love. Or, where real unity of love or friendship links two hearts together, as one is being stilled, the enfreed soul's glow of joy falls on both faces, and makes a rainbow of promise out of earthly tears.

It was this dazzling light of self-revealing truth that made Tom shrink from facing his naked soul now. For, in the first fortnight's struggle with grief, remorse, and a careless hired housekeeper's ways, he found out endless burdens the patient mother had carried — alone. Katherine — his wife — "your loving Kitty," he found signed to an old love-letter to him. She was such a brave, trusting sweetheart.

As years went on, he had fallen into a way of taking her for granted, her devotion to him and the children, Roy and Marie. Now he thought of all

the simple outings, the playful, comradely touches, the little surprises, and tender words that might have brightened her busy days. His mind went over and over the round of haunting memories. Was there no way to make them come right? At last, he started out desperately, with hat in nervous hands,—he must get into the open air somewhere.

The first one he met was Will Andrews, who offered sentimental sympathy and his pocket-flask. And Tom, at the tether end of his resources, fell for the false comfort. Then, when his unsteady feet did turn homeward, he tripped and fell.

Helpless at home, with an injured ankle, he had to think out his case. He was shocked to find how little he knew his children, who had gone to 'Mumsy' with everything. It hurt him now to find them more thoughtful than their father. Marie, just six, tried to wait on and mother him in a winsome, touching way. It hurt him, too, to see her surprise when he gently drew her little head to his breast. He had taken the children for granted, too. And Roy—silent lad, with Kitty's eyes,—waiting on him, too, began shyly to confide in him the old vital problems of youth's turning toward manhood, when life's page is punctuated with question-marks. Tom was ashamed of his lame answers. He remembered his own unexpressed boyhood longing for his father to understand him. But his own young need had not brought him to any recognition of the needs of his own boy. He had left so much for Kitty, and now—

Tom wasn't a bad sort, at heart. It was his conscience that made him so wretchedly alive to his faults now. He saw the folly of trying to drown remorse in drink. It only came back with added power. But how *could* he satisfy himself about the past? What was gone was gone, and no power, above or below, could change it.

Slowly, Tom began to see that the only way to stand the bitter truth was to face it and make it count in changing *himself*, here and now. He could begin by partly making up for the children's loss of a tender mother chum. Oh, if Kitty could only know how he would try! Not that he would call her back even if he could. But if he and the children made a center of heart-light of their home, might she not somehow know of their peace and joy? Somewhere it read that the "kingdom of heaven is within." Wasn't heaven, like the hell of remorse, a state of feeling, rather than a place?

Somewhere in the blue beyond, Kitty and he would be together again,—perhaps in other lives. Who knows? But now was the time to salvage past experience and make something splendid out of repentance,—something worthy to meet her with. Dear, helpful Kitty! Her very going away was working out a blessing for her loved ones she had left.

Perhaps even he could put some living truth into

the common human life, where millions of men and women were blindly making mistakes that must be reckoned with sometime, somewhere, somehow. His own awakening brought with it the desire to show others that remorse cannot undo past wrongs. Only the will to make a nobler future can do that. With his resolve to make the present time sacred in doing what might be done for upbuilding, at last he felt at peace with himself. The conscience is satisfied when one wins success out of failure. That is what the soul is on earth to do,—just that. That is the sum-total of religion and human evolution. "After all, the saints are only the sinners who kept on trying."

ANOTHER

A Simple Cure that Costs Nothing

WE were coming home from a little job on Granby Hill and Ikey was reading the paper, when all of a sudden I knew he'd struck a snag by the way he frowned and scratched his head. He looked this way and that way and finally his eyes rested on an old gentleman sitting opposite. "Excuse me, sir," he blurred out, "but here's a word I never heard before. It says that the new chimpanzee at the Zoo looks as if he was suffering from 'nostalgia.' I was fixing up so I could go there on Sunday with my little gal to take a slant at the new chimp; but I'm terrible scared of these new diseases and seeing as our Susie has just got over the measles, I don't want her to have 'nostalgia' on top of that. Do you reckon it's catching?"

The stranger smiled and said that nostalgia was by no means a new disease and that it was not considered infectious. "In fact," he continued with a smile broader than before, "it's nothing more nor less than plain homesickness."

Old Ikey was a fellow who had his head screwed on the right way and looked it, and so, encouraged by his intelligent expression the old gentleman went on something as follows:

"The depression that results from thinking strongly of one's absent home is generally supposed to be a kind of general slowing down of the bodily functions owing to low spirits; but there may be more to it than that. You see we've only got a certain supply of life-force to run the body with, or for the body to run itself with, and there must be a lot of this force taken away from its proper business and absorbed and lost to no purpose in these longings for home called 'nostalgia,' in fact in any strong longings, for the matter of that. And the mental pictures of the old home place and the memories connected with them, constantly repeating themselves as they do, must drain off a lot more. So it is easy to see why the health must presently suffer. A mind that isn't kept

under control like that must waste twenty times the amount of force to what it spends usefully on the job in hand or some real piece of thinking."

Ikey listened with keen attention and when the stranger paused he struck in: "You gave us a mouthful and no mistake about it. If a man can make himself sick by trying to be in two places at the same time, why in thunder can't he get cured by pulling himself together and putting heart and soul into his work? There's a young feller who's supposed to help me down at the shop, but half the time he simply ain't there. He comes from 'the Great Open Spaces out West,' and often when he's cutting a thread his mind and attention, and I do believe the very life of his body, are playing in the California sunshine, anyway all of him is not where he should be. He drags his feet along the floor, his neck droops like a wilted poppy, his eyes are way off in the distance and I often feel like dropping a hammer on his toes to see if I couldn't once get the scattered parts into one spot."

The stranger smiled again and said that when a man put his whole strength into his work the currents running through his nerves were the finest tonic in the world and better than all the doctor's stuff that ever came out of a bottle. "Instead of letting our thought-force go over the spillway it ought to be kept to the narrow channel and forced to turn the wheel."

"That's what I always say," declared Ikey now thoroughly roused. "It isn't more strength that we want, but the gumption to use the strength we have in the right way and to use all of it. A machine that leaks steam at every joint don't need more steam, but to have the joints made tight. Be a one-piece man, not a lot of different parts working at half-pressure at a dozen different things at once! It's these criss-cross currents that make the trouble, the mind thinking of one thing and the body doing another and the tongue clacking everlastingly and letting the stream of life-force run to waste over the spillway."

"I like that notion of yours first-rate," I said. "I know more'n one chap that wouldn't have been sorry if his missus had been listening in to a bit of this talk, especially that last sentence of Ikey's."

"O. K. and a tiger," he said; "but if anybody's goin' to have that sentence illuminated and stuck up on the wall alongside the picture of George Washington crossing the Delaware for his missus to read, why just let him have an extra copy of the same to put up over his own work-bench. Sauce for the goose is reckoned to be pretty good for the gander too. The women don't clack and mind-wander over their jobs more'n the men."

The car reached the corner of Fifth and Lilac and the old gentleman got off with a confidential grin to himself as he made for the curb. L.

The Guest-Room

"I WAS going over in mind that unpleasant interview I had with Jones, wishing I had said one or two smart things I did not think of at the time. But the insolent things he had said, coming up again and again in my mind, made me hot for an hour."

"But why didn't you stop your mind from going off on that line?"

"Couldn't. Never can in this sort of thing. Result: My work was all at odds that whole day."

"Why don't you practise till you *can* stop it? These interior talks with people who aren't there are a mischievous mistake. They leave a trace in your mind, and you can't comfortably look those people in the face next time you meet them. And they irritate them against you in a subtle way without their knowing why they feel like that."

"Not always a mistake. Sometimes they give you quite a pleasant feel, chewing the cud of a nice intimate chat with someone you like."

"But they don't even then do any good, do they?"

"No, not any good, exactly, that I know of."

"Remember that every stick has two ends. If you let your mind go off on reproductions of pleasant times you have had with people you like, you've got to stand it when the other end of the stick comes into your hand, as it surely will. For you've let your mind get the habit of running wild, and always on lines of personality. All that mental force, restrained instead of wasted, would turn you and me into geniuses or saints."

"No saunting business for me, old man. I don't want to be a saint!"

"Oh yes, you do. You only don't want to be what you think a saint is. A saint or a genius is one whose mind has been accustomed to keep room for a flood of light, like a house with a room kept for the visits of an honored and welcome guest. The guest, the light flood, is the soul. The other way about, the soul is a light flood, an inspiration, such as, in the case of the genius, results in some work or composition of genius. But anyhow, saint or no saint, genius or no genius, the best plan for a fruitful day's living and thinking, is to get once for all a state of outgoing and steady good-will, and let it go at that, not letting the mind at all busy itself with imaginary dramas containing other people who aren't there, dramas agreeable or otherwise. They fritter away mind-energy, spoil efficiency, and clutter up the guest-room we ought always to keep ready and silent against the proper occupant or one of his visiting cabinet. They all bring a gift of some sort, just fitted to our needs at the moment and general capacity and individual bent. Any of us can and should get visits from the cabinet. A saint is merely one who has arranged the room so as to be a permanent residence of the *President*. A HOUSEKEEPER

Capital Punishment and its Ripple

“WHOSO sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” They presume to see in that their warranty for capital punishment! Presume, yes, for the text goes on: “for in the image of God made he man.” That third clause, if it means anything, makes human life sacred. It means that man's life is, as he first receives it, the image of Divine life, for it can hardly refer to external form! It forbids the destruction of human life because of its sacredness.

We know of that sacredness anyhow, text or no text; our feelings are outraged by a murder; we instinctively feel it as a profanation; and then we can only find relief from this feeling by committing the very same sacrilege again! And in so doing we can only sidestep our intuitive repulsion against our own act by dividing up the responsibility over the whole community and then stunting that off on to a judge and jury. And as these in their turn throw the responsibility back on to the law, itself made by the community, we find that by thus tossing it to and fro it vanishes altogether from our consciences.

Especially as we can easily read the second clause of the text as a Divine injunction — to destroy the Divine image! — instead of what it obviously is — a warning of what will happen. To speak grammatically, we insist on seeing the imperative mood where is only the future tense. If a little child puts his hand on a board into which his father is hammering a nail, and the father says: “Don't do that or I shall crush your fingers,” do we interpret that as an expression of the father's *determination* to crush them, or as a warning against what will happen? But that is about the kind of mis-reading we make of the second clause.

In truth the approval of capital punishment rests on the primitive instinct of *revenge*, but set forth respectably so as to look and feel and sound like something better. But revenge always and only makes one wrong work out into another, which in its turn fathers a brood of others.

The transaction is not closed when you have judicially killed your murderer — a man, note, whose life was also after the image of the Divine life. There are a few after-consequences! He may have children — to have their lives darkened for all the years to come by the memory that their father was hanged — or whatever was the way in which you killed him; a wife, perhaps, agonized and crushed for all her remaining years; friends and companions, fellow-prisoners in the same jail, some of them, a black spot in their memories too repulsive and shocking ever to speak of; a roomful of men, witnesses of the hanging, some of them, at any rate, come to gratify — *what* in them? — with the sight of struggling death; a lot of newspaper-readers, some at any rate of them reading to gloat over what details they can

find reported, and some of these, young boys. A nice wide ripple to go out and out and on and on, one expanding circle after another till in the end it has touched all the generations to come.

And then the murderer: *perhaps* he may go out softened, repentant, even in the faith that somewhere, somehow, there will be another chance for him to build better on his past, but perhaps also, resentful, envenomed, incensed at the outrage done on him — for he too has his deep, however hidden, instinct of the sacredness of life — shocked out of what humanity he may have left, freed now into that unsuspected beyond — *just* beyond — where such thoughts as his are always trying to embody themselves in the actions of men who, unconscious of what is actuating them, untrained to any self-control, are already predisposed to let loose the primitive passions.

Think out all this, and then give your vote, if you can, for capital punishment.

STUDENT

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 Quotebook

"NO one is so busy or so poor that he cannot create a noble ideal and follow it. Why, then, hesitate in breaking a path towards this ideal through all obstacles, over every stumbling-block, every petty hindrance of social life, in order to march straight forward until the goal is reached? Those who would make this effort would soon find that the 'strait gate' and the 'thorny path' lead to the broad valleys of the limitless horizons, to that state where there is no more death because they have regained their divinity.

"As to the conduct of our inner life, we must concentrate our entire attention on the ideal we have proposed to ourselves and look straight ahead without paying the slightest attention to the mud upon our feet."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"WHAT is justice? Is it something that condemns alone? I say, No. Justice is also mercy. For mercy may not be dissociated from justice, and the word 'justice' itself includes mercy within it. Not the justice of man, which is false and erring, but the justice of Nature. *That* is also mercy. For if she punishes you, it is in order that she may do a merciful act and show you the truth at last by discipline."
— *W. Q. Judge*

"IF a man or woman can keep warm the Heart Doctrine in his or her life, and can feel it a sacred duty to be constantly cultivating the spirit of tolerance, the power of sympathy will so grow in the nature and the mind, that the higher faculties of the immortal man, the soul, will come more and more positively and effectively into action. The higher part of one's nature is constantly alive in its way, although we may not have the outer expression and although the brain-mind may be working against it because of environment and conditions and mental seeds that have been sown — yet it is always there."
— *Katherine Tingley*

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and whosoever 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."
— One of the 'Sayings' of Jesus, found early this century

"NEVER the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never!
Never the time it was not! End and beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems."— *The Song Celestial*

"THE body is the City, and its heart the Palace, and the Royal Presence there a hid, invisible, close, subtle thing, the Spirit."— *Indian*

"MY boy, wherever you are,
Work for your soul's sake,
That all the clay of you, all the dross of you,
May yield to the fire of you,
Till the fire is nothing but light!"— *E. L. Masters*

"I MADE a great fight with myself on Monday and seemed gaining. But on Tuesday it was all to do over again from the same place so that I was discouraged and nigh to throw up the sponge. But one said: 'There are cycles in these things. If you cannot find that Monday's fight has helped Tuesday, you will surely find that it has helped *next Monday*.'"

"He was a man who regarded all difficulties as opportunities and shrank from no presenting duty, because, since it was *his* duty, set there for *him*, there must be a way to discharge it and much profit in doing so."

"WE respect the mind too much. There are many things we can know to the point of absolute realized certainty, which, on submission to the mind, become wavering, doubtful, and presently incredible — free-will, for example. In such case the mind should be clearly recognised as an incompetent intruder."

TO ANYONE

"WHETHER the time be slow or fast,
Enemies, hand in hand,
Must come together at the last,
And understand.
No matter how the die is cast,
Nor who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last
Why not begin?"— *Walter Bynner*

"REMEMBER that 'you'll get what's coming to you' can be just as well a promise as a threat, and it's up to you to make it wholly the former."

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks. *That depends on the dog!* — And it must have been a lazy dog that first put up the bluff."

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For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Each day comes as a challenge.

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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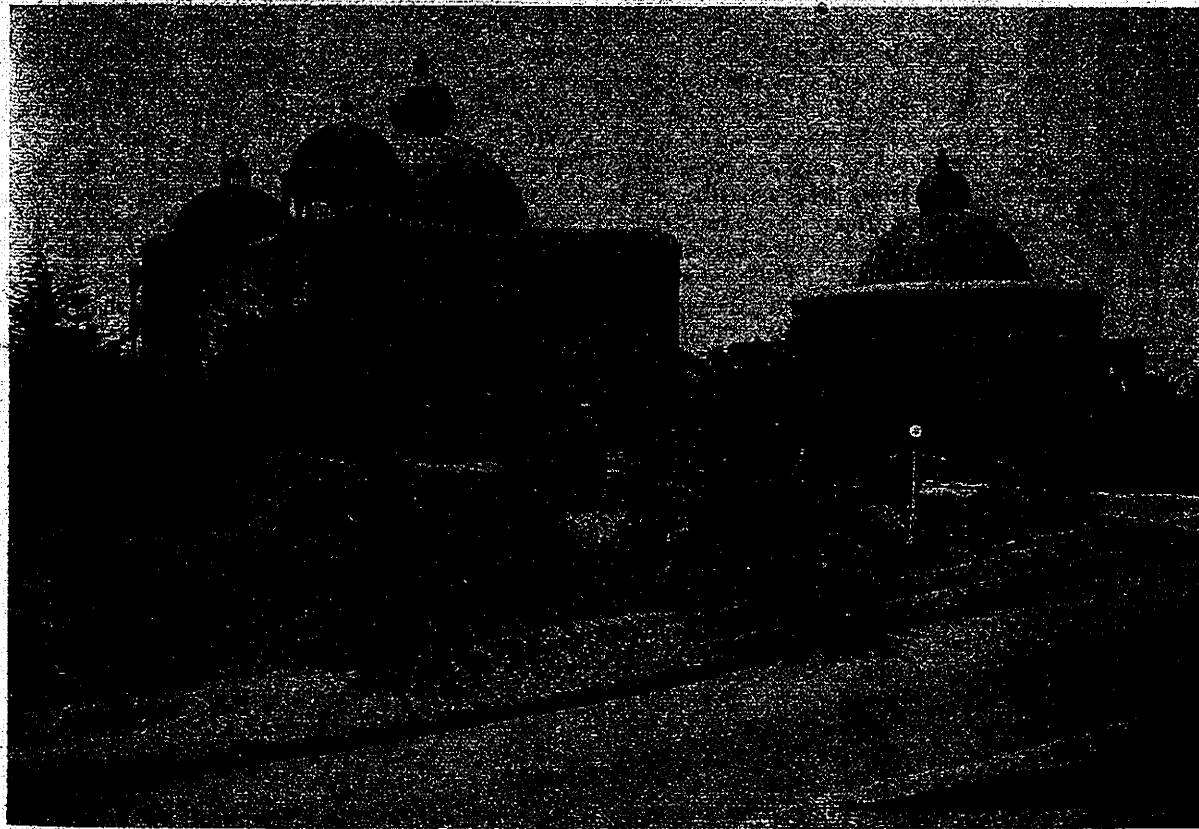
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Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE TEMPLE OF PEACE (AT THE RIGHT) AND THE RAJA-YOGA ACADEMY (AT THE LEFT)
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
WHERE *THE NEW WAY* IS PUBLISHED

To the Prison Visitor

THE prison-worker who would do any good must put aside every thought of condemnation, and speak to the men, not of their mistakes and errors, but with utter conviction of their latent godlike

qualities: the godlike qualities that are in every human being.

Applying the master-key of sympathy and good-fellowship, which is greater and better than pity, we shall get the wisdom that illumines the way to right thought and right action. Sympathy is always

imaginative, and brings true knowledge of what is needed. He who uses it finds his resources grow, and his own portion not left desolate. It makes a man's mind so plastic that words are hardly needed to find out the cause of another's trouble.

Let a man possessing it do the utmost with what means he has, and strength shall be shed through him, and it shall go far enough. He will show it in his manner, unintentionally as it were. The gift of a flower or a book may say something; that genuine interest which strictly avoids referring to the mistakes or present position of the prisoners expresses it perhaps best of all. Compassion, remember, is really the key and secret talisman; it alone can open the way to that divine-human part which still remains even in the most degraded; and none—not the greatest of reformers, not the most erudite of mankind—can find the remedy for the ills of life unless he has found the key within himself.

And here let me say that there is as much enlightenment and promise, in spite of everything, in our penitentiaries as I have ever found among an equal number of people anywhere. There are, of course, born degenerates who can be set aside; but take any group of average people and put them in stripes, crop their hair and let them be locked in cells and treated like hunted things,—and I question if they would look any more prepossessing than the convicts do, or show any more signs of promise.

Some of the best men and women I have ever met have come out from just such surroundings. Some of the noblest workers for humanity are those who have been through the dregs, through the fire, through the dreadful crucifixion of vice; and they have come out so strong, so earnest, so full of sympathy, that nothing could stay them.

There can be no real reformation of the laws until the heart speaks. The brain-mind can work out no plans of improvement until the heart is touched with that compassion which is the sign-manual of the Divinity in Man. None can grow in the truest sense spiritually, unless he has suffered till his heart and mind are attuned to the heartache of the world.

The message to these unfortunates is always one of hope and encouragement: it tells them that their course is never run, nor their defeat final and absolute; that the Divine Law is more merciful, and juster, than man's law; that there is always another chance. For the drunkard, another chance; and for the fallen woman; for the thief and murderer, another and another chance. It would have them learn from their mistakes, yes; but never weaken their better selves by brooding and remorse; for the way to improvement is always hopeful and cheerful.

To live rightly, a man must live close to the sunlight and the pure air; and he must be able to fall back on that Interior Self in himself and in the air and the sunlight, which is like the aroma of a flower

we cannot touch, but know that it is there and that it is divinely beautiful and inspiring. And therefore I would open the doors of the prisons and lead the unfortunate out into a garden of flowers and into buildings where they should have music and instruction: sunshine for even the meanest and lowest, and work that should educate and reform.

As for repentance and remorse and praying for forgiveness of their sins: I would teach them not to wither their strength and aspirations with condemnation of themselves, nor ever to look back on the past at all, for it is buried and dead; nor to underrate their innate spiritual possibilities; nor to unguard their armor with fear.

Because the Soul of Man is immortal, and no matter how heavy the shadows now, or how many or how great the mistakes of the past, he can turn when he will from them all, and the power of the Divinity within, and the best and noblest things we have strived after and forgotten, remain in spite of all our errors, a light to lighten our path into the eternities.

And because there is in every one of us the Spark of the Divine Life, our lives, no matter what their outward circumstances or aspects may be, can be made wholly a joy and a glory. When we begin to live, and duty and responsibility become realities to us, we thrill to the majesty of the Law made manifest in us as the delight of giving and serving and lifting the burdens of the world. A new love comes into our lives that will abide with us always: it is the companionship of the Real, the Warrior, the Eternal Man. All our difficulties become the experiences by which we may grow in strength; we work no longer for ourselves, nor live the doubting or the commonplace life, but are out upon a broad and noble path of service, with many vistas of hope in front, and constantly the God in Man at our side with us, and awareness of the presence of That which is forever seeking to express its divine eternal Self through us. FROM KATHERINE FINGLEY'S recently published book *The Gods Await*

Do Something About It

"YOU'VE interrupted me," he said, "but I guess it's all right if you'll keep quiet a few minutes."

And he went back to his piano and gradually worked out a very fine set of harmonies with a most appealing melody running through.

"Isn't that nice?" he said. "I was hearing that, inside, you know, when you came in, heard it oh so clearly! And I just had to get it on the keyboard."

"Why wasn't hearing it inside enough for you?" I asked, "if it was so clear?"

"A whole philosophy of life is in that," he an-



swered. "I guess my *inner* man is in touch with all the harmonies and melodies of the universe. Yours too, for that matter. That's where the inner man lives. Now and then, when my mind happens to be extra peaceful and quieted down I get in touch with that other, the best of me. And if I want to get the full of it and remember it I must get it registered where my other memories are, the ordinary ones. I must translate it down, as it were, to the outer hearing. Can't do that except through the matter of strings and keys, and then across the air, and then into the ears, and through them and the nerves into the brain.

"We're dual, all of us, you know: there's the spiritual man living an endless life we can only understand in snatches; and the partly animal-physical man we call *me*. And it isn't often nor for long that this latter comes into unison with the other, the divine of us, and gets a snatch of *his* life. I guess the real aim of evolution is to get the two permanently in unison, the man and his soul. The musicians and great artists—they get that for little whiles. But they can't keep it."

"How about us ordinary mortals," I said, "that aren't either of that? Don't we have any touch of our souls? Are you going to leave us just thinking animals?"

"Not a bit," he answered. "Why does any man do a fine self-sacrificing thing? What's the sense of honor? And the sense of duty? And real love that's too rich to go with the thought of any return? Don't all these come from some sort of unison more or less permanent or for short periods or in sudden moments, of the personal man and his soul? They're as much soul-states and soul-touches as the inspiration of the musician. And they require just the same to be led out into action and so registered as the musician's inspiration has to be led out into action on the strings of the keyboard and so made available for his brain register.

"That's the only way the personal mind can understand them. If they're not translated right along into action and expression, if the feeling of compassion, for example, isn't led into action and expression in some actual deed—why, little by little they cease to come. We then say the man's better nature is atrophied. Which is a wrong expression. What's happened is that he's got further and further from his better nature. *That* remains. The soul never atrophies. But the personal man, its representative on earth in the body, may atrophy—morally. It's up to him to hold on to where he's immortal—or let go.

"I reckon the purpose of evolution is to let the light of the divine, in which the soul lives, more and more into the material life and lives, to gradually make the whole of nature divine and soul-lit. And man, *we*, as we know ourselves, are, if we will, the highest and openest of the channels from spirit down

into matter. A man who's got this channel-work going to the full all the time is not only an inspiration and help to all other men he touches but to all else he touches. He radiates something all the time and into everything.

"But there's a bit of a something came in on me while I've been talking. Let's see if I can do anything about it on the keyboard."

And he turned round on his stool and began to work out his 'bit of a something.' It sounded pretty good to me.

STUDENT

The Shadow Enemy

I WAS telling him about a shadow from my own past that occasionally swept up out of memory and chilled and darkened the hours. In fact it was never quite absent from the background of my mind. Even when I was happy I always half knew this thing was ready for me.

"Never regret the past," he said; "that isn't the way to deal with it."

"Maybe it's wasting time," I said, "but the shadow won't let up on me for long at a time. It just waits till I'm happy enough for it to get its best work in."

"It's as if the ship," he went on, "should have the habit of now and then pointing back to the direction it *did* have instead of on to the direction it should now have! How would it ever get anywhere?"

"The analogy won't do," I said. "In its time the direction it did point to was right, just as right for that time as the direction it now has is right for this time. But the things I am regretting were *not* in their time right, but wrong: sins, awful mistakes."

"All right, but why spend time, and feeling, and mental energy, in regretting them? What good does it do?"

"First of all I can't help it," I said. "And anyhow, should a man go about with an old black score like mine, feeling perfectly content with himself? Isn't it his duty to suffer over the memories of it?"

"Take another angle," he answered. "You did those things or that thing, whatever it was, or gave way to that evil habit, because of a flaw in your moral make-up. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that's O. K."

"Well, then, your proper game is to wipe out the flaw with a contrary set of your will, working on in the direction of a new ideal of character, not to let your will be paralysed with old memories. Once that you've seen the flaw and considered it and noted the present form it takes in you and the things it *now* leads you to do—unless you've cured it and rooted it out—once you've done that you've done forever with the past deeds into which the flaw *then* worked

out and which it fathered. It's the *flaw* you want to study, never bothering any more about the things it led you to do years back. Trying honestly to cure the flaw now for the future — is your proper game. To think back in memory into the bygone deeds chills the heart, chills courage, kills will, perhaps paralyses you with fear. Regret is all that in a mild form; remorse is all that in a very severe form.

"A man cannot with his mind and imagination and will, be trying to attract and join up with his higher nature if he spends his mental time and imagination holding on to gloomy or sad or threatening pictures of his past. The feeling he is putting into them, regret and remorse, is the very stuff of will and imagination. And he is wasting it. . . .

"Now don't be thinking of imagination, which is a great power, as mere *fancy*. It is creative; it is will. It is the power by which we image and call to our aid our higher self. To be picturing the man you were when you did what you now regret is using imagination to revive that man, instead of using it to create yourself into a new man, nearer and nearer to your ideal. Every aspiration that way calls the higher nature — the soul, a real presence — nearer and nearer to your aid in working up to your ideal. It is just because of this soul that you *can* aspire and make ideals. An animal could not do that.

"By 'wasting time' I mean that if attention is one way it can't be another. If it is back with your past, or with the man you were in the past, it can't be forward and upward with the soul, the soul that holds our splendid future in its keeping and pays it out to us as fast as we let and encourage it. You can't calmly and courageously keep mounting a ladder if you stop half paralysed with fear at the thought of a bad slip you made last year.

"Another serious waste of time and imagination, much like the one we are talking of, is holding interior talks and scenes with absent people. That also depends on misuse of memory. Make and keep the mind silent along all that line; kill the habit. In the power of interior silence thus developed, the presence and reality and comradeship of the soul slowly becomes manifest and certain. Commune with *it*, not with echoes of human voices and bits of yesterday's scenery.

"We can only undo and compensate for the past by remolding ourselves for the future, and our great enemy is fear. Fear kills will and mind and body."

STUDENT

Hamlet's Mistake

"CONSCIENCE doth make cowards of us all," said Hamlet, seeming not to know what conscience is. He was evidently talking about *fear*,

for conscience would fain make *heroes* of us all. It is the drive to do what is right whatever the consequences may be, and has nothing to do with remorse. It looks forward, not backward. It is the leading of the soul and works always in our highest and eternal interests. It is infallible in its guidance. That it has nothing to do with fear is obvious from the fact that we often fear to do the *right* thing. It has nothing to do with remorse, for remorse paralyses the will. Conscience couldn't at the same time be the drive to do right and also the fear of doing it, couldn't urge us to use our wills in the right action and at the same time paralyse our wills.

In other words it is the soul that contributes the knowledge of what is right to do and the divine urge to do it; and if there is any fear in the case, well, that is *our* contribution, that of the lower personal man. Fear and the soul are enemies. The contribution we *should* make is the desire to follow conscience and keep touch of the soul. As that desire gets stronger, the roots of fear get weaker. So do all desires that would take us off the straight path onward. When fear is quite gone out of our natures and all desires are clean, there is nothing to hinder us from knowing exactly where conscience is pointing from hour to hour and therefore knowing exactly what duty is and what a fine thing life can be when we have got over all idea of shirking any duty that presents itself.

It seems sometimes difficult to tell where conscience is pointing, whether we should rightly do something or not, which of two things to do. At the back of these perplexities there is mostly a little subtle touch of fear or a little subtle personal desire. It is these that make the confusion and doubt. But all such perplexities finally cease to come as we keep trying to feel the soul as an illuminating presence with us, to reach the sense of comradeship with it. At last we care to do only such things as are compatible with that feeling or are directly inspired by it.

The soul (or conscience) always presses us towards what is duty to do. But let us get plenty of light and joy and even fun into that word duty. If the energy which we put into duty comes from love for others, love of their good, desire to help — we have the secret. The engineer may be putting what he can of his creative and imaginative powers into building a fine bridge. How much of his incentive is desire for his own personal fame (which interests nobody but himself, least of all, his soul), or for the cash in it for him? How much the pure desire to make a noble and splendid structure? *That* desire makes it a gift to humanity, comes from the noble and generous part of his nature, and in the work he has the help of his soul.

The soul helps those who help others and comes in close while they do it, whether they are getting the family meals or building bridges or writing sym-

phonies. Beethoven consciously wrote his Ninth and noblest symphony as a benediction to the world. Florence Nightingale nursed sick soldiers, and Father Damien went among the lepers, in the same spirit and with the same help. All gave the best they had. All were in tune with and expressed their conscience at the time. Each took the next step onward and upward and thereby the whole world took a step with them. It takes one with the mother who does what she can to make heaven in her home. And it takes one with the statesman who touches the conscience of his nation and lifts its moral keynote.

STUDENT

The Rest of the Story

"I WILL arise," he said, "and go to my Father." He had been eating husks with the swine and seeking eagerly such other pleasures and profits as were then seeming so desirable to him, all absorbed with the rest of the company in the life of that place. At least they regarded it as life. All memory of who he really was, what real life was, and where he had come from was apparently quite blanked out in his mind.

But one day he suddenly remembered these things, and his Father, and the old splendid and joyous life in his old Home. And a great longing for them awoke, and shame at his long folly and intoxication. The attraction of the husks and of what had seemed pleasures to him ceased in a moment, dropped away and changed into disgust.

So he hurried to leave that place, shook its dust from his feet, and journeyed as straightly and swiftly as he might to his far-away home again.

When at last on a clear moon-lit evening he got there, his Father, who somehow knew of his coming, had prepared a great welcome for him with much triumphant music and song, glowing lights of many colors on the lawn and in the Palace-domes, and a royal feast. He had a bath, clothed himself in the gold-broidered white robe that was his proper vestment, and became his old self again, awakened to his real nature and his real life as a King's son.

Next day he communed long with his Father and he said: "Father, couldst thou have done naught to help me to realize where I was and what I was doing? Methinks there might have been something to awaken me in the midst of the gross illusions of that place."

"Son," said the Father, "surely thou mayst think I did what I could. That indeed thou mightst know. Down the wind I sent music, such as is always a little in the air here. And with the wind came also to thee odors of the gardens and the scented fountains. By night I made the dome-lights and the lawn-lights change and glow that thou mightst perchance see

them as gleams across the night sky. I sent also constantly my thought of thee and my love of thee into thine heart. But thine ears were deaf to the music and thine eyes blind to the radiance of the lights, and thy mind felt not my presence in thine heart. Nevertheless I ceased not in all this, knowing that some day thou wouldst surely hear and see and feel again. And it has been even so. But in no wise would I that thou shouldst never have sojourned in that place. For if thou wilt there is much help thou canst render. Were they all happy, those others there with thee?"

"Not all, Father. Many were afflicted with great sufferings, both of mind and of body, yea and died of their suffering. Many, losing taste in satiety for that gross and deluded life, tried to recover its lost pleasures by plunging into them the more hotly and grossly, so that, as it seems to me, they have well-nigh lost all chance of awakening. Many, too, to whom that life had at no time offered much joy, did but live on in blank hopelessness, looking for death to end or release them — they cared not which so that they might escape their weariness. All this I saw, and more that I cannot tell."

"Wouldst thou, son, son that hast awakened, return thither and tell them of the life of light and joy and wisdom that thou hast re-found? Some, still loving and valuing the husks, will be deaf to thy message, thinking that thou speakest of what is empty and without reality and that they know what they know. But some, a few here and there, will hear thy message gladly and seek and at last find their home too and their true life. What wilt thou? I ask of thee a hard thing and thou *needs!* not go but mayst stay with me and all this."

But he would not stay, and they saw him presently pass over the hills and away beyond sight, clothed again even as he had come, swift stepping, and rejoicing in the message that he would deliver. STUDENT

A Labor Problem

MY friend, the Honorable Stanisland Hawarden Severney, dropped in to see me the other evening, and we got to talking about the dignity of labor. We are always very frank with each other, and so I told the Hon. Stanley that though I knew he was thoroughly sympathetic and sincere in his outlook, yet he was unfortunately limited in that he had never had an opportunity to work for his living. He was equally open in his expressed opinion of me: he said that as I had had my nose in a type-case ever since I was a boy, it was quite to be expected that the fine point of my imagination had worn into a dull prosiness.

The Hon. S. H. S. drew to my attention a picture

which one of the old artists had painted, depicting an angel washing dishes. This, he assured me, was a grand expression of the dignity of labor, and he went on to portray in glowing terms the possible thoughts of that angel in handling the dishes.

"Consider," he said, "how he would transcend the commonplaceness of life by dwelling on the possible history of the clay of which the plates were made: how it lay on the bed of a reedy lake, where the gleaming fish went gliding through the limpid water. Or earlier still to when it emerged in some titanic outburst from the granite foundations of the earth, then to wear away through long, long ages, descending by gurgling brook and swift river to its resting-place in the lake."

For a moment I was almost led away by the poetry of his thought, but I gathered my wits together and replied: "Undoubtedly such a picture does show the dignity of labor, but I disagree with you as to the probable thoughts of that angel. Now if you had had the experience unfortunately lacking in your impractical career, you would know that the way to turn drudgery into enjoyment is to work with a happy sense of duty, putting aside personal likes and dislikes and concentrating on the job in hand. In my opinion that angel would be strictly attending to business, knowing that if he let his imagination wander freely, he would likely drop a plate, utter a cuss-word, and then be an angel no longer."

"You're hopeless, old boy," replied the Hon. Stan. "Your imagination does not soar beyond a well-balanced advertisement for anti-fat mixture, profusely illustrated with before-taking and after-taking photographs."

"Now that is unduly severe, Stanley," I answered. "I have no doubt that the painter you spoke of got as much satisfaction out of the balance and proportion and color of his picture as he did out of the idea conveyed. And I get my pleasure out of the sense of a job well done, without mooning over the probable romantic history of the castor-oil contained in the anti-fat mixture: how it hung as a lavender-pink berry on the swinging branches of some umbrageous tree — and so on."

"Well, we neither of us have done any painting," said the Hon. S., "so we are on equal ground there. But you surely would not maintain that an acquaintance with the history of type-casting, and the lives of the men who built up the printing industry, would not be of inestimable benefit to a compositor; and that the understanding of the science of metallurgy and the make-up of the material he was using would not tend to remove the commonplaceness from the life of the average workman."

"Wouldn't dare to do it, Stanley. I think a knowledge of those things would form a wonderfully helpful background to a man's mind. But if he got so lost in the glamor of the marvels of nature and science

that his mind wandered from the doing of his immediate duty, then he would be in not much better position than the man whose attention wanders to the next ball-game or the like."

"Well, I'd like to try it out some time," said the Hon. Stan. "I'll come round to your shop and put in a month's work."

"Do, by all means," I said. "Come round when the office-boy goes on his holidays, and I'll start you off."

"Who is being unduly severe now?" laughed the Hon. S. H. S. And as there was no third party to contradict the both of us, we adjourned our argument to our next evening together. — D.

Divine Fighting

A MAN'S fighting and aggressive instinct, his love of the feeling of being a conqueror, should be held to its proper business, where it can do him nothing but good, namely fighting himself, and held off from its ordinary business, where it does nothing but harm, namely fighting his fellow-man.

We see everything through a mood, the mood of the moment or the day. We are, for instance, in the mood called 'all out of tune,' and, looking at others through the green smoky glass of that mood, see nothing but their unpleasant points or ways, or even see their good points as unpleasant. It is against such a mood as that that the fighting instinct should be turned loose to enjoy itself.

The soul is doing that sort of thing for us anyhow, all the time. It can manage to hold most of us steady, as fairly decent human beings. It keeps the Hyde, of our Jekyll and Hyde make-up, from running the whole show. Should we be content to have this fighting done for us? or join in and do our full share of the constant battle of life?

Life is just that battle — for the soul; for it has taken the contract to make god-men of us sometime. Overshadowing the body from birth, it creates little by little therein that center of feeling and thought we call *I*. And thereafter, upon that *I* in each of us, upon the *me*, rests our share of the responsibility of right living. Living right, taking our full share in the battle, all the light and power and joy of the soul can become ours. Living wrong, we may get so far from the Divine Companion, the Warrior, as altogether to lose touch with him, dissolve as it were altogether into the passionable body, and so finally have to share the fate of the body.

Life should therefore be divine fighting from day to day — which, once it is well entered upon, turns out to be a thoroughly enjoyable and manly business, highly satisfactory to our natural instinct of conquerorship. So taking it, the reward of final union with the soul is certain — even this side of death

if we go at the business with daily zest and wholeheartedly. He who does this, seeking the soul, serves not only himself but all humanity. STUDENT

The Christos Spirit

IF we could interpret the idea of the Christ Spirit rightly, realizing that each man possesses it, how very different human life would be today! How very easy it would be to understand that in self-directed evolution, in the growth of all things, just as Nature teaches us, there must be suffering! But if one is conscious of one's divinity, of the great urge ever dwelling in the heart, one can endure suffering patiently. For suffering sanctifies the life; it opens the mind to higher purposes, higher aspirations, more strenuous efforts, and a larger trust in the eternal verities. If there is anything that humanity needs today, it is to have a larger trust in the divine things of life, to have a royal and superb trust in oneself, in one's mission, in one's divinity.

Mere intellect with no touch of the divine in it, shuts out and obscures the light of truth and leads one to turn away from the inner Christos Spirit. One who follows this limited, negative path of life is self-sufficient, egotistic. He may read and study and work and have high purposes, but in a sense he is alone; he knows nothing of the companionship of the soul. But the man who is conscious of the Divine Spirit within, ever guiding, ever urging him to grander efforts, is never alone. There is a companionship that is ever with him; in the desert, in the caverns of the earth, under the greatest sorrow, it will always be his.

Accepting the idea of the Christos Spirit and the divinity of man as the first step, working it out in the mind, in time it becomes a ladder by which we may climb to a higher state of consciousness.

— KATHERINE TINGLEY (from one of her writings)

The Better Way

IT is better to lose with a conscience clean
Than win by a trick unfair;
It is better to fall and to know you've been,
Whatever the prize was, square,
Than to claim the joy of a far-off goal
And the cheers of the standers-by,
And to know down deep in your inmost soul
A cheat you must live and die.

Who wins by a trick may take the prize,
And at first he may think it sweet.
But many a day in the future lies
When he'll wish he had met defeat.
For the man who lost shall be glad at heart

And walk with his head up high,
While his conqueror knows he must play the part
Of a cheat and living lie.

The prize seems fair when the fight is on,
But save it is truly won
You will hate the thing when the crowds are gone,
For it stands for a false deed done.
And it's better you never should reach your goal
Than ever success to buy
At a price of knowing down in your soul
That your glory is all a lie. — *Detroit Free Press*

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

"HE who strives to resurrect the Spirit crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh: he who has the strength to roll back the stone of matter from the door of his own inner sanctuary, he has the risen Christ in him." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

"As the diamond can only show its perfection by being ground, so we; and we should not bewail the process, no matter how painful, by which our characters are perfected." — *W. Q. Judge*

"WHEN we consider with a religious seriousness the manifold weaknesses of the strongest devotions in time of prayer, it is a sad consideration. I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in and invite God and his angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and his angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door; I talk on in the same posture of praying, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God or his angels should ask me when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell, sometimes I find I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer." — *Dr. Donne*

"It suffices for me that one's Higher Self, once its presence is felt, is not found to be saying *Look back remorsefully or with fear at the past*, but, *Come up nearer and trust*."

"Man as he knows himself, the personal I, is the sum and product of all his past; but the Man beyond, the Soul, the Ideal, is the radiant representative of all his future. And so *this Man* can say *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light*."

"There is the old story of the man fighting a demon-giant, whilst fighting beside him is a figure of light. And the winning was to the man so long as he kept his thought on that figure, nor was there any fear. But when he withdrew his thought, then came fear, and he was by way of yielding and being beaten down. So the battle went this way and that till he learned the secret of it." — *Student*

"WITH all that he wants, with nothing that he wants; in poverty, in wealth; in honor, in disgrace; lonely and forgotten, or surrounded with love; — ah, if we could but see far enough along man's life and lives, this would be the picture for us all! Then, seeing this, we should acquiesce in the rhythm of alternation and see both extremes as but the discipline of the soul, necessary till it has learned to live above both, unmoved by either." — *A Cambridge Platonist*

"STEADY your thoughts which have been running hither and thither, playing hide-and-go-seek with your best possibilities; sit in silence and find that unexpressed which words can never bring forth. Truth will dawn upon you and you shall unburden yourselves and throw aside all misgivings, all doubts, all hesitancy, and never again shall you falter in the pursuit of truth. You will seek it because it is your heritage, because it is your life, the panacea of all your woes; you will seek it because you can wait no longer." — *Katherine Tingley*

SURSUM CORDA

"THERE is a brief Latin saying which holds in two words the best philosophy of the human race. It is, *Sursum corda* — lift up your hearts!

"Let us reason a little. Are you sure you have given the world a fair trial — or rather have you let it give you a fair trial? Softly now; the first words will not do to answer this question — remember it is not I who interrogate, but your fate.

"Can you expect anything but failure when you lie down and accept defeat in advance? Anything but sorrow when you set your house for mourning? Anything but rejection when you carry dismay in your face, telling all the world of your hope forlorn?

"Lift up your hearts!"

"Have no care of the silent, barren yesterdays; — they are only good to carry away all your mistakes, all your maimed purposes, all your vain brooding, all your weak irresolution, all your cowardice. Concentrate on Today and your soul shall be strong to meet Tomorrow. Hope, Courage, Energy — and YOU! — against whatever odds.

"Lift up your hearts!"

— MICHAEL MONAHAN, from *An Altic Dreamer*

"COME, let us make a new set of maxims, not for youths in their twenties, but for men of forty and upwards who are growing tired of one another and yet are not quite ready to die:

"Unfold, leaf by leaf.

"Become more and more intimate with life.

"Ask no cold question of any joyous thing.

"Go to all living things gently, listening for the wonder of the breath and the heartbeat.

"Ask all successful and happy creatures for a clue.

"Study all lovely things, with docility, seeking their principle of beauty.

"Consider whether it is better to change and be living than to be unchanged and dead. There is no provincialism so narrow as that developed by the inveterate maintenance of your own point of view.

"Push on into untrodden forests, up unexplored valleys, seeking new springs of refreshment, crying at the foot of every mountain-ridge, 'Let us see what is on the other side.'

— STUART P. SHERMAN, in *Points of View*

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For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment."

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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LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK, ENGLAND: VIEW FROM THE COURTYARD

Why should not our prisons have something of the same touch given not only to their exteriors but to their interiors as this hospital? What do we gain by withholding from the prisoner's environment every note of beauty and refinement?

The Causes of Crime

THERE can be no remedying the suicidal insanity of our prison-system until we turn away from the spirit of condemnation, and go to the causes of crime. The life-stories of all criminals begin in an un-

happy home. The men in the prisons now had bad examples before them in their homes when they were children. There was disharmony there; or over-indulgence; or indifference; or awful ignorance; or bestiality; or selfishness and vice hidden under the cloak of respectability. Do you believe such a child

could be born of parents who knew their divine nature, and to whom marriage was sacred and the holiest of holies: do you believe that children born in such a family could grow up to be criminals?

No man ever goes to the dogs in a minute. None goes to pieces all at once. Crime does not fasten itself in the nature of a human being in a moment or a day. It has been growing underneath the surface: in the general negativity of character; in the cultivation of appetites till the nerves were undone and the digestion ruined; then came the stimulant and the mental unrest, and the weakening of the will; and then the first crime: which may have been stealing from the parents or from a neighbor; and in trying to cover up the theft, deceit and falsehood. The lower nature accustoms itself gradually and by practice to the road to wrong-doing.

All the forces of that lower nature are necessarily present in a child's make-up: the imperfect, animal, undeveloped, unspiritual side is there with its appetites and desires. There is no *reason* in this lower nature, it does not protect itself and cannot.

It is desire sleeping in his nature that leads a man into crime; and perhaps it was first encouraged in him during his childhood, and out of one of those little wants to which parents so often cater: something as trivial-seeming as the desire for sweets, maybe—things easy to grant and not so easy to deny. And yet to grant them is often to pave the way for disaster; for it means letting the life of the child flow into the channel of desire, to accumulate as it were in the baser aspect of his nature, and to let him make his home in the animal part of him; it is to strengthen his character on the wrong side; so that even while he is toddling, his feet have been set on the road to crime.

Do not talk of *punishing* the unfortunates! Really and truly they are thrown into the path of peril knowing no more about human nature than the babe just born.

Once more, it is always in the homes and in childhood that the wreckage of human life begins. No woman is fit to be a mother until she understands these mysteries of life. No man should presume to undertake the responsibility of fatherhood until he has purified himself, and brought himself to a realization of what it means to bring a child into the world. To live as the majority do in this respect defeats the divine laws of our being — and truly it is to stand at the deathbed of humanity.

Think of a little boy, who seems most promising; with everything about him physically and mentally to make his parents' hearts rejoice; who is naturally refined, and with innate gentle tendencies; — and yet who has another side to his character, too; for there is always another side.

He may have inherited from both parents a strong, intense, and determined nature, which may become

a great power for good in his life; it may have been a great power for good, because rightly directed, in the lives of both his father and mother. But then he has inherited other tendencies as well; and when he reaches the age when a youth should have the wisest and most careful protection, when he is face to face with the mysteries of sex, he has difficulties.

Oh, there are young men who just manage to go past certain dangerous places in life by virtue of pride or even conscientiousness which emerges into their conscious selves in time; but there are thousands and thousands who simply drift. The temptations are there all the time for this boy with the growing intensity of nature. He has never been taught to recognize from childhood the foes that were of his own household — that is, within himself; and to enter into that interior part of his own nature where strength to resist all temptations abides.

His tendency may be only towards drink, or it may be towards worse things; but let him have made his first mistake, and it becomes an agony with him to think at all. He has fallen and is disgraced in his own eyes. He does not know why he did it, not what it was that pushed him on in the way he would not have chosen for himself. His God, he thinks, deserted him at his need and now has forsaken him quite. He does not know that that superb and heroic part of himself, the God Within, was and is there all the time, and only needed to be resorted to and invoked, *for the God Within awaits.*

He has never heard of it: never heard of the dual nature, and the difference between the Higher and the lower; all he has been taught was that he was born in sin, and a sinner because he is human; that he might have no self-reliance to be brave with, because there is nothing reliable within himself.

I remember talking to a prisoner at San Quentin, — a boy of about twenty or twenty-one who was serving his term there for forgery. When I had gained his confidence thoroughly, I asked him what it was that had brought him there, really, — what was the first beginning and root of his troubles. He told me, finally. He said he supposed nearly all the prisoners would tell the same tale, if one could get the truth from them. It began, he said, when he was quite a child.

But where were his parents, his mother?

One does not take those things to one's mother, he answered. And that is the fact. The parents are the last people in the world to see the thing that is eating out the soul of their child, — the evil tendencies that begin sometimes with children not more than six months old. This boy had never heard a word of warning as to the danger of self-indulgence of any kind.

As his mind grew he found that he had no will. He became nervous, restless, unduly reserved, and timid; was negative, and open to all influences, no moral stamina to resist evil suggestions. And so he

went from one evil to another: drank,— fell under the influence of a woman — to get money for whom he presently committed the forgery.

Our prisons are filled with these 'occasional criminals.' Their records, normally, are good; but upon a sudden pressure, in some weak or nervous state, or when the mysterious power of the lower nature sweeps in, all that belongs to the higher consciousness is absent and crime is committed. And they are sent to prison forthwith, and may be found in the tank or cell with the man born incorrigible, the monster in human form.

Here in brief is the life-story of most criminals: There was first the desire in the child for that which he ought not to have had; and it grew through boyhood and was not checked; and on into young manhood, when passion came; and passion is the creator of crime. What followed was the law-breaking; the prison and the iron bars, man's inhumanity to man; the gallows.

When the mistake is made, regret will do no good; repentance alone is worse than useless; promises will straighten up nothing, nor will pledges and tears. The only thing that will turn the mind away from the enemies that lay siege to it is knowledge of the Divinity Within, the sense of its companionship — of the nearness and actuality of the Divine Self.

— From KATHERINE TINGLEY'S recently published book *The Gods Await*

A Dissertation on Runners

IT was in the delightful country garden of my friend Talfourd that I first met old Hopkins. I had sauntered out of doors for a walk before breakfast. The air was gloriously fresh and sweet, and the flowers all wore that look of wonder that is always on them very early in the morning. Daisies looked up artlessly out of their wide open eyes, and the roses scattered red and white petals as the breeze tossed them about. The sun was shouldering his way over Boggerty Hill, and his first light fell on luxuriant masses of flowers that later would glow with color under his stronger shining. Among all these delights I was feeling rather like a tree or a flower myself, and enjoying it all uncommonly well, when a sturdy voice at my shoulder caused me to turn my head.

"A man can do worse than come out an' git a taste o' Nature's own magic afore he sets to work to satisfy wot they perlitely calls the 'inner man,'— meanin' his stomach!"

It was Hopkins, the gardener, of course; and by the look on his resolute old face I knew he was all primed for a discourse of some sort. I began by praising his garden.

"Pretty middlin'," he admitted, with modest pride.

"Well, after forty years a-coaxing plants to grow it kinder seems as if they just knew you, an' would do anything to please you. An' the ways in which they are like people is numerous. These here flowers an' their ancestors for forty year, have taught me many a lesson about human plants, that's helped me to help myself and others too. It always seemed to me, after a few hours workin' alone with Nature out here, as if she opened a book and let you read in it, an' it's up to you to get what you can."

Old Hopkins was silent a moment, while his hands busied themselves among the leaves of the violets. He seemed ruminating.

"Jest look at these here violets," he said at last. "Each plant is a good sturdy clump, capable of prodoocin' fine bloom. An' yet each plant is everlastin'ly sendin' out extra side-sprouts — runners, we call 'em, — that waste its life, and as far as bloom is concerned, are no good in themselves. Now these runners is to me like the side-paths a man runs into in the course of his life: like habits of wastin' time, loafin', or seekin' out pleasures that ain't goin' to do him any good.

"Now there's Jem Styles — young Jem, as used to help me in the greenhouses. As good a lad as ever need be; but he got his head full of notions an' off he went to try his luck in the city. Got along all right at first; but everything come so easy there in the town, his head got turned, I dursay; an' one day he up an' took what wasn't his, an' got locked up fer it. Only a year or two, but it left its mark, an' when he come out he seemed as if he jest couldn't even hold his head up, so they tell me. Life all broken up. Then he came out here to me, kinder feelin' it was a good place to come to, I suppose, where he'd spent his innercent boyhood, an' he wouldn't mind an old feller like me. Yes, he walked right in at the gate one day when I was a-workin' at this very bed of violets.

"'Hello, Jem,' says I, just as if he'd never been away at all. 'We're just doin' a bit o' clearin' out, ye see. Want to help?'

"So Jem squatted down an' went to work, an' there was never a word spoken between us for half an hour. But I guess we both was doin' some thinkin'; an' at last I began to talk, casual-like:

"'Plants,' says I, 'is uncommonly like people in a number o' ways; they need care, and go wrong when neglected. Take these violets, f'rinstance. Come Spring, they perks up full of new life, an' blooms magnificent, like people do when they get a new lease of life. But just neglect 'em fer a week or such a matter, and ye're sure to find 'em fergettin' their manners — stems gettin' shorter, flowers smaller, an' the whole plant goin' into runners. Then you sets to work to trim them runners off; and maybe you hurt the plant's feelin's a little at first; but soon it takes hold again, an' begins bloomin' even better

than before, as if it was glad to be rid of all that extra weight. And as long as you keep them runners off you can keep up a pretty good bed o' bloom.

"Now for a parillel. Them violets are like people; an' the gardener's like the Lord, don't ye see. An' by the Lord I mean whatever you want to call it that keeps adjustin' things on this earth, an' thinks nothin' of upsettin' man's carefulest laid plans at times, without consultin' his wishes in the least, so's it'll be good for him.

"Well, when a man makes up his mind that he wants to be a bit more useful in the world — wants to make a better plant of himself, an' bloom finer flowers for a benefit to his fellow-men, this other Something I speak of takes a-hold too, an' seems bound to hold that man to his vow, willy nilly. An' if he goes shootin' out a runner here, an' a runner there, kinder turnin' aside from his main object into byways — takin' up interests that aren't a-goin' to favor his real purpose, why, the Great Gardener, often as not, cuts him off quite sudden-like, snips the runners off; makes something happen that prevents him intirely from doin' the thing that seems so pleasant an' easy to do: an' after that the man's mighty likely to feel droopy, like some of his life was gone; but let him keep still awhile, an' wait, an' trust a bit, an' breathe in plenty of fresh air, an' after a little he finds that he himself, the real plant of him, is all there, an' goin' stronger than ever. An' as long as he sticks to his main object in life an' doesn't get side-tracked; as long as he steps ahead with no fear or misgiving, just being himself as God meant him to be, an' keepin' the runners in check, why, by St. Jehosophat! there's no power in the universe can keep that man from bein' a glorious success!

"That's what I said to him — that, an' more like it, as we worked together through that afternoon. And what d'ye believe that youngster did? Well, sir, along about four o'clock, the bed bein' finished, he put away his tools in the old place; then came back to me and shook me by the hand, but never a word did he say. He stayed neither for bite nor sup, but marched out o' that gate as if something new had come to him; an' well — There's your breakfast-gong, young man; I won't keep ye any longer."

And with a promise to return and hear more another time, I went indoors to satisfy what they perlitely calls 'the inner man.' S.

Focussing

YOU lose something with your Western writing which we retain in ours, said my Chinese friend, though of course ours is slower than yours, yet not as much slower as you would think. You have an alphabet of twenty-six letters and with these you

construct all your words. With us every word has its own sign, often made of very many small strokes. These signs were originally actual little pictures, corresponding to the meaning of the word, somewhat, for instance, as your sign of a closed hand with extended forefinger, put up for the traveler's help at road-crossings, might possibly come to be a picture-word meaning *direction*.

We love our written language, these little worn-down pictures full of traditions and memories and associations, in a way you cannot love words made with your twenty-six letters. Those of us who have any feeling for such memories and traditions, do not just write what they have to say as you do. We use a brush, not a pen, and something of our very selves, our mood at the time, our feeling, goes into the painting of every word-character. To the reader, the very same thing written at different times and in different states of feeling by the same man would convey something of his mood for each of the several occasions. For the word-sign is not just written, as with you; it is drawn, painted, lingered over, something personal put into it even unconsciously — which can happen only in very much smaller degree with your simple hand-script.

So when we look over some letter from an intimate friend we do not at once begin reading it for its meaning. We are content for a little while to look at it in another way, to let the feel, the soul, of the characters, touch our minds, to receive something also of the inner mood of the writer. Then only do we as it were alter our focus and proceed to read the actual matter of the communication.

Now we say that this very method is the one to use with Nature. Two men look at a tree, for instance. One takes care to get the sense of its beauty, or its thronging life, of its consciousness as a living thing, of its representation of what you might call the mood of divine Nature in that particular manifestation of her. Through the tree, or the soul of it that he perceives, he comes into touch with Nature; the tree is an open window for him into her soul.

But the other man sees — just a tree, perhaps sees it as so much lumber, or as a useful windbreak, or a shade for his porch, or a source of fruit or what not. Indeed it might be the same man who first elected to view the tree in the first way and afterwards to let his mind come down to the second.

Some men read other men along the same lines. We should first look at other men with a friendly and sympathetic eye, trying to get touch of their humanity, their best, look in fact for the brother soul in behind their eyes, whatever else of a lower sort be there. Not till after that should we let our gaze become appraisive of what they may reveal of their outer character. Especially should the employer of others take care in going among his employees and selecting new ones to have the eye of his *humanity*



open upon them before the eye of his appraisal, not to lose the human relationship in the business relationship.

So we think you have not made unmixed gain in your simple alphabet and your shorthand and your typewriting. There are two kinds of civilization, one of mechanics and one of soul, one outer and one inner. The latter, even when very high, might show very little to the crude observer with his notebook. The former makes, as with you, a great show. But how are you in respect of the general diffusion of happiness and peaceful-mindedness and spiritual responsiveness? Look back only as far as 1914 and tell me.

STUDENT

Courage and its Counterfeits

EMERSON said that "all the world loves a lover." It also goes without saying that we all want to claim human kinship with the brave, and to hail the hero as one of our own. The natural impulse is to enter into the story of heroism with such sympathetic interest that we live it all over in the imagination. There is something royal about that impersonal strength of will to do and to dare nobly that appeals even to the selfish and the timid.

As we mentally follow the footsteps of the hero, we forget our own weaknesses. And knowing nothing of his, we live, for the moment, only in the sense of the largeness and liberation of his nature. *Something* in us knows that *we* could do deeds of heroism as well as he, if it were free to act, and it enjoys the expression of freedom, even in another. Too often, though, were we challenged to use courage enough to try a like victory, the petty, selfish personality would hesitate, and make excuses, and explain why we should not be expected to do what we expect of another.

Real courage is one of the highest qualities in human make-up. To remain undaunted in the face of danger or in conditions of despair, is natural to the real, immortal man "that was, and is, and shall be, and for whom the hour will never strike." The higher nature *knows* that it will outlive all conditions of life and even death itself. It is the lesser self that fears hurt and death, and falters and shields itself in all ways.

The real man recognises the value of life on earth. It is the field for the gaining of necessary experiences not to be had in any other way. In this true sense, life is always a sacred opportunity, and to throw it away except when duty requires it is mistaken and unjustified. Sometimes it is far easier to die than to go on living and make life something worth while, when it seems to be empty and profitless. Recklessness does not count the cost of what it risks blindly; but genuine courage acts with an open-eyed faith in

the higher law, which is giving the man a chance to serve or to suffer or to sacrifice all.

Faith and hope are mighty forces; while doubt and despair are allies of death, because they are disintegrating and diseased mental conditions. It is as natural for things to come right finally as for the wavering needle in the compass to find rest only at the north. The north is the needle's home, as it were, and nothing else satisfies it. It is unnatural for things to go wrong, or to be less than perfect; and deep in human nature the ideal sense of what life can and shall be, keeps up that divine unrest, which is satisfied only when it finds the spiritual north.

It is this native atmosphere of the higher nature which can and shall finally make a heaven of earth, for the "kingdom of heaven is within." The depth and splendor of human possibilities and of our earth-life are as yet almost unexplored territory. But never were the times more ripe for each soul to push on with confident courage and thus come to 'know himself,' as the mystery of the ages, the immortal clothed with mortality.

R.

Equanimity — Trust

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING

THERE is a sect of admirable people who practise 'non-resistance' — to evil, *i. e.*, to wrongs, insults, etc. Not cowardice, but a philosophy of life — "if a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other."

There is another philosophy, just a little like this, that might be also worth consideration. It is a practical way of treating your life so as to have got somewhere by the time you finish it. Most of us hardly get anywhere; we are too busy getting nowhere. For we are all very preoccupied and abstracted persons. No mental leisure.

Let us take an honest look into ourselves and note how much of our working mentality is preoccupied in chafing at situations, events, and associations with certain other people which are disagreeable, and in scheming out attainable (or longing for unattainable) changes and releases from these; and in longings or plannings to obtain something or get into something or be somewhere that will be agreeable. Might there not be some other way of taking life which would involve much less waste of mental and vital energy and be in now unsuspected ways much more profitable?

How about taking things as they come?

We all know that life, daily, consists of a string of situations more or less pleasant alternating with others more or less unpleasant and painful.

We know that if we make much of pleasantnesses and are greatly pleased by them, we are, because

of that, making ourselves increasingly sensitive to the unpleasantness of unpleasant things and of situations involving deprivation. The man, for instance, who takes over-pleasure in agreeable dishes at dinner will have to have an equally abnormal irritation when they are not what he likes. A man who is not particular about his food has to that extent a free mind, free for more really important matters. A man who loves the respect and attentions of others and gets great sense of self-importance out of them gets an equally intensified discomfort and pride-wound when he does not receive them. A man who does not care one way or the other is to that extent mind-free.

The philosophy in question, then, or part of it, consists in taking what life sends from day to day, standing up calmly to it whether pleasant or unpleasant, delightful or painful, living mentally above both states, the states of being pleased or displeased, stroked the right way or the wrong: just as a ship calmly goes on getting across the water, whether the wind and waves are for or against. Equal-mindedness is the word, *equanimitas*. Then is the mind freed for real thought, real work, real growth. That man greatly bothered about his dinner, or the other about the attentions of others, — they may think that in between-whiles, when such occasions are not present, their minds are then free. Not at all.

A mind that is always ready, occasion presenting, to be tossed up and down by the agreeableness or otherwise of the situation, is always in thrall. Such people are like the man with an apprehension of coming trouble, or with a bit of bad news in the back of his mind. He may not be actually thinking of it, but it is there all the same, a steady hindrance to his concentration. Same with those other things, not necessarily conscious, but there, secret shackles preventing that large freedom of mind of which most of us know nothing.

We said the above was *part* of a philosophy of life. Here's the rest of it:

We may not only leave Life to deal out doses of pleasant or unpleasant as it chooses, knowing that in the long run the one will equal the other do what we may, but we may *trust* Life to deal out all things for us at such times and in such quantities and forms as to make them, rightly viewed and used, opportunities each and every one of them for growth and strengthening, — just as we might trust an absolutely wise parent to give or withhold, permit or deny, always with the real and highest interest of the child in view.

Trust Life: and then after a while we shall find it is not blind but ensouled by wisdom, care for us, compassion; that it is intent on the long-range growth of every one of us however humble of position (as we think it) or however unnoticed we suppose ourselves. For the great Soul of Life is the source of the individual Souls of men. How could we be unregarded or unhelped? Trust is the key to peace.

Watch circumstances and see for yourself — how they call your attention to your weaknesses and faults, how they hurt only to awaken you, and how the hurts, looked back upon when they have gone by, become obvious as blessings.

Equanimity, Trust, here is the philosophy that opens to us knowledge of our divinity and immortality.

STUDENT

The Strong Will

"How to acquire a strong will and a magnetic personality. The fourth of Professor Bunco's famous series of six lectures on 'Man the Conqueror.' The People's Hall, tonight, 8.30. Admission free. Private classes are held by the Professor every Wednesday evening. For terms, etc., see him after the lecture."

NO doubt the lecture was well attended. These things always are in our town, have been for years past. No noticeable increase, however, in the number of our townspeople possessed of the said strong wills and magnetic personalities. Perhaps we haven't had enough 'Professors' telling us about it (and going away with nice fat harvests of our dollars reaped from the 'private classes'). And as far as I can observe, the men who *have* these desirable wills and personalities are just those who, when conversed with on the subject, are found to hold these 'Professors,' their lectures and their rapt audiences in profound contempt.

"*Ain't* any other way to have a strong will," said one of these crude persons, "than to keep it on the job all round the clock and all round the year, especially when you're not feeling like doing that. No other way than to use what you've already got; practising holding your mind and body at command to the minute, training them to all they ought to be and making them your obedient servants instead of your boss. *That's* what trains the will. A fellow that's run by the mood of the moment, or some idea that happens to drop into his mind, or the likes and dislikes of his body, or that can't pin his mind down to business any time he wants to — why, he's a thousand miles from the 'strong will' they reckon to get at by fakes and tricks and short cuts.

"What does it come right down to? The will grows when you keep pushing it against a resistance, the resistance that's *inside yourself*, your laziness and moodishness and bad temper and meanness and appetites and selfishness and general low-downness and your go-as-it-pleases mentality. A man don't need any lectures to learn himself how to grow a strong will. All the real knowledge for that is in him right now. And there *ain't* any short cuts.

A strong will! — and he can't get himself out of bed in the morning and when he's out can't come to

breakfast in a decent state of mind, nor hold off eating what don't agree with him, nor take his face from behind the newspaper to smile at his kids when they start for school; nor give his wife the cash she's entitled to for the week's exes. without bringing her to tears when she asks for it. And the same man'll shell out twenty-five dollars for the 'Professor's' private class in will-training — and be told that the grand secret is muttering to himself all the time 'I've got a strong will,' 'I've got a magnetic personality,' or 'I'm one with the Great Allness!' I tell you a man with a real-to-goodness big personality is too big to know he's got it. And a real-to-goodness strong will grows up only in that man that don't confuse a strong will *that he runs* with a strong desire *that runs him*.

"They talk about 'Entering the Silence'; another catch — especially for the women. Must have a special room for it, I'm told. But a man can make and hold in himself the dignity of the real Silence just as well in the rush of his work and the chatter of his comrades as in a hermit cell in the desert. Real Silence is consciousness of the soul, and the soul is always right with us if we'll just look for it.

"I tell you human growth don't come any other way than along manly and simple and natural ways right in front of us. If we take them we'll be all right about the Silence and the Strong Will and the Magnetic Personality. And no twenty-five dollars fetched out of your pockets to clink in the greedy palms of the 'Professors.'

"But the clinking goes ahead year in and year out, and there ain't any foolishness that can be spoken off a platform or in the private classes in the back room that's too much for the swallow of our wonder-seekers."

REPORTER

The Clearer Self

Archibald Lampman

EACH mortal in his little span
Hath only lived if he hath shown
What greatness there can be in man
Above the measured and the known.

How through the ancient layers of night
In gradual victory secure,
Grows ever with increasing light
The Energy serene and pure;

The Soul that from a monstrous past,
From age to age, from hour to hour,
Feels upward to some height at last
Of unimagined grace and power.

Though yet the sacred fire be dull,
In folds of thwarting matter furled,
Ere death be nigh, while life is full,
O Master Spirit of the World,

Grant me to know, to seek, to find,
In some small measure though it be,
Emerging from the waste and blind,
The clearer self, the grander me!—
—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

"WE call our 'Father in Heaven' that deific essence of which we are cognisant within us, in our heart and spiritual consciousness, and which has nothing to do with the anthropomorphic conception we may form of it in our physical brain or its fancy."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"THE Mind, while higher and more subtle than the body, is yet only an instrument used by the soul in gaining experience, just in the same way as an astronomer uses his telescope for acquiring information respecting the heavens."— *W. Q. Judge*

"MAN'S only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating Soul-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil and doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature, his body, mind, and emotions, he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul, and dissolved away its limitations."— *Katherine Tingley*

"AFTER all, what is it you do when you run into the flames and rescue the kiddie from the top story? You save its life, I admit, and that's something, if you value human life; but the child may die a week later from whooping cough, it may grow into a drunkard, an imbecile, a criminal. What matters is that you've taken yourself, your own soul, and given it a value!"— *O'Rane, in McKenna's Sonia*

"A MAN knows his own faults and weaknesses — yes; but having got that knowledge he should no longer think of them, but of that in him which, if recognised as a conscious power and presence, can and will surmount them."— *John Strachey*

"NOT only our children but all people should be educated up to the joy of life. I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not an apostle of egotistic joy of life at any price, without any consideration. Joy in good and beautiful things is one of the most uplifting joys in this world. We must bring up children to rejoice in good and beautiful things, but not through fear of retribution and punishment of hell. We must love goodness because it is good, and because we wish to represent a higher type of man. It should be our endeavor to educate ourselves to be Noble Men. To rejoice, means also to rejoice with others, means to give joy to others through one's own joy."— *Dr. Stekel* (famous neurologist of Vienna)

"YOU may stealthily find heaven from any corner by a leap and a bound. Do but arise and make yourself worthy of God."— *Seneca*

"DO not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; look for what is good and strong, and try to imitate it. Your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes."— *Ruskin*

"THE ship sails along over rough water or smooth — and at last gets there!"

"WE could have marvelous freedom of mind for the realities and expansions of life if we did not waste so much attention upon the pleasantness and unpleasantnesses that follow one another all along the way.

"They'll do that anyhow. If we seize after something pleasant and enjoy it hugely whilst it is with us, we have only made its opposite — the surely following unpleasant — more unpleasant by the contrast or more prolonged either actually or in memory. Why not let life have its way with us and just take what comes along? We merely remark to ourselves quite calmly: 'Yes, this is an unpleasant spell,' or: 'Well, one of the pleasantries seems to be along now.' Gradually the mind becomes freed and there is peace whatever is outwardly happening. That peace is the only atmosphere for growth in all the higher mental powers. Till we get it we do not really know what life can be and the gifts it holds for us.

"Peace is the great reward of living mentally above both pleasant and unpleasant. The flow will go on, but we do not have to be swept about by it or swept aside from a great goal which in our day has been lost sight of."

"CANNOT feel cheerful, confident, kindly, when the blood is acid and the liver out of gear? Well, to gain the power to do that is one of the reasons why we are here. A man is more than an animal by just to the extent that he uses that power. It is the domination of spirit over matter. In these days when we arrive in the morning we are apt to find the body pretty full of disinclinations. A man who can take hold at once and over-ride them all and keep it up all day is on the way to find out who he is. And that's a very surprising and exhilarating discovery — when you get there! It is the greatest of all pieces of knowledge and attained nowadays by incredibly few. You aren't even in sight of it if you think it just comes of itself and that everybody's got it. 'I am the captain of my — state' that's the idea."

"A MAN cannot directly choose his circumstances, but he can choose his thoughts, and so indirectly, yet surely, shape his circumstances."— *James Lane Allen*

11. 030. 200

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"On Christmas Morn
The Heart's reborn,
All in the Golden Light
— Old English Song

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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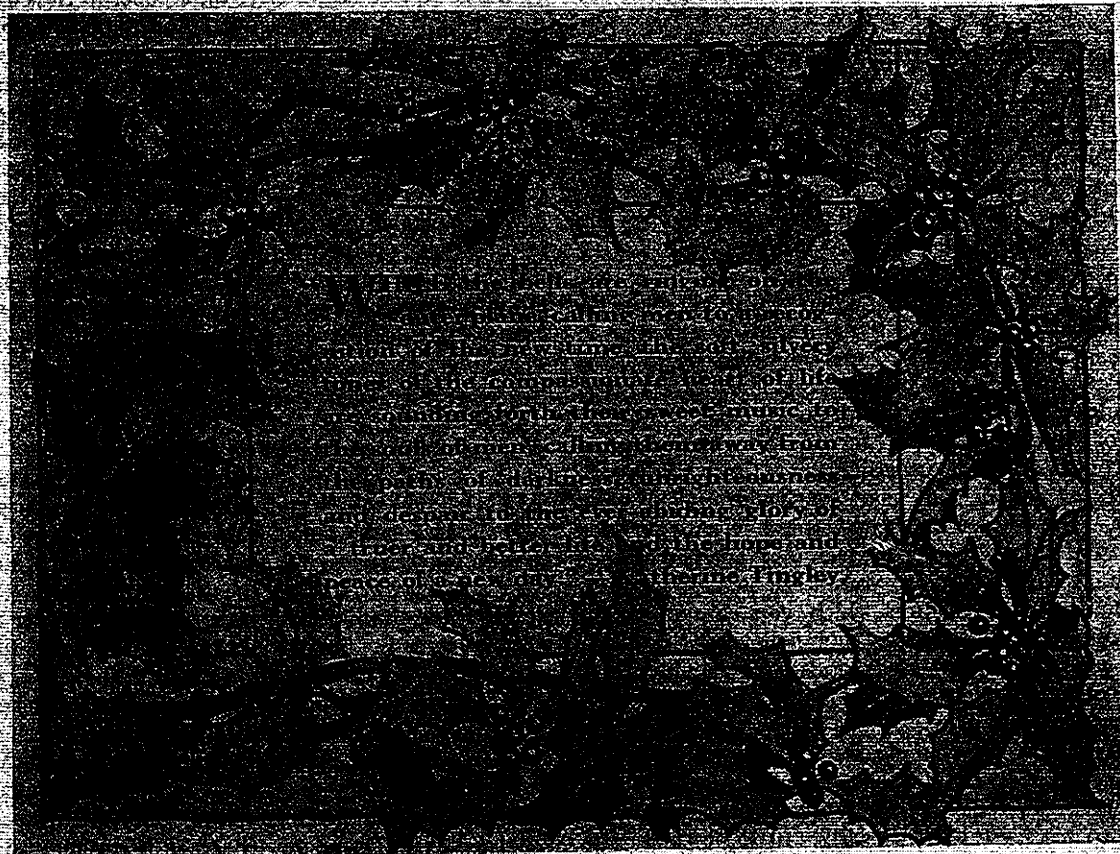
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The Secret of Happiness

(From an address recently delivered by

KATHERINE TINGLEY in Visingsö, Sweden)

I DECLARE to you that every human being should and can be happy. Every single member of God's great family should be living in the sunshine and the joy and the peace and glory of this life on earth, and the spiritual life of man should be known and lived.

How is it that so few of man's aspirations are fulfilled? How is it that you long for the day when men shall be at peace with one another and with their own souls? For the day when you may understand the future, when the conviction will come to you in such a way that you cannot dispute it, that There Is No Death, that what we call death is but a transition, a change, that our souls do but take a needed rest before resuming the duties of life? The spiritual man is eternal; we live seventy or a hundred years, and then the body, the physical instrument, tired and worn out, dies; but the soul lives on.

Take up within yourselves this position: that the God that you must worship, and the God that you must follow, must be a God of Love. Your God cannot be unmerciful, because Divinity is perfect. Divinity cannot punish, because Divinity is perfect. Divinity does not place you on this earth and then punish you for being here! You punish yourselves. Possibly not today or yesterday, but somewhere along the great pathway of your lives, you have sown seeds which have yielded their harvests of misery and doubt and suffering.

Look within your own natures and realize that man is essentially divine! When you reach the realization that the great Eternal Light is centered in man as a source of light and help and strength to him, your conviction of the possibility of spiritual life and the eternity of man is rekindled. So is your love of the Divine, of the Eternal. Your confidence is reborn. You find something new in your blood, something new in your heart, something new in your mind. You will have new hope, more trust, a broader vista that will tell you of the mercy of the great Source of Life, bringing home to you in the saddest moment of life the compensation which you cannot get in any other way. You may not believe in it today. But you are in the hands of this divine law, and sometime or somewhere you will meet that which belongs to you.

It is these very simple teachings — which are as old as the ages, far, far older than Christ's time — that give the touch which brings man back to his own, to his heritage, to his rights, to the fact that he is a soul, and that he has the power within himself to bless or curse his own life.

It is the lack of knowledge that humanity suffers from, not because it is evil, not because it is low and

degraded in its nature. It is simply because it is unacquainted with itself, and because the real spiritual man is not recognized in the true sense that would enable the mortal man to find his own way.

Think of all the time we spend in eating and drinking, and in gaining the dollars and cents, so as to do our duty by those we love; and then think how little time we give to these ideas: Who is man? Whence comes he? Whither goes he? What is the meaning of life? Books are read. Preachers preach, and teachers work; but how much more could be taught and lived, if life were met heartfully in spiritual trust!

The real secret of true living is finding inner peace and happiness. I do not believe one human being can be found who can honestly say before the Divine and before his conscience that he has found true and complete happiness. The very unrest in man's nature is the proof that he has not found it. But it can be found. It is not far away. It only requires the disposition to trust in the self, to believe in the Higher Self, and to conquer the lower self and thus become godlike. That is what we need.

If we can build our lives on a belief in the eternal man, happiness can be found. And there is no other way. Believe first in the essential divinity of man and the all-loving power of the Divine — no punishment, no revenge, but love and service and encouragement, and that spirit of brotherly love that brings all men together, so there can be no wars, no differences among men. Then in the course of time disease, and the many darkening, discouraging phases of life, will disappear. Man will have found his happiness, he will have found his peace, he will have found his inner Divinity, and also he will have found himself!

Lost his Life, or What?

"TOUGH luck!" said Mike as he filled his pipe which had burnt out while he was reading the morning paper. "A feller jumps into the docks after a kid who fell into the water, and while they were pulling the kid into the boat he goes under and gets drowned. Saved the kid, but lost his life."

"You've got that the wrong way as usual," spoke up the gang's philosopher. "It should have been: 'Saved the child, but lost his body in doing so.' It all comes from that ridiculous notion of looking at the body as the real man, and then when the body is what you call dead, thinking that the man has lost his life. I grant you that the body has lost its life and is on its way to make fertilizer for the plants; but where's the man we're speaking of all this time? You'll hear 'em talk the same way about the boys that fell in the great war. They say it's a shame

they buried 'em in France and why can't they bring 'em home to take their rest in the good old U. S. A. where they were born? It's my notion that a corpse will 'rest' as good in one place as another.

"For my part I don't much care what they do to my old body when I'm done with it. It's been a pretty good instrument to work with, but I know that it isn't me. I can make it work or not work just as I have a mind to, like a man who minds a machine. Sometimes when I'm cold or been working a bit extra my body wants to stow away more grub than is good for it. And right there I've got to take it in hand and make it go steady, 'cause it has a will of its own, but is so blamed foolish that it don't know when it's had enough.

"Just you watch yourself at supper time and see if there isn't two of you both pulling different ways at once. Body says, 'I want another go of that pie.' You say, 'Quit your nonsense, you chuckle-head, don't you remember the last time you had three goes of pie? Well, it blowed you up like a balloon and kept you awake all night.' Then there's a fight on and the best man wins. It takes two to make a fight, don't it? And if there's one thing I know for sure it is that I live in my body, but that my body is one thing and that I am another thing altogether. Why I even carry it so far that I never let myself say, 'there's the noon whistle, now I'll go feed.' I say, 'Noon whistle, now I'll go feed *my body*'."

"Aw, come away now," broke in Silas Potts. "I don't see as it makes a bit of difference. Which ever way you put it you get loaded up all right and it all comes to the same thing in the end."

"I don't know about that," said the philosopher. "The way you think about a thing makes a whale of a difference in the way you feel about it. It's my notion that thinking of the body as an instrument to be kept in good order, helps a feller to keep on top all the time.

"But don't tell me that the man who lost his body in the docks yesterday went out like the flame of that there match. Love of children and the grit to risk your body for the sake of the other feller—that sort of thing has nothing to do with flesh and bones. It's part of the big mystery that made the world and stands back of everything. You can't freight a vessel with them things nor haul 'em in a truck, but they're the only things that really matter, and when the world burns up as it may some day, the men with love and grit will shine like suns and make another and a better start when the world begins all over again. A man may lose his body over and over again, but he can't lose the part that rules the body because that's the man himself, don't you see?

"And there's another thing. 'Tisn't only mind ruling body, but there's something over the mind and that's man's very own self. I reckon. When I lost my wife last fall it looked as if the sunshine

had gone out of my life for good and all. What I suffered was something fierce I tell you, and yet it's a funny thing, but even when I was feeling the worst I knew there was something calm and quiet watching me and feeling sorry for me its other part that was having such a bad time. And I knew that the calm and quiet part sitting aloft and watching, was something that death could never touch and that it was the boss of the mind just as the mind is boss of the body."

Mike had allowed his pipe to go out and there was a far-away look in his eyes as he stuffed the paper in his pocket and went after the foreman to get his instructions for the afternoon. P. L.

The Difference between You and Me

THEY were sitting on the station platform just outside Pug Turner's little eat-shop where all the railroad gang got their meals. Their chairs were crowded close against the wall so as to catch the shade of the roof; pretty soon the sun would be past middle and they'd have to move. The young fellow from Larkman's ranch was excited about somethin', so I stopped to listen.

"What I don't see is this:— why should people be different? Here's me: I've got a freckled nose, red hair, big hands, and I'm lanky. . . . There's you, you've got a blob of a nose, no hair to speak of, and your height and diameter are just about the same. Then there's Pug in there, he's different too, and each one of the other fellows. We not only look different, but our voices and actions and minds are different. Now why aren't we the same? We have books and plows and houses and lizzies that are exactly alike— hundreds, thousands of them, and yet you never see two men alike. What do you make of it?"

Old Zeke Tagler took a couple of pulls at his pipe, his teeth clicking on the stem, swatted a fly on his knee, heaved a sigh which threw a cloud of blue smoke five feet across the platform, and said:

"Young fella, I've asked myself that same question many a time, and though I don't reckon I've got the right answer, I have one that's satisfied me for a time, and that's spelled with just four letters,— HASH. Now I don't mean any special kind of hash, but just hash in general. The kind your mom gives you on Monday after cleanin' out the larder. Now you take that hash, what's it got in it?— meat, spuds, carrots maybe, rice, onions, butter, pepper and salt and nearly everything else. Now if spuds and carrots and all the rest of 'em tasted like meat, it 'ud be just the same as eatin' an ornery piece of beef wouldn't it? But with the vegetables different from the meat and each different from t'other, why, you get hash.

"Now I figger it's just the same with us humans. Some of us is meat, others taters, others onions and so on. All together we make up a fine dish of hash. If each does his full duty as meat or taters or onions, why, everything is hunkydory. Every flavor is brought up to its best by the flavor of the other things. But if you're carrots and scamp your duty as sich or try to do onions' duty, or I'm salt, and try to be meat, why it's just a sorry waste of vittles and nobody's happy, not even the vittles. Each one's got to have his own thoughts.

"Why, just supposin' everybody had the same thoughts that made them do the same actions — take my thought just now f'instance; I want to swat that fly on my nose; now just supposin' you and Pug and all the gang, to say nothin' of the rest of the world, was to have that same thought and act on it, where would I be? It's just simply agin the laws of nature, it can't be did."

Old Zeke paused to light his pipe, took a squint at the sun, which was getting into his patch of shade, passed his fat hand over his bald spot and started again:

"It seems to me that all the wise guys in this man's world figger that we all come to this old earth to learn somethin' from each other. Not always by teachin' and preachin', but just by livin', each doin' his duty by his duties. You learn from me, I learn from you, and everybody learns from everybody else. If we were all the same there wouldn't be anythin' to learn. Some of us have just a little lesson, seemin'ly, to give everybody else, others have a bigger lesson to give, and we all have different sizes and sorts of lessons to learn.

"Now let's get back to our hash. If there was just as much salt as there was meat t'wouldn't be no good, and yet if it was just meat and spuds t'wouldn't be much good neither. You've got to have things in proportion. Say we fellows here is the meat and spuds and carrots. Then there's other things that make it tasty which ain't any bigger than we are but have more punch — salt and pepper and whatnot; — that's the mayor and governor and so forth. Then, onions pervades the dish quite a bit — that's the President. Then there's what they call the 'power behind the throne' — garlic. Some likes it in chunks, and some just gives a smell of it to the cow, but it's there, and it makes a whale of a difference.

"So you see it's right for us to be different, though we're all one human fam'ly. Think it out young fella and I guess you'll come to the same findin's.

"*Woop!* there's Number 22 whistling at the water-tank; I got to go and do my duty — as meat. Carrots, go and do yours. So long." REPORTER

Concerning Two Waves

STANDING on the cliffs, I watched a wave grow from the quiet sea beyond and roll towards the shore, blustering in as though it would overwhelm everything in its way. It didn't, though: it fell with a great thud against the rock, probably carried away a few grains of sand (which other waves had already loosened), and slipped back to quiet and oblivion again.

So much for that wave. Here is the story of another wave: one that rose in a prosaic corner of the sea of life, and moved on with gathering strength until — well, we shall see.

The proprietor of the Elite Restaurant, which bore the encouraging sign on the window, "Good Eats and No Flies," had decided to open up thirty minutes earlier each morning to oblige a number of his customers, and possibly to gain new ones thereby.

It was winter, and the staff growled; but it came. The cook stubbed his toe badly as he came into the kitchen in the dim morning light, and found it quite a relief when Joe, the kitchen boy, came in late, and he could blow him up for not being on time to light the grill fire. The boy didn't dare back answer the cook, but when the waiter came in later on, Joe, with quite uncalled for insolence, drew attention to the reddening effect the cold mornings had on one's nose, and felt much better when the waiter's demeanor showed that the shot had gone home. As the boss just arrived in a bad frame of mind, and entered in the midst of the waiter's flow of language, he in turn experienced some satisfaction in telling the waiter not to yap but to get on with his work.

And so the wave of the morning's ill-feeling seemed to have been concentrated in the unfortunate waiter, and towered there ready to overwhelm the next victim in its path.

Quite a few new customers came in, and amongst them a quiet chap who propped his newspaper in front of him and read while he ate. When the waiter inquired what he would drink, without taking his eyes off the paper he put two fingers together to make a letter T.

The wave fell against him with a thud. "Say," snarled the waiter, "this ain't a deaf and dumb asylum. Can't you say what you want?"

The quiet man didn't turn a hair. He could easily have responded that he hadn't thought it was *that* kind of asylum. But he didn't; he smiled and said: "I'm sorry I was so rude, old chap. I was absorbed in my paper. Yes, I'll have some tea, please."

The waiter retreated in such a daze that he forgot his grudge against the kitchen boy. "Let me lean up against you, Joe," he gasped. "I just met a gentleman, and I ain't used to it."

And Joe, when he went back to the kitchen, was

so disarmed by this unexpected collapse of the waiter that he offered to attend to the grill while the cook sat down to rest his feet. And so the last ripples of the retreating wave died away when the cook gave the cat a saucer of milk, and again peace—with no flies—reigned in the Elite Restaurant. D.

Silent Thought; A Lost Art

SPEECH is for conveyance of our thoughts to other persons. Our thoughts have accustomed themselves to run along in a conveyable form—that is, in words. We think in words and are usually quite unaware that we do any other kind of thinking. It is even said that we cannot think except in words. Nevertheless there is a stage of thought when it is not yet in words.

Just as words take time to get into writing on paper, so, though in swifter speed, thoughts take time to get into words on the brain, though we do not notice this interval and suppose the words come simultaneously with the thought they express. The wording of thoughts, clothing thought in words, is one of the brain functions. The truth is that *mind* thinks, brain dresses up the thinking in words for communication to others and to ourselves.

As a rule we become aware of our thought only when it is in process of dressing in the brain, or more usually when the dressing is finished. We only get our own thoughts when arranged for utterance, and have to have a real or imaginary auditor to throw them at. As a matter of fact real thought has to stop while being swiftly dressed in words, and is taken up again—if it is—when that is done. Often the very words suggest something else, and that something else again, and so on. We all know the kind of man in whom that runs to an extreme, and the public speaker whose "last" words suggest another lot of "last" words to him, and they another, till we wonder whether we shall ever get outside.

So we have our deeply rooted habit of interior chatter, "talking to ourselves" we call it, though this is always really to an imaginary other. And this is very wasteful of time, for it is going on the whole day. We are in such a state that we cannot understand our own thoughts or pass straight from one real thought or intuition of truth to the next without stopping to register each in words.

To get swift minds, very penetrating, we must learn to make an end at will of this interior talking and learn how to live behind it. This, of course, enables us to get rid of the irritation caused us by other peoples' personalities, for we no longer call them up and dwell on them. It is only that that magnifies their objectionable points to unendurability. And also a very little practice in inner, impersonal

thinking presently enables us to see *our own* personalities with *their* faults and angularities. Even you and I have *some*, don't you think? There is no reason why we should not get just as irritated at our own angularities as at those of anyone else. Some even say, now and then, that they are sick of themselves. But all that is unwise, as well in one case as the other.

A man cannot rise up high in consciousness by means of speech-thought alone. It must lead to the other if it is to get anywhere, or be replaced by the other, which may be called real Silence. When prayer is speech-prayer it is limited in its reach upwards. It is through *silent* prayer—which is wordless aspiration—that we can get 'home.' And the power to pray in that way comes only from the power to stop speech inwardly with imaginarily-present persons. We should actualize our souls and speak only *there*. If we practised that, being reminded to do so whenever we found ourselves beginning interior talk with absent or imaginary persons, we should soon find the soul as a real presence and companion. It is the soul that says, *I am the way*, for through the soul, which is a ray or epitome of divinity, we reach the Infinite Light whence it radiated.

So to smooth out and dignify our own personalities we must first stop staging little dialogs in our minds with hearers who aren't present. The highest friendships come not from people thinking into or at each other, but from community of thinking towards some ideal. But how many people nowadays do orient their thoughts and life towards an ideal? STUDENT

Mental Economy

THERE is a point in our education, wrote my Japanese friend, which we regard as of some importance, but of which you in the West appear to take no account. Indeed I am afraid that among ourselves it is not regarded with the respect it formerly had.

At your schools and universities you faithfully train the mind to the limit of its capacities in various directions. But as you do not usually distinguish in your thought between the mind and its owner, considering the mind as his instrument, you do not think it important for him to acquire that complete control over it which enables him at will to bring it to perfect stillness. I do not know of any other reference to this power in your psychological literature than one in the writings of Professor William James, who, referring to the insomnia from which cultured Westerns seem frequently to suffer, remarks that its cure consists in the acquirement of this very power of reducing the mind to complete silence and stillness. "*It can be done*,"—he says, italicizing

the remark, and if done at the time for sleep, sleep will infallibly result.

It doubtless will, if that is the reason for which it is done; but the practice as we do it has nothing to do with its use to produce the unconsciousness of sleep. With us, in this practice, consciousness is fully retained, and indeed reaches a very remarkable clearness. It is merely that its activity *as thinking* is stopped. If you say that in that case consciousness would become a mere useless blank, I reply that that must be because you have never practised yourself in the art. It is only then that consciousness becomes capable of entering into certain realizations of truth otherwise quite impossible to it. This becomes, in fact, an exercise of an extremely uplifting character, a religious or mystical exercise, if you will.

But apart from that there are other points to be thought of. First, that thinking, however casual, involves an expenditure of nerve energy; and that as, in the ordinary case, all day long without cessation, this expenditure is kept up — of a very high and valuable sort of energy, too — the total in each day must be a very large amount, an amount which, so far as thinking is casual and useless, is totally wasted and lost, and greatly to the detriment of brain and mind. By reason of this waste, the real and valuable thinking which we need to do and should do, is carried on at a point of efficiency and concentration far below its best possibilities.

Now this practice of mind-stilling, pursued as a daily discipline for some definite daily minutes, reacts on all the rest of the day and makes it much easier for us to control the casual and useless or injurious flow which the mind otherwise tends to maintain — and much easier, also, to turn the mind's full force upon whatever thinking is useful and desirable. As a matter of fact the will learns automatically to check useless thinking the moment it begins, to conserve nerve energy, and to hold in reserve all mental activity not required by whatever work we happen to be doing. The automatic check on useless thinking at the same time inhibits worry, painful resurrections of the past in memory, and fearful or depressing or eager anticipation of the future — all of these, especially worry and fear, so unnecessary and injurious to health. And indeed we are taught that by this practice health is greatly sustained, memory and mental powers preserved to the very end of life, and life itself, besides being more fully and efficiently lived, considerably lengthened.

STUDENT

Let's Try the Park Now and Then

ECONOMY — not spending what you don't have to, especially looking after the little cents and nickels. It's those *little* things that mount up in the year. A hole in the trousers pocket, and these

small coins trickle out of it in a steady stream.

But I meant that last sentence to apply to the mind.

There are two of us in each of us. How should we define them? The lower one, for instance, *you?* This is the one that mutters to itself, inside its own brain, from the moment we wake till, sixteen hours later, we go to sleep. But not always inaudibly. Some people talk out aloud to themselves. In others the lips merely move soundlessly. In all of us, as the brain mulls and mutters along, a *little* nerve force runs down to the speech muscles of lip and throat so that we are just on the edge of audible self-talk.

And here are the cents and nickels of life trickling away ceaselessly for sixteen hours a day. Quite a lot of vitality in a year! Mighten't we have a chance of living, say 150 years at least (instead of 40 average) if we stopped it, stopped up the hole in the pocket and were only out at the end of each day what we had intentionally and profitably spent?

We know so little about the ever-present *Higher* (and divine) self because we have let ourselves get mixed in, moment by moment, all day, with the muttering, our attention wholly corralled by it. We have no time, no attention left for the most important part of ourselves! No use for the great Gold Piece because we are so interested in the nickels! That's our way of life. Doesn't it look insane? No time to look over our royal park and gardens because we are so occupied with our back yard! In fact we have forgotten the existence of the park, may even deny that it's there or say that *if* it's there, there's no way to visit it till death opens one.

But the scents of the park gardens and the songs of the park birds do come over to us all the time and occasionally get noticed for a moment, though we don't even then suspect what they are. The clatter of cents and nickels is too absorbing.

Truly a hard case! But anyhow, let us try for a moment or two at bedtime, before we turn in, to stop the clatter, get some inside silence, and feel that the park *is* there, and make ourselves realize that what we call death is a going out through that little gate into the greater space and light of it.

(N. B. It is worth noting that there is no wall or fence separating the *parks* of all other men from your park. There is complete brotherhood between the Higher selves of us all.)

YOURS FOR THE PARK

Dreams and Dreams

HE had just side-stepped pneumonia — and then one delirious night that ended the fever. "It seemed to me," he said in the morning, "as if I must have lived ten crowded lives this last night. Perhaps they were all compressed into the half hour or even half minute before I woke. 'Perchance we do but

recollect the dreams that come just ere the waking. Horrible for it seemed — you know that thing of Tennyson's. But I don't know that I would have missed it all even if I could. I'm that much fuller of experience. Maybe I've even gained strength out of it all, some new will, some endurance. I'm glad to have been in it, horrible as some of it was. But all the same I'm glad to be awake again to real life.

"A curious thought, too, came along as I woke. Suppose this here, what we call 'real life' is *itself* a dream; how's that? It's a big experience, we learn from it, get strength and endurance out of it, sin and get punished in it, love and get joy in it — and yet all a dream. At the end of it we die. And the death is awakening to the *real* Reality. How's that for an idea?"

"Go to sleep," I said, "you've talked enough. Go back on the pillow and have some more 'experiences.' Maybe we keep moving through age after age of human history, between spells of Reality and spells of dream, till we learn to keep hold of Reality all the time, and 'dream' experiences have no longer anything to teach us. We can be thankful for the ordinary night dreams anyhow, if that's so, for without them and the awakening from them we could never get the idea of that *real* awakening to *real* Reality. No, my boy, no more talk. Take another snooze while I get your breakfast — something better than slops now your fever is gone." MEDICO

Happiness

From Budget of the Battleship *Kentucky*

IT'S just a sort o' feelin' 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 certain time,
And nothing in the atmosphere of any certain 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 growin' 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 but a little span,
An' is just a sort o' feelin' that depends upon the man. — Selected

An English Bishop's Christmas Card

GIVE me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,
To keep the pure and good in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called 'I'.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness in life
And pass it on to other folk — 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 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 now will have added power to fulfil them consistently."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"FEEBLE souls content themselves with wishes; great ones have wills."—*W. Q. Judge*

"RIGHT thought and action can lift us for the time being, always, on to the place of the Soul; and when we are there, we are raising the whole human race towards the level of its rights, possibilities, and spiritual heritage."—*Katherine Tingley*

"HE who seeks his soul, serves humanity."

"THE conviction grows that man is traveling a true path toward the great goal — an understanding of the mystery of existence."

—*President Mason (University Chicago)*

"THE individual aspiration is always defeated of its perfect fruition and expression, but it is never lost; it passes into the conglomerate being of the race."

—*Don Marquis*

"WHAT the human soul, together with all other souls, attains in its concentrated moments is 'an eternal vision' wherein what is mortal in us merges itself in what is immortal."—*John Couper Powys*

"EACH nightfall, if you'd rightly live,
On this terrestrial ball,
Think o'er your foes and then forgive—
Or don't lie down at all."

"I HAVE read in a Hindû book that 'there was a king's son, who, being expelled in infancy from his native city, was brought up by a forester, and, growing up to maturity in that state, imagined himself to belong to the rude people with whom he lived. One of his father's ministers having discovered him, his misconception of his status was removed and he knew himself to be a prince.' So soul," continues the Hindû philosopher, "from the circumstances in which it is placed, mistakes its own character, until the truth is revealed to it by some holy teacher, and then it knows itself to be divine."—*Thoreau*

"INDEED we are but shadows, we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream — till the heart be touched. That touch creates us; then we begin to be; thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

"AND this is really the keynote — 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."—*Katherine Tingley*

"DEATH by simple wearing-out of the bodily machinery — this sort of death occurs at a very advanced age.

"Death by the clogging of the machinery with excess food affects some part or parts of the machinery sooner than others; to the special symptoms and consequences then resulting we give a name, the name of a disease — say, hard arteries, diabetes, renal disease, etc., — and report the death as caused by that disease. This sort of death occurs far, far earlier than the other and natural one.

"There are other causes of death, but these two sorts are very useful to meditate upon, and act upon!"—*Dr. Corbeille*

"'PUNISHMENT' inflicted by God, or Divine Law, or Eternal Justice, or Karma, — phrase it as you choose. But this is certain, that if we had wisdom enough to see our own best welfare in the long future and how best to develop into it, it is just that very 'punishment' that we should select for administration to ourselves."

"PRAYER for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks."

—*George Meredith*

THE PIGEONS

"I SAW the slate-blue birds with fluttered wings
Alight and feed from a hand proffered hand,
And pondered: If these restless winged things
Can thus with man, their foe, be reconciled,
So when man's heart to man deliverance brings,
He will become as trustful as a child."

—*H. W. Massingham*

"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*

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